

**Word Porn**

by Gilrabo

Lips touching, brushing, feather light kisses, barely there kisses, soft, soft, soft, mouths opening slowly feeling each others breaths flowing back and forth, tongues just barely touching, caressing, flirting with each other.

Hands starting to roam softly, running free over clothes, wanting under, under clothes, wanting skin, bare hot open skin.

Pulling, yanking, almost tearing, needing to feel skin flowing under fingertips, palms rushing over backs, clothes gone, gone.

Skin touching skin, lighting running up fingertips, up arms, into the chest and down, down, down into groins.

Pulling and pushing hands, fingers, back of hands, wrists over everything, flying, flying on the sensations that are building in the skin and feeling the flicker of a fire beginning to burn.

Mouths needy, tongues pushing, starting to battle back and forth, each wanting, needing to be in the other mouth, not wanting to stay home, but to go out, out, out into the other hot and wet mouth.

Sucking, biting on lips, tongues wanting in, saliva dripping, leaking from around mouths to busy to seal.

Hands finding places that make mouths go slack for a moment, oh there, yes, there.

Fingers lighting on nipples.

Nipple skin so soft it feels deep.

Rubbing, stroking, pleasure, ahh.

Pulling back to reach four hands on four nipples, moans deep in throats.

Pulling, tweaking, wanting, needing mouths attached.

Mouths fighting hard and harder, sucking hard on tongues, willing it to become something else, needing to give more, deeper, harder.

Wrenching mouths apart, only one can latch onto a nipple, the other mouth empty, empty!

Skin, oh need skin on lips.

Oh, hot, wet, wet warm saliva, tongue on nipple, teeth barely grazing, lightly pulling with teeth, moans loud in throats.

Hips starting to move, wanting more contact, needing friction, wonderful friction.

Hands running down, down to groins, feeling with soft fingers, fingers not yet driven mad with desire.

Pulling loose to connect mouths again, oh mouths connected, home!

Fingers rubbing, stroking, pulling, holding.

Hips beginning to rock, building a rhythm, rubbing the flames higher, hotter.

Hands wanting between, needing to feel, needing to pleasure each other, running around to soft cheeks, fingers running up and down clefts, so very warm and wet.

Fingertips lightly grazing up and down, up and down, hips rocking, mouths locked and urgent.

Fingers pushing, rubbing, mouths pulled apart, fingers dipped into pools of desire saliva, dripping rushing back down to asses, pushing, pushing in.

Hips still rocking, pushing harder, fingers pulling in and out, mouths full of desire, dripping down chests.

In, oh need in, in, in, in.

Legs lifting, hips thrusting, pushing into a tight gripping hot velvet sheath.

Slowly pushing in, pause, pause, pull, pull up.

Pushing in slow, holding it at the end of the push, holding, holding.

Pulling out quicker, pushing in harder.

Rhythm increasing, still the joy of being in, oh in, urgency decreasing.

Rocking, thrusting, mouths softer, hands rubbing, holding.

Pleasure building, in and out, in and out, pulsing in each other, pausing off rhythm, to stop and just push, feeling pressure, grinding hard, so hard against each other, shuddering, moans becoming louder.

Faster, quicker, harder, rougher.

Mouths crushing lips, biting lips, scraping teeth sharper over tongues.

Fingers pulling, pinching, pulling oh more, harder on nipples, whimpering starting low and rising as the sensation becomes close, to close to pain, caressing, gentling, soothing bringing pleasure back.

Rhythm of hips increasing.

Hips thrusting down, hips moving up meeting the thrust down, increasing force, increasing friction, stopping to hold and grind hard, hard, pushing wanting more in, needing more inside.

On the bottom, writhing, moaning, gripping skin pulling, wanting, needing more contact, need more skin, needing, friction everywhere.

Whimpering, crying, faster, oh faster.

Hips pumping, flying, pushing.

Deeper!

Harder!

Faster!

More!

Breathing hard, panting, keening, heads down, working, so close, oh so, so close.

Skating the edge of the cliff, needing more to fall over, oh god, on the edge, the damned edge, oh so very, moaning, whining, tears, sweat, faster, rougher.

Alone, only you in desire to take the tumble over the edge into bliss, rhythm breaking, breathing harsh from a throat so dry, heart pounding.

Fire flaming thru nerves, filling the last missing piece.

Over the edge, skin, muscles, nerves, lit up, jangling and jumping, pumping, holding, bliss.

Slick with sweat, eyes shuttered, mind flying free from body, peace, complete relaxation from life.

Mouths slowly, softly kissing, words without meaning whispered, hands gentling skin still jumpy and slick with sweat.

Hearts, breaths, slowing down, skin softening, bodies cooling, mouths brushing tender kisses, hands worshiping skin, minds still flying free.

Slowly, slowly sinking into bliss rendered sleep.....