

Sunset

She looked so beautiful in the sunlight; I couldn't keep my eyes from her. That I couldn't join her, that I had to stay under the shade of the old oak, only made the sight more precious. As a creature bound to the dark I loved seeing the sun on her skin.

Last night I'd chanced everything and told her what I was. I had to. I couldn't keep it from her any longer. When we'd first met I'd thought it would only be a brief fling, like so many others I'd had in my long life. I'd shared moments of pleasure with so many men and women in the past, though for the last few decades it was my own sex that I'd yearned for. The soft touch of a woman's breasts against my own, a woman's gentle caress on my skin, their sweet scent washing over me.

But with her it was different; from the first kiss, the first taste, the first embrace, she'd climbed inside my head and changed me. For the first time I wanted more, wanted to share the rest of my existence with another. So I told what I was and what I wanted from her. She'd been horrified and had run in fear. With pain twisting through me I'd followed, catching her easily, my arms twining round her as if she was meant to always be within them. Holding her close, I'd told her I would give her some time, but if she decided she still wanted me, if she could accept what I was, that I'd be in the park today an hour before sunset.

I didn't expect her to come, didn't think I'd ever see her again, but here she was walking towards me. She stopped just beyond the shadow of the tree, the sun seeming to worship her as I wanted to. I held my breath and then slowly held my hand out. She lifted her face to the sun once and then with a smile she stepped forward into the shadows, taking my hand and pressing her lips to mine.