

New Experiences and Brief Encounters

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Unseen Words



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Just One Time

Paul barely stopped to unpack before heading for the pool. He only had a week in the sun, and he didn't want to waste any of it, so he quickly changed into swim-shorts, grabbed a towel and went.

The poolside was quiet, with plenty of empty loungers, and Paul was able to pick his spot in the mid-afternoon sun. He lay back and relaxed for the first time in what felt like months. He'd been working hard, and thought he really deserved this break, even if it was just a short one. It was just a pity he was by himself.

A short time later he heard somebody sit on the next lounger, and a quiet voice said "I bet you're English. You're going to burn terribly if you don't use some suncream."

Looking up, he saw a figure semi-silhouetted against the sun; long blonde hair, average height, large breasts, nice legs, all shown off by a bikini that didn't do much to cover her.

"Sorry, what?" Paul raised himself up on one elbow.

"I said you'll burn without some suncream. Want a hand putting it on?"

"Er, sure." Paul wasn't convinced he'd heard her correctly, but it seemed too good an opportunity to miss.

“My name’s Katherine, I guess you’ve just arrived?” She opened a bottle of sunscreen and squeezed some out onto one palm. Rubbing her hands together, Katherine then began to spread the cream over Paul’s chest.

“Yeah, just got here, and didn’t want to waste the sun.” Paul tried not to get too caught up in the gentle touches. “You been here long?”

“Two weeks.” Katherine answered. “We go home tomorrow afternoon.”

“We?” Paul asked, seeing the chance of a holiday romance vanishing, and wondering if he should start worrying about a jealous husband.

“Me and my girlfriend, Jess.” Katherine told him, squeezing more cream from the tube. “Lay down on your front, hunk.”

“Hunk?” Paul lay back, then turned over.

“You’ve not told me your name yet.” She spread cream down his back, then started a gentle massage of his shoulders.

“Mmmmm. Sorry, gorgeous. It’s Paul.” He felt her hands slide down his spine and spread across his back. A short pause and she was gently rubbing sunscreen into his legs. “When you say girlfriend..”

Katherine laughed. “That’s a very personal question, Paul.”

“Sorry.” He said, turning his head to look back at her over his shoulder.

Katherine trailed her hand up his leg, then patted the back of his shorts and stood up. Paul decided he'd just blown any chance he might have had with her.

"Why don't you meet us in the bar at 8. You can buy us dinner." With that, Katherine stood up and walked away, leaving Paul wondering what the hell was going on.

At 8.15 that evening Paul was standing by the bar, pint in hand, and wondering if he was going to be left standing there all night. He finished his drink and was wondering whether it was worth getting another, or if he should give up and find something else to do when the door opened and Katherine walked in. Her hair was pulled back, and her simple dress skimmed her body to mid-thigh, showing off her tanned arms and legs. With Katherine was a black-haired woman, tall, and very striking. She was wearing a short skirt and a halter-neck vest, which showed off her breasts wonderfully. As they crossed the room toward him, Paul could hear their high heels tapping out a rhythm on the polished wooden floor, which seemed to be matching his heartbeat. The two women reached the bar, and Paul dragged his eyes up to Katherine's face with a smile.

"I hope you've not been waiting too long." Katherine said. "Jess took forever to get ready."

"No, just the one pint." Paul said. "What are you drinking?"

After ordering drinks, they found a table in a quiet part of the bar. Paul found himself sitting between Katherine and her friend.

“Introduction time.” Katherine said. “Paul, this is Jessica. Jess, this hunk that I met by the pool this afternoon is Paul.”

“Hi Paul.” Jessica said, putting her hand on his leg. “Sorry for keeping you waiting.”

“Oh, no problem.” Paul said. Looking at her closely, he thought Jessica would be rather plain without the carefully applied makeup. “This kind of makes up for the wait.”

“What does?” Jessica asked.

“Being sat between two gorgeous ladies like yourselves.” Paul looked from one to the other with a grin.

“Don’t get ahead of yourself.” Katherine said. “You’re supposed to be buying us dinner.” She reached under the table and squeezed Paul’s leg. “First.”

Paul almost choked on the mouthful of drink he had just taken, and had to swallow quickly before asking “So what would you like?”

The two women laughed, and Jess started to stroke his leg. “He’s cute, Kat. Can we keep him?”

“Behave, Jess. He’s only just got here, and we’re going home tomorrow.” Katherine took her hand off Paul’s leg and picked up her drink. “Nothing too heavy; there’s a good seafood place next door.”

“Fine by me.” Paul said, putting his glass down.

“No rush,” Katherine said. She leant forward slightly and looked past Paul. “And I mean you, as well Jess.”

Jessica smiled back as she lifted her glass in a small toast, then settled into the seat, leaning her head on Paul’s shoulder. “I’ve been waiting so long though.”

“Sorry about her.” Katherine said to Paul.

“It’s fine.” He said, putting his arm around Jessica’s shoulder. “Er.”

“Er?”

“Well, er, to be honest, I’m still trying to work out what’s going on.” Paul was afraid he would ruin things, but wanted to sort out his confusion.

“Going on where?” Jessica asked him.

“With you two. Are you just friends, or what?”

“Does it matter?” Katherine said.

“Yeah. It was the way you said ‘girlfriend’ earlier.” Paul tried to explain. “It sounded like you meant more than just friends, you know. Now this.”

“It’s nice of you to care, Paul,” Katherine said. “Don’t worry though. You’ve just got here, we leave tomorrow. For one night, it really doesn’t matter.” She placed one finger on his shoulder, and ran the nail down his arm, then gently took hold of his chin and turned his face toward her. Leaning forward, Katherine quickly kissed Paul on the lips.

Before Paul could react, Katherine turned his face back to the front, released his chin and picked up her glass again.

“My turn!” Jessica grabbed his head with both hands, and kissed him hard, her tongue running over Paul’s surprised lips.

When she let go, Paul heard Katherine laughing. “Sorry, I can’t take her anywhere.”

“No, it’s, it’s fine.” Paul laughed. “Confusing as hell, but great otherwise. Maybe we should go eat before somebody gets carried away.”

“I don’t get carried away.” Katherine said.

“Yeah, but there’s two of us that might.” Paul laughed, feeling Jessica stroking his leg again.

“Can we skip the restaurant, Kat?” Jessica interrupted.

“Don’t you want to eat, Jess?” Katherine asked her.

“Yes, but not food.” Jessica licked her lips.

“I give up.” Katherine said. “What do you say, hunk? Got enough strength if we skip food?”

Paul took a moment to work out what she meant, then realisation dawned. “I’m sure I can manage, ladies.” He said.

“Come on then.” Jessica said, quickly standing up and almost dragging Paul to his feet.

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