

The best time
by Carol Sandford

The air scarcely rippled around the barely moving naked couple as she sat astride his lap. He tenderly, and reverently, licked away the tiny beads of perspiration that gathered between her breasts, tasting the saltiness, feasting on the heady fragrance that rose up between their sealed bodies.

The movement of their bodies, tiny in comparison to powerful emotions that transcended between the two lovers never broke away from its rhythm, a rhythm as old as time and as precious as the love between them.

She had to taste his lips and dragging her nails up the tight muscles along his torso, Deanna whimpered with the power of her longing as she almost forcibly cupped his jawline, pulling his face away from her salve soaked breast.

But he beat her to it. His mouth, his lips, his tongue were upon hers before the whimper had ebbed away and as his tongue swirled around hers, it was he who ended up whimpering as the rolling thrust of her tongue against his sent a surge of adrenalin to his already pulsating hardness.

He was climbing, but she was climbing higher. He felt it in the way her damp body went rigid against his as she struggled to maintain the tiny intimate movement that was only a heartbeat away from an explosion. The culmination of a magical moment. A moment of complete unity between a man and a woman. The moment when souls reach out and hold on to each other. A second of bliss, and eternity of memories.

She was close, but he was closer and he wanted them to soar the universe together. Will dropped his huge hands to her slender waist and attempted to control her. But she was lost. Deanna was about to fall apart with a climax so powerful, he had no hope of stopping it.

In a last futile attempt to join her in euphoria, Will took one last ditch of sanity, hissing with the strength of what he was about to do. Physically stopping the increasing rocking, Will non too gently lifted her from his lap, just far enough away for Deanna to emit a tiny squeak of protest but not enough to sever the intimate joining.

He felt the cool rush of air around his heated loins and as he held her, suspended just a heartbeat away, Will silently implored Deanna to open her eyes and look into his.

Shimmering onyx met glistening blue. Deanna knew what Will was about to do. Resting her moist hands upon his equal moist shoulders, she waited. She didn't have to wait for long.

As Will lowered her, one torturous centimetre by another onto his already love soaked shaft, Will whispered hoarsely, "I love you." The effect was phenomenal. And then he did it again, and again.

And again.

Each time he lowered her, he whispered how much he loved her. How much he wanted her. How much he never wanted the night to end. But it had to. Every time he filled her to capacity, Deanna felt the rise of everything that was precious to her, to them. With every union, Deanna felt her soul reaching out to him, until at last, it happened.

As she reached him and he her, their lips met, their souls finally touched and their bodies exploded into a cacophony of everything that lovemaking could be. Somehow it was always the same, but every time they floated down to earth, it seemed like it was the first time.

The best time.