

She

She was the epitome of all that I had ever found alluring in a woman and my first glimpse of her sent my mind skipping along the limits of my imagination.

The City of London had always conjured up the possibility of a romantic dalliance. Somehow, I knew that this could be the opportunity of a lifetime, and I was determined to seize it with both hands.

Her well-groomed, sophisticated appearance was set off by the tailored navy jacket and skirt, which fitted perfectly and added to the image of confidence she exuded.

Studying her surreptitiously, I noted that her attractive features were enhanced by a pair of laughing green eyes that told of the personality that lay behind them. They spoke of a playful and fun loving lady who would not spurn the chance of a romantic interlude.

I caught her attention and invited her to join me.

She smiled, "Thank you," as she sat down but there was more than a polite acknowledgement in her tone. It was obvious that we were intrigued with each other.

Our conversation, not stilted, as is often the case when strangers meet, was lively and relaxed from the outset. Soon we were discovering similarities.

It came as no surprise when she commented, "I can hardly believe this, I feel so comfortable with you. It's as though we've known each other for ages."

"You could be right, of course," I probed.

"Reincarnation?" she ventured. "The thought did cross my mind."

"Well, we can discuss that at our leisure, but first things first, how long will you be staying in London?" I asked.

"I leave on Sunday but I'm free on Wednesday and Friday evenings," followed an enticing smile.

"Are there any shows you'd like to see?"

She answered somewhat wistfully, "I dearly wanted to see the ballet triple bill but it was fully booked when I enquired,"

I smiled, "Guess what? I have two tickets for Friday night and one is going begging."

Her whole being lit up, "Is this an invitation I hear?" she purred, "What about your intended partner?"

Struggling to hide my delight I said, "There isn't one. I just bought two tickets on an impulse. Call it a premonition if you like. Perhaps I knew I was going meet you."

"You presumptuous man," she teased, obviously delighted and beginning to play along.

"Right. That's settled," I said.

Choosing my next words deliberately I asked, "Could I also have you to myself on Wednesday? A Chinese dinner perhaps?"

Leading me on she said, "I'm all yours."

She had watched my eyes and read me like a book.

Seeing my obvious excitement, she leaned forward, whispering seductively, "About the ballet, I must warn you that I feel very romantic after an evening at the ballet - and I don't like to be left alone."

A surge of pleasure ran through me and I beamed, "I hoped that you might feel that way."

Smiling, she reached across the table and put her hand on mine to echo what our eyes and words had already said.

Emboldened by her action I said, "I've fantasized about meeting someone like you in London for a long time."

She squeezed my hand and smiled mysteriously, "So have I. However, that's just the first part of my fantasy. Later on I may share the other half with you."

A Chinese evening is a wonderfully relaxing way to get to know your partner. Over dinner we talked about our lives and our likes with a candour that few couples achieve. We were both prepared for the chemistry between us to develop and saw no harm in being carried away by our fantasies for a few days.

After dinner, we passed an all night café where she was tempted to indulge in something sweet. Dark Lindt chocolate, I noted with mounting excitement.

One corner of the shop was filled with all sorts of erotic fun stuff including books and items of stationery with tantalising drawings on them.

A drawing I'd first seen in London many years ago caught my attention. I had since often fantasized about it.

I drew her attention to it and, as casually as I could, I asked, "Don't you find that incredibly erotic?"

"Oh yes I do," she replied enthusiastically.

She took my arm and pulled me against her and asked seductively, "Would you do that for me?"

My heart and hormones somersaulted, "Will you let me?"

She blushed, smiled coyly and asked again, "Will you, really?"

"I've had this dream for years," I said.

She looked me straight in the eye and said, "Then I want you to do it for me – after the ballet."

I could hardly believe my ears. My face must have reflected my rapture as she smiled, "You've not found a willing partner?"

I shook my head.

She laughed, "I can't believe how similar we are, down to the same thwarted desires."

Then she put her lips against my ear and whispered, "As for the other part of my fantasy. I've found the right man and he's willing."

Drawing back, she added, "This is more than uncanny, you know. If you wrote all this in a novel, no one would believe you. They'd think you'd lost it."

On Friday evening I watched her come down the stairs, overjoyed that this gorgeous creature was going to share the ballet and a fantasy with me.

She wore a pair of attractive black sandals, highlighting shapely bare legs that disappeared under a pencil slim black dress. I let my gaze run slowly upwards lingering on all her enticing curves.

An exquisite string of pearls, standing out against the blackness of the high round collar completed a stunning picture.

She smiled as she watched my eyes silently devoured her and said an exaggerated, “Why thank you, Sir.”

“You are absolutely stunning,” I said.

“Only that?” she teased, “I hoped for something more along the lines of, ‘ravishingly sexy’, perhaps?”

Caught off guard, I blushed. She laughed delightedly at my momentary discomfort.

As the lights went out for the first ballet she slipped her arm into mine and cuddled against me. It took a little while to shift my concentration from her smell and her warmth onto the stage.

The first two ballets were excellent, as was the third. However, in this ballet the dancers wore skin-tight, flesh coloured leotards. These, together with the sensuous and erotic choreography, turned us both on.

As the ballet developed she slid her hand down my arm and our fingers interlocked. Then she crossed her legs and hooked a foot behind my knee as if to say - just for tonight you’re all mine.

Strolling back slowly along the moonlit Thames we spoke of the beauty of ballet and discussed why we found it to be such a sensuous art form. An art form that conjured up magical fairytale worlds – worlds that we would not easily want to leave at the end of the show.

A short while later I closed her door behind us.

“Please undo my zip,” she said.

I slid it down carefully, slowly revealing her back. Then I guided her dress off her shoulders and she pulled her arms free. The dress slid to her waist. I gave a gentle push and it fell around her ankles.

In one dainty movement, she stepped out of it, picked it up and turning to me said, “Please hang it up.”

Facing me, she was wearing only her black sandals, in all her naked beauty. Her proportions close to perfection and my eyes roamed all over her, much to her obvious enjoyment.

“I’m going to take a bath,” she said, “Would you like to join me?”

By the time I’d undressed she was kneeling in the bath swishing the water as it filled. It was my turn to enjoy her eyes on me. We stood chatting about the ballet as if we’d been in this situation a hundred times before. Perhaps we had, who knows?

“Anticipation is such a lovely feeling, isn’t it?” she said suddenly, giggling and tossing a handful of water at me.

Satisfied with the depth of water she stretched back languidly and closed her eyes.

I dried myself, walked to the bedroom and stretched my aroused body luxuriously across the width of the bed.

“I feel like a teenager on my first date,” she called out, giggling. “In fact it’s the same giddy feeling of anticipation as the night I decided to lose my virginity.”

Then she walked towards me from the bathroom and my emotions ran riot. I was trembling with anticipation and she sensed this.

At the foot of the bed she hesitated and I was once again aware of her navy jacket and skirt as she broke my reverie with, “We are about to land at Heathrow, please put your seatback in the upright position.”

I complied automatically and the click of the seat mechanism snapping upright threw me into a state of complete disorientation.

Ray Hattingh