

An Erotiqué Download

On Leave

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By

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Lea Martin stood behind the chain-link fence at the government airstrip near Las Vegas. The Military Police wouldn't allow the families and friends to get any closer to the huge military transport plane that stood ready to deliver uniformed men and women to the war zone in the Middle East. Precious few minutes remained to finish their goodbyes.

Lea hugged her brother Ward one last time. Tears burned in her eyes, but she was determined not to cry openly.

"See you in ten months, Sis." Unable to speak past the lump in her throat, she nodded.

He turned to Sonya, his fiancée, and kissed her one last time. "I hope you two will get together once in a while," Ward said.

"Sure. We will," they promised, forcing trembling lips into small smiles.

"Great. You can share the news I send so I can write half as many letters," he joked, but no one laughed.

"Oh, God, Ward," Sonya cried, tears flowing down her cheeks. He wrapped his arms around her and they stood rocking gently back and forth.

"It's what I gotta do, honey," Ward said softly.

"I'll take good care of him," a deep male voice promised from behind Lea.

She whirled around to see Mike Holt, her brother's best friend, standing behind her dressed in a camouflage

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uniform identical to Ward's.

"Oh, Mike," she cried, stepping into his welcoming arms. "I'm counting on you two covering each other's back." He felt so familiar, so strong as she hugged him, crushing her breasts against his solid chest. She wished she could stay this close for a lot longer than the few minutes they had.

"With two such beautiful ladies to come home to, we'll take extra care," he replied without loosening his hold.

She turned her head and kissed the side of his neck. She felt his strong steady pulse against her lips. He relaxed his arms enough so they could look at each other. His dark hair and eyes gave him the intense, almost dangerous look that she'd always found so damn sexy. Not that anything had ever happened between them. He'd always treated her like a sister, though that wasn't at all what she wanted. And right now, it felt heavenly in his arms.

"Remember me," he ordered in a murmur so close that she could feel his minty breath in warm tufts against her face.

Caressing his cheek with the back of her fingers, she whispered, "I always will. I promise." How could she forget? She would think about him everyday—hoping and praying that he and her brother were safe.

An officer by the gate barked out orders and the soldiers began to form a line.

"Lea, listen. I..." Mike began. Then, instead of saying more, he kissed her—hard. His lips ground against hers with frantic urgency. He sought entrance to her

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mouth, and she welcomed his tongue as it thrust suggestively...desperately against hers. She'd wanted him to kiss her, hold her this tightly forever, but he was leaving.

More orders were shouted and Ward slapped Mike on the shoulder.

"Come on. We got a war to win," Ward said before kissing Sonya lightly and walking toward the gate with his canvas pack.

Lea knew Mike's kiss ended because it had to. If it had been another time, another place...His hands dropped from her back, and he picked up his bag without taking his gaze off her face.

"After a kiss like that you have to come back to me, you know," she said with too much hope to make it merely a joke. She did her damndest to force her trembling lips into a smile for him.

He grinned broadly, as if happy with her first words after the hot kiss. "Count on it."

Lea pressed her fingertips against her swollen lips and blew him a kiss before he turned and ran to join the others heading for the plane. She stepped closer to Sonya who stood clutching the chain links in the tall fence. The tears they'd tried so hard to keep at bay streamed down their cheeks. They waved as the men disappeared up the ramp into the belly of the plane. Without a word they watched until the plane had taken off and disappeared into the partly cloudy sky.

Turning toward the parking lot, Lea blew her nose. "I'll drop you off at home on my way to the casino. I told them I'd come in to work as soon as the plane left."

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"Thanks. At least I don't have to go in to work until later this afternoon," Sonya said, wiping the tears from her cheeks. "My hands are shaking so bad I could never deal a card."

They climbed into Lea's Honda, their eyes drier but feeling no less saddened.

"Say, I didn't know you and Mike were getting it on," Sonya said more brightly.

Lea shook her head as she turned the key and flipped on the air conditioning. "We're not."

"Hey, I saw him kiss you just now. He about ate you alive."

Lea touched her lips, swollen from the passion of that kiss. "I've known Mike since high school when he and Ward became close pals. They're both just a year older than I am so he's always been around and friendly to me, too. But he's never, ever kissed me like that before."

But I sure hope he does again, she added to herself as she pulled out of the lot.

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Ten months later

The doorbell rang and Lea leapt from the couch. Her heart doing double-time with excitement, she yanked her apartment door open and threw her arms around the neck of the tall soldier standing there.

She froze.

"You're not my brother," she mumbled senselessly.

"Thank God for that," Mike replied with a chuckle as he squeezed where his hands lay on her waist. "Does this mean I don't get the welcome home hug you were about to give me?"

Lea laughed and tightened her grip around his neck, pressing her body against his. He'd developed even more muscles since he'd left for active duty, she thought, circling his shoulder blades with her palms. "Mike, you can get a hug from me anytime."

"There's an offer no sane man could ever refuse." He wrapped his arms around her more tightly and bent backwards, lifting her off the floor. "God, it's good to see you."

He set her down, but kept hold of her with one arm as he grabbed his bag. Together, they stepped into her apartment where he shoved the door shut with his heel and dropped the bag.

"What do you think? After nearly a year in the desert, do I get a welcome home kiss too?"

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He was asking, but he didn't wait for an answer. He didn't need to. She stepped back into his arms as his head lowered until his lips covered hers. She hadn't thought for a moment that she would want to stop him. Very aware of every inch of his hard body against hers, Lea felt a warm tingling skitter over her skin when his tongue met hers. His dipped and retreated in a teasing manner as their lips pressed and nipped, and then it was over—way too soon.

"I wondered what kissing you again would be like," she said, blinking her eyes open to meet his dark gaze.

In the letters they'd exchanged over the months, they'd never mentioned their spicy kiss at the airport. But she knew neither of them had ever forgotten it.

"And?"

"And it was short," she noted with a teasing frown that quickly turned to a smile, "but as good as I imagined it would be." Embarrassed at her sudden candidness, she dropped her arms and stepped back.

"That's what I thought too." He seemed reluctant to let her go which pleased her.

"Where is that brother of mine?" she asked when she really wanted to kiss him again and end up in bed to see if making love with him would be as explosive an experience as their kisses.

Mike smiled. "He's coming to see you, but not tonight. He's spending the night with Sonya." He shrugged. "He didn't want you to worry, so he sent me on as a messenger boy."

Lea laughed. Mike Holt was anything but a boy.

"He's...he's okay, isn't he?"

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"Sure." Mike grinned and laid his hands on her shoulders. "He's great. He promised they would come here for breakfast."

She released the breath she'd been holding until he replied. "Sounds like Ward—timing his arrival for a meal."

Lea suddenly felt awkward, something she'd never felt around Mike before. But then she was feeling a whole lot differently about him since that kiss at the airport. "Come on in. Would you like a drink? How long can you stay? Aren't your folks expecting you?"

"Hey," he said with a laugh. "One question at a time. Let's see. In reverse order, I've already seen my folks at their place in Sun City West near Phoenix. Um, I have a month off before I'm reassigned, and I did promise them to spend more time down there before I have to go back. And yes, I'd love a drink—a cold beer would be great."

"That's an order easily filled." He followed her into the kitchen where she took two bottles of beer from the refrigerator.

He took one and held it against his cheek. "God, that feels good. They were never cold enough over there in all that heat."

Watching as he twisted off the top, she followed the motion as his throat contracted for several swallows. His chin, darkened with a shadow of a beard, made him look ruggedly handsome. She fought the temptation to run her fingers over his cheek to see how it felt. Hell, she wanted to touch him everywhere and anywhere to see what he felt like.

Lowering his bottle, he looked at her. Caught staring

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at him, she looked down at her beer.

"Here. Let me get that." Setting his own bottle down on the counter, he twisted off the cap on her bottle and handed it to her.

"Thanks." The cold liquid lubricated her throat that was feeling tight. "It's really good to see you, Mike," she said softly. "I'm glad that brother of mine sent you here."

He snorted a laugh. "He was always trying to get you and me together in high school. Remember?" He drew on his beer and then picked at the corner of the label with his thumbnail. "But you were too special to run around with the likes of me."

Shaking her head, she laughed at the ludicrous thought. "I would have given anything to have you ask me out on a real date—especially senior year."

Looking at her, he seemed to study her face. Damn, all he had to do was aim those black eyes in her direction and her juices started to flow, but she couldn't keep her gaze off him. She smiled, thinking how he'd laugh if he knew his effect on her body. Another swallow of beer did nothing to cool her off.

His dark hair had been cropped short for comfort in the desert heat. With muscles in all the right places, he made the camouflage uniform look sexy. He wore the jacket unbuttoned, and she could see his Army-green, form-fitting tee shirt stretched over his broad chest. Playing at sex with other men the last few years hadn't compared to what she suspected making love with Mike would be like.

A wave of heat rose over her cheeks when his gaze followed every move as she set her bottle down. It was as

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if his gaze was caressing her, his long fingers gliding lightly over her heated skin.

"Did I come at a bad time?" His voice sounded so deep and sexy. "Were you going out?"

"Oh, no. And I'm not being a very good hostess. I can at least invite you to sit down," she said, turning quickly to hide her discomfiture. "Come on."

Clutching her beer in both hands, she led the way from the kitchen across the narrow hall to her small living room. "Say, do you have a place to stay in Vegas now that your parents have moved to Arizona? Do you want to sleep here with me while you're in town?"

She suddenly gasped and slapped her hand over her mouth when she realized what she'd just asked. She'd meant to offer him the couch, but that isn't what it sounded like. She didn't even think that was where she wanted him to sleep, but she didn't mean to ask him that way. He was chuckling and then she couldn't stop a grin of her own.

"My thoughts exactly, as a matter of fact," he said, a smile still curling his luscious lips as he took her beer and set it down on the coffee table with his own. Holding out his hand palm up, he silently invited her to come closer.

A flash of intense heat shot throughout her body and she knew that this was what she wanted. Though he would be here only a short time, whatever he wanted, she would give it to him. Having been vividly imagining what they would be like together for ten months, she wanted to make love with him so badly that she ached deep in her belly. Unable to do otherwise, she laid her hand in his warm and strong one. With no resistance

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from her, he tugged her into the circle of his arms and held her there with his other hand on her back below her waist. He laid her hand palm down on his chest and met her gaze as he drew lazy circles on the back of it with his thumb.

"We've been avoiding being close enough to kiss for years." She nodded. "I think we've both wanted to for a long time. I know I have, but the time was never right. I wanted it to be what we wanted, not what Ward wanted."

"And to think I believed you thought of me as Ward's annoying little sister."

Touching his finger under her chin, he tipped her face up and kissed her lightly on her lips. Lifting his head a little, he rubbed his nose on hers in a teasing manner. "Only annoying some of the time."

"Oh, thanks. And to think I used to have a crush on you."

"Damn. Not any more?"

"No, I wouldn't call it a crush now."

He grinned and her lips tingled from the need to kiss his smile. Boldly, she angled her head so their lips met once more.

Suddenly, like a spark touching off a blaze, the kiss became more than a light touch. It announced that they both wanted each other and to hell with the consequences. She opened to him, hungry for him. His long tongue explored her mouth and captured her tongue. Curling around it, he led it into his mouth where she laved the roof of his mouth and slid the tip of her tongue around his teeth. Then nipping at his full lips, she moaned.

"Yeah, what I feel can only be described in much

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more mature terms than a crush," she whispered. Biting her lip, she couldn't blame her boldness on the beer after only two swallows.

"Is more what you want? Because I want more. I want to make love to you so bad I ache." He pressed her hips against his and she felt his erection surge toward her.

"Yes," she whispered, closing her eyes against the intense longing she had always felt for him. "I want you, more than I ever thought I could."

"But we won't have much time together and I can't make any promises, Lea. I can't predict what will happen to me over there the next time."

"Don't think of it. This is for as long as we have now," she replied, wishing with all her heart that it could be forever.

Before she knew what was happening, Mike lifted her in his arms and carried her into her small bedroom. Back on her feet beside the large bed, she swayed a little when her weak legs threatened to buckle. Thankfully, he held her close and supported her as he kissed her again. Their tongues danced together, twirling one way and then the other as their hands moved over the hills and valleys of their eager bodies.

The kiss quickly became more urgent, then frantic, with desperation springing from their passion that wanted to be free from the constraints of their clothes. Lea pressed her aching breasts against his hard chest and moved from side to side, massaging them. She moaned when he held her hips and rubbed his hardening cock against her belly. The kiss ended only when they needed to breathe more deeply.

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"Damn, why did we wait so long?" He pushed an errant curl behind her ear. "You are so beautiful. I fell asleep every night in the desert dreaming of you in my bed." He smiled. "I want you, Lea, more than I've ever wanted anyone."

Knowing he could have his choice of any woman he wanted, she smiled at the best compliment he could have given her.

"But you're sure, Lea? You know these few weeks might be all there can be between us. I've got orders reassigning me to my squadron for combat duty after my leave. Hell, I may not even live to see you after that."

Gasping, she closed her eyes as the painful idea of losing him forever struck her like a blow. "No! Don't even say that! Neither of us knows the future," she said, shaking her head. "Just hold me and don't talk."

"When I'm close to you like this, I feel on fire." Grasping a handful of the hair on the back of her head, he tipped up her face and kissed her again. "Hmmm," he moaned, lifting his head a few inches and gentling his grip.

"I'm burning up."

He chuckled. "I think I ought to take your clothes off and cool you down," he said with a grin. "Though by the time I get these damn boots off, you could feel cooled down without my help."

"I don't think that would cool me down."

Working together, they quickly unlaced and removed his combat boots.

"God. I'm nearly to the boiling point, and we've just begun, woman."

With impatient speed, he unbuttoned her blouse and pushed it off her shoulders. At the sight of the lacey peach bra, he drew in a quick breath. He reached for her breasts, lifting, squeezing, and pinching her nipples between his thumbs and forefingers.

"Good thing I have big hands," he said as he kissed her ear and the side of her neck. "These beauties are big enough to fill them."

Then he nibbled and softly bit at her lower lip as she pressed her breasts into his hands and encouraged him with small sounds.

"My turn," Lea said as she pushed his shirt off his shoulders and tugged his tee shirt from his pants. He dispatched it to the floor and reached to unhook her bra. Once that was off, he held her breasts and kneaded them.

She spread out her fingers and circled her hands over the curled mat of hair that swirled around the nipples on his sculpted chest before it narrowed toward his waist and disappeared under his belt.

"Your chest feels rock hard," she said, relishing the firm feel of his muscles rippling as his hands caressed her back. "I can feel your heart pounding." She reached for his belt and unhooked it.

"Unh unh," he said with a grin, stilling her hands. "My turn."

"You just had a turn," she said, laughing but dropping her hands to her sides. He knelt before her. Tall as he was, he could take one breast into his mouth as he caressed the other with his hand. He flipped the hard tip back and forth with his tongue and sucked on it before biting it. When she cried out with painful pleasure, he

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moved over and dispensed the same loving treatment to the other.

From there he kissed his way to her flat belly. Unfastening her tan slacks, he hooked his fingers inside the belt and tugged them past her hips where they fell to the floor and she kicked them out of the way. He kissed her belly above her peach lace panties and blew his hot breath through the thin fabric. The skin on her belly erupted in tiny bumps and she groaned. Unable to resist touching him, she ran her fingers through his hair, holding his head closer, encouraging him. She could barely stand on legs as weak as licorice whips.

He curled his fingers inside the waistband and lowered the panties to her ankles where she stepped out of them. "I want to look at all of you." He rose and took her hands in his, holding her at arm's length away. His gaze covered every inch from her head to her feet still covered in fluffy pink, ankle-high slipper-socks that she always wore around the apartment.

"You look just as lovely as I knew you would—and definitely delicious, I'll bet. I intend tasting every millimeter of you tonight."

Shivering in anticipation, she welcomed him as he captured her open mouth with a kiss. Wanting his naked body against hers, Lea slid her fingers under the waistband of his camo pants, circled to the side and to the front again. Unable to reach any deeper inside the tight garment, she slid her warm palms over the outside to the thick ridge of his cock that pressed against the sturdy fabric. He gasped a quick breath when she squeezed it.

Without breaking the kiss, she unfastened his pants

and pushed them off over his hips. With no underwear inhibiting it, his erection sprang free and pressed a new heat against her belly. She wrapped her arms around his waist and pressed against him, moving left and right so her breasts rubbed against his chest and his cock against her belly. He put his hands on her backside and massaged, pressing her more firmly against his swollen cock.

"Taking off my clothes didn't cool me off one bit," she managed as she reached for his cock. A chuckle rumbled deep in his chest. Sliding the pads of two fingers from the head to the base of his cock and then back, she circled the tip. He grasped her wrist.

"God, you're killing me. It's been so long..." he said through gritted teeth.

Giving him a few moments to regain control, she lightly traced the contours of his chest and flat stomach with her fingernails and smiled when his skin quivered at her touch. His cock jumped with excitement and she couldn't resist any longer.

Gripping his cock in her hands, she knelt in front of him. She rubbed the tight skin against her cheek. "That is so smooth. So hot." Catching the tip in her mouth, she circled it with her tongue.

Mike inhaled and held his breath when she put the tip in her mouth and sucked. Without warning he reached down and lifted her with a hand under each arm. "You have a magic touch, Lea."

Tossed her on her back on the bed, she cried out with delight at his display of strength. Reaching for her hips, he rolled her over onto her stomach and quickly straddled

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her thighs before she could roll back. His hips swaying, he drew damp lines on her back with the drops glistening on the tip of his cock while he nuzzled her ear and lapped at the lobe.

Ticklish, she laughed and tried to roll over onto her back. "I want my arms around you," she insisted.

"Next time," he promised. He lifted her hips high so she was positioned on her knees and elbows. The tip of his cock pressed against her hot folds. Reaching under her, he caressed her breasts and toyed with the nipples, already hard in response to his touch. He kissed her back and licked the shallow groove that followed her spine.

Sliding one hand over her stomach, he found her clit. She gasped when he wiggled it side to side and then circled it.

"Oh, yes," she breathed as he rotated it rhythmically.

Nearly out of control, he slid his finger inside to check. "You're hot and ready," he said, straightening behind her and guiding his cock between her wet lips. "There's so much more we'll do tonight, but this time I can't wait any longer."

"Yes, now. Take me, Mike. Don't make me wait any longer," Lea insisted, pressing down on her hands and raising her shoulders as she arched her back.

He slid into her and she gasped. He paused partway while her body became accustomed to him. "You're so tight." Straining to keep his passion in tight rein, he soothed her with soft caresses with his hands on her breasts and gentle kisses everywhere he could reach while he waited until she relaxed again. Then he withdrew and then entered her again, slowly increasing the pace.

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Rocking on her knees, she encouraged his strokes to come faster and deeper. She wanted him to fill her. She needed him—all of him.

"Damn but I want this to last longer."

As he pulled back on a stroke and paused to regain his control, she seized her chance. She flipped forward on the bed and rolled onto her back. Raising her legs to circle his waist as he reached for her, she pulled him down over her.

They met first in a deep kiss and a deep thrust that didn't seem to end. Then another and another. Lea lifted her hips, meeting him stroke for stroke. Faster and faster.

"Oh, God, I...I..." she cried, her back arching on its own.

"Let yourself go, Lea. Now," he cried, his cock pressing fully against her womb with every thrust.

"Yesss," she gasped and held her breath as wave after wave of intense hot pleasure rocked her. She spasmed around him as he plunged into her again. He came then too, crying out her name. Spent with a few more thrusts, he dropped his forehead to the mattress beside her head. For a few moments, they both remained motionless, shocked by the intensity of what had just happened between them.

"I didn't know it could feel that good," she admitted softly. Tears of happiness glistened in her eyes when he lifted his head and gazed at her face.

"God, did I hurt you?" he said in a concerned voice.

"No," she said shaking her head. "No."

Shifting onto his side, he drew her closer until her head was nestled on his shoulder, her forehead resting

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against his neck.

"Welcome home, soldier," she murmured as they drifted into a peaceful sleep neither had known for ten months.

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Lea's brother, Ward, turned the key in Sonya's apartment lock and slowly opened the door. He'd seen from the street that all the windows were dark. He hadn't known exactly what time or even what day he would get to Vegas, so it was no wonder she had gone to bed. Illuminated by the streetlight filtering through the windows, Ward locked the door and crossed to the couch where he quickly stripped off his fatigues and boots. Once naked, he walked to the open bedroom door.

Seeing Sonya curled under the sheet took his breath away. His sister would understand that he couldn't come see her first. After so many months without her, he had to see Sonya or he would go nuts.

He slipped under the covers and stilled when she moaned and rolled onto her back toward him. When she didn't wake, he kissed her tentatively. The gentle kiss soon became searing as their lips twisted and turned. His tongue sought entrance to her mouth and she welcomed it, offering her own in a dance.

Lifting her short nightshirt, he caressed her breasts and circled the dark firm peaks with his thumb. He leaned over and toyed with them with his tongue. Moving closer, he pressed his stiff cock against her leg.

As he trailed kisses down the slope of her jaw to between her breasts, she arched her body and pressed her breasts against his face. His long tongue flicked at the firm nipples as his hand slid across her stomach. When

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his mouth closed over that breast, she asked, "Ward is that really you?"

He raised his head and stared at her. "Who the hell else would be in your bed?" he asked sharply, though he knew there was no one else.

Pulling him back down to her, she laughed and kissed him hungrily. The kiss was the spark that set off an inferno.

"Oh, God, I want you," Ward said huskily.

"Yes, yes."

"I missed you so much. I never stopped wanting you," he admitted.

He lifted the weight of one breast toward the other and kissed and licked the cleavage between them. He rubbed his cheeks against them and groaned with need as his cock surged against her.

"Now, Ward. Take me now."

He slid his hand over her stomach and between her wet hot labia. Two fingers slid over her already hard clit and rubbed it side to side before sliding deep into her. "You're so ready for me already."

"I've been ready since you emailed that you were coming home." She clutched his shoulders as he rose above her. She spread her legs wide, opening the way for him, locking her legs around him, and holding him there.

"I'm moving too fast, but it's been so long. I want you so much."

"No, no. Don't stop."

He slid his cock deep within her and stopped. She was so tight, so hot that he almost came right then. She lifted her hips as he thrust into her the next time and she

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cried out with pleasure.

"Yes! Faster. Go faster." Her fingers dug into his shoulders and pulled him closer with each stroke. "Oh, Ward, feeling you inside me means you're really home and safe."

Ward growled and willingly thrust faster and deeper. Only his desire for her pleasure kept him from exploding before she cried out and bucked with the deep tremors he felt around his cock. He thrust once more and his cock exploded against her womb. His teeth clenched, he pumped his cum into her. Spent and sated, he dropped down beside her and held her close.

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Lea woke and looked up to see Mike watching her. She closed her eyes again. "I can't believe that last night wasn't a dream. I must still be asleep."

"Do you want me to pinch you?"

She laughed. "No, but thanks a whole lot, friend."

He chuckled, a rich sound deep in his chest. "I think we're more than friends now." He trailed his fingers along her jaw and then circled her sensitive lips. "I can't keep my hands off you."

"I haven't heard anyone ask you to."

He kissed her hard and quick. Settling back on his bent arm that held his head over hers, he lifted a wave of her silky hair off her cheek and tucked it behind her ear. Sliding his hand down over her shoulder, he pushed the sheet down to her waist. While his hand caressed her midriff, he kissed her again, but when it ended, it hadn't been enough for either of them.

Dipping his long tongue into her cleavage made her moan. She leaned her head back and lifted her aching breasts with her hands. He accepted her unspoken invitation and took one in his free hand while he ran his tongue around the areola of the other.

The darts of desire she felt between her legs came so strong they were almost painful and started her juices flowing. He circled the hardening tip of her nipple and pinched it gently between his thumb and forefinger. Heat shot to her belly.

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"Oh, that feels so good," she whispered. "Why did I ever think I could get enough of you last night?"

"Or after several times during the night," he added with a chuckle.

He flicked her hard nipples back and forth, and went back to sucking and nipping with his teeth. She held on to his shoulders, urging him on with little sounds. He kissed her breasts, her chest, and her neck and then straightened.

Close enough for her to feel his breath on her face, he said, "I want it all, Lea."

"Yes, yes." Grabbing the sheet and blanket, he tossed them to the foot of the bed, baring every inch of her to feed his hungry gaze that swept the length of her body and returned to rest on her heaving breasts before moving back to her face. Her skin tightened along the path his gaze had taken. Her arms, her whole body, felt languid, heavy with desire. She whispered, "I want you so much."

Rising onto his hands and knees beside her, he kissed her stomach. When he licked her sensitive skin with his tongue, she couldn't help but moan with pleasure.

"So hot," he said as he slid his fingers between her labia and pressed against her clit with his thumb. He pressed and circled it, rubbing it with a rhythmic stroke.

She gasped. "Mike...", was all she could manage as he moved to kneel between her legs.

Slowly, ever so slowly, he placed a hand on either side of her shoulders and lowered his face to hers. His biceps bulged as his lips lightly covered hers with a warmth and tenderness she had not expected. It took her breath away. Though he'd lifted his lips, she couldn't

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open her eyes.

He laid a path of delicate kisses across her cheek and down her neck. She relished the feel of his back and shoulder muscles moving under her palms as his hands stroked her breasts and belly.

"Do you want this as much as I do?"

"Yes, I want you. Please." Her lips parted to facilitate her rapid breathing.

His lips covered hers once more, but there was no gentleness now. With a hard twisting movement, his mouth pressed her lips against her teeth. Insisting that she open to him, he thrust his tongue inside to taste deeply.

He cupped her hips and lifted her against him to feel his hard cock against her belly. She moaned into his mouth as she pressed her breasts up toward him, unable to get close enough.

Without warning the kiss ended abruptly. "Open your legs for me."

She complied without thought, only knowing she wanted his touch, wanted him inside her. Only he could soothe the fiery need that was burning her up.

His fingers slid between her labia and one slid inside, then two. "You're wet and ready for me," he growled. His hard cock pressed between her labia seeking entrance, but he paused.

No! He couldn't stop now. Not now when she wanted him so much. She raised her legs to grasp his hips and pushed against him, breaking the last of his resistance.

With a groan he thrust deep inside her. She closed her eyes and cried out with pleasure.

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"Open your eyes," he told her. "I want you to look at me and know who is inside you." He didn't move until she'd met his gaze and held it.

With a hand lifting her hips, he established a rhythm that moved faster and faster and took him deeper and deeper. She couldn't get enough of him when her orgasm with its luxurious heat shot through her. She spasmed around him and with two more thrusts, he spent his seed inside her.

Moments later, he collapsed onto the bed beside her. Cuddling up next to him, she drew small circles in his chest. He slid his palm up her arm and over her shoulder. Their gazes met.

"How can it always be so good between us?" she asked softly.

"Just lucky, I guess."

But Lea knew it was more than luck. She had been making love with a man she loved. That's what made it so great. The moment she admitted that to herself she realized that she was setting herself up for a broken heart. He would be leaving for the war zone in less than a month.

On Leave

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"Come over here," Ward decreed softly.

He and Sonya had dressed that morning with plans to go to Lea's apartment and scrounge a breakfast from her. "She makes pancakes that are lighter than air," Ward had insisted.

After watching her dress, he stopped her before she put on her cotton sweater. He couldn't bear to have those beautiful breasts covered just yet.

A willing subject, Sonya walked toward where he sat on the end of the bed and leaned her hands on his shoulders. Leaning over, she delivered her breasts for his pleasure. "Is this what you wanted?"

After his long tongue laved them, he pulled the nipple between his lips before he drew in more of the soft flesh and sucked harder. Spears of pleasure shot to her belly, making her juices flow. She became restless, wanting more.

Before she realized it, he'd unzipped her slacks and in one smooth motion, slid her slacks and panties off. When they caught on her shoes, he stopped only momentarily to remove them and then tossed her clothes aside.

Eager to do the same for him, she stood up and reached for his belt but couldn't reach it. But the long bulge in his pant leg announced that their morning playtime wasn't over yet.

Kissing her stomach and onto her thighs, he nudged them apart and slid his fingers inside. She sucked in a

quick breath. "Hmmm, you feel hot and wet," he murmured.

He rose and lifted her over one shoulder. "Put me down," she cried laughing. Circling to the side of the bed, he gently tossed her down on her back. Quickly kneeling between her thighs, he found her clit and rubbed it rhythmically. Laying a line of kisses where his fingers had gone, he curled the end of the tongue around the clit and rubbed it up and down.

"Oh, Ward," she groaned, opening her legs even farther, wanting more from him.

Trying to unbuckle his own belt while he slid his fingers deeper within her, he muttered with frustration. She reached to help him, but whimpered when he needed both hands to push off his pants. They caught on his boots, but he didn't care.

Though she started to roll sideways, he caught her legs and pulled her to the edge of the bed where she quickly wrapped her legs around him.

"I need you so much," he said in a soft low voice.

There was no holding back his erect cock that pressed between her engorged labia. She tried to lift her hips to bring him inside her, but he moved his cock in a circle to tease her.

"No, inside me. You have to come inside me," she pleaded.

Leaning down, he flicked the tip of his tongue into her ear. His warm breath tickled and she laughed. "Not in there."

"Oh, you mean here?" he asked as he straightened and pressed his cock inside her but just a little.

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"Yes, there, but more." She lifted her hips higher to take him more deeply into her. He moved his hips in the same circular motion as before when suddenly she cried out. "Oh, God, there. No don't move. Just rub me right there," she insisted.

"So we've found the magic spot, have we? Well, I'll be happy to oblige."

Stroking over the spot with each thrust into her at that angle, he withdrew and thrust again, each time increasing the tempo. She threw her head back and in an instant her body stiffened for a few seconds. Her quick spasms captured his cock and sent him into a faster and deeper rhythm. Lifting her buttocks higher, he joined her as he spent his seed on her magic spot. Settling in her more deeply, he leaned down to kiss her lightly.

"Lea makes great breakfasts. I wonder how she is on lunch."

Lois Bonde

~*~

As Lea chopped the vegetables for their breakfast omelet, she heard Mike chuckle behind her. "What's so funny?" she asked, glancing at him setting the table.

"I was just thinking that I believe you have brainwashed me. You know, I thought about you all those nights in the desert. I could never figure out why I hadn't kissed you sooner than at the airport just before we left. Now all I want to do is make love with you."

"You don't hear me objecting, but we have to eat—to keep our strength up."

"Maybe we could do both."

"Getting naked in front of a hot frying pan or while chopping these things with a sharp knife doesn't turn me on," she said with a laugh.

"No, you go ahead and do your thing to get breakfast cooked. I'll toast the bread and um...give you something to think about while you work."

"Something to think about?" she asked, scrubbing a green pepper.

"Yup. You just use your imagination. Pretend...let's see. Pretend we're reclining together on a very private, pale blue sand beach in the Caribbean where the warm water is lapping gently on the pristine shore. We're all alone, you see, and lying together naked."

"Hmm. Now I see what you mean."

He grinned. "Now imagine me rolling over to face you. I kiss your smooth shoulder and have a little fun

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tracing the faint tan lines around the swimming suit you're *not* wearing. When my finger dips down between your legs, you moan, and I have to kiss you."

"Oh, yes. I was hoping you would," she said in a soft voice.

"You lips are soft and warm and your mouth tastes of the lemon iced tea you'd been drinking. Our tongues dance and our lips part only when we are gasping for breath."

"Yes," Lea agreed in an aspirate voice.

He could hear her more rapid breathing rate. He smiled and put two pieces of wheat bread into the toaster.

"Then what happens?"

"I kiss your chin and your neck. My tongue finds its way to your beautiful breasts. I draw a circle around the dark center a few times, and then I take the whole nipple into my mouth. I love the feel of it and curl my tongue around it and suck until you cry out with pleasure."

"Now the other one," Lea urged in an unsteady voice.

"Yes, my sweet, now I kiss my way to the other one and treat it to the same delights."

Getting the butter from the refrigerator, he had to adjust his pants to accommodate his burgeoning erection. He wished he could see Lea's face, but could only watch as she dropped the chopped vegetables into the frying pan.

"But that's not enough for either of us. I shift my position lower and kiss my way over your soft stomach to your inviting dark curls. I rub my cheek over them, relishing in the texture of the curly hair against my skin."

"What do you do then?" she asked in a whisper.

"The sun is warm and I'm in a lazy playful mood. I lay my arms over your spread thighs so you don't move them together, and dart my tongue between your labia to find your clit. It's hard and reaching out for my touch. The tip of my tongue darts in and pokes it a bit, and then leaves, but you moan and toss your head from one side to the other, wanting more."

The toast popped up and he jumped. He had to concentrate to be able to butter them. He wondered if Lea was able to mind the cooking vegetables.

"More. I want you to touch me more," she urged, stirring the contents of the pan without looking at them.

"That's when I swing around to kneel between your thighs. I have a picnic sucking and nipping at your clit until you cry out begging me to come inside you."

"But you have to be sure you don't lean down too far and get sand on your cock," she murmured.

He could hear the smile in her voice and laughed. She really was picturing this as he talked. "Yes, you're right, my sexy friend. I'm being very careful, but the big beach blanket will protect us."

"Good." She took a deep breath. "Then do go on," she said as she poured the beaten eggs into the pan.

"Can you feel where my tongue is rubbing your clit? You taste so sweet that I dip in to where your juices are flowing."

"Yes, and I can feel my panties getting wet."

"But on the beach you aren't wearing any, and I can thrust my tongue deep inside to get my fill of the sweet nectar. But even that's not enough. You clutch at my shoulders to pull me up over you for a deep kiss. You

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taste yourself on my tongue and moan as we deepen the kiss. You push my hips up to free my hard cock from against your belly, and lift your legs around me. You rotate your hips and without any help from me, you steer my throbbing cock into you. God, I want you so much I'm ready to explode."

"Then what? What do we do?" Lea murmured as she pulled the cooked egg mixture from the edge of the pan and allowed the uncooked ones to flow beneath.

"I set a fast rhythm right from the start because I can feel that you are hot and wet and as frantic with need as I am. But just to be sure you find your pleasure, I slip a hand between us and find your clit with my thumb. Do you feel my thumb on it?"

"Yes, I feel it." She pushed the cooked omelet back from the burner and clutched the edge of the stove. Her eyes drifted shut as she concentrated on what he was saying.

"Your clit is hard and long and bounces erect each time I push it over and grind it against you."

"Yes, yes. Do it faster."

"Yes, we go faster and faster. And then you come." He stepped behind her so he could talk low close to her ear. "Do it now, Lea. Come for me now. I'm riding you hard and my thumb is spanking your clit for taking too long. You must come, Lea. Do it for me. Come, Lea. Come."

"Yes, oh, God! I...", she cried out as her orgasm swept through her. Slowly straightening once the spasms passed, she flipped off the burner and turned around to kiss him.

"You won't need your imagination for this one," she murmured as she knelt before him.

His cock was straining against the camo fabric of his baggy pants. She opened the fly and it sprang free. He growled and tensed as she ran her fingers lightly over the shaft. Slipping her hand lower, she held his scrotum and gently rolled his balls. The skin tightened and his cock jumped.

"Did you think I was going to ignore you?" she asked his cock as she rubbed it against her cheek. Captured firmly in her hands, his cock grew when she squeezed it. "Very nice," she murmured. "Can you do that again?" Squeezed again, it responded instantly. She smiled. "That has earned you a reward," she said, still talking to his cock.

Holding it, she stuck out her tongue and rubbed the ridge all around the tip. Slowly she slipped the loose skin over the tip and then off again, only to repeat it at the same slow teasing pace. The skin got tighter and tighter until she had little left to move and the cock was long and rock-hard.

Mike groaned and fisted his hands over his forehead with a groan. "You're making me lose all control," he confessed.

"Just what I intended," she admitted.

As she increased the pace of her strokes, she placed her mouth in an O position and took the tip into it on each pass. He tensed his muscles and tried to thrust deeper. She let him until she had all the length she could take in her mouth on each stroke. She laved the side and the tip with her tongue as it moved by.

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"I don't know how much longer I can resist what you are doing."

Resisting wasn't what Lea had in mind at all. Unable to speak, she slipped her free hand around his scrotum and stroked it as it tightened more.

Without warning he cried out and tensed his stomach muscles. "Lea!" he cried out as his cum shot down her throat. She swallowed each spurt until he was spent, and then licked up the remaining drops. He groaned and relaxed his tensed muscles. "Damn, you sure know what to do to drive me wild."

Smiling, she licked all around the head of his cock. Squeezing it gently then, she licked the last drops that appeared at the tip. When she thought no more would appear, she tucked his cock back where she found it and fastened his pants and belt.

"Come here, you temptress." He tugged her up against his chest and kissed her deeply, tasting his cum.

The omelet was barely warm when they shared it with the cold toast. Neither noticed it was less than perfect.

Lois Bonde

~*~

"Where are you?" Lea asked impatiently, the phone gripped tightly to her ear. She had been getting worried about Ward. Enough time had passed that she and Mike had eaten their breakfast, showered and dressed, and still no word. She'd gotten no answer when she's called Sonya to talk to him.

"We're just leaving Sonya's folks' place," Ward told her.

"That explains why I couldn't reach you at Sonya's."

"Sis, can you two meet us at the Little Chapel of Lights at three this afternoon? We're going to tie the knot today instead of waiting until I come home for good and we want you there."

Lea erupted with a happy cheer and moved the mouthpiece down to say to Mike, "They're getting married this afternoon at three." Speaking back into the phone, she said, "We'll be there, brother dear."

"We? Is Mike still there? I thought he'd just give you the message and go home."

"Ah, his folks have moved to Phoenix so he had no place to stay here in Vegas and I have plenty of room." She was rambling on with reasons and suddenly stopped. "We...um...I wanted him to stay," she admitted.

Ward laughed. "I wondered when you two would wake up. Other people have seen the sparks between you for years. I'm glad for you both. But tell him if he doesn't treat you right, I'll knock his nose clean off his face."

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"Thanks, big brother," she replied with a laugh.

"So can you come to my wedding?"

"We'll be there and you'd better count on having dinner with us before you take off on your honeymoon. I haven't seen you in almost a year."

Laughing, he said, "Don't worry. We will. See you there—at three." He hung up before Lea could get in another word.

"I can't believe they're going to get married today," she said hanging up the phone. "They were going to wait until his discharge."

"Impatience, thy name is love."

She nodded with a smile. "Oh, a wedding present. I don't have anything to give them." She tried to think what they might like.

She hadn't heard Mike cross the rug before he grasped her shoulders. "You don't have to worry about a present now. All they want is for you to be there."

"And you too."

"Wouldn't miss it." He looked at his watch. "Go on. You can use the bathroom first. If we shower together, we'll never get there," he added with a grin.

She grinned too and turned toward her bedroom. "God, what am I going to wear?"

Mike shook his head and strolled to the window where he looked out toward the mountains. She would take a while, he guessed. He felt no rush to get into his dress uniform.

As he looked into the distance, he had to wonder. What would his choice have been? If he loved a woman...Hell, he did love a woman. Lea. He'd been in

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love with her for years. And he did want to ask her to marry him. He'd never considered asking anyone else. But when? Would he ask her to marry him before he shipped out?

Before his leave spent with Lea was over, Mike knew that he *would* ask a woman to marry him just before he shipped out. He needed to know during all those lonely months in the desert that she was his and his alone.

And Lea said yes.

On Leave

~*~

After Mike's leave was up and he left for the Near East, Lea didn't think it was possible to be more worried that she'd been during his first stint on active duty, but she was. Nine months later when he came home for good, his time in the Army at an end, she breathed a big sigh of relief.

Yearning as they were to see each other, they agreed he would fly into Phoenix again and spend a few days with his parents before he came to Las Vegas to move in with her and job hunt. She counted the days down to one until she would see him and never expected the phone call from her brother the night before he was due.

She'd just gotten home from work at the casino, where during the past year, she'd been promoted. Being salaried and not on the hourly clock any more meant she sometimes stayed longer than she had while a teller passing out quarters and nickels. But it meant more money and that would come in handy when they started house hunting.

Arriving home late, she heard the phone ring as she unlocked her door. She grabbed the phone, thinking it might be Mike reminding her, as if he had to, that he was driving up the following day.

"Lea, it's Ward," he said in a low, flat voice.

"You sound funny. What's up? Oh, my God. Are you okay? Sonya?"

"Yeah, *we're* fine, sis. Um. It's Mike."

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Panic gripped Lea. Her hands went cold and clammy in a second and her heart raced. "What about Mike? He's at his parent's house and he's coming here tomorrow."

"No, sis, he can't. He had an accident."

Her legs gave way under her and she slumped onto the bed beside the phone. "Oh, no. What kind of accident?"

"I'm not sure. His mother called me when she couldn't reach you at home. Um...She said Mike can't move."

"Oh, God. He's paralyzed? Where is he? I'm going to him. Right now."

"She didn't say what hospital so you'll have to ask her, but listen. You've been working all day. Eat something and get some sleep before you start that long drive."

"Yeah. I'll call you when I learn anything."

She didn't wait for his goodbye and she didn't follow his advice. She hung up the phone and headed for the fastest shower she'd taken in years. After throwing a few clothes in a canvas bag, she made some sandwiches and filled a thermos with strong coffee. Fifteen minutes later, she'd filled the gas tank on her car and had started driving south.

The engagement ring she wore weighed heavily on her finger. It was the symbol of the happy life she and Mike had so frantically planned during the last few days of his leave. Promises of a future together made her so happy. No, he'd never said he loved her, but she loved him and she couldn't say no to a man going to war, not when they were so good together. She knew he wanted

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her and needed her. That was enough. She loved him enough for both of them.

Now he couldn't move. Now he needed her more than ever, she thought, as dreams of the life they might have had together faded into the darkness.

Forced to stop to use the restroom a couple of times, she kept driving and ate her sandwiches on the road. The stops and eating as she drove helped to wake her up when her tired body started insisting on rest. Only once did sleep truly threaten to take over. She pulled into a rest stop and leaned her head back for a few minutes. A huge eighteen-wheeler, shifting down to brake upon entering the parking lot, woke her over an hour later.

Angry with herself for sleeping so long but feeling rested and more capable of safe driving, she hit the road again. Following the signs to Sun City West, Lea arrived at Mike's parents' home just after seven in the morning. She had to wander up and down the streets a bit to find the right address, but it wasn't long before she pulled up in front of a small flat-roofed house on a densely landscaped lot filled with cactus plants of all sizes. A wheelbarrow behind the car in the carport sat as proof that someone had been working on the yard.

Leaving her bag in the car, she ran to the door and rang the bell. Awake and fully dressed for the day, Mike's mother, Jane, opened the door. "Oh, Lea. It's so good to see you. Come on in," she said more cheerfully than Lea had expected.

"I'm so glad I didn't get you out of bed coming this early. I left Vegas last night as soon as I heard Mike had the accident."

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"He'll be so glad to see you." She motioned toward the hallway and Lea followed her. "He's not being a very good patient."

"He's here then?"

"He absolutely refused to stay in the hospital. The doctor said it was all right to come home as long as he promised not to move."

"What happened? What's wrong?"

"Oh, I don't understand it exactly," Jane began. "The inside came out the hole and now he can't move until it fills or the doctor will have to fill it for him."

Jane's explanation had sounded like gibberish. But before Lea could ask any questions, Jane went on.

"We gave him our room because it has its own bath. He doesn't have to go far that way. He refuses to stay in bed and use the bedpan the doctor told us to get."

Lea could just see Mike refusing any substitute for getting out of bed and using the bathroom. But that meant he wasn't paralyzed! He could move, but somehow wasn't supposed to. Her heart sped up as she approached the doorway where his mother stopped.

Two suitcases sat in the hall just beyond the door. "Careful of those. We were supposed to leave this morning on a Sun City tour to Nogales for the three-day weekend. We thought Mike would be going to see you, but now with him to feed and take care of, we can't go."

Entering the room, she saw Mike lying crosswise on the queen-sized bed. The sheet was tangled around him to his bare chest. She saw no bandages except on his head where one angled across his face, covering one eye. Had it been a head wound? Approaching the bed, she saw

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him open his uncovered eye. She smiled, but her lower lip was trembling. Tears burned at the backs of her eyes.

"Hi," she said in a small voice.

"Lea," he cried and started to sit up.

"Don't move!" his mother ordered sharply. "You lie still like the doctor said. I'm sure Lea can lean over to kiss you, which is what anyone can see you want," she added with a chuckle. "I'll go put some coffee on."

Lea sat on the side of the bed and did lean over and kiss him all too briefly. He took her hands in his and held them tightly against his chest.

"I just did this last night. How did you get here so fast?" he asked, his gaze locking with hers.

"I left as soon as I could after Ward called me. What happened? He said you couldn't move, but I can see you're not paralyzed."

"You drove all night to get here?" he prodded in a louder voice, ignoring her question.

She nodded. "I had to see you. What can't you move?"

"Are you crazy driving all night after a full day at work?"

"Mike, I had to see you. I couldn't stay home after hearing you'd had an accident. So tell me. What happened to you? Ward didn't understand what your mother told him."

"Don't you ever do something that crazy again. I love you too much to have you take such a chance. You could have fallen asleep at the wheel."

A tear escaped down her cheek, but her trembling lips were curling into a small smile. "What did you say?"

Lois Bonde

Looking repentant at the sight of her tear, he reached up to brush it away with his thumb. He kissed her knuckles and apologized. "Aw, honey, I'm sorry I yelled at you, but I love you, and I don't want you taking chances with your life like that again."

He loved her. He'd said he loved her. "Um, could you tell me that you love me a bit more nicely? A woman doesn't want to hear it yelled at her the first time her man says it."

Grinning, he framed her face with his strong hands. "That wasn't the first time. I've told you that I love you before, too. Each time we've made love, I showed you with my body. I asked you to marry me because I love you and don't want to live without you." He drew her face down and kissed her gently. He broke it off suddenly and added, "And I signed my letters all with 'love, Mike'."

"It's still nice to hear you say it." She smiled more broadly. "Okay, let's agree. I won't drive all night to see you if you don't have any accidents again," she bargained.

"Deal."

He tugged her close for another kiss that was all too short when his mother brought in coffee for each of them. She left to take a cup to her husband, and Lea finally got Mike to explain the accident. He had been helping his dad reduce the overgrown vegetation around the carport when a needle from a cactus had stabbed him in his left eye. They sought emergency help immediately but some vitreous fluid leaked out. He had to lie still for several days and give the eye time to build the fluid up again and heal the puncture wound. Because it hadn't affected the lens or retina, his sight would be fine once the pressure

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was stabilized.

"How long can you stay?" he asked.

Lea shrugged. "All weekend and I've been saving up my vacation time. I can take some of next week off too. I just have to call the casino and let them know."

"Mom!" he bellowed, a grin brightening his face.

Jane scurried into the room. "What is it *now*?"

"You and Dad can go ahead on your tour."

"What? How?"

"Lea can stay and fix me something to eat when I get hungry."

"Really? You don't mind?"

"I'd be happy to." Lea smiled at Jane's excited expression. "I can stay into next week, if you'd like."

"I know he'd like," Jane said with a gesture toward Mike. "And we would too. We called too late to cancel our tickets. I was just on the phone still trying to sell them to someone else."

"Now you don't have to. You're all packed, right?" Mike asked.

"Yes. Oh, let me tell your dad." She glanced at her watch. "The bus leaves in a half hour."

She ran out of the room and somehow, with Lea helping by driving them to the Activity Center where the bus stood waiting, they left on the tour on time. With a stop for fresh donuts, she drove back to their house.

Mike had turned on the television that sat on the dresser in the bedroom and lay with his head propped on a pillow watching it.

"You moved to turn that on, didn't you?" Lea asked when she saw no remote in sight.

"I moved very slowly." A slow sexy smile filled the visible part of his face. "But I know what would definitely keep me in bed."

"What?" she asked as if she didn't already guess. Pulling a filled donut from the bag, she sat beside his hip to share it with him. The raspberry filling oozed out on her fingers when she broke off a piece to feed him. He held her hand and when he'd swallowed the piece, he sucked the filling off her fingers.

Taking his turn to feed her with the same results, he replied, "The way I figure it, I just have to have someone that makes me want to stay in bed. And I can only think of one person to fill that bill—you."

She grinned and fed him more. A glob of filling plopped onto his bare chest and she leaned over and licked it up. "Mmm. Tastes good."

"Oh, yes, definitely you, Lea. And with the house empty except for us, we won't be a bother to anyone else."

"Your parents won't mind?"

"Not as long as you make an honest man of me and marry me next month as we planned," he said with a grin.

While she fed him the rest of the donut, he slowly unbuttoned her blouse. "It's too warm in here for clothes," he told her.

"And it's getting warmer all the time," she replied with a grin.

The donut gone, she started to lick her fingers when he grabbed her wrist. "That's man's work," he said in a dramatically deep voice.

She laughed, but when he licked and sucked the sweet remains off, she started to melt. Her fingers

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cleaned, he reached up to push the blouse from her shoulders.

"Are you sure the doctor would approve of you...um...*exerting* yourself?" she asked.

"All he's worried about is that I lie still. Seems to me that doesn't restrict what you can do."

She smiled broadly as the prospects. "One ecstasy in slow motion coming up," she announced.

"And I can feel it coming up already," he remarked with a grin.

She looked down to see the sheet tented over his burgeoning erection. "Let's see if I can make him stand up straight at attention."

Rising from the bed, she hung her blouse on the back of a chair and slowly unzipped her slacks as she slipped out of her shoes. Holding the waistband, she wiggled her hips and slowly slid the pants off. Carefully folding them, she laid them over the chair as if she had all the time in the world for her strip tease. Sitting on the edge of the bed again, she removed her knee-high stockings and tossed them toward the chair.

"This isn't love making. This is torture!" Mike complained, watching her every move as she slid her bra straps off her shoulders. He tried to reach for her, but she placed both hands on his chest and pressed him back down to the mattress.

"Don't you move or I'll put my clothes back on and wait until the doctor gives you the all clear."

His hands up in surrender, he said, "Okay, okay, I give in, but could you go a little faster. It's been months and I'll finish before you get started."

Lois Bonde

She shrugged. "I'm not worried. I know you can play catch-up very well."

In only bra and panties, she leaned down to kiss him. The playful nipping kiss she'd started soon deepened as their tongues found each other and danced in a joyful reunion.

"God, I missed you," he admitted as he held her against his chest.

His arms wrapped around her, Mike unfastened her bra before she could stop him and make him wait any longer. The soft weight of her breasts fell free. She sat up to toss the bra with her other clothes, and he lifted her breasts in his hands. Twisting the nipples between his thumbs and forefingers, he groaned.

"I want to suckle these beauties so much."

"I guess I won't need these then." Rising, she pulled off her panties. The top sheet was in her way so she pushed it off him and then straddled his hips and sat back on her heels. Leaning forward on a hand on each side of his head, she delivered a breast to his waiting mouth. "Your wish is my command."

Tipping her head back and closing her eyes, she gave herself in to the flow of heat that filled her and settled low in her belly. "Now this one," she said as she moved to the side to offer him her other breast.

Mike knew there was no reason not to move his arms. He caressed her hips and thighs, finding her clit easily with her up on her knees.

"You are so hot," he murmured. "I don't think we'll be playing catch-up after all."

When she started to sit back down on her heels, he

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stopped her by slipping one finger inside and then two.

"Damn, I want to kiss you," he growled in frustration.

Immediately, she leaned down for his kiss. That opened her to his hand even more and stroked in and out with three fingers now.

"I want you in me," she murmured against his lips. "Now." Lowering her hips, she reached down for his rock-hard cock and pushed his hand aside with it. Quickly settling the hot tip where she wanted it, she straightened a bit and took him inside her.

"Oh, Mike, you feel so good."

"I sure as hell do," he said, lifting his hips to meet her as she moved up and down.

"You're not supposed to move," she objected breathlessly, moving faster with each thrust.

"Lea!" he yelled as each thrust pressed deep inside her.

"Now! Oh, god, now," she cried, arching her back and tensing her body as the spasms clenched around his cock.

"Damn right it's now," he roared as he ejaculated deep inside her.

When their spasms passed, Lea collapsed onto his chest. "How's your eye?" she asked breathlessly.

"Can't tell, but it feels the same. I'll find out for sure in two more days."

She lifted her head to meet his gaze, a grin growing on her face. "Two more days of you having to lie still and take whatever I dish out, huh?" She settled beside him with her head on his shoulder.

"It's a tough job, but I gotta do it."

Lois Bonde

She laughed softly. "Hmmm."

"Ah, what do you have in mind?" he wanted to know. She yawned just then and he laughed. "Whatever it is, I think we should start with a nap."

"Works for me," she agreed, pulling the sheet up over them both. "And when we wake up, I'm very confident that we'll think of something to do to keep us occupied in bed all weekend."

As the ceiling fan turned in a soft steady rhythm, they fell asleep with smiles on their faces and lots of erotic ideas circling in their heads.

After all they'd dreamed of during the long months they were apart, they knew they wouldn't run out of ideas for years to come.

The End