## **First Served**

an erotic fiction in the first-person plural.

We're cuddling for warmth after his car breaks down on the way out. With the snow, close enough to feel

each other's heartbeats. Hear each other's breaths. So it's

## basically

impossible for him not to get hard. But I won't let him get embarrassed by his share in the

pleasure, — try to be there, when he's feeling most tender, and make him live for that feeling.

I want his cock in the crease of my hip. I want to wrap my leg around his. I do it. Blissful heat through cotton against jean.

We've been fondling the edges of our frames, giggling

and cooing to each other.

Our lips are inches apart

and we can feel the other's breath.

And we're egging

each other on. (Prompting, teasing, testing to see who would break first and lean in for the kiss.

It'd be an embrace in stasis, but with the friction still building between our thighs,

we can't help it, we're moaning. And every inch of the other's skin is utter fascination to us, so we're compelled to linger over every cell; — caress each solitary hair.) But honey, it'll be okay, because we have

the rest of our lives
to learn
the best ways
to enjoy
each other. And whoever

goes first, we'll be there to throw the other th imaginable,

the best death imaginable under the

circumstances. We just have to keep hoping the kiss will come first.