

Solo Playing

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Playing Solo After an Online Lush Chat

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I have just finished a sexy chit-chat with my online friend who lives on the other side of the continent, a mere 4,500 kms away. As I signed off, I told him I was going to take a shower before bed. He asked me about lotion, and do I use it. I type to him, "Oh yes, I love lotion." He said he would have a great visual as he too was turning in for the night.

Turning the water on hot, the steam rises in my bathroom fogging up the mirror. I am thinking about our conversation, and imagining that if we were closer, I'd have him in my shower too.

I pull down my jeans, take off my shirt, undies and bra, and step into the wet tub. The water splashes on me, running down my body. My nipples harden because of the images in my mind and the feeling of the water licking my skin. I think of him; visualizing him standing in the tub too, in front of me, hardly getting wet, because I am hogging the water, but he doesn't mind. He takes my body wash and pours it into his hands and proceeds to soap my body, feeling every curve, the softness of my body, the hardness of my nipples.

My hands and fingers feel what he would be feeling. Slipping across - barely touching, teasing. The heat of my skin is from the touch, not the water. As the water starts to turn cooler, I shake my head out of my fantasy and turn off the water. I step out of the tub and grab the hot pink towel off the back of the door. I wrap the towel around myself and move into my bedroom.

My bedroom is very sparse; a room for quietness. The large bed is dressed in white; white sheets and a white duvet with four large pillows. A gray blanket drapes at the foot of the bed. There is a very large white-worn framed Victorian-era mirror propped on the wall showing the entire bed in the mirror's reflection. Beside the bed is a bedside table, with a Victorian lamp. That table holds a drawer that is home to a number of toys, lotions and erotica literature; perfect for the single woman.

I stand beside my bed, and reach for my shae-butter lotion. My skin is still damp. I put some lotion on my hands, and lift a leg up to the bed. I caress the lotion into my skin, slipping easily because my skin is damp, up from the top of my foot, up my ankle, shin and calf, up to my knee and thigh.

As I change legs, I notice myself in the mirror, and immediately think that this is how he would see me. I lift up my other leg and move much slower, repeat my lotion duty. I take my time imagining his hand feeling these curves. I take more of my lotion into my hands, and move them up my stomach, up to my breasts, and I stop. My nipples are very hard. My hands caress lightly, making my nipples ache. Between forefinger and thumb, I take my nipple, and pull, tug, feeling the sensation rush to my pussy. I feel more and more turned on. I look at myself in the mirror. He'd love to see me like this.

I get onto my bed, on my knees and I see my rounded breasts hanging softly, wishing his hands were cupping them from behind me, while he teases my pussy. I move over the bedside table and open up the drawer. I reach for one of my favourites, a handy G-Spot curved baby that finds my pleasure zone quickly. I turn it on, and a soft buzz sounds in my room. I lay back against the pillows, knees up and I run the toy down my body, shivering in delight at the vibrating feeling. My knees part on their own, looking forward to more.

I see myself in the mirror, the curve of my breasts, down my softly curved body to the bare and smooth mound. I move myself around to an angle that allows me to see my pink lips waiting anxiously for some serious playing. Before my toy gets too close, I let my other hand move down, across the smooth bareness, and softly explore my lips. They are pink and pouty and slick. My finger easily finds her way into my folds, imagining his fingers instead of mine, playing and feeling the incredible wetness. I need to play. My toy replaces my finger, and the buzz starts to work magic.

My body would love to feel the weight of his body, but instead, I image that I am masturbating for him, for his pleasure. I imagine that he is sitting naked on my dark gray wing-backed chair in the corner, playing with and stroking his cock as he watches me play with myself.

This image turns me on more. My knees fall back further opening up my pussy for him and the mirror to see. My toy moves in and out of my pussylips. Back inside my wet pussy, and stopping against my g-spot. My body begins to move on its own. My hips move against my toy. My back arches a bit more, and my nipples are pushing out, wishing to feel his tongue suck and pull at them. I imagine him loving the sight of me, wet and open. My pussy is completely exposed for him and the mirror to witness.

My movements to pleasure myself become quicker, faster, and harder. My orgasm is coming up in a bit of a wave. My hand moves the toy faster against my pussy walls. I stop. I writhe. I want a hard cum. I need to cum, hard. I am holding my breath. The buzz is the only thing you can hear, and it is muffled inside my pussy. My orgasm cums very hard. My pussy shudders and my wetness gushes out. I moan, "Aaahhhh." I moan again and move my toy slowly out, up against my clit, bringing my second orgasm quickly. Pulse. Tingling. My body is flushed and heated.

I turn off the vibrator and feel the cum-pulses softly continuing in my pussy. My hand reaches down to feel the wetness that has trickled down to my ass cheeks and on my bedcover. I roll over to my side, looking at my body in the mirror. My round breasts are as flushed as my face. My curves still wishing they could feel his hands. Perfect right now for him to come over to my bed, and lie on top of me and slide his cock into my pussy and make love slowly and sensually until we cum again, together.

I reach down and bring up the gray blanket snuggling down on my bed, visions of playing more with him in my mind. Pulse. I drift into naughty dreamland.