

Bourne
toWrite...
creative writing
workshops

Timing

by Melody Bertucci

Hand brake up engine off. She checks her reflection in the car's rear-view mirror for the billionth time and fixes her hair making sure it's in its desired place. Taking a long inhale, she carefully applies some lip balm to her lips, then tries to place the cap back onto the lip balm but her trembling hands make this simple task a mission. She finally exhales.

What's happening? What the fuck am I doing? Should I be here? Too many questions and not enough time to address them.

Deep breath in through the nose, long cleansing breath out through the mouth. She glances at her reflection again.

"Ahhh...you've fucking got this!" she tells herself and finally opens the door to a new and unexpected chapter.

Waiting outside his door for the first time, she nervously shifts her weight from one foot to the other. The lights in the landing come on. She quickly turns to face the road attempting to take in some more cleansing breaths but she's doing it all wrong now.

"Hey!"

His voice, she's finally heard it. She turns around to face the beginning.

She can't stop talking, she hears herself waffling on, but he's equally as talkative. They get on like a house of fire, like they've always known each other. The raw sexual tension is evident to both of them it's making her nervous. She needs something to level her out from climbing the walls, she feels like she could just jump him and there would be no coming back from that.

She sparks her smoke, takes a long drag all the way to the back of her throat until her lungs are full and then slowly exhales. She repeats this a couple of times until she's soaring high away from her overthinking. The herbal smell in the air revives a part of him that he'd been trying to put to rest. He can't keep away anymore. He confidently makes his way towards her. Without a word he picks her up his arms, she raps her legs around him and they collapse onto his bed.

They explore each other's mouths. Their kisses are hungry, fierce, firm and their tongues feel like no strangers to one another, they know exactly what and where they are meant to go. She can't hold back anymore and succumbs to his sexual charm.

After several hours, the moans and groans of pure passion and lust had come to a climactic stop. She'd never been spontaneous like this before. She was happy, laying there with his arm around her smelling in his aftershave and the taste of alcohol in his breath as he slept beside her. He was amazing, but she couldn't help but feel guilty. The house is silent now and she feels like a stranger here. Maybe she should have told him.