11:07am

“lead me not to temptation, for I am temptation’s whore and I can find it for myself.”

Damn the heat coursing through my veins and the throbbing between my legs. Curse the need that melts me as though my body were nothing but tangled fray of jangled nerve endings surrendering to my racing heart and its pulse.

I don’t need my fingers to tease pleasure from my dripping center, nor the intermittent filling of my holes to make me complete. I demand the fire-soaked gaze of desire, the passion-laced iron-grip of lust. I demand your command of my senses. Subdue me to your will.

In the throes of this slow torment claiming me inch by inch I madden, I bite my lips bloody and moan curses into the pillows as I writhe where none hear me but my own shadow playing on the walls in flickering lights. I wind my fingers through my hair and pull, wanting, needing my neck to be pulled back, as though it were you about to claim it for your own pleasure. To feel your tongue against my pulse, your teeth against my jawbone, your lips against mine sucking the air from my lungs.

My legs part, and even I know their sleek softness, the texture of silk, the tight fit of it over my flesh, even I delight in the feel of it under my fingertips. Would that you were to run your hands over my thighs, watch me anticipate your touch and delight in my frustration when you deliberately deny me what I want while knowing beyond a doubt that you are doing exactly what I want – denying me pleasure now to have it explode within me when you want it to. How I need you to take complete possession of me. Every cell, every impulse, every breath.

I tremble and writhe, spreading my legs further open, arching my back. I need to be touched. It’s burning me and insanity is approaching, I beg and moan and plead for reprieve, not to find release but just to be touched.

Slip beside me and tell me what you want, tell me every thought that ever crossed your mind in which I was a part, until they become a part of me. I want your words to flow, I want to know what you see. Do you see me opening up for you, my most secret of places wet, needing, hungering for you?

When finally I touch, finding the wet heat I anticipated, I know I lied; a touch is not enough. Never enough. I need more. I need your hands to pull me apart, your thumbs to find the spaces between my ribs, under them, inside my hips. I need you between my legs, to wrap around you, to pull you closer to me, while you take your time slowly torturing me. I need your hands to pull my ass cheeks apart and expose me, to play with my hole, knowing how wet it makes me, how wildly out of control it pushes me. I want you to spread my thighs and torture me, before you touch the tip of your finger to my clit and feel me push my hips towards you, my body demanding contact.

The fast rising of my chest and my pretty, sensitive nipples that need your teeth, tongue and lips to draw me closer to a total meltdown, the deep pull from between my legs up to where you suck them, while my hips move of their own volition hoping against hope that you’d let me rub against you. I need your fingers to slowly slide between my legs and push into my hole, feel me pull them in, my pussy sucking and hungry. Test how tight I am, while I beg you to fuck me, to push into me, to fill me.

Slide your cock against me, and just as I think you’ll give me what I need, you tell me to lick my own juices off, slow, long licks tasting myself, mouth watering and wanting to suck, and wanting to taste, and wanting you inside me.

I open my eyes and it’s me, shadows on the walls, a flickering light, a beating heart, a melting body and an empty bed.

Heavy limbs that want to be moved, manipulated, arms that need binding, legs that need spreading, nipples that need clamping, an ass that needs stuffing and a pussy dripping, hot, wet and desperately needing to be used, spread, tasted, opened up and penetrated.

12:07 pm

“lead me not to temptation, for it finds me for its own pleasure, twists me and leaves me wanting.”