

Fruits of Passion

by TJ Skarbo

Lifting a pear wedge to my lips, I hesitate and dip it into my bourbon instead. I notice a tiny sphere of liquid, suspended, glistening with the flame of the candle. The sweet, subtle scent tantalizes my senses.

Careless, sticky fingers bring movement. The droplet releases, invoking a gasp of surprise. I watch the shimmer rolling down my chest as it delves into the shadows of my cleavage. I wonder, closing my eyes, if you have noticed as I take pleasure in the caress. I imagine it is not the juice, but your tongue, making the trek downward, erecting my nipples.

Your blunt, wanting stare greets me as I bring the untouched piece of fruit to my lips. I slip the morsel halfway between parted lips and dare your indulgence. I watch you with half-open, sultry eyes and anticipate your decision.

I am enjoying every moment of the emotions you stir. You tease, and slowly move closer. The amber light dances off your features. The candle flickers, caressed by a playful breeze. The shadow and light intensifies as your eyes search deep within my soul.

My body is robbed of strength as I watch your mouth envelop the fruit and gently graze my lips with your own. Savoring the sensation, I pull back.

Smiling coyly, I tilt my head, looking at you from every angle, engraving every handsome feature, every subtlety. Slowly I move forward, lifting the rest of the pear to your mouth. My eyes encourage you. I watch as you accept the submission, juices rolling down your chin. I pull you closer and begin to suckle your skin. I enjoy the mingling taste of sweetness and salt. My tongue searches your neck for anything missed, probing, and teasing.

My hot breath traces the gentle arc of your jaw. I pause at your earlobe, enjoying your body shivers. Nudging the side of my face, you demand control. I feel the heat of your tongue like fire on my skin. I push into you, taking pleasure from every movement,

wanting, needing. My mind fights my body for dominance, draining wane strength.

I watch your tongue follow the path of the pear juice; you trace the edge of my cotton top, and then delve below it. The fabric barrier becomes restrictive and is above my head in one fluid motion, my flesh exposed to the warmth. I reach for you as I feel the unexplainable need to have your chest upon mine...to feel the slight tickle of the patch of hair residing between your rose colored nipples, the pressure of your body weight.

I trace your bare skin and follow the arc of your well-developed shoulders and biceps. They have a firm hardness not unlike that pressed up upon my leg...

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The phone rings, you get up to answer, and I stare at the dimly lit ceiling, pondering the fragility of desire. Like a wisp of smoke it dissipates with a wave of a hand.

The pear, like my passion, lies spent and unfinished; haphazardly thrown on the table.

