A Woman's Touch

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Published on Lush Stories on 02 Aug 2012

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A woman's touch is what I seek, to be my companion through life with someone at my side.

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My body aches, for a woman's touch...
Yearning for female companion, throughout my solemn life...
To take hold of my heart, in the palms of her soft hands...
As the butterflies flutter around...

To just feel her touch, soft hands...
Caress my face, her wet lips upon my own...
Lost in that magical kingdom, where love conquers all...
Where my disfigurement fades into the background...

Looked upon as any other, no sticks and stones to bring pain...
To lay at her side, watching beauty sleep, gentle kindness upon her face...
My rough exterior of hands, allowed to touch upon her body...
Guiding across the shapely creation that was formed...

The curves of her spine, turned over to her ample charms...
Breasts that heave up to my lips, for me to enjoy, a pleasurable taste and suck...
A tongue that circles around the nipple so erect, flicking it back and forth...
A body to look upon, naked in it all her glory...

My fingers shake, as I spread her thighs wide...
And enter into the Kingdom that welcomes me within...
Soft, silky flesh, a waterfall that gently caresses my fingers that slide through...
Moans of sexual energy, drifting from her lips, acceptance of me pleasuring her body...

As she turns on over, slipping upon my own, and raises to stride my own waist...
My erection standing proudly, as she guides it within, lowering her body down upon my own...

Together for hours, that seems like only minutes, our bodies intertwined as one...
Making love to a woman, who accepts me for who I am, and the presence of a woman's touch.