

Desire

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Renewal of passions

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For the last half an hour I have been sat here looking at this single point on the wall. No, looking is the wrong description as it would suggest that I was seeing and the truth is that I have witnessed nothing at all. The noise of the children arguing downstairs washes over me like as though some audible tide is forever on the turn. Only the slam of the front door as it settles back in its frame after the children have exploded out of it does my attention re-focus to the room. I walk languidly as the torpor and stupor of my self-imposed exile with in loosens me to allow a change of scenery and I look down upon the glistening metallic blue of the new BMW sports car parked in our drive. The latest toy in a long line of luxury goodies bought and forgotten about almost instantly as the exhilaration of purchase wears off and we seek the next item on our journey of self gratification. A tan leather interior beckons to engulf the owner in a sumptuous luxuriance that warms and comforts, seducing the driver and passengers into the intoxication of opulence that the manufacturer seeks to convey on those who own and those who dream to own. I cast my mind back to when I last enjoyed the feel of soft calf leather enfolding me in its warm embrace, arousing the senses and filling my nostrils with the perfume of sex that accompanied such clothing. I give up as it seems like a life time ago, not even my life-time as I seem no longer to be the person that I once was. Somewhere below me my wife is living her own exile hidden in the bowels of our house in her office, where she has been since before day break this morning, and for all I know has been there since last night, as she appeared briefly for a hurried dinner and to kiss the kids good-night before returning to her lair. Leaving the warmth of sunlight that cascades through our bedroom window I cross silently to the dresser and the chest of drawers that not so long ago held my fantasies. Not so long ago I could lose myself in meetings just wishing for the end of the working day to come and to rush home to see what secrets it had given up this day and what earthly delights would arouse my already inflamed passions as my darling wife danced before me. My fingers seem to have a mind of their own as they grasp firmly the wood of the handles and the drawer slides mesmerically open like Aladdin's cave offering up its bounty. My pulse races as blood courses through my veins, unused to such excitement and a stirring of my cock focuses my attention on the whisps of coloured silk and satin before me. I cast my mind back to those hedonistic days where two lovers intoxicated with each other would forget the looks of others, jealous or disquieted as I slid my hand up summer skirts and winter woollens alike, the feel of warm and

tender flesh, of silk and lace covering the moist goal of my ministrations. Laughter and gasps of passion and delight were our own orchestra as we lost ourselves in the moment. I steel myself to touch the folds of soft silken material as my gaze is drawn inwards to the rich delights of the black leather and dull sheen of metal studs, that join to create a harness and leather covering that exposed the soft ripe globes of her breasts as they spilled over the half cup top. The leather pleats of the skirt that struggled to hide the black lace and velvet of the most delicate of suspender belts, stocking encasing lithe long legs that tottered and towered on spike heeled shoes. How I delighted in her wearing the matching collar as she knelt beneath me, the length of chain running upwards to my clenched fist as I barked my commands, to touch herself and to prostrate herself, my every wish obeyed in unhesitating swiftness. Silvery threads of pre cum would leave the end of my stiff, erect penis to the tip of her questing tongue, open and waiting for me to deliver her my spent load of sperm. Spanked flesh would warm beneath the slap of leather as rose red tinges changed the gentle hue of soft buttock cheeks into burning spheres of passion and relinquence. Twisted flesh would send shivers through us both as power was transferred backwards and forwards, the sub becoming dom and the dom becoming sub versa as roles are diversified, traded between us like shares on an intimate stock exchange. These lost memories and desires ignite my passions as I lower my hand to touch myself and my growing hardness through the cotton of my shorts. At what point in my life did I even give up getting dressed properly? But the thought is fleeting and is gone as I replace my hand and feel the throb once more of hard cock pulsing in my grip as it tightens to stroke and to tease. I feel the release of my foreskin as it slips behind my swollen glands and the first drip of pre cum escapes to stain the material struggling to retain this pulsating length. Only the cold draft snaps my attention back to the present as I turn hurriedly, shame and humiliation flashing across my cheeks as the warm glow of embarrassment covers me and I scrape my skin with my finger nails as I rush to return my hand. It is the eyes that I notice first. How long has it been since I found myself lost in their penetrating gaze, swimming in her soul as she did in mine. She teases me with her eyes but now I see myself reflected and her own lust has risen and is now burning her with its own intensity. Not a word is said as she walks over to the drawer and takes the leather and chain from my hand, she turns and walks silently into the bathroom that we have shared since we moved in yet has become like a solitary cave as we use it alone. Brief passing of salient ships in the night as we move towards bed and another night of self contemplation and abject loneliness, together in body yet isolated in spirit, bereft of hope and desire. Turning myself I slump onto the bed, an isolated island in the sea of my own misery and my head hangs heavily in my hands. Tears spring unbidden to the corners of my eyes as a mist descends in equal measure to spread my humiliation and depression, an echo of life as it is now and not as it was then. Black patent heels appear blurredly before me and I linger on the blood red painted toe nails that peer aggressively from the front opening of the shoe. No stocking this time hides the glow of warm flesh as it rises before me, shaping calves that twitch as toned muscles perform an intricate ballet as they carry this vision before me. Further still and my eyes wander upwards as a wave of passion rushes over me and once more I look upon leather clad thighs, soft sheen of tanned power, graceful and delicate in equal measure. I reach and my fingers caress those

plaited folds and then slip inexorably inwards to rest upon the satin covering that hides a moistness that can no longer be disguised. The warm musk of sex spills forth beneath questing fingers that open and tease delicate folds of womanhood to release this perfume delight me and urge me on. Rising before her she kneels meekly at my side and soft whimpers escape between lips of painted scarlet. My hand strokes the dark glossy locks of hair that tumble and fall to the rising of her heaving chest and twin peaks of hardened brown skin swell to form nipples that pulse with their own inner heat. The cold steel of the chain hanging silently from her neck warms in my hand as I lift it gently, guiding her to the bed and to lie back as I wrap it around her hands, binding her and lifting them to lay above her head. I can hold off no longer and bury my face in her mound, desperate now to fill my mouth with her taste and my nostrils with her scent. My tongue flicks out and is instantly covered in a sticky mixture of her fluids and juices, sweat of anticipation and bitter womanly cunt juice. I flash my tongue over the outer lips and deep into the crevasse between lip and thigh. Licking longingly I twist the tip of my tongue around her bud, freeing it from the soft covering as I remove the satin and lace, ripping the tiny string of material and casting it aside. Now can I force those thighs wide, sinew straining as she thrusts her loins up at me begging me to fuck her, to sink into her and hurt her, to touch in her deeply. My own hardness burns as I strip and devour her once more with my eyes before resuming my tongue lashing of her delicate lips. I need to drink in her life force, to drink in her juice that leaks in an almost unrelenting stream from with-in her. The thick sticky liquid that leaks is now bitter and harsh to the taste as her stomach muscles clench and ripple, orgasm after orgasm ripping their way through her. No more can I wait, can I restrain myself from the desires that these long barren months have built up within me. I stand before her and strip in an instant, my hardness springing forth and waving in front of her face. I sink to my hands and crush her beneath me before sinking, plunging recklessly, forcing my stiff prick deep into her cunt. Her cries fill my ears and she claws at my back, eyes spilling forth tears as I smash myself into her over and over again. Her thrusts meet mine and she bucks and twists, forcing me deeper into her with every dig of those claws, every turn of the hips. The wet slapping sound of sex and muted cries fill our ears now as we move to meet our crescendo. A joint explosion of intensity that rises between us, cock in cunt and bodies locked together as sweat cascades over our limbs entwined. Waves of ecstasy wash over me as I can control myself no longer and pulse after pulse sends warm seed spilling into her depths. I feel her lips sliding with our juices over the length of my cock as still I push in and out, unwilling to stop and relinquish this most intimate of moments between us. Her passions remain unspent as she rises to meet me again and again, her arms locking behind me and holding me tight, whimpered cries of lust and regret of lost opportunity and love regained. I slow and she slows with me as we melt into one another and the normal sounds of the street and our everyday life return. The noise of the children returning forces us back to reality and to rise and move as one into the bathroom and the shower. Warm water spits in jets as we mould ourselves to each other anew and once more resume our touching and tasting. This is how it was always meant to be, this is how it always used to be. This time it will not return to the way that it had become because we can't let it, we won't let it. How could we have lost our way for so long? Never again will we let this modern world that we have created and allowed to absorb us rule our every

waking moment. Never again will we answer to a life that dictates how and when we will offer ourselves and to give ourselves to each other.