

MEAT-COLOR TERRACE by Daniel de Culla



Isabel G. de Diego's photo (used with permission)

On the flesh-colored terrace of the house in the town of Moradillo, Plaza Mayor number five, the action and effect of incarnating Isabel was carried out, inserting into the divine wound of my beloved the instrument that wounds and penetrates her, baiting me like a dog in the game that it catches without letting go.

That day, one of the last of June or the beginning of July, we had come to town to visit and eat with the in-laws, and spend the weekend. After a long after-dinner meal, I came home, leaving my beloved there, because I had to prepare the terrace to clean it, place a table with chairs, bring a bucket with ice, glasses and drinks, in addition to putting a wool mattress very thin on the floor in case we wanted to sleep in it, since in the dormitory room, due to the heat, there was no one sleeping. What a suffocation!

Night had already entered. The firmament or sky was starry, and a beautiful full Moon seemed to move as if it wanted to come down from its vault to reach me who, at that moment, was sitting on the mattress, naked and with my erect member covered in its light, looking towards her, and she made me like a flattering dove.

Angelic and blessed spirits enjoyed my admirable presence.

While I was contemplating a group of several stars trying to guess which were the Little Dipper, the North Star, and the Big Dipper, Rita arrived with opportunity, as if coming from heaven, who, undressed in the shadow, entered the terrace as a beautiful and Divine coming to me, holding the member with her hands, desperately telling me:

-Heavens! Put it in me as far inside as possible, beloved.

I got up, she lay down on the mattress face up, put a cushion that she brought under her arm under her buttocks, spread her legs and told me, while looking at the shadow that my member reflected on her navel:

-Massage her a little until it becomes raw. I, meanwhile, will remove the hairs that touch the lips so that they do not hinder your penetration.

I knelt down to go lick her nymphs and kiss her lips, removing some hair with my tongue.

Crushed, fitted one into another, seeming to be one, penetrating her, with art and cunning, through the sky of the palate of her Vagina, an organ worthy of being fertilized, I felt myself flying to the sky with amazement of amazed and painful surprise, very gratifying.

Before her, the light of the Moon illuminated the den of lips of her sweet pities, while she caressed my buttocks with a breeze as if from a clear tongue and vital breaths.

While I was working and she was making moans and the occasional ouch, ouch, ouch, I saw that, as I penetrated her, from time to time, something similar to the glans appeared in her throat, which was her bruised tongue, becoming lean. when in my mouth I absorbed it until I wanted to devour it.

When I already ejaculated in her with hair for a song to trim and embroider an ovary, exhausted I told her:

-I think I made your Fallopian tubes sound.

She answered me:

-Yes, you have done it, well, out of happiness, for having entered my bowels, a few bits of loving affection have come out of my anus. I hope that what many males say does not come true for you: “While you fuck, we love the beloved and in the past her fuck, then we forget her.”

-No way, I told her, kissing her.

Embracing each other, we fell asleep from exhaustion, waking up when daylight began to appear.