

Little Pieces

Keith J. Bowers

This is a work of fiction. None of the characters are real people and any similarity is strictly coincidental.

It may not be reproduced, shared or transmitted for a fee by any party to whom the Author has not contractually granted permission.

The author retains all rights not explicitly granted within.

Published by Keith J. Bowers
kjbowers1@hotmail.com

Copyright 2006 by Keith J. Bowers

Little Pieces

I realized I was shaking. Couldn't help myself. Couldn't stop myself.

She was nearly my height, with soft light brown hair, gentle eyes and beautiful kissable lips. Her body hidden by her clothes, but I knew the curves under them waited to be discovered, needed to be exposed.

Her kisses matched her eyes, gentle yet passionate, filled with a longing and a need. I was certain she wanted me. And I was right.

Lips on mine, tenderly we kissed, taking our time, enjoying where we were, the permission we were given. I ignored the time, ignored the rush of adrenaline that caused a man to drive toward sex. Threw that paradigm to the winds and let time stop with her, let our kisses swell up within us, to let the situation unfurl like a flag on a windy day.

Arms wrapped around each other, tongues slippery and wet, my hands roamed over her body, confirming the curves of her rear and her hips, savoring the beauty that stood before me.

Quietly, with deliberate purposefulness, she took off her glasses, folded them perfectly and sat them down on the dresser. She took her hair clip out as I lifted her shirt up over her head, shucking her bra off like a fisherman shucking oysters. I pulled her to me, her cool skin smooth and silky against my own. I was already naked from the waist up. Her skin was chilled.

“Are you cold?”

“A little,” she confirmed. I wanted to warm her in every possible way.

Kissed longer. Kissed stronger. Passion between us rose and we ignored the other pair. Ignored our mates. Selfishly, they were lost to us. There was only her and me and the space that grew ever smaller between us.

I broke away, kissing down the length of her neck, across her breastbone, deviating to either breast, kissing and sucking as I slowly worked my way down her belly. I undid her jeans, let them fall away, casting them off as restrictive - unnecessary. My lips grazed her still covered honey pot as I reached up and slipped my fingers under the elastic on either side of her waist. They slid down, freeing her thighs and legs and the smooth skin of her pussy. Her body was now unshackled and unfettered. She was no longer a slave to her clothes.

I helped her step out of them, her hands balancing on my shoulders. Slowly I worked my way back up her belly but first planting my lips on her dripping sweetness.

Her fingers danced around my waist as I met her thin lips, struggling with my belt and pants. And then they fell away like a bird fluttering to earth. We stood naked together. My cock dripped with my longing.

We stood amid the puddle of our clothes as time slowed down, her lithe fingers touching my naked side, resting quietly on both my hips. Pulling her closer, she pressed against me as my lips explored the nape of her neck, drawing in her scent with every breath.

This is the way I first met Laurie, of how I'd always picture us in my mind. Our lips entwined as tightly as our bodies. In the flickering light of the myriad candles around us, we held each other close. She felt wonderful in my arms. I wanted this to last. This was too perfect to just let it slip like sand through my fingers.

I led her to the bed, not even hearing my wife or her husband talking to me. I gestured for them to leave if they wanted. My wife looked pensive, but my attention was elsewhere. It was selfish to disregard her, but I had gone so long without this type of passion that the two of us were now sharing. I knew I'd be occupied and the jealousy that I sometimes felt would never rear its head with me tonight. She wanted me. I wanted her. We were going to take our time, explore each other properly, not like rutting animals, but as two souls who wanted to join as deeply as we could in the short time we had. This would be exquisite if we took our time.

I pulled the covers back, allowing her to slip beneath them. The sheets were cold, but warmed quickly as we burrowed beneath them. I slipped to her side, returning to focus on her lips. Remarkably wet and gentle and soft and pleasurable.

Soft sucking sounds slipped from our lips, little nips and bites, my tongue swirling and pirouetting up and down her neck and ear. I could not get enough of her kisses. She kissed like a goddess, one who lived to do so and I was her student, her devoted disciple. Years had passed since I kissed someone like this. It brought back sensations and emotions that I had long suppressed because my wife did not like to kiss like this - her intimacy came in different ways, in different kinds of loving.

She had no idea how much I wanted what she gave me. How long it had been... how much I didn't want this to end. I pushed that thought away, concentrating on her body beside me.

"Do you want me to go down on you?" I asked her gently.

"You don't have to..."

"I want to..." I slipped down beneath the sheet, kissing her neck and breasts like I had before, sliding ever so slowly down her body, savoring her luscious breasts, sucking them erect, kissing down her soft belly, my fingertips crossing her scar, kissing that wound as one would a lover. She had lived a past of pain and tonight I wanted to soothe a bit of that.

Her legs spread wide for me, and slipping between them, my lips touched her, wet and wanting, slippery and sweet. My tongue parted those lips, running up and down between them. She tasted of delicate nectar and the honey that flowed like a river out around my lips and tongue fed my passion, my lust, my desire to have her cum for me.

Her clitoris spoke to me, urging me to stroke it, to hold it in my mouth, to bring forth the pleasure she wanted, that she needed, that I wanted to give. Drawing it forth, I toyed with it, pushing for it to call forth the orgasm. My hands slipped under her thighs, up and around to cup her breasts, running the tips of my fingers over her budlike nipples, taunting and twisting them ever so gently.

Tongue tempo increased as her breath became rapid, rapid became moans, her hips pressing hard against my insistence. I drew my hands back to me, knowing that it was time. I slipped one finger inside her, sending into the furnace of her wetness. A second

soon followed, twisting up behind the spot of joy that my lips sucked. She moaned louder, providing me with the cues I desired to hear. I wanted her to cum. I wanted her to want me again. I wanted her to know how much this meant to me, how much pleasure she had given me already.

She came.

Soft sounds welled up deep from her throat, came rushed out in an almost silent expelling of air and sound. The resonance of desire, of release, of joyous revelry.

I wanted to see her face when she came but I remained hidden beneath the sheet. I wanted to see her eyes when she came, but I couldn't. Waiting until she subsided, I slowly withdrew out from her and rose up from under the sheet. I met her eyes, her smiling face, red from the exertion of her orgasm. She latched onto me, pulled me to her mouth, her juices still on my lips and chin, her desire burning more now than before. She had lost her innocent smile - she was now comfortable with me. With my presence.

It was a victory I'd savor for many days and nights to come.

Her hand cupped me, stroking my length, insisting that it was time for him to act. Her tongue provoked mine, and suddenly I was hard – adamant. I straddled her thighs, placing both arms on either side of her, holding myself up as we continued to kiss. My steel pressed against her wetness, her lips at both locations drawing me into her, devouring me.

I should have worn protection. I should have known better.

But when it slipped within her everything changed. Everything became – correct. A rightness that I'd never felt before. Not with anyone. Not this soon. As my length lay buried within her tightness, with my arms around her, pulling her to me, I had no choice, I gave myself up and over to her. I had melded with her, our bodies had become one with a passion so unlike, so different, so primal, yet softer and passionate than anything I had experienced before.

I didn't love her, but I could have if the circumstances were different.

And that damn well scared me to death.

Slowly I moved against her, her heels on my thighs, urging me inward as deeply as I possibly could. Unhurried, I withdrew, savoring her wetness around me, her tongue dancing with mine.

This was as close to perfection as I had ever gotten. And that frightened me. Our tempo increased - then slowed. I allowed myself to fall into her, to let go, to enjoy the depth of this moment in time, knowing this might never happen again.

I opened my eyes; saw her staring at me with an expression that I'd hold in my heart for the rest of my life. The expression of sorrow and pain and transcendent joy.

She looked as if she was going to cry. She looked so sad, as if she didn't want this to end any more than I did. That she knew my heart, that this moment was wonderful, magnificent, beyond what either one of us had expected or anticipated.

Her face matched my own. I could have cried at that moment, not wanting to let her go, for this moment to end. And still we rode on, her heels digging into my buttocks, her fingers tight on my back, my coming release straining to come forth but knowing that with that explosion would be the end of our time together.

She had to leave. They had to leave. And I didn't want that. No.

Our time together was fast ending. Limited. This time.

I heard a sound behind me. Jerking, I looked over my shoulder, seeing my wife and her husband watching us.

"How long..." I managed to gasp out. It was a welcome interruption, yet damnable as well.

"We've been standing here for five minutes," my wife laughed.

Neither one of us had heard them. They'd seen our coupling, watched our joy and pain and suffering in silence.

Her husband knelt by the bed. "We have to go soon."

"I know," she whispered, her face beaming, yet her eyes concerned.

He moved away, leading my wife out of the room, allowing us to finish our moment. I thanked him silently for that. God only knew how long we could have stayed entranced with each other. Hours. Days. Weeks. I was lost in her.

We tried another position, spooning, but the magic wasn't the same, wasn't what we both wanted. The moments we spent cupping like that gave her legs an opportunity to rest, and when she was ready, we remerged together.

Our sex became frantic, as if we were clutching onto a fog that dissipated with the coming sunrise. The sounds of our sex became guttural, the wet slopping echoes

bounced around the bed with us. She held me tighter, my lips on her neck, whispering my intentions to her, that she was going to make me cum, make me one with her, to take me and break me into little pieces.

The orgasm rolled up and this time I chose to let it go, to pour out forth into her, to show her what I felt, how deeply our joining affected me. It wasn't animalistic, it wasn't primitive, nor was it boisterous. Quietly it rolled up and over me like a warm blanket, my eyes locked with her, sharing this moment with her as two strangers that had become more intimate than most lovers.

She touched my face, ran her fingertips down the length of my cheek.

"I don't want you to leave," I whispered.

"I don't want to leave," she replied, her eyes sad.

We both knew there was no choice in the matter. She would rise up from our bed, dress and leave with the man who loved her above all else in this world. The man who was her husband, who had rightfully won her hand, her love and her devotion. The man who had shared her beauty, her passion and yearnings with me. A very lucky man. I envied him more than Lucifer envied the Almighty's ownership of Heaven.

I cleaned her gently, removed the traces of our joining, cleansing her body of my fluids. She rose from the cooling remnants of our coupling, and dressed. I watched her movements, languishing on every curve - every exquisite line on her body. Watched as she clothed herself, slowly with deliberation, and I knew she didn't want to leave. Not yet. Not this night.

I kissed her again, holding her tight and then let her go. She walked away, down the stairs and away from me.

* * *

I stood in the shower an hour later, letting the heat burn down upon me. Eyes closed. Her face in my mind's eye. Sorrow and pain mixed with joy. I felt loss and it stunned me. Hard. I leaned against the wall of the shower, whispering over and over to myself "her eyes...I'll always remember her eyes..." I could not get the sight of them out of my head.

Sad with the knowledge this couldn't last. Joyful because of the time we had.

Our bodies had clicked together like two pieces of a puzzle. I told myself it was pheromones. I could tell myself anything I wanted. It didn't make any difference. I knew what I felt. I knew what I experienced.

I realized at that moment that she would be my 'Nicole', the young woman from Dickey's novel, *Between Lovers*. I'd always want her, always do for her whatever she wanted me to do, to see her smile, to hear her gasp as I made her come. She would be my Nicole. And it saddened me that she could never be mine – not in a way that truly mattered. What destroyed me was the fact that I had to walk away, just like Nicole's lover in the novel had to leave her behind.

I never fell into someone like this. I was never with someone like this. So encompassing in such a joyous discovery. She made me experience things I never anticipated, never fathomed would have come to pass in such a short amount of time. Left me there, piecing myself back together.

Her face.

This is what she did to me. And what she'll do to me if we ever meet again.

End