

Breathe Your Name

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when i lose control, i can only breathe your name ~ Sixpence None The Richer

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Breathe Your Name you are in my heart i can feel your beat and you move my mind from behind the wheel when I lose control i can only breathe your name ~ Sixpence None the Richer She could feel his breath on her forehead, warm and heavy, the effervescent mint of his toothpaste lingering in her nose. His perfume, the musky, citrus of Clive Christain 1872 she had gotten for his birthday last year, filled her senses and then he was gone. She opened her eyes slowly and watched him close the door behind him. She wished she had woken up to see just how good he looked. Her man. Hers. Ah...just the thought of him was stirring deep emotions that she could not fathom but completely succumb to. The first time for everything in her new life. The first gaze, the first touch, the first kiss and the first penetration seem to be embedded within her memory banks and override all other experiences and men before him. She always thought that was how her life had always been. That until him, she had barely lived. She stretched against the silk sheets, they were dark as night and reminded her of his eyes, those dark, lucid orbs that could read into hers; reading a secret prose dedicated to her being, the very essence of her womanliness. His gaze had captivated her from across the spacious room full of mingling bodies and in that momentary glance, she could feel the distance between them decimated, the world revolving with such clarity that she could feel the clouds swirling with languid motion across skies that played all the hues of a rainbow within that split second. The hand that he offered before her had been warm and filled with unbridled masculinity. The moment her hand became engulfed with his, she was swarmed by a glorious vision; of how those hands would wrap around her body, naked under the golden shimmer of firelights, how they would tighten over her derriere tightly, bringing her close against the glory of his engorged shaft, how they would fondle her breasts and play with the stiffened ends of her areolas with ebullient eagerness and how they would welcome the musk of her crotch with a tenderness she had yet to discover. It was the longest handshake in the history of introductions and he seem just as struck as she was, his lips, full and wet with wine as he whispered her name and she returned the favor of calling his. They were never parted since. She was already moist within the cloistered thoughts of him in her head. Hmm, she

sighed, her mind already building the physical essence of his spirit. He had conquered every part of her, notwithstanding the most crucial of them all, her mind, where every room has his name written on its doors and where she could access him during daylight, when reality demands that he return to the real world. She glided her body across the sheets to where he had lain the night before, where the memory of his pulse and skin still resides and she inhaled the scent he left behind, one filled with the afterglow of his sweat and come, fused with the fragrance of her feminine contributions. The black lacy teddy, he had almost ripped off her sylph-like curves last night, rode up against her groin with this movement and a moan escapes her lips. She arched her back, pushing her labia against the luscious fabric, imagining his plump, sturdy fingers caressing her with dexterity. She slid again, her clitoral hood anchoring softly against the swatch of lace and now her hands were against the slightly torn lacy v-neck where he had hurriedly grabbed her, clutching the sides of her breasts so that they were now exposed to the chill of the morning air, providing added sensory to her heightened state. She exhaled then inhaled once more, arching her back even higher. Her fingers running over the rosy, hardened tips of her bust. She groaned, her control almost snapping with this outburst of sudden pleasure. The buzz of her phone from the night table interrupted the paralysis of her ecstasy. His picture, the one where his eyes were closed, his lips smiling joyfully appeared on the cover and she quickly sat up, tossing her dark red curls over to one shoulder so she could answer clearly. His voice, deep and husky, greeted her over the other end and contributed another dimension to her sensorial vision of him. Her green eyes turned luminous at the reminder of his hushed whispers and the ragged breaths of their shared exertions from last night. "Are you still in bed?" He teased, filled with mirth, as if he knew exactly what she was doing. She admitted ruefully that she was and that she wished she was able to offer morning salutations to the magnanimous size of his length between her lips. "Ah~my dear, what I'd do to give you just as much devotions in return." She laughed, aware that it was the kind of laughter that filled him with pleasure to the core and made him harden in anticipation. She assured him then that she would be perfectly fine until he comes home in the evening. They exchanged the vows they make daily before he was called away once more and she was in the tousled sheets once again, conjuring the unbidden image of his prow at its full, unbridled pride, sliding between her fingers and into her luscious mouth. She licked her fingers, one by one; index, middle, ring, little and paid particular attention to her thumb and she swore she could still taste him there, where she had worked his loins steadily into a rigid mound, fondling his sac with meticulous care and running the pads of her fingers over the veins that marked the pump of pulsating blood less than twelve hours ago. She then paid particular attention to her thumb and index, licking over her manicured nails and sucking the cuticles for the remaining traces of his seed. Mmm...she groaned, her voice reverberating in the ornate, stately room. She unsheathed the teddy, her form slithering against the sheet like a snake shedding its skin until it came off and she was naked as the day she was born. Her fingers circled downwards towards her mons pubis, spiraling until her index finger touches the moist and sentient passage of her minora, already swelling with desire and want. She shuddered at her own entry, her mind picturing him above her, angling his full length, ready to devote the ultimatum of his desires into her and the thought seem to excite her more than ever. She

quickened the pace of her fingers; expelling a gush of warm essence, even as she continued slapping the wetness against her orifice and allow it to trickle slowly down the valley of her perineum. She yelled his name over and over again in a litany of pleasure, her lithe body curved upwards as a surge of powerful orgasm rocked her and moments later, she lay spent on the bed, still breathing his name on her lips. ~ The Satiated End ~