

Encounter: Roses

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Roses

Vivian slid from the passenger seat of the car, sighing as she forced her heels back on. Dillon had already raced into the house, leaving her alone in the garage.

Valentine's Day. Not exactly what she'd expected. Not only had their plans been cancelled because of Dillon's last minute work event, but she'd spent the majority of the day walking around in painful shoes, acting like a prim and proper professor's wife should.

Now, sitting in the dim garage, all she wanted to do was go to bed. Slowly, she headed into the dark kitchen. Dillon hadn't even bothered to turn the light on for her. If she wasn't so tired, she'd be pissed. With another sigh, she made her way through the equally dark living room to the stairs. Then stopped short.

Velvety red rose petals were scattered over the stairs. Every other step was lit by a white candle. The heady scent of roses and vanilla filled the air, swirling around her tired body and waking her up.

A smile grew as she lifted a petal, sniffing the delicate fragrance. She headed upstairs, down the short hall, and to their bedroom.

On the floor a vase of red roses sat behind a folded paper. Scrawled across the front was simply, "Sorry, darling."

She hurried into the bedroom.

Dillon stood at the end of the bed, naked. Flickering candlelight highlighted his lanky, yet muscular body. From his chocolate colored hair, to blue eyes smiling in anticipation, to the light brown curls matting his tanned chest, Vivian perused him, gaze drifting to his twitching cock, nestled in a bed of dark curls.

Her blood heated, quickening, the last traces of exhaustion fading.

“Ah, love.” Taking her hands, Dillon led her to the bed and sat her down on the edge. He placed soft, butterfly kisses on her temple, tracing along her jaw. “Thank you for coming today.”

She traced the corded muscles of his shoulders, loving the softness of his skin and the strength hidden just below. “So are you going to make it up to me?”

He laughed, tracing down her legs to remove the shoes pinching her toes. “Of course.” He pressed his fingers along the bottom of her feet, massaging the soreness away.

Vivian groaned as the pain fled.

He trailed his fingertips up her calves, meeting her gaze, his eyes darkly sensual. “I will make it up to you, and more.”

He slipped his hands beneath her skirt, pushing it higher, his touch tickling along her inner thighs. With a quick jerk, Dillon pulled her hips to the edge of the bed and raised her skirt to her waist. He nuzzled her thighs, lapping at the edges of her thong. Spikes of desire flooded through her and made her clit ache. Dillon pressed his fingers along the sides of her thong, teasingly lifting it from her damp pussy.

He blew over her sensitive skin, chilling her and sending goose bumps racing up her arms. His tongue traced her clit and lips through the thong. Then he was tugging it off, sliding it down her legs, and covering her mound with his hot mouth.

Shivers wracked her as he licked her clit with an urgency that made her hotter, wetter. “Oh,” she moaned, a low ball of pleasure growing into a pulsing ache.

He cupped her ass, lifting her hips to devour her pussy. She jerked, hips twitching, legs trembling. Dillon slipped his finger in her sheath, easing inside slowly.

Vivian fisted her hands in his hair, gripping tightly, holding on to the only thing available.

The pressure inside grew, pounding through her blood. He moved faster, mouth and hand. Her breathing came in shallow pants as the climax rocked her body. "Dillon," she cried.

"That's it, baby," he whispered against her pussy.

As the rippling spasms slowed, Dillon lifted her, drawing her dress over her head. His dark gaze burned her bare breasts. He rose from his knees, licking each nipple, then pulling Vivian to her feet and into his arms.

Their naked skin pressed together, his hard body tight against her softness. "I love you, know that?" he asked.

"Of course."

Dillon reached up, removing the clips in her hair. Unbound, dark curls fell around her shoulders. He kissed her neck, running his hands through her hair. Slowly he turned her around, then bent her over the bed. She braced her arms on the dark blue comforter, laying her head on them. Behind her, Dillon slid his fingers along her ass, easing between her cheeks.

He pressed against her, the head of his cock finding her wet sheath. Dillon groaned as he pushed inside her, stretching and filling her so sweetly.

Vivian pushed back, taking him deeper with a growled moan.

"Mmm." He grabbed her hips, holding her still as he slowly moved out before plunging back inside. He slammed against her, his balls slapping her wet skin. Dillon reached around Vivian, one hand grasping her breasts, playing with her nipples, while the other teased her clit. Shocks of pleasure spread from her pussy and her breasts, filling her as completely as his cock did.

The weight of his body against her back, his arms around her, only deepened the sensations. He jerked back, then slammed forward, filling her again. His chest hair rasped over her back as his thighs rubbed hers, keeping her locked into position. Not that she had any desire to move, not with the way he was making her feel.

He slid out, slammed back inside, deep, fast, his movements growing frantic. Dizzy with the pleasure flowing through her, Vivian matched his every move, pushing back to meet his thrusts. His grip tightened on her breasts, kneading her flesh and tweaking her nipples.

She moaned on a heavy breath as the orgasm lifted her higher, higher. Then it hit. She spasmed around his length as wet heat shivered through her body. He held her tighter, and continued to pump his hips.

Vivian screamed as the climax reached a crescendo, her entire body shaking with the release. Dillon shouted hoarsely, spilling his seed. His movements slowed and he pulled her upright, only his arms keeping her shaky legs from giving out.

Breathing heavily, Vivian leaned back, his cock still inside her. "All right, my love. I forgive you."

"Happy Valentine's Day, darling," he whispered against her ear, his cock already growing hard once more. A thrilling shiver raced through her as he added, "But I'm nowhere near done apologizing."

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