Waiting for Him

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A good way to kill some time.

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/masturbation/waiting-for-him.aspx

I was feeling out of sorts as I sat waiting for him to get home from work and to log on to IM for our "date". I was full of sexual tension, my pussy was dripping with moisture and throbbing, literally. My clit was engorged and erect, and I hadn't touched myself today at all. There were butterflies lurching in my stomach and I desperately needed something. At this point, anything would do.
I had a favorite glass dildo that I love to use. It has a gentle curve to it, for G-spot stimulation. It is smooth and slides into my canal with ease. Today, I want something different, and I place it in the freezer for a few minutes. Perhaps the cold, smooth glass will help quell the hot, fiery feelings and put them to rest.
I hate that I can't have him. He is married, and we live 1000 miles apart, so I must be content with his words. His word, whether in an email, an erotic story, or in IM never fail to arouse me, and I have spent more time fingering and fucking myself to climax since I met him than I have ever done before, although, I have always enjoyed the act of masturbation, even as a young girl, first learning about her body, to the mature woman that I am, needing a release of the sexual tension that seems to build of its own volition.
Lately though, since I met him, my solo sessions have taken on an urgency that I have never known before. My clit is tender, from the rough play it gets. I am so desperate to cum, that I don't care what I have to do to get there. My pussy is always wet, with anticipation, that it too might get some action, if only a vibrator or dildo. My toy collection grows, with each passing payday, as I head off to the adult store to peruse their stock and see if anything tickles my fancy.
I can not wait for him any longer, and I take my glass dildo from the freezer. It's frosty, and I know it will feel wonderful when the time comes to insert it deep into my wet canal. I lay down on the sofa, and with on leg up on the back of the sofa, and the other splayed out resting on the coffee table, I am ready for solo play. I rub my mound gently massaging it with one hand, while I play with my breasts with the other. I love my nipples being stimulated, and there seems to be a direct line between them and my clit. I play with my nipples until they are hard, like pebbles, and the areola puckers and becomes ultra sensitive. I roll the peaks between my thumb and forefinger, pulling on them, until they

are hard and erect. I have found the beauty of nipple clamps and use them as they provide the extra stimulation that I need and want, but free my hands to work on the part of my body that is wet and throbbing with the want for some attention. I tighten the clamps as much as I can stand, and this makes the throbbing in my genitals so much more pronounced.

My hands finally go down to that area, and I spread my fleshy outer labia apart and gasp at the rush of cool air as it drifts across the hottest parts of me. I pull up on the hood, that protects my clit, and touch it directly. It's too much right now, so I massage it with the hood covering it. I dip my fingers into my wet pussy, to gather some of the moisture there and spread it along my slit. I moan, wishing it were his hand that is now at my clit, beckoning a response. I continue to rub the nubbin, increasing the speed and force with which I do so. It is only a matter of moments until I feel the rush of slick fluid erupt from my body.

I take the cold glass dildo, and slide the sleek instrument deep into my body. I gasp at the cold sensation invading the depths of my canal. I can feel the cold, smooth bulbous end massage my G-spot. I gently work the glass over it again and again.

My finger stills on my nub, but only for a little while, for I know that I will need that sensation, that drive again, to push me over the edge, but I am not ready yet. My free hand goes up to tweak on the clamps that are tightly attached to my nipples. The pain is full of pleasure, and I can feel my clit engorge even more. My hand goes back to my mound, and I run my fingers from the opening of my pussy, where I continue to run the dildo in and out of my hole, up past the inner lips, so soft and silky, to my clit that is engorged and erect, like a small phallus. My hand grazes over it, and my hips buck, in reflex, my body wanting more.

The smooth glass dildo deep inside me has now warmed to the internal temperature of my canal. I shove it deep into me, and my muscles clamp on to it like it is his wonderful cock. In my mind, it is, and I call out his name. The moans coming from my mouth are those of ecstasy, and in my mind's eye, I can see his face, only inches above mine, as he thrusts into me, the tip of his glorious member requesting entrance into my womb. I can feel his body between my legs, and our mounds crashing together, with each inward thrust, the painful pleasure driving me toward a release that I know will come soon.

My hand goes back to my clit, without any cerebral effort on my part, for I am beyond that. I finger it, at the base, in small circular movements. I pull at it, pinching it when I feel the sensations are about to overwhelm me, I want to make this last as long as I can, going back to rubbing the base hard and fast, then slowly backing off.

My other hand goes to the dildo that is still embedded deep in my cunt. I begin to thrust it in and out, but it is him that is there, thrusting into me.

With the thrusting dildo and the hard, fast stimulation to the base of my elongated clit, I feel the beginnings of my release. My stomach begins to ache, and my thighs are quivering. I hear grunting, with each forceful push into my cunt. With each with drawl, the know of the dildo passes over my G-spot, bringing me close to the edge of the earth. "Now", I whisper, and I call out my lover's name, with a flood of cum that is so plentiful, so slick, so sweet, so warm, so wet.

My hands still their movements, and I am panting, no, gasping for air. My heart is pounding in my chest, and I lay there, spent, the smooth hot dildo still deep inside me, my hand cupping my own mound, wet with the fluid that has flowed from my body. I lay there, eyes closed, thinking of my sweet lover, and wishing he was here with me.

I hear the familiar sound of the computer telling me that there is an instant message waiting for me. I smile and reach for my laptop, to chat with my lover.