

That body
by Carol Sandford

~He had such a beautiful body. If there was one thing sure to fire my soul up, it was his body. I have the most fantastic opportunity of being able to sit back, relax and watch that body move before me, almost every moment of the day, and I could never tire of it.

Even over the years from when I first knew him; When he had the body of a young man, even then his physique was well defined, and strong, and broad shouldered.

But now, with the onset of maturity, his body had become something to revere; Something to watch, just to see that muscle play beneath the figure hugging material.

And my, it did hug, perfectly.

But what I truly loved was when he swaggered towards me. Now that was heaven. Because besides his body, I had the pleasure of seeing his features; Of seeing those eyes and seeing his feelings for me, even if it was just a general enquiry. He never looked at his Captain that way, or anyone else.

Just me.

But when he was being intimate with me; When we spent precious moments together, that was when I found utter peace and contentment. That was when I came home. To be able to actually undress and touch that body. To be able to run my fingers through that wonderful mat of hair upon that huge chest. That was better than heaven.

But it was as he loved me, when he relayed his feelings with his heart and mind, his words and his eyes. That was the moment that surpassed everything. And it happened so often that I seemed to be in a constant state of euphoria. Sometimes it was hard work trying to keep that sappy smile from my face.

He didn't even bother. He didn't care if he wore his heart on his sleeve for all the world to see. He was in love and proud of it.

But not as proud as I~