

Desire

by sara t.

She said “I have to go”, he answered with his eyes “Don't” and they stepped closer to each other in the kitchen, a step on the tiled floor, the remnants of their tea cold on the counter top. His hands on her waist they leaned forward and touched their lips together but lingered, a moment, two and then the kiss became deeper, slow, probing, her fingers coming up to touch his face, his moving up her back and back down and around toward her waist and belly. They moved their faces apart and looked at each other their bodies touching and his lips twitched in desire and then he pushed her against the wall, against the corkboard with menus, guest notes and calendars tacked up and she felt her knit hat catch on a pushpin. He moved down to the pillar of her throat and she felt the breath of him on her and she arched her back as he feasted on her neck while her eyes closed in rapture. When she straightened up, she felt her hat slide down her curls and fall into the planter behind her feet. His eyes met hers and what she saw there made her tremble all over as he pushed himself against her and she felt the hardness in his jeans. And they were both shaking now and breathing hard and she felt herself open up to him like a flower and between her legs nectar as she whispered in the heated air between them “I never felt like this before” and the words hung there ripe with questions and possibilities. And then through the layers of their clothing they came together in passion and yes, kindness, because god knows it was what they both needed, and a sound escaped her lips as she surrendered to his pressure and with her heart hammering against her chest she said softly “I have to go” and he bent down to pin back up the menu that had fallen off the corkboard and then retrieved the knit hat and shook off the soil and gently placed it on her head.

