

Emma and Gian

All summer, on her weekend visits to cheer up her dying uncle, Emma had wondered about Marino's. She first noticed the deli in early June, on her 49th birthday, after being detoured north coming off the Bear Mountain bridge. Its two large windows were crowded with posters heralding local events, giving it a homey feel, and from the line of cars waiting to enter its packed lot, it seemed to be the center of Highland Falls, a scruffy hamlet in the shadow of the US Military Academy at West Point, on the distinctly upstate side of the Hudson.

The detour was cleared by her next visit, but Emma found herself following the same route for a glimpse of Marino's, wondering if they could be related to her old college love. Though he grew up in Jersey a good thirty miles south, she recalled his large family reaching into New York state, with more than a few of them in the restaurant business.

From time to time she would think about Gianfranco Marino, what became of him. He lost his academic scholarship after their inseparable sophomore year and never returned to Cornell. As she threw herself into her junior year, he drifted untethered, and by November their Sunday night calls were no more. After things ended badly over Thanksgiving, he hitchhiked out west, landing in Montana where he took a job flipping burgers at a local ski hill.

In the ensuing years Cornell reunions brought fragmented updates from his former roommates who kept a tenuous thread on his whereabouts. There was a year in Naples learning how to make pizza, another year in Africa building schools.

Their last contact was in '98 or '99, a few years after Emma had graduated. Returning from a weekend at his girlfriend's home in Montauk, he pulled off the Long Island Expressway after seeing the sign for Oyster Bay. For some reason, Emma's Jewish mother, never very fond of Gian, relinquished her number.

He called from a diner near her condo, prying about her status before she turned it back on him. He was evasive about his girlfriend—fiancé it seemed—before crying out he needed to see her. He begged her to come to the diner, vowing he wouldn't leave until she did. He sounded desperate, lost, drunk. It took all her strength but she held firm, in the end disconnecting her phone after he kept calling, his uncharacteristic belligerence upsetting her.

Maybe it was the slump Emma had fallen into since her birthday, or the looming crush of a new school year, but one Saturday late that August curiosity got the best of her and she swung her Tesla into Marino's parking lot, anticipation rising as she prowled for a spot.

Walking across the hardpan gravel she blushed over the memory of how much time she and Gian spent naked, her back to him, nestled in his chest. She never did let him go all the way, so worried about a pregnancy derailing her studies and ambitious career plans. Not that they suffered for it. The spooning—the way she held him in place as he slid against her—was intensely erotic. And their shared sweet innocence, the newness for both of them, late bloomers, shrouded them for hours in their blissful cocoon.

Floating into Marino's she was further intoxicated by the aroma of fresh bread, coffee, sweet basil and other herbs. Five or six customers—local moms and dads—were delighting over the bright food displays. Behind them a handful of four-square tables were immersed in lively lunchtime conversation. The place felt right—safe and familiar.

Emma hung back behind the regulars as they placed their orders and bantered with the two counterwomen, following what she could of their shorthand updates on kids, sports and get-togethers. After a pleasant wait, they got around to her.

“Ciao Bella, may I help you?”

Emma started to ask about the stuffed peppers, but her words stopped. She knew this man, she just couldn't—

“The tomato salad is delicious. From the New Paltz farm, picked this morning.”

Yes, it was Gian's cousin who went to RISD. Luca the sculptor. Violet-blue eyes and black curly hair, peppered with gray now but still full and wild.

He cocked his head, trying to place her.

Her eyes darted back to the display. “Um, yeah, just a moment, please.” She flashed back to a late summer day when she and Gian moved Luca into his off-campus apartment a block from the beach. Somewhere she still had the photo—all smiles and sun-kissed skin, high on life and love. She was squeezed between them, her arms around their shirtless waists, theirs draped over her tanned shoulders.

Drawing a deep breath she looked up, his curious gaze still upon her. He hadn't changed much—huskier, an easy, content vibe.

“Here, try this. Fiore di Zucca, our specialty.”

Emma smiled, accepting the fried zucchini flower. “Oh, my God. That is so good!”

He waved it off. “I'm sure you have them in Westchester,” he teased.

She froze, *Westchester? How would he know that?*

Luca nodded respectfully to her outfit. “Impeccable. I wish more women... yeah.”

“Thank you. I wish more men noticed,” she chuckled under her breath.

He laughed easily. “Here, a twist on a classic—parmigiano instead of mozzarella.”

She accepted Luca's next offering, bruschetta topped with a fresh basil leaf and a feathery shaving of cheese.

“Wait.” He carefully drizzled olive oil over the toasted wedge. “No-no, not yet. A final dash of crushed anise. To match your dark sweetness,” he added with campy suaveness.

Emma laughed with him and slid the delicacy into her mouth. “Mmm. Oh wow. Oh my God, that is so good.”

“Fresh ingredients. All you need.”

“You’re too modest.”

Luca studied her, a memory surfacing, “You look... familiar.”

“Yeah, I, I get that. A lot. Yeah.”

“No, you really do. From like... a long time ago or... somewhere.”

“Yeah, no, sorry.” Emma felt the heat rush to her face.

“You didn’t go to RISD, did you?”

“RISD? No, I... no.” Emma nodded to the food display, “The Octopus Salad. How is it?”

“Cornell! Yes, you’re Emma, Gian’s... It’s me, Luca. His cousin.”

“Yeah, no, sorry.” Emma snatched a crostini sample from a bowl on the counter.

The deli’s front door whooshed open. “We won! Four-three on penalty kicks! We’re going to the Over-Forty Nationals!” The place erupted, a mob of customers springing from their chairs to engulf a shaggy guy in a grass-stained soccer uniform.

Emma watched, relieved for the distraction and touched by the warm outpouring. As the celebration subsided and the throng parted, Emma got a clear look at the guy. She gasped, the dry crostini catching in her throat. Coughing, she turned away, hiding.

“Luca, what are you doing, poisoning our customers.”

Mortified, Emma tried to stifle her coughing.

“Here, come sit.” He guided her to a lone two-person table, upfront and off to the side, his hand on the small of her back. She sat down and hunched forward, head down, while he pulled a chair to her and sat, their knees nearly touching.

“Are you okay? Can I get you anything?”

A cough escaped, then a second, as she fought to catch her breath.

Worried, the guy hovered his hands over Emma’s knees, wishing he could somehow help. Same beautiful hands, she thought. Strong, but soft. A few more veins. No wedding band.

She started coughing again.

“Stay right here.” The guy disappeared behind the food display and into the kitchen.

Moments later he returned to his chair, his knees framing hers.

“Here, this will help.” He handed her an ice-filled glass of a caramel liquid, an orange slice garnishing the rim. “A digestivo to soothe your throat.”

Emma took the tumbler without looking up and swirled it above her lap, stalling.

He took her in, what he could see—chestnut hair, tastefully highlighted and blown out, her white blouse and pressed capris, perfectly fitted. The other side of the Hudson he figured. Scarsdale. Maybe even Greenwich.

“Uh, you have to, you know, drink it. For it to help.”

This is crazy. I’m afraid to let him see me?

“Go ahead, it’ll coat your throat. It’s Frangelico.”

Emma nodded, not daring to look up.

He sighed, not sure what to do. “Do you know what they say about Frangelico?”

Yes, I know! You used to tell me all the time! As did your father and uncle!

The guy shifted in his seat, his concern growing.

Finally, with both hands, Emma brought the glass to her lips and sipped what she could without looking up.

“There you go. That seems better. Yes?”

The thought of making a quick exit crossed Emma’s mind.

“A-Are you okay now?”

Emma nodded slowly.

“Great. I’ll be behind the counter if you need anything.”

“Wait.” Emma motioned him back to his chair. “Please.” The guy sat down.

Emma sucked in a lungful of air and slowly lifted her eyes, settling on his—soft hazel-brown, still too perfect a match for his olive complexion.

“Hello, Gian. It’s so good to see you.”

The guy recoiled sharply. “W-What are you doing here? What are you—” He looked away.

He’s not happy to see me? She felt a tinge of remorse, though not sure why. They were young and had a lot of growing up to do. As much as she adored him, truly loved him, she wasn’t ready to settle down. Besides, it was Gian who disappeared, the reason never clear though she always sensed it was the shame he felt over dropping out.

“I saw the ‘Marino’s’ sign so I.. I just had to stop.”

He glanced at her, then away, unable to meet her hopeful gaze.

“I can’t believe it’s you. This is amazing. This is so... yeah. You look great. Yeah...”

Finally, Gian turned to Emma and offered the gentlest smile that seemed to melt away the years and reasons for their parting, whatever they may have been or pain they caused. It was

September 1993, sophomore year, an Indian Summer day in upstate New York, and his Chocolate Lab puppy had just befriended her.

“It’s so good to see you, Gian. How have you been?”

How have I been? Gian considered the question as if for the first time in a very long time.

He shrugged, “Oh, you know... busy... hanging in there.”

They fell into studying each other—fuller features, fine lines that weren’t there before.

They looked away, then back to linger some more.

“How... How have you been, Bel—Emma?”

Maybe it was nerves but Emma launched into a rapid-fire summary of her pretty perfect life—twin daughters entering their senior year of high school, fund manager husband, crazy Irish Wolfhound, 1920’s Larchmont colonial overlooking the Sound—before she realized he was far away. “Enough of me, tell me about you! Tell me, I want to know.”

He shook away her question.

“C’mon, I want to know!”

He looked off, struggling to hold it together.

“What is it, Gian?” Emma waited as long as she could. “C’mon, Gian, I need to—

“Jeez, Bel, stubborn as ev—” Gian winced, wishing he could pull back his words.

Stung, Emma tried to remember what she was like back then. She certainly wasn’t stubborn now, always putting her girls and pampered husband first.

“I’m sorry. I just wanted to know how you’ve been. And after twenty-eight, twenty-nine, years I thought...” She waited for a response, not sure what to do or how to get through to him.

Gian sighed and returned to her with a sheepish shrug. She smiled gently, offering him the elixir. “You know what they say about Frangelico.”

He accepted the drink and took a small sip, then a longer calming one. He bowed his thanks and eased back into his chair, taking her in—her eyes, her hair, her lips—before catching himself. “I’m sorry, I…” He looked off and sighed.

“Yeah,” she sighed back.

“I just never expected it to be like this. N-Not that I thought about it. Much. A-Anymore, I mean.” He cringed, helpless.

Emma was stunned, realizing he had thought about her a lot more than the occasional fond memory she allowed herself over the years. She didn’t know what to say. She took back the drink and drained it. “Okay, so I guess… see you in another twenty-nine years?”

Gian smiled, grateful for the lifeline.

There they sat—Emma unable to take her eyes off Gian who had to muster all his strength just to steal a glimpse.

She watched him, her concern growing. “Are you, are you alright?”

“Yes, Emma, I’m fine,” a harsh emphasis on her name.

“What is it Gian? Gianfranco Marcello Marino. Tell me. Please.”

He shook his head and looked around the deli, a blur of faces and faraway voices.

“Please, I need to know.”

Gian looked long and deep into her eyes. And then he surrendered. “I just can’t believe how… how beautiful you are. That I actually forgot.”

Emma swallowed hard.

“Which is a good thing. Or was,” Gian muttered to himself.

Emma didn’t know what to say. She wanted nothing more than to hold him, comfort him.

“Can you go for lunch?”

Gian glanced around the deli.

“Right. You got that covered.”

“Luca and I took it over from his dad. Twenty years ago. Maybe a little longer.” Who knows.

“Yeah. Funny how that happens. Time.”

Gian stared down at the floor between them, taking a long time to gather his thoughts. “I waited six hours for you. Six hours dying for you to show up. How could you not show up?”

Emma bowed, absorbing his pain.

“I was right there. I needed you.”

“I’m sorry, Gian, but I... you were... It made no sense for us to...”

“Right.”

“C-Can we go somewhere? A cup of coffee?”

He looked away.

“Please?”

“I’m all dirty. Sweaty.”

“C’mon, Gian, don’t you want to catch up?”

He scanned the deli, distraught.

What was he looking for? Was there someone in his life?

He turned back and locked on her for a long moment. “Follow me. Dunkin Donuts. A mile north past the gate to West Point.” And with that he headed for the door.

Gian edged his tired pickup to the street, Emma tight to its missing tailgate. Gaps in traffic opened, but he waited for when they could both safely make it.

Driving north through Highland Falls, Emma was reminded of just how different the upstate side of the Hudson was from her Westchester side.

They parked on the street in front of a Dunkin Donuts sandwiched between a shoe-repair shop and a fish ‘n game outfitter, a towering carved bear guarding its entrance.

Gian retrieved a key from atop the jamb of a splintered door. “I’ll meet you next door. Gimme ten minutes.” Emma smiled, hiding her shock, then watched him take the slanted wooden stairs two at a time.

She meandered into the Dunkin Donuts where two landscapers were placing their orders in Spanish, flirting with the *senorita* behind the counter. She sat at the window counter that looked out on abandoned storefronts across the deserted street. She wondered about Gian. *What was he doing living here? What was his apartment like? What was he doing right now?*

She went to the restroom to touch herself up. She felt good. Alive. Her thoughts drifted to her husband. *Had he returned from the club? Or still having drinks and a cigar on the veranda? Already home and passed out poolside? Or perhaps in that secretive void between golf and home?*

Returning to her slashed vinyl stool, Emma leafed absently through local shoppers strewn upon the counter, all the while on the lookout for Gian. After a few minutes, unable to wait any longer, she walked outside.

Slipping inside the stairwell she called up for Gian. She called again, louder, her voice echoing back. Holding her breath she ventured up the stairs, one creaky tiptoe at a time. At the top she knocked and waited—deep in thought, her arms wrapped around her chest.

Emma eased into the apartment, vintage Bruce blending with the sound of a running shower. She took in the cozy living room, a credenza crowded with framed photos of twin boys

at various ages—in soccer uniforms, atop a mountain, fishing on a lake, at their high school graduation.

She picked his jersey off the floor and held it to her face, inhaling him for a moment. Edging to the bathroom she peeked through the ajar door, Gian’s outline visible through the fogged glass. She had a sudden urge to go in, talk to him, have a towel ready.

She shook away the dizzying thought and retreated to the living room as the instrumental to “Jungleland” built to its longing climax. “Opera,” he called Springsteen’s shows which he turned her onto during their magical year. The final verse began and with it Gian’s haunting rendition—raw drawn-out emotion—echoing from the bathroom. He hadn’t changed.

Beneath
The city
Two hearts beat
Soul engines running through a night so tender
In a bedroom locked
In whispers
Of soft
Refusal
And then
Surrender

The shower and Gian’s singing stopped, crashing Emma back. She scanned the room, panicking. *What am I doing here?*

She was at the door when he came out of the bathroom wrapped in a white towel. “An intruder! Should I call 911?”

Emma let her hand fall from the doorknob and turned to face him, his tanned chest and stomach taking her breath. “Yeah, tell ‘em to bring the CPR paddles.”

He chuckled. “Be right back.”

She shuffled back into the apartment as Aretha followed Bruce on his playlist, which Emma realized could very well have been from the mix-tape they made their sophomore year. She sat on the edge of the futon and let Aretha's soul wash over her.

Looking out on the morning rain
I used to feel so uninspired
And when I knew I had to face another day
Lord, it made me feel so tired
Before the day I met you, life was so unkind
But you're the key to my peace of mind

Emerging from his bedroom in fresh soccer shorts and a tee shirt, Gian was stopped by the sight of Emma—head down, eyes closed—straining to contain her breathy, quivering rendition—

Cause you make me feel,
You make me feel,
You make me feel like a
Natural Woman... Woman

“Oh, Bella...”

Embarrassed, Emma recovered with a curtsy, “Thank-you, thank-you. And thank you for putting some clothes on. You can call off the ambulance.”

“Ha-Ha. Can I get you something? A drink?”

“Sure. A beer? Though I don't drink beer.”

“Wine, then? Prosecco?”

“No, I think I'll have a beer. Yeah.”

Emma followed Gian into the galley kitchen, noting the way his tee shirt, snug across his shoulders, hung loose over his narrow waist, a look she always loved.

Taking their beers, they made their way onto the narrow back porch, Gian guiding her into the lone chair before opening a metal folding chair for himself.

They settled in, feeling each other out, suddenly a touch awkward.

“To our wonderful youth,” Emma toasted.

“Our wonderful youth,” Gian echoed.

They clinked bottles, finishing their long pulls with satisfying *Ahh*’s, causing them to laugh.

“So, tell me, how’d you end up here?”

“What? You have a problem with mi casa?”

“No, I-I meant here, y-your life.”

“Relax, I was kidding.”

Emma blushed, wondering if she indeed meant how the hell did he end up living above a shoe-repair shop.

“How did I end up here?” Gian mused, crossing his ankles on the porch’s Victorian railing, layers of paint long ago burying the proud detail it once possessed. “Oh, you know... the usual, I suppose. Married, kids, divorced.”

“That girl from Montauk?”

“Yeah. Yeah.”

Emma waited, not wanting to pry but needing more. “What... happened?”

Gian shifted in his chair and picked at the label on his bottle.

“Sorry, nosey of me.”

Gian set his beer down on the five-gallon spackle bucket that served as a coffee table and let out a long, tired sigh. “We never hid anything from each other.”

“Yeah. How rare that’s become,” Emma thought out loud.

They sat in silence, fixed on the wooded ravine that plunged beneath the high porch.

“I just... I just never loved her. I wanted to, I really wanted to, but...” Gian turned to Emma, “I just wasn’t able to.”

Emma sprang out of her chair, needing some distance. She clutched the railing and peered into the ravine, dark water tumbling deeper and deeper over stone ledges.

Gian took her in. She had matured into a beautiful woman as he long imagined, but he had reached an age where looks no longer consumed him. It was easier now, if crushing at times to miss that yearning he feared only touched younger hearts.

“What about you, Em? What else about your perfect a-block-from-the-water life in Larchmont?”

Emma scoffed and took a swig of her beer. “Genee Cream. Can’t believe you still drink this swill.”

“Nostalgic, I guess.”

“Still a dollar ninety-nine a six?”

“Four ninety-nine. Becoming trendy, I hear.”

She laughed and picked up a bottle cap from the spackle bucket—fiddling to set it just right between her thumb and middle finger. Pinching it, she cocked her hand aside her ear, elbow pointed toward the woods.

“Not a chance!” Gian howled.

She snapped her fingers, but the cap squirted backwards onto Gian’s lap.

“Oops. My aim is still...”

He laughed, “How many times have I told you—a light touch, a gentle flick.”

“Mm-hmm,” she murmured, accepting the cap from Gian. Turning back to the woods, she reloaded, straining on tiptoes as if to will the cap into flight.

“Oh, Bel. How can you possibly look better now than...”

His words stopped her. She turned to him, “Thank you.”

“My little jockette.” Remember?

She laughed. “And finally I get to reap the benefit of small boobs.”

“Ughh, go easy on me.”

“Sorry,” Emma laughed. “You know what’s funny? I never really liked when you called me ‘Bel,’ ‘Bella.’ Sounded like an old Italian man.”

“Sorry, it was just how I—”

“No, it was just me, my weirdness. I like it now, not that I ever hear—” Emma abruptly pivoted. “Remember that lake you took me to? In that park—Harriman?”

“Lake? Harriman? Sorry, no.”

“Ha-ha.” She threw the bottle cap at him. “What was the name of it?”

“Pine Meadow.”

“Right. How could I forget. We camped out illegally after the day-hikers left. And you talked me into skinny dipping. At night. Me, a JAP from Long Island whose idea of nature was the Hamptons.”

They savored the memory, transported back in time.

“God, why didn’t I ever let you...”

Gian smiled, “It’s okay. Not sure I was ready either.”

“And what we had was enough?”

“More than enough,” he assured her.

“Thank you,” Emma bowed.

“Oh, man,” Gian groaned, “remember how we used to... all those afternoons in your dorm room, just...”

“Ehem—yeah.” Emma mock fanned herself.

Gian rose from his chair and moved to the railing a few feet to Emma’s right. “Did you know there’s actually a... a name for it now?”

“A name for what?”

“Y-You know, for how we used to... th-the sex we invented.”

“Oh, really?”

“Yep. Way ahead of our time, we were.”

“I see. And the name for it?”

“Okay, don’t laugh, but it’s called outer-course.”

Emma burst out laughing, “Yeah, I know. I’m married, not dead,” she teased.

“Nice. Real cute, Bel.”

“And I’m pretty sure we didn’t actually invent it.”

“Yeah,” Gian sighed softly, “just perfected it.”

Emma laughed, suppressing a mischievous grin.

“What’s so funny?”

“Oh, nothing.”

He laughed, “You are still such a bad liar.”

“Well, to you maybe.”

“So?”

“It’s nothing, really.”

“Out with it, Bel.”

“Okay, fine. So, the first time I heard that term, outer-course, maybe ten, fifteen years ago... I thought of us.”

“Only the first time?” Gian pouted.

“Yeah, just that one time. Mm-hmm.”

Gian looked back to the ravine, trying to contain his feelings. Emma suddenly felt herself crushing hard. She shook it away and looked beyond Gian, nodding to a mangled mountain bike at the far end of the porch. “What happened?”

“Went over the handlebars. Five or six summers ago.”

“Oh my God.”

“Coming back from Pine Meadow, in fact.”

“You still go up there?”

“Not too often, but...” Gian gripped the railing with both hands, “yeah, it’s... it’s always been a special place.”

Emma went to put her hand on his, then pulled back. “It’s so good to see you Gian. It really is.”

He turned to her, “Thank you, Bel, it’s better than I ever—” Gian caught himself, causing them to chuckle.

“Did you know I was in Westchester?”

“I wasn’t sure. I don’t do social media and honestly I...” Gian turned away, “I just couldn’t afford to know.”

Emma took his hand and squeezed it. He bowed his thanks and stayed on the dark water tumbling down through the abyss. After a long silence, he turned to her.

“There’s something you need to see.” He turned and lifted his shirt, revealing a gruesome, jagged scar the length of his back.

“Oh my God! From the bike?”

“Three ribs. Punctured lung. Ruptured spleen.”

“Oh my God, it’s…”

“Hideous. I know.”

“No, I… I just wasn’t…”

Emma examined the scar, tracing her fingers along it. “Are you okay now?”

Gian laughed to himself and pulled down his shirt.

He turned to face her. “Am I okay now?” He smiled and took her hands in his. “Yes, I’m okay. More than okay. I haven’t felt this way in… forever. I feel… weightless. Like I might float away.”

He lifted her hands to his mouth and held a soft kiss to them, closing his eyes, savoring the moment. He lowered her hands. “Thank you.”

Unable to reply, Emma dropped her eyes.

Gian studied her. *What was she thinking?*

Emma started to nod, barely perceptible at first, then with growing certainty. She looked up and they locked on each other. There was no looking away this time.

She placed her hands on his chest, as much to steady herself as to keep them apart, if only a bit longer. He took hold of her wrists, his eyes asking, *Are we sure?* She nodded and Gian lifted her up, her legs wrapping around his hips.

They nuzzled into their intimacy as they swayed softly to Carole King floating out to their intimate perch.

Is this a lasting treasure
Or just a moment's pleasure
Can I believe the magic of your sighs
Will you still love me tomorrow?

They pulled back to search each other, their desire building. He cupped her face in his hands and kissed her, gently. She put her hands over his and pulled him in, kissing him deeper.

He eased them down onto the metal folding chair, Emma setting her feet on the porch floor, straddling him. She leaned forward, arching her back, pressing into him. She felt him through her thin capris, causing her to gasp. He pulled back, one last chance to stop.

But she needed more. She pulled him in, kissing him hard, their passion igniting.

“Wait. Stop.”

“Why? What’s wrong?”

“Nothing. I just—”

“Then kiss me, Gian. Please.”

He looked away, troubled.

“What’s wrong? What is it?”

“I can’t have this be it,” he cried out. “And it will be, I know it will.”

She looked into his eyes and felt a tender vulnerability unknown to her. “No. That won’t happen. I won’t make that mistake again.”

She kissed him deeply as his hands moved to her hips, pulling her in. They started to move against each other—light and erotic at first, then with increasing urgency. They looked down, the sight stopping them.

He eased her off his lap and helped her out of her capris. As he stripped off his tee shirt and shorts, she removed her blouse. He turned her around and lifted her hair to kiss her neck and shoulders, her scent still her.

He undid her bra and trailed kisses down her back. Kneeling, he pulled her lace underwear down and helped her step out of them. He kissed the small of her back, her hips, her ass. She turned and guided him to his feet.

Naked, they stood before each other.

“You’re still so beautiful. Just so... easily beautiful.”

She lowered her eyes.

“Still too beautiful for me.”

Emma shook her head, sadness descending upon her.

“W-We can stop, Bel. W-We can.”

“No. No.” She lifted her eyes. “But this isn’t one time. It’s not. I need you to know that.”

Gian bowed, grateful.

Emma eased him back down onto his chair and straddled his lap. Reaching down, she took him in her hand. Carefully, she lowered herself, taking him in slowly. They gasped, their eyes never leaving each other as the first wave of pleasure coursed through them...