Energizing evening

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A simple touch to start it all off... (Only for the ladies)

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/straight-sex/energizing-evening.aspx

Suggested background music - Depeche Mode - Sometimes / Fly on the windscreen

The front door steps of a wooden house in the depths of a snowy forest, or the very edge of a cliff, dangerously dangling over the crashing ocean waves as the setting sun paints them gold with tiny accents of wine red, or the alcohol and gas-fumes-drenched front step of some piano bar as the autumn leaves of the nearby birch trees gently fall by your side, carried by the midnight breeze.
Or wherever your sentiment or understanding of a romantic spot may take you - it is there. That touch, those fingertips over the gentle skin of your wrists. At first it's only that - a static touch - but then it begins moving, flowing, tracing down your palm, leaving a trail of energy. By the time it's gone back up to your wrists, the tingling has already sunk underneath your skin, gnawing to your bones, seizing in its teeth.

Fingers wrap wide around your arms in agonizing slowness, quickly followed by that paralyzing grip that has already caught every part of your arms, from below those fingers, in its electrifying shackles.

It takes lead and by the time those gently caressing hands have taken a hold of your shoulders your entire upper torso has been seized by that deep buzz - breasts heaving with shallow, quick breaths, as the only thing able to leave your tensed throat is a slight sigh mixed in with a deep moan.

Palms blaze down the side of your spine as the rushing blood is priming with that fiery touch every part of your body - from your now scorching-red cheeks, down your neck, like soft ethereal lips, sending jolt after jolt fluttering downward through your breasts, navel, down to your thighs and fueling the raging blaze in between.

By now you can't resist it any more - there's nothing to stop the pools of energetic desire, gathering up and charging like chemical bombs, inside every atom of your limbs, body and mind, waiting for the trigger to be pulled. As the hands reach your waist you feel those energies start to rapidly gush up and rise, just as the touch rises to just on the side of your breasts, fingers gently lingering on their rim.

The trigger is there, it's tugged, but stopped half-way. The caress moves no longer.

Before the pools of desire inside you can start to just barely die down you are turned around, face-to-face with your energizing captor. I break the ice having grabbed ahold of your rising flood, sucking all your emotions through one steady, unmoving gaze and returning them to fill you once more, increased tenfold in strength.

Instinctively we lean forward - you seeking that so-needed spark. As our lips meet it jolts- running down through each single point, each single bomb inside your body - boom, boom, boom, the trigger has done its job and you embrace its electric energy with open arms, wrapped around me.

Hours later - in that wooden house, covered in snow, bungalow by the ocean or small apartment, with the buzzing of cars beneath its window - you wake to the morning sun's rays, seeming all so pale and cool in their touch in comparison to last night's sensations.

Remembering them, you smile as you stand up at the foot of my bed.

Thank you for reading my first story and hope you enjoyed it. Goodnight.
-Psykey