

The Mist

By playsit

Published on Lush Stories on 12 Jul 2012

My lover breathes in my spirit and we become one

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/love-poems/the-mist.aspx>

A pre-dawn vision of my lover: Like a mist I hover over her watching as she sleeps soft lips slightly separated, tummy slowly rising and falling I take in her nakedness and see skin soft and cool, pleasant hills and valleys of perfect breasts She knows I'm close by for she smells my scent, corners of her full lips bend upward and muscles gently stretch My lover inhales deeply breathing me into her being we are finally one, mind and soul braided together She lets out a soft coo as I think about kissing her lips separate to allow access as my tongue touches them I can feel the warmth of her mouth, the taste of her saliva I feel her soft belly tightening, and hear a reverberating Mmmmm Thoughts of kissing her neck sends a tingling down her spine goose bumps rise from her soft skin and begin to harden her nipples I feel the coolness of her skin as hands and fingers begin moving her stomach clinches she brushes against her pebbles Thoughts of my mouth on hers, lips brushing, tongues teasing, has her fingers rubbing, pinching and pulling on her tender nubs More sounds reverberate in her core gravely Ahhhh's and Ohhh's I can feel desire pool in her belly and a wetness forming inside My hunger burns hot, hot to touch her sacred temple, to dip into her hallowed pool fingers gladly obey Breathing deeply for a steady heart as she imagines my fingers glistening with her juices I feel her body shake with excitement Hunger turns to craving as I need to defile her consecrated alter I feel her swell under her touch as she pushes two fingers inside I envelope her mind and she responds I feel her walls quiver breathing stops, back arches and a flood of emotion washes over her I feed on the energy created and want to stay there forever, but her sharp exhale separates us again as she relishes in her morning wake up call I hover over her again aching to drink of her holy nectar and am rewarded when she places her fingers inside her puffy lips and sucks them clean An email later that day, begins with "You'll never guess what I dreamed about" My smile reaches my eyes as I reply "Let me guess" ----- Thank you Shy for your inspiration and encouragement