

Sunday Morning
by S.A. Payne

Waking up the best way possible

Just a short smutty first-person story about waking up

Sunday Mornings

If I could imagine heaven, I mean really wrap my mind around it and know what that word meant, I'd say heaven was Sunday morning. Not every Sunday, mind you, just some of them, the ones that turn into my ideal of a perfect moment of life. Not to say all Sunday mornings aren't perfect, waking up without alarm clocks, snuggled in bed with the covers pulled up to my nose, my love and lover tucked tightly along my back, that really is perfect.

We've been together so long that I find it next to impossible to leave the bed without him. It just doesn't seem like a good day can start without his stumbling around while he looks for his pants or his bitching and moaning about needing coffee. Or, better yet, the way he literally hogs all the hot water in the shower. How can life start without those little things?

For me, it simply doesn't. We work at the same high school, I teach biology and chemistry and he tackles the less logical world of American and English Literature. The man is an absolute, would be, hippy flake, he even has a pony tail for God's sake. He wouldn't know an atom if it bit him on the ass either and the scientific method? Pure speculation to him. But oh, he can recite poetry at the drop of a hat, he'll whisper snatches of love sonnets into my ear when we're making love, he actually compares me to the classic lovers in his stories.

Lucky aren't I? Trust me, I know it too. How a dolt like me caught his eye, I'll never know but I did and he's right here, pressed against my back on another lazy Sunday morning. The paper is on the porch, the coffee maker is waiting to be turned on, he still has papers to grade, I'm sure of it, but for right now, the world is a figment of our imagination and the only thing that matters is the feel of him next to me.

Because of my almost phobic desire to stay in bed with him until he wakes up and rises with me, most Sunday's I'm awake, lightly dozing, in his arms. It's a great feeling to feel his breath along my neck, his warmth enveloping me but on those special Sunday's I always pretend to be more asleep than I am and on the really lucky Sunday's, I actually am asleep.

It'll start with a little stirring of his face along the back of my shoulder. A slight rub of a nuzzle. He whispers a little soft, sighing moan before he pulls away from where he's been spooned to my back. I hold still and force myself to continue breathing the same, even though I can feel his eyes on me. His hand will trail across my shoulder, a touch lighter than the weight of the blanket, down to my spine, dropping lower to curve up to tease my ribs and arch over my hip bone.

He's the reason I sleep nude. I'd never do it other wise, never dreamed of it before him. Not surprisingly, he's slept in only his skin his entire adult life. Once, we went camping, and still he refused to put a stitch on. Me? I was worried about bear attacks and didn't like being caught with my dangly bits too exposed to the wilds of nature. But, I have to admit, feeling his soft sex pressed against my hip, or better, tucked along the bare skin of my ass, is well worth sleeping nude for. Even if I worry sometimes about fires and having to stumble out into the lawn bare ass naked for the entire world to see. Wouldn't need to worry about the batteries in the smoke

detector working or not, if that happens I'll die of embarrassment anyway.

So I'm always naked and exposed for him, the idea of saying that makes me laugh because this man has made me naked and exposed in far more than simple flesh. He's laid my heart, my mind, my soul out just as raw before him and he touches those parts of me as tenderly as he slides his fingers over my hungry skin. It's like he can read my mind because he always knows what I need, sometimes, even when I don't.

His fingers trace over the curve of my hip and it should tickle but it doesn't. There's a weight, a heat, to the soft contact that denies the levity of laughter. Sometimes, I'm still really asleep and not just half awake but his light touch seeps into my brain and stirs dreams, wakes memories, and my body knows. My cock twitches against the pillow I've got tucked between the bed and my chest at the light, exploring touch. I'm not hard, not yet, but my body knows what it is my lover is up to and whole heartedly approves.

Down his light touch will go while his eyes still burn into my skin. Normally, I sleep too much on my stomach to allow him easy access to torment more sensitive parts of my body. We've compromised and now I sleep with those pillows tucked between me and the bed, it puts my body in an angle it's happy sleeping in and one that still allows him to comfortably wrap around me at night. It's nice, try it sometime, you'll like it.

He'll trail his fingers around a little bit sometimes, just touching me. Sometimes, he's too hungry for more to waste time with the light contact. When he does touch me like that, it's with such care, as if he's afraid I'm fragile and might break. Or, maybe, like he's memorizing the feel of my skin in case he can't ever touch me again. I don't know, all I know is it's nice and I like it and I'm so totally addicted to him I'll take everything he gives.

Eventually, his touch will linger down my hip to my thigh, back to trace the curve of my ass before moving downward. There's something hot about the way he touches the back of my thighs, I don't know, it just is. I like how he'll slide his fingers around my inner thigh, leaving his palm to rest against the back of my leg as he slides his hand down to my knee. It's a force of will to let my leg be dead weight in his hand as he lifts it and draws my knee closer to my chest. That slight reposition opens me up, makes me feel so exposed and I hide it in a sleepy sigh, helping him by flattening out over the supporting pillows. It drops the angle of my hips so now I really am almost sleeping on my stomach. Delicious, vulnerable, perfection, it's either pure heaven to lay there, ass opened and exposed, waiting for him to move us forward, or it's sheer hell. I must be a masochist at heart because I love it.

The Sunday mornings when I'm actually asleep, it's this turning, this vulnerability, that wakes me. It always moves my sleeping mind into light levels of wakefulness because no dream can be as good as what I know is about to happen. On the days when I'm already awake, I force my eyes shut and cling to the last veils of sleep. There's something unspeakably wonderful about waking up this way and it's ruined if you wake too quickly.

Some days, he'll slide the blankets down from my shoulders and the cool air is another torment to my skin. Some times he doesn't. I've never asked him what makes up his mind and I don't care, I like not knowing. It's the predictable sound of the tube of lube snapping open in the quiet morning air that sends a small shiver across my body. It's plastic and makes this creaking crack sound, then there's a pause before it creaks and snaps shut. My cock is as well trained as any of Pavlov's dogs, it always hardens at that sound.

But I'm forced to wait again, he always pauses here. It lets the lube warm to his skin so there's no chilled shock of the slippery cool gel against my body. If I was awake, I'd tell him not to worry, that I didn't mind, but in my half awake haze, I like having to wait. It lets me drop a fragment deeper into relaxed sleep. It lets me think a little about what's going to happen next. It helps keep me in my safe cocoon of warmth.

Eventually, he'll trace a slick finger along the center of my ass. Even with the blankets covering us, his aim is always perfect. So, I should add x-ray vision as well as telepathy to my lover's super powers. His finger will find the tight ring of my entrance, circling it in slippery, small motions. My breathing always is quicker now, I often suspect that he knows I'm more awake than I pretend to. Neither of us care.

If I was bottom the night before, he takes less time now. If I had taken him, he'll spend very long minutes torturing me. Normally, I'll break a little and sigh or moan again in what I hope sounds like a dreamy way and pull my bent knee higher to my chest before he gives in and slides one, single digit into my body.

Oh, it's heaven, I swear, it is. With my eyes closed and my mind totally focused on nothing more than that delicious point of contact. Still asleep enough that all the day to day worries are glossed over. There's no room in my universe for the students that are failing but shouldn't be or the ones that aren't being challenged enough. No room for whether or not the cable bill got paid or if my sister still is pissy over our last fight. No room for the worry of what will happen if the school decides our relationship is 'bad' for the students and makes me choose between my job, the only thing I've ever wanted to do, and the only man I've ever really loved. That single finger, penetrating me, taking me, allows no room in me for anything but the tingling waves of pleasure.

He'll fuck me with his fingers, adding a second, a third, sometimes a fourth. It's nice, no, that's too mild, it's mind blowing. It's as if every nerve ending in my body has gone on vacation except for the ones being tormented by his touch. Okay, those and the ones in my cock which is aching now, pressed lightly against the pillow it's trapped against with each stroke of those fingers but unable to find any real contact.

I get lost in it, forget that I'm actually asleep or maybe forget that I'm actually awake. I'll moan and it'll be more needy than sleepy. My hips will rise a little to press the contact deeper into my body and fall to land in a better angle for what I know is next. His free hand will go to my hip, stroke the skin there, hold my mindless writhing in place until he slides his fingers from my body and they don't return.

There's always a pause, a moment in the morning when I can hear his breathing louder than my own. Which is insane since I'm normally panting now, eyes still clenched shut. He could just climb against me, put his chest to my back, line his own hardness against my ass but he doesn't. He has to slide his body against mine, rub it so there's little sparks of contact between his shoulder and my ribs, his hips and my leg, as he eases up the length of my body to spoon against me tighter than when we sleep.

His breath is puffing against the back of my ear, I can hear the strain in him just from his breathing. The tips of his long hair have spilled forward and tickle against my arm. His chest is pressed into my back and his nipples are so hard I can feel them. He's become some mythical god of sensuality and as the tip of his cock presses against my entrance, I surrender everything to his worship.

There's no words, no waiting. He presses himself down and into my body in a long, smooth stroke. It makes me tremble, the odd angle, the sudden, wonderful fullness. There isn't anything better, there can't be, the world isn't made for such delights. His weight presses me into the bed, his cock is as deep as is biologically possible. Gravity itself has joined us together into one flesh. I like the feel of him pressing so tightly against me, almost smothering me with his weight and body. He's good at this, he knows how to place his weight so I can still breathe easily and he knows how much I like being held down by his body.

His hips raise and drop lazily back down into me. Like a stone dropped from a bridge to be swallowed by the river below, there's no effort in this joining. His breath against my neck will stutter at that first stroke and my body will shiver.

This is where the beauty of pretending to be asleep really comes into play. He'll just take me, hard, fast, at his own pace and tempo, without concern for my climax, he'll seek his own. Sounds selfish doesn't it? It's not, it's selfless. He surrenders all that he is, sets aside ego for id. He fucks me for his own pleasure, his own release because he needs me that totally. All I have to do is lay there and enjoy it, let the pleasure dissolve me, float in the happy knowledge that just by being me I've done this to him. It's erotic, heady, addictive perfection.

He'll sometimes kiss my neck while he's driving into my body, sometimes he'll nibble on my ear. His breath and fluttery moans tease me. There's never any love sonnets here, his mind is too shattered, too fragmented to focus into rough words let alone ordered structure. He becomes a primal animal toward the end of his control, sating himself with my body. I become a thing to his desire and oh my God does it feel good, perfect, divine.

If he's kissing my neck, it'll turn into suckling. If he's nipping my ear, they'll become bites. As he gets closer to his release, he marks me. I know on these Sunday mornings I'll have small spots where his teeth were a touch too sharp and rough or where he bruised my neck from his hungry mouth. I like it, I like it when he bites. Told you I was a masochist, I like wearing his mark. It's a badge that almost screams, 'Look! Look what I made him do!' to the world. Just seeing them in the mirror later in the day will make me hard again. If he'd any idea of just how much I liked it when he so totally loses control, I'd be suck marks and bites from head to toe I think.

He'll shudder as he stands on the precipice of climax. It'll tremble his entire body and pull a shaky, whimpering moan from his throat. It's not a sound he ever makes. Only on Sunday mornings. It's the sound of a wild creature claiming his mate, needy and desperate but still demanding and controlling. It makes my eyes roll up into my head under my tightly closed lashes to hear, feel, that warning moan against my ear.

Before I can level out from the glowing high that sound pours into my veins like heroin, he's coming. I never think it's possible but he'll suddenly feel deeper in my body, touching my soul maybe, his thrusts piercing my heart. His release is liquid fire filling me, and he knows I love it. He knows I'm smug about how he comes inside of me. I love the feel, mouth, ass, I don't care so long as it's inside of me. I love knowing something of him has become something of me. He always laughs at that but ends up kissing the tip of my nose and smiling so I know he loves it too.

He just comes forever. Deep, trembling, thrust after thrust and he claws at me and bites me. His voice shatters now, breaks like a teenager's and he's in me, part of me. That molten release burns into my body, settles a fiery warmth around my heart and spills out into all my nerves. On these Sunday mornings, he isn't just coming, it isn't just a release of biological nature, he's coming from his heart and soul. The heat he gives to me isn't just of his body to mine, but there's this outpouring of glowing, white hot love. I know, I know, cheesy and stupid and so not logical and scientific but this is the realm of Heaven I'm describing here. I can stop being a logical man for those few moments and know it's his soul coming against mine, his love filling my heart. And if you ever tell him I described it in such flowery ways I swear I'll deny it, totally, well, maybe partly.

Long moments will pass, they feel long to me anyway, as his hips slow to a lazy twitch before settling tight to my ass. He'll lay there, panting along my neck, sweat soaked chest gliding along my now sweaty back. He never waits too long before sliding his softening sex from my body which, always, no matter how much I try to still pretend to half awake sleepiness, pulls a needy moan from my throat. I just miss the feel of him, even soft, it just feels so right to lay there with him in my body. He'll pet my shoulder, my arm, my chest in apology for leaving me empty before sliding away from the close contact we shared.

One of his strong hands will tug at my shoulder and I'll let him roll me onto my back. There's no denying my involvement now. I couldn't pretend to sleepy limp awareness if I tried. My body's tense arousal betrays my lust, my wakefulness, but I keep my eyes shut anyway. Most days, when he rolls me over, I'm still clutching tightly to the pillows I was supported against. He has to

tug them from my grip, I don't know why I'm reluctant to let them go, sometimes I think it's because if I let go of those pillows, I'll float away and really be in Heaven. As if the only thing holding me to my very own mortal coil are pillows I bought at the stupid mega mart when we first bought the house, yes, I'm crazy, but by this point I'm also not thinking clearly.

The warmth of his body will return and he'll brush his lips against my own. Sometimes, I kiss back, sometimes, I moan into his mouth, sometimes I'm too lost in desire to encourage anymore play and hold my lips tightly closed, silently telling him to hurry up. His hands, the same hands that had raised welts from his clawing a moment before, stroke my body with feather soft, worshipful touches. His mouth grazes against my skin, licks sweat from my body. I want to push his head down faster but I keep my fingers twisted into the bed sheets.

It's always when I think I can't stand another second of torment that he finally is kissing below my navel, his hands will flutter against my hips before gripping them firmly. That's the only warning he ever gives, that grip on my hips, before he stops teasing. There is never any tormenting kisses, no long, slow licks, and only rarely will he circle the head of my weeping cock with his tongue before he just swallows me whole. It's a good thing he thinks enough ahead to hold my hips down because other wise I'd choke him on that first consumption.

I've always suspected from his skills at giving head that he has been far more successful scoring lovers in the past than I ever managed. We don't discuss ex-boyfriends or lovers often, he can be childishly jealous over my few stories. Hearing that I ever dated anyone else, let alone telling him that I was in love while in college, well, it makes him needy and clingy and almost panicked. I'd mind it more if he wasn't so cute fussing over me, again, I'll deny that if you tell him. But, because he gets so worked up over my very short listed history, he is reluctant to talk about his own.

Not that I mind, I mean, come on, look at him and then look at me! Hot, long light brown haired, handsome man that is both outgoing, charming, funny and smart, not to mention with a good, no make that great, body compared to me? Glasses wearing, short dark haired, dark eyed, ordinary book worm that spent every free hour booking lab time in college? I think it'll be an easy guess which of us got laid more often and I think we all know it wasn't me.

Anyway, the point here is, he's good, really good. Way better than I am and I swear the man has no gag reflex. I don't know how he does it, I'm trying to figure it out because I'd like to return the favor but I still have my limits. He's just a hedonist. Once he crawled onto the floor at the movie theater. With quick movements, he had my jeans opened, my mostly soft sex hard and had me coming before the couple on the screen could finish their moaning sex scene. When I'd asked him later why he did that, he'd simply smiled and said he wanted a better fantasy for that part of the movie. He's so good he can literally take me from being totally not interested to screaming in climax in no time flat. Or, he can make a blow job last until I know his jaw has to be aching and I'm whimpering, begging him, promising anything just to come. He's an evil man.

On these Sunday mornings, he wastes no time. He swallows me whole, I can feel the back of his throat rubbing the hypersensitive head of my cock. Every swallow, every moan, every slight flick of his tongue, causes my hips to try to writhe, my body to arch and pulls gasping, desperate little moans from my throat. He doesn't attempt to drag things out, nor does he rush it. He lets me come in my own time, which, after being so beautifully fucked, doesn't take long.

I come, hard. If my eyes were open, I'd be seeing black spots floating in my vision. My spine will arch all the way off the bed, and he swallows in casual ease. The man is simply amazing. He'll keep licking, teasing, my cock until it softens totally and my desperate cries stop. He'll keep at it until I've settled back on the bed and have signs of life return.

Only then will he slid up to lay down against me, cuddle in as I catch my breath. When I've settled, I'll crack my eyes open to see him watching me, grinning like the Cheshire cat. It makes me stretch and pull him closer to me and he'll raise himself up to kiss my lips. His kiss tastes like

me. He'll pet my hair back, sometimes he'll fuss a little at the marks on my neck but always, always, he'll smile brightly, hair all tangled and messy and speak, breaking the silence.

"Good morning, love."

And I can feel his words rumbling in his chest and his throat and in my heart. They always make me smile as widely as he's smiling.

"Did you sleep well?" He always asks, looking like a six year old boy that's stolen all the cookies from the cookie jar.

I'll nod and brush his hair from his eyes. "I did, but I had the hottest dream."

"Oh yeah?" He'll ask innocently.

"We were in Venice, in a gondola, and you pushed me down and fucked me silly." I always make up some odd place to have sex, some unspoken fantasy and he laughs richly. He's never really fooled, he knows what a light sleeper I actually am, knows that even if I was asleep I was awake before he first touched my leg.

"Was I any good?"

I normally kiss him again, deeply. "You are the best."

We'll snuggle for a little bit before getting up. He'll stumble around looking for pants and I'll sit on the edge of the bed smiling, watching. He'll bitch and moan about coffee and I'll go to the kitchen to turn the machine on. When I join him in the shower, he'll hog all the hot water and it'll make me smile. And if that isn't Heaven, well, if it's not, I don't want to go.

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