

Belle of Blue Canyon

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The ripe, sharp scent of burning mesquite misted around her eyes, a gaze that tore down the canyon trees and landed like a hungry kiss on the glittering metropolis below. The night overpowered her; she breathed in deeply, breasts rising in the dusky purple depths above The City, and nipples taut as rope. Stars crested the maroon sky, then faded into rare flashes at the horizon. A massive full moon ascended like a bubble, amidst faint misting clouds. The heat was tropical.

She was a singer. Weren't all women once? She had the calling of the Siren, a Lorelei, destroyer of men. Circe, sorceress, witch. A voice so steeped in magical chant and ecstatic, holy praise that God Himself would have seduced her just to listen as she reached her climax. In lilting jazzy riffs of moans and little pattering breaths; in low, agonized releases, in snarling, animal howls she was a singer. Awaiting a man to sing to.

Thinking of the man she awaited, often in the nights, her fingers would wind their way along her skin, over the slopes of her hips, to the center of her thighs; wet lips there that clasped at her hands, sucking them in slowly, a sharp twisting grind of her clitoris against the back of her palm. Thinking of the man she awaited, her mind went all Art Deco; herself a goddess draped in velvet and ermine, gigantic embracing hat akimbo, a svelte hound beside her on its studded leash. Thinking of the man she awaited, poetry ranged through her mind like stray remembrances of beauty and desire.

The silence of the night coaxed her voice to echo there. The canyon below was deserted; lightless; promising with deep shadow and revealing with fronds of moonlight.

"Blue..." she sang.

"Blue night in a blue city girl I've been known to accept pity...blue."

Somewhere, a man spins her around in his strong arms. Dances her tightly against him; and suddenly he is skin, warm, hard, urging at her.

"Blue..."

She straddles his hips, a smile as wild and rare as any blossom sketches her face in beauty; her

throat rises and faints back, chin high, hair ruffling; his cock buried inside her. Scratch marks fleck his body from her passions; and the head of his cock, almost painfully swollen, is dark shadowed purple as it cleaves the pink seahell perfectness of her labia. A dehooded monk dipping in reverent prayer, the rhythm of her clitoris rubbing a crease along the wet gleam on his shaft.

"Blue..."

From a drifting reverie, another man, taller, stronger yet, oiled her stretching nakedness with his starved hands; starved for her touch, the touch of her. She fed him. His hair, grown long, caressed her nipples, taunting with feathery touches until she arched against him; wanting the feel of his hardness against her belly. Opening to him.

"Blue..."

Awaiting the man, her body waltzed and careened down memories of fucks; strange couplings, stolen fondles, speeding and hauntedly lingering over this thrust and another pinch of nipple, and the hidden hardness of cock in her hand, in her mouth, in her...

"Oh, blue..."

The man arrives at 1000 PM. He undresses casually; slips behind her at the window; cups her soft breasts and nibbles at her earlobe. She can feel his cock hardening and rising between her slightly spread thighs; glances down to see the head and part of the shaft; her fingers lightly press on the throbbing vein; thumb and finger a ring just beneath the crown. Squeezing.

When he's inside her at last, she is a singer. Her music climbs up her body, like vines, like heat, like nothing ever felt before. He's in deep.

"Tell me that you love me."