

Waking up

The woman's head was heavy on his chest, but he liked it. Hell, he didn't care if it weighed a ton more, he didn't want her to move. He shifted slightly so she could tuck her shoulder into his under arm more. He felt her stiffen beneath him.

"Are you okay. Do you want me to move?"

His arms quickly moved to pin her to him, "God, no! don't move please, I'm fine."

He felt her settle once more, and he lay back and closed his eyes; A tiny smile of pure happiness spread across his face and he couldn't help but snuggle even closer, if that was possible.

The minutes slipped by with only the rhythm of each others heartbeats to listen to. It was a comforting sound; A reassuring sound that what they had done together was right. how could it not have been? As they had given each other their bodies, they had given each other their hearts too.

He felt her cheek move against his nipple, sending a tantalizing ripple straight to his loins. He couldn't stop the muscles from contracting with the image her movement had just evoked.

She raised her head to look up at him, "I'm sorry, I must be crushing you, let me move."

He reached down and kissed her temple, but she squealed with surprise as he suddenly dragged her complete body atop of his and settle her along his long frame. She fitted him perfectly which he thought was a miracle as she was almost a foot shorter than him. But then logic reminded him that it wasn't the outside that matched, it was what was inside that matched.

And they matched, perfectly.

She settled her head in the crook of his neck, teasing him with a tiny kiss to the dimple upon his chin, moments later, her finger traced the same path. His hands stroked a path along her spine and then back again. He was surprised when his body didn't react to her closeness.

Maybe it was the union of their hearts, now beating against each other. Maybe it was because they were still in awe of what had just happened between them. Maybe it was because it was more than just sex now. Maybe it was the constant chirp of wildlife, creating a soothing song that lulled their senses, and their bodies.

That was until she moved her leg and woke those senses up.

He groaned.

She sat up, her eyes concerned, "I'm sorry, do you want me to move now."

With a rakish grin upon his face, a quick grasp of her buttocks, pinning her against his suddenly rejuvenated manhood, "Oh, yes, sweetheart. yes please!"