

Hot Fever

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Power of wanting

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As the sky darkens outside, threatening a thunderstorm, all I can think about is you. You, my love, away on business, and I here with our pets drinking wine, feeling the power of an oncoming storm. Sitting outside staring out, I close my eyes and imagine you here. The dogs sleep soundly at my feet, as the soft wind blows, a shirt of yours I wear still smells of you. As my hand travels down through my cleavage grasping my breasts massaging them, imagining it is your hand, pinching my nipples as my other hand slowly scratches down my stomach, between my legs. I am already so wet for you. Sliding my fingers inside, so warm and wet, feels so good. As my other hand continues to massage my breasts I'm arching my back panting, as an orgasm rushes through me. "Gods yes." Ecstasy rushes through my body sending shivers. "Now that I am glad to come home to." Opening my eyes, there are you standing as handsome as ever, and clearly turned on. "Mmm." Tasting my pussy silkened fingers. "Wanna taste?" Smiling as I continue to lick. It doesn't take him long to come pick me up with a passionate kiss. Moans escape my mouth as his tongue explores, tasting what I have tasted. "I've missed you so much." Landing on the bed our kisses become feverish and wanting. My hands reach for his shirt slowly unbuttoning, as much as I want to rip it off. His hands pin mine by my head as his delicious mouth trails kisses down my body, teasing my nipples through the shirt. Further and further his kisses go. Spreading my legs teasing my clit through my thong. Moans fill the air. My body shaking wanting him so badly, skin on skin. He knows this, what he does to my body. Removing his one hand I arch my hips, my thong removed and replaced with his mouth. His tongue so warm teasing me. Moans come from him. "You taste so good. I've missed you." Trying to squirm, to move my hands, he does not. Keeping my hands pinned with his one as his mouth tortures me in pleasure. Orgasm after orgasm hits me. With a devilish smile he captures my lips tasting myself on his tongue on his lips. Getting up he undresses. I helping with his pants. Kissing his chest nibbling, biting as I stroke his cock with my hand. Placing his head in my mouth and twirling my tongue around his head. Feeling his hands in my hair as his moans fill my head. Tasting precum, I release looking at him. Kissing back up his body dragging my nails, my body on fire. Laying back down he thrusts inside me. Gripping onto his shoulders, digging my nails in, biting his lower lip as he thrusts. "Yes, don't stop, don't stop." Squeezing his cock with my pussy walls. He feels so amazing. Gripping onto my ass as

he thrusts deeper in me. My legs on his shoulders, reaching down I rub my clit, god the sensations. Staring into his beautiful eyes, I am speechless. The lightning outside starts as the chilly air comes through the window. Loving what the cold air does to my body as our bodies are on fire. Passion and moans fill the air, as we cum together. Wrapping my legs around him so he cannot leave my body, I kiss him lovingly longingly, as if he has been gone forever. Embracing the moment. Rolling over I lay on his chest, closing my eyes, feeling his love. Feeling the energy of outside, and hearing the waves crash against the sea. I am glad he is home. I fall into slumber wrapped in his arms of love and strength. My love.