DIRTY LAUNDRY

1.	Adverb
2.	Adverb
3.	Amount Of Time
4.	Verb - Past Tense
5.	Adjective
6.	Verb - Base Form
7.	Verb - Present Ends In Ing
8.	Adjective
9.	Part Of Body
10.	Adjective
11.	Part Of Body
12.	Verb - Past Tense
13.	Verb - Past Tense
14.	Verb - Present Ends In Ing
15.	Adverb
16.	Adjective
17.	Adjective
18.	Amount Of Time
19.	Verb - Past Tense
20.	Color
21.	Same Color
22.	Adverb
23.	Emotion

24.	Verb - Base Form
25.	Adverb
26.	Adjective
27.	Verb - Past Tense
28.	Adjective
29.	Adjective
30.	Bottom Or Top
31.	Above Or Under
32.	Adjective
33.	Amount Of Time
34.	Adjective
35.	Another Name For Breasts
36.	Adjective
37.	Adjective
38.	Color
39.	Adverb
40.	Adverb
41.	Adjective
42.	Color
43.	Color
44.	Part Of Body
45.	Verb - Present Ends In Ing
46.	Verb - Past Tense
47.	Part Of Body
48.	Part Of Body

- 49. Verb Past Tense
- 50. Verb Present Ends In Ing

DIRTY LAUNDRY

The phone rang But. I glanced at caller ID before picking up, it was Coleman.
"What's up babe?" I asked. Coleman rarely called me from work.
But he didn't answer. I could hear him breathing on the other side of the phone, but other than
that he was completely silent. "Is everything okay?" I asked a little concerned.
Few long passed before he finally said: "I'll be home in an hour to f*ck you."
He off and was gone.
Did I hear that right? Took me a couple seconds to process this very three-sentence
conversation. Did he just say he was coming home for a quickie?
Presumptuous on his part, I thought. Did he expect me to just everything and wait there
for him naked by the door? I didn't think so. I was in the middle of laundry and sex was the farthest thing on my
mind. I decided to call him back and tell him not bother coming home.
But as I started
home in an hour to f*ck you" the sound of his voice making the words "f*ck you" turn something
ouncumg

on deep inside of me this time around. My twitched with a sudden surge of Adjective
desire. Blood rushed to my and my nipples turned hard in an instant. I became very aware of
my cl*t and how it against the stitching of my jeans as I moved my legs forward to walk.
I suddenly felt h*rny.
I never made it to the phone. Instead, I werb - Past Tense my hand inside my jeans and under my panties. I
was surprised to find that my p*ssy was already wet. I stuck my middle finger inside of it and started
Verb - Present ends in ING it up and down my p*ssy shaft, Adverb at first, but then gradually picking
up the speed. I felt a urge to orgasm and let out a Adjective moan. It would only take
me a couple of to do the job myself, but no I would wait for Coleman. I retracted the
finger.
Needless to say, I couldn't concentrate on laundry any more. I the laundry room door to
spare myself the sight of dirty sheets and towels piled up on the floor. I felt the need to have some
wine (strange since it wasn't even lunch time yet) and poured myself a glass . Its usual color of deep
looked light in the bright sunshine of the day.
I just love wine. Wine brings a lot of into my life. Wine makes me verb - Base Form like a
teenage girl for no reason at all. Wine makes my food taste better, my clothes fit nicer, and my friends seem
funnier.

But most important of all, wine makes me screw hard and it makes me screw dirty. Coleman really likes the dirty
wh*re that wine brings out of me and encouraged my passion for the beverage
I took the glass of wine with me upstairs and decided that a bubble bath would make for a
great pre-sex activity. I some lavender-scented bubble bath in the tub and turned the water
on. I sat on the tub's ledge and watched the bubbles getting and and while sipping
on the wine.
I suddenly thought of a stash of pornographic magazines that Coleman "hid" from me in his office. I knew about
them all along. He kept them in the drawer of his desk above or under a pile of old
racing forms. I often brought them out of hiding for my own pleasure, and used them as an aid while
masturbating.
Nothing went better together than wine and porn so I decided to take a trip down the hall. I
was back in just a couple of In my hand was a glossy magazine, its cover featuring some
bimbo's <u>Adjective</u> t*ts.
Not that I had anything against t*ts. Woman'sanother name for breastsactually really turned me on and I often
pictured bouncy ones during sex. Made my orgasms better. And this pair was particularly
attractive.

Round and, with large circles for nipples.
I took my clothes off and got in the hot bubbly water. Had a big gulp of wine and swallowed it I felt almost instantly.
I reached for the dirty magazine and randomly opened it to a page depicting a young muscular man standing
against a background. Curly, down on her knees, was in a process of giving the
man a bl*w job his deep inside of her mouth. The man was verb - Present ends in ING at
the back of the woman's head her hair messily verb - Past Tense in between his fingers as if to stuff his
Part of Body even deeper inside of her. The expression on his Part of Body was that of a near-
orgasm which really turned me on. My dirty mind led me to imagine that he was just about to ejaculate inside the
woman's mouth. I was very by now if Coleman wasn't here soon, I would have to
masturbate to release the enormous tension that suddenly built up around my pelvic area and my cl*t.
But at last I heard the front door open. "I'm up here!" I yelled to Coleman as loud as I could.
He found me in a flash. Didn't question the bubbles, didn't ask about the wine, didn't even seem surprised to see
meverb - Present ends in ING one of his dirty magazines.

-- he didn't even say hi.

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