

The Nightshirt 2

The Nightshirt 2

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A continuation of the Nightshirt series of short stories

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She stood on the deck, cigarette in hand, the breeze coming off the still water in the bay brushing her hair. She leaned against the rail, legs bare, on tiptoe. The white nightshirt ruffled with the breeze.

'Come and look at the stars', she said.

I moved to join her, looking up at the vista above us. The air was clear and dry, the lights from town for once not drowning out the beauty of the twinkling stars. The moon was low in the east. She pointed out some constellations, amazing me once more with her knowledge. I found myself not caring for the stars, instead gazing at her profile. My hand joined hers on the rail.

She turned, smiled, her eyes crinkled as they always do. I moved behind her, my arms around her, feeling her heart beat under my palm. My lips on her neck, she turned her head giving me access under her long hair. My hand moved to cup her breast, she made a soft moan of supplication. The nipple responded under my touch. She leaned back into me.

The rear of the house was dark, no neighbours overlooked us, the only lights from the moon and stars. I stepped back, taking her hand and moving to the wooden bench, sitting back on it, legs apart, and pulled her to sit in front of me, leaning back.

My mouth on her skin, my hands continued to move over her breasts, cupping each breast in turn, thumbs on the nipples through the fabric. I felt her hands move, knew she was running her hands up her legs. I could almost feel her heat already.

She pushed back harder, her back against my front, the t-shirt against the cotton of her nightshirt. She turned her head, our mouths locked, her tongue against mine, my hands squashing and kneading at her breasts, one hand slipping lower, finding the hem of the shirt and finding her hands locked against her pussy. My fingers moved in time with hers, feeling her moistness, feeling the hardness of her bud. Her mouth moved from me, her lips bared as she began to roan, that delicious sound, not quite a roar, not quite a moan... her own, special sound...

She pushed back against me, noticing my erection as if for the first time.

'Take your shorts off', she said.

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I shuffled

out of them, feeling naked and exposed, even though my t-shirt was still on. She pushed back, lowering herself, one hand gripped my cock, the other steadying herself as our bodies made contact. She sank down, slowly, until she completely engulfed me.

The nightshirt covered

us from prying eyes, not that there was anyone out here. She began to rock back and forth, lifting herself a little then sinking back down, her left hand in mine, fingers clasped, her right hand running across her clit and lips. I could feel her juices on my cock, could smell her in the night air. My right hand fondled her butt, her right thigh, then moved back to her right breast. I pushed between the buttons, making contact, skin on skin, fingers rolling her nipple, hard then soft, pulling then teasing. She continued to move against my cock, her roaring getting louder, her motions more urgent.

'Uuuuummmmmmmmm'

I

leant back, further, feeling her deeper inside. My hand lost contact with her breast, both hands now on her ass, helping her to bounce gently up and down. Her head pushed back, her long hair down her back, her hands now on her own breasts.

'Ohhhhhh fuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuu'

A

deeper sound from her now, her thrusts more powerful, grinding into me.

'Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm yessssssssssss ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh
fuuuuuuuuuuuuuuccckkkkkkkkkk'

She came, hard, her hips pushing against me, one hand on her clit, rubbing, pushing the climax harder, harder. Her body tensed, her breath gasped again and again, she groaned, roaned... for me.

Slowly, she subsided, her fire sated for a brief moment. She turned, her eyes ablaze, her body over mine, our lips locked again as her legs straddled me, her wetness slipping easily over me, taking me in, and she began to rock once again. This time, I unbuttoned the nightshirt and pulled it from her, leaving her naked. I looked at her face as she ground her hips against me, noticing the stars looking even brighter around her head. She smiled, her enigmatic smile, as she took me completely once more.

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