

Saturday's Stories: The Scent

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My pleasingly blank mind shudders to a standstill in an instant with the next breath...The scent. I am utterly startled at my response to this scent...His scent...or more specifically the scent of His shaving crème, which always lingers on His skin. I just freeze and feel the orgasm washing through me. It's so unexpected that I'm struggling to school my face, which is perfectly visible to the customer sitting on the other side of the counter...likely the very customer I smell wearing the arousing scent.

Wow...I had no idea I would respond to that scent like this...but clearly it is associated with cumming now...hard and instantly apparently. How embarrassing. And how arousing!

Steadying my breathing through force of will, I complete washing the counter and go back to the other duties before me. Only a few minutes left of my shift and then I can think again. Just a few more minutes until I can let my mind slide out of the blankness that I find helpful to do a job I hate because it feels peaceful to me if I settle into this relaxed meditative state to work in. Just a few more minutes before I can allow my thoughts to caress the orgasm I had over the scent...

I race home, strip off my sweaty clothes, and jump in the shower. The heat feels so good on my tired, achy muscles. I stand there in the steam and rushing hot water and let the day soak from me and caress myself. My fingers trace my jaw and my neck, feeling a sweet tingling between my legs as I think of Him touching me like that, His mouth following His fingertips...

My fingers slip across my shoulders kneading the tired muscles, wishing His hands were soothing me, making me ready for loving. I think of that scent and I cum again...just as hard as when I last smelled it today, only this time I'm free to moan aloud. I turn into the hot spray and let the water spatter my nipples painfully and feel my loins tighten again in pleasure. I roll my nipples between my fingers and tug on them, adding to the pleasure of the water hammering on them.

My fingers seek the delicate folds between my legs, made just for my pleasure. Lightly caressing the mons and sliding down the labia, I linger, caressing little circles on my skin, arousing myself, seeking more orgasms, wishing it were His fingers, His tongue touching my skin. I take up the hand held shower nozzle and bring it closer to my body, so that the heat intensifies. Holding it over my shoulders, I ease my muscles with the heat. Lowering it to my breasts, I soon bring it right up on my nipples and moan again at the painful, stabbing hot pressure of the water on them. My belly tightens in orgasm and draws my

attention to it, spraying the water as I seek the sensitive mons....orgasming, I move down onto my clit.

It hurts! Instantly, I take it away, but then put it back, sensitizing my clit to the heat and then drifting down to fill my pussy with hot, hot water. It hurts again! I redirect it to my clit and as I'm cumming, I fill my pussy with heat again, letting the water pound inside me, filling me with heat and I cum hard again. Gasping at the heat and ripples of pleasure, I stand there bucking and feeling the water varies in its penetration into me...it only excites me more to have the pleasure vary...I stand a long while until the water starts to cool...enjoying my juicy, writhing pussy and all its joys...

The water is nice, but I want something solid driving inside my pussy...something I don't have here...so I step out of the shower to dry off.

I want Him. Thoughts of Him invade my mind sometimes such that I can think of nothing else but the heat I feel for Him...the yearning I feel for the hours of orgasm He's capable of giving to me.

Sighing at the lack of what I want, I pull on a robe to go find a toy. Padding from the bathroom to the bedroom, I dodge teenagers trying to garner my attention. I'm on a mission...a mission to cum. I get to the bedroom, find what I'm looking for and flop onto the bed, driving it in me to the hilt. I cum immediately just having something solid and erect sliding past my gspots...but then I begin to play it over those spots deliberately...delicately touching the pleasure spots deep inside me, building the tension, teasing myself... Then sometimes fucking myself so hard I think my arm will fall off doing it.

I think about his huge hard cock in me....about how I feel just big enough to accommodate him...He makes me feel little and tight. I am more turned on imagining the toy is really him, though this is hard considering the toy is far smaller than he is. That lack of girth and length in my toy leads me to an increased drive to pummel my pussy with it. I start to drive it in so hard that I am crying out his name in orgasm and feeling my breath catch in my throat at the lack of kissing going on when I'm cumming and fucking Him so beautifully in my mind.

He is not there...but I wish the hardness inside me were His so badly. I want Him. I imagine feeling Him rolling me on my side, with one leg down between His as He fucks me so pleasingly. Mimicking that, I roll to my side and lift my leg for a few moments plying the toy as if he were fucking me.

Next, I imagine Him pushing me to my knees on the edge of the bed and that makes me toss aside the toy I've found and seek in the bed for my other one. One I try not to use because it's irritating latex...but which I repeatedly find myself going for anyway because it has some girth and I can ride it.

I roll into my knees, get a pillow between them and then jam the latex dildo into my sopping wet pussy and start bucking...It feels so good to be filled up as He'd fill me if He were inside me. I moan aloud and flex my hips in long strokes imagining how I'd be pleasuring Him with my pussy, rubbing His cock in all the places He's sensitive with the way I'm playing with it. I flex my muscles on it in another orgasm at the thought of Him laying under me and commanding me to fuck Him. I change the rhythm so that I'm bouncing on Him, and again so that I'm rocking on His cock.

I cum over and over, imagining how His eyes would be closed in pleasure at the feeling of my orgasms squeezing and massaging on His hard cock. I can feel the tension building in my pussy. It feels like a living thing inside me taking up space...adding a sense of fullness in me that has to be released. I keep building the tension by playing again with my nipples and by jamming myself down on the toy hard enough to cause deep pain in my quivering, happy womb.

Sensations play with my mind...like the scent of His skin, the feeling of His mouth on mine. He has this way of kissing me that makes me feel captured. He holds my head still and sucks my tongue into his mouth so far and so hard that I cannot move it anymore and then He slides His own tongue deeper into my mouth. I feel like I'm being fucked. Just the thought of that kiss makes me moan with more orgasm....and I buck harder on the toy.

Sensations ripple through me as if He were touching me...I imagine His fingers playing with my labia while His cock is sliding in and out of me, rubbing His thick thumb over my clit, feeling His eyes watching me cum. I imagine the expression of satisfaction on His face at His "love" cumming for Him...and I only cum harder thinking of his name for me...thinking of His voice in my ear commanding me to cum: "Cum for me my love...cum for me." So I ride the toy harder and let my fingers trail to my clit now and then, but mostly riding Him...servicing His cock...making it feel good.

I remember the sensations of His hands touching my face as He drove His cock in my mouth last...and I cum harder on the riding toy, wishing yet again that it was warm and alive beneath my bucking body. I moan in protest that it isn't and that it feels so good to be filled with this thick hardness even if it isn't His cock.

I shift my position so that my body is almost laying flat and make my movements small; just rubbing and pounding my gspot with the tip of the pretender I'm riding. I bounce on it in small movements imagining how pleased He'd be with my bottom up in the air ready for His spanking. I can feel the stinging heat rising in my cheeks just thinking about it. I moan again as another orgasm rips through me. I am panting with the exertion of riding His cock for Him. I want to serve Him well...

I think of His new paddle and wish for its harsh smacks...to feel the heat left behind by its blows on my sweet ass. I wish to feel Him bind me. He's never done that before, but I wish for it. I wish for the feeling of being helpless in His arms. I wish to hear his rhythmic breathing as He glides in and out of my wetness. I wish to listen to the sloppy sounds of our bodies moving together after I have cum a long time for Him and He has filled me with His pre-cum. I am in a frenzy of memories, yearning and wishes...I am again in that place of no mind that I had been wiping that counter...I have no mind...only a writhing, sopping wet cunt. I have bouncing breasts and stiff nipples. I have clenching buttocks. I have an erect clit, trying to eject itself from its hood in its yearning to be caressed. I am nothing but the clenching walls of my little tight kitty...trying to wrap itself around its favorite scratching post....

God I want Him!

Finally, sweaty again, I reach down to play with my clit, imagining again that His deep voice is in my ear, commanding me to cum. I rub my fingers over its stiff shape, slick with my juices and soon feel it retract in anticipation of cumming. Caressing my labia, returning over and over to my clit until I feel ready to concentrate on making myself release that ball of tension that has built in me. I am panting with the effort of bringing my sopping cunt into another orgasm, but I pound that cock into me repeatedly, driving it into me hard, rubbing my clit...and thinking of Him.

Finally, I can feel my belly clench and the muscles deep inside clench and my neck clenches on a gasp that dies in my throat. My eyes roll back in my head and the world stands still. I cannot move....

After a long instant...

The world comes back into a sharp focus accompanied by a long... luscious... quivery flutter that sends me bucking on the toy...and crying aloud. The flutter turns into ripples and I feel the tension run out of me like a river. I collapse on the bed and think of Old Spice...of His hard cock...and how much I still want it....God, I could start all over again right now, I think to myself... I moan again

as an aftershock of orgasm ripples through me in response to the very idea of having Him again after I've cum...



Shanee Green lives in rural New England where she happily enjoys her family, her many friends, her two cats and her two Men.

Shanee blogs regularly as Greenwoman at:

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Blessings!