

Daisy

A Phaze HeatSheet by

Jenna Allen

Phaze

6470A Glenway Avenue, #109
Cincinnati, OH 45211-5222

This is a work of fiction. Names, places, characters and incidents are either the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously, and any resemblance to any actual persons, living or dead, organizations, events or locales is entirely coincidental.

eBook ISBN 1-59426-602-6

Daisy © 2006 by Jenna Allen

All rights reserved under the International and Pan-American Copyright Conventions. No part of this book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, or by any information storage and retrieval system, without permission in writing from the publisher.

Cover art © 2006 by Stacey L. King

Phaze is an imprint of Mundania Press, LLC.

www.Phaze.com

"Hey baby." His voice rang in my ears, echoing all afternoon. "You got plans later?"

I knew what he had in mind. But still, I played along. Hell, I played along because I knew what he had in mind.

"Can you sneak away for a couple of hours?" His deep voice gave even his most basic words a slightly sexy undertone.

He knew I'd rush home, shuck the work clothes and slip into something easier to slip out of. He wanted me to rush, that's why he'd be there just twenty minutes after I got off.

The truck rumbled down my street, the sound vibrating all the way inside the house. I dabbed the peachy lip-gloss with a finger and checked the mirror again.

He didn't cut the engine, just turned up the Tom Petty thumping the speakers. On my way out the door I reached for my purse, but decided against it. Where we'd go, I didn't need anything.

Locking the door I stepped off the porch, letting the screen door shut behind me. His dimples deepened as he leered at me through the open window of the truck. He leaned over, pushing the door open.

I looked up and down the street, wondering who might peek out their window at us. What would they think?

"Don't you worry, Daisy. We ain't doing nothing wrong. Just picking wildflowers is all." He leaned back against his door; thumb tapping the insistent rhythm against the steering wheel.

Daisy. So that's who I was tonight. I stepped up into the truck and shut the door before sliding all the way across the bench seats. The engine roared as soon as our legs touched.

The backs of my thighs sealed to the seat, the seam of his jeans pressing against my bare leg. The denim dusted with dirt, proof of his day. His strong, rough hands gripped the steering wheel and steered us past the railroad tracks and out of town.

His tanned forearms flexed as he turned the wheel. The road dipped and rose beneath the truck, pitching us closer together. His hand disappeared between my thighs. I gasped and pressed my knees against each other.

"Where are we going?"

His eyes stayed on the dirt road as it dwindled to a single lane. The hard lines of his face made a harsh profile against the setting sun, almost sinister the way his hat shaded his eyes. My stomach fluttered, his thumb rubbing against my inner thigh.

"I know a spot you'll like. By the water, lots of wildflowers. I know how you like wild things." His hand slid up, but he pulled away before it hit home.

The ride got even rockier when he turned between two trees and headed off road. I turned and looked behind us, so deep in the forest we barely made tracks.

The afternoon had been warm, the hot sun pulsing throughout the day. Even fading into evening and delving into the woods, the temperature hovered above comfortable.

I tugged my tank top lower, the twinge in the pit of my stomach niggling deeper. I wished more material made up the ruffled mini skirt I'd donned. Despite the heat, I didn't like being so bare before him. Not when I had so little control.

I bounced off the truck seat as we dropped down, the wheels skidding over the embankment. He threw the truck in park and killed the engine. He turned to me, his eyes seemed to read my thoughts.

I dropped my gaze, embarrassed by his stare. Heat prickled my shoulders, rising to my face as I noticed the bulge in his jeans. I smiled and leaned closer, whispering in his ear, "I love it here."

Reaching down I rubbed him through his jeans, my palm heating with the friction. He pushed up against my hand. I traced the shell of his ear with the tip of my tongue, the salt of his skin tempting me for more. I ran my hand up, under his T-shirt, the downy hair of his taut stomach tickling my palm.

"I know a spot, down by the water." He reached behind us. Water sloshed, ice rattled against glass. I pulled away as he pulled out two long necks, dripping and cold. He twisted the caps off against his calloused palm and tipped one towards me.

His gaze dropped to my breasts. He traced the top of the bottle over each mound with painstaking slowness. Condensation dripped into my lap. The cold seeped through the thin cotton of my top. He rubbed the side of the bottle against my puckered nipple. I pulled my bottom lip between my teeth. Just what did he want me to do? Stop thinking, probably.

I leaned forward, just as he pulled away to chug his beer down. His throat undulated with each long swallow. I took my bottle from his fingers and took a sip, the hops and bubbles bursting on my tongue.

Sliding his empty back in the cooler behind the seat, he plucked another brew from the slush.

"C'mon Daisy, Mother Nature's waiting." His long legs fell out of the door the second he opened it. I scooted to the other side, the seat sticking to my bare thighs.

He pulled open my door, a blanket tucked beneath his arm. I swung my legs around, sliding against his hard body as my feet found the ground. Standing so close I could feel his heart thudding next to mine.

"Where?" I wanted nothing between us, even just two thin layers of knit cotton.

"Come with me." I took the hand he offered; let him lead me further along the creek bed.

The water ran fast here, whooshing in my ears. The air crisp and vibrating with life. Birds twittered and twigs snapped at random. How he found a place so secluded and perfect I'd never know.

"There's no wildflowers," I teased, releasing his hand and stepping back.

"Then we'd better get to pollinating." I laughed while he spread the blanket under the cover of an old tree.

"You want to buzz around like wild bees?"

"Love is blooming, Daisy." He pulled off his boots and looked up at me expectantly.

My sandals stayed on the edge of the blanket when I knelt beside him. I took another sip off my beer, wishing it would do something to cool me down. But it wasn't the temperature that had me on fire.

He drained his second beer and tossed the bottle towards his boots. He eyed my bottle so intently I took another sip. He pulled me to him before I could swallow, stealing the brew from my lips.

His kiss planted hard, insistent, bruising as he knocked the bottle from my hand. It clunked to the ground, the ale gurgling and foaming as it trickled against the earth. His hands scratched against my skin as he found the hem of the tank top and pulled it over my head. On instinct I covered my bare breasts with one arm.

"Whoa there, Cowboy, slow down." I reached for him but he pushed me back against the blanket. I struggled to get up, but in an instant his shirt was off and he pinned me to the ground with his body.

The question all in his eyes. I licked my lips in response, excitement rushing through me. He usually couldn't go through with this one.

"What are you doing?"

"C'mon now, Daisy. You know why we're here." Holding me still with one hand, he tugged at my skirt with the other.

"Please, don't hurt me." How far would he let me fight? "Don't rip my clothes. My mother will kill me."

"You're mama will never find out." He found the zipper on the side, pushed the skirt down my thighs, then off.

"I can't. I'm not this kind of girl."

"Everyone in town knows what kind of girl you are, Daisy." He growled against my ear, his hot breath setting every nerve on fire. His fingers wrapped against the hip of my lace panties and he tugged hard. I yelped, the material cutting into my skin.

He released my panties, a metallic scraping sounding through the woods. I saw the knife and my heart jumped. I knew he carried it, and he knew it scared me.

The cool metal slid against my hip. I stayed very still, not wanting to risk a false move. I felt every fiber as the knife sliced the lacy fabric. He sat up, but I stayed motionless, the dull side of the blade tracing across my belly, between my breasts, to where the pulse threatened to leap out of my skin. My jaw trembled.

"You don't like that, do you?" He stared down at me, the question from before gone.

"No," I whispered, moving as little as possible.

"You want me to put it away?" He slid it back down my body, over my right nipple, to my inner thigh.

"Yes."

"You gonna be a good girl? You gonna do what I say?" The back side of the knife trace the line where my torso met my leg. "I'd hate to have to make you, Daisy."

I closed my eyes, not sure what to do. Playing games where someone could actually get hurt was my line, and he knew it well. Did I use the safe word now, or trust it wouldn't go too far? If he was planning on pushing it anyway, would that even work?

I heard his zipper go down, felt the whoosh of air as his jeans hit the ground. My skin so sensitive I felt his every movement though he didn't touch me at all.

"You like to suck cock, Daisy?" I opened my eyes to see him standing before me, naked and thickening, the blade still glistening in his hand. "I bet you have a lot of practice." He skimmed his free hand down his belly, his fingers sliding beneath his cock, presenting it to me. "Come here, show me what you know."

I looked into his eyes and sat up slowly. If he wanted to play, I could give as good as I got. "I don't know how."

"Every guy in town's had you, Daisy. You were all over me back at the truck."

I shook my head in protest. "I'm a good girl, really. I'm...I'm just a tease."

"I'll teach you not to tease." He stepped forward, pulling me to my knees with my hair. I made sure the breaths I huffed were hot against his growing length.

"I'm scared. Please. I don't know what to do." The knife flashed in my face and I pulled back. He grabbed more of my hair and thrust me forward.

"Suck it, Daisy. It's about time you learned not to tease. Do it, or I cut off your pretty hair." Somehow I could feel the metal winding through the strands of hair in his fist. I stuck out my tongue and looked up at him, watching his lips curve into a smile when I licked him like a dripping ice cream cone.

Did he remember this was how he taught me to please him? So long ago he might have forgotten. But I remembered, how strange and foreign it had been, how awkward and eager I'd felt.

"That's a good girl." It was a tongue bath, like a Popsicle on a summer afternoon. "Now suck it, Daisy."

I grinned inside. If he hadn't remembered before, he would now. I wrapped my lips around the very tip of him and sucked, hard. I locked him in my gaze and he released my hair. Yes, he did remember, and he wanted better.

Bracing my hands against his thighs I released the suction and begin to take more of him in, a little at a time. I moaned with the pleasure of it, working him harder with each pass. My hands wandered, up his hips, squeezing his ass, rolling his balls.

He threaded his hands through my hair, differently this time. He pulled the hair from my face so he could watch me. When he kept his eyes open.

The power of it always got me. I snuck one hand between my own legs. My fingers slid against my slit. I dipped between the folds, circling my clit as fast as I could. If he caught me—

"You little slut." He pulled me off him by my hair. He fell out of my mouth with a pop. "I almost believed you didn't know how to suck cock, but look at you now. Fingering yourself. I've got what you really want."

He shoved me against the blanket. I scrambled to my elbows. "Please, no. I'm a virgin, I swear."

"There's only one way to find out."

I rolled away and tried to crawl from him, but he caught me by the hips, pulling me back until his hard cock pressed against my ass. The knife waved in front of my face and I froze.

"Don't make me force you, Daisy." His stubble scratched my shoulder as he wrapped his body around mine. "We could do this real nice, or it could get ugly."

The hand that held my hip snaked between my legs, the tip of his finger wiggling against my clit.

"That feels good, don't it? This could feel good for us both, Daisy. Or just for me. Either way, I will have you. You can lay down and play nice, or I can take you like this." He pulled away, leaving me on my hands and knees.

I looked over my shoulder to see him sitting back on his haunches. What would Daisy do? I rolled over onto my back and glared over at him.

"I'm not going to like it." I pouted my mouth and shut my eyes tight.

"You'll like it, Daisy, don't you worry 'bout a thing."

I sneaked open one eye just in time to see his wet lips coming at mine. His mouth closed over

mine, forcing his tongue inside. A kiss so lustful it bruised. His rough hands caught my wrists, pulling my arms overhead and pinning them there. His broad chest crushed against mine, trapping me beneath him.

The frenzy of the kiss broke when he pulled away, but breathing took precedence to formulating a protest. His searing lips sought out my breast, found my nipple and pulled it deep into his mouth. My back arched, pressing against him.

Wicked laughter hung in the air. I fought to control my breathing as he shucked off his briefs. He came back at me, lavishing his attentions on my other breast. His hands squeezed, the stubble from his cheeks scratched, his breath heated the dry skin and cooled the freshly kissed tips. He sucked, licked, nibbled, even bit softly. My hands threaded through his hair, wanting more of what he served up. I whimpered, throwing my head back and arching into him.

He took advantage of my rapture, parting my legs, securing them with his knees. I tried to sit up, to mount a weak objection, but his attentions to my breasts kept me down. His fingers roamed over my stomach, between my legs.

His groan vibrated into me as his fingers traced my cunt. Pleasure rippled through me, the tiniest of orgasms intoxicating me more than the beer. He quickened his pace, the wet sounds of the delicious friction music to my ears.

"You want this, don't you, Daisy?" The hissed words floated above us.

"Yes." His fingers stalled and I remembered my role. "But I can't. Please, we have to stop."

"Stop this?" A finger circled my opening.

I squeezed my muscles as hard as I could, making my entrance tight. I didn't have those Ben Wa balls for nothing.

"We can't. You have to stop. Take me home." Take me home. I caught his grin. I'd said that this morning.

"I'll take you home when I'm done with you, Daisy." Kisses silenced my weak protests.

His large body weighed down on me. With one hand he spread me open further, the other pressed his cock against my entrance. I clenched my muscles and tried to squirm away.

"I'm going to get what I came for Daisy," he whispered, looming over me. "What we both came for." He rammed into me, forcing his way past the barrier I tried to put up. He slammed deeper and deeper until I had to relax. Some things you just can't fake.

"You're so tight, Daisy. Maybe you weren't lying." I contracted around him, squeezing his cock inside of me. "Damn." His voice echoed against the trees. His hands held my hips still as he shoved into me again and again. Plunging deeper, though there was nowhere to go.

His body pounded into mine, my breasts bouncing with every thrust. When I could think to I squeezed him tighter, deeper into me. But I stopped thinking, letting the sensations roll through me as I came.

"Did you like it, Daisy?"

"Yes. God, yes."

He hammered on, the lubrication from my climax helping him go faster. The squishy sound, the tell-tale smell of sex permeated everything. His hands slid from my hips, squeezing my ass and pulling the cheeks apart. The pace never stalled, but his fingers danced over me, using my juices to rub circles around my clit, my asshole. The sensations came from everywhere. Sight, sound, touch,

smell—but it was my mind he was fucking now.

"You're going to come again, aren't you?"

I moaned my response, not able to even beg him to come with me this time.

"Go ahead, baby. Let me feel it. Come for me." His finger pushed into my ass, making me gasp. I came with the next thrust, but he didn't let up his onslaught. The pleasure grew so intense every wriggle sent me higher, every movement from him, or me, drew the orgasm out.

His heat exploded inside of me and he held still for a moment, letting it stay deep and warm me, before pumping a few last times to release himself completely.

His climax and mine mixed together and oozed out my body. My breath still hitched, my mind still spun when the tip of his tongue danced down the length of my receptive neck.

"You liked that, didn't you, Daisy?"

"Mmm-hmm." I pressed my body against his. Still aroused, grateful. I'd had this fantasy for so long. To be taken. We'd tried before, but whenever I started to struggle he couldn't go on.

This was so unlike him. He was assertive, but never aggressive. Always eager to let me lead the way. But I didn't always want to have to. And so we played our games.

"I promised I'd get you home before dark." He rushed to his feet, dressing as if his alarm hadn't gone off and he was late for work.

Looking about me I gathered up my scraps of clothing and tugged them on. He didn't say a word to me, just folded the blanket and began the march back to the truck.

This seemed a little too in character for my liking. The best part of acting out a fantasy was not having to live the awkward moments. I followed him, watched him set the blanket on top of the seat. Good thing. What was left of my panties lay back by the creek.

"We didn't find any wildflowers."

"Maybe next time." He tapped his watch and gave me a lopsided grin.

"When?" I asked after the engine roared to life.

The tires spun beneath us, his hands tight on the wheel. "Soon, as long as no one finds out. Don't go telling your friends. I don't want to get in trouble with your mama."

I smiled and slid closer. My mother liked him more than she liked me. Resting my head on his shoulder I breathed him in all the way home. He pulled up across the street from the house, just like before.

"You promise you'll call me?" I teased, sliding out of the truck.

"Next time I need wildflowers, Daisy."

I walked carefully to the door. A skirt this short and no underwear could be dangerous. Thank goodness no breeze blew. Taking the spare key from under the planter I let myself in. I made my way past the bedroom and straight into the shower.

I leaned into the spray and closed my eyes. He was amazing to do this for me, to fulfill a fantasy he didn't share. I'd dreamed up scenarios to try it out, but he could only push so far before he broke.

But not this time. He'd thought of a way to take me without a fight. And not sharing beforehand made it all the more exciting.

I stepped out of the shower and toweled off, my skin still sensitive. My mind jumped across all the ways to return the favor as I dressed. I wanted to surprise him, too.

"Mama! Mama!" DJ's feet pounded through the house. He'd started calling me Mama the second time I met him, stealing my heart. I learned in my teens babies were not in my future, but by some miracle I still got a son. I made my way to find them.

"Look what we got for your birthday!" DJ thrust a bouquet of daisies at me. "They're pretty, but they don't smell too good."

"That's not what I meant." Dan laughed and slid the pizza on the kitchen counter.

"Here's hoping." I took DJ's hand. "Let's pick out a vase while Daddy gets the plates for dinner."

Dan hummed his way through the kitchen; setting the table in the haphazard fashion we lived with. How could I ever thank him? He found a way to give me not just what I needed, but everything I'd ever wanted.

All through dinner I watched him, them, us. A costume or a fantasy wouldn't do for tonight. Tonight would be just us, all us. The only way to show him how much he meant to me.

* * *

I made sure DJ's backpack was packed for school and tiptoed past his room. I didn't need to be careful, the boy slept through the fire alarm the last time Dan tried to make pancakes, but I didn't want to chance it.

Once in our bedroom I set about my plan. Tugging the blankets and pillows from the bed I piled them in the closet. I didn't want him to come in and think there would be much sleeping going on, at least not for a while.

Panic hit as I rummaged through the closet. I knew exactly what I wanted, but for the life of me I couldn't find it. It was integral to my plan, without it I'd have to think of something else.

In a last ditch effort to find my prize I searched the bottom drawer of his dresser. I looked past DJ's paintings, our wedding invitation, my graduation announcements. Sentimental guy kept everything hidden in there. Finally, I found what I sought. Smiling to myself I held it up, the silk shimmering in the dim light wafting through the sheers.

The matching thong was missing, but I didn't have time to think about where he might have stashed that. I shucked my clothes into the closet and slipped into the ivory negligee. Scampering about the room I lit the candles we always kept about and caught sight of myself in the mirrors lining the wall opposite our bed.

I looked different than I had when I'd worn it for him the first time, the night after he proposed. I'd been so timid, unsure of myself and of us. Now, we shared everything. Our lives, our bodies, our fantasies. The security of his love and acceptance echoed by the confidence I saw in the mirrors.

Jasmine from the candles wafted through the room, dancing with the flickering light. That first time, he'd been so focused on me. On making sure I enjoyed myself, ensuring I relaxed. Now I'd do the same for him. Focus on his pleasure, his relaxation.

The sound of Dan's feet whispered down the hallway, stalling my heart. Even six years after meeting him, he still affected me, every time.

When he opened the door I saw his smile, a mischievous grin that let me know I wasn't the only one with plans for tonight.

"You're really not mad?"

"Mad?" I stepped to him; close enough to smell the soap still on his skin from the shower he took after dinner.

"I know you wanted to get away for your birthday."

"I got what I wanted."

"Pizza and daisies?" He pulled me to him, but when he leaned in for a kiss I turned my head and gave him my cheek. "Let me make it up to you."

I stood on my toes and whispered into his ear. "You've fulfilled every fantasy I've ever had. Now, I want to spend the next twenty-seven years dreaming up more, just to share them with you. What you gave me today was priceless, thoughtful, loving, selfless."

"It wasn't selfless." He groaned pulling our bodies closer.

I stepped away and took his hand, pulling him closer to the bed. Sometimes I liked things fast and hard, but Dan liked it slow and easy, so that we both knew it would last forever. I opened my mouth to tell him, to say how much I loved him, to thank him for all he does for me, but before I could speak he turned me around.

We made a beautiful vision in the mirrors. I smiled and leaned back into him. When he wrapped his arms around me he set my skin on fire. Every nerve ending fired at once.

The desire I felt for Dan was powerful, explosive, which was why I always raced to have him. But tonight I would go slowly, even if it drove me insane.

Dan's lips on my neck made me shudder. Over and over he kissed my neck, my shoulders. Watching became almost unbearable; it filled me with such emotion. Every touch of his fingertips on my skin showed reverence, love. How he could hold back, still cover me with soft kisses while I yearned to throw him down and take him, fell beyond my comprehension.

His fingers ran beneath the silken straps holding up my negligee and our eyes met in the mirror.

"I want you more now than I did that night." He pushed the straps off my shoulders, the tops of my breasts peeking over the material. "I never would have thought it physically possible."

Closing my eyes I tried to focus on my plan for the evening, on pleasing him. It proved hard to concentrate with the sensual assault his mouth launched on my body, but I could be strong.

I wriggled free and turned around, helping him out of his shirt. My hands slid down his bare chest until I found his belt. I looked deep into his eyes as I unhooked it, unbuttoned his jeans and pushed them to the floor.

He hadn't bothered with underwear after his shower, so once he stepped out of his clothes and kicked them towards the closet he stood naked before me.

The nightgown long since served its purpose. I wanted him to remember, to see how far we'd come since that first time. Before me he was already thick and eager. He knew.

I stepped back until my thighs hit the edge of the bed. Lifting the hem slowly, I pulled the negligee up inch by inch. Dan's gaze followed the material over my hips, past my belly, until my patience wore out and I pulled it over my head and flung it to the floor.

All I felt for him got the best of me, the need pushing my best intentions aside. I needed an outlet and words simply would not do. We joined together in a fiery kiss.

God, he can kiss. Long and passionate, until you don't care if the world stops spinning, so long

as he never stops kissing you. His hands raked through my hair, pulling us impossibly closer until our breath became shorter and the need grew too strong.

I slid my mouth from his and whispered, "let me show you what I wanted to do to you that night. What I would have done if I'd known how."

He groaned and tried to kiss me again, but I shook my head.

"Just lie back and relax." I walked around him and he turned with me, his back to the bed and I could see us in the mirrors. "I want to give you what you gave me that night."

"Baby, you were the one who gave me something."

The memory washed through my mind, the fear and nervousness, how kind and tender he had been. And slow. It must have frustrated him beyond reason, but he made sure he never hurt me, just as he'd promised. I kissed him with the gentleness he'd shown me that night. Slow and sure, until my hands began to explore his body.

A tight and toned package of muscle and sinew, not sculpted in a gym, but earned every day at the homes he built. Even more impressive than his taut physique was the engorged penis, pulsating almost up to his belly button.

Though my mind begged me to slow down, my hand found his cock and squeezed gently, the softness of his skin sliding against my palm. "I want you on the bed."

He obliged my request, scooting to the middle of the mattress. I climbed on the bed, kneeling beside him, watching my hands as I stroked him. I couldn't stand it, I needed him. Now.

Straddling him, I slid over the top of his cock without letting it inside of me. I was so slick my body glided over his. I could feel my orgasm building. I needed it, a small release so I could go on without going crazy. I followed his gaze and saw what mesmerized him. Each time I slid over the top of him, his cock disappeared between us. The pressure inside of me exploded. I fell forward, barely able to hold myself above him as I caught my breath.

"I love to watch you come," he whispered in my ear, his hands roving up and down my back. He rolled us both to our side and kissed me again, his hands gently squeezing my breasts. Deepening the kiss, he found my nipples, rolling the hard buds between his fingers.

"God, that's good," I moaned seconds before he began kissing his way down to my mounds. He kissed all around the tips, exciting and frustrating me at once. His tongue flicked all around the nipple before he finally pulled it into his mouth.

One hand now free, he slid it between my legs. I parted them, wrapping one around his body so his fingers could explore. His kisses went lower, tickling my tummy, teasing my navel. It wasn't until he rolled me onto my back that I remembered this hadn't been a part of my plan.

"Dan, I wanted—" but it was too late. He'd already tossed my legs over his shoulders and pulled me open to him. Long licks stole my ability to think about my plan, or even care about anything more than my next orgasm. Which would be soon.

His mouth worked me, licking and sucking until I writhed in time with his ministrations. Wrapping my hands around my thighs I pulled my legs back so he could use his hands. Without a word he knew my need and threaded a finger inside of me, curling it until I began to squirm.

One hand worked me while the other held me open, pulling back my folds so my clit could be the focus of his attentions. My body stiffened, my hips bucking off the bed as I came.

When my orgasm subsided he lay up with me, the scent of my climax on his breath as he

whispered in my ear. "Baby, that was so sexy. That one was so deep I could feel it inside of you. And your stomach was clenching, spasming."

Aftershocks of the orgasm still played in my body, greedy for more. I reached between us, needing him inside of me, filling me the way only he ever had, ever would.

He moved on top of me and took his cock in his hand. It looked heavy and throbbing as he slid it back and forth over my clit. If he kept that up I'd come again, and I already felt so liquid and passion drunk I might pass out.

"Let me do it," I whispered pushing him to the side and climbing on top. Wrapping my hand around his cock, I centered myself above him and took him all the way into my slick pussy with one smooth stroke. I rocked him in and out of me, changing my position slightly every time his breath caught. My hands at the headboard, by his ears, on his chest, at my hips, my breasts, until I couldn't take it anymore.

"Come with me, please," I begged, leaning back, my hands behind me. I knew my climax to be imminent; No stopping it now. My only consolation was Dan's hands on my hips, and his thrusting became more and more fervent. My last thought as I tumbled over the edge of pleasure became a hope he'd make it there, too.

I couldn't have been out long, because when I awoke my body, still felt slick with sweat and Dan was still inside of me. It made me a little sad to roll away, but I had to blow out the candles and grab the blankets from the closet floor.

Pulling them over the top of us, I snuggled against him and breathed him in. Sweat and sex and soap, and Dan. "I love you," I whispered in the darkness.

"I love you too, Daisy." Dan chuckled and pulled me closer.

Daisy

About the Author

Voices whisper their stories to Jenna Allen at the strangest times. It's all she can do to remember their tales when she gets a free minute to attack her keyboard. If she doesn't, they stalk her, their story growing and curling around others until blossoming into a full-length novel. But always romantic, and with a happy ending. There can never be enough of those in the world.