

Is This a Sin?

Catarina turned her face away from him, breathed in the wind and closed her eyes. She wanted him. She wanted more than just a goodbye kiss. She wanted to know what it was like to die and go to heaven in the arms of Case Becker. When she considered everything she had been through and all she was about to face in life, she decided she would give herself this one gift.

“You didn’t ask me to dance tonight,” she said.

“You didn’t want to dance with me.”

“How would you know?” She was actually flirting.

Case and Catarina laughed together as if they were relaxed and happy, and when there was no glow on the horizon from the lights of Port Isabel, Case turned and parked between the dunes and the surf. The only light shone from the Milky Way and the only noise came from the surf rolling towards the island. Case got out and rummaged around under the seat. He came out with an old patchwork quilt and a can of baby powder. He stood beside the open door and doused himself with powder. He brushed his hands over his skin in motions like he was enjoying a shower.

“What are you doing?” Catarina watched his tan turn to eerie alabaster in the moonlight.

“The powder dries your skin so you can knock the sand off. Makes you feel like you have had a shower. Can’t live without it down here.” Case spread the quilt and sat down on it. “Here, want me to do your feet?”

Catarina climbed down from the seat of the truck and joined Case on the quilt. She left her feet in the sand and pulled her skirt up just past her knees. He dusted the powder over her toes, smoothed it around her ankles and tenderly brushed the sand away. She watched him as he began to struggle with his breathing. Catarina stayed still and his strokes roamed imperceptibly further and further up under her skirt.

His touch became firm on her thighs and when his hands and her skirt rose to her hips, she put her arms around his neck. Case slid one hand to gather her to his groin and the other to the quilt to ease their bodies to rest next to each other.

His lips hovered above hers. They breathed the air, warm from each other’s mouths before he began the tender kiss. It was like their first kiss should have been - sweet, sensuous, lingering. It was an extension of the gentle strokes he had given her legs as he washed them with powder; but it was just a formality. They both wanted more than tenderness.

Case ground his hips into her skirt. Easy at first, building until they both gasped and fought for air. His hard body was exactly where it needed to be and Catarina matched his moans and writhing pressure. She sensed that Case was about to orgasm when she broke away and lurched to a sitting position.

He grasped at her like he was afraid she was going to run. Instead, she moved her hands through her hair, back down her neck to caress her own breasts and smoothed her skirt. Her voice was small when it interrupted the sound of the waves rocking the sand. “Is this a sin?” she asked.

“No, it’s what God created us for.”

“I’m not so sure.”

“I spend a lot of time with God, out here, in nature. I know in my heart it is absolutely true.”

“God didn’t tell you anything.”

He touched her arm and said, "Sure he did. Remember what you told me at our first lesson? Why do I have blue eyes and you have brown ones? God made it so."

She pulled her windy hair out of her eyes so she could see his face. She looked into his eyes until she believed what he said and lay back down on the quilt to be with him.

"I want to feel your skin." Case gently lifted her blouse over her head. As he suspected, she had no bra on. It thrilled him. He allowed himself to look at her as he never had before. He had always tried to look at her eyes, so he wouldn't see her body. Now it was impossible to see anything else. All the sights he had denied himself flooded into his brain. The line of her collar bone extending to her shoulder, the moistness of her lips, the curve of the beginning of her breasts, the slope that filled to firm roundness topped with a dark nipple, the skin covering muscles that gave her shoulders and arms such a beautiful shape. *Oh, God, Catarina, you don't know what you look like, do you?*

Catarina let him look at her as long as he wanted. His fingers trailed the length of her neck, across her breasts and back to gather her in his arms. When he pressed her chest against his, the heavens created a cocoon around them. Nothing else existed in the universe.

His lips strayed from her mouth down her neck to her shoulder. Eventually, of its own accord, his mouth found her nipples and they were hard and waiting for him. Catarina arched to meet him. As his teeth teased one of them, he felt Catarina fumble with his zipper and slide her hand into his pants. His penis leaped to meet her touch.