

# In His Warmth

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I sat sipping leisurely on the mug of hot chocolate that Tom had so graciously made only moments ago. As I did, warm sensations began to kindle within my stomach. He had my full attention as he sipped from his own. I watched intently as his soft pierced lower lip caressed the rim of the warm black ceramic mug.

Watching his movements in this way soon had me imagining what those lips would feel like if they roamed over my soft flesh with that same caress, how warm his breath would feel against my skin as he brushed them slowly over it.

As these thoughts filled my mind, I bit slightly on my bottom lip as a blush arose over my cheeks. I hadn't noticed in my mental absence that he had been watching me. His eyes, the color of melted caramel, had been silently studying my body language with heated interest.

As I came back to reality, I looked into his soft brown orbs, and sighed. I could have absolutely lost myself in those eyes.

As we held each other's gaze closely, a smirk graced his lips. "What are you thinking about, Liebe?" he asked curiously. I lowered my eyes shyly.

"Nothing...Tom" I replied simply.

He ghosted his fingertips down my cheek and lifted my chin so that my eyes were directly at level with his own.

"Don't be shy, it's only me."

He smiled and nodded lifting the mug again to his lips, finishing the rest of the cooling liquid. He placed the emptied mug upon the floor he turned and took the other mug and set it aside as well then

closed the privacy curtain.

I desperately craved his lips, wanting them pressed upon my own. He smiled at me, as if he had just read my mind. He leaned forward and pushed back a bit of stray hair out of my eyes gently guiding my head towards his and pressed his lips against mine. My hands seemed to move with a mind of their own. I reached up, placing my arms over his shoulders, my hand tangling into his long dreadlocks. His hands found my hips now. He gripped them subtly and pulled me closer, deepening the kiss greatly.

I parted my lips slightly, my tongue moving over the hoop that sat at the left corner of his lip. He parted his lips as well, his soft tongue finding my own. I moaned into his kiss as he began to massage my tongue and play with my piercing.

One of his hands moved to the small of my back now as he pulled me even closer, bringing me into his lap. His hands snuck up the back of my shirt and began unhooking my white lace bra as we continued to kiss. Once finished he pulled the strapless garment from my breast and put it aside. He now caressed me softly; his hands cupping my prominently rounded bosom. I murmured softly as his calloused fingers brushed over my taut nipples. He massaged them tenderly as his lips still consumed my own. His lips parted, initiating contact. I parted my lips again, allowing him entrance back into my mouth.

I sighed and his tongue slipped desperately over mine. He teased my tongue for a few more moments before pulling away. I pouted faintly at the loss of contact. He looked into my eyes as if to ask permission to advance. I grinned, giving him the okay. He touched the hem of my blouse and then traced his fingers over each of the buttons, unbuttoning each with a slow and teasing pace, taking his time.

Once he had my shirt open he slipped it from my shoulders, kissing behind it. He discarded the shirt and now stared upon my upper body with hungry eyes. A blush re-tinted my cheeks as he lowered his lips to my hardened nipples. A scarcely audible cry broke free from my open mouth as his tongue claimed that flesh. His hands found my back again as he moved forward and lay me down steadily. He removed his hand from beneath me and took my wrists in hand and placed them over my head. He caressed down my arms and continued unstopped over my sides. He touched my waist and slid a finger just under the waistband of my jeans, playing with the fold of my panties.

He unbuttoned and unzipped them pulling them down and off of me unhurriedly. He tossed them away and looked over my now almost bare body and smiled as he saw the lace. He hooked his fingers into them. He set to removing those as well, pulling them from my hips and down my thighs. I sighed as my body became completely exposed to his wondering eyes. I nibbled at my lower lip as he

parted my legs. His hand journeyed forward and passed his finger delicately over my clit. "Ah~... yes Tom..." I purred sweetly. He did this slowly until I begged him for a faster, harder touch. He complied without hesitation, sending pleasure coursing through my body.

As his index and middle fingers rubbed circles into my clit, I reared my body upward into his touch, my back arching from the bed. His caress slowed and softened as my body lay flat on the mattress once more.

My body trembled as he gradually inserted said fingers into me. They began thrusting in and out at a deliberately sluggish pace. Once I adjusted to this touch, he lowered his lips, placing a few soft kisses to my clit before the first brush of his tongue. I purred and pushed into him, my toes curling slightly to this very talented and unrelenting touch. As he continued, his other hand began to creep over my body. Those fingers found my nipples and rubbed them a bit harshly, his calloused touch warming the blood beneath my skin. "Tom... please...mmm take me harder." I murmured, begging for more of his touch. Again he complied and fingered me harder.

A sly grin overtook his face. "is it good for you my love?" he asked already knowing my answer.

"oh god, verry good. " I replied quietly as I moaned.

"Are you going to cum for me baby?" he asked.

"Yes Tom..." I answered. He nodded and continued in this way until I could handle no more.

"Mmm... good girl." He praised. Tom came up to my swollen lips and kissed me with complete passion. He rolled our bodies over as we kissed, pulling mine onto his. We cuddled for hours and eventually drifted to sleep in each others arms.

Hours later after everyone had gone to bed; I had stirred myself from sleep as restless feelings invaded me wickedly. Tom's body felt so warm and inviting against my own. He lay with his arms wrapped around me and his head nestled into my hair as he slept soundly.

A few of his dreadlocks had managed to find their way to my face as we had slept. I moved them back and grabbed one in my hand and played with it idly for a while as I smiled to myself, thinking about where I was. I dropped the piece of his hair and put my hand in his, lacing our fingers together. He nuzzled lovingly at the back of my neck and began to kiss and nibble it playfully. I giggled and turned around and faced him. He smiled at me. "Are you restless baby?" he asked me with an innocent tone of voice and a devilish smile.

“Yes... I can't sleep, my body won't calm down.” I said with a deep meaningful pout.

“Do you think there is anything I can do to... remedy that?” he asked slyly.

“Well... maybe a little... make out session wouldn't hurt.” I said with a quiet giggle. He smiled as he moved forward and kissed my lips fiercely. I had decided that his lips were the most amazing thing this side of heaven. He ran his hand through my hair and rested his palm against the nape of my neck pulling me even closer and deepening our kiss. His piercing protruded from his bottom lip adding a greater sensation to his kiss. His tongue ran softly across my lips begging for entrance. I opened and allowed his tongue passage therein.

My heart pounded uncontrollably in my chest as he searched my mouth hungrily and teased my tongue with his. I all but melted in his arms the moment just before he pulled away. “Would you like anything else or just my lips?” he asked almost teasingly with a raise of his eyebrows. I grinned and told him his lips were all I needed, but he could, put them anywhere he wanted. After hearing that, his smile seemed to claim his entire face as he looked at me now, eagerly. He kissed my body everywhere. There wasn't a single inch of my body left untouched by his lips. My breathing became heavy and unnatural as I felt his warm, sultry breath upon me. This felt absolutely amazing to me since I had always had a lip and mouth fetish. Tom had kissed my body down and made his way between my legs.

I began rocking my hips to the tempo of his unrelenting, and very talented, tongue, feeling the arousal as it began to constrict in my stomach. I could feel Tom all the way down to my toes, which were curling slightly at his touch. “Oh God...” I moaned out softly into the darkness as the pleasure only seemed to climb higher and higher inside my body as his mouth encountered the sensitive flesh of my clitoris.

“Call me Tom... beautiful.” He said egotistically with a smirk as he ran his hands up the front of my thighs, marveling at the smoothness of the skin there, baby soft to the touch, which excited him. His tongue seemed to trace out shapes, which made me feel like I was going to faint. Keeping my moans to a minimum was not going to be an easy option. He came back to my lips for another amazing kiss. “Tell me what you want.” Tom said as he nibbled my bottom lip slightly, sending a variety of sensations coursing through my body. He dipped his head down and kissed the long column of my neck and nipped at the vein he saw there. It was risky marking his territory there, because he knew Bill would not be happy with him for sucking my neck, but he liked pushing limits.

“I want you... inside of me.!” I answered as my passions arose hotly from deep inside me.

Tom sighed and groaned as his body became extremely aroused. “Can you be quiet?” he asked

knowing full well that I couldn't.

"No... I probably can not." I answered simply.

"Okay ... let's go somewhere else and do this." He suggested.

I nodded and followed him out of the bed and into the bathroom. Tom turned on the shower; made sure the water was warm and stepped inside. He couldn't hold in the moan that slipped from his lips at the feeling of the warm water cascading down his back. I closed the door behind me and turned at the lustful noise I had heard. I fell into pieces at the sight of Tom's silhouette behind the glass and longed for him.

I undressed quickly and joined him. He reached out for me and pulled me to him. He kissed my mouth and began to caress me softly. I barely suppressed a moan, as Tom's hands ran over my body. He grinned naughtily and nodded, self-satisfied as he took advantage of the situation and started to kiss me again. I leaned into Tom's kiss and opened my mouth to his allowing him to tease my tongue with his own.

This time however I gained the upper hand by backing away from the kiss. I smiled at him coyly and ran my hands across his rippled abs and then up his well defined chest, then brushed some of his dread locks aside and began to gently lick and kiss at his neck. I could hear his heart beating through his chest wildly as I nibbled and bit at him playfully.

I slowly made my way lower, brushing my lips down his torso and knelt to my knees. He looked down at me and sighed. I placed my hand around his cock and began to pump it slowly. "mmm... das ist gute liebe." He moaned.

As my effort became more intense, his hand found the back of my head. I gently rolled my tongue around the head and then over the slit, taking in the taste of his pre-cum which was sweet. I continued further and took his full length into my mouth. This gratified him. "Mmm ja..." he whispered in a husky tone as his hand softly guided me. I backed away and stood now to kiss his lips, He groaned and wrapped his arms around me, running his hands down my back and then dug his rounded nails into the soft skin of my ass as he lifted me from the floor; wrapping my legs around him he effortlessly penetrated me. He turned and pushed my roughly against the wall as he pushed his cock deeper.

I began claw my nails into the flesh of his manly biceps as he thrust into me. His thrusts were hard, quick and evenly controlled as he kissed my neck and sucked at it sending pleasure through me. "Oh... Tom! Yes... Mmm, yes... Tom... yes give it to me harder!" I called out with a complete lack of

inhibition. Tom loved how his name became a chant from my mouth, coalescing into one long ritualistic cry. His hand covered my mouth to be safe, but I cried out for him louder. An orgasm ripped through me, making me clutch desperately at his dreads, swaying in time with his deep hypnotic thrusting. I rode out the little shocks of fire that rushed through my body mercilessly as I was held up by Tom's masculine hands and my legs wrapped around his hips. "I'm so glad I told you what I wanted" I whispered into his ear.

"I am too... beautiful." He said as his release hit him hard.

After we had finished he put his arms around me and embraced me. As he held me he caressed my back. His touch, soft and slightly callused, made me shiver with pleasure. If Tom kept it up I wouldn't be able to stand any longer: Tom smiled as I closed my eyes, leaning on him completely. Tom ran his fingers tenderly over my back. "What's wrong?" He asked with concern in his voice.

"Nothing; I just feel dizzy." I replied.

"Come on, let's go back to bed." He suggested. I nodded. We got out of the shower, dressed and left the bathroom feeling content.

"Mmm, that was amazing Tom." I said quietly as we walked hand in hand back to the bunks.

"Hell yeah it was."

"I hope we do it again sometime." He said with a smile as he flipped a stray rebellious dread out of his face. We crawled into bed and snuggled in under the blankets together. I kissed his lips before turning to face the window. Tom brushed a light affectionate kiss against my star tattoo before wrapping me tightly in his arms, "are you okay now?" He mouthed in a low whisper in my ear. I had taken a hold of one of Tom's dreadlocks and twisted it slowly between my fingers

"Yes Tom I am. I said in response.

"Are you still restless?" He asked with a grin.

"Not anymore!" I smiled. He held my hands in his and nuzzled his face into my hair. I felt intoxicated by his warm breath on my neck and I slowly drifted off to sleep surrounded within the comfort of his arms.