The Angel And The Rose

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He went to remember his childhood dreams... And found an angel.

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It all started in the middle of August . My best friend Tim and I had decided to spend the weekend at a lake where I had some kind of smallish cottage. The whole area had been owned by my family for generations. So basically there was no one – or let’s just say very few people – trespassing on that land strip. It wasn’t a huge lake; it was more like a big pond in a very secluded place surrounded by a vast forest. I had inherited this place a little more than ten years before right after my parents had died in a car accident. This incident had taken place around my 25 th birthday.

However… There I was: Going to the lake accompanied by my best friend on a late Friday afternoon. Since summer was at it's climax, we wanted to savor the probably best days of warm and intense sun. But this wasn’t the only reason for us to spend a ‘dudes-weekend’. Tim had just been dumped by his girl he had been together since over three years, and I left mine not long ago. So this was the perfect occasion to get to think of anything but chicks.

“ Hey Ted!”, Tim said grinning at me through his sunglasses, his arm hanging loosely out of my BMW 650i, “Dude! Thanks man! You’re saving my life!”

I laughed still keeping my eyes on the road. I was driving way too fast. “That’s the first time I’m going back to the lake since the funeral ten years ago. So don’t expect too much save for an old wooden cottage.” I said

I could tell it was a huge relief for him to have some nice days off.

„Tell me... What is that bunch of flowers for?“ Tim asked referring to the generous bunch on the backseat.

„It's for Mary-Ann,“ I replied, „She's an old lady who's been keeping the cottage in shape for ages. In reward she can stay there with whoever she wants anytime she likes to; under the condition that she calls me to tell. We've always thanked her that way.“

We arrived at the edge of the wood in no time. From there on we had another half an hour march to go until we got to the cottage. During the march I told him lots about my childhood vacations at the lake. I was an only child and I had never been allowed to take friends with to the cottage. But I had never been bored, no way. I had always found something to spend hours with. But the closer we got there the more I was afraid, I'd be caught in exaggerated memories, and it wouldn't be all that great actually..

About some twenty-five minutes later I realized my worries happened to be in vain: The lake and the cottage looked untouched as if time had frozen still. It was a marvelous yet ensorceling site.

I could see Tim's eyes were glistening with amazement: "Oh boy! You fucking freak! You didn't tell me you owned paradise, man! Dude, you're sick!"

"You ain't no better, are you?" I laughed.

We walked the last few steps to the cottage. To my surprise, this smallish lodge didn't look abandoned at all. The widows looked clean, the wooden walls were kempt... Mary-Ann had done a great job. A little hesitating, I unlocked the door.

"Either time has stood still all these years... Or – what makes more sense to me – Mary-Ann is far more than just an old lady who keeps this place neat," I stated.

Both of us moved rather prudently. We acted like there was some kind of monster awaiting the knight who tries his best to free the poor bedeviled princess. Though the cottage was rather tiny it had two bedrooms, a bathroom and a kitchen/living room which all had to be checked for any intruders.

" Hey yo! Over here!" I heard Tim call.

He came out of one of the bedrooms and handed me an envelope with my name on it in neatly written big letters. It was sealed with my family's crest. It looked all fresh and new. I broke the seal and opened the envelope. I took out a letter all written in the same calligraphic letters as my name on the envelope:

Welcome home, Master Ted.

I assume you're not surprise to find the old cottage in this state. Everything should be in it's place. Have a nice stay with your friend.

Best regards,

Mary-Ann

After reading these lines, I filled a big glass with water for the flowers. They looked great on the smallish table. I added a little thank you letter I had written before coming here.

We got settled in the two bedrooms and prepared everything to fix dinner a bit later.

“And now,” I said, “let's go for a nice dip in the lake!”

We quickly got changed and almost ran into the cool water. It felt unbelievably good to have freshness of the crystal clear lake on my skin. Only then I somehow realized how much I had missed this spot.

Tim squirted a fair amount of water straight at my face. “I still can't believe you've kept this place secret from me, Ted,” he said with mock anger.

“I was just thinking about having my 36 th birthday party right at this spot. There would be space for at least eight people in the cottage provided two couples sleeping in the bedrooms and the other four people in the living room,” I replied.

“Or it would be the perfect place to have a nice and young girl come over for a weekend.”

This time I splashed some water at Tim's face. “This is my lake, my cottage, my forest, sucker!”

“Take that back immediately, dickhead!” he replied coming towards me and attacking me.

For a few minutes we had one of those playful brawls good friends have when there around five years old. Shouting in stuff like *Take that, just you come,* or *c'mere so I can beat you up!* It had been years since our last fight.

It was almost seven o'clock when we came out of the water and got changed.

“Hey listen, I'll quickly go visit my parent's gravestone,” I said while drying my hair with a towel, “it's just a few steps away from the cottage in the woods. Do you wanna come with me?”

“Sure,” Tim replied.

As soon as we had changed into some warmer clothes, we headed for that mentioned gravestone. It

was in a very well hidden place where I had used to play around as a child right next to the lake. To me this place had always been the *Fortress* for I had built a netting in order to protect it from unaware looks. My father and I had spent whole days to get it done and never told mother where it was. It was one of my most precious memories.

As soon as we had entered the *Fortress* some long-forgotten feelings emerged from inside my chest. I got overwhelmed by the magic of this place once again. Memories flashed through my head. But it wasn't painful at all; it was more strange but familiar at the same time.

“Wow...” I heard Tim whisper in amazed astonishment.

The gravestone was covered with a thick layer of lush green moss all over. I ripped it all off to uncover the stone. I let my hand glide over the epitaph to free it from leftover earth and roots.

In loving memory of Mr. & Mrs Parker:

Daniel aged 49 – father

Lucy aged 45 – mother

May your spirits find their eternal peace in the shelter of this Fortress.

These were the words that I had chosen ten years before.

I felt a hand on my shoulder.

“Are they buried here?” Tim asked.

“No, I wanted this place to be the resting-place of their spirits. Their bodies still lie at the cemetery. This place is full of memories, and today I have come to add new ones. For me it's a magical place. I'll stay here for a moment. You don't have to if you don't want to,” I replied.

“Alright then” Tim said “I'll be back at the cottage and preparing dinner. Make sure you don't come back too late.”

After he had left, I took out little candle from my pocket and put it next to the gravestone before lighting it. I noticed that the rose shrubs I had planted to decorate this sanctuary had grown to vast plants.

I sat there for about half an hour, talking to my dead parents, telling them a brief summary of what had happened during these ten years of my absence. I told them about my failed relationship to Shina, my former girlfriend. I was surprised to find that only half an hour had passed while I was telling all of that. I wished my parents farewell and got out of the *Fortress* .

I felt the urge to take a leak, so I went to find a nice tree near the lake. As soon as finished I went to the lake to rinse my hands in the crystal clear water. I knelt down and dipped my hands in the fresh water. Suddenly I could clearly make out the sound of someone splashing around only a few feet away from me. My eyes immediately went looking for the source of the noise. I was totally dumbstruck yet pleased to find a lady in her late twenties taking a skinny-dip in the lake.

My eyes inspected her whole body for at least five minutes while my whole body stood rigid not moving a tiny little bit, like a predator observing its prey. She was beautiful, she was perfect, she had to be an ancient Greek nymph. My heart almost stopped at her sight. That body surrounded by the brilliant red disappearing sun reflected in the single droplets or the deep blue water... Flawless... She had a pale silky complexion which accentuated her angelic appearance. A smile to light up the darkest room, a curvy body with small light breasts, a heart shaped firm ass, long taut legs leading to subtle tufts of natural, neatly trimmed, red pussy hair curls. Her hair fell down all the way from her head to her butt in a feathery red curtain. She had deep turquoise eyes that topped off her drop-dead gorgeous frame. She moved her body, spun around, splashed some water... Oh boy! I'm my jaw was about to dislocate.

After another minute or two, she got out of the water, so I decided that it was about time to get back to Tim. I crawled out of sighed – or better tried to crawl out of sight before a pair of log pale legs barricaded my way. I slowly raised my head to see who was standing in front of me though already knowing. My eyes took in deep views of her body until they reached her full lips that seemed to be begging to be kissed. My eyes traveled further up to lose themselves in those unbelievably deep eyes. I stood up.

“Did you enjoy the show?”

I couldn't move my lips for I was completely elfstruck by her presence so close to me.

She gently laid her hand on my crotch and pinched my rock-hard erection.

“Since you're not talking, I'll have check on my own,” she said smiling heavenly, “Oh yes you did, according to your – shall I say Iron rod – in your underwear,” she added giggling.

My face felt on fire; even more as she came closer to me and whispered: “Meet me here at midnight.

It's gonna be full moon, and it's way to beautiful to gaze at all alone...”

She kissed me on my lips, turned around and disappeared in the woods. I was left stupidly on my own realizing Tim was certainly already waiting for me and getting impatient.

On my way back to the cottage my nose recognized the smell of fresh fish and potatoes on a barbecue roast.

Ted waved his hand. “Welcome back, Ted. Look what I have caught. I thought I'd try my luck while the coals are getting ready. You like fish as far as I know, right?”

I was amazed by the dinner that was almost waiting for me to be served and nodded in approval.

We stayed by the fire until only the moon and the stars lit up the place. The fire was had already turned to ashes quite some time ago. The young night was rather warm for this late summer time. I checked my wristwatch and realized I had to get Tim to sleep if I wanted to keep my promise I had given to the mysterious angel...

A fake yawning left my throat. “I might be going to sleep soon, I guess,” I said, hoping Tim would feel the same.

“ You're right, I guess,” he sighed, “I'll go brush my teeth for now...” He didn't act as though being suspecting.

We both brushed our teeth and wished each other good night. I was pretty sure my night would be wonderful. No... I knew it!

The hardest thing to deal with was the patience. It was only around 11.15 pm and I had to wait until Tim was fast asleep in order not to let him get conscious of my absence. It was a tough half an hour of waiting until I heard him snore contentedly. Only another fifteen minutes.

At two minutes to midnight I left the cottage and made my way back to the place where I had met my goddess. She was already waiting for me, her feet dipped in the water that reflected the night sky. The moment had some kind of magic atmosphere. I only realized in that very moment that this place was very well hidden from the cottage.

She was wearing a thin white chemise with a dark green and whine red floral pattern. It only had one button right at the junction of her breasts. The sheer fabric lay on her skin like a velvet envelope. She looked over to me with the most beautiful smile I had ever seen. It was a sight to die for. This clearly

was what angels had to look like: picture perfect. Before I could take another step towards her, I had to admire that incredible sight. I felt like a little boy witnessing a wondrous phenomenon. Her smile even lit up a little bit more as she noticed me looking at her with such an intense admiration.

“Hi there again,” her voice called for me.

“Hi... there... again...” I replied. I sat beside her, letting my feet glide into the water as well.

“I was afraid you wouldn't come,” she said.

“Why would I not come?” I asked.

A short moment of silence came in.

It was her who broke this hush: “Have you ever realized the night sky could be so pretty?”

“I have often sat here and looked into the sky when I was a child,” I replied.

She lay her hand on mine, causing my body to heat up a little.

“What is your name?” she asked.

“I'm Ted... Ted Parker. And what's yours?”

“I'm June... June Wilson,” she said, “so… Ted Parker, what exactly made you come here and watch an *innocent* little girl fooling around in this beautiful place?”

I noticed a certain emphasis on the word *innocent* . I laughed a bit. “How about calling it *watching the angel* ? I think this is far more accurate.”

“Says you,” she playfully rammed her elbow into my rips.

Another minute of backpedaling took its place. This time it wasn’t broken by words but by a silent, yet inculpable kiss. Her lips were incredibly smooth. We looked into each other’s eyes before stealing another quick kiss. I put my arms around her waist before another kiss was exchanged, a lot more sensual this time. I felt her tongue caressing my lips, asking for permission to touch mine.

As we parted, I put one hand on her cheek, caressing her slowly. She took my hand and guided it to her neck. She closed her eyes and squirmed slightly to my touch. I took my hand away to grab hers.

“Let me show you a special place,” I said.

She followed me to the *Fortress*. As we arrived there I looked into a face full of astonishment. The moon lit the place enough that I could see her huge eyes in pure amazement.

“This is the place I call the *Fortress,*” I said, “It's a place of peace...”

She looked at the gravestone. “Your parents?”

I nodded. “ Maybe this isn't the right place...”

She cuddled up closely to me. “ Yes it is...”

I planted a kiss on her forehead. We sat on the smooth ground and devoured each other with our eyes. I steadily approached her, and she lay down on her back at the same speed, causing me to be over her after a few minutes. She put her arms around my neck. I came closer to her in the same speed.

I felt my heart pounding right before our lips met again. The kiss was slow and passionate. Her arms were pressing my whole body against hers. I let go off her lips and let mine travel to her neck. I nibbled the spot I had stroked earlier with my hand. She showed the same reaction as before – but harder this time.

She stroke my back with her hands and sought for the lower border of my shirt to slide them underneath it. I kissed my way down to her cleavage. She used my descending body to slide my shirt over my head. I undid the button of her chemise. I uncovered her breasts and kissed their outline while she pressed my head against her body.

My fingers fondled her belly. They walked down to her panty line. She pulled me to her face to kiss me again. I let my hand glide under her panty line. I could feel the curls of her pubic hair under my fingertips. She started grinding her hips into my hand. Slight moans passed through her lips into my mouth.

I took off her chemise completely. After that she unbuttoned my jeans. Before she slid them off, she cupped the silhouette of the bulge through the fabric of my boxer briefs. Her grip on my cock eventually got tighter as I gently brushed her labia. Her pussy lips were moist with her juices.

She grabbed my hair and pulled my ear hard to her lips. “I'm pretty sure these fingers feel wonderful

in my pussy?”

Her command took my breath away for a second before I obliged her. I felt her grip in my hair weaken as I shoved two fingers inside her. She arched her back. I started sucking on her right nipple. Her breath was getting harder and deeper. She spread her legs to allow me better access.

She finally slid off my jeans completely. She took my boxer briefs with at the same time. I slid off her panties off as well. As soon as they were off, I started licking her labia, making circles around her clit before zeroing on it. She was moaning on the touch of my tongue.

I had her cuming in only a few minutes of licking her clit and massaging her pussy walls with my fingers. I let her come down for a little moment before gently pushing my steel hard cock all the way in her pussy.

Her hands were all over my back, scratching me, pressing me onto her with all her force. We built up a slow and passionate pace to explore each other's sex. Her insides felt incredible. I was in the stars, and so was she.

I lifted her, and she sat on my lap. I lowered my head to bite her nipples. She released her embrace and put her hands on the ground to give me a better accession. She started moving her hips in a circling motion to match my every thrust. She sure was a sex-goddess.

After a while, she pushed me down. “Don't... you... Move,” she tried to say between her moans, “my time... to... make you feel... good!”

I looked at her face. Her grin had something devilish. That sight drove me insane. This nymph was an incredibly naughty little devil, and I loved every part of her!

I couldn't help grabbing her hips and guide them in their motion. She instantly stopped moving, took my hands off her hips, and nailed them on the ground.

Her words came in hisses: “Don't you... FUCKING... move... I said!”

I gulped hard in obedience. She grinned again and resumed her gyrating motion – harder this time. Every time she lifted her hips until only my head was inside her. She did every upward thrust in slow pure torture whilst she roughly impaled herself with every downward thrust. I felt like sent over the edge like a thousand times but every time I felt my orgasm build, it subsided to the ordeal I was given.

I did my best not to move and let her please me. Her dirty smirk had passed to a pleased lewd gaping

mouth. She was in her ecstasy.

“I'm gonna... uh... cum... any sec! And you better... ah...cum... ah... with me!” she said with half closed eyes.

She knew exactly what she was doing: The moment I felt the slight jolts of her orgasm clench on my cock, she changed the angle of my penetration just a little bit to give me the orgasm I was craving for.

I came so hard. Both of us were moaning on unison to express our primal instincts.

She collapsed on top of me as soon as her climax slowly passed away. She rested her head on my chest to catch her breath. I ran my hands through her red hair.

“You asleep?” I whispered.

She raised her head just enough for me to see her half closed eyes and her angelic smile. She had already turned to an angel again.

“Yes...” she whispered back, “Your chest is just too comfortable.”

She nestled up to my chest. I softly kissed her forehead. She let out a sigh of appreciation.

A single flower on the rose shrubs was at my reach. I broke it away from the plant, and put it in her hair.

“Look at you,” I said, “You truly are an angel. That's just how Helena must have looked like.” I smiled at her.

She sat up and smiled made her best to return me a satisfied yet tired smile. She lay down again next to me, holding me in her arms.

We lay there for a long moment sharing stories, habits, getting to know each other, before we got dressed again. We walked back, holding hands, to the place where we had met. We kissed.

“This is no coincidence,” June said.

“No it isn't,” I replied.

“We shall meet again...” she whispered.

We kissed again.

“Good night... June Wilson.”

“Good night... Ted Parker.”

We kissed one last time before seperated.

I went back to the cottage, and did my best not to make any noise.

I woke up by the smell of eggs and bacon. I quickly got dressed.

The scent came from the tiny living room. Tim was already waiting for me.

“I knew this delicious smell would woo you,” I heard him say.

“Well, I'll just set the table then.”

We spent a whole Saturday hiking, bathing, barbecuing, drinking beer et cetera. A real dudes-weekend.

As we were heading back home on Sunday afternoon, Tim looked at me. “Um... I don't know, dude. Have you been somewhere this Saturday night? I thought I had heard you leave the cottage.”

I tried my best not to change my facial expressions. “Well... I couldn't quite sleep, and I had to take a leak. So I went for a walk in the forest.”

“And? Did you see something interesting?” Tim always had to know everything.

“Yes I did,” I replied, “the sky was as beautiful as I had remembered it, and...” I paused.

“And?”

“I have seen an angel... She was wearing a rose in her hair...” I said dreamily.

He laughed. “You're just too funny, dude.”

“Oh yes,” I sighed, “she sure was an angel...”