Ephemeral

I felt the warm sea breeze caress my face as we admired the sunset unfolding before our eyes. His hand played with my hair, and I relished in the perfection of that exact moment. It was all there was available to us in this lifetime, stolen glimpses that would be relived in our stormiest hours.

I was conflicted between closing my eyes to savor every bit of the touch I'd soon lose and crave, or keeping them open not to miss the spectacle in front of us. He tilted my chin to the side so we were eye to eye.

"Care to share what is spinning up there?" he asked, staring at my eyes with that look that meant he did have some ideas of what was going on in my mind.

"Dreading the flight back home in economy" I said, which wasn't really a lie but also not completely true either.

He let his hands travel through my jawline, the lightest of touches leaving fever behind in its trail, until he reached the nape of my neck and spread his fingers on my skull to pull my hair. The urge to close my eyes had won at that moment as I felt his breath on my ear.

"You really should stop trying to lie in my presence, I always know," he whispered.

"I hate you. I wasn't lying, I am dreading economy."

He released some of the pressure on my hair, coming closer so our lips were almost touching, and pulled me on his lap with a quick movement that made me chuckle. I straddled him, my hands stroking his arms and shoulder.

"We have an agreement," he said against my lips, "No need to hide from each other, we are here to share everything."

He nibbled my lower lip and I felt electricity come up my spine, making me shiver.

"You always go so low with me to get what you want. A menace, really," I said, taking a deep breath before opening my eyes, only to see the depth of his gaze reading my soul "I was just deciding if I needed to imprint the view or the feeling here."

It was aggravating, really, how he could make all the softness I was so fond of repressing to the darkest corners of my being come to the surface. The talent the man had to access the ugliest and prettiest parts of me in equal measure, leaving me bare for inspection was the most erotic and irritating part of us.

"I see. Maybe I can help you decide." he said.

He captured me in a slow kiss, igniting the heat that was already simmering within my belly.

Oh, to live in this moment, feeling his hands explore my salty skin, his tongue dancing with mine, tattooing marks of the insatiable yearning that plagued me. The battle of desire and longing made me breathless so I broke the kiss and joined our foreheads, panting. He stroked the hair away from my face, also breathing heavily, with a lazy grin on his lips.

“We only have the here and now, sunshine”