PHAZE FLARE FREE FICTION



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"Pleasure yourself."

She slid her palm up the curve of her breast. The calluses from gardening scraped the skin, raising goose bumps. She reached the beaded nipple and pressed down. Flames shot through her. She trailed the fingers of her other hand down to her center.

"What are you thinking of?" His voice rasped over her nerves.

She flicked the hidden nubbin and had to catch her breath. "You. I'm remembering the other night when you traced the ice all over my body and followed the trail with your tongue."

"I loved that, too. You were so wet by the time I reached your cunt, I had to eat you. You tasted like honey and I couldn't get my fill of you. I'll never get my fill of you."

She shivered. Tracing her nether lips, she remembered the path his tongue had taken. She dipped two fingers in, stroking the muscles of her pussy. Moisture coated her hand.

"I can't wait to feel you inside of me. I love that first, hard thrust. I feel like I'm brand new every time, and you have to force your way in."

"I love the pull of your pussy, sweetheart. Your grip is so tight, I want to come the moment I get inside of you."

She twisted, trying to reach deeper, always deeper. She pinched her nipple, falling into the pleasurable pain. "I need you with me."

"I am with you, always with you. You're so gorgeous with your hand up your cunt. I want to bury myself in you. Open up so that I can see better. Tell me how you feel."

"Empty. Only you fill me up."

"Soon, baby, soon. Tell me more."

She rolled her head against the pillow, the frustration eating at her. He always made her do this. She wanted to implode from the heat by the time he fed her craving. "The heat eats at me. I feel like you could toss me into the Arctic Ocean and I'd turn it to steam and still not be cool." She ran her hand from her cunt to her lips, imagining that it was him, coming to kiss her. "I'm so wet that not even the desert could dry me out." She licked her finger, shuddering at the spicy taste. She writhed on the silken sheets, her senses overloaded.

He growled. "Your skin is so soft, I'm afraid I'll bruise it when I take you. I want to claim you. No other will ever be able to satisfy you."

She cried out, reaching for her clit. She brushed against it and she went up in flames.

Dragon-hot breath skimmed all over her skin. Her pussy muscles clenched against empty space again. Heated air spewed against her cunt, inciting another orgasm.

She wilted back against the pillows as the final aftershocks shook her.

"Now you're mine." He stabbed into her, a hot iron, stoking the fire again. She grasped for him, unwilling to finish this ride alone.

His rhythm demanding, she pistoned her hips against him. Starbursts flashed in front of her eyes. His seed scalded deep inside her. She cried out and fell back against the pillows.

Tremors shook her body, and she ran a hand through her hair.

"I love you." She whispered into the night.

"I love you, too. I can't wait to be with you again. Call me as soon as you need me."

She smiled. "I will." She reached over to the table by the bed and clicked off the speaker phone. Her mind caressed his, warmth radiating back, before falling into sleep.



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