

Red Hot Fantasy

A Valentine's Day story by

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*T*he computer geek was at it again, only this time without a shirt.

An audible sigh escaped Miranda's lips as she watched Tim stand and stretch, showing his finely toned abdominal muscles. This was as romantic as it would get on Valentine's Day.

"Lordy." Her sexual frustration bobbed up to the surface.

She had no idea how good of shape Tim Landis was in. He always wore baggy khakis and pull over shirts. Computer geeks weren't supposed to be in such fine form.

Miranda gasped when he glanced out his window and stared across the small ribbon of yard that separated their houses.

It might be dark outside, but his blue eyes under the wire rim glasses felt like twin laser beams honing in on her. Since he'd caught her red-handed, she attempted to smile, but couldn't quite pull it off.

Instead, his full lips curled up at the corners which caused a definite break in her heart rhythm. Did he know she watched him every night when he worked at his computer, while she had hot, forbidden fantasies about him? John, her ex-husband, had been too polite in bed, never wanting to explore the unknown. Feeling her face warm, she raised her hand and waved. Tim's grin widened. Embarrassment at being caught in the act rolled through her. Miranda scrambled for a way out of this mortifying situation. Usually he was so involved that he never looked up from the computer screen.

What she knew about him would barely fill a newspaper paragraph. He designed computer games for a living and he had moved next door to her two months

ago. Plus, he was younger than her, which no doubt added to his mystique.

She didn't like admitting that loneliness had brought on her recent behavior of voyeurism. He held up his hand before leaning over the keyboard and typing. Catching her eye again, he held up one finger to signal for her to wait. Was he printing up sign which would no doubt say, *Get a life, lady?*

When he pressed the sheet of printer paper up to the window, her heart literally did a one-eighty.

In bold black letters the sign read: *Be my Valentine.*
"Ohhhh..."

He couldn't be serious, but the sexy grin on his face said otherwise. Somehow she managed a trembling smile, at the same time wishing her body didn't feel like a race car at the starting line being revved up by the driver.

Tim signaled for her to wait again while he typed away.

The sheet of paper held to the window this time asked, *My house or yours?*

The man was dead serious. Fighting for some type of composure, Miranda hesitantly pointed at Tim's house. The grin still in place, he nodded. She spun away from her bedroom window before she could chicken out.

She walked into the bathroom and brushed her wavy, shoulder length hair. Jeans and a button up cardigan over a plain white tee shirt was hardly the outfit for a romantic Valentine's evening. But she wasn't about to let this unexpected, spontaneous opportunity pass her by.

Miranda padded through the house to the back door, and wondered how she had been so easily persuaded. Who was she kidding? She'd wanted to take a tumble with him since first meeting him. Besides, what woman in her right mind would say no to that grin and six-pack abs?

Tim met her at the foot of the steps of his house,

now wearing a black chest hugging tee shirt and blue jeans.

“Hi, Miranda.”

His voice had been the first magnet of attraction. So deep and husky. “Hi.”

Tim took her arm and escorted her into the kitchen.

After he closed the door, he tilted his head, his eyes behind the glasses glinting with mischief and pure sex appeal. “Wine, beer, whiskey?”

“Wine would be nice.”

While he poured two glasses of red wine at the counter, he kept looking over at her, his gaze inching down her body.

Her nipples hardened. Hell, they’d probably been hard since seeing him without a shirt.

Tim walked over and held out a glass. The simple act of fingers brushing shot gigantic waves of heat through her body.

“Come on, let’s go in the living room.” Tim caught her hand and led her into the living room.

For a man who spent hours in front of a computer, he had surprisingly roughened hands. Images of his hands roaming freely over her body had her tightening her grip on the wineglass.

After they were settled on the couch, she sipped her wine. Tim’s scent masculine scent wafted over to her.

Tim shifted on the couch and caught her eye. “It’s hard to believe you don’t have a date tonight.”

A woman had to have a man in her life to have a date. An irresistible urge to take off his glasses had her raising her hand before she dropped it back to her lap. “I’m not seeing anyone since my divorce and all.”

Tim raised the glass to his lips, his complete attention focused on her. “How long?”

“Um...almost a year.”

Tim leaned in close. “Did you know going that long without sex is not good for an attractive woman like yourself?”

His warm breath feathered across her cheek. "I feel fine. Really, I do." She realized that Time didn't buy her outright lie when one black brow rose slightly.

"I do," she repeated as much for herself as for him.

"Uh...huh."

With a trembling hand, she raised her glass to take a drink, but his hand stopped her.

This time Miranda lifted a brow in question.

"Did you know I had the hots for you? Is that why you watch me from your window every night?"

Busted. He'd known all a long that she spied on him. "No, I didn't know you had the hots for me."

"Come on, Miranda, you're a lousy liar."

"How would I know? We chat every once and a while and wave to each other in the morning on our way out to work."

His voice lowered a notch? "You didn't see it in my eyes?"

If she had missed the desire before, it was now gleaming bright and clear in his gaze. Her sex throbbed while her nipples ached with longing. "How old are you?"

Tim pried the glass from her hand and set both glasses down on the coffee table. He sat back and swung his arm around her. "Does it matter?"

"Do you like older women? Because I'm at least ten years older than you." She wasn't forty yet, but she could see it in the distance.

"I like you." He traced the bottom of her lip with his thumb. "Age doesn't matter to me. Chemistry does."

"So you don't think I'm a psycho voyeur?"

"I kind of liked you watching me every night. I usually go to bed with a throbbing hard-on because of you. Now that part I didn't like."

Tim kissed the side of her neck. "I'm hard now."

Her eyes lowered to the snug jeans restraining his cock. His warm lips trailed down the sensitive part of her neck, while he slowly starting unbuttoning her

sweater.

“Touch me, Miranda,” he whispered.

Before her eyes fluttered closed, she laid her hand on his hard length.

“I want you to touch me, not my jeans.” His lips followed the buttons until all were undone.

With unbelievably deft fingers for her aroused state she unsnapped his jeans and discovered he was bare. No shorts, no briefs, just all naked male. Her preconceived notion of a computer geek vanished like the wind. His cock sprang free. Opening her eyes, she stared at the size and beauty of it. “Oh...”

While his hand slid up her tee shirt, he asked. “You like?”

“Yes, I like.”

“I like what I’m touching now.” His hand closed around her breast.

Her hand encircled his cock.

Tim raised his head and kissed her, deep and long. He took his time exploring and tasting her.

When he broke the kiss, he stared at her with hooded eyes. “These clothes have to go.”

Miranda nodded, eager to touch bare skin to bare skin. First her sweater, then his shirt, followed by his jeans. The black nest of hair that his balls rested on made her wetter between her thighs. Very wet.

After Tim stripped off her jeans and panties, he spread her legs and knelt down on the floor in front of her. Before he took off his glasses, his gaze traveled every bare inch of her body pausing at her breasts and pussy. He pulled off his glasses and slid them on the coffee table.

Miranda reached for him and he buried his head between her breasts before drawing one taut peak between his lips. He bit her nipple gently but firmly and just hard enough for her to squeal with unexpected pleasure.

He moved his head to other breast and bit again.

“Oh, yes,” she moaned. Two hands slid under her and squeezed her ass which elicited another moan from her. She had always wondered how it would feel to be taken by a lover who liked it a little rough.

Her buried desires surfaced. “I like how you bite my nipple.”

Tim obeyed by biting just a little harder on her nipple and squeezing her cheeks roughly. The raw pleasure intoxicated her.

He suckled her nipple gently for a time before nipping her again before he straightened to kiss her. Miranda pulled him closer as both hands pinched her nipples. She was ready to beg for more, when he broke the kiss. “I see you like it rough.”

“Am I that obvious?” Her voice sounded throaty and rasping to herself.

“Yeah, you are, Miranda. Which makes you my kind of woman.”

“My husband wasn’t rough.”

“You’ve never been spanked?”

“God, no.”

Tim’s tongue thrust into her mouth again, not giving her a chance to think about another forbidden side of sex.

Miranda broke the kiss, her hard breathing surprising her. The simple act of talking about spanking had her hotter than she’d ever been before. How had she managed to suppress this other facet of her sexuality?

Tim licked her bottom lip. “Do you want me to spank you?”

“I don’t know,” she whispered.

“Whatever you want, honey. I can be gentle, rough, and anything in between. It’s up to you.”

She wasn’t sure she wanted to know his answer, but she asked in spite of that. “What do you want?”

“With you,” he tugged on her swollen bottom lip. “I’d like to be slightly rough.”

Her body heated to boiling at his admission. “Why

with me?"

"I don't know. I think it's your innocent blonde looks and the fact you never flaunt yourself." He tugged on her lower lip again. "You're not the only one doing the watching."

She ran her hands down his smooth and muscled back. "You're kidding."

"Yeah, I watch your ass, every time I get the chance."

Tim's words thrilled her like no other man's had ever done.

"Why don't you turn over, so I can finally have my fantasy come true?"

He helped her kneel on the floor with her hands on the couch.

"Damn, you've got a pretty ass."

He didn't touch her, but she felt his eyes burning into her. He ran a finger between her cheeks.

"Would you like me to spank you?"

She could let him do it once, to experience the sensation. "If I don't like it..."

"I'll never do it again and that's a promise."

But what if she did like it? An erotic shiver coursed through her. She thrust out her behind.

"I take that as a yes."

When his hand smacked her cheek, the pleasure and pain combined into a blood rush. She couldn't hold back the scream that wrenched from her throat.

She stuck out her butt again.

"Oh, baby," Tim said in approval.

His hand landed on her other cheek with a loud smack. Another scream tore from deep inside of her.

He leaned his body over hers and cupped her breasts. "You're so hot."

"Pinch my nipples hard," Miranda begged.

While he nipped the back of her neck, he pinched her sensitive nipples between his fingers.

"I'm going to come," she gasped.

“Not until my cock is inside of you.”

“Now.”

“Not yet. I think you need to be spanked again.”

“Yes, no...yes.”

This time when his hand touched her, the pleasure and pain combined into exquisite torture.

She came the next time Tim spanked her. An orgasm so mind numbing and rousing she had to fight herself back to reality. “Ohmigod...”

Tim thrust his cock high into her. “You weren’t supposed to come, honey.”

“I couldn’t help it,” she said between panting breaths. The feel of him stretching and filling her had her aroused all over again, in spite of the mind boggling orgasm.

“Since you came so soon, don’t you think you should be spanked again?”

Tim’s voice was low, husky, and oh so feral sounding. The thought of him spanking her again made her pussy tighten in response. “Oh...yes.”

The sting of his palm, coupled with his cock inside of her pushed her to the edge.

Pumping himself hard into her, Tim bent over and whispered in her ear. “Don’t come so fast, or I’ll have to spank you again.”

The rasp of his voice and his intentions thrilled her beyond sane reasoning. Where had this wanton part of her been hidden all these years? “Is that my punishment for coming so soon?”

He nipped her earlobe. “It’s both your punishment and pleasure.”

There was no way she could control her body from responding to this man and her latent desires. When Tim thrust hard into her again, her control shattered. One more slap on her ass and his control shattered right along with hers.

After he rolled her over, he kissed her long and slow before he raised his head and gazed deep into her eyes.

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“Want to go to my bedroom and explore more of your naughty fantasies?”

Now that she had abandoned her inhibitions, how could she say no? And she’d had no idea this would turn out be a Valentine’s Day to remember.

Miranda smiled and let Tim lift her to her feet.

About the Author

Sage Burnett lives at the foot of the beautiful Rocky Mountains in northwest Montana. Visit her alter ego online at <http://www.patriciaparkinson.com>.