

A stolen kiss...

[...]I was wearing a yellow sundress and clutching the handle of my guitar case. Eagan offered to carry it for me, but I shook my head, for he was already bearing the weight of his huge backpack.

A part of me was glad he hadn't been able to hear me play. The piece I had chosen was an acoustic cover of one of my favorite rock songs. The acoustic version was utterly sentimental; it expressed perfectly the way I felt about Eagan. After my performance, all my professors and fellow students admitted that they'd never heard me play with so much feeling. I wasn't certain I wanted Eagan to discover that part of my soul yet.

We embraced awkwardly. I noticed that his eyes were red and tired. I also remarked that he was tanned and that he smelled good, as always. Of course, I didn't reveal my sentiments.

It was a bright summer day. We went to a park, we sat, we didn't talk much. After a while, Eagan lay back and fell asleep.

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I watched him rest for a few moments, then I reclined alongside him. I placed my body very close to his, so that I could feel his heat through the thin cotton of my dress. His handsome face was turned toward me and his lips were slightly parted. Flecks of gold dotted his beard stubble and his dark blond hair.

I braced one of my hands on his arm and the other one on his muscled chest, then I leaned toward his face, keeping my eyes open. I let my mouth linger over his and breathed his breath then, finally, I whispered a kiss across the side of his mouth, then I licked his upper lip. I waited. He didn't stir. So I closed my eyes and brushed his lips with mine once more. I became greedy. My tongue pressed between his parted lips and stroked his tongue once, twice and then again until I moaned and an unbearable ache surged between my legs.

My fingers gripped his sweaty T-shirt. I kept kissing Eagan until he groaned softly in his sleep.

“I love you,” I murmured against his lips.

I moved away from him. I forced myself to stand, I grabbed my guitar case and I left.

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A Veil of Glass and Rain: Special Edition, by Petra March

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On the bus, I kept licking my lips; I tasted him, the salt of his sweat, and a hint of cinnamon.

(A Veil of Glass and Rain: Special Edition, by Petra March)

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