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LEMON TEA

By

HH SELF

He always thought of her as a beautiful woman. His desire for her felt the moment he first saw her. But maybe he had gone too far this time. He knew she could never be his, a husband and a family made that clear. Yet they did not seem to see her, not as he saw her. They did not see the need in her eyes or hear the longing for more in a weary sigh. He saw what others missed and wished with every passing moment that he could be the one to fill the emptiness within her.

He had arrived early making sure the smallest of details would not be overlooked, even though part of him felt sure she would not show up. Flirting was one thing; a stolen kiss perhaps dismissed as a silly passing thought, but this. His heart pounded as he sat in the straight back chair looking around the most expensive suite in the city. One far beyond his meager means but this would be perfect if she did show up. He knew at best she would only be able to steal three hours from that other life.

The knock came softly but in the silence of the room, it jarred him back to reality. The air in the room, like morning mist struck by the sun, evaporated leaving only want. Eyes closed he rose, picturing her in the flowered dress he had first seen her in. With long strides, he crossed the room. As he opened the door, his gaze locked to her red nose and puffy eyes. Was he the cause of this? Had she been crying because he pushed her to meet him this way? “What’s...?”

She coughed and sniffed, looked up at him with watery eyes. “Sorry I shouldn’t have come. One of the kids brought home a cold and... I shouldn’t have come. It was selfish, sorry. I’ll just go...”

“NO! Please don’t.” His arm went around her and he led her into the suite. “I know just what you need.” He called room service and ordered a pot of lemon tea.

She scanned the room as she took a slow graceful turn then she walked to where she could see into the large bedroom. In its center, a bed with covers pulled down and rose petals covering the exposed sheet. French doors opened to a large bathroom where the soft glow of candles flickered and steam rose from the large heated tub. “Oh that’s so lov—” she coughed into the wad of tissue in her hand then blew her nose. “Lovely...sorry. I hate to disappoint you but—”

A loud knock rattled the entry door and a voice saying “room service,” crept in pulling their gazes apart.

“Don’t move,” he said, “please,” She stood still in front of the door leading to the bedroom. He crossed the large room and opened the entry door just enough to take the tray and hand the waiter a tip making sure he could not

see into the room. Tray in hand he moved to the bathroom and placed it on the side of the large tub. With a finger curling he motioned for her to come closer.

“Really... the way I feel, I want our first time to be special,” she whispered as she closed the distance between them with reluctant small steps.

“Trust me.” He took the tissue from her hand and tossed it into the trash. He slipped the jacket from her shoulders and then started to unbutton her blouse. Her eyes narrowed and her brow furrowed. “Trust,” he whispered so close to her ear the heat of his breath washed over it. He pulled her shirttail free and finished unbuttoning the blouse. For the first time he saw her breasts and they were more beautiful than he could have imagined. Her hands rose to cover them and he answered by a soft kiss to her shoulder. The feel of her flesh to his lips caused his heart to thunder and his breath to fall short of his need once more.

Each arm taken in turn he slipped the blouse free and set it on the footstool. Her hands quickly returned to cover darkening nipples.

Kneeling down he undid the small silver buckles and pulled off her shoes. He placed them with care by the footstool. Her body flinched slightly as he reached up and unsnapped her skirt. The sound of the zipper lowering seemed to endlessly echo off the marble tile, a sound that could not help but send a rush of heat coursing through his veins. He lowered the skirt to reveal black lace panties and the top of thigh high stockings. “Really I don’t think I can...”

“Trust” still his only reply. He raised one of her legs then the other freeing the skirt. Rolling down the stockings, he kissed her knee, then calf, then ankle. His hand to her calf he raised her foot slightly removing the stockings and placed them with the growing pile of clothes. When he turned back his gaze locked for a moment on the thin black cloth, the outline of what lay below causing his pulse to race. Her last refuge of shyness he thought. He looked up to find her biting at her lower lip and eyes questioning if she really knew this man. Looking into her eyes his forefingers hooked the waistband at each side and he lowered her panties to her knees. With each lowering inch, her eyes widened, she looked like a lost fawn. A reassuring smile given, his gaze traced down the soft curves of her body until he reached the newly revealed skin. He placed a soft kiss in the crease of her thigh and smiled at the neatly trimmed curls. She freed one hand and lowered it, covering her sex as he helped her step from her panties.

As he rose to his feet, one arm went around her waist and the other under her knees picking her up. A few steps and he lowered her into the hot water of the tub. He did not mind that his dress shirt became soaked or that her hands lowered quickly with surprise and water splashed his slacks. He placed

her as gently on the bottom of the tub as a floating leaf kisses the ground. Starting with her toes, he massaged and washed them with care and love. Ever so slowly, he moved up her legs. Reaching their top, he did not touch the place he longed to but moved over her hips and caringly massaged her sides. Standing he removed his clothes then slipped in behind her. His arms around her waist he pulled her close kissing the back of her neck. Her head rocked back on his shoulder with a sigh and then, "This feels so good, so relaxing I could almost drift off to..."

Her eyes fluttered closed and her breathing relaxed. He held her there letting caresses soothe her dreams and kisses to her shoulders take the last of their burden from them. There they sat, her drifting safely in a world with no cares and him holding the only woman he ever loved knowing he could never really have her.

The time passed, as it always does and soon came the time for her to leave. With a kiss to her lips, he brought her back to the world of reality. He dried and dressed her with the same loving care as he had undressed her, a short time before. At the door, he kissed her softly, "call me and let me know how you are feeling." After she left he returned to the straight back chair and sat in the silent room. There was a smile on his face as he sipped the now cold lemon tea.