You're beautiful to me

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Loving feelings turn up the heat

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This is an earlier work with some tweaks.
What would happen, I wonder, if I watched you… well, watched you touch yourself? Could you? Would you like it? Would you start out slow and gentle, music, soft candlelight? Would you wear something comfortable, silky on your smooth skin? Maybe you'd enjoy a glass of wine perhaps, maybe two just to lubricate the moment, the tangy taste of the wine waking up your senses. Maybe you'd begin long before I got there with a soaking bath, the tepid water relaxing you and everyday cares floating away and your mind drifting off to happy times and of being touched and stroked very gently… Unrushed. Warm

Maybe you'd slide your fingers in smooth movements with gentle strokes on your long legs and across your belly and maybe up the sides of your perfect breasts. Would your nipples already be perked by then? Standing thick, tall and straight? Proud.

Would you pour bath oil into the tub and allow your skin to drink in the oil? Maybe that's when I'd arrive and I'd dry your skin with a huge, warmed, thirsty bath sheet and you'd slip into a silky something that made your skin emerge into goose bumps as it slid loosely into place. "You're beautiful," I say but you shift uncomfortably and reply, "I'm not."

"Hmmmmmmmmmm we're about to face the first disagreement in this affair," I tell you with mock gravity and flip down the lid on your toilet seat and gently nudge you onto it and sit opposite you on the edge of your tub. Taking both of your hands in mine I look straight into your eyes and say, If you were just anyone, I'd be complimenting the hell out of you but you're not just anyone, you're a woman I care deeply for. In the eyes of the world we both are very ordinary people. When I'm with you, I don't want to be in 'the world', I want to be in our world. And in 'our world' there are a dozen reasons why you are unique, special and oh so beautiful. So I'll tell you you're beautiful, wonderful and that you mean a lot to me and it will jar me if you swat it back like we were playing ping-pong because I'm here to make love with you, not play ping pong." You look deeply into my eyes and see no irony, no

masks, just my green eyes looking deeply into yours.

“For me,” I begin, “it’s a little like you and the ‘C-word’. For you, that word is jarring, a downer, and so out of respect for you I don’t use it around you. For me, that particular word is one that I use to name the vagina when I’m very excited or it’s a word that I use derisively to name a person when I’m very angry. They’re two different things to me. In the heat of sex, that word raises the excitement level a notch for me because it’s considered such a naughty word in polite society. If a woman, for example, told me to ram into her ‘C’ it the naughtiness if it all would drive me over the edge. With that said, it doesn’t alter the fact that it’s not a word that you like and so it’s not one that I’ll use with you. In that same vein, I hope you’ll accept compliments from me knowing that I’m telling you what I believe. You’re beautiful because you are that to me. You’re sexy and wonderful because you are that to me. It’s all perception and completely unimportant to me how the world sees either of us for I want the world to be something apart from our relationship whether we last a week or a lifetime. Got it?” I ask softly.

“Got it” you reply with a soft smile.

“Ok lets go see what a beautiful woman does to amuse herself,” I say lightly and pull you to your feet.

With a sidelong glance that conveys confidence, you turn, give me a hug and whisper, “you make me FEEL beautiful.”

We’d go into the next room and get very comfortable for I know it’s your goal to stretch out foreplay using masturbation. For us this is like phone sex with infinitely more intimacy, more eye contact, and no concerns that some telephone company technician wasn’t hanging on our circuit, an unseen, unknown participant in a nonconsensual threesome. We’re there purely for each other and for ourselves for you know how much watching you touch yourself makes me wild with desire.

You take a comfortable position on the bed and I on a love seat directly opposite you. Close but not on top of you. Not yet. “You like this?” you ask, knowing very well that I do.

“Oh Baby, it just makes me soooo hot watching you. It will be difficult to stay here on this love seat but stay here I will until it’s time for me to be over there with you.”

“I will make it worth your while,” you promise, and then add, “worth OUR while.” Your hands begin a slow dance across your skin, lightly tracing circles and then tracing my name lightly on your body. “I’m going to write you a love letter,” you tell me and your fingers take a slow, series of lazy arcs as you write unseen words to me in loopy cursive strokes on your body. “I’m telling you how much I want you in my life, “ you say, “and of the joy your love brings to me.” I struggle to read the words but can’t

really tell where one word ends and the next begins and so I simply enjoy the goose bumps on your skin in the places where it shows and your nipples grown taut against the sheer whisper of your nightie.

“You’re making me hot,” I say softly. “You always do.” Your smile lights up the room and your deft fingers trace along your neck and then fall to your breasts and begin circling your nipples with the softness of a baby’s breath and my pulse quickens and breaths come faster as I see them stand back up like rockets on the launch pad. “Maybe my toys will amuse you,” you tell me coyly and you take a small egg vibrator and a tube of lube from a drawer in the nightstand. Just seeing the toy and know where it is destined to go, takes my breath away. You trace your nipples and areole with the toy set on low and I watch your eyes intently, seeing your sparkle begin to glaze over in lust. A familiar fluttering begins in my chest and my penis strains against the confines of my slacks. Adding some lube now you roll the egg lightly over your clitoris and your body responds with a small shudder and a sharp intake of breath. “Oh I love watching you do that! “ I say. My voice is different now – we both hear it. There is awe in my voice.

“And I love watching you watch me,” you reply and we both thrill at the huskiness of lust now modulating your voice. You stroke your clit and labia and inner thighs with your hips now joining the dance. As the egg ventures still lower on your body, moving gently, furtively towards that pink rosebud I know that once it’s inside your bottom I’ll just lose it. My pants are coming off and I’ll need to be inside you. With a smile I begin undressing – struggling to appear unrushed. Sexy. My cock juts before me like the pointer on a Chinese compass – leading the way to you. “If that thing goes into your bottom, this thing is going into your vagina,” I say with thinly feigned wryness.

“Is that a threat?” you grin back at me and then plop – the egg disappears inside you and your hips begin dancing more provocatively on your floral sheets. While I had thought there’d be much more foreplay than this, it would have to wait until the edges burn off this raging desire I had to be deep inside you. In nanoseconds I was on the bed and balls-deep inside your sweet body thrusting like the engines of a great ship plowing high seas. At that first coupling, we literally let our passions take all control over our bodies. You came just before I did and mine lasted God-knows how long as spasm upon spasm wracked me and chills ran up the back of me from my calves to my neck! For the rest of the afternoon, we loved, laughed and played. We made love and we fucked. I used your toys on you and you used them on me.

That’s the thing about new lovers. We come to each other, set aside whatever baggage and simply enjoy being us. How could that be anything but wonderful and yes, yes, yes, you are beautiful.