

Kitchen Consciousness

by Nicholas Stabile

Have you imagined the person you are currently sexually involved with naked? I mean after you have thoroughly explored their body. I can't help it. Brooke and I are bouncing around the kitchen. I'll catch a glance of her pressed up against a table chopping, or bending down into the oven. I stop myself and think, "Seriously? She is in baggy shapeless chef pants and you still cannot help but see her sexually. You had her nude body pressed against you in bed this morning and you still aren't satisfied?"

I can't be alone on this. She makes me happy. She arouses me in so many ways. We cook together, laugh together, sleep together, sing, play games, travel. On all accounts she makes these things better. I guess I am just fulfilled.

Of course there was the chance that our relationship was a terrible idea. We work together. Too much can go wrong. The whole hierarchy thing, and team work but actually being in a kitchen together helped us. We were used to team work, and our relationship allowed us to be more vocal about each others mistakes. On top of that when we need it, we are able to work in silence. Split the orders and leave each other alone.

Anyway, she's bent over and reaching into the oven to pour fat over a chicken. I just want to tug those pants down and thrust. To have her as she presses against the stove top. I'm not going to do it. She would probably burn her hands or worse, I could accidentally knock her in and cook her like the witch. Either way I have to turn around, because I can't have her see my newly emerged erection. She could like it, or laugh but I can't have her know I am this perverted all the time. She doesn't like it as often as I do. She is too conscious about it. It takes wine, or a date or deliberate foreplay and touching until her 'no's turn into "put it in me already, I need it."

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At least she likes it eventually. It's in her, she just doesn't know how to turn it on. She needs a hand.

"Can I get some linguine?"

"Yeah, in a sec."

"What?"

"I said in a second."

"I'll just grab it then."

"No, I'll get it."

I have no choice, but to turn around. I have to start wearing an apron.

"What the hell!" she giggles.

"I'm sorry. You bent over in the oven. It's got a mind of its own. You're sexy, it's not all my fault."

"I look like a dude right now!"

"Maybe on the outside, but I know what's under those clothes. My mind fills in the gaps."

"Get rid of it."

"Do I chop it off?"

"No, just save it for later. We have to work"

"Alright, I don't have to hide it now. I'll get the pasta. I just have to stand a few inches further away from the counter."

In my fantasies this turns into us fucking. I think it's sad that I have fantasies about my girlfriend that I can't make come true.

