

Encounter -- Fire Woman: Sharp Dressed Woman Megan Slayer

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Sharp Dressed Woman

“Are you about done?” Zac folded his arms and leaned against the railing. Lord help him if he made it to an awards ceremony on time. “They will start without me.”

The bathroom door still didn't open. Good thing he loved Atria more than life. She drove him to drinking sometimes. But of all nights to be late... Glow was up for a Grammy for their work on the Brighter album. The Grammys! The band hadn't been nominated before, but they were now and he wanted to be there if they won. Probably not going to happen, seeing as the category was stacked with fantastic bands, but still.

“Zac? I need help,” Atria called from the other side of the door. “The zipper's stuck.”

He pinched the bridge of his nose. Twenty minutes earlier, he'd helped her with the damn zipper. “Is the door locked?” He jiggled the handle. “Guess not.”

Zac opened the door, then charged into the bathroom. Instead of finding the love of his life warring with a zipper, she grinned and flipped her hair over

her shoulder. The black satin gown accentuated her natural curves and left little of her cleavage to the imagination. She'd never looked more beautiful in her life.

Atria flicked her fingers and sparks lit on her fingertips. "You see, I wasn't actually stuck." More sparks. "But I needed you."

Looking at her dressed to the nines, he needed her, too.

"Aren't you going to check your watch?" She batted her eyelashes. "We are... late."

"I'll have the driver make up time." Zac whisked her into his arms, then tossed her over his shoulder. In long strides, he raced to the limo. "Just get us there on time," he shouted to the driver.

Zac placed Atria on her feet, then opened the limo door. "Now."

"Yes, Sir," she replied and mock saluted him. As she climbed into the back seat, he swatted her ass. There wouldn't time for much fun on the way, but he'd take what he could get -- then expect more from her later.

When the car lurched forward, Zac turned his attention to his wife. "I'm late and you knew it." He patted his lap. "Come here."

"No," she said and giggled.

"Come here, Attie." He inched closer to her, then pulled her onto his lap. "This," he said and hiked her skirt out of the way, "has got to go."

He smoothed his hand along the inside of her thigh until he came to the silky scrap of material serving as her panties. Her cream slicked the flimsy material and her breath hitched when he touched her pussy. He shoved the silk aside and rubbed his thumb over her clit. Her eyes glazed over and fire streaked over her skin.

Such a beautiful fire elemental. His heart raced. No award matched finding his mate. Her fire completed him and kept his ice at bay. He inserted his middle finger between her cunt lips and pushed, touching the sweet spot just inside her pussy.

“Don’t you start if you’re not going to finish,” she panted. Atria tilted her head back and rode his hand, writhing in time with his thrusts.

“Then come here.” He’d ruin his tuxedo pants for sure, but did he actually care? Nah. No one would notice what he wore. Not with Atria looking so beautiful on his arm.

Atria leaned back in his arms long enough to unbutton his tuxedo trousers. Fire lit her eyes as she kept her gaze with his. She freed him of his pants, then rubbed. Her fire mixed with his ice, creating the perfect balance.

He groaned, then pulled out of her. “Not enough, Attie.” Zac grasped her by her hips and guided her onto his cock. Another groan ripped from his throat when their bodies connected. Damn.

“Zac,” Atria panted. She buried her face against his neck and gave him total control. “Please?”

Zac breathed in the soft flowery scent of her perfume combined with the spicy scent of sex in the air. “Mine, babe.” He rocked his hips, moving in and out of her. No matter how many times they made love, each time topped the last.

Pleasure zinged through his veins and a sense of calm filled his mind. He embraced the balance in their elements and the need coursing through his veins. No other woman would do. He massaged every inch of her from the inside out, his balls slapping her ass on each thrust.

A lock of her dark hair swept over her heavy lidded eyes. Her breaths came in short bursts and tickled on his cheek.

His belly tingled and his mouth watered for her. Zac cupped the back of her neck, then brought her mouth down on his. He continued to thrust, this time with his tongue mimicking the actions of his cock. He swallowed her moans and whimpers.

Her legs trembled and her movements turned erratic. Yeah, so close.

“Zac,” she gasped. “Need to come.”

“Then come with me, babe.” He thrust up hard into her, his seed splashing in her womb. Zac closed his eyes and cradled her body in his arms. Moments passed without words. The rest of the world faded away. Nothing mattered but her.

Atria broke the bliss filled silence first. “Never going to get tired of that.” She cuddled in his arms. “Does it really matter if you win the award?”

“I’d like to. Would be nice to be recognized.” He kissed the top of her head. “But honestly, I just want to be there. I’ve got you and that’s prize enough.”

“Liar.” She sat up and soft punched his chest. “I hope you do win.”

The car lurched to a stop and flashbulbs popped outside the windows. Atria smoothed her skirt back into place, then grabbed her purse. “Time for you to shine?”

The car door opened and a rush of photographers stuck cameras into the limo to catch the action. Zac kissed his wife hard on the lips. “Time for us to shine.”

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