

Midnight Blue Velvet
By Kristie Leigh Maguire

I lie in my bed waiting for the darkness to become complete. I am alone. My bed is too big, too lonely.

Behind the eyelids of sleep, I find the darkness that I crave, that I long for. It stretches out before me into infinity.

I roll over in my bed. My hand stretches out as I turn. I feel the warmth of his body lying next to me. He is here. I am no longer alone.

He takes me into his arms and holds me close, snuggling. He whispers sweet nothings into my ear and his hot breath makes my body tingle. I feel goose bumps along my nerve endings. I cuddle into his warmth.

His hands caress me, his fingertips rough from work. Softly, gently he touches me. He molds my body with his hands. I cuddle closer. I long for the warmth of his body.

My insides are fluid. I am melting against his warmth.

He kisses me, his mouth soft and tender. Sweet. His warm breath mingles with mine. I shiver.

I snuggle closer to his body, breasts pressed against his chest, soft against hard.

His hands mold me, pulls me into him. I am fluid and melting against his hardness. I quiver.

I open to him.

He fills me. He is hot. He is hard. He is life.

I am soft. I am hot. I am filled.

We move together, slowly, gently, and softly. We are life. We are hot. He kisses me. His tongue brushes against mine. I taste it. It is sweet. It is hot. I reach down and feel him as he moves in me. We are wet. We are hot.

He pulls me into him closer. I put my leg over his body and draw him in as he lies next to me. We are moving together. It is sweet.

I move with him. My body quivers against his. I strain to him trying to get closer. He pulls me over onto him. I look down at him and smile. I am alive. I am hot. I want him. His warmth has given me life.

I lean down and kiss him, no longer gentle. I need him.

I feel with my hand where we are joined, bodies together, straining against each other. I touch his face. He smiles. He takes my finger into his mouth and tastes our juices. I put my finger in my own mouth. It is sweet. It is salty. It is us. We are hot. We need each other. We are alive.

He takes my hips with his hands and guides me as I move over him, riding him. He hips rise up to meet me as I move with him. It is not enough. I want more.

I roll off him and lie on my back. He rises up on his elbow and looks at me. I guide his head down to my thighs in a silent plea. He nuzzles me and kisses my belly with soft little kisses. He parts my legs and his tongue finds me. I move against his tongue. I put my legs over his shoulders and pull him closer, loving the sensation of his tongue moving against me. He puts his finger into me as he licks me with his tongue and I am driven wild. My whole body is on fire. I hear myself gasp for breath as he drives me closer and closer to the edge, that sweet edge. I grab his head with my hands and cry out

as he pushes me over the edge and I am falling into the darkness, that sweet velvety darkness of midnight blue.

He catches me as I fall. I am not alone. He is there.

He holds me close in his arms and whispers sweet nothings in my ear.

I pull him to me and over me. I part my legs. I am open to him. He enters me. He is hard. He is hot. He is life.

I put my legs over his and pull his hips into me as we move together, gentleness forgotten. We need each other. We are hot. We are wet.

I rake his buttocks with my fingernails and he cries out and pushes into me harder, faster. I welcome him. I need him. I strain to meet him. I kiss him, hard, tongues thrusting together. He is quivering against me. Our bodies blend together.

We are hot. We are wet. We are fluid. Our juices flow together. We are caught up in sensation, bodies straining together in our need. We are nearing the edge together, closer and closer, as we drown in sensation.

We are there, over the edge. Falling together into the darkness, that sweet darkness of fulfillment.

We are filled. We are fluid. We are sated.

We are together, my dream lover and I, in that dark blue velvet of midnight. We cuddle, snuggling into each other's warmth. We are alive. We are not alone.