

Final Score: Reality - 1; Desire - 0

by Debbie Melita

“That was fun.” He says.

“Yes, I had a really good time.” She replies.

He moves towards her and for a split second she thinks he might kiss her. Her entire body becomes alert with anticipation; wondering, waiting. Instead, he opens his arms and gives her a hug. A strong, warm, *friendly* hug. She wants his hands to linger on her back, to slide down and draw her closer to him. Time is suspended, as she inhales the scent of him and knows how it would be.

His velvet mouth, shaped perfectly to intertwine with hers, teases the space between them until its caress finds her. The magic descends upon them; envelopes them. They are transformed: their sorcerer bodies conjuring a weightless state of simultaneous giving and receiving. It is delicious. A low, throaty sound escapes as she savors the smoky sweet taste of him. Her hand cups the back of his neck, yet she can sense every angle of him. There is power in his touch, but he encircles her with a most gentle pressure.

She is consumed by an urgent heat as his bare skin makes contact with her own. Their legs slither, wrap, coil. His deft hands find the precise placement on her body where it feels as if he is touching and not touching her at the same time; causing luscious jolts of electricity and triggering an involuntary, feline reaction. Arching, elongating, purring. Even as she moves, his fingers are somehow able to maintain this same distance and her desire is almost unbearable.

His lips create a pattern over her flesh and the short, stiff hair of his goatee lightly scratches an excitement into her skin that leaves every nerve awake and wanting. The feeling remains even after his face disappears and he goes down on her. Her orgasm still resonates days later.

He moves away from her and cool air fills the vacated space. He says "So, maybe we'll do this again sometime."

"Yes," she says "I hope so."

He steps back, ready to leave. "Well then, good night."

"Good night."

