

Ben leaned over his plate and said, "I've tasted your fingers, your neck, your earlobe, your lips, your..."

"Stop!" Lily felt as if he had kissed all those places just by the way he sounded. His deep bass voice caressed her to the core. She placed a bit of chicken on his plate and his hand fell to her knee. It rested there a second, making her whole body ache with desire. Just when she thought she couldn't bear it any longer, he raised his hand up her thigh, pushing her skirt up. She gave a jump and with her voice an octave higher than usual, managed to say "Are you done eating?"

Ben grinned, "If it's not you, I don't want to taste it right now."

They paid quickly and left. Minutes later they were in his truck. They tried to make it to the highway, but pulled off the road on the way. She writhed under his hands, which were so hot she could swear they were leaving a mark on her flesh. He had a smile that threatened to save her life. Their pawing at each other was done mostly in silence, cut only by her name escaping his lips in an agonized tone. She loved the sound of it, "Lily", he whispered to her ears, "Lily", he whispered to her neck, "Lily" he whispered to her breasts, "Lily", he whispered to the place within her that throbbed like a disco beat. His lips tasted of wine and sweet basil. She pressed into him and forgot herself. Ben dropped his work roughened hand to her leg, and pulled her around him. He let out a little groan as she softly bucked against his lap.

His whole body went rigid as she ran her hands over his torso and pulled open his shirt to reveal his broad strong chest. She ran her hands down to his stomach and paused at the belt. Ben untied her dress and pushed it off her shoulders, kissing skin as it was revealed. She bucked harder and he picked up her other leg. She ached to have him inside her again. She felt wild, primitive, like her body was controlling her actions. She opened his belt and he reached into his pocket for his wallet, pulling out the packet inside. Once ready, he lifted her up and slowly lowered her onto him. Lily immediately felt as though she may explode and tried to slow it down. Ben ran his hands all over her body enjoying the rhythm. Soon he took control, going faster and jumping inside of her as she raised her hands to the roof of the truck, clawing at it. She pushed her lower lip into his mouth and he softly bit as she cried out. She felt as though she had left earth and landed on the moon. She rocked against him again and again. He unhooked her bra and took one of her breasts in his mouth, devouring it as one would a mango in paradise. When she came back down she took over the dance, rolling and rocking pushing against the roof so that he was deep inside of her.

He let himself be lead, whispering her name and coaxing her bottom. She felt herself come close again but slowed herself, eager to have him join her. She had never felt as in control, as sexy as she did right then. Ben drank her in, kissing every inch of her neck, her chest, her hands, her fingers as she slowly brought them both to tears. They cried out, and shuddered as one.

*Excerpt from "Sweet and Salty"*