

The Wood

By TigersBlood

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For the one I want to possess... but never will.

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my nightly spectre, flight of reason craving your caress drowning in the reverie of what i can't possess i
wander naked through the wood enchanted by your scent roving eyes and panting mouth aroused
beyond consent i find you prostrate on a tree your skin is bare and taut i lightly stroke your face, your
chest your sex consumes my thoughts

our eyes are locked a lustful craze inebriates the air your hands upon my aching breasts and
wrapped up in my hair my fingers grasp around your shaft burning in my hand a current born of tidal
waves now shakes the place we stand our mouths converge and procreate an unsung melody of
twisting pain, and lust contained in empty fantasy

now lay me down, chest to ground my face entrenched in clover and cover me with kisses sweet
ensnared by my aroma knead my buttocks, spread my thighs touch me, hear my moaning coveting
your hardness now eliciting your groaning your fingers dance around my hole draw liquid from the
fountain suckling my offering your rod obsessed with mounting

i turn my curves toward your form my need to taste abounding and clasp my lips around your cock
the source within you pounding your face is buried in my flower the gaping petals weeping with tears
of passion dripping down intoxicating feeling my open throat absorbs your length sucking nectar blow
by blow your tongue is hot, deliberate drinking, probe by probe

now i want your soul, your eyes your mind connected, fused with mine lay your body, face to face
and plunge within my heavenly place pushing through the veil of doubt to find my ardour crying out
legs are clenching, wrapped on hips carnal growls escaping lips deeper, fucking flesh on fire
screaming out concealed desire rapturous expletives echo through the dreams of our tomorrow

