

~ LETTER #2 ~

I did not know where you were leading me, but I cannot say that thought actually crossed my mind. It was too busy racing with feelings that were trapped inside my heart and soul for so many years. We moved swiftly and quietly, as if we somehow knew what the other one was thinking. Up the cobblestone spiral stairs, one step at a time we went. Reaching some point before the top, where you opened a door. It was into the hotel room where you were staying. The ceilings were tall, and the windows had curtains that were blowing from the ocean breeze. Can you smell the air? I could.

We stood in the center of the room. You drew me in closely, pulling my neck down leading my lips into yours. I can only speak from my perspective, but it was like lightning and drew me back to the night in Boston at the statue in Post Office Square. I remembered your kisses. I remembered your breath. Our hearts were beating, as if we were out running in fields, our breathing became louder and louder with each successive kiss. My hands caressed your face, as I could not help but to stare into your eyes. My fingertips danced slowly down your neck, carefully sensing every pulse beating from your veins. As I rounded your shoulders, my hands brushed your breasts. Your excitement was not hidden. You slowly pushed me away, as you took a step back to look me over. I was unable to hide my excitement, as well, and this made you smile. Stepping forward, you reached down pulling your blouse over your head as your back arched and your chin reached for the ceiling. You did not look at me as I surveyed your body. I reached forward and pulled you tight against my body, as I kissed your neck. At first nibbling on your earlobe, inching my kisses down your neck, alternating between gentle kisses, then longer, slower kisses, sucking the arousal through your veins. The back of my hand and fingertips were gliding over your nipples in a sweeping motion, as your back arched further. Your hands were dropped by your sides, as if you were exhausted, just giving way to gravity.

Each kiss brought me further down your neck. I reached your collarbones and delivered kisses from midline to your shoulders. First on top of your collarbones, very softly and gently. As I moved below the bone, I kneeled down on my knees. Here I increased the tension of the kisses and began sucking, again. Your nipples were now rubbing against my neck, as I moved from one side of your body to the other. You reached your hand behind my neck and pulled me in closer. Each kiss became harder. I moved my attention to your left breast, circling down along the outside while eyeing your reaction as I looked up at you. As I went in for your nipple, I took your hands and held them behind your back. Your stomach kept reacting to my advances by jumping and flexing, as if the air was leaving your body.

My tongue made artistic designs around your breast as my open lips were grazing your nipples in a teasing fashion. Every once in a while, I would bring your nipple between my teeth and apply a little pressure, rotating it from side to side. You tried to pull your hands free several times, but I wasn't having it...not yet. You may remember, I am a thorough man and will take my time to finish what I have started. There was a whole breast that I have neglected up to this point, but not for long.

After several minutes of fondling and suckling your right breast, I began to kiss down the side of your body. The flinching and flexing of your abdomen became more frequent with your breathing becoming steadily heavier. I made my way across your waistline. Now I was gently biting and drawing my tongue ever so softly across your stomach. My tongue would sweep down inside your waistline as I crossed from one side to the other. I could smell the excitement and feel the heat, as I passed just above your pubic bone. Can you feel the heat?

Making my way back towards your breast, up the other side, I increased the pressure of the bites and came in just where your breast meets your abdomen. I rolled my nose across the bottom of your breast and tickled your nipple with my eye lashes. As I made my way between the two, I rubbed my scruffy bearded chin down the center of your abdomen. Your breathing became hard and there were several moments between breaths. Your hands were now free and pulling me tighter into you, as I moved south back down your stomach.

(to be continued...)