

Encounter: Day of Joy Adera Orfanelli

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Day of Joy

The scent of incense teased Andree's nose, and she closed her eyes and breathed deeply. A year ago she'd sat here in sorrow, the pain of her loss nearly overwhelming. This year, she celebrated the holiday with a newfound reverence for the miracles that this day could bring. Strong hands rested on her shoulders.

Andree tilted her head back and looked up into the face of her lover. He leaned over her, brushing a kiss across her forehead, way too strong and vital to have been dead a year ago. Except, he had been. And it was only a gift, a ritual... Andree still wasn't sure how he had come back to her, and her soldier's mind couldn't quite wrap around the reasons or the reality. All she knew was that her lover had returned, and on this Day of the Dead, they'd celebrate together.

Ghis sat behind her, his hands loosely cupping her waist. His heated touch on her chilled skin felt good, really good, and she leaned back against his chest, letting his arms enfold her. For long moments, she savored the contact, the skin-against-skin she couldn't get enough of since his return. And then, she turned her head against his chest, tilting her face so she could kiss his stubbled jaw.

His hands tightened, one sliding over her abdomen to brush the underside of her breast. Andree arched her back. Her hard and aching nipples begged for his touch. Her pussy grew slick with her juices, and the hard cock pressing against her lower back

made her long to turn around and take it inside her. Not yet. She wanted to savor tonight. It was, after all, their anniversary.

Ghis covered her breast with his hand, finding the nipple and rolling it between his fingers. His other hand slid lower, caressing her mound and lower.

Andree uncrossed her legs. Spreading them, she used Ghis' strength against her back to brace herself. The first touch of his fingers against her labia made her moan. The second had her rocking her hips against his finger, drawing it closer to her channel. Ghis nuzzled the back of her neck, his lips moving across her skin. Just like he'd licked and sucked her into orgasm last night. Andree closed her eyes, an already-satisfied smile on her lips.

"I want to touch you," she whispered, reaching behind her to grab his thighs.

"You touch me and I'll explode. Can't get enough of you." Ghis nipped the side of her neck. He slid a finger inside her. "You're so wet and hot for me."

"Fuck me," Andree said, her words verging on an order. Except neither one of them were in the military any more and she had no rank to give him orders.

"In time." He eased from behind her and laid her down on the plush rug.

Andree sank into the soft carpet and opened her arms to her lover. Ghis moved over her, drawing down to her breast, where he pulled a nipple into his mouth.

Andree cried out, her back arching. A hint of incense reminded her this was supposed to be a sacred night, a ritual night, but the pull of Ghis' hot mouth, the way his heavy legs pinned her down, made her think only of making love to him. She threaded her fingers through his hair, holding his mouth to her. With her other hand, she caressed his shoulders and back, still as muscled as they had been in the service. She rose and fell beneath his mouth, beneath his touch. A mewl of need escaped her lips as he moved down her body, and when his arms cupped the backs of her thighs and drew her legs over his shoulders, she damned neared orgasmed.

His warm breath sensitized her heated flesh, and she cried out at the first touch of his tongue against her clit and labia. "Ghis," she breathed. She dug her heels into his back, lifting her hips to offer him more of her intimate flesh. His tongue speared her.

She cried out at the pleasure spiraling through her. Her panting breaths sounded too loud in her ears. The sweat dried on her skin. She'd no more than come down from that first, quick flash of release when he slid two fingers inside her and began to thrust.

"Oh damn," she muttered, her body driving back to the precipice of satisfaction. Her body moved in rhythm, dancing on the end of his thick, blunt fingers inside her cunt. He palmed her breast, massaging it, pinching the nipple, and when she thought she couldn't take much more, he pulled away, only to settle himself over her.

"Yes!" She lifted her legs, wrapping them around his hips, her arms wound around his shoulders to draw him down to her.

He filled her with a single thrust, driving deep and hitting that place inside her that sent her over. She clung to him, savoring the thick cock inside her, the man, all flesh and blood, above her, and even the stubble tickling her cheek. Today might be the Day of the Dead, their anniversary, but her man was very much alive.

He began to move in long, slow thrusts. Andree met each one, letting him ride her in a cadence set to bring her the most pleasure. She longed to whimper, longed to beg him to fuck her hard and fast, but they had time. Oh yes, they had so much time.

With one final thrust she couldn't think at all, for her lover stiffened above her, a triumphant cry on his lips. His imminent release pushed her over the edge, and she came again, the pulses of pleasure tightening her pussy around his cock, drawing him even deeper inside her. Ghis tumbled into release along with her, spilling his seed inside her.

Sated, they collapsed together on the rug. The candle sputtered and died. The incense had long since abated. And today, instead of being a Day of the Dead, was a Day of Joy. One of many in the year since they'd been together, and one of many to come.

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