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FROM THE AUTHOR OF *CLOSE TO NOWHERE*

TOUCH ME  
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WINNER OF THE 1<sup>ST</sup> PRIZE OF EROTIC SHORT STORIES DOLCE LOVE



# **TOUCH ME**

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**Jonatan Bosque**

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## TOUCH ME

Emilio locks the doors of the beauty salon and, like every afternoon, he heads to the bar on the street corner. For years, he has been committed to therapeutic massages with Yanira, the head of alternative therapies and body treatments.

“The usual?” asks Ron when he sees Emilio at the bar. Emilio nods; his eyes sweeping the room as if he is searching for someone.

“Everything alright?” enquires the bartender, while breaking up ice. Emilio smiles, says yes, then gestures to him with a flick of the fingers.

“One moment” replies Ron, before coming over with a drink. Emilio takes a sip. Out of the corner of his eye, he spots a man, sipping an anis carajillo, across the bar giving him a sideways glance. Although around the same age, the man notes that Emilio is more handsome, muscular and attractive than himself. He can’t help but to compare.

“I have been visiting a patient for a couple of months now.” Emilio whispers in a low voice to Ron, moving closer, “She has a lateral disc hernia, and every Wednesday she goes to the clinic to get a correction massage.”

The man drinking at the bar, curious, sips his carajillo then stands up from his stool.

“Well... she came today..”

Interested, the man looks for a way to get closer so that he can hear more clearly. He turns his back to the bar. Emilio is at his right, his best ear aiming at him.

“...nk and lost. I could notice just by looking at her.”

“Did he say drunk?” wonders the man.

“She came to the room and took off her blouse. Then she started to unhook her bra ... there, no shame whatsoever.” The bartender frowns. “I’m telling you she was really drunk.”

The curious man confirms it was «drunk».

“Anyway, she laid on the massage table facing down and I began. She let out the occasional moan but that’s normal when they’ve gained some trust. There was a moment when...”

Regrettably, Ron interrupts him to serve another customer. While he does this, Emilio wets his lips with his drink. He savours the taste, holding back swallowing. His gaze meets with the eyes of the man with the carajillo, who is pretending to read a newspaper.

“Sorry, go on ...” says Ron as he returns to Emilio.

“Nothing, just that ... there was just a moment when she was just breathing, and I thought maybe she’d fallen asleep but ...”

The man edges closer to Emilio, pretending to read the opinion column. He can barely hear what is being said, which troubles him.

“... When I went near to check,” Emilio continues in a low voice, “she exhaled a breath of air, very erotic and she turned around, taking me by surprise.”

“What?” gasps Ron.

Emilio shushes the waiter by putting his finger to his lips. “I couldn’t continue with the massage... she started to complain like a bratty child and...”

“Oh my God...” Ron interrupts, glancing around.

“...She had her trousers undone, so when she got off the table, they fell down. She now only had her panties on. She got back on the table and faced me, exposing her breasts and open legs. She tells me: *“Come on Emilio, don’t leave me halfway; you already know what turns me on...”* At that moment, I thought the alcohol had gone completely to her head. It’s not like I’ve ever done anything with that woman before.”

For Ron and the man sitting next to him, it is hard not to fantasise about what they are hearing. Suddenly, Ron bursts out laughing.

“Don’t laugh, the best is yet to come”, Emilio continues, “You see, I’ve seen it all before so it’s not like I was afraid. I let her be; I knew she wasn’t alright but I thought she would come round soon. But no. The woman took her panties off and started rubbing my crotch with her foot, moving up my hip until she reached my chin – caressing it. I put up no resistance, I was concerned she’d fall off the table. She was bending backwards, like a vedette, showing everything. *“Come on, finish the massage”*, this hussy tells me, *“touch me while you nibble my toes.”*”

Ron is astonished. Emilio takes a sip of his drink and continues:

“Since she was drunk, her sense of balance was off. So when she tried to sit up and take her foot away from my face, she slipped and fell back.”

Ron –shocked– covers his mouth with his hand.

“I couldn’t react in time. I caught her leg, but, since my hands were covered in oil, she slipped right out of my grip and... Bam! Hit the floor.”

Ron roars out with laughter, bending backwards. The man with the carajillo scratches his nose, turns a page of his paper, and swallows the last drops of his drink.

“Soon after getting up, she came to her senses; she apologised... and even opened up to me, the poor thing. Apparently, the woman is...”

Emilio lowers his voice a bit more.

The man watches Emilio’s lips; he catches the words “psychological treatment”, “pills” and “depression”.

“Problems with the husband and who knows what else...” finishes Emilio, leaning backwards, quickly finishing his drink.

“Pffft. To each their own, man,” says Ron while opening a beer for a newcomer at the bar.

Full of curiosity, Ron turns back and, taking advantage of his friendship with Emilio, dares to ask a question:

“Hey, and... Is that woman from around here?”

Emilio leaves the empty glass at the bar—a sign he has finished. His face adopting a stern expression and he says:

“You know I'm not going there. I told you because it is funny and stuff, but patient confidentiality is sacred.”

Ron nods understandingly.

The guy with the carajillo hears this part so clearly that his stomach turns.

“What do I owe you?” He says at last, looking at Ron.

The bartender works out his bill from memory. The exchange of a note for some coins follows and he promptly leaves. At the bar, Emilio and Ron stay talking about football.

As he leaves, César—the eavesdropper— walks down the street, hands in pockets. He thinks about the conversation he had just overheard. He wonders who the woman is. For a second he suspects his wife. The idea is not far-fetched, considering the children have swimming lessons on Wednesdays and only his mother-in-law can take them. Although he dismisses this since, on Wednesdays, she meets to have a coffee with the mothers from school.

Arriving at the front porch of his house, he rummages in his pocket and takes out the key. Letters, lift, neighbours, door.

“María, I'm home”.

María, his wife, doesn't respond despite being home. The television is on but quietly. It murmurs random words, like the masseur from the bar, thinks César.

The bathroom door is closed, he suspects that his wife is in the shower. He enters the kitchen, picks up a bottle of anise, but before pouring himself a drink, a wave of hesitation slows him down. The words "*psychological treatment*", "*pills*", "*depression*" revive his suspicions. He returns the bottle to the marble countertop and walks towards the bathroom. He knocks on the door.

“Mari...? Mari”.

The only answer is a continuous stream of water.

“I'm coming in,” he warns as he twists the handle.

A thick cloud of mist absorbs him; enclosing him.

For a few seconds, César watches silently the silhouette of his wife through the fogged shower screen. Her body seems like an oil painting, her blurred curves excite him.

“Mari, I'm here”.

María does not respond. She hardly moves. Her forehead rests on the tiles while the water rains on the nape of her neck.

César looks at her clothes lying on the floor in a pile. Among them are her panties, or is it a thong?

“Are the children still at their swimming lessons?” Asks César.

“Yes...” María finally responds, with a muffled voice somewhat involuntarily erotic.

César gets an erection. Between the mist, heat and psychedelic nakedness of his wife, César begins to undress. Shirt, jeans, all thrown on the floor... He opens the shower, gets inside. María isn't surprised. They must have taken a shower together four times in fifteen years of marriage. His intention, although novel, doesn't seem to interest her. Closing the folding door, César runs his hands over María's body, still with her back to him. He becomes increasingly aroused thanks to the clarity, previously prevented by the astigmatic view of the hazy screen. He has barely had time to descend to her hips when a couple of bruises on her elbow and shoulder catch his eye. A cold cascade of phrases dotted with the masseur's shrinks his flesh, retracts his skin and freezes his mood: "...fell back," "she slipped," "caught her leg," "hit the floor."

"It is her", he finally determines.

César doesn't know how to react, what to say or what to think. Asking now what caused those bruises, he thinks, would be the worst way to continue. If his suspicions are true, María's attitude towards the masseur would be more than reproachful, but finding out that she is hiding behind a depression due to him is even more worrying. "*Problems with the husband and who knows what else...*" echoes the words of the therapist.

María continues facing away from him, receiving a powerful stream of hot water down her back. A channel that César interrupts when he strikes his chest against her, forcing the torrent to the edge and altering its route. His erection returns. He surrounds María with his arms and kisses her on the back of the neck, the trapeze, the shoulder. She reacts well, pressing herself against him. Their hands are intertwined at her waist.

Soon, César begins to squeeze and pinch her hard nipples. María separates her legs, showing him the way.

"No ... I prefer to see you," he whispers into her ear.

It is difficult for María to recognize the affectionate tone of César, but eventually she obeys. They look at each other, not as mere strangers, but as newly discovered. Their desires once had returned.

María reaches out her hand to masturbate César, but he gently blocks her. He kisses her hand and kneels before her. A kiss on the navel, another on the hip. He drinks the water that flows through her crotch. Then he puts his lips on her shaved vulva and plunges his tongue into it. María moans with pleasure; she touches her breasts, picks up the showerhead and hugs it in her chest...

While still tasting his wife and forced to close his eyes by the splashing water, César caresses her right leg. He goes down the thigh to the ankle. Once there he removes his mouth from the viscous clitoris to lift María's foot and observe it like a beautiful shoe in the palm of his hand. It is the first time in fifteen years that César admires the nail polish of his wife, who today wears a perfect French manicure and a ring on the toe. "*Come on, finish the massage...*," his pride reminds him, "*touch me while you nibble my toes.*" The masseur's words reverberate in his head. They open a wound in him, yes, but they also help him close María's.

Orphan of any sexual fantasy, César's lips approach the foot that he holds up. With feigned fetishism, he kisses and licks it while he stimulates her vagina with thick dexterity.

The enjoyment weakens María, who now favours laying down in the shower with her legs spread open. César dips his head between them, alternating dynamic licks with a voracious tongue between the toes. María goes crazy.

"Fuck me!" she begs.

César lays on top of her and rubs her with his penis, erect as almost never before, clutching the tip in the nectar of her desire. Inflamed and juicy, her pussy engulfs the mast and nails it to the bottom. Her mouth, half open, articulates a perpetual "a" through which a mute plea exhales which he aspires for over and over again. So close are their lips now, that they caress and rub, as if wanting and not to form a clear kiss, rationing the exchange of saliva between both.

"Where's your foot?" he asks suddenly, searching blindly on his back.

"Here", she whispers, curving her legs and making one of them reachable.

His hand finds María's foot and embraces it with his fingers, caressing her instep with his thumb as he looks at her from above in his constant swing. His pupils have become accustomed to the lack of nuances imposed by the mist, and in the contrast of light and shadows they recognise, they see, they feel each other. César penetrates María more fiercely, until such beauty and pleasure force him to close his eyes, only a few thrusts to bathe her insides.

"Look at me...! Look at me...! Look at me!" she asks, gasping for breath at every shove of his waist.

He opens his eyes. He looks at her, looks at her, looks at her... until their rhythms change, intensify and twist, finally dying inside the other, embraced and fused for fifteen more years.

The following week, Emilio locks the doors of his beauty salon and he heads to the bar on the street corner.

"The usual?" Ron asks when he sees him at the bar.

Emilio nods his head looking at his phone.

The bartender asks him again if everything is going well. He opens a bottle of juice, pours the contents, crunches the ice in the glass.

Emilio smiles, says yes, has a drink.

"Hey," Ron says, "did the crazy woman come back?"

Emilio is confused, he frowns.

"What crazy woman?" He asks.

"The one who fell off the table, the one that wanted something with you".

Emilio laughs. Now he remembers.

"No, not really," he says. "She had an appointment today, but she didn't turn up".



The bartender snaps his tongue. He jokes that she will have found someone else. Emilio snorted relieved, going along with it. Then he looks to his right, also to his left.

There are no eavesdroppers today either.

## Check my other books:

<https://www.amazon.co.uk/Jonatan-Bosque/e/B00JE4WEBQ>



Jonatan Bosque is the author of five books. The success of his first non fiction novel [\*Cómo Sobrevivir al Juicio Final\*](#) in 2013 was followed by two short stories compilations: [\*Lejos de Algún Lugar\*](#) (2016) and [\*Cerca de Ninguna Parte\*](#) (2017). His latest and first fiction novel is [\*Elsa: Mi querido amor tóxico\*](#) (2020).

Born and bred in Barcelona, he has been living in South Yorkshire since 2010. Passionate about literature but also music, he writes, sings and plays his own songs in [Jonno Soul](#). Travelling is highly inspiring for him and all his trips are documented [here](#).

