

Alone again naturally

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Anything can trigger the mood

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Anything can trigger the mood. An advertisement on TV showing a girl moving in a tight skirt as only a girl can move. A sexy picture in a magazine showing a certain pose or piece of female clothing. It can be anything and is as individual as a fingerprint. It can happen at any time during the day. You might spot a pretty young girl in jeans. She is faced away from you and for some reason bends over to pick something up. This action gives you a heavenly view of her jean-covered ass and as she bends over you spot the faint outline of her bikini panties. You react—in your pants your penis stirs and begins to harden. It passes and you continue your day. Later you lay alone on your bed or couch. As you relax you recall the trigger clearly as if it just happened. Again your penis stirs. It demands attention. You may fight it, but your mind keeps returning to disturbing, very female, images: A well-filled sweater, a short skirt, or long smooth legs. If you fight further your thoughts turn to bouncing breasts, erect nipples, panties, long legs ending at a tight round ass, or a spread ready pussy. It is a hopeless resistance—you unzip your pants and slide them off.

I tend to leave my briefs on. I slowly caress my hard shaft and balls through the cotton. I'll thumb through pictures of the female form—nude or just sexy—it matters little. I'll come across just the right picture for my mood that particular day. It will show small perky tits or large round ones. It will show a girl on all fours in panties or standing up nude. It will show just the right face, hair, body, and clothes to make me stiffen just a bit further and slide off my briefs.

My erect penis emerges and I waste no time grabbing it hard at the base. I jerk a few times quickly then slow. Warmth spreads quickly throughout my groin. My nipples begin to tingle slightly as my body begins to slowly tense in that unique and wonderful way leading to release. I look at the girl in "just the right" picture, her breasts, her legs, her round ass, her peach-shaped pussy. I enjoy gazing at her female body as I stroke and try to relax. I want to slow, to stay feeling this good a bit longer, but the tension builds and my jerks quicken until it couldn't possibly feel any better.

My eyes close as I pass the point of no return. My breathing is deep and my heart is racing. The tension in my body causes my stomach muscles to tighten, my toes to curl. A warmth flies out from

my groin over my entire body and I cum.

The pulse of the first wad is like ambrosia—I can feel it move up my shaft and exit from the tip of my penis with a wet spurt. It arches through the air and I feel its warmth splash into my cheek. I feel the second wad as it flies up my shaft and exits with a greater velocity than the first. The tension flies away as I enjoy my rapture. My penis is so warm it nearly burns—I stop jerking and squeeze its shaft hard.

The warmth of my orgasm spreads across my entire body. I feel my penis pulse again and again in its determination to expel as much of my cum as it possibly can. I vaguely feel the wet warmth as a pool of my seed forms on my abdomen. The pulses continue long after the last drop of cum has emerged. The warm pleasure throughout my body continues for long seconds after the pulses abate.

The release of orgasm is wonderful and mind clearing—at least until the next girl moves just right, or shows a flash of panties under her skirt and the process begins anew.