

Watching

(By: Ron)

I awoke the next morning to the sun shining through the blinds on the window beside my bed. It was one of those crystal clear but freezing cold days, the type only the northwestern states can provide. It was cold enough in the room for me to see my breath, but I was lucky enough to have a delightfully soft bed warmer cuddled up next to me.

Lying there, I appreciated her warmth. I ran my hand over her shoulder and down her torso until my hand rested on her chest. I felt her breath move in and out, the subtle thumping of her heart against her rib cage. She fascinated me like no one I had ever known.

Her lips were slightly parted; I kissed her lightly. She kissed me back, slowly coming out of sleep. By the time we separated she was blinking sleepily, smiling up at me. I smiled back.

"Good morning." she said and stretched, breathing deeply in the cold air.

"Definitely good, I think."

"I think so, too." she agreed, moving closer to me and rested her head on my chest. She started to play with my sparse chest hair, roughing it up and then smoothing it out again. "Let's just stay here all day."

"I like that idea." I smiled. "But we'll have to get up sometime."

"As long as it's not right now." she sighed, closing her eyes. We lay there for a few minutes, enjoying one another's company. My mind wandered to the question that had been constantly bothering me since she kissed me the night before.

"Jenny, you don't have to answer this, but I need to ask you."

"What?" she asked. I felt her muscles tense.

"Why are you here? I mean, why did you stay? You could have left..." I sighed. "What it boils down to is this; why did you kiss me last night?"

She was silent for a moment, staring at the half closed blinds on the window. "I kissed you because you're the only one who has ever seemed to care about me, or what happened to me. You gave me your coat, you comforted me; if that wasn't enough, you gave me a place to stay... You're just so kind and I just felt I had to repay you for all you had done."

Then I realized the meaning of her words.

"You mean last night...all of it, was just payment?" I said slowly, anger rising in my chest. "Here I was, thinking you actually felt something for me, and all it was..." I couldn't think about it anymore. I jumped out of bed, only pausing long enough to grab my robe, then walked swiftly out of the room and down the stairs. Sitting on the couch in front of the fireplace, I stared at the cold ashes of the fire, shivering in the freezing air. All I could think about was her, my mind buzzing with thoughts of last night, not being able to believe that all of what had happened had no real feeling in it. Something I had cherished, even for just that short time. Now it was gone, taking her with it.

I heard the bed squeak upstairs, and a few seconds later, the pad of her feet on the hardwood of the stairs. I closed my eyes and put my head in my hands as she approached the couch. She stopped a few feet behind me and stood there silently hunting for the right words to say. I didn't let her.

"Why?" I asked her. "Why must everyone who ever gets close to me have some other reason for being there?" I raised my head to stare at the wall as tears blurred my eyes. "No one really cares. My Dad doesn't, we barely speak to each other even when he is here. My Mom didn't. My relatives? They don't even like having me around. You don't care either. I let someone in and they leave, or hurt me in one way or another. People wonder why I don't have friends. This is why. It's just not worth the pain."

I heard a sniff behind me. I turned to see her standing behind me in my father's old robe, tears running down her face. "I didn't mean it the way it came out!" she sobbed. "I do like you...a lot. I've had a, I guess you could call it a crush on you for a long time, and then all this happened...and it just seemed so right. I didn't mean to hurt you. I'll get my things and leave." she turned and ran back up the stairs.

I was numb for a few moments as her words sank in. I considered what she had said. If she really meant what she said...I had been a total ass. I got up and climbed the stairs. I could hear her crying and followed the sound to my room. I couldn't see her when I walked in the door and looked around. I found her huddled in a corner, the robe pulled tightly around her. I walked over to her.

"Jenny?" I said gently. She didn't respond. "I'm sorry for what I said, and did. I misunderstood. Please don't leave."

She looked up at me in surprise, her eyes red from crying. "You want me to stay?"

"Yes. You're...very special to me." I said with difficulty. "You are the only one who's ever actually wanted to touch me, or be near to me for as long as I can remember. I hadn't even had so much as a pat on the shoulder in over a year before you shared my coat. When you've been alone as long as I have, you become afraid of letting anyone near you. I let you in against my better judgment. I've been attracted to you since the first day you climbed aboard that bus almost two years ago, but was afraid of what would happen if anything happened, what others would think. What I'm trying to say Jenny is that I think I love you."

"You what?" she said in shock, looking up at me with her face streaked with tears. I collapsed against the wall and slid down until I was sitting a few feet away from her.

"I...love you." I said, afraid to look at her. Afraid of rejection.

"Really?" she got up and sat down next to me. "You love me?"

"Yes." I sighed, finally looking at her. She started to cry again, but wrapped her arms around me. "Thank you." she sobbed. I hugged her to me. I stroked her back, tears dripping out of my eyes and soaking into her hair.

"So you'll stay?" I asked.

"Stay? I couldn't have left if I wanted to. I don't know where you put my clothes." she said through the tears. I tried to keep my face straight, but I couldn't help myself and burst out laughing. She joined me and soon we were a laughing, crying heap in the corner of the room. I never wanted it to end.

She ended up cuddled in my arms, still sitting in that same corner. It was cold and uncomfortable, but neither of us wanted to move and break the warmth flowing through our embrace. When we both began to shiver despite our shared body warmth, I decided it was time to move. "What do you say we get up and catch a quick shower, and then eat breakfast?" I asked her.

"Sounds good to me." She hopped up. I followed. "You get the shower water hot. I need to toss your clothes into the dryer so you have something more to wear than just that ratty old robe."

"What, don't you think I look beautiful?" she said, posing provocatively.

"Well, when you wear it that way..."

"If I wore it like this in public I'd be arrested for indecent exposure." she cut me off and grinned.

"I'd visit you in prison." I said, hugging her against me. We kissed. I held the embrace for a few seconds.

"I love you too." she whispered into my ear, then ran off in the direction of the master bathroom, her hair flying out behind her. I stood there, stunned. I knew she meant it. I could sense that she did. I almost danced my way to the basement. Tossing her clothes into the dryer, I ran back upstairs. I could hear the water running as I approached the bathroom, steam billowing out the partially open door. Pushing it open, I was instantly surrounded by clouds of steam. I walked in.

Jenny walked out of the shadows, goddess like in her appearance. She was nude, having shed the robe. She had taken the time to straighten out her hair, and her eyes seemed to glimmer in the diffused light. She was breathtaking.

"Your shower awaits." she said seductively. I took her in my arms and kissed her deeply.

"You're beautiful." I said, running my hands down the soft skin of her back. She shivered.

"Brrr, your hands are cold! Let's get in the shower and I'll see if I can warm them up a little." She grinned with a glimmer in her eye that I was coming to recognize as arousal.

"I can't wait." I said, returning the grin. She pulled the robe off my shoulders, and we stepped into the shower together. The temperature was perfect.

Jenny stepped under the shower nozzle, the water slicking back her hair and cascading over her body. She motioned for me to join her. I slid under the shower nozzle and pulled her tightly against me. The water filled the few gaps between our skins, making each of us feel immersed in each other. We ran our hands over each other, wanting to know every detail of the person we loved. My cock pressed into the soft skin of her belly. She moved back slightly and grasped it.

"You've done so much for me, but I've done nothing for you." She said, running the palm of her hand over the head. "You've done a lot more than you think." "Maybe. But show me, I want to make you feel as good as you made me feel."

I nodded. "You're doing pretty well as it is. Just move your hand up and down slowly. The tip is the most sensitive." I moaned as she followed my instructions.

"That's great." I could feel the previous night's activities catching up with me, it felt better than I had imagined. My breathing speed up. I grunted as I climaxed. The first jet hit her in the stomach. She gasped and stopped pumping as the second stream covered her hand. The next weaker streams dripped onto the floor of the shower and ran down the drain.

I leaned against the wall in exhaustion. "Wow. I didn't know that much would come out." Jenny said in amazement.

"There usually isn't." I said, still panting. "It's just been building up for a while." She moved closer to me, and I hugged her.

"Let me soap you up." I said, grabbing a pink bar of Dove soap.

"I think I can do that myself." she giggled.

"Not the way I'm going to do it." I grinned at her.

"If it's the same way I'm thinking about I could manage it. But I think I'll enjoy the result more if you do it." She stood on her tiptoes and kissed me on the chin, moving toward the center of the shower.

"One of these days you're going to have to show me how you would manage it." I said with a glint in my eye as I pointed the shower head away from us.

"Maybe next time." she said seductively.

"I'll look forward to it." I ran the soap between my hands, spreading the lather over her shoulders and back. I massaged her shoulders, rubbing out the tension of the last few days. My hands slid lower as I traced the gentle curves of her waist until they blossomed out slightly at her hips. Her small firm ass cheeks neatly filled the palms of my hands. She ground her hips back against me, coaxing me onward. I soaped my hands again. Starting again at her shoulders, I let my hands move over her front, cupping her small, half-apple sized breasts. I rolled the erect pink nipple between thumb and forefinger. She moaned, pushing against my hands. She twisted her head back and kissed me, our tongues sliding deeply into each other's mouths. Releasing her breasts, I let my soapy hands glide down over her stomach until I reached the thin patch up pubic hair.

"Do you want me to go lower?" I teased. "Pleeeese." she moaned. I cooperated and delved between her thighs, slipping gently between the swollen lips of her labia. She grunted as I ran a finger over her erect clit, her body arching out to meet my hand. She squealed in pleasure as I pushed first one then two fingers into the tight pink confines of her vaginal walls, stopping only at her virginity. Her hips moved with my hands as I started to pump my fingers in and out of her, her grunts becoming louder as she moved towards orgasm. The wet sounds of my soapy fingers in the pussy and her grunts of pleasure filled the shower stall.

She cried out as she reached her plateau, her body straining rigidly outwards. Her pussy contracted rhythmically around my fingers. A few seconds later she collapsed in my arms, gasping for air.

"That was incredible." she gasped.

"Must have been from what I saw. In fact I'm going to have to catch it on film one of these days." I said innocently.

"Pervert." she laughed.

"Yes, but I'm your pervert." I said, reaching for the shower head and turning back on us. I rinsed both of our bodies while she leaned limply against me. She sighed resignedly and let me rinse the sweat and soap off of her. A few minutes later we stepped out of the shower. We dried each other off, and I tossed the towels in the customary corner of the bathroom to be picked up whenever I got around to doing a load of laundry.

"I see I'm going to have to house train you." she said, eyeing the sizable stack of mildew covered towels. I shrugged and walked out the door and turning into my room and began to get dressed while she stood watching me.

"Where are my clothes? I can't just walk around nude all day." she said impatiently.

"Why not? I prefer my women to be nude and barefoot. Makes them easier to manage." I said, stepping into a pair of jeans. I could almost hear her teeth grinding from across the room. I guffawed as I turned and saw the expression on her face.

"That's twice I got you." I laughed. I stumbled as I tried to pull up my pants and fell backwards onto the bed, still laughing.

Up until then she had just stood there glowering at me, but when I fell over her face melted into a grin. She walked over and lay down beside me. "You may be a clumsy sexist pig, but I still love you." She laughed and kissed my cheek. She rested her head on her arm and looked at me. I gazed back, memorizing every detail of her face.

My eyes drifted into hers and stopped. We stared at each other, enjoying the closeness and the quiet of the moment. Then my stomach rumbled, breaking the silence.

"I guess we'd better go get something to eat." she said.

"And get your clothes." I reminded her.

"Yes. I have to admit that this is pretty comfortable, but damn cold." She rolled onto her back and stretched. Her back arched, forcing her hips off of the mattress. She relaxed with her hands resting above her head. "How do I look?" she asked and gave me a sexy look.

"Just wait a second while I roll my tongue back in." She laughed and rolled off the bed, standing above me.

"Let me get my pants up." I stood up and almost fell over again. Jenny giggled. I managed to get my pants on but had some trouble with the zipper. "Now look at what you did." I complained, pointing to the large bulge in the front of my jeans.

"Poor Alex." she walked over and hugged me, rubbing her body against me.

"You aren't helping any." I said weakly. She giggled again and backed away.

"You're no fun."

"Yeah, yeah, I know. Come on." I headed for the basement and Jenny followed.