

Longing

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A poem of longing

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I long for your touch the feel of your hands on my face, my back, my breast. I long for your soft kisses upon my lips with promises of so much more. I long for your mouth to nibble my ear lingering there before placing soft kisses upon my neck and shoulders. Slowly, with deliberate purpose kissing your way down to my nipples. I whimper with longing as your mouth claims my nipples, Sucking them in as your hands roam over my stomach. I spread my legs longing for your touch. You tease my desire letting your hands linger just outside my folds. I squirm with longing as your fingers find my liquid essence dripping freely. You toy with me, running your fingers back and forth, teasing my love canal. I gasp with longing as your fingers pump in and out. Your mouth never leaving my nipples. My eyes glazed with desire I beg for sweet release. I let out a moan, dripping with longing as I feel your mouth release my nipple. You look up at me with longing as your mouth replaces your fingers. I can't hold back my longing any longer as your tongue claims me. I long to taste my sweet nectar upon your soft lips.