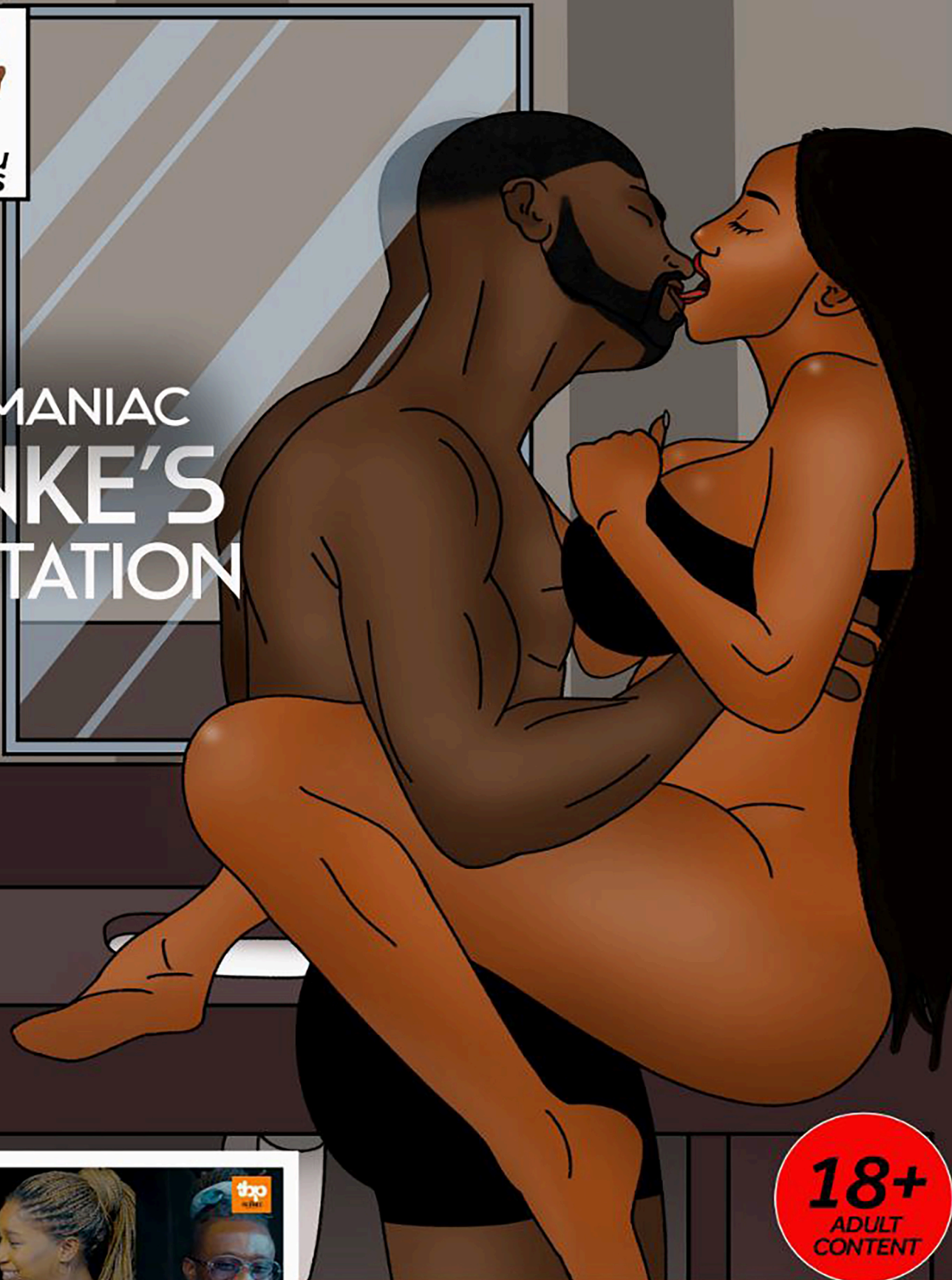
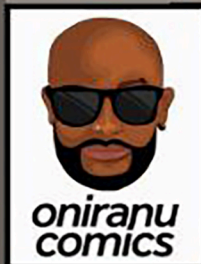


ONIRANU

BROUGHT TO YOU BY DEOLU BUBBLE INTERNATIONAL

ISSUE #6



EDYMANIAC FUNKE'S TEMPTATION

18+
ADULT
CONTENT



Watch Wildcard Podcast on
[Youtube.com/DeoluOniranu](https://www.youtube.com/DeoluOniranu)

Listen to Oniranu Stories on



I had known Funke since she was a baby. I watched her grow from a young child to an excited teenager and finally to a very sexy young adult. Yes she was half my age, and over the years as I watched her grow, and yes, fill out, till she was quite a sexy looking young woman.



She was somewhat petite, but her chest had filled out into full C cup. A fact which I was frequently reminded of as she continued to give me full body hugs every time we met.



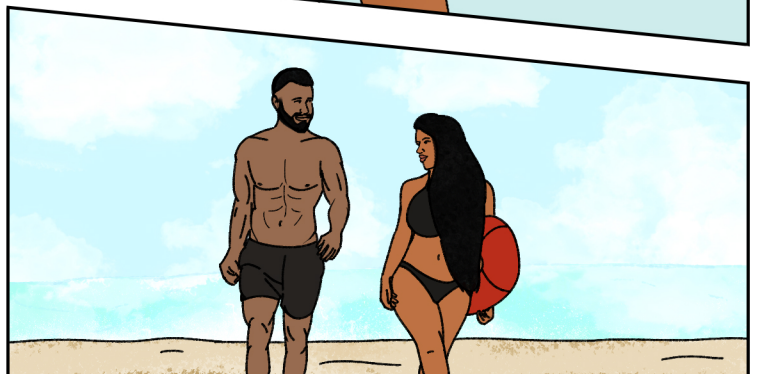
OOPS!!



One thing that I was never quite sure of was how many of the couple dozen "flashes" that I received in the last few years were accidental. There were times that I swore they had to be intentional.

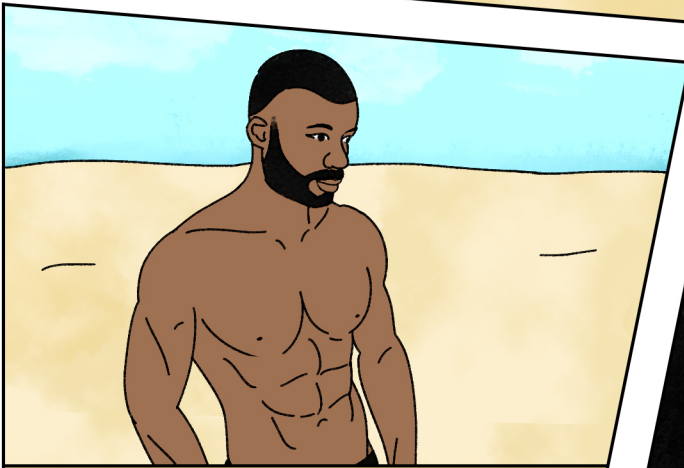
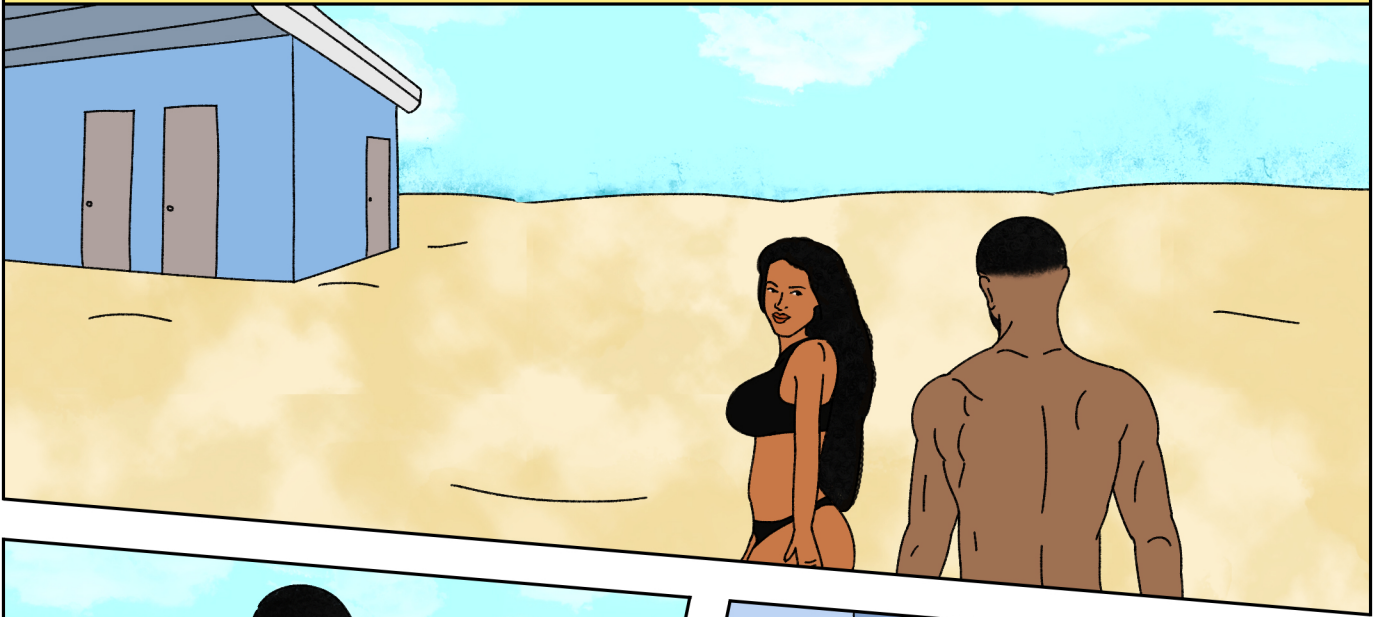


Coming out after a shower without a towel while I was working on something to help her mom, or a crop top "slipping" out of place.



Over the years, I let my desires stay hidden away after she got married and started her family. However, those desires bubbled toward the surface as both she and I attended a trip to the beach one day, including all of our direct and extended families.

Funke showed up in a very skimpy black string bikini, her body looking incredible considering that it had been less than a year since she had given birth. I watched her walk off toward the toilet wearing her tiny black top and a pair of shorts as I headed to where the chicken barbeque was being grilled.



After hanging around the grills for a while, I headed to the toilet to take care of my own relief, wondering if it was going to be private enough to get the other kind of relief I needed.



With my mind already intent on that action, I guess I wasn't paying attention and nearly walked into Funke as she came out of the ladies' toilet.



Oh. Sorry, Funke!

I muttered, stopping just short of bumping into her.

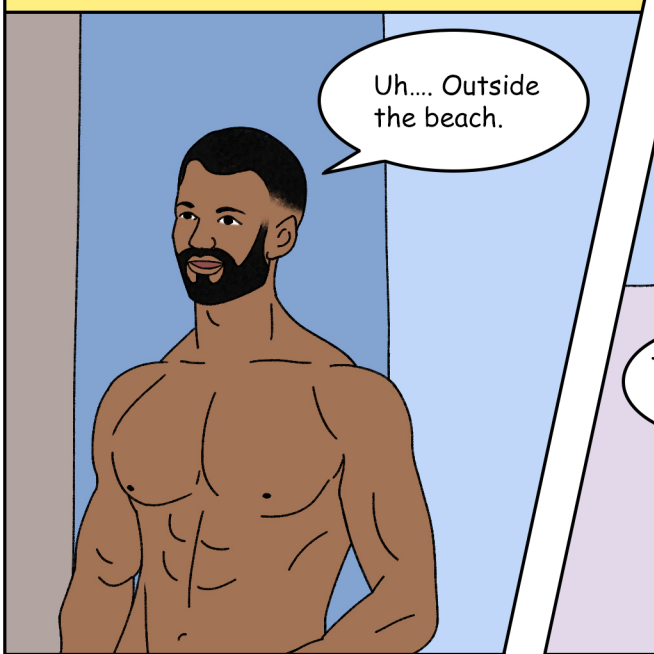


Not a problem Mr. Ed.

Where were you headed?

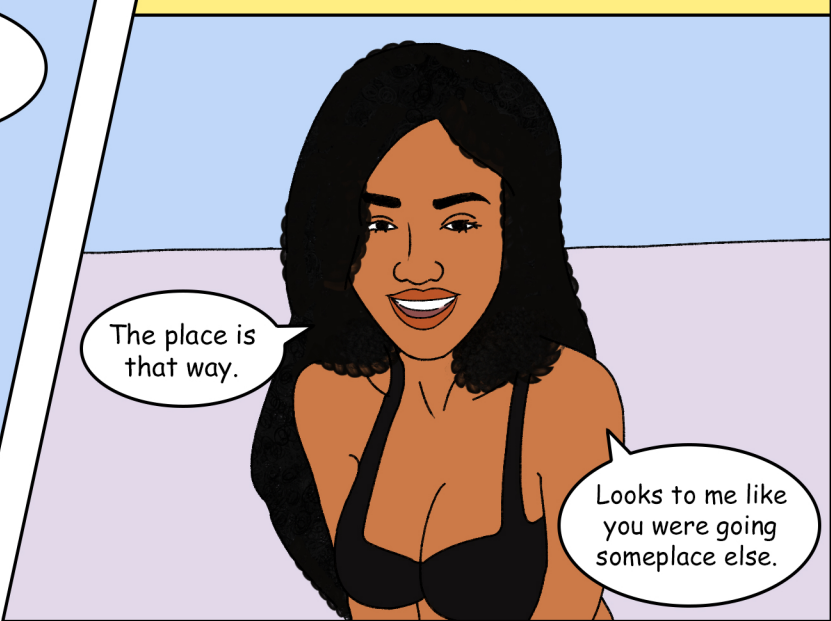
She replied with a smile on her face, using the same name for me most of her life.

I answered, my mind not fully engaged yet.



Uh... Outside the beach.

She said with a crooked grin forming on her face. She leaned closer and whispered to me ...



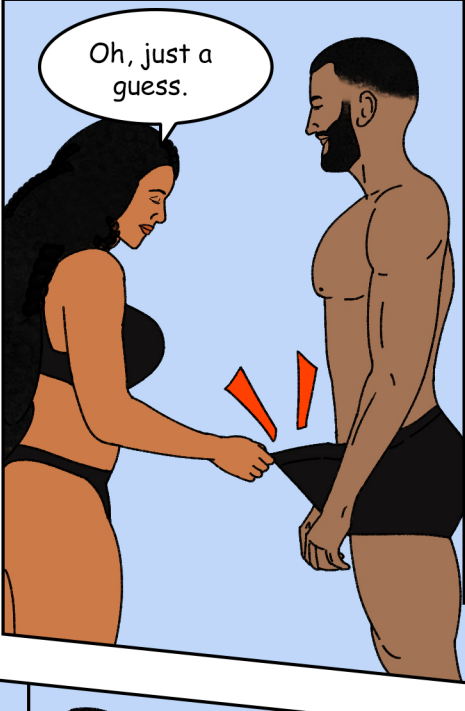
The place is that way.

Looks to me like you were going someplace else.

I asked, shocked that not only was it obvious to her, but she was being bold enough to say so.



Huh? Why would you say that?



Oh, just a guess.

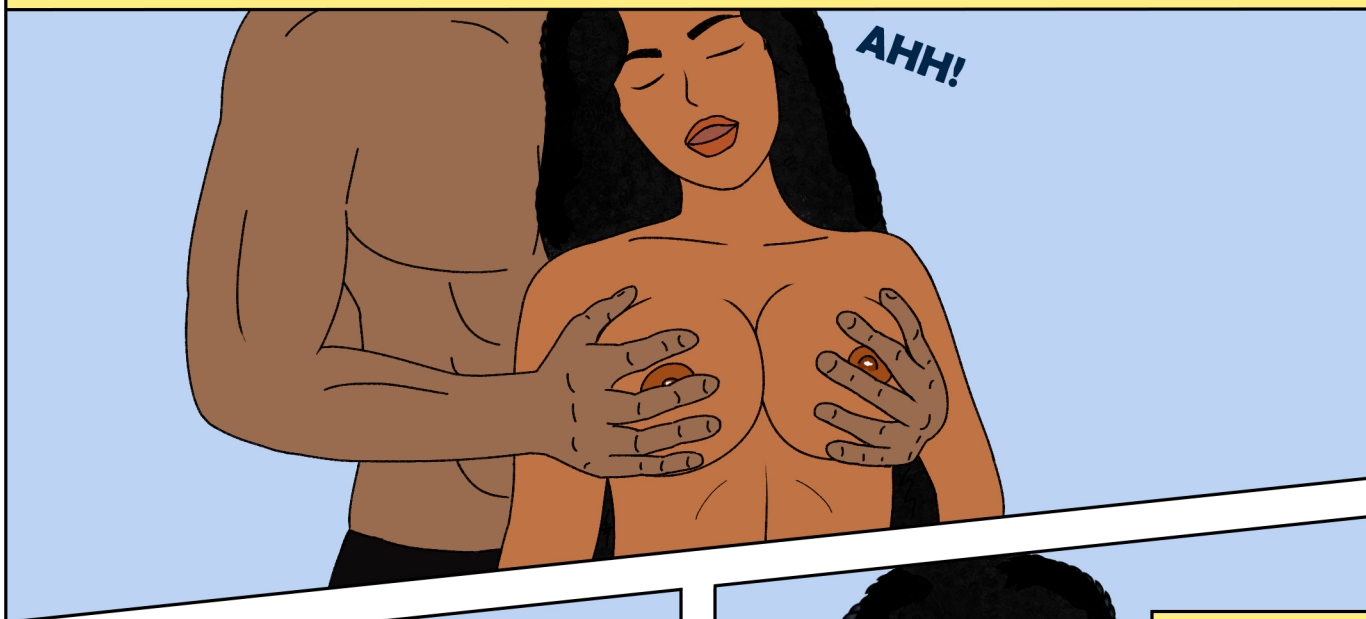
She said as she took hold of the waistband of my short and pulled on it, stepping backward to lead me around the corner of the bathrooms toward the back side. She held her finger to her lips and guided me quietly to the more secluded side.



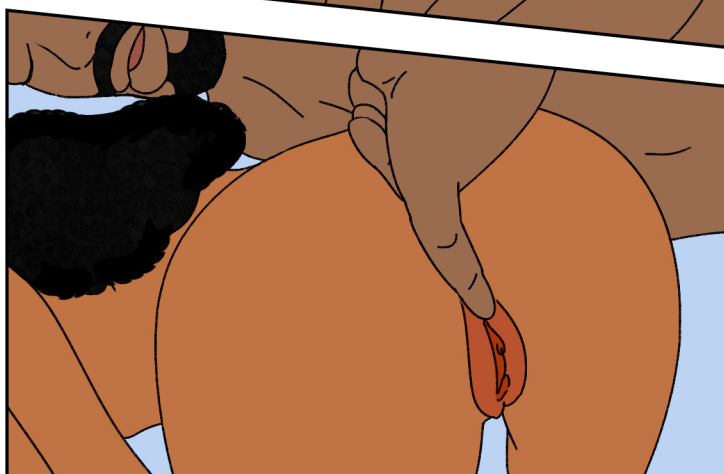
You know. I have a really hard time expressing enough milk so my breasts don't hurt when I don't have a baby around. Would you mind helping me?

She whispered as she reached behind her neck and untied the string holding the top-up. The two black triangles of material fell away from her body, catching with the loop around her back and hanging at her waist, her full round breasts more fully on display for me than I had ever seen before.

I really couldn't help myself, my hands took on a life of their own as they reached out and cupped each magnificent breast, my thumbs rubbing back and forth across each erect nipple, making them dimple her dark areola as they bent to and fro.



I closed my lips around the tip of her breast and gently sucked her nipple into my mouth, suddenly receiving more of the warm treasure along with a gentle moan from her lips.

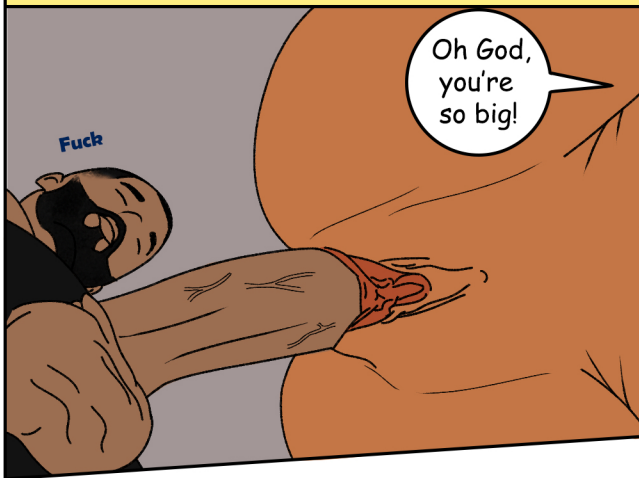


She pushed her shorts down and started to stroke my rock hard dick as one of my left hand worked between her legs from behind, my finger stroking between her wet lips in search of her inviting tunnel.

She begged in a whisper, grabbing my arms and pulling my hands from her pussy. She let go and pulled herself against me, arching her back and pushing her sopping wet pussy over my fat dick a few inches.



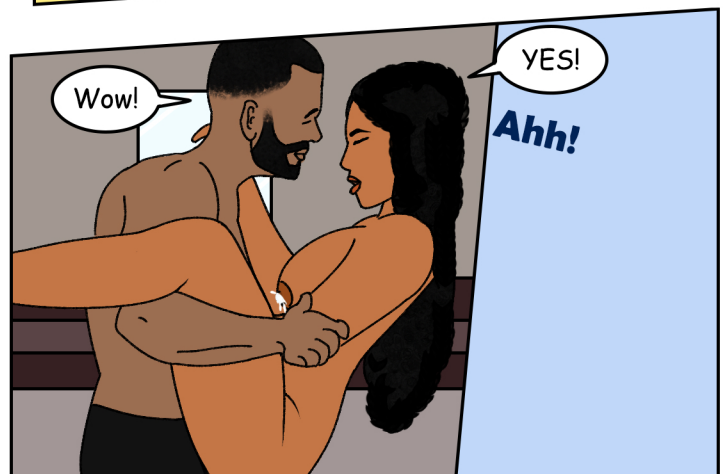
She moaned quietly, rocking her hips in time with the short little strokes I started to make, working my dick into her a little bit at a time.



I mumbled as my head finally reached the end of her sweet tunnel, my body already on overload. I started stroking longer into her now, each stroke slipping out until I was nearly out of her wet pussy before pushing quickly into her again.

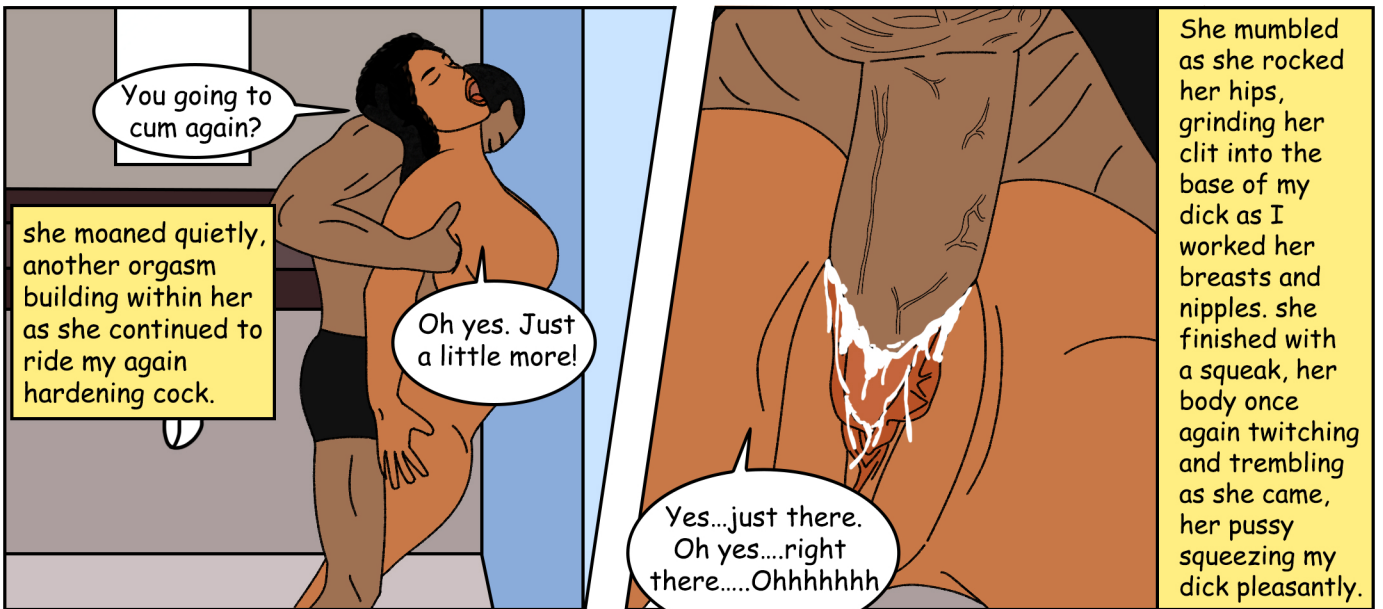


She whispered hoarsely as I continued to stroke into her. Her whole body shook and quivered as I continued to stroke into her, knowing my own load was about to unleash its torrent into her.



I lifted her from the ground, pinning her against the back of the building. Her arms wrapped around my back and pulled my chest to hers, emptying my cum deep in her pussy with each jerk of my dick.

She said with a quiet giggle, moving my hands to her breasts. We stood there, my dick shrinking inside her, her hips rocking in pleasure, grinding her clit against me while my hands squeezed and milked her large breasts. We were quite literally covered with her milk as the darkness closed around us.



She whispered, unhooking her leg from my arm and lowering it so I was trapped within her pussy. She laughed quietly. "Glad to know it was as good for you as for me." "Yeah. It was." I replied quietly.

Text © Edymaniac

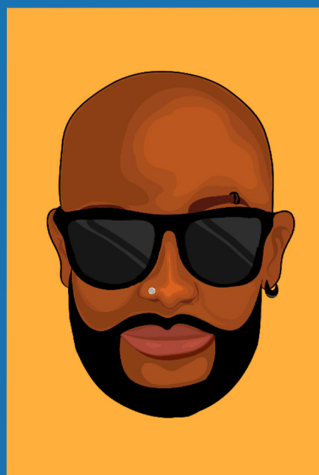
Art © Phicolas

Cover Artist: Phicolas and Deolu
Oniranu Bubble

Managed by: I.B Peters & B. T Dayas

Produced for Deolu Bubble International

Original Content Owned by Deolu Oniranu Bubble



Instagram: @deolububble
Twitter: @deolububble
Facebook.com/deolububbles
SoundCloud.com/deolububble
Youtube.com/deoluoniranu