

Normally, when I go to the gym I steer clear of the free weights section, I truly do not know what came over me that hopeful day. Admittedly, I had no clue what I was doing.

It was a warm summer night that would serve as an underpinning for romance, passion, and enchantment. Who knew that what began as a walk under the stars would end in the libidinous horizontal dance?

Hand in hand, we walked as the sun set just over the horizon. I was still wearing my sunglasses from earlier that day, you lightly acknowledged this with a playful jab. I explained to you that they were prescription sunglasses and very much necessary for our adventure (my eyesight isn't quite what it used to be). You promptly apologized for the slight as our fingers intertwined.

Together, we took in the beauty of the earth. Standing behind me, I felt a little poke coming through... on you.

"Mmmm, is that a roll of quarters in your pocket or are you just happy to see me?", I asked.

You laughed, and replied, "it's a telescope", then proceeded to pull a retractable telescope from your pocket. Together, we spent the better part of the night star-gazing. You told me all about the constellations and your obsession with the planet Venus.

I leaned over, pressing my b-cups on your arm and whispered in your ear, "I'm your Venus, I'm your fire, *your desire*."

Breathing heavily, you looked deeply into my eyes, lost, as if the sky existed within my pupils. My lips hovered in front of yours while we breathed the same air for a moment in time. I wrapped my hand around the base of your telescope; what's yours is mine.

Minutes turned to hours as we passionately kissed, counted stars, and collected sticks shaped like the letter "Y". Exhausted, we were. Lucky for you, I never go anywhere without my picnic blanket. Together, we spread the blanket on the ground, removed our shoes, and stretched our bodies across with adequate space for a variety of ungodly activities.

Nervously, you looked my body up and down, I was wearing my favourite wolf shirt. I sensed some discomfort and questioned you. Your reluctance stemmed from my reputation as "a respectable lady", and of course respectable ladies do not fornicate in a public park.

I then looked your body up and down, in reciprocation. The respectability of a lady does not waiver based on her decisions around intimacy. As a man, it is not your place to construe *how* and *if* a woman is to be respected.

You nodded your head, expressing a thorough understanding. And with 5 simple words, I let you know exactly what time it was, "I welcome your nature's abundance."

Thank goodness for waterproof picnic blankets.