

I'm alone. It's dark, but I toss and turn unable to clear my mind, find peace after a frenetic day. I should be exhausted. But I miss you. And you keep reminding me of it – popping into my head - grinning, making a joke. That puts a smile on my face.

I roll over, scrunching my eyes, wiping that smile off reluctantly. *Why won't you let me rest? You're a thousand miles away, and yet I can only think of you.* Not the long list of things I have to do tomorrow that require a good night's sleep. Not how much I enjoyed spending time with my family earlier today. I've come all this way, only to be haunted by the impression of what I've left behind. *I'll be back in a few days.* But that won't satiate my mind at this moment. I'm hungry, ravenous for you. *Because I can't have you.*

In one swift motion, I toss myself over. Covers whip through the air. I try to silence the flow of thoughts. Breathing slowly and deeply. I roll unto my back, lay my arm across my eyelids, as if blocking out the nonexistent light would quiet my desire. My feet are hot, and I flick my socks off under the covers, hoping to cool a wave of heat rippling through my body. But it's not hot in here. The room is kept at a constant 72 degrees. *What makes tonight so different? Why can't distance separate us?* Then I feel that familiar tickle. I picture your arms wrapped around me. I'm with you, if only in my mind. *You won't let me sleep!*

I turn onto my belly. Cram my head into my pillow, squeezing it. I hope to extinguish you - raging though my mind and burning through my body. But like gasoline, you pour yourself over me. I arch my back so my face buries deeper into the pillow, suffocating desire. But this only takes my breath away. And my body instinctually writhes with lust. It rocks forward against the bed sheet and then back. I find my hand slip between the elastic around my waist, down past my belly, over the smooth, soft skin, and into a valley. A delicious wetness meets my fingers the instant they descend. It's silky and warm. I'm so wet, they immediately slide into place. I gasp with bliss. You smile, and I picture your fingers in me. My legs spread slightly and my back arches a little higher, as my fingers find their way through the wetness and tease me, open me, flutter through me. In and out, up and down, slower, than faster, faster. My body agonizes as the tension builds and the sensation throbs against my fingers. It wants what awaits, but just like you, I won't let it. I bait it, slowing myself, stroking so as to prolong the yearning.

Then I can't hold back another second; it's too fierce, uncontrolled. My body undulates, mirroring the surge that resounds through me. The intensity is crippling. After many glorious moments, my belly falls to the bed, my hand still deep in the valley. I'm drained. My eyes shut, and you dissipate into sweet solace.