

Somewhere in the night

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Even in the middle of the night Leslie is all I can think of

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It's middle of the night. Moonlight streams through the window, flickering light into the dark corners of the room. Sleepily I turn over, dozing, half awake, half asleep. Only a thin cotton sheet covering our naked forms. Your gorgeous body lying next to me, hidden by the sheet. Sleepily I reach out for you, wanting to feel the gentle curves of your body, caress your sensitive skin again. My arm falls onto your side; I can feel the heat of your body under my touch. You are also dozing, your eyes half open, senses dulled by the intensity of our initial arrival. When you feel my touch you murmur in your sleep, instinctively reaching an arm out to pull me closer. My head resting against the crux of your neck and shoulder, the smell of sex on your very skin. My lips brushing the back of your neck lightly in a gentle kiss. How I enjoy just being next to you, holding you close. My leg moves on top of yours and they entwine as we shift sleepily, and I drift off into dreams again. Again I wake, dozy, still dark, except for the streaks of moonlight caressing our forms. I turn over again and your back is to me. I place my hand on your hip and lightly trace circles on your back with the other. You spoon up against me and take my hand from your hip and bring it around to the front on your flat tummy. Quietly you sigh and push back against me. You are in that region of awake and sleep as well and you are enjoying my fingers exploring your abs, tickling your belly button, spreading wide across the whole of your torso. My other hand moves your hair away from my neck, allowing me to kiss your neck and ear. My hand sensually playing you like a guitar; plucking skin, stroking a riff, sliding upward to your pert breasts, fondling and gently squeezing each nipple as if tighten the strings of the instrument. Moaning, you come out of your dreams, you can feel my taut erection nestled between you ass cheeks. Moaning again, you lean back into me, pushing your butt back into my now hard cock, now it's my turn to moan. My hand slides down passed your belly and onto your hot mound. Gently, I cup your woman shaven slit wet and hot. You lift your leg, letting me move my fingers with more ease, tenderly parting your moist petals as I rub their velvety skin between my fingers. You shift your weight against me and draw your leg over my hip. Deliberately slow, I rub downward towards your anus and then trace a line back up as if a long journey was taking place. Finding the treasure of your passion, I circle your clit with varying pressure, slowly, round and round. Those circles ever the favorite for you. You whimper again as each rotation intensifies the sensitivity of your nether region and all the while I continue to kiss the nape of your neck, breathing soft words, but not really words into your ear. Pressing against

me, your leg extends back even further, my cock moves into the gap. My engorged head is now at your very wet opening, gently probing as I continue to circle your clit. Shifting your weight you push down on me; the tip of my steel rod enters you. Like a kiss of your mouth, your lips suck in the head of my cock. And for a few moment I treasure the sensation, the connection of this highly erotic position. I return the favor and push a little further the path ever so inviting, feeling the tight walls of your pussy against my shaft. You respond and push your hips backward as more of me enters you, the moist warmth enveloping my long and thick member. I thrust deeply into you until the hilt is fully against the firmness of your rounded ass able to go no further; the top of my cock against the tight ring of your cervix. My balls draw up tight. Quiet except for the heighten breathing, we stay still for a moment, enjoying the feeling of penetration and again I can feel your deepest core as the head of my cock massages your tightness. Mmmm, how you have grasped on to me. I can feel even movement coming from the core of your abs as I press down on you just above your moun. Small twitches which cause me to flex my girth inside you and in turn cause you to gasp - short and quick gulps of air. Slowly, I move back and withdraw, before pushing forwards again, entering you again and again and yet again, slow and deep. We moan, my lips still nibbling on your neck, my fingers still circling your clit, your hand moving down to join mine in circling your hard nub, both of us enjoying the slow build up. No words are exchanged but the increased activity from our hands signals me to move faster. Plunging into you deeply, the piston like action definitely increasing. Sounds of pleasure coming from your throat, the vibration I can feel against my lips, teeth biting against you, my groans added to yours. The fever pitch enveloping us. Moving my hips faster and faster. you push back, impaling yourself with each stroke on my stiff rod. The massaging of your cherry is no longer circling, just rubbing with hard pressure. I know we are close. Your torso clenches, your hand reaches back and grabs my ass, your eyes are squeezed tight and you are struggling for air. I too cannot hold on must longer, I can actually feel the waves of pleasure crashing down on your body and against my prick. Your pussy clenches onto to me as you cum with an intensity of earth shattering proportions. The orgasms causing you to throw your head back, your hands digging into my thighs, your breathing stopping as the convulsions wreck havoc through out your body. I can feel how tight you are on my shaft I come within you pulsing spurts of cum filling you. My balls drawn up between your cheeks! soft slow circles against your clit as I hold you in my arms as the waves of ecstasy keep crashing relentlessly. You moan louder, as if coming up for air my body shaking against you. Nothing left to do but ride the waves and enjoy the moment of united bliss; frozen in our locked position. Neither of us move as we both begin to breath normally again, our hearts still pounding as one. My softening cock staying inside your love canal, our legs stay entangled, and my arms envelope you, gently caressing your skin as we both drift off into sleep again, dreams taking us. The question is, did I wake you, or was it a dream? The story continues...