I sat in a hard wooden chair directly opposite from the bed in which she lay. I had found myself restless and unable to sleep, a usual occurrence for me. So I had risen from the bed and hastily threw on my jeans without bothering to button them before dropping into the chair.

Holding my head in my hands I began questioning just what the hell I had done. The how and why of it all. I had taken us both somewhere we said we wouldn't go. Forbidden territory.

Yet we both had barreled headlong, blind with frustration and ripe with need. I groaned softly in frustration as images of the nights activities flashed through my head. Once again blood heated when I thought it not possible. New images flashed in my head of what I could do to her, of what she could do to me.

We could destroy each other happily, with smiles spread wide on our faces.

I scrubbed my hands over my face and pushed myself out of the chair. I was in need of an ice cold shower. Enough damage had been caused for one night.

I was brought to a screeching halt, my hands dropping to hang lifelessly at my sides. I mindlessly dropped back into the chair, thoughts of a shower blown from my mind as I stared at her.

She lay on the bed, peacefully asleep. The top sheet was stripped from the bed which had been so carefully made before we walked into the room, and now lay tangled around her. One leg disappeared under the white cotton while a corner of the fabric draped carelessly around her waist, leaving the rest of her laid bare and open.

Her chest rose and fell in the slow, easy rhythm of sleep. She was oblivious to the condition of the bed and how exposed she was, having fallen into a deep slumber after we had exhausted ourselves.

Her pale skin reflected back the moon's light as it filtered through the open curtains, giving off an
almost translucent glow as if an aura of white light surrounded her. Skin so fair that only a half an hour ago was flushed with excitement.

I was left speechless as all my fears and worries slid from my head as I thought of nothing but her. We had made our mistake and in the morning we would face it.

For now, it was just us in this room. I had tried to drag in demons that weren't welcome and she had unknowingly battled them and won.

I stood and slid my fingers into the waistband of my jeans, dropping them to the floor carelessly as I walked back to the bed. I slipped carefully back onto the bed, trying not to disturb her and ruin the vision that had brought me back to the bed.

She shifted to lie on her left side and breathed in deeply, her eyes remaining closed, still lost in her dreams. I sidled up to lay behind her, my chest pressing against her slender back. I tangled my feet around hers and slid my right arm up to lay across her waist.

I laid my head down to share the single pillow on the bed and sighed, the simple act of lying next to her smoothing over any doubts I had. For now, this moment was right.

I skimmed my hand up her abdomen, slipping my hand under her arm to lightly cup her breast in my right hand. There was nothing sexual about the act, that had not been my intention. It was a move of pure possession. I drifted off in a dreamless sleep as I finally succumbed to exhaustion.

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In the dark, Jean smiled.

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