

La Mar *(an excerpt)*

By Sonja Semyonova

I would be lying if I said I haven't always wanted a woman like her.

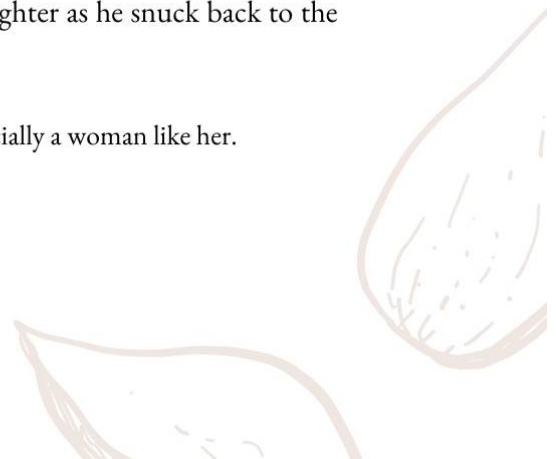
But I'd also be lying if I said I had imagined that a woman like her existed.

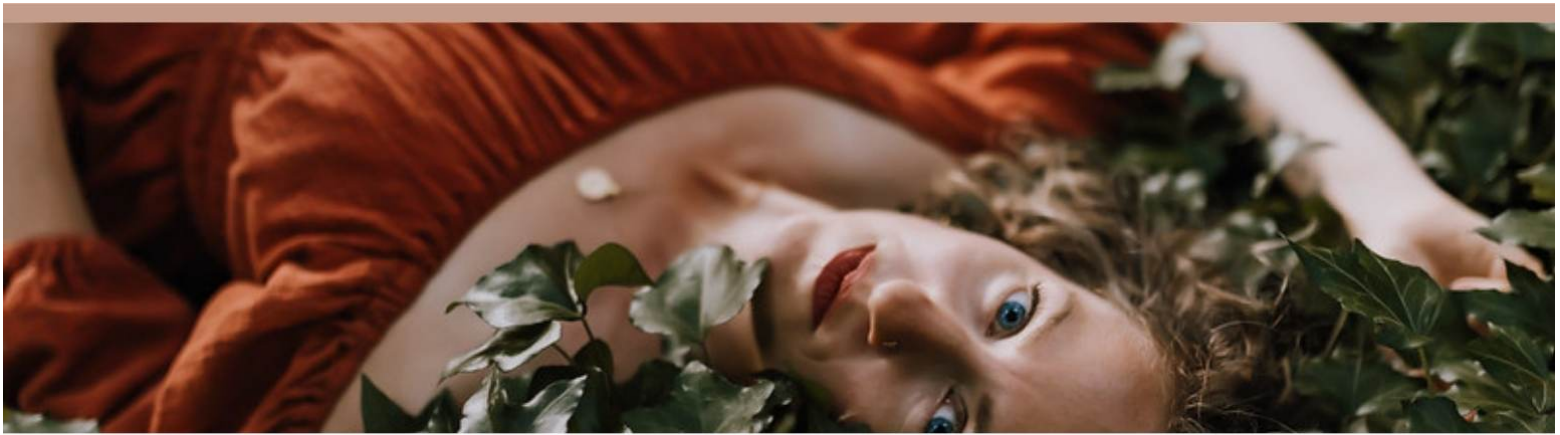
It wasn't just her age – her maturity, I should call it. It was the way she carried herself. Regal, like a queen. Her dress was white, backless. I could see the outline of her white panties through it; my eyes traced the triangle back of them for an hour as I watched her from the other side of the restaurant. She never turned to look at me once, but I could see her eyes from the mirror at the back of the bar. She was watching something, someone. I wasn't sure if it was me, but I had a feeling.

It's why I took the dare from my friends to talk to her. It was our last day of vacation, a quick trip down to the beach from the city. Our last day to have fun and maybe get a story to bring home with us.

We were messing around with each other all night. Enrique tried to hit on the bartender with the blonde braid, but she shot him down within a few words. Raul only pretended to go talk to the two American girls sitting a few seats away. He chickened out the moment they turned to look at him, spinning on his heel and racing back to us. We roared with laughter as he snuck back to the table.

As much as women think it might be, it's not easy to approach them. Especially a woman like her.





In between watching her sipping her drink, I had been doing most of the shit talking. It was only a matter of time before my friends called me out.

“And who are you going after?” Javier asked me.

I smiled. I knew immediately but didn’t want to tell them. You don’t give these kinds of things away when your buddies are messing with you. You have to hold back a little or else they see your weakness.

But they saw me glance back. The mirror. Its gold frame holding her image like a portrait. I could tell she was beautiful even without seeing her up close. I could tell how she smelled without being anywhere near her. I wanted to kiss up her bare spine, taste the saltiness and feel the humidity of her skin.

“Her,” Raul said, nodding in her direction. Javier and Enrique turned to look. As if she felt our attention, she brushed her hair away from the nape of her neck. I froze, hoping she wouldn’t turn around and see us staring at her.

I said nothing. Even thinking of her made me feel a little hard. Lifting her long white skirt, revealing the white triangle, the triangle beneath that...

“Your turn,” Javier said.

