

PHAZE FLARE

FREE FICTION



**LUNCH
TIME**

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As I walk into our house I encounter the most wonderful smell. My lady has made pizza for lunch. She does the dough and sauce herself. Lots of toppings are prepared as well. A smile crafts itself on my face as I continue to the kitchen.

That expression grows into a grin as I enter. She's bent in front of the stove having just opened it. Her tiny denim skirt has ridden up displaying the bottom curve of her elegant ass. Her bare legs are stretched erotically by her position. The twinge of lust she fires in me makes me draw a deep breath. My prick immediately starts to harden at the sight.

She pulls the pan out of the stove, but before she can straighten I've stepped up behind her. My right hand reaches under the hem of her skirt and I run fingers up the gusset of her panties. I have to lean over to do so, my lady's a small woman.

A tiny gulp comes from her at the teasing of my digits. She freezes and I can feel her clench. Standing up she places the hot pizza pan on the top of the stove. I suspect it's so she won't drop it. Her oven mitts sail on to the counter. I continue pestering. A shiver runs through her body and her thighs clamp on my hand. The fabric I stroke moistens a little.

"The," she starts then interrupts her statement with a moan. "Lunch is going to get cold," she finally tells me.

"We can warm it again. But there's something else hot I want to eat. No time like the present." Removing my harassing fingers I step up close, place my hands on her soft breasts and pull her to me. I squeeze her smooth spheres tenderly, the nipples grow stiff under my palms.

She wriggles, playing her back against my member. A trembling sound comes from her. "You're right," she hisses. "This meal likes to be eaten while it's hot." Her voice is vibrant with humour and lust.

I chuckle in her ear and tease my tongue through its whorls. She shivers, her head rolls back against me and that trembling moan comes once more.

My hands leave her tits, my lady makes a little squeal of protest. Grasping the bottom of her T-shirt, I pull it up and off her. She's not wearing a bra so all of her upper body's exposed to me. My lips go to her shoulders and I place playful kisses on the silken surfaces. I return my hands to her firm mounds, clasp the heating flesh, take her nipples in my fingers and give them an almost pinch.

"Oh!" she squeaks. "Oh, that's so nice." I can feel a wave of lust shimmer through her sweet body. Her hands run down the skin of her

torso, adding her own tantalizing touch to the sensations running rampant.

My head moves down her back, I wash it with my tongue. Her taste is wonderful, it grows slightly salty as sweat seeps from her pores. The joy of pleasing my lady grows stronger. I'm lumber stiff now, and I have to exert a little willpower to keep from rushing.

She unzips her skirt and it falls to the floor. I take the elastic of her panties and roll them down her legs. Her bare feet step free of them. I place a tender kiss on each soft ass cheek. She coos with pleasure.

As I stand I scoop her in my arms. Three steps to the right and I place her on the counter. Containers of pizza fixings move aside to make room for her. Stepping back I place my hands on her knees and move them apart. She's spread to my adoring gaze. Her shaved pussy is shiny with her excitement, her clit hard. Leaning back, she grins at me and says, "Well? Dive right in!"

Instead I step closer. "I have some prep to do first," I tell her. My hand reaches over to the jar with the pizza sauce in it. Popping the top off, my fingers dip inside and return dripping red, coated with soft tomato paste.

Her face presents an amusing mix of emotions as I do this. Uncertainty, humour and lust twist her face in a way that makes me grin. Her eyes goggle in shock, and passion, as I start to spread the cool goo on her.

I cover her navel first. She gasps and giggles as I do. My fingers leave that area and apply a thin layer of sauce over her belly. The giggle fades, a soft growl replaces it.

My hand returns for more sauce and start to work on her hips. The rose tattooed on her left hip vanishes under a scarlet surface. As my digits play just above her cunt I can see her lips quiver and clench. Soft clicks sound from her throat at the same rhythm.

Another dollop is applied to the inner side of her right thigh. The muscles there twitch and she gasps again. "Will you hurry it up?" passes through clenched teeth.

I give her a merry look that tells her, 'You know me better than that.' My lady's face twists in frustration, then smiles broadly. I know she likes to be teased almost as much as I like teasing.

Her left leg is given the same treatment. As I do, her face slackens and her eyes roll back. A tremulous wheeze comes from her. Her focus returns and she gives me a weak grin.

The last area to be prepared is her shaven, moistening cunt. My fingers stroke along her slick lips, over her stiff bud. A slaverling groan is her reaction. Her hips jerk unwillingly, my touch moving her body beyond her control.

"So, I've got the base down," I tell her, "We need toppings now." My woman's face grows befuddled at that remark.

"A little onion first," I say. Reaching into the bowl that contains chopped pieces of said vegetable, I pull out a large pinch. Carefully I sprinkle the small bits over the now warm sauce that coats her. Her voice forms a steady giggle as I do.

"I'm fond of garlic," is my next statement and the next condiment that rains down on her.

"We need some cheese," I go on. A finger full of yellow shavings is sown over her quivering skin.

"And an olive for garnish," is my final observation. I pull a pitted black fruit from its bowl and place it in her navel. The sticky sauce there keeps it in place.

I lean back a little and check my work. She's all ready for eating. I notice the coat on her labia start to run as the fluids leaking from her dilute it. *Good, I think, a little extra flavour.*

She forms a wicked grin to match my own. "You're not planning on placing me in the oven, are you?"

"Not necessary," I reply. "You'll be hot enough to cook shortly." A chuckle with a tremble of lust is her response.

Stepping back then, I pull my own shirt off. "I don't want to create any extra laundry for you." The rest of my clothes quickly follow.

She smiles. It's layered with impatience. My lady likes my concern, but she is in a hurry. When my prick becomes visible, she licks her lips, makes a small moan. Her eyes close for a moment as memories crowd into her mind. Her pussy clenches hard as instinct and recollection fill her.

Stepping forward, I kneel. My head moves close to her tummy, my tongue comes out and I scoop up the olive. I tickle inside the little pit, slopping up all the sauce there. Her skin quivers as I do. A gulp is heard as my touch inflames her lust.

Moving out from her navel, I lick up the tasty paste I've spread around. Her gulps start emerging in a steady rhythm. The muscles under my lips syncopate their motion with her sounds.

I start working on the layer over her hips, the rose reappears. One of

her hands grabs my head for a moment. It returns to the counter quickly, she needs both to hold herself up. She hisses now as her passion heats up. My cock twitches at the sound that promises so much.

My mouth goes to her right thigh. With long licks of my tongue and gentle scrapes of my teeth I remove the scarlet liquid that coats her. She's quietly keening now. Like steam from a kettle, her heat forces the sound from her. My lady locks her body tight, wanting to wait until I'm in her most intimate spot before releasing herself.

I start to work on her left thigh. A groan sounds as I do. "Will you..." she gasps. "Oh! Hurry up! Lunch is ready!" I chuckle into her flesh, and do as he asks. My own hunger nears its peak. I can feel the crown of my cock is wet with my fluids.

Now it's time to start on the soup portion of the meal. My face places itself in her crotch. I lap up the warm combination of tomato paste and lubrication that has run to her perineum. Her legs cross themselves behind my shoulders and pull me close. Her ragged breathing fills the air, inarticulate sounds communicate her bliss.

My tongue moves to her labial lips. I revel in the taste here. Her musky flavour is mixed with the sweetness of tomato, the bite of onion, the spice of garlic and the tang of cheese. I run inside, making sure no trace of food remains there. My lips nibble at her, softly pinching those sensitive surfaces. Her breath now sounds in quick hitches and her thighs press against my head, twitching in time to her lungs' cadence.

Only one place remains untouched. I cover her sweet clit with my mouth, roll my tongue and sweep the little protuberance clean. With darting swipes, I play over this, her sensuous center. My lady's reaction is instantaneous.

"Oh God." A whisper, barely audible, such as she'd place in my ear lying in bed.

"Oh God!" Louder, the volume she'd use when we cuddle on the sofa.

"Jesus!" Louder again, a voice such as we would use to talk across the breakfast table.

"Jesus!" This is a shout I'd hear in the back yard.

"Yes!" The world knows now how she feels.

Her thighs snap on my head, pressing hard. Her upper body shakes and jerks. A vibrant, raw howl of ecstasy reverberates. My beard is soaked as her hot spend drizzles from her.

I love the feel, the sound of my lady clutched in orgasm. The noise

of her echoes through my skull, her joy tingles along my nerves, her bliss fills my heart. I'm close to my own climax I'm so overjoyed.

I can feel her delight start to recede. Her legs relax a little and her ecstatic voice loses volume. Stiffening two fingers, I slip them inside her. They press hard at the spongy little mound just beneath her clit. I watch her face as I do.

Her eyes expand and her irises dilate. Her mouth falls open, I can see her chest draw in a deep breath. Then, with a jerk, her hands grab me and she wraps herself around my head. The noise she makes is a clicking gurgle as ecstasy blossoms in her once more. She spasms again and again, her muscles lurching at her inferno's command. A fresh wave of heated liquid flows over my face and hand.

Her explosion ends and she falls back to her elbows. She pants in rapid gusts. Her legs loosen their death grip and dangle over my shoulders. She blinks and tries to focus, too lost in glory for awareness. Her mouth shows a sweet, sated smile.

I start to work my mouth up her body, laying quick licks and kisses. The muscles of her stomach twitch at my touch. Coming to her pert breasts, I play over the satin flesh, take rosy nipples in mouth and hand, tease them softly. She pushes herself at me, loving my touch, demanding more. Laving her shoulders, I hear her groan as fire fills her yet again.

Finally, I come to her head. Our eyes meet. Hers are once more filmed with lust. I can barely see through the haze covering mine. My member lies along the length of her vulva. I make small pumps, run the warm velvet of my flesh over her clit. Her smile slackens as I do.

"Time for the main course," I whisper, and I push myself into her.

What a wonderful sensation fills me as I do. Her tight, wet walls pulse around me. Each soft squeeze runs along my nerves, carries joy to my heart and makes it hammer. I gutter a growl as her happiness fills me.

My lovely lady gapes for a moment then snaps her arms and legs around me. Her slick skin slaps against me. Without hesitation, her hips meet mine in a craving rhythm. "God, that's good. I love you inside me. Fuck me! Make me come! Do me!" Her voice submerges in a wavering burble.

"Any time," I gasp back. "Only, need to, ask." My hands clutch her ass, pull her to me. I feel her pussy grasping harder at me, demanding the libation of my jism. I shudder, groan, hiss. And erupt.

It feels like a torrent of fluid is streaming from me. My cock twitches with each release. My body shakes with the beauty of it. I lose

my focus as pleasure overwhelms me. An animal grunt sounds with each beat of my hips. I'm aware of little except the near agony of orgasm, and the source of it enfolded around me.

Her head rolls back and my lady lets lose with a shouting wail. Her inner muscles clamp and her warm pleasure sluices forth, soaking my scrotum. Her entire body vibrates at the frequency only bliss can attain. All this tells me how lost she is in her joy, how complete she feels buried under her passion.

My climax lets me go. My hands go to the counter to hold us both up. It takes longer for her. She remains wrapped around me, quivering, squeaking, until I grow too soft and fall from her. Leaning back then, she places her own hands to support herself. Her skin is slippery with sweat, her chest forces short gusts in and out. Twitches and shivers travel through her as fading twinges of bliss echo along her nerves. There's an addled smile on her face.

I can't help but chuckle at the way she looks; wanton, satisfied and content. Her expression grows impish and warm. She leans to me and gives me a sweet kiss, which I answer. We express all we feel towards each other in that simple gesture.

"We'd better shower," she observes. "That was quite a sweat we worked up." I grin and step away from her. She hops to the floor, almost falling before I catch her. We pick up our clothes. Arms around each other, still shaking and wobbly kneed, we head for the bathroom.

"That should hold us until dinner," I remark. She giggles and hugs me hard.

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