

Encounter: Snowbound
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Snowbound

A valley of white spread out before Shawna as she wrapped the fuzzy throw around her shoulders and stared out the window. The plan had been to spend the New Year with her boyfriend, Cal The Lout Johnson. Unfortunately, the motherfucker had bailed on her, sending her a text just as she'd arrived at the mountain hide away her sister had graciously let her use just for this occasion. Cal had told her he'd had something important to talk to her about and Shawna had been certain he was going to ask her to marry him.

Wrong.

Apparently, he'd fallen in love with his fitness instructor and the happy couple had eloped to Hawaii. Or so he'd said not fifteen minutes ago when he'd called. Now, if Cal had just had the balls to tell her before the nuptials, she'd have been happy. Or, at least, not sitting out in the middle of nowhere, stranded because of snow drifts as high as her goddamned head in the Colorado mountains. At least the electricity was holding. Which was a damned miracle in this weather.

No sooner had the thought crossed her mind than the lights flickered once, then went out completely. *Fuck.*

This was it. She was going to freeze to death before she could get out of this place and back to civilization. Already there was a chill and she'd had the central heat cranked wide open.

Fuck!

And of course, there was only a very small stack of wood inside for the fireplace. Shawna didn't even know where it was kept outside. She hadn't thought she'd need it. For crying out loud! The place had central heat!

A knock at the door brought her out of her musings. Who in the world would be out in this weather? Out here. In the middle of no fucking where.

She opened the door, but when a blast of cold wind and snow hit her in the face, all she could do was stagger backward.

“Easy there.” The warm, masculine rumble heated her blood, making her forget about the biting cold. Shawna batted her eyes, trying to focus after the shot of freezing air to the face. The man before her materialized through her hazy vision, the form became erotically familiar. He moved with a lithe grace that never failed to mesmerize her, closing and locking the door as he shook snow from his coat.

She heard him close and lock the door before she was enveloped in large, strong arms, his familiar scent enveloping her. For the first time since receiving that stupid phone call from Cal, Shawna felt tears threatening.

“P-Peyton?”

“Where’s Cunt?” Peyton’s growl of inquiry should have irritated her, but she just wanted to wrap herself in his strength and sob.

“Cal,” she corrected automatically.

“Whatever. Where is the prick?”

“H-Hawaii,” she sniffed. “With his new husband.”

Peyton stilled. “His... what?”

“He married his stupid fitness instructor.” Now she was in danger of really crying. Or laughing hysterically. Which ever worked.

“Well, at least I won’t have to kill the motherfucker,” Peyton said as he shucked his coat, letting it drop to the floor. He didn’t let go of her, wrapping her tightly once again in those wonderfully strong arms.

“Wait,” Shawna said, pulling back slightly. “He bailed on me. Left me here in the mountains. In the snow and cold. All alone!”

“Yeah, but I’m here so there’s nothing to worry about.”

She thumped his chest. “I was expecting him to propose.”

“I know,” Peyton replied calmly. “Which is why I’m here. No way I was letting that happen.”

Shawna groaned. "Typical playboy. You don't want me, but you don't want anyone else to have me either. I'm a woman. With needs and feelings, damn it. I deserve to be happy!"

"Which is why I'm here," Peyton reasoned. "You'd never be happy with Cunt."

-- Cal."

"Whatever."

For a long moment, Peyton held her close, rubbing his chin on her head, stroking her back tenderly. Then, with no warning whatsoever, he scooped her up and headed to the living room and the fire. He sat her on the couch and quietly began stoking the fire until it roared, the heat enveloping her like his embrace.

"Give me ten minutes," he said. "Once I've gotten more wood in, I'll let you warm me back up." Shawna threw a decorative pillow at him as he bent to retrieve his coat and headed out the door.

True to his word, ten minutes later, Peyton had the wood box full and had tended the already blazing fire once more for good measure. Shawna watched him as he moved the coffee table from in front of the fireplace and replaced it with a cozy looking nest of quilts, blankets, and finally a shaggy, soft looking fur. Pillows then surrounded the nest and he began shedding his clothing, bearing golden skin kissed with a dusting of dark golden hair.

Shawna's mouth went dry. What was Peyton doing? There was no way not to appreciate the glory of his body as he uncovered it before her. The sexy smirk on his face -- *he has a face?* -- caused her to suck in a breath.

Then she narrowed her eyes. "What are you playing at?"

"I told you I'd let you warm me back up. You can't very well do that if there are barriers between us, can you?" He waved a hand in her direction. "Your turn."

Her breathing labored, and her heart pounded. Shawna couldn't believe this was happening. When he shucked his underwear, revealing a long, thick cock that had her mouth watering, Shawna gasped. "Oh, my."

“Chicken?” Peyton arched one dark blond brow, crossing his arms over that muscle packed chest, his cock growing in length and breadth under her gaze.

“Am not,” she breathed, trying not to squeak her words.

“Are too.” His taunting grin was her undoing.

Finally her temper got the better of her. Without a word, she pinched her lips together and stood, unbuttoning her blouse as she did. If he could do it...

Less than a minute later, she unfastened her bra from behind, but stopped shy of letting it fall to the floor with the rest of her clothing. If she did this, there was no doubt where they were headed. Much fun as Shawna was sure it would be, did she really want to do this with Peyton? She’d had a crush on him since she was fourteen.

“You know, you’re mamma’d have a fit if she knew what we were about,” she said, trying to break the moment, to talk some sense into both of them.

“My mamma doesn’t dictate my life.”

“You know she never approved of interracial relationships.”

“Sweetheart,” Peyton said as he moved closer to her, his cock bobbing deliciously with every step. “It was never the ‘interracial’ part she objected to. It was the ‘relationship’ part. I’m her baby. No one was ever going to be good enough unless she knew I was happy.”

“I know it’s selfish of me, not to mention disrespectful, but right at this moment, I honestly don’t care what your mother thinks.” She met his gaze boldly now, realizing she meant every word. “I want you, Peyton.”

Two steps later and Peyton pulled her into his arms, his cock mashing against her belly as he hugged her to him. His lips found hers in a frenzied, hungry, kiss. Shawna opened her mouth to let his tongue slip inside. Peyton positioned her head where he wanted to better plunder the damp recesses, plunging his tongue inside her much like he was mating with her.

Then he lifted her into his arms and carried her to the nest he’d made, laying her naked body down before the fire, his gaze wandering over her form appreciatively.

“Your skin glows in the firelight,” he whispered. “All that dark goodness... all for me.”

“Peyton,” she sighed, reaching for him as he lowered his head to her breast. Sipping one dark peak into his mouth, he suckled, flicking his tongue over the distended nub. Shawna arched her back, crying out sharply. Peyton wrapped his arms around her back, holding her to him tightly. Why this was happening now, Shawna had no idea, but she was damned well going to enjoy it. She’d wanted this all her adult life. Now that she was finally getting it, she wanted to live in the moment. Take every second he gave her.

“Later,” he said as he nudged her thighs apart and positioned himself between them, “I’m going to take you slowly. Thoroughly. Make love to you like you deserve.” His cock nudged at her entrance before sliding inside with one smooth stroke. Shawna gasped, clutching his shoulders, wrapping her legs around him. “But right now, I need you too damned much.”

With that, he started to move.

Pleasure bombarded Shawna, swamped her to the point she didn’t care what happened as long as he didn’t take the wonderful sensations away. Again, he found her lips with his and the pleasure redoubled. God! How could anything feel this wonderful? Peyton shifted his position to put just the right amount of friction on her clit and Shawna knew it wouldn’t be long before she came.

Wrapping her legs around his waist, Shawna dug her heels into his ass, urging him on. Breaths coming in little pants, tingles beginning to overtake her as her orgasm threatened. Shawna did her best to fight it off, wanting this first time to last as long as possible. Sure, there might be more, but she wasn’t taking any chances.

“That’s it, sweetheart. Take what you want. Want me as much as I want you.”

He sounded strained. Tense. His cock was a throbbing entity inside her, the skin and hair just above it scraping over her clit with each wet thrust. Shawna rose to meet every thrust, every movement inside her, welcoming him gladly into her body.

“Ah, God! Come for me, Shawna. Come now!”

As if she'd been waiting for those very words, Shawna exploded around Peyton, milking him of everything he had to offer her. That he hadn't used a condom registered, but anything less than everything was simply unacceptable to her.

With one last indrawn, ragged breath, Shawna screamed as a second wave of pleasure hit her immediately following the first. Peyton's back bowed and he roared to the ceiling as he spilled inside her, his own orgasm so powerful she actually felt him coming inside her.

Gripping his arms, Shawna whimpered as the pulses of her body continued, though waning with each passing second. Peyton collapsed on top of her, gathering her close to him, his arms tightening around her so possessively Shawna had to wonder what was going on in his mind.

Rolling them to their sides, Peyton never slipped from her wet flesh, keeping himself embedded deep within, his cock hardening even as they rested.

"Cunt never deserved your love, Shawna."

"Cal," she murmured sleepily.

"Whatever."

They were quiet for a long moment before she said, "Well, he doesn't have me now."

"And he never will again. No man will. Only me."

She tilted her head, not trying to pull away from him, not daring to hope too much. "Only you?"

"Absolutely. You're mine, Shawna. You always have been."

"Well, it took you long enough to make up your mind."

He chuckled. "I thought you had an aversion to the 'interracial' part of 'interracial relationships.'"

She snorted. "I have an aversion to going back to being friends. So, if that's what you're thinking, think again. I'll be a menace. Running off all your blond, busty girlfriends."

“Blond has never been my thing,” Peyton said, pulling her more firmly against him.

Shawna snorted, “So says the blond.”

“I’m blond? Lord, shoot me now!”

Laughing, Shawna thought she’d never been so happy to have been snowbound in the middle of nowhere.

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