

Not Enough

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lonely masturbating female poem

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I sit here alone, Aching for you. Aching and so desperately wanting your cock in my pussy. But you can't. I rock my hips forward and back, wanting you here, right now. Ohhh, the wetness of my pussy has never been this bad. I rub my sensitive hard nipples through my shirt for more friction, Wishing you were pleasing me. I simply don't have the audacity to make myself electrified with pleasure like you do. Ohhh. Your fingers against my body. The way the gentle graze of your finger against my skin made me shake with joy. "I can't help it." I barely breathed out as you playfully asked why I'm this way. Just a slight brush against my arm, and I could feel my nipples grow hard. Ohhh! And the way you teased my nipples. My favorite part to be pleased. You squeezed me just the right way to leave me with my mouth open, my tongue impatiently moving. Panting.....panting! You made me sigh and rise, bringing up my breasts closer to your hands. Your big masculine strong soft hands over my breasts. You loved them so much. Saying they were of "perfect shape". Your eyes took them in hungrily at first sight and your stare made me blush with lust. And still, the way you licked my pussy so gently and good at first. Mmm, ohhh. But it was never so-so. Every touch between your tongue and my forbidden place made my body shudder uncontrollably. I felt embarrassed at you seeing my womanhood and all of my body. Ohh, but I wanted it. I wanted it so much. And my sexual shyness made you pounce on me like your victim. Your victim of pleasure that I could not deny, could not resist. "Not there! Not there!" I cried, as you explored me with your mouth. "Yes, there! Right, the-OH, YEEEEES!" Oh, the way you can pleasure me. I've been pleasuring myself all night tonight, wishing you were here. I just can't make myself come like you can, my love.