

The Moon and Black Lace
by Mark Haeuser and Kristie Leigh Maguire

I am standing in the window looking out over the moors. I am in England and I have been waiting for you to visit me. Another book tour, another town. It is beautiful here and as I glance down upon the fountain, I see the moonlight reflected in its pool.

Suddenly I smell your perfume as you come up behind me; the same as you wore in Stockholm—ahhhh my sweet, you know what I like!

Your hand reaches across around my hips and I feel it upon my cock, the same tool that has missed you these three days—you off to Germany, I to France. What agony to be without you after we have just met!

But here you are and I turn. The moonlight plays upon you and I see black lace, red lipstick and blue eyes.

I am entranced as your hand, covered in a black lace glove, reaches down and grips me. I feel my stomach tighten. I try not to show it but I can see by your look that you are aware. Aware of the longing I have felt. You, too, felt the magic in Milan, Rome, Stockholm and a dozen other cities. We are alone but together. We do not feel much except this growing need we have found.

I turn and I kiss your sweet lips. "Do you need me?" I ask.

The moon shining from those blue eyes twinkles.

"Do you need me?" I repeat.

I know you do. I can see it in the soft curve of your parted lips.

Over the last two months of this tour, we have ravaged each other. First in Madrid—my God how that had been! Like a Greek god, I had poured wine over your body and then licked you dry. At Brussels, you went down on me under that public walkway—damn I thought we were caught! Or before even leaving the States, that night in New Orleans when I made love to you standing up and from behind while we stood on that balcony looking out over the French Quarter.

Not to mention that night in Mexico City when the mariachi played and we screwed like rabbits in the rose bushes.

Oh yes, my sweet baby, I know how much you want me!

I kiss you. Your lips and breath taste like cinnamon. I turn you slowly, running my hand up under your black panties. You lean forward, presenting yourself in the most delicious way. I am so horny as I lick my finger and reach down, inserting it in you.

My finger enters you and I feel you start to move. My hands are on your ass; I can't help myself as I lower my head. Peeling aside your panties, my tongue enters you. You are hot and wet. You are intoxicating. I smell the odor of the perfume that I bought for you in Luxembourg. It is on your thighs and in your secret spot—the spot my tongue has hungered for.

You moan, leaning forward, and I guide you with my free hand. I want you bent over. I want you offered up to me. You have done this to me, turned me into this wild and crazy sexual man. I am hard but my own needs are secondary. I long to hear your moans, your quiet whimpers of pleasure. I need to hear the excitement in your breath.

I need to hear you call out my name!

I feel your tongue on me, in me, and it drives me wild! I clutch your head and pull you closer to me as I feel my orgasm beginning, building in its intensity. I cry out as it finds me, rolls over me in wave after wave of almost unbearable pleasure. I am spent and sink down to the floor—my legs will no longer hold me upright. You give me your strength, hold me close, cherishing me, loving me.

I unzip your pants and find you with my hand, all hard and ready for me, wet with pre-cum and just aching to enter me. I don't take the time to pull your pants off as I open my legs for you and guide you into me. The floor is hard but we don't notice—we are lost in each other as we move together.

Our bodies are hungry for each other, more so than usual because of our separation. We are lost in the sensation as we move together. I pull your head to me and kiss you. Our lips are soft and tender as we kiss. Our tongues find each other and the kiss deepens as our tongues simulate the movements of our lovemaking.

We are wet, very wet. As you move within me, I reach down and find you with my hand, stroking you as you move within me, intensifying your pleasure. I hear you moan. I know we can't last much longer. I'm not ready for us to cum so I take my hand away and vary our movement.

I gently slide out from under you, roll you over and climb on top so that I can control our movements. As I straddle you, I look into your brown eyes and see your desire for me, your love for me. I rock with you, your hands on my hips to help me as we move together. I lean down and my breasts are close to your face. You take a nipple into your mouth and suck. I feel it all the way to my soul, the sensation of your mouth on my breast and it causes a tingling deep within me. My inner muscles respond, clutching you. You are hard, throbbing, and moving in me so deliciously.

Our eyes lock together. We know the moment, the delicious moment, is upon us. We cannot hold back any longer. Our bodies cannot bear it. I feel you as you tighten up, starting to cum. It pushes me over the edge! I am joined with you as we both cum together, our eyes looking into each other's souls as the sensation rolls over us—wave after wave of pure pleasure.

I cry out, as we are lost together in this wonderful joining of our bodies, minds and souls.

"Oh God, baby, I love you!" I whisper.

I hear your soft reply, "I love you too, sweetheart. I love you too, baby!"

I collapse on you. We both are spent. You hold me, your arms around me, loving me, cherishing me.

Kristie Leigh Maguire and Mark Haeuser © 2001