I wasn't watching

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A sensual encounter

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I Wasn’t Watching

Have you ever sat just looking at the sunset? I have, often. It’s one of those moments in life which is fine alone, better shared. Imagine a late summer evening, the sky is aflame and the warmth of the day has settled in your bones. Nothing spoils that time, ever. No matter what troubles you, it is insignificant for those moments between the heat of the day and the chill of the night.

I wasn’t really watching her. The party was ebbing, the barbecue cooling and there were more empty bottles than full. I was sitting alone, looking at the sky and holding a long-empty glass. I was sober but perhaps only just. I wasn’t watching her but I could see her. Her tall, slender body in that delicious black dress with her blonde hair tied back so it fell like a rope behind her. The dress was long and touched the grass where she stood talking to another girl, woman. Her hands occasionally touched the other girl but it didn’t matter because I wasn’t watching.

They separated and I looked up at the first stars that broke through the flame that was the sky. Now the colours were deep and had such warmth that I felt drowsy looking at them.

‘Your glass is empty.’

She looked down at me from beside my chair – she held two full glasses and, smiling, offered one to me.

‘I’ve probably had enough but thank you.’ I smiled up at her and took the glass, placing my empty on the table in front of me.

‘We’ve all *probably* had enough. But it is a Friday night so it won’t matter.’

I could smell the sea, almost hear it just beyond the dunes that guarded it. She stood, just looking and smiling. Then she sat on the table and looked harder at me.

‘Are you watching me?’

She grinned, ‘Yes, like you were watching me.’

‘I was not! I could see you but……..’

Her finger touched my lip. ‘If you lie to me now, I will never talk to you again.’ Her finger lingered on my lip then slid into my mouth. ‘Tell the truth.’

As her finger slid out I said, ‘How did you know?’ She nodded, apparently satisfied that I was no longer pretending even to myself.

‘Because, I was watching you.’

She smiled at me again as her finger traced my lips. She held her hand out to me and I took it. She pulled me and I stood and moved closer to her.

‘Come and join us.’

She stood and led me, compliant as I was, to a group of her friends, she introduced me although I had no idea how she knew my name. They were fun and friendly and, like me, almost sober. We laughed and talked and I was involved, included, enveloped in their friendship. She talked to me and to others, occasionally catching my eye and smiling at me. The last tiny ray of the sun caught her hair and her eyes. God, those eyes.

We moved into the house, large and warm and I suddenly realised how cool it had become outside. I sipped slowly, reluctant to drink too much more but so enjoying the conviviality, the warmth and the sheer pleasure. I sank into a deep cushioned sofa and leant back into its embrace.

Later, much later, the party dissolved. People moved singly, in couples or in groups, leaving the room and slipping into the dark recesses of the house. I stood, looked around me and found I was entirely alone. I went to the room I knew was mine, opened the door and, without turning the light on, entered, closing the door behind me. I stood in front of the window and looked out into the barely lit night as I slipped my dress off. I heard a movement and started to turn but…..

‘Stay still, please don’t move.’ I gasped and stood still, afraid to move as I felt her warmth behind me, almost touching.

‘I wondered if you were ever going to come.’

Her hands touched my now bare shoulders, stroked down over my arms then up under them to cup my breasts as she kissed my neck. She licked and kissed my neck, preventing me from turning no matter how I wanted to. I felt the points of her nipples against my back. One hand released my breast and stroked my side, down to my panties, then followed the line of their silk to the front and, quite flat, rested there.

She turned me. I could see she was naked, entirely naked. Her eyes locked onto mine and she moved in close and we kissed. The kiss was deep and dark, like the night. Her tongue invaded me, her hands caressed me and my hands, wilful, scanned her body. We moved, though how, I do not remember, to lie beside each other on the cool cotton of the bed sheets. Her hair was undone now and lay spread across the white of the pillow. Her legs were linked with mine. She pulled me on top of her and wrapped her legs around me, pulling me to her core. I felt the damp of it or perhaps it was my damp I felt. We rocked and kissed and touched. Her fingers were by turns gentle, urgent, invading and we turned so she was above me, then beside me and then, oh God and then we were inverted so my mouth was on her and hers on me. Her tongue visited the place where her fingers had been, tasting me, opening me. My tongue slid over her puffy, hairless lips and spread them. I tasted her and buried my face there. My tongue loved her little button, felt it grow and moisten as I lapped at it. I felt her hair on my thighs and her lips kissing me. Her hands touched me everywhere, following or leading her tongue.

When I came it was with her mouth pressed to mine and her hand again between my legs, a finger or two curled up inside me. I moaned into her mouth and felt her moan back at me as she let her own orgasm overwhelm her. No time then, nothing but us, deep inside each other.

She came out of the bathroom and the sunlight caught her hair. She dried her hair a little with a towel and then sat in chair, quite naked, looking out onto the dunes that lay at the end of the garden. Her hand was between her thighs and she gently stroked herself.

I know, because I was watching her.