

The room is warm, whether by the heat of my skin or the fire on her lips, I just can quite decide. She tastes like champagne. She has led me to her bedroom, which has a huge window displaying a midnight sky and a bright city below. The room is dimly lit by a stripe of colourful LEDs on top of her bed board. Between our kisses I can glimpse a plush bed covered by a thousand pillows. This is going to be fun, I think.

We lean against the door, and she stops kissing me to look into my eyes. Her lips are swollen and her cheeks flushed. I raise an eyebrow. She smiles shyly, looking down at where our hands join. She looks so cute.

“So... um... here we are.”

I chuckle. “Yes”.

“Do you want to... uh...?” She looks at the bed and then at me.

My smile broadens.

“Yes”. I stop midway. “Do you?” I ask, a bit breathless.

“Oh, yes” she gasps. And then that’s it. Her lips are on mine again.

We stumble into the bed, and we are drowned by pillows of all shapes and sizes. I instantly realize that her bedroom is very much like her. Despite her fire, and her passion, she feels like a thousand pillows and a headboard of colours, soft, bright and cosy.

I take my shirt in one single movement. My face feels hot. She stares at me. One second, her face is painted in pink, and blue and purple. And the next, she is covered in orange, yellow and green. She doesn’t say anything while she slowly brings her hands behind my back to unclasp my bra. She throws it away and removes her top. She is not wearing anything underneath. It’s the first time I’ve seen her naked. I can barely breathe. While my body is all sharp angles, she is all curves and softness. She looks absolutely stunning under the rainbow light. Before I have time to drink on the sight of her, she leans on me.

Tendrils of fire snake through my veins and I can feel the heat on my crotch. She doesn’t kiss me yet. She only whispers in my ear to lie down on the bed, belly down. Her breath gives me goosebumps. I want her to do it again, but I oblige. She removes her last pieces of clothing and I do the same.

Her fingers, cold against my scalding skin, trace with a smooth movement the contours of my spine. I arch involuntarily, trying to suppress a gasp. It’s a light touch, but it inflames my insides. She seems to pause at the end of my back, soaking into the anticipation. I hold my breath. Keep touching me, I think, don’t stop. A few seconds pass in silence. But as if hearing my thoughts, she resumes her tracing. She catches the curves of my ass and gives a good squeeze. I turn around to find the face of my lover, already glinting with delight. She is looking at my naked breasts, and my nipples harden, daring to be touched, squeezed, kissed and licked.

The air is warm and wet, just like her. She leans and plants a kiss on my nose, and then my cheeks, and my chin, and finally, she reaches my lips. We kiss tentatively at first. I’m smiling, and she chuckles playfully. Until her eyes land on my lips again, and my smile dies. Suddenly, there’s tongue and teeth. I run my hands on her hair at first, and she moans. I tighten my grip and her body presses on mine. She stops kissing me and stares for a second at my glazed eyes. She smiles mischievously. Before I have time to register her expression,

her mouth is travelling south and her teeth graze my right nipple. I shudder from pleasure. It's sensitive, very sensitive. She starts sucking it, while fingers circle my other breast. My hand leaves her hair to touch my crotch, now a bundle of nerves ready to explode. She sees this, though and understands my urge. She smiles and continues her descension, leaving a trail of hot kisses on my naked torso.

The room is filled with turquoise when her tongue finds the inside of my thighs. It's soft at first. Her movements are hesitant. With a sultry voice and her head still between my legs, she asks what I like. Slow and then faster, I try to say, although my voice sounds weak in my ears. She nods as if in understanding and spreads my legs wider. Then she winks before burying herself on me. I laugh out loud before a shot of pleasure renders me useless. And I'm gone.

My thoughts leave my mind entirely. I'm nothing, and no one. I'm just her tongue inside me. Not only that, but I'm fingers, skin and lips. She works me as if she has done this a million times. A whole palette of colours burns on the ceiling. I can feel release already building in my back. Every stroke, every moan, every breath is driving me there. But I ask her to stop and she does. I don't want to finish yet, I whisper.

She replaces her tongue with her fingers and comes to kiss me. Her fingering is slow. I trace her collarbone with my tongue and I let her tremble in my arms. She tastes salty. Now it's my turn, I mutter. My hand explores the crevices of her hips, relishes on the smoothness of her skin while colours dance on her body, until I finally get to the wetness between her legs. We lock eyes. I kiss her one last time, and then I bury two of my fingers inside. She gasps, her face covered in teal and honey. Her pleasure ignites me again, and I moan as she mimics me.

She rides my hand slowly at first. Eyes closed and mouth slightly parted in pleasure, she starts to go faster, and I do the same until we find the rhythm that works for both of us. Her breath comes in rasps by now, and I'm in no better condition. Sweat slides down my back, I feel flushed. There's no end and no beginning. With her name on my lips, I close my eyes. I can see it coming, the climax. We ride each other with fervour now. I feel her nails dug into my back and I clench my teeth as I explode. She screams my name as release comes barreling down, cascading into a million colours.

On the aftermath, we stare at the ceiling in a comfortable silence. The light is set on a peaceful grey. She turns to me with a tender smile on her face. I embrace her, and we stay like this until the colours disappear, and we fall asleep under a midnight black.

- *Cassiopea*