

This is chapter 23 of 'A suitable companion', this version published separate from the rest of the story because it is M-rated for smut (which the rest is not). If you read this chapter without having read the rest of the story first, it is a major spoiler, so you may wish to read the rest first - just saying. This is a bedtime story, although maybe not if you wish to sleep.

Mature readers only please, and if you don't like smut just chose the other version.

Hope you really enjoy!

Chapter 23: Permission – M-rated version

The summer evening is warm, the kind where the heat of the day lingers and there is a lazy calmness about everything, but it may still be difficult to sleep because one will likely toss and turn overheated between the sheets. I have spent this Friday evening, after I quit work, in the garden with a book and a glass of cool white wine with the smell of roses and honeysuckle surrounding me. It may seem like I have been relaxing, but on the inside, I have been far too impatient and expectant to find true calm. I'm waiting and yearning for Charles to come home.

During the first months after we became a couple (and I still must pinch myself sometimes to convince myself this lovely life is true) it was like we kept the routines we had since before, but we added all sorts of lovely new things to them. When we hung out in his room in the afternoons, we did not sit in separate armchairs

anymore. Instead we cuddled up in the sofa together and every now and then interrupt our reading or playing cards by snogging, and sometimes had to interrupt longer for a tour to the bedroom. When we went to the park we always held hands (still do). When I drove him to Headley Court he often put his hand on my thigh, sometimes just hold it still there and sometimes let it wander further up until I had to tell him to stop if he did not want us to end up in the ditch. And in the evening, I did not say bye and go home around five like I had done before. We had dinner together, watched TV or a movie (rarely all of it because we could not keep our hands off from each other) and when it was time to go to bed, we went together, still smiling mischievously at the novelty of it. It kept feeling a bit forbidden for several months, but it is not, it is just lovely, lovely, lovely.

It was agreed that he would start working again in April but already in March he was in such good physical condition that he was beginning to get restless and decided, without me having much of a say, to add something to our routines.

"I think we should start jogging together" he says one morning.

I cough, nearly choking on my tea. I'm so not a jogger, or athlete of any kind. I have always considered biking around Bath the perfect amount of exercise and as I never had a problem with overweight that has not been an incentive either.

"It will be fun" he declares and cocks an eyebrow. I so doubt it will, but he is insistent, so two days later after a shopping tour to buy me new trainers we go.

He is such a pain in the arse! I understand he uses to run PT sessions with his soldiers and now he seems to think it is an excellent idea to apply that on me. That

will have the benefit of getting us both in shape plus he seems to think he will get warmed up in this role before going back to work. I can tell he has been missing this part. Problem is I do not like him bossing me around. Some days I hate him.

"Come on Dawesy, you can make it! Faster!"

He shouts at me from the top of a long and steep stairs going up a hill, or rather a mini-mountain. It feels like he made it to the top minutes before me and now enjoys tormenting me fighting to get there. When I finally reach top he says, panting;

"You can do better."

"I hate you" I manage to get out between my forced breaths while gritting my teeth.

"No, you don't."

"I do hate you! This is good only because I will be thrilled when you start working so I don't have to put up with this shit anymore."

He comes to stand very close to me, so I feel his radiating body heat and far from unpleasant smell of fresh sweat. That is one of the amazing things about him, he always smells good.

"No, you don't" he smirks confidently and bends down to kiss me, grabbing my arse and pulling me to him.

He is right, I definitely do not hate him. Even when he is extremely annoying I love him to bits and want him. This tall, sweaty man sends a surge through my body.

I can feel that his mind wanders in the same direction.

"Should we head home?"

"Yeah, but just so you know you have squeezed every ounce of energy out of me, so there is nothing left for other activities."

"Then I guess I will have to do the work", he grins cheekily and pull me with him to force me jog the last bit. A real pain in the arse.

Still, I miss even that once he starts working and to my surprise I continue jogging every other morning as a way to fill the void he has left. I will get very fit it seems.

He started working back in April and since then he has made the long drive home from Bulford barracks most evenings, only to drive back in the morning, because we want to be together. For now, he will not be deployed. It must be ensured that he gets fully fit for service again before he goes on tour. Eventually he will and I'm dreading that day, but nothing makes me happier than seeing his physical condition essentially returned to what seems to be his normal (very fit that is). He has also cut down on his medication, his team of doctor and psychologist thought it was time to try that and so far, it has worked out well. He can still have the occasional nightmare, but overall, he is well – and I know for a fact he is very happy. In addition to our relationship, which grows stronger by the minute, it was good for him to get back to work. Even if I was reluctant to let him go, and he equally reluctant to leave for his first day, that is his right element, not staying home with me. He needs to have a purpose, he needs to be active and at length it is healthy for him to see other people than me.

I have started working in a café. Not returned to Louie's horrible place, this is a really cosy one where everything is homemade, and the owner, Doreen, and the colleagues are very nice. I enjoy working there and already have a deal with Doreen that I can continue working hours in the autumn when I have planned to resume my studies as a first step to start my own place.

This summer evening, Charles has been away for two weeks and I have missed him like crazy. We live together in the house in Royal Crescent. I moved in more or less from that day when we first admitted our feelings for each other. He already needed me there in the days, and now that we wanted to spend every night together it seemed kind of unnecessary and impractical for me to go home to the Dawes house in between. Charles simply declared that there was a set of drawers and a wardrobe that I was more than welcome to use in case I wanted to bring over some of my stuff. After that we were inseparable, and it felt completely natural. Mr. and Mrs. James anyway went traveling to warmer degrees again after the holiday, so the house is not exactly crowded.

By the way, they were thrilled when they after New Year returned from visiting their relatives and found out we were together. Like Hutchins, they confirmed that Charles had been in a horrible mood during the entire Christmas, so they had almost taken him for depressed again. Upon their return a completely different Charles met them, radiantly happy and in love, and their reaction was relief, joy and gratefulness for the way things have turned out. Not once did I feel that they questioned our relationship because of our different backgrounds or how it had started. They were simply not that kind of people and they just thought it was the best thing that could have happened to their son. They seem to think I have saved

him. I'm just grateful that they accept us without any questioning, although I find it slightly odd, or maybe coward, that they stayed away the whole autumn when Charles clearly was not well. I know he told them to go, yet they must have turned a blind eye on, not to see that he needed help from people who cares about him. But maybe it hurt too much to see or they did not know what to do. It is not my place to judge them and everything turned out for the best, and I like them after all.

The reason Charles has stayed away for two whole weeks this time, was a field training exercise followed by some ceremonial gatherings at the regiment, even one this evening so he is coming home late and I'm waiting impatiently. Once it gets a bit chilly in the garden I go inside and change to a new slip I have bought to surprise him. It is so beautiful, cream white luxurious silk with lace trim and thin straps and it hugs my body in a very flattering way. I must admit that I feel sexy in it as I look myself in the mirror and hope he will think the same. I try a graceful position in the sofa, but just end up laughing at myself. The slip has to be enough, sexy poses are not really my thing. I just make myself comfortable with my book again. But can he please come now?

Finally, when I have almost dozed off, I hear the car drive up in front of the house and there he is soon after, leaning in the doorway looking at me with a smile. OMG, I had not realised it was such a formal gathering tonight, but he is wearing his no. 1 dress uniform. The occasions when he does are so rare, and I have a soft spot for it, or rather for *him* in it. The no. 2 looks good on him too, but the no. 1... I almost let out a laugh because he is so ridiculously sexy, but I'm embarrassed to admit that the uniform turns me on in addition to the effect he always has on me, so I pretend

like nothing although I want him here and now. With that uniform, I almost do not need any other foreplay, but I would not tell him, because foreplay is after all extremely nice.

"Hi beautiful, missed me?"

"You should only know how much" I smile, and he comes over to kiss me.

It is a deep kiss from the beginning, he seems to have been missing me too, but after a while he pulls away and say;

"God I'm knackered, and I need a shower."

My body feels deprived of his touch and disappointed, especially since he has not even noticed my slip yet where I sit curled up, until he adds with a wicked smile;

"Care to join me?"

Oh, yes.

Without answering I just get up to stand in front of him and then his eyes widen at the sight of me and he smiles.

"New?"

"Yes, it is a gift for you."

"I like that kind of gifts. Especially when they wrap you."

I start undressing him, first the jacket buttons one by one. I stay very focused on my task, because I would feel a bit silly showing him my fingers are trembling slightly with excitement, and I can feel his warm breath on me as he is looking down on me at work.

"So many buttons..." I just say.

"Far too many."

With all buttons unbuttoned, he pulls me to him in a kiss meanwhile I tug the uniform jacket off. Under it he wears a white cotton tank top which clings to his firm torso, showing it off in the most flattering way. Whoever designed the pieces of the uniform including the undershirt was truly a benefactor to all women (and gay I suppose). But no matter how good it looks on, it has to come off because I want to feel his bare skin. I pull it up from the slacks and put my palms to his flat stomach under the lining of it, then let them slide up to his chest so the tank top comes along, and I pull it over his head. I step closer, wrapping my arms around his lower back and kiss him on the chest, nibbling kisses, letting my tongue move over his skin and I hear him breathe heavier. He puts his hand under my chin to turn me up to him and we kiss again, even deeper this time, our tongues exploring, gently biting and sucking in each other's lips.

"I thought we were getting me undressed for a shower" he says.

"Oh, we are. Too." I muse. "Just let me have some fun on the way."

"My pleasure."

Not only, I can assure you that.

Now the trousers. I let my hands slide up the inside of his thighs and passing his crotch on the fly, I caress close to but do not yet touch his emerging hardness. It seems like he is enjoying this every bit as much as I. He pants when I graze my hands there, to then let go and press myself towards him as I let my hands slide around to his back and start pulling the slacks down over his delicious arse, so he soon stands there only in briefs.

"I'm beginning to think this is a bit unfair Ms. Dawes."

He turns me around, so I have my back to him and let his hands wander over the slip fabric, finding their way up to my breast where he feels my nipples through the thin silk. With his thumbs he starts circling around them, then graze over them and they immediately tighten at his touch. The feeling of the slippery silk and his caress makes me bite my lip and I cannot help but letting out a little moan.

"Already aroused?" he asks teasingly.

"Since you came in here, Captain James."

He moves away my hair and kisses my neck before he turns me around to face him again, then he bends down to let his tongue circle over the silk around one nipple, meanwhile his thumb keeps working the other one. Then he closes his lips around it, sucks it in and it sends jolts of pleasure through my body. When he removes his mouth, a wet stain is to be seen.

"Hmm, this is not a napkin where you are supposed to wipe your mouth, you know."

"Oh, just shut up Molly", he smirks. "I know you love it, I can see that you do." Again, he rubs both nipples lightly with his thumbs, now they are so stiff it almost hurts. "But if you rather take it off..."

He moves his hands up to my shoulders, let his index fingers in under the straps and pull them down slowly, then further down so my breast become bare.

"I have missed these."

"Only them, not the rest of me?"

"All of you, but I want to focus at one part at the time."

And again, he closes his lips around one nipple, suck it in and move his tongue over it, first gently, then harder, teasing it with his teeth. To not treat the other one unfairly, he changes and then keeps rubbing with his fingers over the first one which is slippery from his saliva. If he keeps doing this I might come from only that. He is so good. But now his hands gently pull my slip further down, over my belly, my hips until it falls to the floor in a pile around my feet. The garment did not last long but it had the intended effect. Under it I wear only a pair of white lace panties. He returns his lips to my mouth, letting his tongue probe me and I willingly open up to him. Now he has one hand on the small of my back, pulling me towards him, and the other one is caressing up the inside of my thigh.

"You have such very soft skin here", he says with amazement, like it was the first time he touches me there. He stays there for a while, almost absentmindedly stroking me but it is just that he is focused on that specific part of me. I ache for him to touch me higher up, in a specific spot. Of course, he knows that, he just likes to take his time. I reach down and grab his wrist, make him look me in the eyes.

"Please."

I can see the mutual excitement in his eyes and finally he puts some gentle pressure there on the outside of the panties, right where I want it, need it, then begins rubbing softly. Through the lace he touches my folds, my clit and I feel myself getting wet, so excited. He notices too.

"You are so wet Molly, so wet, and we have barely started."

I could be embarrassed, but I'm not, this is strong, beautiful, natural need.

"I know", I give him a flirtatious look and I see that my self-confidence only edges his lust on further.

He moves the panties slightly to the side, letting his fingers slip in. He let the fingers slide along my folds, to take some of my wetness on them, and bring it up to my clit. He circles around it and then rub the little bud gently, only lightly before he let the fingers go back between my lips, dipping briefly to take some more of my wetness on them and go back to rubbing, this time more firmly. He repeats this over and over again, keeping the rhythm but slowly increasing the intensity. He is working along me, stroking, rubbing so perfectly, so wondrously. I pant and hold on to him, caressing the curls at the nape of his neck, pressing my lips to his

collarbone. So good, it feels so, so good. Then I moan loudly as he lets first one finger, then two, slip into me, move and twist them inside me creating the most amazing sensations. With his thumb he keeps rubbing my clit and I grind myself towards him. This is lovely, so lovely, but soon it is not enough. I want more. Then he kneels, pulls of my panties and when I cannot help letting out a complaining sound at my sudden emptiness, he immediately inserts his fingers inside me again. Instead of using his thumb he now let his tongue circle around my clit, so teasingly, before he sucks it in between his demanding lips. At the first touch of his tongue I almost come but I fight to hold back, do not want it yet. He now sucks on my clit so firmly, meanwhile his fingers keep doing their magic. The heat, the need, is building and building in me. I grab his locks and make him look at me.

"I want you inside of me."

"I want you to come Molly, I want you to come like this."

And he just continues doing what he is doing, and does it so fucking excellent, this is sweet torture. Now thrusting his fingers harder into me and holds on to me, I meet him with tensed body getting closer and closer to the climax, both want and not want it to come, and then I come so hard, shuddering from waves of ecstasy, with one hand holding on to his shoulder, one his hair so I do not fall. He lets his movements become slower, keep sucking and licking my clit but gentler meanwhile the ripples of my coming go through my body, his fingers do not leave me yet but hold still as I clench around them. When my body finally relaxes, filled with bliss, he places one last soft kiss on my bud as a temporary good bye.

Then he rises, takes my hand and lead me with him to the bathroom to put on the shower: meanwhile we wait for the water to get warm, I relieve him from his briefs. His hardness has been throbbing, contained in them and I love to release it. Just the sight of it, primed like this, thrills me. I cannot stop myself from touching it immediately. Warm, swollen, long, wanting me. I want it. Despite that I have come already, I want more. Now it is his time to moan when I touch him. Both of us get into the shower. We kiss as the water sprinkle down on us. I take some shower cream in my palms and work up a bit of lather, then I begin to lather him. First his chest, his flat stomach, his shoulders and muscular arms, then his groin, moving closer and closer to his cock and I know he is waiting for it. His eyes are on my face and as soon as I turn it to him he kisses me possessively, but now it is me working him, me in power. I let one hand encircle his length, first just holding it, then moving along the shaft, sweeping over the top. I start by touching softly, then tighten my grip and he groans. I now let my thumb circle around the tip more insistently, before I move along the shaft again. I know that he loves this. But I want to taste him, like he tasted me. I kneel before him and I let my tongue circle around the tip, teasingly. All the time the warm water is splashing around us, making everything even more sensual. I lick him, lick the top, lick along the shaft, before I let the tip slide between my lips. First, I just close them softly around him, then I suck harder and let more of him come into my mouth. Moving up and down in a steady rhythm, meanwhile I let one hand move along it down to the hilt. I hear him groan, feel him grow even harder and I feel his hands holding my wet hair with almost desperate need.

"I love this Molly, I fucking love this, I don't ever want to stop."

Doing this to him excites me so incredibly, I love that we give it to each other, but he stops me before he comes.

"I want to be inside you, want to come inside you" he says his eyes dark with lust.

And I want that too. That is the only thing I want in this moment.

Our bodies are slippery, but he still manages to lift me and hold me to the tiled wall as I wrap both my legs around him. I feel his tip teasing against my clit, but he is too excited to tease me on purpose now and he pushes into me with almost brutal urgency and I'm so ready for him. There is sometimes a point when I want no fuss, I just want to feel him in me. Want him to fill me. This is such a moment. I wrap my legs tighter around him, push up into him, waiting to absorb all of him. He pulls out a bit, only to push into me hard and deep again. And again. And again. He pauses to kiss me as the water keeps streaming down on us, then pick up the pace again. It is the most glorious feeling.

"I love to feel you around me Molly, feel how tight you are around me. Nothing is like this."

I lean my head back against the tiles taking all this in. The cold tiles against my back, the warm water flushing my body, Charles equally warm, firm body pressing against mine, being inside me as I cling to him. So perfect. Then with one move he thrusts in even deeper than before and I bite his shoulder to dampen a cry of pleasure, and he cries at the same time, cries out my name when he comes into me, letting himself release, going from movement, to stiffening, to finally relax. We stay like that, just breathing heavily a moment, then sink to the floor together and just

stay there for a while letting ourselves being washed clean, holding on to each other. Then we leave the shower and he wraps me in a gigantic towel. I love the towels in this house, so gigantic, thick and luxurious. He puts one around his own hips, like sarong, and once again looks amazingly hot with his damp torso and wet locks. My man.

We lay down on the bed, but none of us feel ready to sleep yet. For a while we just look at each other. Relish that we are together again. I love this. Love that I'm *with* Charles. And Charles is *with* me. He looks completely peaceful. He has a slight shadow on his chin, a bit of emerging stubble at the end of the day and I know it will grow to be even more visible overnight. I kiss him along the jawline to feel the roughness of the stubble. Softly and slowly I make my way to his smiling mouth, placing my lips there. We stay like this, faces close, alternating between just looking into each other's eyes, letting our lips graze over the face of one another and let our mouths touch. This is speaking without words, right now no words needed in our little universe. I could possibly stay like this forever.

The full length of our bodies is pressed against the other and now I feel a small twitch further down. Oh, my, I think he is beginning to grow hard again and I feel anticipation grow in me at that prospect. His eyes still look straight into mine and I have the feeling that still, after six months of exploring each other's bodies we still both take in the momentous fact that this amazing thing is the reality, not a dream or fantasy. He smiles, then meet my lips again, harder, this time greedily widening his mouth to deepen the kiss. Both are still filled with the need that has built up during the two weeks apart.

"I need you Charles, need you inside me again."

"And I need to be there, inside you" he breathes against my ear.

I turn around, so my back is against him. He let his hands caress all the way from my shoulder blades, along my spine, to my buttocks, giving me goosebumps, then pulls me against him by grabbing my hips, so I feel his stiff cock press against me. I raise my left leg, twisting my body a bit to backwards wrap it around him, opening myself up to him. Now he can both enter me and access my whole body, at the same time as I can turn my head so we can kiss. I love this position. This time he enters me slowly, bearable only because I have already had him once. He fills me up, fills the emptiness that has been without him. I instinctively push into him and we move slowly, oh so slowly together this time. His hands grazing over my body, my breasts, my belly, my hips, at last finding its way between my widespread legs where my little bud of pleasure is throbbing waiting for his touch. First, he is working around it, not quite touching it, but then starts rubbing it in pace with his strokes inside me. Faster and more insistent, then, with great self-coercion, pause because he does not want to end it yet. But I cannot bear it.

"Don't stop, make me come. Give it to me."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes!"

"I think you can ask nicer" an elusive smile against my lips.

"Please, I need it Charles, I want it."

He pulls out of me fully, and I roll to lie on my back. He comes over me, but despite that we yearn for it he does not enter me again immediately. Instead he takes his time to inexorably slow kiss my body; kiss my neck, my collarbones, my belly, the ticklish area close to my groin, moving up to my nipples again, catching one at the time between his lips to suck it. But I pull his head up to mine, to kiss him, and let my legs fall apart, because I need him to be there. Now.

Then he cannot hold back anymore, because so does he and he thrusts into me and we are both so amazingly excited that it does not take long until we both explode into another orgasm.

We just lie here for a while in the tousled sheets, coming down to earth again from the heights we have been to together. First, we stay glued to each other, then both need some space, lying on our backs a little bit apart because we must cool down. The hot summer air is not very helpful, but as soon as we have cooled slightly we move closer again and cuddle up. I have missed this as much as what we just did.

"God Molly, I have missed you in so many ways, I just love to be with you."

As usual we are in sync, minds and bodies.

"Tell me what you have been up to while I've been away."

Not that we have not spoken on the phone, but it is always different, better, when we get to share our lives like this.

I tell him about funny guests at the café, how I went to a pub with Doreen and the others who work there one evening after we had closed, that Hutchins has knitted

him a ghastly pullover (in the midst of summer, yes, but probably only because she missed her boy too), that mum has asked us over for lunch on Sunday. He tells about me about the field training exercise which was like a mini-battle with realistic scenarios the soldiers might face. He is proud and happy because 2 section did really well.

"Are you missing the real thing?"

"I am, a bit, but I'm not ready for it quite yet. I also know that whenever I go I will miss you like hell. I'm not looking forward to *that*. For now, I'm just happy with things as they are, that I have both work and you."

"I must admit I'm selfishly happy as long as you are not deployed."

We kiss and cling to each other until he realises something.

"I'm hungry Molly. The food at the dinner tonight was crap."

"Let's go scavenging in the kitchen then."

He put on his tank top and briefs, I put on one of his shirts which I often do instead of a morning gown. We tiptoe down to the kitchen. Even if Hutchins is not in the house it feels like we are up to mischief and might get caught any moment.

"What do we have...?" Now he has his head half-way in the fridge. "Some pie, some cold meat, maybe a sandwich..."

"You really weren't kidding when you said you're hungry."

"Starving! Minimal food and then a demanding sex goddess on top of that."

"So, you're blaming me now, that's not fair." But really, I find it flattering to be called sex goddess.

We sit down by the kitchen island for his meal and have a glass of wine each from the bottle I opened earlier. When I cannot resist taking a bite from his sandwich he complains;

"How come women so often say they're not hungry or up for desert and then end up eating yours."

"Are you talking about women in general or about me eating your food?"

"Both, but especially you" he grins.

"Maybe because I love sharing your meal, take it as a sign of love" I smirk.

And we kiss again. It was meant to be a brief kiss, I did not mean to interrupt his meal, but he seems more unwilling to interrupt the kiss than the meal - and I have nothing to object. Without letting go of my lips, he puts his fork down and pull me up from my stool to stand between his legs. He deepens the kiss, let his tongue swirl around in my mouth in the most sensual way.

"For a man who claims both to be knackered and hungry, you seem to have a lot of energy."

"Mmmm, saving it for the important things."

He moves his mouth to nibble my earlobe, wander along my throat meanwhile his fingers find the buttons of his shirt and swiftly undo a couple of them, so he can

open it up enough to access my breasts. He bends and catches a nipple in his mouth and it send exhilarating waves through my body. It is silly really, how this can do the trick again and again, every time with him. One could think I should be tired by now, had enough for one evening, but I'm so wide awake. Wanting. He does that to me.

His hands are running firmly along my waist and hips, finding the hem of the shirt and moving under it.

"You naughty girl, you didn't put your panties back on" he says with pleased surprise. I smile, not wanting to ruin the sensual moment with words and instead latch my mouth onto his, coax his lips apart and draw my tongue into it at the same time as I let my hand graze over his waking erection poorly covered by his briefs, making him groan. I love that I can do that to him. In turn he let his hand drop between my legs, finding my dewy folds again, let his fingers push up into me and now it is my turn to moan again. He whispers in my ear;

"I love that you are so amazingly wet for me."

Then nimbly and with strength he lifts me up on the wooden top of the kitchen island.

"Oh, I have never thought of how perfect the height of this bench would be for this."

He cocks an eyebrow.

"Really? I have thought about it many times."

"Now, who is the naughty one?"

He put his fingers inside the lining of his briefs and with one swift move pull them down over his hips and let them fall to his feet. I'm amazed at how hard and ready he is yet another time this evening, but then again so am I, ready, pulsating with excitement. Without even needing to hold around it, he pushes into me and I'm so wet that he glides in barely without any resistance. It was only an hour ago, still I'm wondering if. It. Ever. Felt. This. Good. When he is stroking his way in and out of me. Pulling out with agonizing slowness, only to thrust back in, hard and deep, filling me in the most glorious way. I cannot resist looking down at the coupling, it excites me to see his length disappear into me and hear the sound of my own wetness as he moves. He takes hold of my arse to pull me tighter to him and now I wrap my legs around him, raising my hips and the legs a bit so the angle allows him to reach even deeper. I lay my upper body down on the bench, but I'm arching up against him as we move, moaning and groaning loudly. We have no reservations now, none whatsoever, the passion has ridded us of that.

"Touch your breasts" he says. "I want to see you touch you breasts."

I undo the remaining buttons of his shirt which is still on me, to let it fall open. Looking coyly right into his eyes I touch myself, graze my taut nipples. I put my fingers to my mouth to wet them with saliva to let them glide even more slippery over the nipples and I see how it excites him beyond belief.

I'm so aware of him inside me, and it feels so fantastic, I have to tell him.

I pull myself half-way up sitting again, so I reach his cheek with my hand, caress it with my palm. We pause the movement.

"I feel you", I say. "I love to feel you inside me, like nothing else."

I already knew it, but I can also see confirmed in his dark eyes that the feeling is mutual. I lean myself back again, supporting myself on my hands and we continue to move. In the position we are in, he is touching my g-spot with his every stroke and I feel myself coming closer and closer to the edge. This is so, so, so amaaazingly good. I almost cannot bear it. Now I'm coming so hard, do not know if I have ever come this hard even with him. I feel myself tighten in wonderful spasms around him and then he pushes even harder in a few last thrusts and releases, coming too.

I sink back on the kitchen island and he sinks down on me, also half lying on the bench top over me, panting, exhausted, overwhelmed.

"God, I didn't plan for that when we went here for something to eat."

"Me neither, but I don't complain."

"Believe me, neither do I. It must be the summer evening, it does strange things to people."

"Lovely things, I would argue. You know, we should probably scrub the top of this before Hutchins cooks the next time."

"Yeah, that would probably be for the better."

We grin, and our lips find their way to each other again, softly now in the wake of the waves of passion. Then he takes my hand and leads me up the stairs to our bedroom, where we finally fall asleep in each other's arms.

A Suitable Companion
Chapter 23 M-rated: Permission

I'm just the luckiest girl that my love also happens to be the most amazing of lovers.