

The Privileged Life

by Sara Winters

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She felt the kiss on the back of her neck and jumped. Large, warm hands slipped to squeeze her waist and she leaned back into him, giggling a little as David's full lips met her skin in the same spot, the tender touch causing a shiver to move through her.

"Look here man. Don't start the engine if you don't intend to drive the car." She turned to face him. "You know how much I hate being teased like that."

He lowered his head again and kissed the side of her neck. This time he lingered and nibbled at the skin a bit before whispering in her ear, "Who says I'm teasing?"

"Ooh." She pushed at his shoulder and leaned back to catch his eye. "You're serious? Mr. I've Been Working Crazy Hours and I'm SO Tired. Mr. My Back Hurts Tonight Honey. Mr. Those Damn Pills Don't Do Anything I Can't Do On My Own. Mr.—"

Those lips were back to touch her own. It was the best way to get her quiet once she'd gotten going, he didn't mind the method too much himself. Her lips softened beneath his and she melted in his arms as he applied a little pressure. He parted her lips with his tongue and almost smiled as she welcomed him into her warmth, returning the intimate caresses from his tongue with twice as much passion. Before he could register what was happening, she'd completely taken over the kiss, grabbing his head and moving it to a more convenient angle, deepening and easing the kiss at her will. David's body began to respond in a way it hadn't in months. He pulled her tight against him and let her feel just what she was doing to him.

"Did I ever tell you," he whispered close to her ear, "You talk too much?"

She smirked at him. He was delighted to see that familiar devilish expression in her eyes. "I guess you'd like it better if my mouth was too full to talk."

He raised both eyebrows. "There's a good place to start."

She laughed before putting her head on his chest. The swift thump of his heartbeat against her ear was a subtle reminder of how long it had been since they'd been this close. How long she'd waited for him to come to her, to let her know he still cared. That she was just as important as his work. "You know what? I've missed being with you like this."

Large hands raised to stroke her shoulder-length thick hair. Even his cologne seemed almost unfamiliar, a scent belonging only to David that took over her senses as he comforted her and began to soothe away the rising tears. "I know it's been hard," he said. "I've wanted to spend more time with you, but sometimes—"

She raised a hand and touched it to his lips. "Hey. I know. You don't have to make excuses. I'm just glad you're here now."

He smiled and lowered his lips to hers, letting his mouth show the feelings he had trouble putting into words. They kissed briefly at first, the softest of butterfly kisses, his lover's deep blue eyes fluttering closed as emotion overtook her. His hands slipped to her waist and held her gently. The slightest of pressure continued as the kiss deepened, their mingled breaths growing into a deep pant as they held each other. He brushed a lone tear from the side of her face. Their foreheads touched. "I don't want to do this to you anymore."

"I don't want it to be like this either," she whispered, her voice thick. "I mean, I knew what I was signing on for when I agreed to this, but it's like the rest of the world just ceased to exist. And with you working all the time," she looked up in time to catch his worried expression, "it feels like I've died. I don't know if I can handle this."

David frowned before he could stop himself. He'd known this was coming for months now, yet he still hadn't bothered to properly prepare for it. How would he keep this beautiful, vibrant woman in his life if he insisted on keeping their relationship a secret and isolating her from everything and everyone else in her life? He was used to the isolation that came as a heavy price tag to his career, but it felt damned selfish to ask any woman to willingly join his secluded world.

It had hardly been six months since they'd moved to the quiet little town in Ireland and he could already see the affect it was having on her. Emotions all over the place one minute and short-tempered the next, this lifestyle was changing the woman he'd fallen in love with less than a year ago

and driving a wedge into what he'd thought was a perfect relationship. Maybe he was kidding himself. There was probably no such thing.

"What are you thinking?" she asked.

A loaded question, he thought before saying, "I was thinking how blessed I am to have you as a part of my life. You don't know how grateful I am that you were willing to give up so much so I could be happy."

She smiled and snuggled closer to his chest. "There are times I wish I'd made a different decision. We could've gone on as we were, me working for you, pretending our feelings didn't exist. We could've been content as friends. But I know there's always been more to you than what I could see on the surface. I feel blessed that you were willing to share yourself with me. Nothing is too big a price to pay."

"Are you sure? That doesn't sound like something you would've said a few minutes ago."

She frowned and pulled away. "Sometimes it is hard, but I can deal with it. Eventually things will change."

He didn't have the heart to tell her that the chances of anything changing soon, to the degree that she wanted them to anyway, were very slim. He pulled her close to him again. "You haven't asked why I'm home so early."

She studied his face closely. He wasn't giving anything away. "No, I haven't. I assumed you wanted to work from home today. I should probably leave you to that." She turned to walk away and he pulled her to him again, her back pressed firmly to his front.

"Stop running away from me woman." He pulled her hair to the side and whispered against her neck. "I've been thinking about you." His arms tightened around her waist and he rotated his pelvis a bit until she gasped. "I know I've been a little selfish just taking what I wanted from you these past few months. And there's one thing you want from me, right?" She didn't think it was possible, but he squeezed her tighter. "I think it's about time you had a chance to collect."

Feeling him touch her like that after the months of drought was heaven, but she had her doubts. It wasn't like him to change his mind without making a big deal about it. Stubbornness was just a part of his nature. He kissed the back of her neck again before she moved away quickly and turned to face him. "Are you sure? You're not just saying that? You don't really owe it to me."

He paused before answering. Had he really been bad enough that she felt she had to doubt him? "Yes, I'm sure. I want to have a baby with you."

She raised an eyebrow in his direction. "David, be serious. A child is not some toy you give someone to placate them. I'd love to be a mother, but

only if you really want this child too. Don't tell me that's what you want because you think you'll lose me. I can't raise a baby by myself."

And this exact argument was why they'd been having problems in the bedroom for weeks. She wanted a firm commitment and he wanted...what did he want? Peace. And having a baby would give them that, right? Right. He wasn't just doing it to keep her around. He wanted kids...eventually. He wanted marriage...someday. He wanted to make an announcement...when the time was right. Not a damn day sooner. But if only one of those three promises had to be fulfilled to keep his honey sweet, *he* could compromise on the when. Despite her doubts of his sincerity, he didn't consider it an obligation, but a privilege.

She froze in place as the tension slowly eased from David's face. The frustration in his eyes was quickly replaced with compassion, the love she'd seen for herself a thousand times before. The next few fighting words froze on her lips as he came closer and took her in his arms again.

"Beautiful, everything we're building now, we're going to maintain *together*. I know I've been working like crazy lately," he paused to lift her now trembling chin with his fingers, "but make no mistake, YOU are always going to be my priority. You and the family we're going to have. No matter how busy I get, how many calls I miss, or how distracted I am, I don't want you to ever doubt what you mean to me. I chose this life with you. And I want an expression of our love growing *here*." He placed a hand on her belly and rubbed in a slow circle.

Damn him, he was good. Unable to help herself, she cleared her throat before her eyes could tear up completely and she turned into a crying mess in his arms. "Damn, I hate you."

He took a step back. "Excuse me?"

"You smell so good." She chuckled softly and tilted her head back to look into his warm chocolate eyes. "And that voice of yours...every time you speak, you remind me how lucky I am to receive even a fraction of your love. I can't stay mad at you."

"Then why bother? Making up is the best part anyway."

"No damn it," she giggled. "I just want to finish one argument. You never let me."

"You just did Beautiful," he whispered before capturing her lips again. David's hands slipped from her waist down to cup her bottom, squeezing tighter each time she moaned against his mouth. It was a vicious cycle. The more he touched her, the more she came apart, writhing in his hands as if her skin was on fire and his body was the only thing that could put her out. In truth, it was the other way around. The more they touched, bodies grinding harder each minute, the more she felt like she could melt out of her clothes and into him, gladly fusing their souls and bodies together irreversibly.

Her head fell back as his lips dropped to savor her skin. Her chin, cheeks and neck all felt his teasing kisses in turn. He lifted her legs to encircle his waist and backed her into the nearest wall, creating sweet friction every time he lifted her higher and squeezed tighter. "My god, David..." her voice trailed off on a sigh as her body seemed to explode from the outside in. He ground his hips into hers again wordlessly, bringing her to climax as effortlessly as if they'd been making love on the king size bed in back.

They stood still for a moment, David searching his lover's face for some sign that she'd forgiven him for his past neglect, regardless of the way their argument ended, the woman in his arms trying to catch her breath as David lowered her from the wall. Her knees wobbled as she touched the floor. He caught her in his arms before she could get too far, his lips soon rejoining the fight to win back every bit of love he might've lost these past few weeks. She closed her eyes as he worshipped her, biting her lip to keep from screaming out her frustration that he could pull her apart so easily.

"Come with me," he whispered against her lips. He led her across the room to the overstuffed easy chair next to the window. He sat down and pulled her onto his lap so that she straddled him facing the window, looking out over the lush green fields and the flower-filled meadow surrounding the property he'd bought. They spent a few moments looking into each other's eyes, each thinking about the reasons they'd come there, the promises that had been made.

One would hopefully be fulfilled today. David pulled her closer and touched his lips to hers, the tender movement nearly bringing her to tears again. Of their own volition, her hips started a slow grinding motion against David into the chair, encouraged by his hand touching her intimately through her cotton shorts. Within moments she was moaning again, cursing herself for not having more control of her hormones. What was it about him? Her hands slipped between his thighs to return the favor. He jumped as she squeezed, her small fingers stroking and kneading his flesh as deftly as he'd mastered hers. She deepened the slow, tortuous kiss before pulling back and gazing into David's eyes.

"Wait," she whispered. "I wanted this to be romantic. Shouldn't we be in the bed or—?"

"Oh well, beggars can't be choosers," he said, his voice husky with emotion and long pent-up hormones.

She slapped his shoulder. "I was never begging."

He raised an eyebrow. "Right. That's what it sounded like the other night. 'Oh David, pleeeeeease break me off a lil' somethin'. I promise I'll leave you alone for the rest of the week if you just give me one—no wait, two orgasms. You can do that for me, right baby?' Girl, I thought you were dying in that damn bed."

She frowned slightly. "I knew it was wrong to leave that voicemail. But shit, I had to get you out of the studio somehow."

"You were asleep when I got back."

"Well, yeah. I left you the voicemail 6 hours before you bothered to check it. Did you really expect me to still be waiting for you at seven in the morning?"

He glanced down at his lap and the way she was rubbing him through his soft cotton pants. "I'm sure if you knew this is what I'd come home with, you would have made the effort."

She smirked. He had a very good point. They hadn't been intimate in...damn, she didn't even know how long exactly. Did it really matter where their baby was conceived as long as they came together in love? David's hand slipping beneath the hem of her shorts gave her the answer. Her head snapped back so hard she thought she might've pulled something in her neck as David continued to stroke her, a low moan escaping from between her lips.

"I don't know how you do this to me," she gasped as his long fingers breached her entrance, "but don't ever keep me waiting this long again. I can't take it," she breathed as he pushed his fingers further inside. She'd long since stopped touching him as every nuance of awareness seemed to be centered where he was stroking her, her hips rotating faster with each gentle, probing touch. He smiled as her breathing grew heavier, faster at his touch. Her nails dug into his shoulder so sharply, he felt she would break through the skin. She convulsed quickly and moaned, signifying the start of her climax, a journey she'd hoped to be taking with him.

"David," she whispered. He grabbed her head with his other hand and brought her lips to his. He didn't want words to spoil this moment. He wanted her to just... feel. Feel his love, feel his power, feel what he was doing to her and know that she brought him the same feeling just by looking at him from across the room. It wasn't enough for her to moan his name. He wanted her to scream. Heart, mind and body.

David stilled his hand as she waited, barely on the edge of release. Her breathing was uneven, tortured, her lips trembled against his, whispering soft incoherent words of desperation. This was the place she brought him to every time she said, "I love you David." This was where he always wanted to be when he felt the whole world had turned against him. He looked into her eyes and said, "I love you," on the softest of whispers. This is where he knew he'd find the forgiveness he sought and the pure love he wanted to maintain.

He lowered his other hand to lightly graze over her chest. She shivered beneath his touch but didn't move otherwise, waiting for him to make the next move. His hand traveled over her taut breasts, over the front of her pelvis to

reach his pants. She bit her bottom lip and moved a bit closer as he untied the soft cotton closure keeping them separated.

He watched her as he took his erection out. Watched her eyes light, her mouth drop open that slightest bit, her breathing grow that much shallower. He moved his hand away from her entrance and pulled her shorts and panties to the side. Their eyes caught in the dim afternoon sunlight. He leaned forward and brought their lips together again, the soft touch bringing a slight whimper.

“Shh, Beautiful. Let me love you.” The whispered words were said against her ear as he brought their bodies together slowly. He entered her inch by inch, letting her feel the length of him one extended moment at a time until she held his full length, trembling at his control. She nearly moaned again as he pulled her as close to him as possible—chest to chest, lips to lips, hands clasped—and held her in place with the merest shake of his head. She longed to move, to touch, to finish what they'd started, but she was at his mercy, held in place by the very hands that embraced her heart and the very lips that had captured her soul.

“Never doubt that you are my life,” he whispered. He squeezed the hands clasped on either side of their joined bodies. Her eyes met his again. “This,” he whispered as he began to move, “is forever.” He sealed his renewed promise with a kiss, the joining of their bodies at the center mirroring the melding of their mouths. He loved her until mere words couldn't describe what they achieved together. He cherished her body with every part of his until she knew in her soul that they belonged united, in that moment and until forever. Finally, he granted her greatest wish, the beginning of their family.

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