

Tonight's Need

By pantywriter

Published on Lush Stories on 30 Dec 2012

She awaits his arrival with an animal hunger

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Slowly she paces back and forth, turning sharply at each end, to walk back over the same path. Had one seen this behavior in a tiger behind its bars in a zoo, an onlooker would have understood immediately. The animal caged lusts to escape. Sue is that caged animal, and she lusts, but not to escape. She lusts for his return. She lusts for his touch, for his maleness, for his muscular chest and the tight curls of his pubic hair. She lusts for his cock, its rigidity and power, its heat and its wanton need. She knows about wanton need; she is wanton need personified. He just has to get home, and she will pounce upon her prey, using his body until her needs are satiated. She simply must get her fill this night.

Outside, a tempest rages. Darkness had fallen a while ago. Only the crazy white-blue lightning now cuts through the darkness. The wind screams as it pushes through dense trees. The roaring sound is as much the leaves being whipped by the driving winds as anything, although the wind itself carries massive power. The thunder booms with such force that physical rumbles can be felt. Then, finally, the lights coming up the dark path.

She stops pacing and stares in hunger through the massive plate-glass windows that serve as this rustic A-frame's front wall. In the loft, the candles are lit, the bed is turned down and the good white wine is on ice. But that is later, the main course. She is frantic now, and needs to take the edge off of her painful hunger.

His large truck rumbles into view; she can see his face looking up into the house. He sees the dots of dancing light the candles cast, but cannot see her. She waits in the shadow, waiting to pounce. He exits, and she stares through the window. She feels a fresh rush of deep-seated lust. His body, strong and made hard from the daily grind of his carpentry. His jaw, strong and semi-shaven. His smile, tender and gentle despite his physical size. His body, muscular. His cock, large and thick and pulsing. Balls churning with life. He disappears from view; she hears the key slide into the lock. The door turns, and he steps inside.

"Don't turn on the light," she hisses wildly as she catches of glimpse of his hand moving. It stops.

"Hello, lover," he says in a quiet tone.

"Come over here!" she orders.

He walks over, taking his time. Of course he knows her need; he has already guessed her mood. Her voice betrays her, and strengthens his knowledge. He will use it delightfully against her, knowing that taking his time will drive her need higher and tighter so that when it snaps, it explodes in a fury! He walks to her, and slides his hand around her diminutive waist, easily lifting her and pressing her against him.

She puts her head on her shoulder so easily, and feels her generous breasts press hotly against him. "I've missed you," she says finally.

"And I, you," he agrees. "Have you any plans this evening?" he coyly teases her.

"You are my plan," she says simply. She has moved her hand down over the front of his jeans, and presses firmly. She knows that once his tool is rigid, and out, and being fondled expertly by her nimble, light fingers that his resolve will melt. His facade of toughness and distance will crumble as surely as his mind comprehends the tactile pleasures her fingers create. But first, she must stiffen him.

Tilting her head back, she opens her mouth to his, and moans when he roughly plants the kiss on her lips. His lips are thin and tight, and his tongue wide and strong. It pushes into her mouth, and twists delightfully around. She dances with him as she feels her body react to this simple yet erotic pleasure. A good kisser, she thinks, is a definite plus! His hands, strong around her waist, slide down to her panty-clad butt. His hands, rough like sandpaper, catch a little as the palms slide over the material of her panty. Then fingers strong squeeze her butt hard, making her squeal into his mouth.

She presses her hand against his crotch harder, and is rewarded with the first throb of his growing erection. She begins to kiss back with passion and fire and intensity. He groans into her mouth now, as her actions are as pleasing to him as his were to her. His erection grows much faster now, and with her one hand she skillfully undoes the fly on his jeans, and unzips them. She holds her breath as she snakes her hand inside of his boxer shorts and takes out the engorged pole.

He breaks the kiss and sucks in his breath sharply as her fingers wrap delicately around his erection. "Oh, damn that's good babe!" he quietly says. She begins to stroke her fingers ever so lightly up the underside of his penis, the part she knows is highly sensitive. She kisses him again, now savoring his rough treatment of her butt, and his hot male breath and his hot, male cock. She feels its girth and

can't hardly wait to feel that massive tool penetrating her waiting, willing depths. She feels the wetness steadily leaking out of her now. Just his masculine ways are enough to fully arouse her, and fondling his organ does the rest.

He gasps into her mouth as she gives him a sudden, hard squeeze. Not quite yet, she thinks. She twists her hand so that it is palm-up, and holds him and strokes him again. She feels the sudden quiver rock him, and it started from his thigh. Yes, he is ready.

"Lover, get down on your knees and eat my pussy until I cream all over your face!" she moans urgently. He needs no urging. On one knee he goes, while she raises both arms over her head and grabs hold of the door jamb. She gets a good, solid, firm grip, and pants eagerly, awaiting that first sensational touch on her needy pussy.

She hears him inhale deeply, and knows that he is filling his nose with her musky scent. How erotic it must be for him, she thinks, down there between her legs. Almost as erotic as the sight of him fully erect and needful of sinking his cock into her pink. Then, it hits! "Oh god that's nice!" she cries almost involuntarily as his tongue slaps down expertly on top of her clit. His tongue slides back and forth over the button of flesh, and the pulses of pleasure rocket through her body.

Her hands clench hard on the door as her teeth bite down; she lifts a leg and puts her foot on his back. This exposes herself to him more, and spreads her bod widely for his oral assault. He begins to expertly tantalize her sex. The long, slow drags of his tongue from clit to asshole, how his tongue swirls for a second around her ass, and then back to her pussy. His tongue pushes into her hole, and withdraws, and resumes thrumming on her clit. The sliding, circular motion is good for catching her breath in her throat, an act that renders her mute except for the sounds of perfect sexual pleasures.

"Mmmmm. Oh...oh um...oh mmmm....god...mmmm!" she goes softly. Her hips buck against his face, pressing down, increasing the friction, seeking more pleasure. His finger pokes against the tight entrance to her ass and she moans again; her wetness mixed with his saliva coats the ass opening. With ease the narrow finger slides into her depths.

She gasps again. "Yeah, that's it, in my ass I love it in my ass don't stop don't stop now make me cum lover make me cuuummmm!" she moans, and then the little bursts of electric shocks erupt from her pussy. Massive waves of pleasure follow - she cannot breath but can only gasp and moan and cry out caught utterly in the throes of female heat.

Her hips stop bucking, instead they quiver and shake without full control, further pressing her clit against his mouth, increasing the pleasuring and extending the orgasm. She cries when his tongue again wildly flicks over her button, and she has to release the jamb to put both hands on the top of

her head. "St-stop n-now!" she pants. "Stop I can't breath stop please lover stop!" she cries. He stops.

She feels his throbbing hardness, and with two shaking hands grasps him gently as he stands up. She goes down on her knees, and looks up at him. What must he see or think, she thinks as she holds that erection only scant inches from her wet, waiting lips? Does this arouse him, looking down at her like this, or is he just anticipating the perfection of oral pleasure? She can only guess, but then she opens her mouth and lets his cock slide inside.

As always the searing heat of his cock strikes her, as does the maleness of its taste and aroma. The fleshy tube slides insides, gives gently under the pressure of her tongue, and feels velvety soft even as the hardness remains underneath. She distantly hears his sharp intake of breath, and she brings both hands up. One cups his balls, and with her index finger and thumb she creates a circle inside of which is the skin of his balls. She holds them firmly and beings to sway them back and forth.

The other hand encircles the base of his cock. She needs his cum, and she needs it fast. The main course will be the lengthy, slow lovemaking where they both simmer and stew under the steady pleasure of erotic touch. This, this is the appetizer, served hot and fast, and there to satiate the deep hunger. She sucks hard around the head of his cock while her hand begins to stroke him easily.

The wetness of her saliva lubricates his shaft easily enough. He rocks backward under her assault, and groans wildly from the incessant, ever-increasing pleasure. She knows he cannot last for long, even if he had recently masturbated. She knows him too well, and shortly he grunts and thrusts forward roughly. She is rewarded with jets of hot semen that erupt from his cockhead and coat her mouth and lips. She pulls her lips back to just the head, and squeezes the base of his cock and his balls to get yet more semen to erupt. She swallows hard, fervently, savoring the glorious, salty, male taste and the knowledge that he absolutely loves this. She sucks, even as he begins to dribble.

He mewls and pulls his hips back as the overwhelming sensations override his need to continue to feel his penis in her mouth. She releases him and licks her lips. She stands up, and takes his hand into hers. "Let's go upstairs," she says. "I have wine and cheese and crackers. Let's eat and relax, and pretty soon we'll enjoy the main course," she says with a playful wink.

He nods tiredly, but his eyes flash with excitement. She guides him up the stairs to the loft, where the turned-down bed, the wine, cheese and crackers await. And she awaits too, but she needs him ready. They eat, they sip the wine, and they relax. On the bed, their legs are intertwined, their bodies facing one another. Her full breasts are pulled down to the side, as is his flaccid penis.

He is hungry and eats well, sipping wine from time to time. Once he slows his eating, she knows that he is readying himself. Though slightly older, she is enthralled by his vigor in bed. She reaches down

to playfully hold his penis. It is soft, harmless in its current state. Her nimble fingers create the necessary physical reaction soon enough. He moans his pleasure. "Yes that's nice, lover," he tells her quietly. She feels her lubricating wetness gathering and preparing. Soon, her sex will be ready to envelop him as he penetrates her. Yes, she thinks, soon we will savor the ultimate pleasure.

She rolls on top of him, and rolls her hands over his chest. She lifts up, reaching back between her legs to feel him. He's not yet fully hard, but enough so that it will slip inside. She positions his the head, and with ease it penetrates her. She shudders and moans aloud, "You have a big fucking cock!" She says this often enough that he is used to it.

He smiles and reaches his hands up to first caress, and then firmly grasp her boobs. She rocks forward and back gently, feeling the tool penetrate her depths, and how the waves of pleasure are again rocking through her. She sets up a slow, gentle rhythm, one designed to steadily drive her to the edge of her need and one designed to do the same for him. Yes, she thinks, yes, as he thrusts upwards into her, slamming his meat into hers, signifying that his need is back and his arousal high.

"Take me from behind," she says, sliding off of the mounted position. It makes her feel so vulnerable bent over like this, but when being slammed by a hard, rough man who made her tits sway, she felt so much pleasure. She gasps as he slams his meat into her. Deeper, thicker, she feels his cock completely, how thick and beautiful and hard it is, and she feels a quiver of the best pleasure. His slow withdrawal is followed by another rough, fast thrust.

She meets him, pushing back, pushing his cock as deeply into her body as it will go. The slow pleasure of lovemaking morphs into the selfish need of hard fucking. His thrusts are now fast, hard, constant, his hands grip her hips with force almost to pain. She fights back, pushing backwards hard with each thrust, until he begins hitting bottom. Yet the dull achy pain is no match for the fiery grip of her need. Her tits sway wildly as her balls slap loudly against wet, sweaty, fluid-covered skin. She feels the sheen of sweat covering her body and knows that he too is dripping with sweat.

Through the roaring in her ears caused by her massive arousal she dimly hears his panting and gasping. His heart must be racing as fast as hers, she thinks. Soon, the concluding action of the sex is reached. Hers is a massive, vocal orgasm, one that rips her from toes to the tips of her hair. She wants to fall forward and shudder, flopping on the bed like a wet fish out of water but his hands are too strong his cock too masculine his need too overpowering and then with a tremendous grunt - no voice capabilities now - he holds onto her as he lets go his massive orgasm into her waiting folds. She feels the jets of ejaculate splash in her, filling her with his seed.

He moans now, panting wildly, and he lets go. She collapses forward onto the bed, not caring that his cum is dribbling from his cock onto her legs or that his seed is slowly oozing from her pussy. She

cares for none of this, nor does she care much when he falls forward on the bed next to her, sweaty and spent, exhausted and used. She cares not and instead drifts off to sleep, completely satiated.