

### ***Finishing Alone! (pgs 191-193 Book 3)***

*The trip over took a day and a half. Paul stands the middle watches of the night. Hilley relieves him at 4AM and he usually sleeps up on the deck until sun up. Then he drags himself down to our room for a couple of hours and I relieve Hilley at eight bells on the morning watch, 8AM. The sun was up slightly and I was lying in bed half-awake when he came in, dropped his clothes and climbed in naked beside me. He usually sleeps in boxers but for some reason he was wearing nothing. I made a mental note to do a little wash when we got into port, since I know that he does not go alfresco unless he is out of underwear. I heard him wrestle around for a second and then he started to snore. I scrunched over so I was lying touching him back to front. I was not pushing against him, just touching him, when I felt something very warm and familiar poking me between my buttocks. I sighed, adjusted and pushed a little further back so that it was lying between my legs, next to my pussy. He snorted and went back to sleep.*

*I knew he was sound asleep but the thing proceeded to swell up and started jumping against my now very hot and well lubricated slit. I felt myself begin that slow primeval humping motion that we all know and love. He began to snore louder. I could feel my own breathing increase along with my heart rate. I very slowly and craftily moved back and forth on his shaft for about ten minutes. The sensation between my legs was getting exquisite, while that giant coil spring got tighter and tighter. He and I both began to pant. Then suddenly and very surprisingly he came, shooting right between my legs and partly on the sheet next to me. The little lady in my head giggled and said, "More laundry dearie." He was still sound asleep though. It was uncanny. My little lady said, glowing with smug satisfaction, "Got him off in his sleep. Now that was hot!!"*

*I had reached a point where I needed to take the edge off myself. And since the thing I really wanted inside me had shrunk back down to being a soft little guy I turned over on my back and my fingers found my little button. I pulled on my nipple with the other hand. It only took a couple of tweaks of my clit and I made a loud cry and had a series of satisfying contractions. The cry woke Paul enough that he reared his head up, looked blearily around and then plopped back on the pillow sound asleep. I imagine he was hoping his lovely dream would return. I threw on a robe, grabbed a bathing suit and went to the shower.*