

# *Cotton Dawn Longing*

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Chapter 1 to 1

## *Cotton Dawn Longing*

We collapsed onto the bed in just our underwear, the soft cotton sheets feeling like *home* now that he was here. It was nearly dawn, the curtains filtering through just enough light to illuminate his body, so tight and strong, so warm and close. His mouth moved over my skin as I sighed, relieved that I finally had him to myself.

We had been married two months, and the last two weeks of those he'd been away on business. For the entire time, we talked as much as we could, e-mailed and shared pictures, but I was still waiting, *longing* for his return. As soon as he got word that the deal he was pursuing had closed, he took the red eye from New York, and now he was here. It felt like an eternity since we'd been together, and I could hardly keep my hands off him at the airport, and in the car, and on the long drive back to our home. Already I was dizzy, yearning, and aching for him.

“Beautiful,” he whispered reverently, nibbling my lips with ragged breaths, his hands roaming everywhere as our bodies pressed together, his fingers *feeling* my skin. I melted into him—moaning and helpless as he sucked my neck.

Kissing to my jaw, he parted my legs with his thigh, his mouth serious and passionate. My hands explored him lazily, too, feeling strong shoulders and arms, messing up his hair with pulls and grasps. Arching my hips into his hard leg provided friction, and he pressed into me with the weight of his body, hitting that sensitive spot between my legs, making me even hotter all over. His strong palms squeezed my bare breasts, his thumb rubbing my nipple before trailing along my side, stopping at my waist.

Thin cotton was all that separated his hardness from my stomach, and I shifted into him then, needy and wanton, trying to tell him silently what I wanted. Teasing my shoulder with wet nips, his long fingers slid across my stomach and between my legs, rubbing me over my panties, partially answering my silent request. I parted my legs instantly, somehow still ashamed, but excited to open them that way for him. He pressed and stroked, the soft material rough against my swollen, aching skin.

“Please...” I begged absently, breathlessly, opening my eyes to implore him. My impatience was getting the best of me already as tingling warmth and pleasure swept through, further fueling my need. I just wanted him *now*.

His mouth parted with a wet sound as we stared, breathing together, his eyes dark with excitement.

“I missed you so much,” he confessed in a serious whisper, his lips lingering over mine, a small groan of his lust escaping the back of his throat. His warm hand pushed the wet cloth more firmly, fingers rubbing in a circle now. He wasn't proceeding to what I wanted though, and my leg twitched as I shivered, whimpering involuntarily. He continued and it felt so good, so I closed my eyes, his mouth kissing my neck again, making me anxious and needy, teasing and touching, relentlessly rubbing.

“Please,” I whispered once more, threading my hands more firmly through his soft hair. “I can't take it...” I breathed, explaining the obvious.

When I spoke he stopped, looking at me. “Bella...” he said sweetly, softly, the corner of his mouth turning up as he stared into my eyes, hypnotizing me, loving me, telling me he wanted me too.

I wasn't persuading him, though, and I was done with all this teasing. I whimpered again, impossibly impatient now, the way he looked at me urging my need.

Looking dazed and sexy, he licked his lips, watching my mouth as he slid through the side of my panties. At his touch, my wetness increased, and I relaxed into him further, his fingers doing everything right.

“Be patient, love... let me enjoy this. I've missed you too...” he whispered. I was so incredibly wet, his hand slipping easily to rub my sensitive clit.

Weak and willing, I surrendered as he had his way with me. With my head reeling back and sinking into the pillow, I just felt him. The touch, the kiss, the warmth I had longed for...

Slowly, his fingers slipped, working me up as only he could do, his length growing harder against my stomach. I wanted to touch him, so I did, clutching his erection through his cotton briefs.

He groaned roughly in response, shifting into my hand, kissing a line from my jaw to my ear. I could barely restrain my moans and my breathing quickened.

“Yes...” I heard him reverently say, his hot mouth nibbling, the pads of his fingers still sliding in circles. Heat and euphoria flitted through me...

I squeezed his erection. “I need you, please...” I begged again, my voice weaker.

Trembling now with lust, he shifted his hardness against my stomach with a rough exhale, his pulse quick and throbbing in my hand.

“Shhh... I know, but I need to make you feel good first. I won't last long,” he whispered,

almost... sadly.

He had a point, but I was still torn until one look at his expression, so full of love and adoration, muted my frustration. I touched his face, wanting to kiss him for that, but he distracted me with the full stroke of his hand.

I moaned again and his mouth opened further as he watched my reaction in lusty awe, unable to take his eyes from my face, enjoying my responses. Without intention, I sighed a staggered whimper, warmth and pleasure coursing, knowing he could make me orgasm this way, and that this was his goal all along.

“Fine...” I breathed in concession, watching him watch me now.

He grinned then and quickly swooped down, kissing my chin, my jaw, and down to my neck, the full length of his fingers working me. His wet mouth and tongue made their way down further, giving me chills as he covered my breasts with heated kisses.

Staring up to gauge my reaction, he slid his finger inside me for the first time. I moaned loudly, wishing it was him inside me. And again, I was helpless, taking whatever he gave as he slid in a second finger, beginning instant ministrations. Wrapping his full lips around my nipple softly, he nibbled, staring up at me with sexy, lidded eyes, my skin glistening, illuminated by the faint rising sun.

He slid in and out now quickly, with purpose and intention, licking and sucking my nipple with his tongue, the slight force of his hand moving my hips against the sheets. The way he touched me was unreal. It felt amazing when he was inside, fuller and more pleasurable, so warm and so nice. When his fingers were out, I just anticipated them coming back in and that bracing and experiencing cycle wasn't like sex, but still felt so good.

I held his head tightly, trying to just enjoy the tingles and rhythm.

And I was on my best behavior until the pressure began to build, until he rubbed my clit with the palm of his hand, slipping inside me, too. I shivered, my breath hitching with anxious need.

Silent in the face of my desperation, his shuddering breath told me everything he didn't say. He longed for me, too, wanted me just as badly. So badly, that he wanted me to feel good first, to experience pleasure before he did, to show he cared. And now I was going to come for him, just as he wanted, and when he realized it, his careful, taunting control began to slip.

“Oh... fuck...” he growled against my nipple as my wetness increased again, meeting my eyes with his piercing gaze. His erection was still in my hand, but I hadn't been stroking, just holding it, feeling his pulse throb. My grip tightened, letting him know he was doing everything right. Tossing my head into the pillow, I eagerly received him as he thrust into me, sliding in and out, his groaning voice deep and rough.

“That feels so good...” I praised him in breathy appreciation.

He growled again, wanting my approval, the sound just as desperate as mine. Reeling my head forward, I took him in through lidded eyes, staring at his full mouth around my nipple, his hand moving faster and faster, increasing the erotic sounds of wet skin.

His eyes closed as his tongue swirled then, a flash of his white teeth visible in the semi-light as he bit me softly. I cried out, wanting more than anything for him to do it again. There was almost too much pleasure to concentrate on—I wanted to kiss him and have him and touch him and grasp him, but I didn't want to interrupt what he was doing to me. I was torn until he nibbled slightly once more. Warmth ran through my body once more, and I decided he should never stop.

“God... you're so wet for me...” he groaned again, losing more control, moaning roughly. I gasped at his words, the honesty in his statement reminding me of the pure way he manipulated every part of my body, mind, and soul.

I was getting closer, but not there yet, needing it, wanting it; longing. I whined anxiously as his gritty voice and dirty words reduced me to a weightless mess. The wave was coming, the pressure building as my feet and legs twitched slightly, my breathing now completely out of control. My body weakened further as he moved even faster, the sounds and the tension, and the rush of blood to his hardness in my hand intensifying everything.

“Come for me, please...” His words lit a new feeling in me, and I wanted to give him everything he asked for. I wanted to feel that for him, and I wanted him to tell me to do it again. Only he could make me feel this way.

I clenched my fist in his hair and around his erection, panting and moaning louder, overwhelmed by the sounds of our breathing in the quiet room. He was straining now, glancing down at his hand, the battle to watch my reaction and his fingers in my panties playing across his face.

“Yes... please...” he begged. “I want you to...”

Groaning, knowing I was close, he returned to my nipple and I relaxed even more, wanting release, feeling the pleasure build to the final degree. I lost my train of thought, hoping he'd slip inside of me right as I let go, just as he had last time.

And then he did it. Pressing into me hard from inside, I whimpered loudly and so did he, the play of his hand making my body lock and quiver.

“Let go for me...” he coached eagerly as I began to do exactly that.

My mind blanked, my body floating as the sparks of passion and heat and need exploded at once, leaving me breathless and desperately limp. A frisson of hot, sinful pleasure hummed under my skin, the sensation of release seizing me as I gasped and cried out in relief.

And then he gave me what I wanted, shifting to his knees, pulling his cotton boxers down his thighs swiftly, stroking himself twice as he stared between my legs, licking his lips again in raw

desire. He was long and flushed for me, watching me watch his hand hold the key to more pleasure. I pulled my panties off quickly, shocked I still had them on.

Supporting himself with a shaking arm, he hovered, bending low, watching himself slide in as I grasped his hair, the delight of first penetration nearly taking over everything. He groaned deeply, closing his eyes as his head dropped to my chest, his teeth finding my nipple once more, biting gently. He was inside, but I wanted more already, wanted him to move. He raised his head, watching my face again as he pulled out and slid in, his mouth open still, curious eyes observing my pleasure.

“Yes...” I whispered in pure sensation, clutching his jaw in my hands, wanting him closer.

At my words, he began to move, slipping dangerously close toward losing control already, the lust of two long weeks pushing him forward. Sliding in and out faster, he gave me more, his form shaky and breathless. We weren't making love, but we weren't just having sex either. We were joining, becoming one together, and I never wanted it to end.

Firm, strong hips snapped against mine in desperate succession. Thrusting to fill me repeatedly, he breathed heavily now, pressing our bodies together as his strength waned, meeting my skin with his own.

“I can't...” Groaning the rest of his sentiment, he went deeper with every forward roll of his hips. Faster, harder, the sound of skin and frantic sex filling the room.

I clutched his shoulders then, my back sliding along the soft cotton sheets, feeling his shaking arms, and the way he struggled to breathe—his restraint crumbling before my very eyes.

His mouth opened in a silent cry as his eyes fluttered closed, a gritty groan accompanying his final, firm thrust. I felt him let go, grasping his shoulders now to pull him onto me as I played with his hair, soothing him, holding him, never wanting to let go.

It was over then, and he was home and mine, and with me. Winded, he twitched and exhaled in relief, settling now, crushing my breasts with his weight. But I didn't care. I had missed him so much, wanted him so much, longed for him, needed him.

He calmed after a moment, a slight sheen of sweat across his brow as he rested his temple between my breasts, his short pants growing more controlled as dawn gave way to full sunrise.

We didn't move for a long while. And in this moment, he was mine, and there was nothing else I could do to be closer to him, to love him, to have him.