

Clandestine

by The Frustrated Witch

They love. They hide.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Silently,
He watched her...
Her body glowing beneath the kiss
Of the breaking dawn
Rapt under a deep slumber
Tangled sheets concealed her bareness but
The untainted, innocent beauty
Could not be masked
The mist of passion lingered still
Obscuring the view of truth and sense
What is wrong when there is pleasure?
What is right when there is pain?
He breathed her scent and
Her echoing moans filled his ears once more
Skin against skin is ignescent...
They are beginning to burn
As the darkness of the night sheaths the sky

He makes love to her in the moon's dark side

Though they seek more than just restricted bliss

Forever they must remain... hidden