

# Strawberry Sunday



Robin Wild

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Emmy stood in front of the mirror brushing her pubic hair. Because tonight was very special, she had shaved and trimmed the bronze curls into the shape of a heart. The effect pleased her. The bottom of the heart blended into her labial cleft, drawing the eye directly to her clitoris.

While leaning this way and that, studying her body from various angles, Emmy became aroused. With fingers outstretched, her palms skimmed slowly up the insides of her thighs and over her

vulva. It blossomed and blushed; the rosy inner folds protruded and glistened and tingled insistently.

Pretending to pose for a centrefold, she flicked her hair so that a few strands covered her face and the tips tickled her chest. Then, staring seductively into her big brown eyes while tilting and twisting her body, her fingers traced the curves of her bottom, her hips and her breasts. She had gained some weight; not enough to make her fat, she thought, just cuddly. Still, she wished her tummy was flatter, her face and thighs and buttocks not quite so - round.

But they were nice breasts, Emmy decided, big, but not too big. She cupped them affectionately, lifting them high, licking each nipple to hardness. Not everyone could do that. Not everyone had such large, plump genitals, either.

Her gaze fell again to the pubic heart. The naked skin below it felt warm and

wanting. Her clitoris thickened and lengthened visibly. She watched it stirring, the tip engorging and sparkling, the hood rising, making the lips reach out eagerly, even desperately. They were sticking together, so she slipped a finger along to separate them. Ripe and tempting, like an exotic fruit splitting open, her vulva looked ready for eating. If she could have, Emmy would have eaten it herself.

She sat down at the dresser, opened her legs, and focussed on the tenseness in her clitoris: the fuzzy tingle and throb. Her splayed fingers pulled the skin up to completely expose the tip. She patted it. The pang of pleasure made her whimper and suck in her breath.

One fingertip stroked the moist valley, up and down, over the entrance, and all the way around the filmy groove between inner and outer lips. She sniffed her fingers then rubbed them over the pulse of

her throat. Wanting to be touched inside, her vagina released a small trickle. Two fingers slid in, then three. She sniffed her scent again and dabbed some behind each ear.

After applying a little eye shadow, lip gloss and blusher, Emmy brushed her hair quickly then hurried into the dining room. She dimmed the lights and lit the red candles.

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Soft, classical music greeted Jonathon when he opened the front door. Except for the candlelight flickering from the dining room, the house was in darkness. He smiled; Emmy could be so romantic. He had arranged to take her out the following night, but for the eve of their tenth anniversary she had promised him a special dinner at home. Not wanting to spoil her surprise, he closed the door more

noisily than usual. That brought an instant response.

"Stay there! Don't come in yet."

While Jonathon waited outside the dining room, he imagined Emmy's deft fingers putting the finishing touches to a cake with thick creamy icing and strawberries on top; or perhaps she was wrapping his present.

"Okay, you can look now."

Jonathon gaped. On her back on the table lay Emmy. Except for the food adorning her body, she was naked. The candlelight dancing over her curves and contours created sensual highlights and shadows. As she pointed to each course, her eyes sparkled mischievously. "Entree le breast, main course le belly, sweets le vulva. And no sweets until you eat the rest."

This was not at all what Jonathon had expected. Deeply disappointed, he turned and left the room.

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Emmy felt moisture dribbling down to her anus and a tear trickling from the corner of her eye. Her body, electric with anticipation a moment earlier, now seethed with frustration.

"Get here, right now!"

He came back and stood in the dining room doorway.

"Look, Jonathon, it's all your favourite foods."

Beads of sweat formed on his forehead; his tongue wet his lips. "Em, you look nice, but I'm not kissing you - there."

"It's not 'there,' it's my cunt."

Jonathon refused to look at his erotic dessert. Instead, he gazed blankly at the candles on the sideboard behind Emmy, apparently wondering what he should do.



Finally, he took a step closer. "All right. I'll eat the rest, but that's all."

Dutifully, he lowered his mouth to one breast. When his lips touched the nipple, Emmy's honey began flowing again.

"Get undressed."

"Emmy."

"Come on. Don't be such a prude."

Jonathon obliged, slowly, somewhat petulantly. Here was a man, Emmy reminded herself, who referred to his penis as his 'diddly'; a man who, until he met her, undressed in the dark - even when he was alone!

But she loved him dearly. His husky voice and deep blue eyes still made her melt like a teenager. More than a head higher than Emmy and three years younger, he was her gentle giant. His big round face wore an almost perpetual smile; his curly blonde hair remained perpetually unruly. He had to be mothered constantly. Emmy was always tucking in

his shirt, straightening his tie, making him change his socks. He resembled an overgrown schoolboy. When naked, however, he reminded her of a Greek statue, except in the phallic department, there the resemblance ended. Emmy adored his big penis. It frustrated her greatly not being permitted to suck it.

His initial disappointment already forgotten, Jonathon bent down and kissed Emmy's mouth. "Here's to ten more years, Em. You want me to eat real slow?"

"Real, real slow."

"And then we'll do it?"

"It?"

"You know."

"Fuck, Jonathon. We'll have a lovely fuck. Say it."

"I can't."

"Come on."

He mumbled something unintelligible.

"Again."

" - lovely - f-fuck."

"Good boy. Now eat your dinner."

Jonathon nibbled Emmy's ears and kissed her shoulders. She shivered, but felt very hot. She placed a black olive between her teeth. They kissed again while the pieces swam from mouth to mouth.

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At the house next door, Felicity knelt on the couch and peeked through the window. Her long back hair swished in a wide arc as she turned to face the others. "Okay, we'll give them time to have dinner, then we'll sneak over."

There were four couples in all, drinking cocktails while they waited in Felicity's living room.

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Jonathon had seen pictures of women with bananas or dildos sticking out of

their vaginas. Such lewdness did not disgust him, neither did it excite him, it simply embarrassed him. His workmates at the bank enjoyed waving pictures like that in front of his face just to watch him blush, but he had never seen anything like this. At first he had been too shocked to take it all in. Now he stood back for a moment to study his banquet properly.

Emmy watched him with a questioning expression. "What's wrong?"

"Nothing. I was just thinking, it looks so pretty, it seems such a pity to eat it."

"Well, you'd better!"

"How did you do it?"

"Mirrors. Quick, hurry up, everything's melting."

"I've always said you should be an artist."

"Eat!"

Jonathon covered Emmy's face with kisses then tongued her mouth deeply. He kissed his way down her throat, lingering

there for a moment to bury his nose in the skin. "What perfume is this?"

"Cunt dew."

"Carndue? Sounds French?"

"Eat."

Emmy purred and squirmed while Jonathon's tongue teased over her shoulders on its way to her breasts. "Mm, eat me slow, love. Eat, eat, eat ..."

Each breast held a circle of smoked salmon and sliced cucumber. Creamy dollops of béchamel sauce coated the areolae, but Emmy's nipples peeped through.

While he nibbled the salmon, she clung to his penis. Her fingers kneaded and squeezed, making it grow bigger and stiffer. The sweet ache spread through the shaft and deep into his groin. He straightened to let Emmy stroke her nipples with the head. She stirred it around, smearing the sauce over her

breasts, then she drew it slowly towards her mouth.

The tip of her tongue reached out. But, instinctively, Jonathon shied away. Gripping his penis firmly with both hands, Emmy pulled him back until he felt the flick of her tongue. If he resisted any harder she might fall right off the table. And as her tongue fluttered around and around, it did feel very, very good.

So good, that before long Jonathon could not pull away. Emmy's fingers had relaxed their grip but the pleasure held him like a magnet. Moaning, he watched her tongue circling, skimming lightly over the glistening surface. Then his breath caught as an even greater pleasure eclipsed the sweet ache: an exquisite searing burn, surging and ebbing, growing ever more intense until he could bear it no longer. But neither could he bear to let it end.

A small ejaculation splashed onto Emmy's top lip. Just in time to stifle the orgasm, she squeezed his penis behind the head. Jonathon watched, embarrassed, while she licked her lips and swallowed.

When the strength returned to his legs, Emmy resumed massaging. The pleasure, now less intense, felt deliciously mellow and soothing.

Jonathon lapped up the last of the sauce. He lingered at each nipple, biting and sucking, drawing a series of sharp "Ahs" and soft "Nns" from Emmy. Then he followed a trail of lettuce and mayonnaise down her abdomen to the next course.

He ate the wedges of ham that radiated like the spokes of a wheel from her navel, then the snow peas that were arranged in neat rows between the spokes, and finally the mound of potato salad that formed the hub.

On the sideboard, within reach, sat an ice bucket containing an open bottle of sauvignon blanc. When Jonathon's tongue probed her belly button, Emmy giggled and grabbed the bottle.

"Wine, sir?" She poured some into the depression and over her breasts, gasping and shuddering as the cold liquid flowed over her skin.

Jonathon slurped it up slowly, then his mouth travelled lower again to her belly and hips. He could feel the skin gooseing under his tongue. Pulling and pinching her nipples with one hand, Emmy clung to his penis with the other. Her legs had been pressed together to keep the dessert in place, now they fell apart.

A heart shaped ribbon of whipped cream outlined her pubic hair. Ten small crosses, which Jonathon took to mean kisses, one for each year, decorated her shaven labia. More cream filled the space between her inner lips. They were held



open by a row of strawberries nestled there.

Emmy had pressed the top strawberry up under her clitoris. Rising out of the cream, and shimmering in the candlelight, the engorged hood might have been a luscious fruit itself. The biggest strawberry of all, quite juicy and squashed, was just visible inside her vagina. A thin string curled out beside it. Jonathon shuddered at what that meant. Emmy's legs fell wider apart. She whimpered softly; her pelvis arched, but Jonathon stood back from the table and patted his stomach.

"That was yummy, Em. Thanks."

"Jonathon! I spent ages finding the very best strawberries for you."

Just the thought of strawberries had always made his mouth water. The sight of them now was torture. He stared ruefully at the neat row. "Couldn't I just have them in a bowl, like normal?"

"No."

"Please."

"Eat!"

Eyeing the string dubiously, he licked up the creamy heart, then he kissed each of the ten crosses. Finally, with closed eyes and screwed up face, he sucked out the biggest strawberry. It was actually - he pushed his tongue inside to make sure he had not missed any - quite interesting in there, all smooth and hot and moving. The string worried him though; he was careful not to probe too deeply.

The strawberries were delicious, better than any he had tasted in a very long time. He ate them all, beginning at the bottom and finishing at the top.

Emmy raised her knees and lifted her feet from the table. She seemed to be trying to get her thighs wider apart than they could physically go. Jonathon held an ankle in each hand and licked out every bit of cream. He told himself he

was making sure there were no more strawberries hiding in there, but deep in his heart he knew they were all gone. Emmy seemed to have entered some sort of trance; she bit her lip and moaned constantly.

Suddenly, Jonathon wondered why he had been so afraid to do this before? 'It tasted wonderful! So silky soft, too, and - But that string? He tried not to think about it.

Until not the slightest trace of his dessert remained, and long after, Jonathon's tongue swirled around and around. Finally, he raised his head to study the gorged lips and dilated orifice. He had never really looked at her 'there' before and certainly not at such close quarters.

Emmy's hips arched and squirmed. "Don't stop!"

The hair, her bottom, and the tablecloth were sopping wet. 'There'

bulged and shone in the candlelight. Along the middle, the soft folds had firmed. Ruffled and flared like a dewy scarlet flower, they seemed sort of - alive. He could see them moving very slowly. No strawberries were needed now to hold them open, or to make their top meeting stand up. And under that top meeting, the little bead-shaped thing peeped out, tight and glistening. Jonathon touched it once with the tip of his tongue. Emmy gasped and her body jerked.

It really looked quite pretty; a gleaming jewel. He reached for the wine.

"Not now. Suck!"

Jonathon poured the wine into Emmy's pubic hair. She inhaled sharply and tensed as though about to climax, then she giggled and squirmed.

Jonathon watched the icy fluid flowing over the hood of skin that held the little bead, and to each side, forming two sparkling streams. The streams met again

in the delicate pink ripples where the string curled out, then trickled over the skin above her anus, making both openings flinch.

Wanting to taste her again, he sat in the chair at the end of the table and slid her along so that her bottom overhung the edge. He clutched her buttocks, supported her thighs with his shoulders, and raised her to his mouth.

The sudden shock from cold to hot made Emmy cry out. Her pelvis thrust involuntarily. His mouth ravished her, tossing from side to side, sucking in all of the hot flesh, chewing and stretching, slurping her juices. It was good, very, very good.

Emmy moaned, groaned, growled. The sounds came from deep in her chest and made Jonathon drunk with desire. His penis dripped semen; it ached and strained so hard it felt ready to burst. He had to do

it - had to, right now. He stood up and pressed the tip against the opening.

"The string!" Emmy's voice sounded hoarse, guttural.

Bracing himself and sweating with trepidation, Jonathon pulled on the string, cautiously. He hated the sight of blood.

His jaw dropped when it came out: an after-dinner mint, molten within its foil wrapper, followed by a small tubular package wrapped in gold cellophane.

He laughed. "Can I open it now?"

"No!"

Jonathon put it aside and plunged his penis in to the hilt. Emmy came quickly. While she lay trembling and catching her breath, he sucked her again, then he plunged his penis in again. She groaned and shuddered. Her muscles squeezed repeatedly, like a tight fist. By then, Jonathon's impending orgasm felt unstoppable, but Emmy locked her legs around him. "Wait!"

"Why!"

"You have to open your present."

Jonathon forced himself to withdraw very, very carefully.

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Emmy grinned triumphantly and started to get up but Jonathon buried his mouth between her thighs again. Now, he could not keep his tongue out of her! His touch became assertive, his manner cavalier, like a boy who had discovered his medicine tasted good after all. He liked the gold cuff-links, too.

When Emmy climbed off the table, Jonathon crouched down to kiss her vulva yet again. She opened her legs, clutched his hair, and rode on his mouth.

Then it was her turn to eat.

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Emmy changed the tablecloth while Jonathon dived into the bathroom. It was his quickest shower ever.

She told him to lie on his stomach on the table then began by licking lightly from shoulder to thigh. Next, she made a trail of mayonnaise along his spine to his buttocks that finished with a flourish curling over each cheek. Then she arranged pieces of salmon and cucumber along the trail.

Emmy spent a long time sucking Jonathon's earlobes and kissing his neck. As she licked and ate her way down his back, she felt his hand slipping between her thighs, playing gently, massaging the lips between his fingers and thumb.

Her tongue reached his bottom and began licking up the mayonnaise. Jonathon squirmed against his penis, which lay pointing at his navel and sandwiched between the table and his stomach. Emmy pushed his legs apart.



Jonathon's body tensed and shivered, his anus twitched and contracted while her tongue teased mercilessly, slithering slowly back and forth, all the way from the small of his back to the back of his scrotum.

Hungry for the main course, Emmy told Jonathon to roll over. After placing a wedge of ham on each nipple, a trail of snow peas along his abdomen and a mound of salad over his navel, she ate her way down to his stomach, all the while keeping one eye on his penis.

It bounced excitedly against his belly; a clear thread glistened between its tip and the little pool that had formed on his skin. Emmy lapped it up. The term 'cock au naturel' formed in her mind; she felt tempted to have it then, for sweets, but decided to tantalise Jonathon a little longer.

She poured wine onto his thighs and into his pubic hair and watched it seeping

through the blonde curls. Emmy savoured the taste; her tongue lapped ever so slowly within millimetres of his penis which was beside itself with expectation, rearing and flexing and lubricating profusely.

She poured an arc of cream on his lower belly and arranged strawberries in the cream, then made a creamy trail over the middle of his scrotum and along the underside of his penis to the tip.

"Keep it still!"

"Kiss it, Em!"

Pleading! This was more than a breakthrough, it was a miracle. Giggling, Emmy ate the strawberries while Jonathon's penis bobbed and prodded at her cheeks and chin. Finally, with the flat of her tongue, she licked slowly from behind his scrotum all the way along the ribbon of cream. When she reached the head she sucked it into her mouth. Jonathon moaned. Emmy relished the

moment, suckling contentedly, feeling the pulse racing eagerly against her tongue.

On the verge of orgasm, Jonathon writhed and groaned, trying to thrust deeper. Emmy reached for the wine, and holding his penis vertical, pulled the skin down firmly and poured.

In the candlelight, the towering wet shape gleamed like polished marble, a lovingly sculptured masterpiece. Emmy's eyes moistened with both adoration and lust until it softened, then her mouth fell upon it hungrily, sucking back the hardness. Her lips savoured the sleek head; her tongue stroked the velvety skin, making long spiralling licks from testicles to tip.

Jonathon's fingers worked faster. Two slid in and out while his thumb rolled the skin from side to side over Emmy's clitoris.

With a ragged moan, his breath caught then released. His whole body shuddered

and jerked. Emmy felt each surge of semen race past her fingers. She pumped faster and sucked harder as gush after hot creamy gush shot into her mouth.

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Adrian and Felicity began shepherding everyone towards their front door. The group, laden with gifts and drinks, crept silently across the garden.

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Emmy kept sucking and pumping until Jonathon's penis collapsed in her hand. Drawing all of it into her mouth, she gave one last, root-to-tip suck, stretching it until it plopped out and curled drowsily on his thigh; then she grinned wickedly and pressed her lips over his.

Jonathon's eyes widened and his head tossed from side to side, but Emmy kept

her mouth glued to his. It was the shock at what happened next that made them both swallow.

The doorbell rang.

Jonathon, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand, jumped down from the table and ran into the bedroom. He returned with their bathrobes and gave one to Emmy, then opened the front door.

"Surprise! Happy anniversary."

Felicity, Adrian and the others filed in. Felicity hugged Emmy and kissed her cheek. "Have we interrupted someth -?"

Emmy enjoyed her friend's tiny gasp and the instinctive twitch of her nostrils.

Jonathon stared at their guests awkwardly. "We ... We weren't ... We were only... We were just ... "

Emmy came to the rescue. "We were about to jump in the spa."

Felicity hugged Jonathon and kissed his cheek." Poor thing, having to work Sunday. And on your anniv-" Her nostrils

twitched again. She gave Emmy a knowing glance and kissed him once more, this time full on the lips. Mid-kiss her eyes were drawn to the candlelight flickering from the dining room. On the pretext of finding an ice bucket and glasses for the champagne, she went off to investigate. Adrian followed.

"Oh, how romantic - Wow! You two really know how to - eat."

While Felicity organised the drinks, Emmy went upstairs to get dressed, but when she came back, Felicity and Adrian had still not returned. She opened the dining room door, intending to organise the drinks herself, only to find Felicity leaning against the table with her legs apart. Adrian was on his knees with his head beneath her dress. Felicity smiled faintly at Emmy then closed her eyes.

While her friend's hips rocked smoothly, Emmy's cheeks burned. She was about to leave them alone and get the

glasses from the kitchen when Felicity fell back on the table. Adrian pushed up her dress and Emmy could see the wet panties clinging to her engorged contours.

Felicity pulled the crotch aside. Unaware of Emmy's presence, Adrian stood up and unzipped his pants. His penis sprang out and into Felicity in one swift motion. Emmy noted with satisfying smugness that it was nowhere near as beautiful as Jonathon's. She backed out of the room quietly.

"Em, everyone's waiting." Jonathon had dressed, too, and was also looking for glasses. Emmy sent him off to the kitchen and began to follow, but found herself cracking the door again for another peek.

Adrian began stuffing strawberries into Felicity's vagina and eating them out. Suddenly, she buried both hands in his bushy black hair, yanked his head down hard and rammed up against his mouth - five, six, seven times.

Apparently sated for the moment, Felicity lay still, then they changed places. Adrian leant back on the table with his penis poking out of his fly. Felicity lathered it with whipped cream and took her time sucking it off.

"What's going on?"

Emmy jumped. She closed the door. "Did you find them?"

"Yeah. And snacks, too. Everyone's happy."

"Look at this." Emmy cracked the door again.

Jonathon gulped. Adrian's pants and underpants were down to his knees. Emmy gripped the soft bulge in Jonathon's trousers. She felt it harden while they watched Felicity squashing a handful of strawberries over Adrian's penis then slurping them off.

Jonathon's body stiffened. "Hey, she's wasting our strawberries!"

"Shhh."



Felicity climbed on top, hitched up her dress, pulled her panties to one side, and sank down.

Emmy and Jonathon spied for a while longer, then returned to their guests.

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The minute everyone had gone home, Emmy found herself leaning over the couch with her bottom raised high and Jonathon licking and sucking her from behind. Later, in bed, he cuddled up, top to tail, with his mouth covering her vulva and his soft penis nuzzling her lips.

"This is our best anniversary ever, Em."

"But you can't still be horny?"

"I just like it here."

"Where?"

"In your beautiful -"

"Say it."

"- beautiful - c- unt."

"Good boy."

His tongue slipped inside. Emmy drew his penis completely into her mouth and smiled in the darkness. The next ten years looked like being even better than the first.

"Em?"

"Mm."

"Did they leave us any strawberries?"

END.



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