

The story

So we are in the woods, and it is a warm cabin, the surroundings are comfortable, there is a sofa there in leather, with sheepskin on it, I am lying in your arms with a blanket around me which you found somewhere your arms are comfortable and embrace me through everything I have gone through. The fire is warm but so is your heart. I curl up there in your arms and forget myself in looking at the fire, and in not thinking about anything except how the colours play in the fire. Red orange, yellow, white and black. Crossing back and forth. I am still in your arms but I am getting so warm. So when you slip your hand under my blanket and touch my stomach very lightly. I gasp but the touch is so light, so I get comfortable with it soon. It has though the biggest effect on me. Which I never anticipated. My body starts to be on fire just as the fire dances in the fireplace, I want more of that touch, I want you to touch me all over, and put out that fire in me that rages. I feel like I am the same as the fire in the fireplace. I face away from you so you cannot see my face. But I cannot stand this light touch for long so I turn to face you and I kiss your lips, I am on fire and you feel my hunger in my kiss and in the way my body responds to yours. I don't want this hunger to end, and it always has in the past for me. So I anticipate that. I try to shut my heart out while we have those touches and while my body is on fire I separate myself from my lust. I am in the moment then. I want to though feel that love when it is happening. I don't want to separate anymore and feel empty on the inside after each time. So teach me not to. Teach me to love not to lust but I want to keep that fire though. I want to feel like I want to dance, and sing and moan and even scream from the top of my lungs. I want all of the emotions and I do now. It all rages inside of me. It is a rollercoaster ride and I am the passenger on it. It is also soothing at times and comfortable like a deep plush sofa. And that is what I like about it most. The quiet times when you are at your most comfortable with the silence, my heart is raging like a rabbits heart. And I feel like I want to crawl in your arms then. So now it's your turn to carry on the story. And what a low blow it was, you put whitesnake on.....I cannot resist that.

I hold you close to my chest. You do not fight it. Your eyes are closed and I feel the pounding of your heart, short sharp breaths and the occasional sigh. Your legs wriggle as if to find the perfect position. Your hair cascades down your back under which my hands firmly but softly touch every knot in your spine. At each knot there is a small involuntary shiver. My chest is beating like a drum and every heartbeat is an explosion. The heat is intense. The feeling is electric. The fire crackles. You are like a ragdoll – a complete dead weight. Two bodies sharing each other. Two minds lost in love.

Our eyes open at the same time and we stare in disbelief into the windows of our soul. There is only one feeling. The feeling of intense and uncontrollable love. Our lips touch gently. Oh so gently. Our eyes shut tight. A sensation of anticipation. Is this really happening? Our lips touch again.... and again. She bites her lip with eyes closed... and still ever so softly our lips touch until neither can resist that kiss no more and our lips are one. Your hands hold onto the back of my head firmly but tenderly and as I hold your slim waist the kiss becomes more intense. The pressure between our lips increases and our heads move slowly from side to side, creating every possible angle as if exploring each other until the inevitable happens....together as one, with lips connected our mouths open and breaths become deeper. Our tongues meet and caress and together we sigh a massive sigh. A sigh which says "at last" This is the moment of which I have dreamt all my life. Our moist mouths enjoy the taste of each other and our tongues explore each other's mouth. Slowly and deeply her tongue explores every corner. The action becomes faster and more intense and as the passion grows and suddenly in one movement she pulls me towards her and our eyes open wide.

The fire crackles as if to imply electrical activity. What does she want from me? What can I give her? I just want her to feel so good. I pray that I can make her feel better than ever before. I pray that she will finally feel the deep love and passion I feel for her.

I do feel the passion that bubbles inside, and the butterflies in my stomach tell me so too. But I want to feel that I am secure in your arms, that feeling that in spite of everything you will never let me go. I am willing to surrender myself to you at any point as you just utter those words” I won’t ever let you go”. And you have whispered them to me, as you have been kissing my neck. I am head over heels with you at this point in time. I never, ever thought that would happen to me. It is like a Cinderella story only I am more stubborn than her. I cannot give in, I don’t know why. Maybe because I have been hurt and I have hurt others also. I don’t want to at any point in my life hurt you but I will. You will be disappointed in me at some time. And I can’t bear that feeling. I see how your eyes die when I talk about other men in my life, but it will be inevitable that I will talk about them. They are a part of my past, but you will be a part of my future. I wait as to get these feelings of mine settled but they don’t and I don’t know why. My heart is still pounding, and I feel overwhelmed, you show me so much love when you look at me. I am so afraid of those feelings. But all I want is that you love me. That you show me that you do love me and that you don’t take no from me as an answer. I am way too stubborn for my own sake sometimes even when all I want is just to melt in your arms and give in to you. I can see my future in your eyes now I had no way of seeing that before. We kiss but it is ever so gently this time. Just a light brush of those lips together. I feel like I will die at that point. You raise your head and look at me that love shines from your eyes. And then you slowly caress my back. I sigh, can’t help that it is ever so deep and loud I have no intention of doing that. But that happens anyway. I have given in. Whatever happens from this point on, I have no control anymore over. Its cosmic, the future has happened, and all I feel now are the stars above me. Now I want to shout to the world that I am in love. I never meant for it to happen ever I had shut my heart out, didn’t see a future anymore with men. You unlocked it.

Suddenly I freeze and your eyes open wide. The heart pounds, the chest heaves and sighs. We are breathless. Your eyes look glazed as if in a trance yet there is clarity. A depth. A look of purpose. Yes there is a pulsating throbbing in my loins and a tingling all over. This however is not sheer lust and desire. I have felt that many times before. This is unique. A heat. A volcano waiting to erupt. My fulfilment is not important. This is about her. Hildur.

But how can I deal with this? I want this woman more than anything, but are those angel wings or the wings of a beautiful butterfly which will in time fly away? I could not handle that. They say it is better to have loved and lost than to have never loved at all. At this moment I can not agree. Is she an angel? Is she that butterfly? All I know is she is the centre of my universe and I am in danger of losing control. She kisses me softly and I respond kissing her slender neck and shoulder. She tastes as sweet as honey and invites me yet closer. Two bodies responding as one. I brush the hair from your face and she whispers. “I love you” ... the words I long to hear. Her head falls backwards as if to invite me to kiss her chest, an offer I can not resist. My tongue explores the area between her breasts. Her hands on top of my head push me lower and once more she sighs a deep and inviting sigh. The world is in a spin. We are both on a higher level. My mouth explores her chest and down towards her stomach as my hands hold her firmly....

Ohhh there is that deep sigh that I can’t control, you exploring my body, that fire rages inside, and I can’t control myself any longer, the sigh is so deep the one that comes from my loins all of the way out of my mouth and it fills the air between us. This is not the butterfly that flies away, this is the fallen but on its way to being restored to an angel. This is the fallen one that wants that man in her arms to be so proud of her. To believe in her. To be faithful to him. To show him all of the love that he has shown to her. So she takes his face in her hands and forces him to look up at her face. To see the love shining from her eyes. To show him that he is the only man in the world for her. If she sees that in his eyes, she then lets him back to explore her body. She looks but sees the hurt, she has given him doubts, the love though shines through all of that. Can he have faith in her, can he

believe in her, will he always ask himself if she can be faithful. She has doubts about that. But ohhh that longing she feels to love him to show him heaven, in her arms. And the hell she battles, with her body. She feels the lust taking over. She wants to show him that vigour that lust and that love she feels but all she can utter is a deep sigh, so primal that no other has that. And no words can cross those lips instead all he gets is a deep sigh. The look of love and lust are though in her eyes and she shows him that when she can but sometimes when the feelings get to overbearing she closes them but that mouth of her tells him though through her grin and her smile how much she wants him.

Oh I am breathless. Unable to breathe anything more than short sharp breaths. Her eyes penetrate deep into his mind. Behind the outward lust and desire I see a softness. A strength. A love so deep. No words are said. No words are needed. She strokes my face and I shut my eyes swimming in the feeling she gives. I ask for nothing. I expect nothing. But in truth I desire so much. I want this woman body soul and mind. I want her to be my angel.

Her free hand gently strokes my thighs, starting on the outside and working inside. My penis throbs like never before. Warm, wet rock hard and sensitive. Above our minds and our eyes are dancing Rumba. Below our loins are preparing to Tango. My hand gently strokes her clitoris in preparation to explore inside. She sighs a deep sigh and exhales. Her body physically collapses and then returns to a position of strength and composure. She wriggles with desire and bites her lip as she takes hold of my solid tool. Firmly but gently and slowly she draws back the foreskin. A single long slow and deliberate action. I give out a small cry. Not a masculine roar. A girlie cry of submission at which point she pulls back and repeats the action. I cry again with pleasure and desire. Hearts beating as one. Minds thinking as one. Bodies as one. Her sexual area is warm wet and inviting. We kiss again. Deep and long.

I invite you in to my wetness and warmth. You accept that offer and I can't hold back any longer. I have you inside of me and you thrust. That deep sigh escapes my lips again. I just want that aching to stop, I want you to make it stop. You thrust again and I can't hold back that sound of passion. Make it stop, just make it stop, I can't think about other than that. I smile, there is that feeling again. I need that, I can handle that. You thrust again, now I just want you to make me come. There is not a single other thought in my head, other than making love to you and making you feel as good as me. What is he thinking I wonder. How will he show me. Can he handle me. Can he make me come. All this goes through my mind. Make me come I smile again and you thrust a sound escapes my lips that fills the air. I close my eyes it feels so good.

Your invitation was beautiful. My hands race gently down the sides of your body. As I thrust deeply and slowly I feel your muscles contract and draw me further in. I am sucked deep inside and the trusting continues, the sighs become louder and more intense. Your head rocks from side to side as your hands pull down on my shoulders. My whole body is on fire and I feel so strong. Stronger than ever before. Your eyes roll and close and those sighs confirm that you have come so lovingly.... but this is just the start. The kisses are wet and uncontrolled. Your teeth occasionally unintentionally bite my lips and our tongues dance faster and faster. The thrusting continues deep and once more my darling angel demands satisfaction. My only desire is to make her satisfied. My penis remains hard and hot but I will not come before satisfying Hildur again. I WILL NOT COME BEFORE.... I WILL not COME BEFORE I need her satisfied. I want her to feel my love. I want her to experience the ultimate satisfaction. My eyes feel as if they will pop out of my head. Our bodies are hot and sweaty and we stick together. I thrust. Hildur responds. She is smiling. I am sure Hildur is smiling.....

I do smile. But the thought of you coming makes me want to come also. I can feel your manhood become as hard as they get and that explosion is not far. That makes my muscles subtract around it. I can't hold my breath any longer and I shut down from the world around me. And you feel my

biggest shame, happen. I come and there is no doubt about that. My body responds in a way that I don't want it to respond in. You are sensitive enough to have a towel nearby. And please don't laugh at me for that.

Laugh??? Laugh??? It's the most romantic and erotic feeling I have ever experienced. It's spiritual. Hildur has honoured me by allowing me access to her feminine chalice. Her sacred feminine. I have sipped from her chalice and shortly our combined bodily fluids baptise our relationship. It is not shame. It is spiritual. I gently put my hand on your face and reassure you as I thrust for the the final time Please look into my eyes and see the confirmation of my love to you. I squeal and my whole body explodes. I shout ... not the usual blasphemy... I cry "Hildur... my Hildur I am coming... I am coming... Hildur I am...."

You hold me tight in your arms. After all of this. A sigh of relief passes our lips as that is out of the way. That lust is not controlling us any longer. Now we can carry on with our life's. We can concentrate on other things in our life.

We make love throughout the night. Experiences and feelings I have never felt before. Hour after hour of sheer joy and delight.

All I can then remember is waking up with the most fabulous woman in my arms. My angel. My angel was not a butterfly. She had given me everything and I felt so warm and happy We were exposed totally and there remained no secrets between us. Her eyes were closed but I am sure she was smiling. So tender. So beautiful. So Hildur.

A beam of light shone thru the window pane. It was time to move on, but first I would hold her until she awoke. I felt complete.

