

Weekend Fling Dawn Montgomery

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Eggs sizzled on the stove as Scott cooked her breakfast. Caelie grinned as she tugged on the light blue cotton button-up shirt he'd given her to wear. He was making her breakfast after one night of awesome sex. She couldn't believe it. Her stomach flipped. "Everything smells wonderful."

She ran an appreciative eye over him as she settled her butt against the sturdy breakfast table. A flannel shirt hung comfortably unbuttoned covering in her opinion, way too much of his gorgeous body. The green and black really brought out his eyes. His pajama pants tugged tightly across his very sexy ass, and the new sexual wanton in her remembered the feel of it under her fingernails. It was all she could do to keep herself from hauling him to the floor or even the breakfast table. She grinned.

"I'm not sure what you're thinking, Cee, but those sexy brown eyes are going to have to stop looking at me like that or breakfast will have to wait." His husky voice startled her from her naughty thoughts. She laughed self-consciously. Before she could hide her embarrassment, he lifted her chin. A hard kiss on the lips drew her eyes to his. They were heavy lidded with lust. Her heart began to beat hard against her chest, leaving her breathless. *Damn, he's so fucking sexy.* She grinned.

"You're an amazing lady, you know that?" Shaking his head, he began to set the food in their plates. She ducked away from his arms to give him a hand buttering the toast. "I'm beginning to think you never do anything, 'just because.'" His gaze held hers for a minute.

Shrugging in confusion, she set the table for them. "It just never occurred to me that I could do something like that." Mischief tickled her thoughts. "And I wouldn't say, 'Anything,' Mr. Sexy Stranger." They grinned at each other like kids and sat at the table.

"Would you let anyone drive your Camaro?" His voice was teasing.

She took a bite to give some time to consider. Would she let someone drive her baby? "No, just me," she paused until he looked up, "and you for giving me the idea." She winked at him and he winked back.

He snorted, "Yeah, right. Sure thing, Cee."

"You'll see, Scott."

He gave her a crooked grin. "Hmm, right." Clearly he didn't believe her. "What do you want to do, today?"

"I'd rather you show me around here, if you don't mind."

"Are you sure you'd like to stay? I'd be happy to show you around." That husky voice quivered a bit, and Caelie smiled.

Slowly rising she moved the dishes from the table, placing them in the sink. Pulling her hair back in a ponytail, she straddled his legs. She didn't want to think anymore. "I'd love to." She kissed him softly, teasing the scar on his lip with her tongue. He slipped his hands up her thighs, bunching the shirt around her waist. Tingling at his nearness, she slid against his cock. Cream pooled slowly, teasingly. This felt so good, so right. Caelie sighed.

Shifting slightly, Caelie admired his chest. She ran her fingertips over his nipples, pinching them, causing them to harden. Drew had never liked that. Scott sucked in his breath. Through lowered lashes, Caelie caught the shock on his face. She grinned and bent to tease them with her lips.

"What are you doing, baby?" He sounded amused and a little breathless.

"Hang on, I need to check something." His chuckle caused her to tug at a nipple while pinching the other. Hissing, he jerked a bit in shock. "Like that?" She licked the

pebbled tip softly before bringing it into her mouth. Rolling it with her tongue while she teased the other one earned her a soft moan.

"Fuck yes, I like that." His growl raised the hair on her arms. He unbuttoned her shirt effortlessly. Wrapping her hair around his hand, Scott jerked her head back, kissing her with an aggression she'd never seen. Cream coated her thighs. Her body screamed for him to fuck her, right then. He pulled her back to look in his eyes. "If you want me to stop, tell me."

His eyes were tortured. He needed to be rough with her, and God help her, she needed it too. "Don't stop, please."

His smile dazzled her. Alternately nipping at her skin and soothing with his tongue, he created a path of fire down her neck. His other hand slipped up her thigh, gently pushing open her slick folds. "Jesus, you're wet." His muffled words pressed against her neck made her shiver.

"Only for you, Scott. I've never --" His mouth ravaged hers, swallowing her confessions as two fingers slammed in her channel, sending a thrill through her body. Finally, what she actually needed. Grinding her hips against his fingers, Caelie met him kiss for kiss.

"Like that baby?" His smile. God, that delicious smile. She mewed softly. "How bout this?" He rubbed his thumb against her clit, driving her to the point of madness. She moaned.

"Oh, yeah, you like that, don't you?" He shifted back dropping his hand from her hair to her waist. "Put your elbows on the table behind you baby."

She settled back, supporting her upper body as Scott grinned. His midnight eyes dilated in passion. Gripping her lower back, he dropped his mouth to her breasts, all the while pounding steadily into her with his fingers.

When he rolled her clit between his thumb and fingers, she almost came right then. He lightly laved her nipple, teasing the tip to a tight bud. Caelie shook in desire. Tingles of need whirled in her stomach. His fingers softly teased her clit. "What is it, baby?" His breath caressed the tip, causing her to moan. "Do you want this, Cee?"

“I want whatever you’re willing to give me. But if you don’t hurry the fuck up, I’m going to kick your ass.”

“Tell me, baby.” Biting softly, he tugged. The pleasure caused her pussy to clench. Moans tore from her throat in response. “Tell me what you want.”

“Fuck me, please. Just. Fuck. Me.”

“Yes, ma’am.” Lifting her hips, he rose out of the chair. Instead of pulling her hand to the bedroom, he threw her over his shoulder. Grinning, Caelie realized she was going to be ravished. His hand caressed her thighs, tickling the sensitive skin.

He tossed her on his bed. She had a moment to catch her breath before he’d shucked his clothes and pounced her. “Damn, you strip fast.” She slipped out of his arms and his smile turned predatory. They slowly circled each other in the bed, just close enough to touch. Her heart pounded a staccato rhythm, excitement lighting her body on fire.

Scott pounced and they exploded in a flurry of sheets and pillows. They wrestled with intensity, trying to dominate each other. Neither played fair. Every time Scott landed on top, Caelie wiggled suggestively, distracting him enough to flip him off of her. With Caelie on top, he’d tease her nipples or clit. Pillows flew everywhere in their last desperate struggle. In an extremely smooth move, Scott maneuvered on top of her, pinning her stomach down on the bed. She felt his stiff cock settle against the cheeks of her ass.

Heavy breathing and warm musk settled around her. She could taste the tang of desire in the air. Scott pressed her down as his lips touched her ear in a caress. “I don’t want to hurt you, so you have to tell me to stop if you can’t take it. I promise I’ll stop.”

“Okay, Scott.” She wiggled beneath him in frustration.

Her voice hitched as he bit into her shoulder blade, biting hard enough to leave a mark without breaking the skin. Her body contracted in the sudden rush of desire. “I’m going to guide you by your hair.” He wrapped his wrist in the strawberry strands, pulling her backwards toward the side of the bed.

Feeling controlled and loving it, Caelie followed, tugging a bit against the restraint for good measure. He chuckled, licking the aching mark his teeth had made. Hearing a ripping sound, Caelie felt Scott put on a condom. Her body screamed for fulfillment, pulling a low growl from her throat.

“Right here, baby. Stay on all fours right here at the edge of the bed.” He released her hair with a kiss on her neck. Caelie slipped to all fours, feeling very exposed and vulnerable. She started shaking.

“You are so beautiful, Caelie, looking like that. Just for me.” His voice held awe as his fingers slipped into her aching pussy. Walls contracted around his fingers as he explored her tight channel.

“Oh God, Scott. I need you.” Her arms threatened to collapse.

“Cee, Jesus.” His fingers slipped from her body, but before her body could ache in emptiness, his thick cock slammed into her. Gripping her hips with his hands, he slammed into her over and over, driving her to a rush so intense her body shook with it. She clawed the sheets, needing something to hold on to.

It wasn't enough. Using the mattress for leverage, Caelie ground against him, rotating her hips to accept more of him into her body. His hiss had her smiling. All thoughts scattered as her clit began to tingle, climax building to a deafening roar. Her moans were incoherent as he pounded into her.

“Tell me. Tell me, baby. Do you like that?” Scott's voice shook as he gripped her tighter.

“Please. Oh God, please. Yes.” Her cries rose in intensity as her body screamed its release. With a roar, Scott followed behind her, thrusting deep inside. His lips caressed her shoulder, making the marks tingle.

Their breathing softened and Scott pulled out, lightly caressing her back. Caelie's arms and legs collapsed. Rolling onto her back, she floated in a haze of contentment. Her body shuddered in small aftershocks while cool air dried the sweat off her body. The toilet flushed and Caelie heard water running. A stretch would be nice, but she couldn't work up the energy. Wow. Unbelievable.

Grinning like a fool, Caelie just enjoyed the moment. Scott's scent surrounded her, and Caelie, for the first time in her life, felt safe. She didn't have to feel, or be anything else. Strong arms surrounded her, pulling her tight in a warm embrace. The day would come soon enough.

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