

Fire Escape

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We finally give in to the fires of passion as the rain whispers against the window.

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The week has been long and draining, but the rain on the window has a soothing rhythm and standing here in front of the fire, I can feel the stress melting away. Shadows climb the walls, cast by the dancing flames; and smoke rises into the chimney in slow, curling tendrils. I wander around the room, gazing at photos, checking the books on the shelf, and humming along with the soft music pouring from the stereo.

A gust of air fans the flames in the fireplace as the door opens and you enter. You look comfortable and inviting in a white dress shirt, unbuttoned to reveal your strong chest, and a pair of blue jeans. I am glad I kicked off my shoes at the door. A bottle of wine in your hand and that sly smile on your face set me immediately at ease.

I reach for you, pulling you to the rug. You gaze into my smoky green eyes and I feel your breath on my face as your lips graze my cheek in a gentle welcome. Chemistry boils between us, as I take the bottle of wine from your hand and open it. Lifting two glasses from the hearth, I pour yours first and take a sip before handing the glass to you. It is sweet, and strong, rolling across my tongue deliciously as your eyes linger on my mouth. You sip slowly savoring the rich flavor and gaze at me in silence as I pour my own glass, setting the bottle aside. The tension is too delicious to break with words.

Relaxing on the rug, I watch you. Your eyes smolder, and your breath quickens in the heat of the room. I am sure you can hear the pounding of my heart as I reach for your glass. I pull you toward

me, brushing my lips lightly against your fingers, your cheek and finally your warm, soft lips. You open to me, and I taste the rich red wine again beneath your tongue. This kiss is what we've been building toward---this moment of electric connection. Lingering, I tangle my fingers in your hair and your touch traces fire down my neck to my shoulders. Your eyes burn into mine, reflecting the flames in the fireplace. Your lips press against mine, your tongue exploring the deepest recesses of my mouth.

Soon I lose all sense of where your body ends and mine begins. Somehow our clothing has dissolved and we are as close as a man and woman can be. Skin to skin, I feel you shudder, or is it me, trembling at your touch? My hands flutter across your chest, your stomach, your hips. I pull you closer and the weight of your body settles over me like a cloud. You gently enter me like a skeleton key sliding into a well oiled keyhole and I moan softly into your mouth. Your groans echo mine, as we begin to move together. Wisps of hair fall across my face, to be tenderly brushed aside by your warm fingertips. Your lips caress my eyelids, my cheeks, my chin.

I arch my back against your thrusts as the intensity increases and our aching need takes over. Passion overwhelms us as wave after wave of pleasure slams into us---one body, one electric burst of energy, shuddering through us from core to fingertips, head to toe. Against my mouth, my ear, my breasts, your voice whispers my name over and again, and my own voice echoes yours. Crying out your name, I growl softly as your teeth nip my skin in gentle, sensuous, bites.

I lose all focus as you surround me, fill me, seep into my very bones. I am breathless and tingling at your very presence. Your passion spent, you settle against me, the weight of your body on mine as I wrap my arms and legs around you. The soft rug caresses our skin and the fan overhead blows a gentle breeze across us as we slowly come back to reality. Satisfaction writes itself across our features as sleep steals over us, and we surrender in each other's arms.