

Little Powdered Donut

Ah, the breakfast of champions, a little powdered donut.

The sun is just rising as I knead the sweet hot dough of your body, before the powdered sugar is added. Slowly the granules are sinking into you. The sweet smell is overpowering my senses of desire. The combinations of: sweat, sugar and your delectable nectar, makes me hungry.

Your body sways ever so slowly to my kneading with palms and fingers. The back arches and the moans are loud, and for fleeting a second I giggle like a little school girl. As I walk away for a moment to cool down from the kitchen's heat, I see your sweet glistening skin in early morning's light. Listening softly you let out a puff of hot air and steam rises everywhere. You're so beautiful, tiny and round and full of sugar

I keep kneading the dough over and over, rolling out all the wrinkles until it feels right. I taste your sweet powder, like tasting a nipple with my tongue.

Slowly in a circular motion I glide my finger over the puckered little hole. The hole slowly parts to welcome my tongue with moans, mmh and more moans, and you pull me in deeper. Slowly my tongue penetrates the hole, mmh; sugar everywhere, as I lick my fingers with joy and delight.

The taste of burning hot dough against my sweet powdered tongue makes explosive ecstasy for that one moment in time. What a beauty this little powdered donut is.