

Tides of Honour

by Genevieve Graham

Love Scene

I'm not an author who enjoys writing sex scenes; however, that doesn't mean I don't love to write intimate, loving scenes. The difference—to my way of thinking—is I like to leave the characters on their own to enjoy each other in private. My favourite way to write love scenes is to step back and "fade to black". This scene, well, this scene seemed like so much more than sex to me, but it does include physical love.

Back then, sex wasn't a normal topic of conversation, so there was a lot unsaid. A lot unknown. Here Danny and Audrey both discover something that can only bring them closer together.

In the beginning the newlyweds took it easy, sleeping late, though Audrey objected. She thought they should be out with the family, working as they were. But Danny assured her not only was it their right as a newly married couple, but they both deserved it, after having survived the war and all.

Really, Danny would have said anything to keep her lying there with him. They had been married for five days and still there was nothing in the world more beautiful to him than seeing the soft lines of her face outlined by the morning sun. He traced the plump outline of her lips with his eyes as she slept, and wished he could—just for one brief moment—be her eyelashes so he could caress her china doll cheeks.

Most nights he talked her into letting her hair go unbound so he could see it curled over her pillow, but sometimes, if the next day was going to be something out of the ordinary, she pinned it up into little curls. Last night, when a cold autumn rainstorm blew off the shore, her curls had hung untethered. She had gone to bed in her woollen nightshirt with long underwear bottoms, her feet swaddled in wool socks. He had removed all but the socks then kept her warm within the circle of his body.

She lay on her stomach this morning, cheek sunk in the pillow, the curve of her naked shoulder peeking at him from under the blanket. He wanted to stroke her skin, but he didn't. She was normally so active he rarely got to see her like this: untouched by either circumstance or anyone's questions. Just Audrey. She frowned in her sleep, a little line drawing her brows together, then relaxed as a momentary fear flickered through her dream. Her mouth puckered just a little, and Danny leaned in, unable to resist any longer. He kissed her lips, then waited, a breath away from doing it again. She opened her eyes and he watched her pupils contract as she focused.

"Danny," she sighed, then closed her eyes again.

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He responded by kissing one eyelid, which made her giggle and squeeze them tighter. He loved that giggle. He rolled closer and took her earlobe gently between his teeth.

"Oh, Danny," she whispered.

All his life he had wondered why he woke up with all the blood straining beneath his waist. Now he understood. She was mussed from sleep, warm from the covers, indescribably beautiful, and his. Audrey was his. He had done something right in his life, and she was his reward. He rolled on top of her and she smiled, the sleep in her expression slowly transforming to something deeper. He groaned at the feel of her around him, and she gave him a little smile. He started to move, then stopped, turning his head so he could see her face.

What was that little smile she was giving him? Certainly it didn't reflect what he felt. It wasn't passion in her eyes, not like when he kissed her and she kissed him back. Sure, the smile was pleasant enough, but despite the fact that they couldn't physically get any closer to each other, he felt separate from her.

"What is it?" he asked.

"What? Oh, nothing," she said, sweetly. "Are you finished already?"

His cheeks went suddenly hot. "No, no, I'm not."

She grinned, delighted. "You're blushing! Why?"

No, he wasn't going to make this about him today. He kissed her, long and slow, then pulled away to see how she reacted to the kiss. There it was: that dark need in her eyes that practically melted him with their intensity. He wanted her to look like that when he was inside her. He kissed her more, running his hands over her body until she started to breathe faster. Curious, he used his hands to explore parts of her he'd never felt before, and she stiffened.

"What?" he asked. "What's the matter?"

"Oh-I don't know. It is only-Just kiss me, Danny. You do not need to touch me there."

"Why not?"

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"Danny, please don't. Danny?"

"Does it feel good?" he asked.

She gasped. "I don't know. I-oh, Danny-"

His fingers moved over her again, and she moaned quietly, out of breath, sounding almost frightened. He moved his thumb again, and Audrey seemed to soften. She moved differently-somewhere between a jerking motion and a twist. Then all at once she cried out, gripping his back hard with her nails.

"Danny, stop! Danny! Oh no!" and she arched back against the pillow, her muscles clenching and releasing, clenching and releasing around him.

The realization that he had done this for her took hold, and he let himself go, let his body go helpless along with hers.

When the moment passed, he rolled to the side and looked at her. She was still as stone, staring blankly at the ceiling.

"What was that?" she asked quietly, sounding somewhat awed.

"Did you like it?"

She blinked then turned toward him. "Can we do it again?"

He laughed, and her smile brightened the whole room. He grabbed her hand and squeezed it. "Oh, yeah. As often as possible."

"I had no idea. Is that how it feels for you?" she asked.

"Guess so. Pretty darn near the best feeling on earth."

"Will it feel like that every time?"

"I suppose now that we know better what to do, then yeah. Hope so, anyway."

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She exhaled and looked back toward the ceiling, looking entirely content. She blew out her breath and a little curl flipped off her lips. "Me, too."