Another Night in December

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My second night with Tilda

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Time can drag sometimes. I stood at the front door of my flat, watching Tilda walk away. She didn't look back, but I bet she knew that I continued to watch her. It wasn't until she had turned the corner at the end of the road that I opened my door and went inside. I threw off my coat and dropped into a chair. I was tired, who wouldn't be?

I decided the laundry could wait and I went to my bedroom, set my alarm for four o'clock, stripped off and got into bed and slept. The alarm didn't wake me, I was already awake when it went off. I got slowly out of bed, feeling worse than when I'd got into it, and stripped the bed linen and threw it into the laundry basket. Then, still naked, I remade the bed. I looked around the room, glad that I'd done the cleaning only a day or so ago. It was tidy and looked welcoming. It never occurred to me that we would not end up in bed later.

I decided to put a dressing gown on and cook rather than shower and change first. Fortunately, there is always a decent supply of food in my kitchen, and I was able to knock together a pretty decent coq au vin. Having seen her eat breakfast, I knew Tilda had a healthy appetite and I wondered if she always ate like that, how she maintained her fantastic figure – lucky cow. Supper prepared and table set, I went back to my bedroom and selected my clothes for the evening. What would she like? The two selections of clothes she had made when first I met her, and when we went out for breakfast, suggested she was a crisp dresser and favoured trousers. I am a skirt and dress sort, so decided to stick with what I knew best. Being a Saturday supper, not a dinner party, I chose a knee length black dress, tight at the waist with buttons from neck to waist and a fullish skirt below.

I selected underwear and laid it all out on the bed, then peed, showered and dried my hair. She was due at 7.30 but I suspected she'd be later. By 7.15 I was dressed, stockinged feet but no shoes, and poured myself a glass of red wine. I had achieved all this, but nonetheless time had indeed seemed to drag and it continued to do so, the clock I'd inherited from my dad, ticking as if to mock me.

I jumped when the doorbell rang and I hurried to the front door to let her in.

You may remember, that the first time I had seen her I was stopped in my tracks. This time, I was merely lost for words. She was wearing a long, black leather coat which was open. Under the coat she wore a long, red linen dress that hugged her frame and was gathered at the waist with a wide, black patent belt.

‘Are you going to ask me in? It’s bloody cold out here.’ Even her voice smiled.

I stepped back, apologising, to let her in and closed the door behind her. She turned to face me and kissed my mouth, a soft, hello kiss. She handed me a bunch of flowers, that I had not noticed she was carrying, and I thanked her. While clumsily holding the flowers, I helped take off her lovely coat and hang it up on the coat rack.

‘Thanks,’ she said and turned again to face me, put her hands on my shoulders (she seemed to like that) and studied my face for a while. ‘I’m starving, shopping always makes me hungry.’

She kissed me again, a little more firmly this time, and I responded to it. I’d been waiting for that kiss all day, and here it was. I opened my mouth and allowed her in, no, not allowed, invited and she accepted.

She pushed me gently away. ‘Are you trying to tell me there’s nothing to eat? I’d know you’re lying, it smells wonderful.’ We walked through to the kitchen, which is where I eat, and she looked at the meticulously set table. She did that thing where she coils herself into a chair and I offered her wine, which she accepted.

‘You look good.’

‘So do you.’

I busied myself getting things onto plates and serving the meal. For some reason, I felt a bit awkward and she seemed to notice.

‘Sue, you don’t need to feel uneasy. We can just eat and chat, and I’ll go home replete and happy.’

I sat facing her, mentally stiffened my spine, then explained that I felt awkward, only because she was the first woman who had eaten at this table and with whom I had slept with on the first occasion. I didn’t want her to think I was some kind of slut. I didn’t say that, but I swear she reads minds.

‘It was natural, we both wanted it and that doesn’t make us loose women,’ here she smiled, ‘well, it doesn’t make you one anyway.’

Any remaining tension evaporated and we ate, occasionally touching hands, chatting easily. She ate fast, talking with her lovely mouth full. I stood to refresh our wine glasses.

‘No shoes?’

‘I never wear shoes indoors.’

‘Want me to take mine off?’

How was it that I had not noticed her shoes? She lifted her foot and I saw one then. It was patent, like her belt, and simple with a slender heel. I shook my head.

‘It’s not a house-proud thing, I just feel more comfortable without shoes at home somehow.’

‘You have nice feet. I didn’t notice last night.’ She smiled again, and did something with her hand through her hair that made my heart jump a bit. She was just so sensual, everything she did just sent sexual signals, at least to my mind.

I suddenly realised I had no brandy and apologised but said I had some scotch.

‘No thanks, wine will do for me; great meal by the way, thank you’

I suggested we move into the sitting room, which I had prepared by lighting the log stove, a couple of low lights, and a candle in the alcove beside the chimney breast. She uncoiled herself from the chair and stayed my hand as I started to clear the table.

‘We can do that later, I want to get to know you.’ I poured us both another glass of wine, then she led me by the hand to the sitting room where we sat facing each other, talking, discussing our lives, our families and our jobs. She admired some of the art I had acquired, and told me about her own interests. I was captivated by her.

‘Where’s the toilet?’

I told her where it was and she stood. As she passed me she ran her hand through my hair, pushing it behind my ear. When she returned she stroked my face and bent down to kiss me, her tongue just stroking my lips. Then she sat again and looked deeply into my eyes.

‘Did it take you a long time to decide what to wear tonight?’ I said it had not. ‘You know what suits

you; stand up and come closer, please?" It was a question, not a command and it was irresistible. I stood and stopped just out of her reach – she smiled.

‘Now, I know you’re not wearing a bra, but I wonder what is under that lovely dress?’ Everything was a question which had to be answered. I lifted my skirt, feeling slightly silly but knowing somehow it was part of her foreplay. She studied me then curled a finger at me to come even closer. As I did so, she lifted her own dress just far enough to expose her thigh – I could not tell if she wore stockings or tights.

‘Take of your knickers.’ I was a little taken aback but did as she asked. She patted her thigh.

‘Let your pussy kiss my leg.’

I sat on her long thigh and allowed myself to rub gently against the nylon. She held my hands in hers and smiled into my eyes. Her hands dropped mine and went to the buttons of my dress, which she deftly opened. My nipples were hard and she smiled at them.

‘Will you brush my hair after we have been to bed?’ I nodded. ‘I love someone to brush my hair for me. It’s a sort of service, don’t you think?’

I nodded – I could not speak, mainly because her finger had somehow slithered into my mouth and I was sucking it gently. She pulled me forward and then we kissed. It started as a warm, gentle kiss but quickly developed into a passionate, wet kiss. Our tongues dancing together, as her hands fondled my nipples, squeezing them enough to make me moan softly into her mouth, then harder to make me gasp. She remained fully dressed but reached behind me to lift my dress and stroke my naked backside, pulling me forward along her thigh until my right thigh was pressing the material of her dress into her groin. We rubbed each other, rocking slowly against each other.

“Will you kneel for me again?’

Silently I dismounted from her leg and dropped slowly to my knees. She spread her legs and lifted the dress so I could see she was naked but for her stockings and suspenders. I lent into her and began to kiss her thighs, licking around her stocking tops, loving the warm flesh of her inner thighs but never touching her pussy. Somehow, I knew that she’d tell me when to do that. She did, wordlessly guiding my face between her hands until I was at her core. I lapped at her, and felt rather than saw her clitoris which I sucked, my tongue’s tip tickling it. Her hands tightened in my hair. I was encouraged by this and suckled at her, my hands caressing her legs. Gently she pushed me away. I looked up anxiously.

‘I want to see your bedroom.’

I stood up and led her to it. Like that first night, I was exposed to her, my dress open but she was still clothed. I liked it, but cannot explain why.

We stood in silence and then she said,

"Take off my shoes".

I knelt and removed each shoe, gently kissing her toes. She lifted her dress, and with gentle fingertips guided my head under it. She let the material fall around me, and I returned to licking her. I loved the sensation of being there, in semi darkness, my hair caressing her thighs, hearing her soft encouraging moans. Then she stripped her dress off and pulled me up to kiss hungrily, then more so. Her hands were everywhere and mine followed all of her curves ,her breasts, her arse, her back, her face. And that was just the beginning.

I don’t remember my dress coming off, but it did; I don’t remember her tying a stocking around my eyes, but she did; I don’t remember how we ended up lying, covered in sweat and other liquids but we did. Panting and gasping, the stocking that had covered my eyes now gone, her hands holding my face close to hers. I do remember one back arching orgasm, it made me scream a silent scream, I'm not certain, but it may not have been quite so silent because she clamped her mouth over mine. I could taste her climax as it flooded out of her and into me.

We showered together, soaping all the bits that we had touched both gently and less so. She found a bite mark just below my breast and touched it tenderly, lovingly.

‘So pretty.’

Sunday dawned cold and grey. I brushed her hair and she sat, with me standing behind her, gazing at me in the mirror. She was naked and she held one hand to her breast and the other I could just see between her legs. God, I thought, she’s insatiable, as she stroked herself gently to a climax, while I brushed her gleaming hair. Her head fell back onto my breast and she smiled at me in the mirror.

‘You’re good!’

‘You’re delicious.’

She held her finger up to my lips and I sucked it into my mouth. Then she stood up, turned and took me in her arms, towering over me, holding my head to her breast. Her lips grazed the top of my head

and she rocked me.

'Kneeling suits you.'

When she left she told me she’d call, kissed me warmly, and closed my door behind her. I stood in my dressing gown behind the door, turned and leant against it. The flat seemed so empty without her..