

Midsummer

excerpt from

Steamy Seasons series

written by

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Chapter 6

A Breeze

WHEN thinking became impossible and the world tilted on its axis for the tenth time that night Aglaia briefly wondered how come she was still able to stand. It did seem a valid question. Somehow the answer was elusive ... Her brain seemed to be devoid of blood required for thinking. Not that there was not enough blood in her body. Not at all. It just boiled and roared in other places. And yet she was still standing. When another heat wave slithered along her body she realised it was because Mike was standing behind her, supporting her. She could feel the heat of his body. It took all of her willpower not to lean back into him completely. She tried to come up with a smartass remark again but her mind was still blank. Well, perhaps not entirely blank but focused solely on his body ... She couldn't bear the tension, so she turned around. She had to break the spell, release the tension, do something, anything, otherwise she would surely burst into flames there and then. Certain body parts of hers already felt as though flames were dancing on them. She opened her mouth to take a breath when his hand on her bare shoulder stopped her from turning around.

She stopped and stood completely still, mouth half open, no sound coming out. The sizzling sexual tension between them increased even further though only a moment ago she was sure that was an impossibility. His husky voice broke the night: "Stay." It was low and seductive and a little dangerous. Like chocolate and pears drizzled with brandy. She felt a shiver rock her body and her nipples puckered into peaks so hard and sensitive she was afraid to move for fear of brushing them against her own clothes. The slightest movement would undoubtedly push her over the edge. He moved closer. Finally. But still not quite touching her although there couldn't've been more than an inch between them. Then his warm lips touched her shoulder and she heard a low moan of someone disrupt the air. His lips glided down toward her shoulder blade and she realised it was she who was moaning. Out loud! Moaning and fast, shallow breathing reverberated around them and there was absolutely nothing she could do to stop it. The world was definitely out of joint.

Then his hands sneaked around her waist and he pulled her closer to him. She felt his strong chest, taut stomach and muscular long hands and felt even hotter. No, that wasn't it. It wasn't hot. It was sizzling, oozing with heat where their bodies touched. She could feel it even through layers of clothes. She was acutely aware of every inch of her body, every muscle, bone and tendon. It felt as though her back suddenly developed another million or so sensitive spots that screamed to be touched, caressed, licked ... anything. Her knees started shaking. Not much but just enough that standing upright became difficult. She leaned back into him for support. Another moan broke the silence. This time it was Mike's, she realised with surprise. Oh, that was rather flattering. She relaxed and heard him utter another intelligible sound while his hands were roaming up and down her sides. From her hips to just below her breasts and down again. She was in a trance. She moved her hips to the side, a tiny movement, but enough to feel how his huge erection was pressing into her lower back. He literally growled then. Or perhaps it was a strangled purring sound. She smiled smugly as realisation that he was as hot and bothered as she struck.

So she too had some control over his body after all. Hers may be behaving like a puppet on strings but he was as much a slave to her tempting as she to his seduction. His right hand dropped from her hip and left some lingering warmth there. She tried to focus to find an explanation for the sound of rustling. Dizzy with tension and desire she thought it was the sound of her skirt. Before her brain fully processed, she realised in shock that the hand that had been caressing her sides a moment ago was sneaking under her skirt. The said hand was suddenly on her naked hip. Her knees nearly buckled. Aglaia grabbed Mike's left hand still resting on her other hip and held on to it to steady herself. His hot breath glided over her neck and as his tongue started licking a sensitive spot just below her ear he put his knee between her legs and forced her to step wider. His hand underneath her skirt circled around her waist to the front and stopped on the lower part of her abdomen, just above the line of her uncomfortably wet knickers.

She had to place her palms on the hood of the car to steady herself. She leaned forward a little, which caused her butt to jut back and she bumped into his ever growing erection. At Mike's low growling sound her body shot back into an upright position and tensed. She wasn't sure why but she was suddenly a little nervous. Perhaps she shouldn't be doing this after all. Not now. Not here. In the middle of ... somewhere. Another sharp gasp interrupted her thoughts. It was hers. Again. Because Mike's left hand grabbed her waist while the right one slid into her knickers, past the narrow strip of curls between the folds of her most intimate place.

All rational thoughts left her and were instantly replaced by longing and desire so intense she was sure she would scream if he stopped with his wicked movements. Fortunately he didn't. His apt fingers found her nub and even more heat pooled between her legs if such a thing were even possible, while tiny electric sparks started shooting throughout her body. She leaned back to feel his body, enjoying the length and hardness of his cock pressing into her back.

Aglaia could no longer even try to control the sounds escaping her as her arousal rose to such heights she could feel blood and heat pounding in her ears. And then he slid a finger into her and she almost fainted from pleasure. She started writhing in his arms, wanting more, just a little more ... She was dangerously close to coming when Mike groaned into her ear: " Fuck, this is amazing." Aglaia's eyes snapped open. She could barely see through the haze of lust. Forming words was unthinkable. All she could focus on was her own need and what those delectable fingers were doing under her skirt in her knickers. Mike pressed his lips to her bare shoulder and pressed a gentle, lingering kiss on her neck. "Do you like it, Ali?" She struggled to answer. She was way past playing it cool so she told the truth: "Yes." The answer was barely audible but it made Mike smile anyway. She didn't see his face but she felt his mouth at the nape of her neck stretch into what she imagined was a rather smug smile.

"Do you want more?" "God, yes!" This time Mike actually chuckled: "Not god, sexy. Mike." She huffed - even though it came out as meowling - and tried to move but his hands held her firmly in place. His left hand did, anyway. His right one was still circling and stroking her clitoris sending more and more electric sparks through her body with every touch. She was so close her nipples were now almost painfully erect. Her impossibly stiff peaks were straining against the cotton of her top. She was dying to have that damn garment taken off or at least pulled down so that her breasts would be set free. At the same time she didn't want it. Both of them being almost completely dressed felt so wonderfully wicked. Sexy and hot. Hotter than usual. The air vibrated with heat and desire and travelled all the way down her body. And all the way down to his cock straining against his trousers. It literally twitched.

That could only mean he was as turned on as she was. His raspy voice and low purring was also proof that he was completely lost in the moment. In her. "Do you want more?" Her speech capacity must have been in the part of her brain currently not working because she couldn't form a single intelligible word, let alone a sentence. His voice got even lower: "Do you want me to use my tongue, sexy?"

A single spark shot through her body as the meaning of his words registered in her lust fogged brain. She made another attempt at speaking when he turned her around so that she was facing him, her butt pressed against the car. His mouth was mere inches from her forehead and when she looked up, eyes glazed with lust, he said it again: "Do you want me to lick you?" She couldn't take her eyes off his smouldering blues. "Yes," she almost choked on the word. How she was able to say it at all was beyond her.

A mischievous glint flashed in those scorching blue eyes and one side of his mouth twitched as he was trying to suppress a smile. "Yes what? What's the magic word?" "Yes, please." He awarded her first with a rakish smile, which did more amazing things to her insides, and then slowly pushed her back so that she was sitting on the hood of the car. He kneeled in front of her. Without looking up he took the hem of her skirt and slowly and methodically, almost reverentially pushed the fabric up, past her knees, high on her thighs. He pulled her soaked knickers down with one swift motion and tossed them unceremoniously away. Then he grabbed hold of her ankles and lifted her legs so that her feet rested on the front bumper. He was slowly stroking her calves and stopped at the knees. He looked up at her then. His eyes captured hers and she stopped breathing.

"Lean back." She did as she was told without thinking, without breaking eye contact. She leaned back and supported herself on her elbows. Mike took hold of her knees and parted her legs. Not much, just as wide as his shoulders. His hands slowly slid along the inner side of her thighs, under her butt and circled her waist. He slowly pulled her slightly closer, never breaking eye contact. Then he pushed her skirt even higher up. She was acutely aware that she was sitting on her skirt, half leaning on her elbows, legs spread, a man kneeling between them, his face inches from her pussy. She should be appalled at the porn-like situation. Not revelling in it. And yet she did. She was lost in the heat and intensity of the moment, taking indescribable pleasure at the sheer wantonness of the situation. It was a bloody revelation. Mike's face clearly showed how much he wanted her. All of her. Those fiery blues were scorching her, burning her, into her. She swore she had never been so hot in all her life.

A light breeze suddenly blew over them and she exhaled. It soothed the unbearable heat a little. She closed her eyes. She enjoyed every single nanosecond but could no longer keep her eyes open. Obviously Mike couldn't wait another second longer either for he lowered his head and she was close to fainting when his warm tongue started savouring her already sensitive flesh with long, luxurious, slow and yet firm strokes. The pressure inside Aglaia started building up again and she could no longer keep still.

She started moving her hips to better meet his tongue when he once again pushed a finger inside. She gasped. He added another finger. His tongue never stopped tormenting her swollen clit. His stubble scratched her, which brought her to even greater heights. His teeth lightly grazed her. He stopped only to blow warm air across her mound and she was lost. A few more licks and there was no stopping the climax that was so fierce and intense she thought she would melt into a puddle right there on the hood of Mike's car.

When the waves of the orgasm subsided and the world stopped spinning, Aglaia took a deep breath and stretched. Like a cat on a hot tin roof. She felt like it too - fully sated, a little lazy and very content. She finally opened her eyes. Mike was looming above her, his hands on either side of her head supporting his weight. They looked at each other for a few long moments and the air between them started vibrating with rising heat. Again. She put one of her arms around his neck and scratched the back of his head. She loved the feel of his silky hair beneath her fingers. Not to mention the purring sound he made with eyes closed in pleasure. She smiled and sat up. Mike stood up too, took a half of a step backwards and reached for his belt.

ABOUT GALINA MARX GARIN



Galina Marx Garin is a philosopher-poet in combat boots, armed with a pen, a playlist full of metal, and a suspicious amount of caffeine.

She writes steamy, smart, and slightly unhinged stories about beautiful disasters who fall in love (sometimes accidentally, often loudly). When she's not plotting emotional chaos on the page, she's mentoring improv misfits, learning Arabic, or sparring with corporate nonsense and a left hook.

Want more lust, laughs, and literary rebellion?

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