

## Night Time Nudging Daily Bliss

I trudged into the apartment, shoulders heavy and body numb. Every muscle straining to keep me upright, stop me from toppling over on the spot.

Just a few more feet. Just a few more...

I made it. Dropped face-first onto the sofa.

Every muscle went slack at once. Every thought in my head turning to dust. I sank into the sofa like it was made of marshmallows, groaning and sighing and shutting my eyes tight.

"Long day?" A soft, pretty voice giggled.

That sound – just the *sound* alone – was enough to give me a burst of fresh energy. A blossom of pure, undiluted joy.

I turned my head, looked across the room to an open doorway.

There, cast in silhouette by the kitchen light beyond, was the most stunningly beautiful creature I'd ever seen.

Slender yet curvaceous, with a narrow waist and a heavy, swelling chest. Wrapped up in a simple red-and-white polka dot dress that hugged her amazing figure perfectly, a frilly white apron overtop. High heels that showed off her wonderful legs, and a cascade of mousy-brown hair falling over her shoulders and down her back, a single red ribbon above her brow.

Sammy. Dressed up like a retro pinup housewife, albeit with a lot more skin showing.

The dress skirt ended at her knees, her arms were sleeveless and, even with the apron on, I knew her dress would give a magnificent view of her cleavage.

My eyes, though, were drawn to her face.

Pretty hazel eyes filled with a love and kindness so intense that my heart fluttered and soared. Pretty red lips, turned up in a little smile that made me want nothing more than to walk over there and spend the next hour kissing her. Rosy, dimpled cheeks that were just too adorable.

A little more of my aches and strains evaporated, taking in the sight of her.

"Uh-huh," I mumbled. "It was *awful*."

As she strode into the room, kicked off her high heels, my body responded. Lying flat on my stomach, enough space either side of me for Sammy to plant herself.

Sure enough, when she reached the sofa, she swung herself onto it. Knees either side of my waist, gentle hands on my back.

Through my shirt, she began kneading my back – massaging the strain and weariness from my poor, aching muscles. Her fingers and palm were magical, well-practiced. In moments, I was groaning contentedly.

"Mrs Jameson again?" She hummed as she worked.

"Nah," I groaned, relaxing under her ministrations. "New chick. Trophy wife from Northside. Alice Dupont. I swear, she was *insatiable*. Had me going for hours. *Hours*. Every position you can imagine. Towards the end, I was sure her husband would come home and catch us doing the mating press. Why did I ever agree to private, one-on-one sessions?"

"Because *you're* insatiable," Sammy giggled, pressing her palm into my back just a little too hard. "Don't pretend you don't love every second of it."

She had a point there.

Private 'meditation and yoga' sessions with hot babes, fucking them into shape and getting paid for the privilege? Who could ask for more? And the pay itself – it was a *lot*. Rich housewives with too much free time and access to their husbands' bank accounts. I'd made more money porking Mrs Dupont today than waiting tables or bagging groceries

would've earned me in a month.

I was living the dream, for sure.

"It was fun," I admitted. "Hard work, but fun."

"Hard work," Sammy snorted. "That's *one* way of putting it."

Blissful minutes passed.

Sammy soothing my ever ache and sore, her sweet voice in my ear as she told me all about her day. Cleaning and shopping and taking her online classes. Benign stuff that, coming from Sammy's mouth, soothed my spirit as much as her hands soothed my body.

Finally, she rolled off me. Stood up beside the sofa and slipped her shoes back on.

"Did you have dinner already?" She asked.

"Mm'hm," I hummed contentedly.

"Room for dessert?"

"Mm'hm."

"Good!" Sammy said happily. My eyes were closed, but it was all too easy to imagine her hopping on the spot, a wide smile on her face. "Give me an hour, and I'll bake up some nice apple pie for you. Kylie won't be back 'til late tomorrow. Said she wanted to spend the night with her family. So we'll have the place to ourselves."

If there was one thing less than perfect about Sammy, it was her soft voice. A pretty voice, don't get me wrong. If anything, it was *too* pretty. Whenever I was relaxed and content, that gentle sound always seemed to make me sleepy.

And so, listening to her voice as she made her way to our little kitchen, hearing her talking about food and plans and whatever else she was saying, I felt myself drifting off. Falling asleep with a big, happy grin on my face.

Waking up to the scent of freshly baked apple pie? Amazing.

Opening my eyes to find Sammy standing over me, wearing nothing but her frilly white apron and holding a steaming slice of said apple pie on a plate? I couldn't imagine a word capable of describing how wonderful an experience it was.

I was in heaven.

My mouth watered and my cock hardened in unison.

"Rise and shine, my love," Sammy smiled. "Your dessert is ready."

I didn't sit up. My body was too relaxed. I barely had the willpower to flip around, lay on my back. Head on the sofa's armrest, stomach rumbling at the cinnamon sweetness in the air. Pastry delight with just the barest hint of cherry perfume.

Sammy's giggle filled the room with warmth and joy.

"It's gonna be like that, is it?" She said, voice vibrant. "I swear, me and Kylie spoil you *far* too much."

"Don't pretend you don't love every second of it," I grinned.

Her cheeks flushed and, for the millionth time, I felt myself falling in love with her all over again. The little smile that tugged at her lips, her twinkling eyes. How had I ever lived before this?

Sammy knelt down beside me, rolling her eyes but smiling.

She held the plate with its slice of apple pie in one hand, reached for the fork resting on that plate with her other. Slowly, as if she was worried the pie would crumble away, she cut a small chunk off the tip with the fork's edge, scooped it up. A little finger of hot steam rose from the fork as Sammy guided it to my lips.

I opened my mouth, allowed her to feed me.

It was delicious. The most delicious apple pie I'd ever tasted. Full of flavour and texture and- *Hot*.

"AH!" I gulped it down, panted for cool air, stuck my tongue out. "Hot! Hot!"

Sammy rolled her eyes again, scooped up another chunk.

This time, she raised it to her lips, blew on it.

When she moved it to my mouth, I ate it happily. A big smile on my face as I looked at my girl.

"Delicious!" I mumbled, mouth full.

"You're such a baby sometimes," Sammy said, though she couldn't hide the smile on her lips. "Massaging you, spoon-feeding, helping you in the shower... What next?"

"Consider it practice," I said as I gulped. "For when we start having kids."

Sammy's eyes twinkled at that. A big, happy smile pulling at her cheeks. No doubt, fantasies of domestic bliss were playing behind those hypnotic irises. A nice, big house. Two cars. A white picket fence. A handful of children running around. Her and me and Kylie living our best lives.

One day, perhaps. But not yet. Not for a long while.

Still, Sammy beamed as she eagerly scooped up more apple pie, blew on it, moved it to my lips.

"I love you," she whispered, voice trembling and quiet.

Sitting on my lap, chest to chest. Still on the sofa, only I was upright now. Staring down into those stunningly beautiful eyes, losing myself in the gentle intensity I found there.

Sammy bit her lip, leaned in close.

Her chest pressed to mine. Warm, even through the layers of clothing. Bouncy, perky breasts squeezing snugly between us.

"I love you," Sammy said again, planting a gentle peck on my neck. Holding me close, her hands sliding into my pants.

"You're beautiful," I murmured.

Sammy trembled. Her warm fingers wrapped around my cock, slowly began massaging it with even more skill and finesse than her back massage earlier. One hand gliding down to the base of my shaft, tickling and cupping my balls. The other playing with my cockhead, fingertip circling around the tip teasingly.

"I love you," Sammy repeated, voice quivering with arousal.

"You love my cock," I smiled, reaching around her and cupping her butt with both hands.

She pinched me.

Which, given where her fingers were, was more than a little jarring. I jerked, almost hopped off the sofa. But the weight of Sammy atop me kept me in place, her hands gripping my cock tightly.

She looked up at me with those wide, beautiful eyes.

"I want you," she whispered.

"Have me," I told her. "I'm all yours."

"How..." She blushed, looked down at my chest. "How long did you and the Northside woman go for?"

"Three hours," I said, raising an eyebrow. "Give or take. Like I said. Insatiable. Probably doesn't get much."

Sammy pushed herself up, pulled her hands out from inside my pants. She pressed a single finger to my lips, looked me right in the eye. The intensity I saw behind her hazel irises sent jolts of anticipation surging through me.

"Then," Sammy said, "that's how long I want you to fuck me."

Three hours? Again?

I didn't say anything, not with Sammy's finger still on my lips. But she must've seen the doubt on my face, the hesitation.

Her eyes narrowed.

She leaned in, whispered right in my ear.

"I'm not asking," she said, as serious as I'd ever heard her. "Three hours. Got it?"

Slowly, hard as stone, I nodded my head.

Cuddling under the blankets, exhausted beyond belief.

How was I still awake? What ungodly force was keeping me from passing out?

The feel of Sammy's tight hole, holding onto my deflated cock even now. Stuck in place, like a cork keeping my cum from spilling out of her. And *boy* had it felt like a lot of cum.

My aching balls complained. My sore muscles complained.

Hell, even my fucked-raw cock wasn't too happy.

But fuck me, was I on cloud nine.

Sammy's body so intertwined with mine, I wasn't sure where I ended and she began. Was that her hand on my ass, or my own? Fuck if I knew. And I was far too tired to care. It felt nice, either way.

Her soft breathing on my shoulder, hot air tickling the sweat-dried skin. Her hair on the mattress all around us. Those big, perky, bouncy tits acting as the world's loveliest pillows against my body.

Most of all, though, it was the sound of her voice bouncing around inside my skull. Her words, repeated over and over again.

*I love you.*

*I love you.*

*I love you.*

Moaning the words as she rode me. Groaning and gasping them as I took her from behind. Crying them out as she held me close.

*I love you.*

"I love you too," I whispered, the words sounding painfully loud in the silence. "Always will."

She couldn't hear me. She'd fallen asleep a little while ago.

Still, the words felt right to say.

They were certainly true.

On that thought, sleep finally came. And with it, wonderful and beautiful and fantastical dreams. And not one of those dreams was as amazing as the world I'd wake up to tomorrow.