

*Shot Through The Heart*

*A Romance Divas Valentines*

*Romance*

*By Emma Sinclair*

Cupid was an ass.

The bastard was following Kris around the costume party and nailed him with his felt tipped arrows at every turn. What self-respecting grown man dressed in a diaper anyway?

Kris made his way back over to the bar, hoping he'd lost cupid in the process.

"What can I get you," the bartender, a man dressed as a playboy bunny, asked.

A feminine voice spoke from next to him before he had a chance to open his mouth.

"Let me guess, a vodka tonic."

The voice was husky, filled with the promise of a long slow fuck.

He turned his head, already knowing who he was going to see.

"Haven't seen you for quite a while Sofia."

"Three months," she said.

It'd been three long months since he'd opened his heart for the first and last time, professing his love for the woman now standing in front of him. And when he'd woken up the following morning, she was gone.

"What are you doing back in Miami? Last I heard you'd moved back to South Carolina."

The bartender put his drink down on the bar. Kris picked it up and slammed it back in one swallow.

"Better slow down there cowboy," she said playing off the fact that his costume was his normal outfit of jeans and button up shirt, this one denim, with only a pair of boots and old

Stetson added. "I went to visit my parents in South Carolina for a few months, but I'm back now."

"Back to your old tricks?"

Just like last year she was dressed as a sexy magician with a short skirt, white blouse and top hat.

They'd met a year ago at the same party. The costume party the newspaper they'd both worked at threw every year. She was a gossip columnist who did an advice column on the side, he was a sports reporter.

They'd hit it off amazingly that night and neither of them had made it home for several days after the party. They'd rented a room in the hotel and had spent three days doing nothing more than fucking.

It had been intense and powerful.

And he'd spent the next six months in a sexual haze. Until he'd confessed his love for her and she'd disappeared.

"Actually, I was here hoping for a repeat performance of last years party."

Had he not been experiencing a rather pleasant buzz from the vodka he'd been drinking he probably would have reacted better, come up with a catchy comeback. Unfortunately, at the very same time Sofia had stopped speaking, Cupid found him again.

One foam arrow bounced off the back of his head. Another arrow whizzed by his head, hitting Sofia in the shoulder.

"Hee hee, I hope you guys are ready for love," the annoying copyeditor dressed as cupid collected his arrows and then went on his way.

He'd been ready for love three months ago. But not anymore.

God damn it, could this party get any worse?

No, he realized. It couldn't. But if he took Sofia up on her offer, it sure as hell could get a whole lot better. He grabbed her wrist and pulled her along behind him.

“Kris, what...where are we going?”

“I thought you wanted a repeat performance. Let's go get a room.”

She smiled one of those full of sin smiles that he'd loved so much and eagerly followed behind him.

“Well, why didn't you say so?”

Ten minutes later Kris had paid for a hotel room while Sofia ran to the corner drug store for condoms. They rode up to the tenth floor in silence. He used the key card to get them inside and before the door was closed he had Sofia pressed up against the wall, his tongue thrusting deep in her mouth.

His body remembered hers perfectly.

Remembered her taste, her feel, her smell.

The heels she was wearing aligned their bodies and his cock was nestled in the vee of her thighs. His mouth still on hers he ran his hands down her body, over her curves, until he reached the hem of her skirt. Ever so slowly he started bunching the material in his fingers, baring the tops of her thighs until his hand was able to slip between her legs.

“Crotchless panties?”

“You always liked them.”

He had. As a matter of fact he'd been the one to give her the very first pair she'd ever owned.

His finger slid through her slit.

“You’re wet all ready.”

“I have been since I saw you downstairs.”

That had been one of the things he loved the most about her, the way she’d always responded to him and was never ashamed of it.

The scent of her arousal wafted through the air and he was desperate to taste her sweet nectar. But first, he had to see more of her incredible body.

His hands went to her blouse and ripped it apart. The bra she wore was nothing more than an underwire. Her tits were bare, her nipples erect and ready for sucking.

He lowered his mouth to the engorged buds. Her skin was creamy, soft against his mouth. She tasted like the Sofia he remembered. She’d always used an edible lotion and tasted like strawberry.

It was a perfect compliment for her pink nipples and delectable pussy.

While his mouth worked on her breasts, his finger slid into her pussy. The flesh tightened around his finger. Holding him tight, pulling him deeper.

God damn he couldn’t wait to replace his finger with his cock.

“I want you to fuck me, Kris. I’ve missed it so much.”

He had too.

He hadn’t been celibate for the past three months, there had been a woman or two after a night at the bar, but it had been nothing like Sofia. They weren’t nearly as responsive, didn’t mesh with him nearly as perfectly as his Sofia.

He pulled one finger out of her and added another, pressing both of them into her, stretching her. She was so fucking hot. After three months of nothing but his hand and lackluster sex, he was amazed that he was still standing right now.

“Move to the bed,” he said, though there was really no way for her to move. She was held tight between his body and the wall. And he was most definitely not in a hurry to move.

But he had to, because his legs weren't going to support him much longer.

Reluctantly, he stepped away.

But when he was able to see her from the tip of her toes to the top of her head, he was glad he stepped away.

Her costume was in complete disarray and she looked completely wanton. Her tits were still bared, red from the sucking he'd done. Her shirt hung open, buttons missing. Even when he moved, her skirt stayed bunched up around her waist. Her mostly pussy glistened with her juices.

“God damn you're sexy.”

He knew he was breathing hard and her breathing matched his. Her chest rose and fell with exertion.

“I was thinking the same thing about you?”

He looked down at himself and realized that he probably looked just as disheveled, even though he was still completely dressed. Still, his rock hard cock pressed hard against his jeans. He wasn't sure when his hat had fallen off, but it wasn't on his head anymore. His fingers were sticky with her juices.

“Strip and wait for me on the bed.”

He saw a flash of annoyance in her eyes, she never had liked being told what to do.

But after a few seconds, probably weighing her options knowing Sofia, she slid the shirt down her arms. When she reached to her back to undo her bra, her breasts thrust forward. It took all of his strength to not grab her and have his way with her.

He grabbed onto the doorknob. It was the only thing keeping him in one place as she continued to strip.

When she was naked from the waist up, she started on her skirt, sliding it down her mile long legs. Her hands went to her panties and Kris stopped her.

“You can leave the panties on,” he said, his voice husky to his own ears.

“And the shoes?”

She stuck out her feet showing off her bright red platform shoes.

“And the shoes,” he agreed.

She turned around and walked to the bed, her hips swinging wildly with every step. She knew exactly how to make him burn.

“What do you want me to do now?”

Her voice was innocent, too innocent. And when he was able to pull his gaze away from her ass, it was to see her batting her eyelashes sweetly.

He decided a change of plans was in order and walked towards her.

“Now I want you to strip me.”

She didn't complain. Instead, she went quickly to work on his denim work shirt. She left it hanging while she went to work on his belt and pants. He slid his shirt off at the same time she freed his cock from his black boxer briefs.

She fell to her knees, and before he could say or do anything, she had his cock in her mouth, deep in the back of her throat.

“So good,” he moaned. “Nobody sucks cock like you do.”

Her response was only a moan. The hum vibrated against his cock. She continued to lap at him, running her mouth up the underside of his cock before licking around the head. And then she took him again, until the top of his cock touched the back of her throat.

She repeated the same process over and over until he couldn't take anymore and had to push her away.

“Enough,” he said.

When he pushed her away she wobbled on her high heels. He reached down and caught her under her armpits. He hefted her up and set her on the edge of the bed. He stood over her as she looked up at him. Her eyes were wide, her lips red from sucking him.

She was the picture of decadence.

This time it was him who fell to his knees.

She knew what was coming because she said, “yes, lick me.”

He pushed her back on the bed, pushing her legs up as far as possible. Her pussy was completely bare, with just a tiny triangle pointing down to paradise. The crotchless panties outlined her pussy like a picture frame.

As he lowered his head, her natural scent mixed with the strawberry lotion nearly overpowered him. Still, he inhaled deeply, loving the intoxicating aroma.

And then he lowered his mouth to her clit. He lapped his tongue over the engorged bud once earning a throaty moan. She tasted like champagne and strawberries, her natural essence exploding on his tongue.

He lapped at her clit and felt it continue to fill with blood. She twitched whenever the pressure of his tongue got too hard, so he made sure to do it often. It seemed like no time at all before she began writhing on the bed. Moans and groans filled the room.

“I’m going to come, Kris.”

And he couldn’t wait.

He was desperate to feel her explode on his tongue, to taste more of the sweet cream that flowed from her body.

But he backed off slightly, lightening the pressure. The groans and squeals turned into soft moans and whimpers. When his tongue was nothing more than a feathered touch on her clit, he stood up.

“But…”

“I want to fuck you. I want to be buried deep inside of you when you come, and I want you screaming my name.”

Again, that heat flared in her eyes.

The way she was perched on the end of the bed, her legs already spread wide, it would take half a step for him to thrust into her. But he didn’t want to take her that way. Not yet at least.

She’d made him suffer, and he was afraid that if he fucked her face to face, he wouldn’t be able to forget that he’d once loved this woman.

“Get on your hands and knees.”

She didn’t protest at all, though when she stood she was a bit wobbly. She climbed on the bed, presenting him with a perfect view of her luscious backside. Her pussy shined, the plump lips protruding from the panties, offering a silent invitation.

He climbed onto the bed behind her. The mattress was firm as he crawled up to kneel behind her.

Knowing that it would help to get her off, he reached forward and grabbed her hair, pulling her head up at the same time he plunged his cock deep inside of her.

And then he paused.

Good fucking God, it felt amazing. It was like her pussy was completely made for him. She was so tight, and he could almost imagine that she hadn't been with anyone else in the last three months.

It almost killed him, but he pulled out. But it was like heaven when he plunged back into her again. He'd had every intention of going slow, but this was just too damn good. And if things went like they did last year, he'd have another two days of fucking to look forward to.

Granted, the weekend wouldn't turn out anything like last year, he'd go his own way no matter what, but before it ended, they'd have a grand old time.

So, he wrapped her long blonde hair around his fist, making sure he simply tugged gently, not hurt her, and thrust into her over and over again. The smell of sex filled the air, as did their simultaneous moans and groans. His thighs slapped against her ass as he pounded her.

"Oh God, Kriiiiiis." His name had never sounded quite so long or quite so amazing.

And much as he'd told her, she screamed his name as she came.

What he didn't plan was yelling out her name as he spilled his seed deep inside of her.

"Fuck yes, Sofia."

His entire body was racked with spasms, and it seemed as if he pulsed inside of her forever. He slowly unwound her hair from his hand. Her head fell forward to rest on a pillow. It was like she was too exhausted to hold her head up any longer.

A wave of satisfaction rolled through him at the fact that he'd tired her out.

When she collapsed onto the bed, his cock sliding out of her, he got up and disposed of the condom. When he came back to the bed he was careful to not lie too close to her. He didn't want her to get the wrong impression.

But it didn't help, because she rolled towards him. As if it's own volition, his arm came around her body, tucking her close to him.

"You're not going to let me back in easily, are you?"

"I don't know what you're talking about."

He lied. He knew exactly what she was talking about. He just didn't want to have this conversation.

He should have known her well enough to know that she wouldn't give up that easily.

"I messed up when I went to South Carolina. I know that now. But when you said what you said. I freaked out. Big time."

*Said what he'd said? He'd told her he loved her!*

She was back now, three months later and she couldn't say the words. Even only to quote him.

So he remained quite. Afraid that his voice wouldn't be steady if he did speak.

"Anyway, I know now that it's too little too late, but I love you, too."

He closed his eyes, pretended to be asleep, when in actuality, he wanted to jump up and scream. Since he didn't know if he'd be screaming in elation or frustration, he simply remained quiet.

He felt the bed bow when she got up. He kept his eyes closed as she bustled around the room. He didn't open them until he heard the door open and then softly latch again.

The room was empty when he finally did open his eyes. So much for his wild weekend of debauchery. He looked over at the clock and realized that less than an hour had passed since he'd left the party.

It was probably still in full swing downstairs.

He got up, redressed while trying to forget what had happened in the room, and went downstairs to get completely and totally hammered. After all, he had a room for the night.

Ten minutes later he was already on his second vodka tonic.

“I said it before and I’ll say it again cowboy, you better slow down.”

He didn’t want to look over at her, but it was as if his eyes were drawn that way by magnets. Since the buttons of her shirt had been ripped off, she’d tied it in a knot under her breasts so that now the smooth skin of her stomach was bared.

“Thought you would have left.”

He forced himself to sip rather than gulp the new glass the bartender set in front of him.

“Thought wrong.”

She hopped up on the barstool next to him and flagged down the bartender.

“May I have a ginger ale please?”

The bartender winked at her before pouring her drink. Kris wanted to jump across the bar and beat him to a bloody pulp.

“Aren’t you showing a lot of skin for a company party,” he asked her.

She shrugged her shoulders.

“No one else seems to mind. Must be because you have an emotional investment in me.”

She was baiting him and he knew it.

But there was more to the sex they’d just had than a physical release. God damn it, as much as he hated to admit it, he still loved the woman.

“Guess that must be it,” he agreed.

He didn’t look at her, though it killed him. But in the reflection of the mirror behind the bar he saw her head whip around to him, and a slow satisfied smile bloom across her face.

He didn't know if she was going to speak again, because at that exact moment another one of those stupid foam arrows smacked him in the back of the head.

She laughed and leaned close to him so that he could smell her strawberry scent.

"That's not the first time you've got hit with cupid's arrow while you've been talking to me."

"Nope. It's not."

"Think that means something?"

She picked up her glass of ginger ale like she was getting ready to leave. He liked the way she was thinking.

"I think it means that I it only takes a quick phone call to reserve the room upstairs for a few more days."

He pushed the glass of vodka away, stood, and helped her down from the barstool, squeezing her hand to say the words that his mouth couldn't. Not yet anyway.

"I like the way you think," she said.

This time it was her that got hit in the head with the arrow.

"Cupid is an ass."