

## The Spatula

It was our Thursday night summertime ritual. Temperatures would often climb well over 100 degrees for days at a time between May and September, and even with the air conditioner running full blast all day, you were still aware of the smoldering heat outside. It would almost be too hot to make love...almost, even with the A/C running. As long as I was reasonably cool my husband and I always did it. We just found interesting ways to stay cool in the process.

He'd walk through the door from work, exactly at 6:18 p.m. It amazed me how he never got caught in traffic, or needed to stop to get gas or pick up something from Wal-Mart. I knew it was exactly 6:18 because I had already assumed the position. I was bent over the sink, naked, hands gripping each side tightly. My eyes were level with the clock/timer on the stove nearby. My head was bent down, with the ends of my long braids swinging around my shoulders.

At 6:18 I would hear his key in the lock. He would open and close our front door. He would first go upstairs, actually entering the kitchen at 6:23, dripping wet from the briefest of showers he had taken. During the 5 minutes it took him to reach me in the kitchen, I would become so aroused my legs would become weak. And finally, when he came into the kitchen, drops of water hitting the floor as he approached me, I would involuntarily arch my back and my ass would jut out to meet him.

Walking over to me, he stood there for a long moment, just looking. It was a highly charged but awkward moment for me. I just knew he was numerating my imperfections...the cellulite starting to cling to my legs, my hips that were starting to unattractively grow wider, the rolls of flesh unmistakably starting to mar my smooth back and midsection. But he said he never saw any of these things because he was looking at me, and not my body, and even though it didn't sound sensible, I somehow understood what he meant.

He'd walk away, dripping a trail of water from the shower over to the refrigerator across the room. He would open the freezer, and my pussy tried to leap from between my legs. Even though my back was to him I could see it clearly in my mind's eye. The smoke would unfurl out of the freezer as he opened the door, obscuring his face as he peered inside. He would reach in, and remove a big, long handled icy metal spatula with a wooden handle from the freezer. Reaching in again, he'd remove a giant bowl of ice.

It was one of the spatulas I used to make the Sunday breakfasts for him that he loved. I

served them to him in bed. I scrambled the eggs and flipped the pancakes or the French toast, golden brown just like he liked with this spatula. It was something that I used to cater to him those mornings. But every Thursday evening, he used it to cater to me.

I heard him shut the freezer door. Looking down at the floor, I watched his feet walk back over towards me. He placed the bowl of ice in the sink, and then he stood right behind me, his dick growing hard and gently grazing my ass. As he reached up to stroke my braids with his left hand, out of the corner of my eye I saw him draw back with his right, the icy cold spatula in his hand. As soon as the cold, cold metal struck my fleshy upper thigh near my right hip, I had my first orgasm, crying out as I did. Some of my juices began to trickle down my legs, and I felt his eyes watching the evidence of my arousal. His dick got a little bit harder. I could sense it.

Plunging the spatula into the big bowl of ice in the sink, he'd step back to admire the redness in the spot where he'd struck me. My skin was very pale, soft and delicate and the marks the spatula left were easily visible, but they always faded away quickly and never left bruises or cuts. He knew what he was doing. I stared down into the ice, looking at the kitchen utensil. I next felt his right hand touching the spot where the spatula had struck me, warming the spot. I sighed. He stepped closer to me, his dick nestling itself between my vagina's lips. His left hand reached towards my face to stroke my hair again. As his hand passed my face I reached out for it with my mouth, taking an index finger between my lips. I closed my eyes and began to suck it, and I felt him stiffen and grow harder still. He reached for the spatula again, and, taking a step back, raised his right arm and brought the spatula down on my right butt cheek – once, twice, three...four times in rapid succession, each sensation a little more exquisitely painful than the previous one as he raised his hand a little higher each time. It stung deliciously, icy cold and damp. He hurriedly placed the spatula back into the ice, and admired the redness of my ass. I heard him moan something unintelligible, and his left hand left my mouth and he reached for his massive dick. He grabbed the spatula again, and while rubbing himself, struck my left ass cheek four times. My second orgasm was well on its way with the second stroke, and as he placed the third and fourth ones on my butt, he moved closer to me, dick in his hand, placing only the very tip of it at my pussy's lips. I was quietly frantic now, wanting him inside me so much, enjoying the cold droplets sliding down my backside and the hot ones sliding down my inner thighs. He felt my extreme wetness there and his dick lunged forward for a moment. I wanted him to and I pushed back against him as my lips down below tried to take hold of his dick. My clit ached miserably and longed for his touch. Then he regained control and placed his hand back around his dick, pulling away from me. Stepping back further, he went back to the freezer and removed a second spatula.

Retrieving the first one from the bowl of ice, with one spatula in each hand, he proceeded

to paddle my ass cheeks in unison. I bit my lower lip and fought the urge to thrust my fingers into myself to ease some of my longing. He always wanted me to save it for him. Rivulets of water continued making paths down my ass. He put the spatulas back into the ice and took them out, spanking my ass all over, my upper thighs, my calves, and I pushed my round rear and my legs out to catch every sensation. I would moan and he would moan, and when I pushed my butt out, his dick would get a little harder and lunge toward me, arching upward, trying to get into me.

He stepped closer to me again, this time planting kisses up and down my spine as he fingered my clit. He thrust the spatulas back into the bowl of ice and placed the bowl on the floor next to me. He knelt down at my ass. He spread my legs far apart, and pulled my hips toward him. He picked up a spatula, then crawled underneath me, spatula in hand, and placed his back against the cabinet. He reached up towards my pussy with the spatula and began to rub the cold metal against my clit. I moaned as the iciness pierced the very center of me, slicing through my hot longing with its chilled fingers. I opened my legs wider still. Then, with a very slight back and forth motion, he ever so gently paddled my clit with the utensil. The cold metal bounced against it and moved away, bounced against it and moved away...then he sped up the movements and I began to bite my bottom lip, and as my body's heat began to warm the spatula, he reached over for the other one waiting in the ice and continued to chill me out by spanking my clit with the spatulas. He put tiny pieces of ice on the end of each, so that they ended up inside me, and a piece even stuck to my clit, causing me to scream. When the chilliness had made my clit quiver in ecstasy, and I could still faintly feel the sting of the spanking on my butt and my legs, he put the spatulas down and began to lick my center in his gentle and passionate way. He increased the pressure of his mouth and tongue against my pussy, grinding his face into me, and I went from icy cold to red hot in seconds. My third or fourth orgasm finally found its way through me and ended up on his face.

By now my legs were weak, and somehow he eased me down onto the kitchen floor without making me fall. Without a word he opened my legs, and just like that, spread-eagled on the linoleum, he raised my legs up over his strong broad shoulders, propped me up slightly, ran his hands down the backs of my legs to my ass, spreading my legs and ass apart wide, briefly fingering me as he went, and finally, taking two of the toes of my right foot into his mouth, he filled me with every intensely rock-hard bit of himself. That brought forth orgasm number five...I think...I had lost track by this time and I was so happy he was finally inside me I immediately began to fuck him back as hard as I could, with every inch of my energy and being...not just giving it to him with my pussy, but with my face, my hands, my lips, my stomach muscles, with my legs wrapped tightly around him, with the very pores of my flesh as the sweat began to bead up on me. The moisture of my vagina was quickly becoming a roaring river, and his dick was strongly

stroking through my current.

We lay there on the floor, with him powerfully and masterfully fucking the hell out of me as I panted and moaned, not caring who heard us. He pulled my legs up higher so that they lay flat against his chest and fucked me. Then he spread my legs as far apart as they could, and my high-school cheerleading days briefly came back to me as I performed the split in midair with his penis moving in and out of me like a piston, totally covered with my honey. He watched himself sliding back and forth and grew excited, then looked at my face. And as I clamped myself down on his dick, controlling his movements from the inside out, he finally released himself. Taking one last stroke for good measure deep in the heart of me, he pulled out, and the cum shot out from him. He managed to compose himself long enough to grab his penis and shoot most of it on my breasts. He called out my name as he did this, and then said “you feel sooo fucking goooooddd.....” And, still trying to catch his breath, he finally wilted on top of me, knocking the melted bowl of icy water onto the floor as he did.

The spatulas remained on the floor until morning.