

I remember that night, so late in the dark. Three years that I would shag you. Three years of fights, arguing, with your so annoying indifferent person that I love so rarely. So many videos received through our phones where you masturbated yourself. Where I could hear you come.

After long years and negotiations, we finished in your so small car, at 20 meters from my dad house. No need to say how much it was harsh to park, so drunk you were. Took many spliffs to throw our ego out. While we both knew than I was completely naked under my so long skirt - I singularly lost my panties at home before join you in your car. Ensuing a running after condoms because, obviously, at 1am, completely fucked up, we both forgot. Three years to have you ready for that night, three hours for you to touching me once and for all.

I remember your blue body, in this so dark car, without anyone and any light around us, here, in the middle of my country. I knew this city would never disappointed me. So easy to have sex everywhere without be concerned or annoyed. Be eighteen again. You and me, enveloped by mist on windows.

Finally, who could ever see us my love?

I remember your unbelievable blue body melted with the white light of the moon. Completely slumped on the back seat. Breathing heavily. Deeply watching me.

I remember your white shiny body, with your dick in perfect latency on your groin. Your slender body. You laughed, but I could watch you during an awful time.

It was the full moon, that night, my love. I would drink the color of your skin, your lips, your body, I would wholly suck your cock and never stop.

When you hardly pulled my hair to bite my neck I could come straight away.

You, and your savage side.

When in front of me and masturbating me with your nasty fingers, watching me moaning, I had a pulse of pleasure. It was so strong, than falling forward you left me finished with your cock in my mouth. Your conviction and confidence were so hot and made me mad.

I remember that shiny white moon light, eating us, swallowing us, devouring and consuming each other. Trying to be closer and closer, touching us in every part of ours bodies. Kissing each other and were completely powerless when she should stopped, detached, when we heard noise, when we should move and return to ours opposites lives.

I remember your breath on my neck perceiving the moon by the window car.

I didn't come that time, you were to quick, to fiery, after all this three years of bullshits, to excited to be inside my burning body.

The next time, the next eve, the light was the same.

The next night, the next eve, I came twice. The moon smiled at me when I got out of the car.