

Strawberries & Cream

By Sandra Fowke

Annie lay back a little further on the lounge, resting her head on the little red cushion and enjoyed the quiet. With a soft sigh she curled her bare feet under her simple white housedress and looked back to her book.

She was 21 and after graduating had moved into the surprisingly spacious flat with her oldest friend James, Rachel, Rick and Brad. The arrangement was perfect. Low rent, plenty of space and when she needed a shoulder to laugh or cry on, one was always available.

The rain poured down outside making it seem bleak to most, but Annie smiled as she looked out and watched the drops splatter on the window. She loved the sound and the smell and the simple feel of a rainy day. Plus with everyone out of the house, she could enjoy it to its full worth, and read.

“Annie!” The voice of Rick disturbed her, but she didn’t look up. Maybe he would go away if she just ignored him. “Annie!” he repeated, louder as though he knew exactly what she was doing.

“Hmm?” She still didn’t look up but she did turn the page.

“Annie put down the book.” Rick tone was mildly amused and she spared him a quick flick of a look, taking in his almost waist length black hair and red leather jeans. He wore no shirt so she assumed that he must have gotten wet in the rain and thrown it aside.

She found her eyes roving a little too closely over his broad shoulders and strong looking six-pack abs.

“No.” She said simply and forced her gaze back to her book. The last thing she needed was to be checking out her housemate. No matter how sexy or sinfully available he might be.

“Come on Annie, put the damn thing down and have a look at what I have.” He threw her a roguish grin, “It’s gonna change your whole day.”

Annie chuckled but still didn’t look up. “I’ve heard that before.”

“Annie Harris.”

She looked up at him, shocked. He’d never called her by her full name.

“Fine.” She closed her book and put it on the little table behind her then at length she looked up to meet his eyes.

He looked like he was stuck between annoyed and amused. Finally he settled on amused and grinned broadly.

“I have strawberries and cream.” His smile was almost childish.

“Well James and Rachel will be back tonight, I’m sure they’d love to share them with you.” She spoke in a slightly cheeky tone and had to admit that she liked the look of confusion and annoyance playing on his face. He really was cute.

“Annie.” He took a deep breath, “Why do you read with Brad?”

“Because he doesn’t interrupt and when he does it’s because he has something intelligent to say.” She raised a single eyebrow at him as she spoke.

“Yes dear, but the correct answer is that you read with him, because you know that he loves to read as well.” He placed the large bowl of strawberries and another bowl of cream on the table between them then proceeded to sit on the floor. “And you want to read with someone else who likes reading.”

“Well aren’t we clever today.” Annie snarked but quickly knelt down in front of the little table.

“Yes we are.” Rick plucked a large one and dipped it into the cream as he spoke, “James and Rachel love eating anything and will therefore simply gobble down the lot without truly understanding the joy that is strawberries and cream.” He took a bite and closed his eyes to enjoy the mixed tastes. “You on the other hand love strawberries and cream almost as much as I do.” he took another and dipped it into the foamy white cream. “I want to eat my strawberries and cream with someone else who loves strawberries and cream.”

He held it out to her with a lopsided grin and she leaned forward and took the sweet red fruit into her mouth and bit down, leaving him with the stalk. He threw it over his shoulder and poked his tongue at her glare. She closed her eyes as she chewed and let the sweet juices run down her throat then swallowed. Annie opened her eyes and smiled at the smug looking Rick.

“Alright you win.” She held up a single finger. “But just this once.”

“Yeah - yeah.” Rick watched her as she took another and licked the cream of her fingers. After a moment he remembered something and quickly pulled out the large bottle and placed it gently on the table.

“Champagne?” Annie had to tip her head to the side to read the label.

“Yep.” Rick grunted as he struggled with the cork and sighed when it finally gave with a

loud *POP*. “Brings out the taste of the Strawberries.”

Annie giggled and held out the glass he had passed to her. “Really? I heard it was the other way ‘round.’”

He looked back at her, exasperated, “Do you want some of my lovely drink or not?”

“I do.” Annie jiggled her glass but Rick pulled the bottle closer to his chest.

He poured himself a glass and took a sip and licking the sweet taste off his lips. “Mmm that is good.” He nodded and smiled at her, still ignoring her held out glass.

“Well?”

“Well what?” He smiled in mock confusion and his lips twisted when he saw her eyes flash.

“Well are you going to share some of that lovely drink or not?”

“I don’t know if I want to share now.” He pouted.

Annie raised a single eyebrow then shrugged and placed her glass down on the table. Biting the corner of her lip she leaned forward slightly and took another strawberry, dipped it delicately into the cream then proceeded to slowly lick it clean. His eyes were glued to her flicking tongue and the slight tilt to her pretty face.

“Well if you’re going to sulk about it.” Rick teased and filled her glass. Annie laughed and winked at him as she took a sip.

By the time the bowl was half eaten they were both quite tiddly and enjoying the bubbly Champagne buzz.

“So what the hell happened to that guy you were umm, seeing.” He grinned as she rolled her eyes. “You know the one, he caught the...” he waved his arm and clamped his hand around an imaginary ball, and again. “Red ball things...” He giggled then and rested his head on the table before looking at her again.

“You mean the cricket ball?” she quipped but couldn’t hold back the laugh as he clicked his fingers. “You mean Leo.”

He cringed and leaned back, “Too soon?”

“No I can talk about him now. He was a good man.” She smiled as her eyes went distant. And she noticed Rick was leaning forward slightly. “But...I don’t know it was a bunch of silly little things. Like, I never really knew what I was to him. He never gave any indication that he thought about me, you know outside the bedroom.” Annie blushed.

Rick stood up and came around the table. He pointed to the space between her and the lounge and she nodded. Rick then squeezed down into the space behind her and leaned against the lounge, his knees on either side of her thighs. He leaned forward a little and refilled her glass, winding a comforting arm around her middle.

Annie could feel something not quiet right and it took a whole four seconds to work out that if she had been in her right mind she would most defiantly not be in his arms. She took another sip and snuggled back against his hard chest.

She took a quick shuddering breath. "I don't even really know what my problem was. I think I just needed a sign, anything to let me know that I was at least occasionally in his thoughts." She grinned and opened her mouth willingly as he brought another strawberry to her lips.

Rick watched her lips part and felt his breath come faster. For a moment he felt dangerously jealous of that red fruit and the way she sucked the cream from it before biting down and closing her eyes as she trembled slightly.

He reached forward and took another, dipped it in the cream and popped it into his mouth.

"Plus he could never get my name right. Kept calling me Annie Hall." Annie laughed and let her head fall to his shoulder.

Rick laughed and fed her another strawberry. "There is something so sexy about that name."

She slapped his arm playfully and giggled.

He placed a hand under her chin, turned her face - and kissed her.

In the eight years that they had been friends, they had never kissed, not like this. His lips felt a rough but the kiss was soft, testing, almost teasing. Annie placed her hand on his stubbled cheek as she parted her lips and welcomed his probing tongue, stroking it with her own.

"Annie..." He managed to get out one word before his lips covered hers again.

"Hmm?" She murmured and gently sucked his bottom lip, making him shudder.

"You're going to be really mad at me when you sober up." He said his mouth less than a centimetre from hers.

Annie kissed him and moaned when he nipped her bottom lip. "Probably."

Rick pulled back slightly and looked into her dancing eyes. “Probably? You mean you know that you’re going to be mad at me?”

“Mm...” She kissed him again. “Very_” Kiss, “Very_” kiss, “Mad_” kiss, “at you.”

Quick as lightning, Rick had flipped her onto her back and was leaning over her with a wolfish grin, his eyes hungry. “You know if I were a gentleman I would take the fact that you are going to regret this in the morning as a sign to stop.”

Annie curled her hand into his long black hair. “You are a good man, but I am yet to believe that you are a gentleman.”

“Damn straight.” He lowered his head and kissed her and his hands deftly ripped apart the buttons of her dress that ran from top to bottom, spreading it like a butterfly around her body. He kissed her again as his hands roved over her soft creamy stomach and waist.

Rough hands against impossibly smooth skin.

Annie arched her back and sighed against his exploring mouth. “Rick?”

“Hmm?” he answered against her mouth before kissing across her face and nipping the sensitive skin of her throat, grinning against her as she trembled.

“Will you? Will you be mad at me? You know for not being stronger and resiting?” She took a shuddering breath as she felt his hands on her breasts and his thumb stroke over her nipple. “I mean if there was ever a woman who could resist the charms of the infamous Rick Hogan it would be me.”

His mouth covered hers again as he slowly pulled down her panties and threw them over his shoulder. He rose up onto his elbow and looked down at her, his eyes dark with desire and genuine affection. “Can I tell you something?”

“Hmm, sounds serious.” She laughed and kissed him again.

His hand caressed slowly down her smooth, flat abdomen till he reached her pulsing centre. His breathing grew more laboured as he felt just how ready she was for him and he chuckled against her mouth as she raised her hips to press more firmly against his weather-worn fingers.

Rick watched her face as he pushed a single finger inside her, then another. Her eyes were shut and her eyelashes flickered slightly. Her lips parted and formed beautiful round O’s as he stroked his thumb over her hardening nub. Fuck she was beautiful. How many times had he dreamt of being with her this way? How many times had he slapped himself for thinking about what she would look like while they made love?

“Rick!” Annie almost screamed his name as her body suddenly filled with sweet trembling thrills, followed by wave after wave of blazing, toe curling rapture.

“Fuck Annie...” The words escaped him as he felt her contract and pulse around his fingers. His eyes were wide as he watched her face flush and contort in the pleasure he knew he was giving.

After a few moments, Annie’s eyes flickered open and she smiled up at the very handsome man above her. With her hands on his shoulder she pushed him onto his back and moved to straddle his hips. God he was beautiful. She slid her hands over his broad shoulders and muscular chest. She leaned down and kissed his mouth, tasting him and liking what she tasted.

“Were... Were you going to say something?” she whispered into his ear then kissed the prickly flesh around it.

“I was indeed.” His voice was still gruff and he reached down to open his pants and freed his aching erection. He gasped and let his eyes flutter closed as she circled her fingers around him.

“Well?” She teased and slowly lowered herself onto his hard length, eliciting a deep growl from him and a pleased sigh from herself.

She rose and fell slowly, teasing him and herself as she circled her hips and tightened rhythmically around him. He groaned and grinned up at her and his hands caressed slowly up over her hips to her waist then higher to cup her full firm breasts. He stroked his thumbs over her nipples and growled as her head fell back with the pure pleasure of his touch.

“I was...walking and I passed a fruit store...” He arched and bit his lip in an attempt to control his urge to grab her and force the hard fast rhythm that would bring them to completion.

“Never would have guessed.” Annie sniggered and then cried out as he thrust sharply sending thrills of delight through her body.

“Anyway...I saw the fresh strawberries and immediately knew how much you would enjoy them.” He reached his hand over to the bowl and dipped his finger into the cream. “Especially with all this yummy, fluffy cream.” Rick brought it to her lips and his mouth formed a tight O as she opened for him and sucked his finger deep.

“Is that what you wanted to tell me?” Annie purred and leaned down to nip his ear.

“Not quite.” Rick groaned and placed his hands on her hips then began to guide her in long steady strokes that made her head feel light and her body sing. “Then it started to rain and I knew exactly where you would be...Ooh honey...” He moaned and tried to

slow the pace. “Sitting here with an overly complex...brain draining book...nice and close to the window...so you could hear and smell the rain.”

Annie grinned down at him and quickened her pace, rising and falling hard and enjoying his gasping breaths. “Why Mr Hogan, are you calling me predictable?”

Rick sat up suddenly and captured her lips in a deep, hungry kiss. He pulled back gripped her hips as she began to ride him again. “No, luv.” he growled and flipped her onto her back then entered her again, his eyes never leaving her face. “I’m saying that you are always there, in my mind, no matter what I’m doing.” He thrust and watched her sweet face flush at his words. “I’m in love with you, Miss Harris.”

At that moment they both lost to the passion that was building and all that could be heard were his deep, grunting growls and her cracked cries as he thrust hard and fast within her hot, tight passage.

She arched beneath him and screamed as her body filled with sweet bliss. Rick’ mouth was wide as he watched and felt her come, and he thrust savagely again and again as she milked him of his own gasping climax.

~*~*~

A long time after, Rick shoed her into his room and joined her on his large bed. She stroked his hair as he rested his head on her chest, and they both chuckled as they heard James, Rachel, and Brad come home.

The four were talking and laughing loudly out in the lounge, as in the bedroom Rick slowly kissed his way up to Annie’s mouth. They heard Rachel Squeal “Strawberries!” and Rick slid his thick length within his lover, his eyes glittering and his grin wicked.

They stayed together all night, making love, kissing and touching, and talking, totally oblivious of their four friends finishing off the strawberries and trying to work out who Rick had seduced with the champagne.

Brad laughed and for the first time in a long time he was glad of his extra strong senses. The smell of sex was intoxicating, more so because he recognized both scents, Rick and Annie. He’d been wondering how long it would take Rick to realize that the woman he wanted was right under his nose.

He looked down and noticed something white next to his foot. He bent to retrieve the piece of cloth and quickly realized that it was a pair of panties. Brad pocketed the flimsy underwear and shook his head in amusement.

© Sandra Fowke 2009-06-07

Did you like this story? If so check out my website for more stories, pics and fun!

<http://www.sandrafowke.com>