

Winter Chill

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Crispy orange leaves are falling. The threat of snow looms ominously. So glad you and I are inside on this bitter afternoon. Daylight quickly turns to darkness. The wind moans forbiddingly. The power flickers, then dies abruptly. We work together to push the loveseat in front of the hearth. The fireplace is our only illumination. You grab our favorite blanket. We both look at each other and smile. No words are spoken...only cheerful nods. We both take off our clothes and scramble under the cover. Giggling. Snuggling. Like teenagers in the back seat. This is not our first power outage. The rest of our neighbors may be cursing the darkness, but we are enjoying the stillness. The only sounds being our breathless kisses and the crackling fire. I settle back onto the arm of the loveseat as you climb on top of me. Chest to chest. Your angelface bathed in the flickering firelight. Your hips straddle mine. Our bodies meshing perfectly. Finding a rocking, gentle rhythm. Nothing mattering at this moment. Just you and me. Just your warmth and mine. My hands massaging your sexy bottom. Each stroke sending warm and wonderful electricity through our bodies. Your breathing quickens. Both of us so close. Nibbling your shoulder. Moaning. Nearing release. Holding tightly Oblivious to the winter chill outside.