

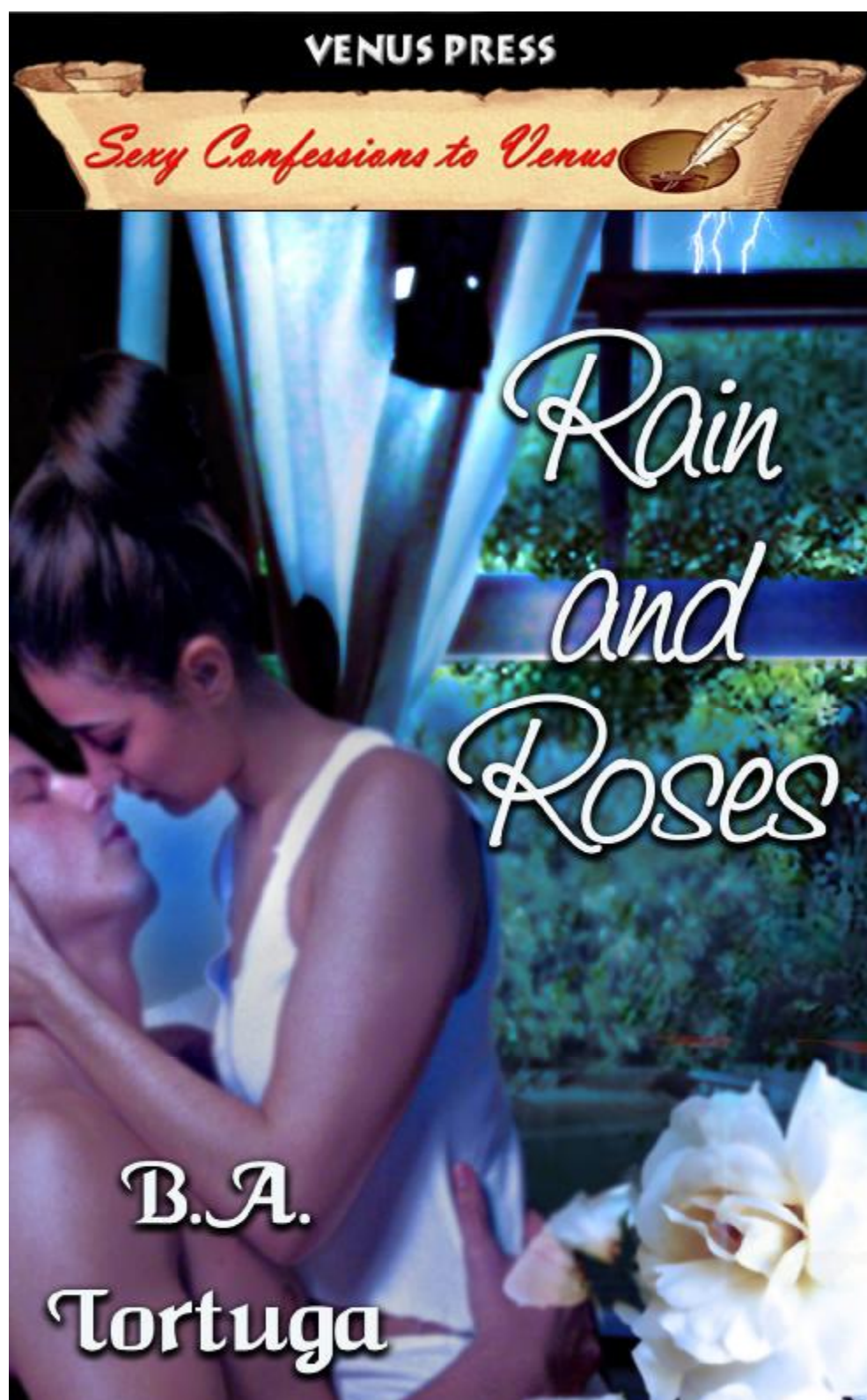
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*Sexy Confessions to Venus*



# Rain and Roses

B.A.  
Tortuga



*B.A. Tortuga*

**“Sexy Confessions to Venus”  
RAIN & ROSES**

**BY**

**B.A. TORTUGA**

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Sexy Confessions to Venus: RAIN & ROSES

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RAIN & ROSES

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She heard the rain start outside, plopping from the gardenia onto the fencepost then down into the ground to feed the roots of the roses. Elizabeth smiled, looking up from the dog-eared pages of her novel – one she'd read so often she didn't really need to see the words anymore. The storm had threatened all evening, the lightning taking out the electricity hours ago, thunder making the parakeets squawk and flutter in their cages. She'd wandered about, lighting emergency candles when the storm made the sky dark and opening the shutters so the breeze would come through.

She thought it might be late enough to open up the house, keep the air conditioner off, and admit that summer was fading and fall on its way. Maybe she should go down to the nursery and buy iris bulbs tomorrow evening, mums to fill the window boxes and...

"You're always thinking." It was less a complaint than an observation as cool hands slid over her shoulders from behind the rocker, pushing her braid out of the way. It wouldn't be long before those lengthy fingers slipped off the tie at the end, spreading her dark chestnut hair along her back.

Along the sheets.

"You're here early." She hadn't seen him in weeks. Not since the last new moon.

"The thunder called me." Samuel worked the buttons of her pale linen shirt open, one after another, relentless and unquestioning. Had the rain and wind not been so welcome, such a distraction, would have made her growl and snap. As it was, by the time she remembered to mutter and complain, he was cupping her breasts, forefingers gliding in lazy circles around her nipples as her shirt slipped down her arms to pool on the hardwood floor. So dark against her skin. He was so dark.

"So pink," he chuckled, tugging on one enough to make her shift, enough to send jolt of lightning down through her belly, awakening the first hint of hunger in the pit of her stomach.

"I didn't say you could do that."

Samuel's chuckle brushed the little escaped hairs by her ears, "I didn't ask, pet."

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Taking both her nipples, he squeezed tight between thumb and forefinger, rolled enough to pucker the skin. Elizabeth reached for his hands, but he stopped her, grabbed her. “No. No touching, not if you want me to give you what you need.”

The lightning flashed and she gasped, eyes drawn outside as the dahlias drooped with the weight of the water, dark red blossoms seeming to bow to them, to their play.

“You wouldn’t deny me, Samuel. You hunger as much as I do.”

“Always looking to your garden...”

She felt his lips brush against her throat, the barest threat of teeth, then those fingers were at her breast again, capturing her attention, her focus, her nipples, all in a single pinch.

“Jealous.”

She shifted, ass slipping on the pillow that slid on the rocker’s wood, that made the chair rock and creak, the sound as familiar as the squeak of her bedsprings. She reached up, fingers finding his nape, the little curls tickling her fingers before she slid them around the square line of his jaw, fingertips catching on the stubble. It was roughest on his chin, and then suddenly stopped at the sun-dried silk feel of his lips. Dipping in to touch the sharp line of teeth, the wet heat, was worth the snap, the quick bite. “Those don’t belong to you, Samuel.”

Elizabeth didn’t get an answer, per se, just strong arms lifting her from the rocker and depositing her on her feet with a dull thud, before stripping her jeans and panties from her. She still hadn’t looked at him, hadn’t looked to see if her lover was nude or wearing his favorite loose linen pants. Hadn’t looked to see if the gold curls were brushed and combed into submission or left in chaos. All she knew for sure was that his hunger matched hers.

Samuel’s hand led her to the low window, pressed her down to her knees, the wood damp with the rain. Without a word, he stretched her up, arms on the windowsill, chin on her arms, the rain making her blink. The scent of the roses that bloomed beneath this window surrounded her, coated her like a courtesan’s perfume, and she moaned her thanks.

“I know you, pet. I have from the moment I saw you.” His voice echoed inside her, fingers stroking down her spine, tracing each bump, each muscle before slipping over her buttocks, the touch there teasing and light, sending goose pimples over her skin. She felt him kneel behind her and her hips tilted, the offer instinctive and immediate. “No, no, love. Not yet.”

Long fingers slid over her inner thighs, up toward her bared lips, her wet folds. “Oh, very good. My naked lady.”

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His fingers pushed within her, sudden and sure, she spread her thighs and lifted her head as she cried out. The touch was gone as quickly as it came, leaving her aching, the scent of her need mingling with the roses.

“Stay there for me. Watch your foxglove and your gladiolus dance.”

Her chin was eased back onto her arms, hair un-plaited and set free for the wind to capture. She watched, more than obeyed, fascinated by the bob and dance of the great grandchildren of flowers planted in other gardens, in other countries, in places remembered only in photographs, paintings, and fairytales.

The lightning flashed again, turning reds and purples to black, pinks and peaches to glaring white. The white stones on her little path shone bright for a moment, seeming to glow.

The touch of slick fingers upon her clit joined by another pressing against the tiny hole between her buttocks, distracted her from her thoughts. Elizabeth would have jerked away but for the soft whisper. “But aren’t you hungry, love? I simply wish to give us what we both need.”

Oh. Hunger. Yes. She rested her cheek back down, thighs spread wide. He knew how she longed for his touch – whether it be the oiled finger sliding within her, the splash of blood between them or the scrape of his teeth on her shoulder. The press of his heavy cock inside her.

Samuel rubbed and tugged her clit, the rhythm odd and maddening, random as the rain that fell upon her cheeks. She could feel herself heating from deep within, a sweet ache filling her, driving her hunger. So slowly he drove her, insisting she move higher and higher, open herself to him.

“Yes. Yes, that’s it. I have something for you.” The fingers both disappeared, and then a cool pressure spread her ass cheeks, slowly sliding against her, begging entrance. One of Samuel’s hands landed on the small of her back, pushing her hips out in a most obscene manner. “I want to see, Elizabeth. I want to see you ride.”

One finger, so moist with oil, slipped around the intruder’s tip, slicking and teasing her tight ring of muscles, sending shudders through her. “After, Samuel? After will we slake our thirst?”

“We will do as I will, pet.” Teeth scraped against her shoulder, shocking her. “Take it in. For me.”

It was an easy thing, to watch the flowers bob and to move in time, let the hunger flood her as she pressed back, the pressure within her swelling and stretching, making her nipples ache and her cunt beg for a touch, a hard cock, anything.

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Her shoulders rolled as the burn within her soared, the pressure enough to tease a groan from her. That was when the kisses came along her spine – biting, stinging kisses that left aches behind them, little throbbing circles of sex wherever Samuel’s mouth lit.

“Beloved!” She moved faster, taking the plug in with a cry, feeling her body close around its tapered end and hold it tight within her. Samuel petted her now, stroking her from shoulder to hip.

“Yes. Yes, so good. So beautiful.” The husky whisper came again, close to her ear, dark and rich as graveyard soil. “And my own.”

His hands traveled around her waist, moving to stroke the undersides of her breasts, the touch infuriating much like the pressure within her—not enough to fulfill her need, yet too much to deny, to ignore. “Aren’t you, Elizabeth? Are you not my own, pet, offered for my pleasure, my need?”

One nipple was flicked, the zing sharp enough to make her shift, rumble. Then another touch, this one longer, sharper, making her lip curl and her growl answer the thunder. “Yes. Yes, Samuel. Yours. I’m hungry.”

“I know.”

Bastard. She tried to move, to pull away, but the thorns from the roses snagged her wet skin, insisting she stay.

“See? Even the flowers know what you need.”

“They always know. Samuel. I want. I ache.”

His shaft rubbed along her thigh, the tip leaving its own wet kisses behind. The plug within her was jostled, tugged out enough to stretch her then pushed back in and well-seated. “I want you to need, pet. Wanting is not enough.”

“Need? What do you know of need, Samuel? Please, it’s been weeks. Weeks!”

“That’s it, pet. Beg me for it.”

“Fuck you.” She sat up and half-turned before he grabbed her, forced her back down to smell the leaves crushed beneath her cheek.

“I don’t think so, Elizabeth. I don’t think that’s what you want.” He moved behind her, muscled body dwarfing her own, heat making her gasp, making her aware that the rain had grown chill and was beginning to sting her face and shoulders. The heat of his skin was nothing compared to the fire where his cock pushed toward her, into her, filling her.

She shifted, trying to make room within her body, within her very self, but the motions only made him laugh and tug her upright, impaling her on his shaft fully, the tip buried deep.

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Her eyes flashed open, lips parted on a scream, and she tossed her head. The storm howled with her, the winds changing, the water crashing against them like beads of ice biting her stomach, her cheeks and her breasts. “Samuel! Samuel, please!”

How she needed.

“Not until I give you leave.” Never until he set her free—Never. Those were the terms. Both of them bound to one another, fallen and chosen.

One hand dropped to her bare mound, finding her clit and playing it, fingers slick with the rain. The other wrist was pressed to her lips, warm and strong, the pulse beating there, so forceful

So close. So right. So full of life.

She whimpered, lips parting, tongue sliding over the thin skin as he rocked into her, taking her and pushing her, leading her home. “Oh, yes. Such control. So good. Now. Now, Elizabeth. Now!”

Once permission was given, she could no more control her hunger than she could control the rain. She snarled and bit deep, the sweet-salt-copper of blood pouring into her mouth and coating her tongue as her body rippled and shuddered, the orgasm nearly as sweet as the feeding. Samuel poured through her, settling in her veins, in her bones, sating that near hysterical hunger.

For years it had been like this--how many gardens, how many men, how many games, how many times? And each time there was the same power, the same life. The same offering.

They came to rest, both leaning on the windowsill, her tongue sliding over Samuel’s skin as he laid heavy against her, heart pounding as if calling for her. She purred softly, eyes reflected in the window, glowing a soft gold. “Thank you, Chosen.”

Samuel kissed her temple, panting, his cock sliding from her. He came to rest, pretty blue eyes blinking, smiling, so young as they watched her. “You’re most welcome, my lady Elizabeth.”

She smiled, fingers mussing his damp golden curls before she settled and laughed, watched the rain dilute the red droplets upon the white roses, turning them into little pink rivers.

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### About the Author

BA Tortuga lives in the southwest of the United States with several dogs and innumerable family members, and spends a lot of time writing, admiring hot guys and wallowing in hot tubs. BA has been published in numerous short story anthologies and one other novel.

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