

Three Wishes

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A short, sweet, erotic story I've been working on.

<http://www.lushstories.com/stories/straight-sex/three-wishes.aspx>

I gasp in shock as hands cover my eyes from behind. A voice whispers in my ear, "Guess who?" and I grin. I know who. It's *him*.

"Is it a genie, come to grant all my wishes?" I tease.

He laughs. "That, my love, depends on the wishes." His hands snake down my body and hug around my waist, and he lightly kisses my ear.

I turn in to him, wrapping my arms around his neck. Standing on my tiptoes, my lips meet his; quick, sweet, lingering. I pull away slightly and look up at him. "So, you *will* grant all my wishes?"

He laughs again. "You only get three, sweetie. And again, it depends on your wishes."

I snort. "That's not fair that my wishes have to meet your standards."

He chuckles. "It's not that; it's that some things I can't make possible. Like, if you wished for a million dollars, I couldn't do it. But, if you wished for a kiss....well, I can easily do that."

I smile. "Kiss me."

He begins to lean down, but stops and grins. "You didn't wish for it."

I roll my eyes. "Really?"

He nods his head, grinning.

"Why would I waste a wish on a kiss when I can easily do this?" I ask as I lean on my tiptoes again and kiss him, this time for much longer.

When I pull away, he shrugs. "I dunno. It's your wishes. I wasn't going to question them."

I grin and bite my lip.

"What?"

I giggle. "Oh, nothing, I'm just thinking of the possibilities now."

He raises his eyebrows in question.

I giggle again and give him a swift kiss on the cheek. "Follow me," I say.

I tug at his hand as I begin to walk down the hallway, but he stands his ground and grins.

I roll my eyes. "I *wish* that you'd follow me."

He laughs. "Much better."

I lead him in to the bedroom we share, closing the door behind us. I sit cross-legged on the bed and look up at him. "You know what else I wish for?"

"What?"

"I wish that we could spend the day in bed together; cuddling, talking, and whatever else comes up."

He grins. "Alright, m'lady. You wished for it."

He joins me on the bed, pushing me down against the mattress. His hands squeeze my sides and he kisses me. I giggle in between kisses.

"I said *cuddling*, not attacking me like a puppy!" I squeal.

He laughs. "Oh, if I was attacking you like a puppy, there would be *much* more tongue involved in this."

I giggle. "Why isn't there anyway?"

He raises his eyebrows. "I thought you said you wanted to talk and cuddle."

“Or whatever else came up!”

He laughs again and kisses me, this time slipping his tongue in my mouth.

When he pulls away, I snort and say, “I see you were obliged to do so.”

He grins and kisses me again, exploring my mouth with his tongue. I let our tongues meet, and the kiss begins to go wild as we both try to explore each other’s mouths. I feel vibrations against my tongue as he laughs. He rolls over on his back and pulls me on top of him, never breaking our lip contact. I copy him. I like feeling him over me. He laughs again against my mouth and I smile. His tongue becomes rougher in my mouth and I have an overwhelming urge to touch him everywhere. His hands travel up my arms, finding their place in mine. I squeeze them as his kisses become even more forceful. I feel his heated weight relax in to my body, and I sink deeper in to the mattress. Fingertips run down my arms and barely tickle my sides. I laugh in his mouth, and I feel the corner of his lips turn in to a smile.

“I love you,” he whispers breathlessly.

“I love you too.”

His fingertips glide down my sides and finger the hem of my shirt. His lips move across my mouth, down my jaw, landing on my neck. I shiver as a familiar heat rushes over my body. He chuckles and rolls his tongue around on my neck, sucking it softly. I smile and bite my lower lip.

Slowly, I feel his hands slip under my shirt and caress my lower stomach. Inch by inch, he moves his hands up my body, barely brushing his palms and fingertips over my skin. Goosebumps rise on my arms and I feel heat rising where he touched me.

His mouth moves from my neck to the bare skin showing on my belly. A wet tongue circles around my belly button and flicks the inside of it. I feel his teeth pull at the skin right above it gently. My body shudders. The goose bumps grow harder.

His hands pull the shirt up my body, nudging me to take it off. I happily oblige, tossing my shirt on the ground next to me. I feel the tip of his tongue slide up my stomach and flick right under the center of my bra. His hands glide around the sides of my satin bra. I feel his fingers mess with the clasp a little until he gets it undone. Then, his hands move back around and push under my bra, squeezing my breasts. My nipples harden at his touch. As his hands caress and squeeze my breasts, I slowly slide the straps off my shoulders, taking off my bra. I push his head down a little, wanting to feel his mouth

against my nipples.

He licks around them, causing little bumps to rise. I run my fingertips up his spine and neck, feeling him shiver. My fingers glide through his hair as he sucks lightly, taking his time on each nipple. He teases them like that for a while, letting them get harder in his mouth. Suddenly, I feel his teeth tug on them gently and I clutch his hair as a warm, familiar rush of desire comes over me. He sucks harder on my nipples and pulls them. I close my eyes and bite my lip, enjoying what my “genie” was doing.

His tongue runs up my neck again, meeting my mouth. His hands go back to massaging my breasts. His body relaxes even deeper in to mine, and I feel something hard barely rubbing against my leg. I giggle and suck on his tongue, enjoying the whimper I hear.

I glide my hands down his sides, squeezing gently as I go. I slip down his shorts and fondle his balls gently through his underwear. He bites his lip and begins to kiss down my body again. With each fiery kiss, I want him more. His hands slip off my pants slowly. He kisses the top of my thong, rubbing his tongue against the edge. I whimper softly, wanting more.

His lips gently meet mine, kissing me through the thong. I feel his tongue circle around the spot where my clit is. I shudder and close my eyes again. His tongue finds the small wet spot on my thong and circles around it. Slowly, he drags his tongue between my lips, pushing my thong inside a little. He replaces his tongue with his finger, rubbing harder. He pushes down on my clit and strokes it. I feel myself becoming wetter.

He begins kissing me again and pulling down my thong. I kick it off and he runs his fingers up my inner thighs. His mouth and tongue tease me by kissing and licking my bikini line. Slowly, his tongue runs between my lips and circles over my clit, causing me to gasp. I hear him chuckle and the vibrations from his mouth send a wave of pleasure through my body.

He runs one finger between my lips and chuckles more when he feels it slip inside on it's own.

“You’re really wet,” he comments.

I nod my head and bite my lip.

His mouth is on my clit again, sucking it gently. Another wave rushes through my body and I shiver. His finger slips inside my vagina and twists around. I moan softly. I feel his teeth scrape against my erect clit and my hips jerk. He does it again. And again. Pleasure sweeps through me.

I feel his finger move in and out of my vagina slowly, picking up speed and intensity the louder I

moan. He sucks on my clit harder and chews on it gently. He tugs on my clit softly with his mouth and my hips jerk again. He slides another finger in my vagina and twists them both around. His fingertips push hard on the roof of my vagina. I bite my lip and groan.

“This...feels really good,” I say breathlessly.

He chuckles and continues, doing everything with more intensity. I feel my legs shaking as a climax starts to grow. He keeps going, sucking on my clit and pushing his fingers in and out of my vagina as fast and hard as he can, pushing them deeper and deeper, until his knuckles were against my lips.

“Oh...” I sigh, “I’m...going to cum.”

He whimpers and pulls on my clit hard with his teeth. I gasp and my hips start rocking up and down. I push myself against his mouth and his fingers, moaning. In, out, in, out; his fingers are moving faster. My hips thrust up and I start to cum. I feel his fingers glide out and his mouth pull away before I finish.

While still in my climax, I feel his hard dick push in to me. He slowly moves in and out. I push my hips wildly against him, my body begging him to go deeper, faster, harder. Like everything before, he starts out slow and builds the intensity. I, on the other hand, keep thrusting against him, fucking him hard. I hear him groan, and suddenly he begins pushing in and out of me as hard and as fast as he can.

We continue like this, our bodies joined. His own orgasm builds quickly, and soon, I feel his hot cum fill my vagina. His groans become louder, and he sighs out my name, “Aerial...”

His thrusts slow to a steady in and out rhythm as he finishes. Slowly, he pulls out and collapses next to me, pulling me close to him. I rest my head on his chest and feel his heaving chest, listening to his heartbeat. I draw circles on his stomach and smile up at him. He grins back at me, and I kiss him.

“Your heart’s beating really fast,” I remark.

He grins. “Well, is that really a shocker?”

I laugh. “No, baby.”

“Guess what?”

“What?”

“It always beats this fast when you’re with me.”

I grin. “So does mine.”

He chuckles. “I love you.”

“I love you too.”

We lay in comfortable silence for a few minutes, until suddenly he asks, “What’s your final wish, m’lady.”

I grin. “It’s something we’re both going to have to work at to come true.”

He raises his eyebrows in question.

I feel my cheeks grow hot. “I wish our hearts will feel this way around each other forever.”

He kisses my forehead. “It’s a wish I will truly work to make come true, my love.”