

His Fingertip

by Judith Nolan

I trace an erotic path lightly across her soft cheek, evincing a response, a shiver of awareness. Before the coming of this woman, I was never judged to be able to give such pleasure. There was nothing but pain; rendering and tearing of flesh and savaged bone. It was often said I was never made for love...

And yet... here I am giving such pleasure as I have never known. Lightly, I touch against her soft lips and they open for me, like a flower. Gently I dip within, and her warmth encloses me, making me hers for all time...

