

Tiny beads of sweat started appearing on my forehead. He grabbed a tissue nearby and wiped the sweat from my forehead. I was subdued, unresisting. He appeared smiling. I wondered if my smile was as big as his. Maybe as big. But not as beautiful. Though looking into his eyes I could make out a glint of comprehension. He touched my lips gently to wipe away the remaining orea shake from my lip, I never touched someone's lips before I thought. I felt like I was peering wildly into his eyes and losing all my senses. His eyes were like the night sky in the desert. I shouldn't be seeing. I avoided looking in the eyes and averted my face, while he continued wiping away the orea shake from the edges of my lips. I could feel my breath touching the fingers of his manly hand. His hands were bigger than mine and softer. He was slow and careful. He made me feel as fragile as porcelain. I felt my own heart thumping in my chest. The situation grew more intense and intoxicated. I wanted to stop but couldn't. Somehow I managed to sit impassively. I hesitated and stopped him abruptly. He shrugged rolled off his eyes. I looked around to check if someone's watching on us. There were few people busy with their sweethearts and waiters serving coffee in the next adjoined section.

His skin was taut, smooth with heavy hairs. We were sitting across from each other just a few inches away. Our bodies were glistening like some ancient ceramic under the bulbs. The cafe was almost deserted and we were almost unnoticeable behind the artificial palm trees. we were sitting on the corner seat near the window with an exquisite view of the city. His black chest's hair was wet with sweat and glittered like grass in the morning dew. Suddenly, I felt a sharp pain in my chest. It was a bit scared but felt a bit better. I managed to calm down. I felt a bit better. I managed to calm down. I felt a bit better. I managed to calm down.

He looked like a normal person for a while.

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"Read any books?"

"Yes, I have read a few."

"I didn't know anything about that world."



...right of hope in his eyes.

...I heard people making fun of same-sex relationships, mu...

...in the eyes of people and a huge iron wall of taboos, stereotypical thinkin...

...I wanted to run away. Waves of heat started growing massively. I tried to c...

...I had learned how to hide what I felt. No, that's not true. There was...

...I did it, but I did it. Something inside me made me do it.....

"Close your eyes," he said.

...is flying in the

...considers a sin. I

...see everything I feel

...I had been born knowing