

An Erotic Bouquet

A Phaze Flare by

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Also by Aurora Black

Melting the Ice Queen

Valentine's is by far the busiest time of year at her modest flower shop; in the days leading up to the big event of love, hundreds of men and women passed through her doors to purchase the perfect selections of flowers and plants for their loved ones. She usually played the part of the helpful salesperson, smiling and offering her advice to help customers find what they were looking for; but she always felt hollow and restless inside, aching for something wicked that lay just beyond her reach.

Then he walked into her shop one cold Valentine's night, and immediately took her breath away. Smiling, he strode towards the counter where she stood, his tawny eyes shining in the light. By the time he reached her and opened his mouth to speak, she knew that she had to have him.

His voice flowed like warm honey as his eyes, bright with recognition, locked with hers.

"Excuse me, Miss. I'm looking for a nice, romantic bouquet of flowers for someone special. Could you help me out?"

Bella felt her face flush with heat as she forcibly dragged her thoughts away from ravishing this handsome, sexy man on the floor for everyone to see as they passed the glass doors.

She cleared her throat. "Sure. What type of flowers do you have in mind?"

His gaze held hers steadily, but his eyes betrayed a hint of cluelessness on the subject. She had to bite the inside of her cheek to keep from laughing out loud as he thought over the question.

"Roses, of course. Don't all women like roses?"

Bella couldn't control the giggle that erupted from her throat. "Don't all...Sure, roses are very popular, but isn't it a little unfair to make a judgment like that? Not all women are the same, you know. There are as many types of women as there are species of flowers, in my opinion."

He grinned at that, and she felt her insides melt at the sight of his wonderful smile. He leaned forward, and she had to remind herself to breathe as he focused on her, his voice seductive. Challenging.

"So, what kinds of flowers do you prefer, Ms. Expert?"

Standing on her tiptoes, Bella brought her lips to his ear and teased him with her hot breath.

"I thought you'd never ask."

He shivered as she said the words, and she drew her head back, a feeling of triumph washing over her. She stepped away from the counter, unnecessarily brushing against him as she made her way towards the front door. It was closing time, and she sure as hell didn't want anything to interrupt her plans.

Bella's special customer said nothing as she put up the "Closed" sign, drew the blinds and locked the door, watching her with amusement and growing arousal. "What are you doing, Miss?"

Turning to him, she licked her lips, watching his eyes settle on them before moving down to her breasts. She took a deep breath, her mounds pushing out for him, mesmerizing him. She knew she had him.

She cleared her throat again, and his eyes shot back up to hers. She brushed past him again, lingering against the bulge that strained in his slacks before walking towards a beaded curtain.

"I'm going to give you a private tour of my favorite flowers. The greenhouse is this way."

Bella went through without waiting for him, knowing that he would follow her. She could feel his eyes on her swaying ass as she walked in front of him, taunting him with her nearness, her scent. She knew he wanted her, but she wanted to make him wait a little longer before getting her.

Together they entered the lush, steamy indoor greenhouse, and she watched him from beneath her lowered eyelashes as he took in the intoxicating sight and smell of the hundreds of flowers and plants that surrounded them. He breathed the fragrant air, his chest pumping like bellows.

His amber eyes found hers again, and she saw the wonder in their depths.

"All these are your favorites? There isn't a rose anywhere to be found here."

The heat was starting to get to Bella; she stripped out of her confining sweater to reveal her white silk blouse, the sudden temperature change affecting her nipples, making them tent the fabric. He stared at them openly, his hands twitching with the effort it took not to reach out for her.

"I told you that all women aren't the same in that regard. I'm not like other women."

His voice was husky with desire. "I'm starting to realize that."

She let him read the hunger in her eyes before she turned away from him, removing temptation from his reach. She felt it too, and her voice shook slightly as she began to talk about her collection of flowers.

"Where can I begin? Here are my geraniums, which can bloom all year round if well cared for..."

Bella gave her speech, the words falling from her lips without meaning. She wanted him. She wanted to feel him hard against her, pumping into her amongst the blossoming flowers until they both came.

His hand rested on the small of her back; she felt the heat of his large, strong hand through the silk of her blouse, felt the slight tremble, and she knew that his thoughts ran the same course as hers. It was time to act.

They approached the giant Amaryllis flower, its long and thick stalk and bulbous head reminding her anew of its nickname, "The Boy Plant," and making the moistness between her thighs rival that of the greenhouse itself.

Bella tenderly wrapped her hand around the plant the way she wanted to hold and stroke his cock, her fingers cradling the tightly furled bud as she met his eyes. He watched her fondle it, and she saw a twitch of response in his pants. She ran her hand up and down the stalk slowly, taunting him.

"I have a special place in my heart for this plant, as you can clearly guess."

His breath was audible in the silence, his voice guttural. "Come here."

She smiled wickedly at him, and he groaned and took her into his arms. He kissed every inch of her face, whispering to her in between each touch of his lips on hers.

"You are such a fucking tease, Bella..."

She laughed at him as she unfastened his belt, the rasp of his zipper igniting the fire inside until it threatened to consume them both. "That's what you love about me, sweetheart."

"Mmm," was all he said as she thrust her hand into his open fly, sliding it under his briefs to finally close around his throbbing cock. She squeezed it gently, and he arched his hips for more. She stroked him fast and hard, making him shout out loud, the sound echoing in the misty room.

He reached for her blouse, attacking the buttons until the fabric opened to allow him access. He cupped her full breasts in his hands, his thumbs stroking the nipples through the sheer lace of her bra, making her moan in pleasure.

Suddenly, Bella pulled away from his embrace, her eyes smoldering.

"Honey, we haven't finished the tour yet."

He gaped at her in disbelief.

"You've got to be kidding me, babe. You're still thinking about flowers at a time like this?"

She reached behind her back to unfasten her bra as she walked towards her collection of orchids, letting it slide down her arms before releasing it onto the floor. She looked at him.

"I'm sure you'll like these, Chris. Come and see."

Chris looked down at his disheveled pants and decided to slip them off along with the rest of his clothes. A moment later, he strolled naked towards Bella, his cock proud and erect. Eager.

Bella licked her lips, her resolve to keep up the pretense dissolving at the sight of him.

"The orchid is widely considered to be one of the most sexiest flowers. Its name is actually derived from the Ancient Greek word 'orhideas,' which means 'testicle'..."

Chris' testicles tingled at the sight of her; he reached for her again from behind, his hands trailing down her sides, reaching under her skirt for her black lace panties. He could feel her wetness against the crotch of the fabric, and he growled in her ear; his cock dancing with excitement against the crack of her ass.

She felt him jerk against her, and she automatically leaned back so he could cup her woman's mound more easily, his fingers toying with her clit through the barrier of her panties. She moaned, spreading her legs for him as he pulled the crotch to the side and lightly traced her pussy lips.

His voice rumbled in her ear. "Hmm, that's interesting."

Bella gasped at the feeling of his fingers stimulating her sensitive tissues. "What is it?"

Chris grinned against her skin, his eyes caressing the vulva-like petals of the orchids before them.

His fingers teased her opening, driving her crazy. "These orchids look somewhat familiar..."

She moaned at his cruel streak, wanting nothing more than for him to shove them inside.

"Ohh, Chris...please. Finger me, baby. I need you to touch me..."

He chuckled darkly. "Aha! I see it now...these orchids look just...like...you."

Chris slid his fingers into her; Bella grabbed onto the edge of the table, hanging on for dear life as she screamed, thrusting herself harder and faster onto the thick digits. "Yes! Oh baby, yes..."

He felt her inner walls trembling on his invading fingers. "You're so close, sweetheart."

Bella shook her head from the intensity of the approaching orgasm, her long black hair whipping about her face as she writhed against the gardening table. "Chris, I'm going to come..."

Chris' voice was hoarse with passion. "Come for me, Bella. I want to feel it."

She let herself go, exploding against his plunging fingers. He stayed with her until the spasms faded, his touch loving and gentle. She opened her eyes to find that he'd turned her around to face him, and his eyes were dark with desire. His cock throbbed against her wet heat; her heart pounding, she climbed onto the edge of the table, wordlessly spreading her legs for him to claim her.

With a loud groan, he buried himself inside her, gasping at the feel of her satiny wetness.

"Jesus, Bella. God, you feel so good...so perfect."

Bella wrapped her legs around his waist, helping him push deeper.

"I want you to fuck me like you mean it."

Chris moaned, further excited by her words. "Oh, but I do mean it."

She clenched her pussy muscles around him, milking his cock. "Do you? Do you really?"

He felt as if he was losing his mind. The feelings that she stirred in him were incredible. He thrust into her deeper, harder, his ass cheeks clenching and unclenching as he moved faster to fuck her. He sucked one of Bella's nipples into his hot mouth as he toyed with the other between his long fingers, his hand alternating between the taut peak above and the shivering clit below.

Bella moaned at the tender onslaught, feeling herself climbing again towards orgasm. She arched beneath him, her senses filled to bursting with the combination of her lover and the colorful blooms around their straining bodies. Her fingernails dug into his shoulders as he moved in and out of her, their panting breaths generating blistering heat as she exploded.

"Chris, I'm...oh, God!"

Chris whispered roughly in her ear as he also lost control. "Yes, baby...fucking Christ!"

In the aftermath of the sensual storm, they trembled in each other's arms, breathing deeply from the scented air. Chris now understood why Bella loved flowers so much; they were a natural aphrodisiac. He tenderly cradled her face in his hands, looking into her passion misted eyes.

"How much do you think it will cost to put in a greenhouse at home?"

About the Author

Currently living in Europe to expand her artistic & erotic horizons, Aurora Black began writing erotica to express the deepest (and sometimes darkest) parts of her soul along with her great love of the written word. She prefers to take the road less traveled, writing fiction that breaks boundaries and covers new ground.

Aurora has won three erotic fiction contests at Literotica.com: Winter Holiday 2005, Valentine's 2006 and Halloween 2006. She is currently working on her first novel.



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