Lazy Sunday Morning

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The early March wind awakens us from sleep to sensuality, then lulls us back to sleep once again.

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A cool breeze floats through the open window on this early March morning, and with it come the glorious sounds of birds, the neighbor's dog and the distant laughter of a child. Sundays are infinitely slower when we play hooky and lie in bed together. The wind lifts the window curtain, and your fingers brush the hair from my cheek with a feather-like touch. I slowly drift into consciousness and realize that as I lie here with my eyes still closed, you've been watching me sleep. A smile teases the corner of my mouth, and you catch me. Pulling me close to you in one strong arm.

Your skin next to mine is warm and ineffable. The chemistry between us seeps through our pores and we come together like gravity and a falling star, unable to defy the laws of attraction---unwilling to do so if we could. I feel your warmth permeating my skin, your chest against my shoulders, your arm around my waist. The muscles in your thighs tense agreeably against the backs of mine, and I luxuriate in the camber of your hips as they curve around my full buttocks. Blowing softly against the back of my neck, you send delicious shivers through my flesh, while that throaty morning-whisper threatens to send me right over the edge.

I moan softly as your lips caress my shoulders, your fingers drag across my skin, brushing the lengths of my hair out of the path of your mouth as it travels across my back, pulling warmth and succor to the surface with every kiss. I can feel our bodies melding together like copper and silver alloy. The fever in your flesh intensifies, as murmurs of pleasure escape from my throat. Your hand gently kneads my left breast as both heat and moisture build between my legs. I bow my back and press my hips into yours, longing for you to feel the telltale signs of the craving that swells in my belly.

With a sudden mind of their own, your hands roam over my body, squeezing, kneading, groping, as your hunger echoes back the intensity of mine. Your fingers trace the familiar trail from my nipples to my warm, wet cunt; and as you press into me, I exhale in a low growl. Increased intensity fuels your agression and you nip sharply at the flesh on my back. The bites both pique and inflame my skin, and the moments that separate the torture from the welt soothing kisses, seem like a delicious eternity. Your fingers tug and pinch my labia, rolling them, slipping in and out of them to dip into my wetness.

You deftly circle my clit, brushing across the swollen bud in an erratic, irregular rhythm. The pressure of your erection swells against me, seeking the source of that sticky heat between my legs. In one fluid motion, you roll me onto my stomach, and pull my hips into the air. Leaning close behind me, your hands cup the round globes of my ass and pull me toward your throbbing shaft.

I am hot and ready for you, a guttural moan echoing from me as you thrust into my core. You thicken and moan your pleasure into my shoulder, your fingers plaited in the lengths of my hair. I shudder in ecstasy, as the tension not only mounts in the depths of my core, but radiates out from there to each nerve-ending in my body. Every other thing in the room---in the entire world---fades in the sharp intensity of this moment.

I can hear your breath coming in ragged gasps, feel your hands tighten their grip on my hips and your leg muscles stiffen. You growl under your breath as the coil of pleasure tightens in your groin. My explosion slams through me like breakers against the cliffs along the shore, muscles tensing and releasing, tensing and releasing, rippling over your shaft in rapid, fluid motion. Within minutes, you are emptying yourself into my depths, spilling every ounce of your life into me.

In a moment, you collapse beside me. Wrapping me possessively in your embrace, you pull me to your broad chest with both strong arms. I fall asleep with my head on your shoulder, listening to the rhythm of your heart, and your sweet breath as they both gradually slow to a normal tempo. Outside the window, the Sunday morning breeze blows through the trees, and sings a lullaby to our ears. We easily succumb to its influence.