

## Encounter -- Chamomile Nights: Honeymoon Suite Zenobia Renquist

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### Chamomile Nights: Honeymoon Suite

Patrice checked the itinerary on her tablet again. Everything was perfect. She'd checked and rechecked and checked again just to be sure. She would keep doing it to make sure everything remained perfect.

The happy bride and groom stood side by side as the priest said his words of blessing while Patrice occupied a space in the back of the church near one of the side exits. Her usual spot in case she had to rush out to fix something. Out of the way, hidden by shadows so no one could see the telltale drizzle of moisture down the insides of her thighs.

She shifted her hips while trying to act as though she wasn't moving. That didn't stop Kai's invisible fingers pleasuring her pussy. He stroked her clit in rapid motion and wiggled his thumb inside her channel. His surprise visit had Patrice biting her lip to keep her sounds of satisfaction back so Shawna, who stood next to her, wouldn't hear and suspect.

Kai needed to stop. He was interrupting her work. Play at the office was one thing-and could be hidden better-but in the middle of the wedding was crossing the line.

“Then why are you so wet?” Kai whispered closed to her ear, his breathing tickling her hot skin.

She jerked her ear to her shoulder at the sudden sensation. When Shawna glanced at her, Patrice said, “Fly.”

Shawna nodded and went back to watching the proceedings. Meanwhile Kai wasn't finished with Patrice. He skimmed his tongue over her neck. “You just got wetter and you're sucking my thumb. Did Shawna's attention get you hot? Want me to go visible and do you properly? Give the happy couple some pointers before their wedding night?”

She closed her thighs as her answer. Kai needed to stop. No matter how good it felt, she wouldn't do this here and she wasn't playing.

“Fine.” His hand retreated. “Meet me in the restroom.”

She straightened her back and stared ahead.

His hand returned, kneading one ass cheek. “Restroom in five or else I pick up where I left off. Up to you.” He patted her ass and then was gone.

Patrice glanced at the itinerary again before she leaned over and whispered to Shawna, “I'm going to go check the reception hall. Will you be okay here?”

“I'm good. Go ahead.”

“See you there.”

Shawna waved Patrice away. Patrice rushed out the side exit and headed for the restroom near the front entrance. She'd barely crossed the threshold before Kai grabbed her in his arms and yanked her inside. He trapped her against his chest for a thorough and possessive kiss that left Patrice panting with knee at his waist so she could press her drenched pussy against the bulge in his pants.

“Not here,” he said, chuckling. He pulled the restroom door open and escorted her through it into a very familiar honeymoon suite.

Familiar because Patrice had been there that morning, decorating it as per the groom's instructions-bouquets of roses and rose petals strewn across the bed. It was a honeymoon dream come true and Patrice had been proud of her handiwork.

She looked at Kai with dawning realization. "No."

He grinned at her. "Yes."

"Kai, no. We can't. This room--"

"Is perfect for fucking. You made sure of it. Don't you want to give your masterpiece a test run? Make sure everything is as perfect as it looks?" He squeezed her ass, which made her wiggle against his side. "Have some relief?"

"I'm only like this because you were fingering me in the church."

"So let me finish the job." Sweeping her into his arms, he carried her to the bed and placed her amongst the rose petals. "Beautiful."

"Kai, we--"

He covered her lips with one finger as he leaned close. "I can fix it like new when we're finished. I promise. Not one rose petal will be out of place. It'll be as perfect for them as it is for us."

Patrice couldn't argue. She inched her skirt up her legs as she opened her thighs, spreading her bare pussy to Kai's hungry gaze. He'd stolen her panties before he started teasing her earlier. The man had a collection of her panties stashed somewhere from all the times he'd coaxed her into a quickie while at work. One day he would give them back.

He shook his head as he positioned himself between her legs. "Nothing doing. Those are my trophies. Each one a prize from my conquest of your stubborn attitude."

"I am not stubborn. You can't keep showing up at my job and--" She gasped long and loud as he slipped his dick into her channel to the base. Her slick flesh welcomed the intrusion without resistance.

"You were saying?"

She wrapped her arms around his shoulders, her legs around his waist, and circled her hips so the tip of his dick nudged her inner most part. "I have to be at the reception hall before the guests arrive for final checks."

"From the way that priest was droning on, we have plenty of time." He pressed his hips against hers and rocked before pulling back so he could return.

Patrice met him thrust for thrust until the force of their combined motions had the bed rocking on its frame and the headboard banging on the wall. The sound was equal parts erotic and annoying. She would pull the bed away from the wall when they finished so the bride and groom wouldn't have to put up with the same.

Kai slowed his movements and met her gaze. "See? You wouldn't have known about that if not for me."

"Thank you." She kissed his collar. "Thank you." Her next kiss landed high on his neck. "Thank you." Another kiss on his chin. She didn't get out another thank you before Kai claimed her lips in a penetrative kiss. His tongue dueled with hers as he increased his tempo, pumping his hips hard and fast, and making Patrice end the kiss so she could scream her pleasure.

Kai's own animalistic sounds of satisfaction mingled with her high, delighted moans. He hugged her tight with his face buried against her neck. His hot breath scorched her skin, radiating heat throughout her body.

Patrice tensed as her orgasm burst into the world. No sound left her. She clutched at Kai and convulsed around him as he continued driving to her depths and holding her in the sensation.

A small pop preceded Kai burying himself one final time and spilling himself. Patrice stared in amazement as rose petals rained around them. She loved it. It was beautiful and magical and she needed to figure out how to recreate it-without magic-so the newlyweds could enjoy the same. The timing wouldn't be as perfect but the effect would still be appreciated.

Kai slumped over top of her with a groan. "Don't you ever stop working for five seconds? This is for you, not them."

"I know that and I love it. I do but it's so perfect." She smiled with an expectant look. "Please?"

With a resigned sigh, he nodded. "I can rig a spell," he grumbled.

"Oh thank you!" She hugged him tight, which shifted his renewed arousal inside her and awakened her body to the promise of more pleasure.

Rolling so Patrice straddled him, Kai cupped her ass and grinned up at her. "There are better ways to show your appreciation and we've still got the room for another twenty-five minutes."

Patrice started unbuttoning her blouse. "We should make them count then." She barely had her bra off before she had her hips moving in a sensual ride that had them both breathing hard and concerned only with each other as the rest of the world slipped away.

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