

Slap.

“Ouch! That really hurt.”

“I’ll kiss it better,” he says and brings his lips to my burning right ass cheek. “Better?”

“You’re going to have to do more than kiss my ass, dumbass. You are—”

He runs his finger between my hot cheeks and pauses. “You’re so wet for me, Dannie.”

“No—I’m so not. Not for you. It’s... hormonal frustration, a natural instinctive defense mechanism.”

“A defense mechanism?”

“Yeah. Like... well, like a skunk that sprays, or a porcupine that throws his quills.”

He chuckles. “So, you’re saying if I smell you, I’ll be repelled and run away.”

“Exactly. Now let me go before I—”

He leans over and sniffs.

“What the hell are you doing?”

“Mmm. You smell divine, smartass. I can’t wait to taste you.” He runs his finger over my right ass cheek, down between my thighs, and right on into my small vagina. He wiggles it around. Then damn if I don’t hear him sucking. “Oh, Dannie. If that’s your defense repellent, I can’t wait to taste your sweet cum.”

***Holy Goddess of Sweet Cum.* A moan escapes before I can suppress it. “Dino, please let me up.”**

“Nope. I might not ever get you into this position again.”

“What do you want from me?”

“I think that’s more than clear.”

“If I admit I want it too, will you let me go?”

“Not on your life,” he says and runs the back of his hand up my spine. “I want you, Dan. Want you more than I’ve wanted anyone,” he whispers.

I wipe a tear off my cheek.

He turns me over. “Oh, my God. Are you crying? Did I hurt you?”

“No, it’s just—I’m not—you are—and I’m—”

He lifts my chin and I look away.

“Dannie, please look at me.”

I look at him.

He wipes my tears away. “I did hurt you.”

“No, it’s—”

“What, Dan? Please talk to me.”

“I’m not like you, Dino.”

“I’m pretty sure I can live with that.”

“That’s not what... I’m not like the women you’re used to.”

“Don’t I know it.”

“I haven’t—I mean—hell.” *Who’s the dumbass now, Dannie O’Brien?*

He lifts me up so I’m straddling his lap. The blanket slides off my shoulders and falls to my waist leaving me bare and exposed.

He sucks in a breath.

I reach over and grab the blanket.

“Please don’t, Dan. Let me look at you.”

I don’t let myself overthink it. I do as he asks. I drop the blanket.

I watch his eyes scan over me. They miss nothing, taking in every exposed nanometer of my bare flesh. It feels like an eternity, a world cruise on the slowest boat made in China, before they met mine.

“Dannie, there are no words.”

“Dino, I....”

“You don’t want this, want me?”

“No. I do.”

“Then what’s the problem?”

I inhale and then slowly exhale. “Okay, so here’s the thing. When I married Nolan, I was nineteen.”

“Okay.”

“I was a virgin. And I’ve never been with—and I feel as if you’ll be expecting more and—I haven’t—well, you know—much. And I’m afraid I’ll

disappoint you. And I'm not good with that. I don't think my heart can take that right now and—"

"Dannie O'Brien, where the hell have you been?"

"I... what?"

"I've been looking for you before I even knew I was looking."

"Huh?"

"I'm so glad Nolan's a fucking idiot."

"You are?"

"Dannie, you don't get it, do you?"

"I want to."

"You've only been with one man."

"Yeah, that's what I was trying to say."

"You look like you do, and Nolan was it."

"Yes. Is there some kind of aneurysm happening in your brain?"

He grins. "You're mine, Dannie Dan. Do you hear me?"

"Of course I hear you. I'm sitting on your dumbass lap."

He stands, lifting me with him. He walks in front of the fireplace and tosses his blanket and then mine onto the stone floor. Then he lays me down with reverence, as if I'm a goddess of something grand and pure.

"Dannie, I want to give you the world."

"I'd settle for an orgasm—or three."

He smiles and presses his lips onto mine for the first time. I knew they'd feel incredible and I greet them greedily, latching onto them and sucking as if I'm a starved child.

And he returns each suck, bite, and swirl of tongue with his own greed.

Needing to feel him, needing it to be real, I run my hands up his spine. He sucks in a breath when I trace down and over his tight, perfect ass cheeks, pulling him in, confining him to me.

We become a pot of aching desire. Our body parts melting together before they simmer and damn near boil over.

Did I ever want Nolan this way, this much? No. The answer comes to me in a second. I didn't even have to think about it. I've never wanted to be eaten up by a man, to be consumed the way I know this man will.

Then it happens. He's inside me, the very tip anyway. "Sorry. Got a little carried away. It's all your fault, ya know."

"My fault. My hands were full of butt cheeks, nowhere near your business."

"You drive me mad. I lose myself around you." He nods toward the fireplace. "Could you throw me my shorts?"

"Are your arms broken?"

He looks down between our bodies and then back at me. "The big man's goin' nowhere."

I laugh. "The big man?"

"If I move him, you might change your mind."

I reach over my head, grab his shorts, and toss them to him.

He digs out his wallet from the back pocket of his shorts and tosses the shorts aside. He holds the wallet reverently in one hand and closes his eyes.

"What are doing?"

"Praying to the Condom Goddess."

I laugh. "Why?"

"I wasn't planning on this. I wished and hoped. God knows how I hoped." He opens it and grins like a blessed man. He removes three condoms and sets his wallet aside. He kisses them one by one. "I've never been so happy to see you. Come to Papa, you little gold treasures of pleasure."

"And here I thought all these years with one man, I'd been missing out."

"You'll be eating those words in about"—he looks at the imaginary watch on his wrist—"five minutes."

"Five minutes, huh?"

"Probably less, but I'm not one to brag about one's... talents."

"Or one's big-man."

"Are you ready for the rest of your life, Ms. O'Brien?"

"Dripping ready, Mr. Coletti."

He sucks in a breath. “Don’t tease me, woman. I might be talented, but I have my limits. Especially, when it comes to you.” He opens up a gold treasure-of-pleasure with his teeth and sighs. “I’ve never understood the words ‘parting is such sweet sorrow’ until right fucking now,” he says and pulls the tip out.

I might have only been up-close-and-personal with one other penis, but I know a nice big one when I see it.

He rolls the condom down his big one. “Are you sure about this, Dannie? I’m about to change your life forever.”

“Shut up, dumbass, and give me the big-man.”

He pulls me to him and spreads my thighs wide. I hold my breath and mentally prepare for the invasion. Physically, there’s not much more I can do, it’s either going to fit or not.

He invades me and my body opens up to receive him, as if saying, I’ve been waiting for you, dumbass. What took you so damn long?

He moans. “Dear lord, you feel like heaven. I’ve wanted you and this for so long. You’re never getting away, Dan. Never.”

“Stop talkin’ the talk. I want—”

He thrusts forward. “Is that what you want?”

“Yes,” I say and dig my nails into his ass cheeks.

He finds his rhythm and I dance along. All is well until it shifts from first to fifth, and I get left behind. Soon he’s groaning and spouting unintelligible words.

He pulls out and collapses next to me. “God, Dannie, that was...”

Over in a blink of the eye. Faster than a bullet train. Quicker than sand. Unbelievably unfulfilling. I bite my lip and choke down my tears of shock and frustration. How could a man who looks like he does, smells like he does, is hung like he is, and has had as many lovers as he has be such a... disappointment? I might not be an expert at these things; but come on, even Nolan gave me more than... nothing.