

Gabe stood up and looked down at her. “You ready for something to eat?”

“More than ready.” Emma took the hand he held out to her and let him assist her down the rows of narrow, wooden bleachers. When they reached the bottom, he turned and put his hands around her waist to lift her to the ground. As they walked out of the stadium area, he stopped at one of the first food stalls they came to that didn’t have a long line waiting. He got steak on a stake for both of them, mini-loaves of cranberry bread, and two spinach pies. He carried the food while Emma carried their iced teas. He led her behind the stalls, deep into the woods, to a secluded picnic table beside a babbling stream.

“Sit on the table, legs spread.” He stood and watched her sit as instructed, on the edge of the table, feet on the bench seat. Placing their plates beside her hip, he slid onto the bench between her legs. “Scoot forward. Ass on the edge. Lift your skirt out from under you.”

As she did so, he placed several napkins on the rough, weathered surface for her to sit on. As she settled, he pulled a piece of steak off the skewer and held it to her lips. She bit off a chunk and began chewing. The delicious taste of grilled meat and an array of spices burst on her tongue and she moaned with pleasure. Gage gave her the rest of the piece of meat and broke off a piece of cranberry bread. He fed it to her and took a bite of steak for himself. While he was chewing, he pushed the skirt of her dress up to her waist, baring her pussy to his gaze. He stared at it, a rapturous expression on his face.

She took advantage of his silence to glance around and make sure they were completely alone. She could hear people talking and music playing, but they were off in the distance and didn’t seem real. She and Gage were in a bubble, where no one could see or hear them.

Finally, he spoke. “My pussy.” His voice sounded like gravel being crushed. “All mine. My favorite part of you,” he murmured. “I could stare at it for hours. But I’d rather play with it than stare.”

He parted her labia, leaned forward and buried his face in her dripping folds, rubbing it back and forth before coming back up for air, his face wet and shiny with her juice. “Jesus, baby, you smell so fucking good.”

She couldn’t speak. Couldn’t think. Could only stare at him, food forgotten, wanting nothing more than for his tongue to pleasure her to orgasm. Right here, at the Renaissance Fair, surrounded by thousands of people.

The tip of his tongue came out and touched her clit. A light, ethereal touch, barely making contact with her skin, but she felt it to the core of her being. He began to flick it back and forth across her sensitive pearl and she drew in a shuddering breath. Since her last orgasm had been denied, she was desperate for release.

She looked down at his head and placed her hand on top of it, her fingers gripping his thick, black hair. “Gage.”

He lifted his gaze to hers without removing his pleasuring tongue.

She shook her head back and forth, a movement so slight it barely existed. “What have you done to me?” she whispered, rocking her hips back and forth in rhythm with his tongue. “I used to be so level-headed and pragmatic. And now all I can think about is you. And sex. Especially sex with you. You’ve gotten inside my head and I can’t seem to get you out.”

*Oh, fuck, should I have said that? Well, at least I said ‘head’ and not ‘heart’.*

“Now you know how I feel,” he said against her wet flesh, opening his mouth and taking her clit inside, sucking noisily, ripping warbling little cries from her throat. She was so close to coming, her thigh muscles were shaking. Then he pulled back and fed them both another piece of

steak. He cut off a piece of spinach pie with a plastic fork and fed that to her next. He was just about to resume tormenting her, when they both heard footsteps and laughter coming toward them.

Immediately, he pulled her skirt back down, swiped a napkin across his face, and held another piece of cranberry bread to her lips. The other couple sat down side-by-side at a nearby table, dashing Emma's hopes for an orgasm. The other couple gave them a couple of furtive looks, but otherwise ignored them. If they thought their seating arrangement was a bit unorthodox, they gave no indication. Gage continued to feed Emma, and they spent their time asking each other more inconsequential, getting-to-know-you questions like, "What is your favorite color?" And, "Have you ever had a pet?" When the last bit of food was gone, he helped her down off the table, threw their trash in the nearby receptacle, and took her hand. But instead of taking her toward the hustle and bustle of the fair, he walked her deeper into the woods. Until the path ran out and they could no longer see the other couple at the picnic tables. Or, indeed, anyone else.