

By Dawns Early Light

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By : **BITSxOFxKINKY**

EXPLICIT EROTICA Adult Readers Only Please Do Not Read If Under Your Country's Legal Age ....  
Who wouldnt like to be awoken in such a loving way



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Last night was a night of lust and passion, but the long drive getting to you takes its toll. My heavy eye lids slowly close as your gentle kisses lull me to sleep. Your body lay tucked in my shoulder as you lay your head softly on my chest. I finally succumb to the nights passions as your fingers brush gently through the hairs on my chest.

I don't know what woke me from my sleep. It may have been the bird outside singing glory to the new dawn, or maybe it was you as your body seeks my own for comfort and reassurance. Even in sleep we crave the touch as we seek that touch, that fleeting touch. The distance that we must tolerate between us can be so cruel, as those simple moments together are missed when we are apart.

With heavy eyes I crack my lids apart enough to see you in the morning's glow that filters through the drawn curtains. The embers of desire that died down, but never grew cold as we slept, are stirred bringing new life to the fire that burns anew within me Gazing upon your nude form with only a thin sheet covering part of you. Your back is to me, so long and delicate as it arcs toward me, your head cradled in your arms as they wrap around a pillow. The sheet covering us from the waist down with your form outlined by the thin sheet as it continues on, to press up against me as you breath that slow deep rhythm of sleep.

You are so beautiful, I hate to move at all in fear of waking you, but you have awoken something deep within me. I can feel the embers of last nights fires being stirred, my lungs filling like the billows of the black smith with air to blow across those embers to bring them to life. Moving ever so slowly the sheet travels downward tossing more fuel on those hot coals igniting them into many tiny flames looking to burst into a fully engulfing fire. My hand hangs an inch above your hip as I fight over do I wake you or let you sleep.

Not able to contain the growing feelings my fingertips gently caress your hip and travel up your side stopping only once as you stir slightly with a whispering moan. Your head settles back on your arms and your breathing returns to a delicate rhythm before I touch you again. I lay my arm across your shoulder and enfold you as I bend at the waist so my body lays against yours and my arm lay along yours with my fingertips brushing your breast.

Stirring slightly you arch back into me, snuggling in so that our bodies spoon together. Craning my neck slightly I am able to nuzzle your ear. Your hair brushing my face as I do so. The light muskiness of last nights sexual endeavors still lingering in your hair makes me breath deeply taking in the essence of our love making. My mind reels as the memories your smell triggers. I find that I am holding my breath not willing to break the bond.

My eyes flutter open as I feel you stir. Tipping your head back I lean that much further forward and kiss you on the cheek and with a slight moaning mmmmmm, I continue to kiss your neck, ear, and finally bury my face into your shoulder. As my lips spread open enough for my teeth to graze your skin a gasp escapes your lips

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enticing me to further explore. My hands travel over your arms and breast as my lips indulges themselves on your sensitive shoulder, neck and chest as you roll into me.

Face to face we lay together. My arms wrapped around you. Our lips brush over each others in a soft kiss filled with desire and passion. As our eyes open and your hazel eyes are there before me, golden flecks dancing against the backdrop of green drawing me in. I can't breath as I fall within those beautiful bright orbs of your soul. My eyes never close as I feel your lips caress mine yet again and lower down I feel your hand drift over my morning shaft. My lips open slightly as your firm grip and sultry smile tells me, that everything is good in the world.

With another kiss I feel, more than see, your hand press against my chest, rolling me on to my back. I just stare up at the ceiling as your hand slowly strokes my rigid cock. The bed moves as you slide up and over onto your hands and knees, barely missing a beat on my very excited cock. Reaching over with my hand I caress your ass as your lips kiss the tip of my purple helmet. I take my eyes off your ass, but not my hand, as I watch your tongue lazily circle around the tip, and lowering down to the ridge, sending delightful quivers through my body.

I take a short intake of air as I watch your lips wrap ever so gently around the head of my cock and slowly sink half way down before raising back up and leaving a slick wet trail behind. Only to watch your head bob all the way back down to your small hand at the base of my cock, and back up to the tip and swirl your tongue around once before dropping down again. Your fist falls away from my cock as your lips go all the way to the base and rest there for a moment before coming back up. I reach over and brush your hair lightly with my fingertips as you continue taking me all the way down my thick, ten inch cock.

Watching my beauty's head raise and lower over my very swollen and excited cock. My hands rest on the back of your head riding freely up and down without forcing the movements. As you slide your hand under my balls and squeeze slightly I let out a gasp. My pulsing cock can't take it any more and delivers the thick spray to the back of your throat. With gasps I try to resist pressing down on your head as I deliver a pulsing load that is swallowed and sucked dry of any missed droplets. As you finally release my cock and crawl up to lay beside me your head on my chest.

I look into your face framed by your tousled hair, one wispy tendril lay across your cheek as the rest is flipped over your shoulder and dangles deliciously around your bare breast. My gaze lingers on this woman's body, making me wonder if I had ever truly seen it's beauty.

With a glimmer of mirth in your captivating eyes you ask me, â Well now because I have just fed you, what are you going to cook me for breakfast?â

I watch as you sit back on your crossed ankles, and run your fingers through your gathered hair trying to tame it. Your hair smooths as you stroke through it with firm fingers, arched back, and a slight sway in your shoulders. Not able to resist I raise my arm and caress your face as I lean forward pulling myself up to kiss you. Lips touching and pressing you back, tipping you back until your laying back with your head and body are embraced in my arms as the love making begins anew.

By BrianRueby

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