

The Heat Between Us

- By Kshiteej Kabra

It began in the most ordinary way — a Saturday evening, soft music in the background, and the rhythmic slice of vegetables filling the kitchen with quiet purpose. I stood at the counter, cutting capsicum and red chilies, my hands moving with practiced ease, even though cooking had never really been my domain. That was her territory — her magic. But tonight, she insisted on preparing something special for me, asking only that I handle the prep.

I found the irony amusing — it was supposed to be a date night, a night out. Instead, we were doing it our way — home, intimate, personal. And in love, irony often feels like poetry.

She had said she'd be late, and so I assumed I had time. But she came home early — before 7 PM. Maybe she was tired from the day, maybe not. But when she stepped in quietly, unlocking the door with her keys, there was an unmistakable air of anticipation in her energy — like a surprise waiting to unravel.

I didn't turn immediately. I was shirtless, wearing only a pair of low-slung dark blue jeans and a simple black apron loosely tied across my bare chest. The fabric barely clung to my skin, letting the heat from the kitchen kiss my torso. My EarPods were in, and I was immersed in the haunting rhythm of *"Don't Mess With My Mind"* by EMO — that sultry track from *365 Days* pulsing in my ears like a slow heartbeat.

I felt her presence before I saw her — not because of footsteps, but because she didn't announce herself like she usually did. I waited for the familiar warmth of her voice saying, *"I'm back, baby,"* or sometimes, when the day had been tough, a curt *"K"* or *"Kshiteej."* But this time — silence. A telling silence that spoke of something different. Something... charged.

I paused my music, expecting to hear her voice. But instead — stillness. Then, just as I was about to return to my chopping board, I heard her whistle — low, playful, and unmistakably flirtatious.

"Turn around," she said, her voice like silk brushing over bare skin.

I did.

And there she was.

She had slipped into the kitchen like a secret — light on her feet, eyes sparkling with mischief. She was still in her office formals, but with deliberate disobedience — the first few buttons of her shirt undone, revealing a teasing glimpse of skin. Her trousers hugged her hips and thighs like they had been tailored by desire itself. Her curves, usually tamed by professionalism, now danced boldly before me, unapologetically sensual.

She looked at me. I looked at her.

A pause.

A single second of smoldering silence wrapped us in electric stillness.

I acted unfazed — purposely pretending to be unaffected, just to tease her. But my eyes betrayed me. So did hers.

She let out a low whistle again and said, ***“My plan was to surprise you by coming early... but looks like I’ve stumbled upon an entire five-course meal waiting for me.”***

And in that moment — the kitchen, the dinner, the pasta — all of it faded. There was only her. Only us. And the delicious tension between intention and surrender.

I moved deliberately, brushing past her with a calculated indifference, making my way to the sink. The capsicums still needed washing, and I let the cool water run over them slowly, giving her a quick rundown of my contributions.

“Your Maida dough is ready, I said over my shoulder, the water streaming through my fingers. ***“The cheese sauce is out from the fridge, and I’ve just started chopping the veggies.”***

Behind me, I could feel the weight of her gaze — hot, playful, and unmistakably charged. Her presence shimmered like heat in the air, thick with suggestion. And then, with a smirk I didn’t need to see to feel, she said —

“Perhaps the question is — do you really need this meal... or do you want this meal?”

Her hands moved to her hair, undoing it with a lazy, sensual grace, letting it cascade down like a dark waterfall. She came closer, the scent of her perfume dancing into my space, and stood in front of me. Her fingers traced slow, tantalizing lines across my shoulders, then down my arms — light, teasing touches that left burning trails in their wake.

I didn’t look at her. Not yet. Instead, I turned the tap off and flicked some droplets toward her face — playful, almost innocent. Then I crossed her again, brushing close enough to let our bodies sense the ache, but not touch.

She frowned — a soft, delicious irritation that curled at the edges of her lips. I loved that expression. It was beautiful. Desirable. And it always drove me wild.

Then she reached for my phone — snatching it with quick authority — and switched off the Bluetooth, pausing the music that was still vibrating in my ears. The song — *Don’t Mess With My Mind* — was abruptly silenced. She slid the phone into her back pocket, claiming it like it was hers.

She turned back to me, her steps slow and deliberate. Lifting onto the balls of her feet, her mouth so close I could feel her breath, she asked:

“Which is fine... I’m ready to do my part. But before that, I just need to know — which meal do you want to have?”

Her voice was dripping with provocation.

She glanced at the pasta soaking in water, then dipped a single finger into the rich, creamy cheese sauce. Her eyes never left mine as she raised it to my face, stroked a line of it across my cheek... and leaned in.

She kissed it off slowly — no, she devoured it. Her tongue soft and warm, her lips lingering against my skin, savoring the taste of the sauce... and of me. That kiss wasn’t about food. It was a slow ignition. And I was burning from the inside out.

A rush of heat flooded my chest and surged lower — blood pulsing, body reacting. I was half-melted, half-erected in the wake of her touch, her taste, her scent. She had marked me — and she knew it.

Five seconds. That’s all I needed to collect what was left of my self-control.

I slid my left hand around her waist, gripping her gently but with intent, fingers gliding along the curve of her back, over the swell of her hips. Her breath hitched. She closed her eyes. Her lips parted slightly, biting down on the lower one as my touch lingered.

I wanted to kiss her then — hard, deep, until we forgot the difference between hunger and desire. But instead...

I slipped my hand into her back pocket and retrieved my phone.

Her eyes snapped open, wide and deliciously shocked.

“Ah ah,” she said, mock-stern and breathless. ***“First... give me my answer.”***

I smiled, wicked and slow.

“Which is exactly why I am taking my phone back.”

I crossed her one final time, sitting down on the chair, my eyes locked onto her as I hit play. The sultry beat of *Don’t Mess With My Mind* poured back into the room like smoke — thick, heady, and undeniably charged.

She turned, facing me now — and we both knew this was just the beginning.

The music resumed — low and pulsing — as I leaned back into the chair, fingers undoing the Velcro of my apron with deliberate slowness. The sound of it peeling open felt louder in the charged stillness of the room. I crossed one leg over the other, letting the apron fall just enough

to expose my chest — the dim light catching on the lines of muscle, the rhythm of my breath syncing with the song.

The song - <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=gn-j4TgcHRs>

The lyrics slid into the space between us like a whispered promise:

"I like watching you... when you're on fire...Take off your pretty dress"

I could see the flicker in her eyes. She heard it. Felt it. Understood what I wanted without needing to be told. The kitchen, once a space of quiet preparation, now hummed with tension. The gas stove was off, but the heat? Oh, it was everywhere — emanating from our skin, from the air itself, thick and breathless.

She began to move.

With slow, precise fingers, she untucked her shirt from the waistband of her trousers. A teasing reveal, not yet complete — every movement seduction. As she stepped toward me, I pointed at the container of cheese beside the stove, my voice calm, yet charged.

"Bring that with you."

She obeyed without breaking eye contact, her shirt now unbuttoned completely, but still draped over her shoulders, revealing the soft outline of her camisole beneath — delicate, sheer, white. And under it, the faintest hint of the matching garments that made it nearly impossible for me not to reach for her instantly.

She placed the container beside me, standing close — intoxicatingly close. I took her hand, dipped her finger gently into the rich, creamy cheese.

Her eyes flicked up to mine, curious, questioning.

"Just wanted to taste both meals... to decide which one's tastier."

I said it with a smirk, then brought her finger to my lips — and licked it.

Slowly.

Deliberately.

From base to tip.

She didn't pull away. She leaned in.

Then, sliding onto my lap with a graceful motion, her body pressed flush against mine. Her legs wrapped slightly around me, her warmth igniting every nerve in my body. She took off my

glasses and brought her face close — lips nearly grazing mine — but instead of kissing me, she leaned to my ear and whispered, voice dripping with sultry mischief:

“So, according to you... which one is the better meal?”

Her breath against my ear sent a shiver down my spine. I could barely hold my own composure.

“I think I need to taste again... to make a better judgment,” I murmured.

Without breaking eye contact, I dipped my own finger into the creamy cheese, then slowly reached up and stroked a line of it along her neck. My other hand wove into her hair, forming a closed fist, gently pulling — arching her back, exposing the elegant curve of her throat.

And then, like she had done to me moments ago, I lowered my mouth to her skin... and licked.

The cheese.

The salt of her skin.

The heat of her desire.

She let out a soft, breathy moan — the kind that escapes before words can catch it — and her hips shifted instinctively, pressing into me, deeper into my lap. I felt her pulse against mine, felt her tension, her moisture — her body begging without words.

She closed her eyes, surrendering to the moment.

And I?

I wanted more.

And she?

She was no longer just playing along — she was craving. Her body pressed tighter against mine, her breath catching in rhythm with the music still playing in the background. And just as the lyrics echoed through the space between us...

“I’m breathing you, in and out”

...I leaned in.

In a single, hungry moment, my lips met hers.

Our first kiss of the night — quick, electric, and impulsive. Just five seconds. As sudden as it came, we pulled apart, almost surprised by the force of it. Her hair had slipped forward, falling into her eyes, a soft veil between us.

We both laughed — quietly, breathlessly.

I gently brushed her hair behind her ear, fingers grazing her cheek. And as I began sliding her shirt off her shoulders, the second kiss began.

Deeper. Slower. Hotter.

Our mouths met again, but this time, our heads tilted, our lips parting wider — devouring one another, like the taste had to be memorized. Her tongue teased mine, and I pulled her closer, drinking in every inch of her.

My hands slipped beneath her camisole, fingers gliding across her bare skin. Her back, her waist, the dip of her spine. I traced the delicate line of her bra strap, feeling her shiver with every touch.

We pulled away only when breath demanded it — both of us gasping softly, our foreheads still touching. Her arms wrapped around my shoulders, eyes half-lidded, lips swollen with the heat of it all.

I leaned in close, my lips brushing her ear, my voice nothing but a whisper carried on her own trembling breath.

“Take off your camisole.”

She didn’t hesitate. Didn’t ask. Just obeyed — slowly peeling the fabric from her body like a secret being revealed.

I kissed the shell of her ear, grazing it with my teeth, savoring the way her breathing grew heavier, more uneven. She was unraveling — right there in my lap, skin to skin, wanting and willing.

I whispered again, this time echoing the very song still playing behind us:

“Don’t mess with my mind.”

It wasn’t just a lyric anymore.

She let out a breathy whimper, then took my face in both hands, cupping my chin. Her eyes — wide, wild, locked on mine. And then, without another word, she kissed me again.

This one was different.

Deeper. Fiercer. Possessive.

Her eyes fluttered shut, her hands sliding down to rest at my sides, fingers trembling. I could feel the hard points of her nipples against my chest — pressing, yearning, impossible to ignore. That single sensation sent another wave of desire crashing through me.

The world was a blur of heat and skin, mouth and breath, sensation and surrender.

And then — the sound no one wanted to hear.

The doorbell rang.

Piercing through the music.

Cutting through the silence.

Interrupting everything.

We froze, lips still inches apart, hearts thundering in unison, caught between the fire that burned and the world that waited outside.

To be continued...