

Nytmare of Pleasure

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a nightmare of wanting, of hating, of loving, of bliss, and facing your fears



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My Nightmare

I see a light; I can see it in the far corner of my eye. I need to get there; I need to get moving, anywhere but here. The lights growing, getting bigger, coming closer, intensifying, I can't feel my arms I try and swim, I need to get out of here, I can't hold my breath forever, I don't have much time. Help I cry, someone help me, but I can't find the muscle in my mouth to scream, to cry, to yell. The more I struggle the more the darkness closes in, but the light its back its coming closer, please help, I can't swim, and I don't want to die. I swallow water, at last I can move, but wait if I swallow ill drown. I can't drown, I need to live, I need to get back to him, I need to tell him how much he hurt me, and how much I crave him to die. The lights to bright in getting lighter and heavier, I can't fight my eyelids. I'm falling and sinking I'm going to die.

The darkness surrounds me, and swallows me whole.

I'm blindfolded, I cannot see, but I can sense someone watching me, I can feel their gaze upon me searching me, wanting me. Then I suddenly feel warmth on the top of where they placed their soft hand on inner thigh. I can't feel anything I have gone all numb, the only feeling I feel is that smooth hand, ever so slightly rise up my leg. Getting higher and higher, and then I feel nothing because I feel dizzy, and lightheaded, and then nothing, complete blackness surrounding me. I am in total bliss. At least this is what it feels like to me.

I only have my imagination to work with. I imagine I am in a plane, my first ever flight, dressed in small electric blue delicate slender, oh- so-tight skimpy strapless dress. I realise I feel very bored. I get this sinking feeling that I am being watched. Then the plane stutters and jumps. I look out the window and I find that I am high in the clouds, higher than what any bird has ever flown. Then a shadow flits down to my side and hand caresses my cheek, but before the shadow goes away. He stalks closer. I get a glimpse of what the shadow is wearing, and let me tell you, there was barely anything on him, and right now all I can do is want what I can get from him, feeling very hungry for what lay below, you know what I mean. God it's Beautiful and huge and wow I need him now. His chest, causing friction with the front of my body. He starts to close around me shredding every last bit of clothing I was wearing. The shadow slowly lowers his head and starts me. Oh gods please don't tell me this is happening yet again to me.

I hate it when every time I black out, it's always this memory, always me wanting, but I can't reach, I can't touch, I can't have any, and I hate this, what it does to me. Everytime I get close to wanting something or someone, I curse and get too scared and timid and shy, and have stop whatever it is that I really wanted to do.

But now I had given in, admitted I wanted it, wanted him, and was reeling at the sensations flooding through my body now, heightening my other senses. I stood still, hands loosely on my stomach. I stood before him, as another gentle kiss at the nape of my neck surprised me and once again sent me reeling. The slight touch of a fingertip on the back of my thigh was almost too much, and if it had not been for his firm grip on my waist, I would have fallen to the floor with ecstasy.

Suddenly I could feel the heat radiating off his body, his warm breath on my neck. Each flick of his tongue along my flesh was like a lightning bolt exploding and electrifying my body. My head lolled back. My lips parted and was about to beg for him, to get on with it, when I felt his tongue trace my bottom lip, the smell of sweet honeysuckle and aftershave surrounding my very essence, as he breathed me in deep.

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My tongue flicked out to meet his before entangling ourselves in a slow and hungered kiss. His grip held me firm, and his other hand sliding down around my hip to hold my ass and pull me to him. Moaning into his mouth softly, I found rapture, the taste of his sweet and Spicer than anything I have ever tasted. I was lost, giving into his kiss, his control of me complete.

The excitement starts to build inside me. Unable to wait any moreâ !â !â !.

I wake up covered in sweat panting hard, waiting for my eyes to readjust. The darkness surrounds me but when I look around I find myself in the comfort of my own bed. Wanting what has just been taken away from me.

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