



# Peach Meat

**By Zhaddi**

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5:00 p.m. I squint at the glowing numbers through the dusty sunbeam stabbing across the face of my clock. My stomach knots deliciously. It's finally time to go. I check myself in the lipstick-streaked mirror before grabbing my wallet and hastily stuffing it into the empty canvas bag slung under my arm. I skip out the door, anticipation sending little beads of sweat leap-frogging across my scalp as I head towards the Farmer's Market.

The street is transformed into a kaleidoscope of color, taste, and smell: rich, harlot-red tomatoes as fat and tempting as breasts; mountains of strawberries like sugary kisses; bundles of buttery basil leaves quivering like wild, green fairy wings. Vendors cry out their specials and pass out tiny slivers of glistening fruit as potential buyers busily fondle and sniff their wares. I'm engrossed, selecting exotic-sounding fruits as I anxiously hunt for the treasure that has hooked me to this market week after week.

"White peaches! Two dollars a pound!"

My heart thunders as her husky, melodic cry pulls me anxiously forward, a siren song luring me to her side. The Goddess Demeter herself stands in a vibrant tent, flanked by an army of peaches, nectarines, and plums, some smooth as glass and others nothing but fuzz, but all undisputedly hers. I watch, stomach knotting, as she hands out morsels on rainbow toothpicks. She glances at me and smiles, the stud under her bottom lip glinting like the bite of peach she offers me. I think I smile in return, but have no chance to speak before a customer demands her attention. As I savor the explosion of flavor spreading over my tongue, I shyly check her out again.

Demeter's body is round and powerful, her lush hips as wide as her broad shoulders. I can see her arm muscles ripple as she bags fruit, strength earned from lifting countless crates. Her large, ripe breasts rest comfortably on the smooth bulge of her meaty belly, showcased beautifully by the black tank top that clings to her sweaty, luscious body. Strength and sensuality are painted in mocha freckles across her skin, right over the bridge of her nose and forming little constellations around her full lips. I watch the way the seemingly hundred black- and violet-dyed braids dance over her plump neck, as the crush hits me

fast and furious all over again.

I want to bury my face in the salt-seasoned crevasses, nuzzle at the tender skin, lap her peach-and-earth taste until my tongue is raw. Instead, I slowly select some ruby plums and her signature white peaches. Waves of nervous lust rush through me, turning my body as warm as the sun-baked fruit she packs for me. With a peach-sweet smile, she sends me on my way with a full bag, an empty wallet, and a twitchy cunt.

5:56 p.m. Home again with precious cargo underarm, mentally kicking myself for my cowardice.

"All you have to do is say 'hello,'" my reason coaches as I carefully wash and arrange the fruit in a glass bowl. With a sigh, I carry my peaches and plums up to my empty bedroom.

Despite the hour, it's still uncomfortably hot in the room, and I strip off my carefully selected outfit before plopping down onto the unmade bed. Stretching out on the sheets, I randomly select a fat, rosy peach and bask in the summer heat in my crimson demi-bra and black cotton panties. I usually don't wear my best bra unless I'm on a particularly promising date, and it's soft padded cups are beginning to feel like an underwire prison in the unwavering heat. What was I thinking when I put it on?

"You were thinking maybe you'd be brave enough to ask her out. Maybe actually give her the chance to see this bra. To take it off you slowly as she licked your hardening nipples through the fabric. . ."

I distractedly sink my teeth into the virgin peach clutched in my hand. I realize too late just how hard I must have been grasping it as I was lost in my remorseful fantasy as juice squirts all over my face and onto my bra. With a sigh, I unclasp the bra one-handed, arching my back to aid the release of the sticky garment. My breasts are greeted by a gust of hot breeze swirling in from the window, and my nipples contract at the welcomed breath of freedom. Patches of peach juice still collect in sloppy puddles on my flesh, dribbling thickly down the curves of my body. I run my fingers up the swell of my fleshy breast in an at-

tempt to collect the juice, and only succeed in smearing it into a larger puddle that oozes onto my areola, tickling my pert, cinnamon-colored nipple with its sugary slime. I begin to rub in the fluid, to thin it out even more to dry, but my fruit-lubed fingers absently begin questing over the familiar topography of the rapidly puckering surface. Pleasure washes in lazy waves over my body, heightening the growing throb in my clit. Struck by inspiration, I bring the bitten peach down over my nipple, gasping as the cool, slick meat latches itself onto my breast as if it were a hungry, soft mouth. . .

It is Demeter's mouth sucking at my tit; no small wonder it feels like a cracked peach. I open my eyes and look down upon her dark tangle of hair, her braids snaking across my shoulders, hiding the hand carefully twisting and stroking my other nipple. I begin to moan, feeling her heavy heat envelop me. She looks up at me with that summer-hot smile, and I begin to melt into her.

I press the dribbling peach to my other nipple, slick as kissed lips as my hand traces over my body, and my cunt begins to release its own warm juice from my panty-clasped slit. The peach seems to be drying out a bit, and I quickly bring it up to my mouth for another bite.

I kiss Demeter fully, our tongues churning, and I hungrily lick the cold metal button of her labret piercing. I grab her chunky breasts in both my hands, squeezing them as if testing ripe cantaloupes. I burrow my face into the warm junction between them, inhaling her earth-grown scent as I gently pinch her nipples and feel her squirm delightfully besides me. I begin sucking at those luscious mounds, devouring great greedy mouthfuls of writhing, sighing melon-sugar flesh. Her excitement is clinging in milky droplets to the corn silk tangle of her bush, as she rubs the moist down against my smooth thigh. I'm sucking on a sinewy bite of that succulent peach as I roll my panties off my hips and onto the floor. I flip over onto all fours on the bed, wrestle one hand under my body in full reach of my sex. I tenderly arrange the much-loved peach, already a bit drained but still pulpy warm, into a deep fold of my fluffy pillow. I begin to feast again, not really eating, but lapping and suckling at the slightly sour tissue at the red heart, and my hand slowly strokes the outer mound of my fat pussy.

I kneel between Demeter's legs, her tough muscles undulate through their cloak of soft fat as I bite at the sensitive skin. Her belly ripples luxuriously as she responds to my kisses and nips, and I lap at the outer swell of her glossy cunt, staying maddeningly far away from her volcanic slit. I relish the sounds of this Goddess' cries as she bucks her hips in divine frustration.

It's too much to hear her throaty whimpers and bitten-back growls, to feel her python thighs grasping my busy face as my pussy pumps to its own supernatural heartbeat. I slide my tongue delicately down the outside of her magnetic slot, tasting the nectar of the soil itself. Demeter moans

again as the tip of my tongue is enveloped in her molten velvet, dancing in the heavenly region where sturdy skin melts into mango-soft tissue.

I spread her legs wider to more fully relish her pussy, which flows freely as my tongue delves into her, and she presses my face deeper into her sweet, gossamer nest. She's wet and burning, engorged with pleasure as I taste her deeply. Her inner cunt is the same garnet and gold color as the core meat of her peaches, and with each thrusting cry she fills my mouth with the juice of fruit, loam, and sunshine. My entire body has dissolved into gelatinous tremors, my imagination on fire, and I am hit with an inspiration so wicked I almost cum just thinking about it.

I scrabble for the bowl on the floor, searching, finally rewarded as my hand closes around a warm, squishy plum. I hastily tear a tart hunk out of its unmarred surface, and pass it to the jerking fingers between my legs. As the juicy, exposed innards of the plum rubs across my bursting clit, I throw myself into the fantasy, praying to finish before I liquefy completely.

Demeter is moving, twisting her body like an oiled serpent until she has positioned herself underneath me. Locked in this endless circle, she clamps onto my gaping cunt, her tongue as thick and vigorous as the rest of her body as she feverishly drinks me in. When her tongue snakes up for a taste of my throbbing nub, it's too much for me to bear. A muffled cry breaks from my busy lips as my hips buck furiously. Lightning crashes through me, fierce and wild as a summer storm.

It only takes one last suck on her juicy kernel before she joins me, the burning deluge of her release flowing across my tongue. She shudders and screams wordlessly underneath me, clawing at my ass as I milk her orgasm out of her.

With a final lap of my tongue, which turns her descending moan into a surprised little cry, we collapse in a sloppy heap, the last lingering wave of pleasure running like rain-water off our spines.

6:44 p.m. The Farmer's Market will still be open for another sixteen minutes.

Maybe it was the crazy-good orgasm that is giving me confidence, or maybe it just robbed me of the ability to think clearly. But for whatever reason, I'm quickly dressing again in my strewn clothing, the aroma of peaches mingled with my musk increasing my conviction.

I check myself in the lipstick-streaked mirror as I leave, leaving my canvas bag at home.

God, I love peaches.

