

Skin and Bones

By Sherry Shahan

"Give me your hand," she said, barely a whisper.

Bones held out his hand tentatively. She took it and placed it on her hear over her left breast. So small. So delicate. She didn't move. He didn't move.

..."Kiss me," she said.

Bones let his hand linger, and then slowly slip away, not wanting her to think he was greedy. He touched her cheek, careful not to poke her in the eye. He wasn't sure what to do with his other hand, so he put it in his pocket. Classic move.

He felt stupid for worrying about his breath, knowing it was gross from the wine- and he worried Alice was about to find out how little he know about kissing- and he wondered if she had condoms in the bag- and imagined himself unrolling one, all suave-like- and realized he was wasting the most amazing moment in his life- and wished his brain would just shut the fuck up. Alice leaned forward. "Now."

Bones shuddered. "Okay."

He made small movements, taking her face in his hands like he'd seen in movies. He kissed the tip of her nose. He brushed his lips against hers, soft little butterfly kisses. Her lips were smooth and succulent. He closed his eyes, drinking in her essence. Cigarette smoke and wine and promise. She touched his tongue with hers, and they were kissing, really kissing. Then somehow her tongue was probing his ear and his fingers moved to the slender curve of her waist.

"Kiss my neck. No, here. Harder. Yes." Alice purred. "It's okay to use your teeth."

Bones nibbled.

Alice purred louder. "Ummm."

Niether of them wanted to pull away.

His hand drifted slowly to her breast. This time she pressed into it. His fingers roamed to her other breast, while she traced the side of his neck with her tongue. He'd never felt anything like this. No words could describe it.

Her hand roamed down, down, down.

His heart beat fast, fast, fast.

And so loud he thought his ears would explode.

Then she touched him there.

God.

She began rubbing circles through his sweat pants and boxers. Softly. More circles. Then squeezing him. Gently, then firmly. Her hand wrapped around him. Steady tugs. Bones wouldn't las another second like this. He hummed inside, little explosions of ecstasy, while he lost his innocence in a six-by-eight-foot compartment that wasn't going up or down.

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Not For Minors
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