Late Night Lessons

by Find_a_Way

Summary

A late night call has some advantages, after all. Trust, it seems, has some wonderful repercussions.

He was quiet coming home after a late night call, yet as much as he tried, he couldn’t sneak in unnoticed. Usually, Shelagh woke almost as soon as he was in the front door but tonight, she didn’t seem to realize he was home until he slipped into their bed. His warm breath caressed the back of her neck and he whispered, “I’m home.”

She smiled and reached back to cup his cheek. “I’m glad,” she whispered back. “Everything go according to plan?”

He nuzzled his nose against her ear. “Mm-hmm, just like clockwork.” Unable to resist temptation, he pulled her earlobe between his lips, gently nipping it with his teeth as he sucked lightly. Shelagh’s ears were perfect, an erogenous zone he knew would bloom quickly.

Air released from her lungs sharply, then her body relaxed into his. “You forgot your pyjamas,” she purred. She began to turn to him but was stopped by his hands on her hips.

“Wait,” he whispered. “Trust me.”

Those words! Warmth pooled between her legs, and her toes curled. A small moan escaped her lips. “Always.”

He slid his hand down from her waist, along the line of her thigh until it came to rest behind her knee. His fingers wrapped around the front, his thumb stroked the smooth soft skin of the crease.

Slow swirls of delight ran up the length of her leg as the tips of his fingers just barely grazed her smooth skin as they moved higher, his hand squeezing, then pushing her nightdress up as he went.
His lips moved along the column of her neck, tracing the pulse there with his tongue.

Shelagh raised her arm to caress the tousled head behind her, pressing herself against his hardness and moaned softly. “Yes,” she whispered.

“Yes,” he answered, his fingers now at the joining of her legs, delicately caressing the warm skin that hid her sweet center. He could feel her body hum with anticipation as he slowly slipped a finger between the warm folds, heard her quick gasp as he found the flesh that throbbed for him. Her arm tightened around his neck, grasping for purchase as he stroked small circles at her most intimate spot, slowly adding fingers to the caress. She moaned again, ready for him. In just a matter of just a minute or two, he had brought her to a place of need. Again she made to turn, eager for him between her legs, inside her.

“Wait, Shelagh,” he breathed in her ear. With his hand on her knee, he raised her bent leg and rested it on his thigh. Automatically, her pelvis tilted and she opened to him. “Relax, sweetheart. We'll try something new.”

Surprised by the new position, she tried to catch her breath. He had shown her such pleasure already, she knew she could trust him. Her tongue flicked nervously across her lips, and she nodded. “Yes.”

Her readiness thrilled him, and he grew harder. He could push into her, feel her muscles squeeze around him, and he would find the release he needed, but it was never just about him. His pleasure was always heightened by the sounds she made, the way she moved to take more of him into her. Her orgasm was the most powerfully erotic experience of his life.

Patiently, he cupped her breast, alternately kneading the soft flesh and rubbing his palm over her nipple. Her breathing grew ragged with her increasing desire. “Yes,” she whimpered. He sucked on the curve of her ear as his thumb and forefinger teased her nipple into a stiff peak. For a brief second, he thought to turn her to face him so that he could love both of her breasts, but her back arched and her bottom wriggled against his hard shaft and he had to be inside her.

He grasped his erection and placed it at her entrance. “Please,” she begged. Unable to wait any longer, he teased her wet folds with its tip, glazing his hardness with her slickness. He thrust into her, the penetration not as deep as they were used to, the feeling different. Nice, but different. Slowly, she began to rock against him as he moved in and out of her and they found a rhythm.

In and out, in and out, the pleasure grew. Shelagh tried to turn to him, needing his kiss, but it changed the connection between them and she turned into the pillow. Her hands pushed against the mattress in an effort to keep her balance, her back arched to push her bottom more firmly against his thrusts. Patrick lowered his mouth to the base of her neck, kissing, licking, sucking the delicate skin there and he slipped his fingers over her wetness again.

“Oh,” she groaned, the pressure building tightly within her. Her hand tried to grasp him, reaching back to hold his head, eager to feel his face against hers. Their movements came quicker, his fingers tight against her and in a flash, the orgasm took her. Her muscles squeezed around him and he let go the fierce control he held over himself and felt his own climax release.

Their bodies exhausted, they stayed locked together trying to catch their breath. Once the blood stopped pounding in his ears, Patrick lightly caressed her, massaging her tender skin as the throbbing ebbed. He pulled from within her, and Shelagh quickly turned to press herself to him, her face resting above his heart, arms wrapped tightly around him.

“Shelagh,” he whispered.
She couldn’t meet his eyes, still overwhelmed, still breathing heavily.

“Shelagh, love.” His hand stroked her back, soothing her. He kissed the top of her head and pressed his cheek to her hair. “Are you alright?”

She nodded slightly.

“Are you sure?” he questioned. "Did I-

"All is well, dearest. I'm fine. It was just...a bit unexpected, that's all."

He chuckled, his hand caressing her shoulder. "Unexpected," he agreed. "Did you even know it could happen like that?"

She shook her head, keeping her face from him.

"Shelagh?" He tucked a finger under her chin, trying to meet her eyes. "Tell me. Was it too much, should I not have...my love, did I push things too far?"

She took a deep breath. "No, Patrick. It was...I..." Confused, she paused, biting her lip as she tried to manage her thoughts.

His voice was husky with concern. "It's all right, my love. We don't ever have to try that again. I won't push you-

Shelagh raised her head, finally meeting his eyes. "Dearest, you didn't. It was...obviously I...oh, Patrick, it was wonderful, but only..." She couldn't say more and hid her face again.

"Only?" He held his breath, waiting.

"I wanted to see you. I wanted to kiss you, to feel your face against mine. Please don’t think I didn't like it, I did, you must know I did. I just wanted..."

"You just wanted to love me the way you knew best."

Nodding, she smiled against his chest. His heartbeat had slowed to near normal. "Yes."

"I understand. Perhaps we’ll save that for only occasionally?"

She nodded again. "Are you very disappointed, dearest?"

He laughed, a deep rumble in his chest. "You're not being serious, are you? How could I possibly be disappointed when I have you in my bed?" He shifted, turning to face her as he pressed against her length. "Besides, lovely as this was tonight, I missed looking at your beautiful face." His hand grazed over the smooth skin of her back, coming around to rest on her breast. "And if I weren't so completely worn out, I would show you just how much I missed your incredible-

"Patrick!"

He smiled crookedly. "I love you, Shelagh." He wrapped her up close in his arms, ready for a well-deserved sleep.

"I love you, too, Patrick." She placed a light kiss on his shoulder. "You'll have to show me tomorrow."

"Oh, you can count on that, my love. I know my duty."
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