Sleepy head

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I feel myself stirring and slipping silently upwards from the depths of a slumber so deep and dreamless, the sleep of the good. I am still not awake, but in my dream I feel myself opening my thighs to you, I feel the wetness trickle down between the smooth, hairless lips of my womanhood and continue its journey between the cheeks of my bottom to drip, unhindered onto the crisp, clean sheets of my bed.

Still slumbering lightly, I feel your hand moving gently, your fingers trailing along my pussy lips, dipping lightly inside, wetting your fingers then moving back to the nub of my clitoris continuing the stimulation that has raised me from deep sleep into the dream world I exist in at the moment. The world where I am not sure whether I am asleep, dreaming sweet naughty dreams of you, or I live in a perfect world where my lover steels into my bedroom unannounced in the middle of a dark starry night to pleasure me.

A small groan passes my lips as your stimulation continues; you feel the almost imperceptible movement of my hips against your hand, urging you on, beckoning you into my dream world. Your lips find my toes, licking, sucking and lightly nipping, from my toes along my legs to the sleek softness of my inner thighs. Your manhood twitches as you watch my drowsy reactions to your stimulus, your cock, rearing from its own slumber to join me in the twilight world of pleasure. I mew gently, urging my sleepy body towards your lips and fingers, my arms spread across my pillows.

In the moonlight, flooding through the half drawn curtains, you see my fulsome body; open and demonstrating it's need for your ministrations. You lift your head from its place in between my velvety pussy lips and gaze down upon the awesome sight before you. Your gaze travels across the curve of

my body, from my breasts, across my waist, over my rounded, feminine belly down to the dewy treasure before your tongue. Your mouth waters as you once more incline your head towards my treasure. You watch as my nipples harden in the breeze from the windows, as the curtains flutter in the draft, you watch the ripples of moonlight and shadow across my body. Moving slowly as if in a trance you return to your ministrations.

Your tongue quivers as it travels along the length of my womanhood, gathering droplets of my sweet juices on its slow torturous journey, again and again as your tongue makes the sweet passage you groan as I strain against you murmuring in my sleepiness. You smile as you hear your name under my breath and return to your pleasurable labours, savouring every drop as you gently peel the petals of my pussy apart so that you can snuggle your tongue further, deeper inside of me. You feel my consciousness rising further towards the surface as your tongue slides deep inside me. Your hands slide behind me and I feel a juice slicked finger slide swiftly into the delightful puckered brown ring of my anus and my hands come to rest on your head urging you down into the honeyed depths of my treasure.

You breathe in the smell and taste of me, revelling in the sweet, salty, silken flavour so unmistakeably mine. You softly disengage yourself from my still sleepy grasp and taking my hands in yours turn and smile down at me. No words are spoken as you move cat-like towards me. The sweet taste of my pussy still on your tongue; the sensation of my silky mound still tingling upon your lips, teasing you, as you trace your path up my breasts. Softly your mouth encompasses my nipple, hard and rigid, you begin to suck. I watch as you close your eyes, bringing your teeth to bear against my stiffening nipples, scratching me firmly yet gently.

As your mouth attends so avidly to my nipples, my hands travel around your body, sliding tenderly over your smooth, freshly oiled ebony skin, moving stealthily along the muscled contours of your back, across your buttocks towards the furrow that hides your virgin orifice. I swiftly dip my finger into my streaming treasure and you notice my finger glisten in the moonlight, wet with my secretions. I feel your body stiffen as I gently worm my finger deep within you, your cock stiffening even more against my thigh.

You groan, your voice deep, gravely and husky rumbles from deep inside your throat; you glide your shaft along my moist slit, gently teasing me feeling my fluids coating your cock in my silken sweet dew. I gasp as your shaft scutters across the nub of my clit, again and again it transverses the sensitive mound of my pearl, each time I groan louder with the sweet punishment your cock is inflicting.

As I continue to massage your anus you bite softly down on my nipple, your hips push more firmly between my spread legs. The soft, wet petals of my sweet smelling sex open slightly, caressing the underside of your shaft. Your lips leave my nipple, kissing up along the swell of my milky white breasts, your teeth close around the necklace I wear, the one you gave me for my 18th birthday last year, tugging playfully as you arch you back into me, the tip of your cock barely entering me. You look down, your eyes drowning me in their liquid longing. You feel me tense as I gasp, awaiting the stroke that will bring your shaft to lodge within his gratifying, warm, moist home.

As you raise yourself upon your muscular arms, I watch transfixed as the moonlight gleams upon the chocolate coloured skin of your shoulders, the muscles rippling with every move. I watch them contract and hold for a second, your eyes move towards the space beside the bed. My eyes follow yours to the floor. Your movements are fluid as you stretch, leonine in your strength and grace. Your eyes sparkle as you hold aloft the rabbit vibrator I so carelessly discarded there earlier that evening.

As you lift it from its hiding place, your eyes glint with amusement, 'Missing me babe?' you breath, I silently nod, watching as you lift it to your nose, you inhale deeply, flicking out your tongue to taste my juices which have hardly had time to dry upon it's surface. You lick your lips in a slow and sensuous motion, the amusement at my consternation plays across your lips and shines like neon in your eyes. You silence me with a finger across my lips and a small almost imperceptible shake of your head

I watch transfixed as you turn, you straddle my face and your stiff and regal member dangles, tantalisingly close to my face. I gasp as you deftly spread the lips of my treasure trove and lick from top to bottom, I hear the click of the vibrator's switch and hear the quiet hum of the motor, I shudder as I feel the first sensations as you slide it into my slick sheath, the shaft of the vibe is rotating, massaging the walls of my secret place a second click and the rabbit ears at the front of the vibe start their seismic movements, stimulating my already sensitive pearl, I arch upwards, the fire of my orgasm building rapidly in my belly. Your finger, slick and wet from my pussy, slides down into my brown rose. Delving deeply, I can feel your finger and the vibe touching through the internal walls of my secret parts.

I grab your cock and hungrily start to lick and suck upon it, greedily licking at the balls, the shaft and glans, my fingers stretching your cheeks apart and delving into your bottom. You groan and your deep voice resonates through the still of the night. 'Tell me, tell me what you did with this you little slut!' I groan, lust has taken over my body, in between licks and caresses of your cock and balls, I tell you of my evening.

'I couldn't sleep honey, I haven't seen you all week, and I felt so hot. I couldn't help myself.' I continue to slide my wet tongue all along that long vein in your dick, slowly tantalisingly, watching the small droplets of precum gathering at the head of your member. All the time you continue to move the vibe rhythmically into and out of my sheath. My orgasm by this time building to an extent that would soon register on the Richter scale, I groan pushing my wet petals onto the vibe, feeling your fingers probing my tight but accommodating bottom.

Licking the precum carefully from your cock, I continue. 'I was laying here, the breeze was nice through the window, it made my nipples kinda stiff.' 'You little slut!' you growl. I shudder in response, the fire in my loins boiling rapidly. 'I was missing you, feeling the need for your cock in my cunt, I started to play with myself, slipping my fingers in, licking them every so often!' I have to pause while you remove the vibe from my slit so that I don't cum just yet. You want to tease me for a while.

I take a deep breath, so as to compose myself. 'Carry on.' Your voice is hoarse with lust. As I begin, the sensations from my bottom increase as you step up your stimulation, you mouth begins to suck

on my clit and once again the vibe is inserted into my pussy, silently I tense waiting for you to turn it back on. It stays silent. 'Continue' you bark.

'So I got the rabbit out and started slipping it in and out of my wet, hot cunt. I was thinking about how you took me in the park last week, you remember, you pulled me into the bushes and pulled my knickers to one side and just fucked me there, no kisses, nothing just rough sex right there in the park, If anybody had looked over, they could have seen me, bent over with you fucking me from behind!' I gasp as once again you turn the vibe back on the sensations ripple through the bubbling cauldron of my belly, fizzing up quickly to the very edge of orgasm. All this time, I am stroking your thick hard cock; I slip it into my mouth as a huge orgasm unfurls itself within my belly, you quickly slip your lips over the pearl of my clit and suck.

The orgasm shudders on and on, carrying me far away to a place where only pleasure exists. Your cock slips deep within my throat as I feel you thrust fucking my throat deeper and deeper, until your cum is unleashed and slips silently down my throat. You shudder, your face deep within my pussy, still sucking on my clit, the aftershocks still coming, my juices still spurting all over your face.

Your cock, semi hard and covered with your cum, slips stealthily from my mouth, you lay beside me, your hand still holding the rabbit, silent now in my puss. I lay there, shuddering, sated and still in the pleasure zone, drowsy with satisfaction I struggle through my consciousness, hearing your voice, rasping and low in the night. 'You little slut, you wanted somebody to see us in the park didn't you?'

I gasp as you quickly move to tie my hands to the bed head with your belt; I am helpless, totally at your mercy. Once more you turn on the rabbit, my oversensitive pussy, once more starts to fizz and bubble with expectations of another huge orgasm. You grab a lipstick from my bedside table and slide it effortlessly into my bottom; your lips once more slide over my clit, sucking, your teeth grazing the sensitive surface. It takes all of about 20 seconds for the second shuddering orgasm to hit me. 'See! What a little slut you are.' I smile grateful up at you as you kiss me passionately.

Gently you release me, taking me in your arms and cuddling me, stroking my hair, matted with sweat and juices, kissing me gently on the face, the eyes, my nose. I snuggle up to you, my hand still on your sticky cock.

When I awake, my sheets are rumpled, my hair plastered to my head, I am confused, did I dream? Was it real? Were you here with me? I rise from my bed, spend a few minutes changing the rumpled sheets, all the time trying to work out whether I had dreamt last night. As I turn to gather the sheets for the washing, I notice a lipstick on the floor, I stoop to pick it up and raise it to my nose and smile