

Study Aid

by Pandoza

I put my hands down at my sides and stretched my fingers, opening and closing them, before pushing them backwards in turn to try and relieve the cramping pain. Then I shook them out and used my right hand to massage my left shoulder for a few seconds before switching sides. At that moment, I heard the inevitable voice above me.

“Mar-tin?”

I gulped, cowering slightly at the volume of her voice, which I still wasn’t used to.

“Yes my love?” I shouted upwards.

“You have stopped. Why did you stop?”

“Sorry my love, I was just resting my arms for a moment.”

“Please start again now. Or I will push you inside.”

I immediately raised my hands and began to knead again. Not only were my fingers sore, but my arms and back ached from the motion. I had been going already for half an hour. My arms were raw from the scraping against her pubic hair as my hands worked her inner lips. I was on my knees on the soft pleather of the chair (sweaty but comfortable) and her clit hovered a foot above my head, almost lost in her dense curls. I would get to it eventually, but she needed her oven preheating. It was taking longer than usual today, but when she was ready, I would know. As my hands worked her labia, my arms would start to be covered in thick, slippery juices. At this point I could stand and work her clit, but we’d be on the final countdown. It was inevitable, at this stage, that she would push me into her within 90 seconds of me touching her clit. That’s why it was an idle threat; I was going in anyway. In many ways this was the beginning of the ordeal. It was hard to breathe, and like being pummelled by a boxer for five to ten minutes while you are inside a punchbag covered in jello. And its tropical heat and humidity. For now I stroked and kneaded, pushed and pulled on her labial lips, as tons of muscle began to quiver around me.