

My girlfriend's feet and vagina
(Cleaning my girlfriend's sweaty feet and pissy vagina)

Everyone mentioned or written sexually about in the story is 18 years old or older.

IMPORTANT!

This Really Short Story contains foot fetish and oral on her unwiped hairy vagina.

DO NOT READ further if those things offend you, or you find the categories disliking!

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- Honey, I've had the worst day today with people at the office yelling and arguing about everything, customers with deadlines without connections to the real world and coworkers who just drive you crazy like a mother...so I really need a pick-me-up when I get home. Can you do that baby...pick...me...up?

Like she needed to ask, I loved her and adored everything about her. No matter what she looked like or what condition she was in...I was floating on fluffy clouds as soon as she was near me. So the answer to her question was crystal clear.

- The second you come home my love.

The hour it took for her to come home from work felt extremely long, and even more so since she often needed space as soon as she got home. I wanted to hug, kiss, lick, or mount her the second she opened the door...but any pick there was only acceptable when she'd had a really good day, and those were easy to count. Most of the time I was greeted with a deep sigh and a "Please get off me, give me some space, will you?! I told you this before, several times...how hard can it be?"

But after she'd gotten her space and dinner was finished, we usually snuggled together in the couch watching something on the TV, and I liked that a lot too. To play with her hair and hear her talking about good and bad things was nice. It was mostly bad things of course, but I didn't mind. In all it was fine and felt good hearing her voice and at the same time touching her. So evenings stopping at that, and ending with us spooning briefly before we went to sleep was really very okay for me.

The best days though, are when she needs to let off steam. She comes home ready to explode and have hundred things she'll air out to me later, but first she needs to get off. And the fastest way to do that is to use her darling boyfriend as a sex toy. It's just the best thing ever! And this was one of those days.

I sat restless in the couch listening to my girlfriend as she neatly hung her jacket and scarf, and dropped the bag close to the shoe rack. The shoes stayed on though because that's part of the cheering up. And I liked to strip her feet naked and see her pleased expression combined with my equally satisfied look of having her warm damp feet in my hands...the same time I smelled the scent of her shoes mixed with my darling's delicious foot sweat. Though sometimes it was barely noticeable, but today...with the rough day she'd had...it was very present, and very strong. Hit me like a slap in the face, and immediately made my heart beat a lot faster.

For me the sniffing was an essential part of the build-up, for her it was the massage, so usually I combined the two...massaged her enticing soles the same time I buried my nose deep between her smelly toes. Inhaling her workday sweat always made me hard as a rock.

She was impatient today and waved her foot, meaning get going...so I started using my tongue. I licked her heels and all over the soles, enjoying how salty it tasted combined with her arousing foot sweat. She perspired more when she had bad days, and that was something me and my lucky tongue used to our full advantage.

But shortly after my tongue-washing started, and just as I was sitting there sucking on her big toe...she pulled her foot away and got up from the couch.

- I have to pee. Be right back.

She flushed almost immediately, and never used toilet paper. That's my job.

Around the corner came those sexy feet and beautiful legs again, and now with clear drops around the bushy pussy.

She trims the hair sometimes, when it's summer and bathing season, but in periods lets it grow completely natural. And at this moment, it was very natural.

She tip-toed almost timidly until she was so close I could smell the arousal oozing from her sex and the smell of urine filled my nostrils.

Committed she climbed onto the couch and moved her crotch until inches away. Long slender fingers stroked gently from her firm breasts and down until they touched the moist hair, there they parted her labia and showed of her urine-marinated perfect vagina.

One hand kept the vagina as open and welcoming as possible, and the other took a firm hold of my head and pressed herself hard against my awaiting lips.

Straddling she exhaled deeply over me and let a splash of pee enter my mouth. With moans and increased breathing, she almost roughly guides my mouth around the entire vagina as her personal dildo.

Faster and faster I'm moved around while she rubs and grinds herself frantic against the tongue and lips. Rubbing...grinding...and preeeeeeesssing hard against me as she stops breathing.....and...cliiiiimaaaaxing in a spray-like release all over my mouth and face.

Damn I love my girlfriend so much!