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It was the music he heard first. Something about smelling the moon in her perfume. It was barely audible over the clicking of the computer keys, but it intrigued him enough to stop typing mid-sentence and pull back the blind.

Heart-shaped sunglasses in candy pink stared back at him from the lawn below. She was lying on her back eating strawberries dipped in chocolate. He could just make out the small smudge of chocolate at the corner of her mouth. She turned up the radio and reached for the novel lying beside her towel. The cover looked familiar. He leaned forward. It was a Penguin Classic. He couldn't be sure but it looked like the author was Nabokov. She wriggled down the towel and tipped her head back into the sun. A tiny pink bikini with embroidered white daisies barely covered her firm breasts. The panties were cut high up her thighs and revealed a stomach still rounded with puppy fat.

He ran his nose along the length of his cigar and bit off the tip. Without looking up at him she said, 'Hello, Oberon, can you come out and play today?' She squeezed the thick cream into her palm and feigned attempts to apply it to her back. The more she tried, the further her bathers worked their way up her thighs.

He went back upstairs, relit his Havana cigar and opened a bottle of Courvoisier. He took a sip and spent the rest of the afternoon wondering what the moon smelt like.

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When he returned she had rolled onto her front and was reaching back to undo the laces of her bikini top. He ran his nose along the length of his cigar and bit off the tip. Without looking up at him she said, 'Hello, Oberon, can you come out and play today?' She squeezed the thick cream into her palm and feigned attempts to apply it to her back. The more she tried, the further her bathers worked their way up her thighs.

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Also see Cassandra's website.

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