I'm sorry for your loss.

by fandomtrash2611

Summary

Fanfiction #10 of the "100 ways to say 'I Love You' writing challenge"

It was a cold autumn morning when Robin headed to the office. It had rained most of the night and the leaves of the trees started falling. It was Thursday and Robin was eager for the weekend since she would drive home and visit her parents. Like usual she got them some coffee from a nearby coffee shop and headed, past the continuing construction site that Denmark Street was, to their office. With the mail and their coffee in each hand, she got upstairs to their office. All was silent and – like usual – the door to Cormoran’s office stood ajar.

“Good morning!”, she said into the silence, put everything on her desk before she got rid of her coat.

He didn’t answer. Maybe he was upstairs and not in? She took his coffee and – in a good mood – got inside to put it on his desk when she saw him. He was sitting in his chair, holding his phone in one hand, starring at it. Silent, absent. She put the coffee on his desk and then softly said his name.

“Cormoran?”

He looked up. His face was emotionless, his look unbelieving, lost. Something had happened.
“Are you alright?”

He just looked at her for several minutes until he spoke. Robin waited patiently.

“I just got a call from my Aunt Joan. Uncle Ted... He died.”

He said it calm and sorted. Yet she could see in his eyes that this was huge news for him.

“I’m sorry to hear that”, she mumbled, not sure what to say or do. “Can I help you with anything?”, she then asked.

“No... Thank you.”

She headed outside and started her work. She just could imagine how he must feel. Shanker and Lucy had told her, that his uncle was an important person in his life. Losing him must feel like losing a parent. Robin shoved all thoughts away and concentrated on her work. She was just happy that they had no appointments with clients that day.

It was afternoon when Lucy entered the office, looking like Cormoran must feel. Her face was tear-stained and she held a tissue in her hands.

“Hi Robin”, she said and smiled a bit.

“Hello Lucy.”

“Is he in?”

Robin nodded and she made her way to the office of her brother to find him in his chair, smoking, a drink in front of him. Lucy immediately hugged him and cried at his shoulder. Cormoran just held his sister and stayed silent. He had to stay strong for them. After a while she calmed down and sat at the chair opposite him. He offered her a drink she took thankfully.

“Joan told me the funeral is tomorrow. Will you come?”

“Of course.”

“Will you take Robin?”

Robin could hear them talk outside. Why would he take her? She didn’t even know his uncle. Interested about his answer she listened to their conversation.

“I don’t know.”

“Will we drive together? I organised everything to leave tonight, to help Joan prepare for tomorrow.”

“I’m not sure. I got things to do here first.”

Truth was, he didn’t want to go with his sister. He couldn’t bear to have her by his side all the time while she was so teary. He loved her but this was different. He needed some time alone. They talked for a while before Lucy left again to get everything sorted for tonight. Strike was thankful that he was alone again and poured himself another drink while opening the window to smoke another cigarette again. He remembered the last time he was at his Uncle’s place. They had gone fishing and had talked a lot. About the office and Robin. He had told Ted how he felt and the other
man had been eager to get to know her himself. Cormoran had promised him and now he would never get to know her. Fuck... He should have visited more often but then there was always work that kept him occupied. He rubbed his tired eyes and took another sip from his drink when Robin knocked at the doorframe and stepped in.

“Cormoran?” He looked up. “I...”

“What is it Robin?”, he asked exhausted, yet patient.

“I couldn’t come to overhear your conversation”, she said and blushed.

With a simple gesture he offered her the chair opposite him. Robin sat down and was quite nervous.

“I... I wanted to know that I’m here if you need anything and that I wanted to offer you to drive if you want to get to the funeral.”

He scrutinized her for a while before he answered.

“And what does Matthew say about this?”

“It’s my decision Cormoran. This has nothing to do with him. And I think you could really use a friend right now.”

Friend.... He weighed the word in his head. Yet he knew she was right and having Robin by his side would make things easier. Everything with her by his side was easier.

“That would be great. Thank you”, he finally said.

“When will we be going then? Tonight?”

“If you can we’ll leave tonight.”

“Alright. I get everything sorted then.”

“Thank you”, he said and truly meant it.

She smiled at him softly and left to organise everything before he went home to pack. Matthew was already at home. He kissed her softly on the cheek when she entered the kitchen and greeted him.

“I made dinner”, he said. “Do you want some?”

“Oh I’d love to, but I got to pack first.”

“Pack?”, he asked and followed her into the bathroom where she got her toiletries.

Robin had no clue how long they’d stay so she packed for the whole weekend. Confused Matthew looked at her.

“We got this emergency at work. Cormoran needs me to drive him to St. Mawes.”

“Does he”, Matthew said quite angry and she looked at him. “How long will this take?”

“I don’t know. I’ll text you when I know more.”

Robin packed some decent clothes and her black dress that she mostly wore to funerals. Confused
her fiancé looked at her but she didn’t bother to explain anything. He wouldn’t like it anyway.

“When are you going?”

“Tonight.”

“But dinner first?”, he asked hopefully and tried not to sound too angry anymore.

“Sure”, she smiled and followed him into the kitchen after finishing with her packing.

After Robin had left him, he made his way upstairs with his bottle of Whiskey in one hand and his phone in the other. He had to call Aunt Joan to tell her he would make it but then he dreaded it. He couldn’t deal with her right now. He needed some time for himself. He poured himself another drink when he was up and started packing for a few days. He had no clue how long they’d be there. After he had packed, he sat in his armchair and continued drinking. He didn’t care about being wasted, he just wanted to forget for a while and didn’t want to remember his Uncle Ted. He had loved him, he had been an anchor in his life, one of the most important persons that was always there and helped him. He missed him already and it was still hard to think of a world without him. What would happen with Aunt Joan now? She was alone. He shoved the thought away and lit up a cigarette. About an hour later it knocked. It was probably Robin. Already a bit drunk, he huddled up to open it.

“Hi”, she smiled softly and looked at him confused when she saw the state he was in. “You’re fine to go?”

He just nodded, slipped into his coat, grabbed his bag and carefully made his way downstairs with her. He tossed the bag into the trunk before he climbed into the old Jeep and Robin drove off.

The ride was silent and he most of the time watched her from the corner of his eye. Robin didn’t say anything because she guessed that he was quite drunk and that he was just in his thoughts. After the first hundred miles, he fell asleep. Robin didn’t bother to take a break since they were quite late and she didn’t want to arrive too late at his Aunt’s place. It took them about five hours – due to road works – until they arrived in the small fishing village in Cornwall. From what Robin could see it looked quite nice. Yet she had no address or idea where she needed to go, so she decided to wake Cormoran who was asleep for quite some time now. She parked in a small parking lot and woke him softly.

“Cormoran. Please wake up. We’re here”, she said and softly pushed a strand of his hair back, caressing his cheek.

He mumbled something and yet he didn’t wake fully.

“Cormoran, you got to wake up”, she said again and now softly touched him at his arm.

It helped and he woke up, looking around quite irritated where he was.

“We’re already there?”, he asked sleepy and she nodded.

“But I don’t know where your aunt is living. You just ever told me it’s St. Mawes.”

“Yeah... That’s right.” He looked around. “We gotta get a bit back. Before you drive into the city, there’s a road that leads outside the town and up a hill. We have to go there. They live outside the town up a hill with a wonderful view over the city and ocean.”
“Alright”, she said and followed his directions.

Half an hour later – it was nearly midnight – they arrived. Cormoran had texted with his sister Lucy – who she knew was already there - to open them. Robin shivered when getting out of the Jeep. An icy wind was blowing and it had started to rain a bit. Cormoran got his bag from the trunk and helped her with her luggage as well. They headed to the small cottage where his sister was already waiting for them in the door, wrapped in a coat. She hugged her brother tightly after they stood in the hallway of the small cottage where it was warm and cozy.

“I’m so glad you’re here already.”

“How are things here?”

“Aunt Joan is quite composed. She organized the whole funeral and service by herself.”

That was her, he thought. Calm and organized even at the worst moments.

“Robin”, she said quite happily. “You came!”

Lucy hugged her and Robin smiled a bit. She didn’t expect her to be this happy to see her. A stranger when this was a family business.

“Come on, I prepared the guest room for you.”

Cormoran knew what this meant. They had to share a room.

“I hope you don’t mind sharing with Corm”, Lucy said while she led them upstairs. “There’s not much room left.”

“It’s fine”, Robin mumbled and blushed when he looked at her.

The room was at the end of the corridor and Lucy seemed quite eager to talk to her brother alone so Robin gave them some space and stepped inside. There was a huge bed at the far end of the wall, a small bathroom and an old but elegant wardrobe beside a small table and an old armchair. There were flowers on the small table by the window. The curtains where already closed and the heating made it all quite cozy. Robin put her suitcase on the bed and got rid of her coat. She could hear Cormoran and Lucy talk silently outside. Too calm for her to understand anything. Robin started to unpack a bit and then headed to the small bathroom to change. When she returned.

Dressed in pajama buttons and a cozy oversized t-shirt, she found Cormoran in the armchair. Looking quite miserable.

“You okay?”, she asked and he nodded.

Robin decided to let him be and crawled into bed. Strike watched her in his thoughts. She snuggled up in the soft cushions and closed her eyes. She listened to the sound of the sea, the wind outside and his soft breathing and it lured her into a dreamless sleep.

Cormoran watched her. Lucy had urged him to tell her before it was too late. Yet he couldn’t. Telling her about how he felt was out of the question. She would get married to Matthew. And this was certainly not the moment. Still he was happy she had offered to come with him. Her presence made him calmer. After a while she fell asleep. He headed to his suitcase and then to the bathroom to get changed. He still was a bit drunk but had sobered up a bit over the last hours. He wished it was different... Exhausted from today’s events, he sat on the bed, got rid of his prothesis and
slipped under the covers beside Robin. He listened to her soft breathing and fell asleep as well after a while. He woke early the next day. A look on the watch at the nightstand showed him that it wasn’t even 6am yet. Only now he realised that Robin lay close beside him, her hand on his arm. Snuggled up close, their feet touching. She mumbled something and he listened to her.

“Hm....”, she hummed softly. “Cormoran...”

She was dreaming about him? What was she dreaming? He was curious and yet he knew it was wrong. She shouldn’t dream about him. He softly put an arm around her and pulled her closer, kissing her hair.

“I love you”, he mumbled and closed his eyes where he once more fell asleep after a while.

It was around 8am when Robin woke up in his arms. He was still asleep and she didn’t mind his touch. She knew this was wrong. She should get away from him and feel ashamed, yet the young woman didn’t. She felt safe and warm and fuzzy. She looked at Cormoran’s sleeping face and he looked peaceful and younger than usual. Softly she let her fingers slide over his cheek and the stubbles on his chin. Robin smiled. She didn’t want to get up. Not with him by her side. Instead the young woman snuggled closer and closed her eyes again.

She woke up about an hour later, when he stood up. Softly he shoved her away and sat up.

“Fuck”, he mumbled and let his hand slide through his ruffled hair. “Fuck...”

He could hear her wake while he put on the prothesis. The next thing he knew was her fingers on his back.

“Are you alright Cormoran? Is something wrong?”

“No, all is fine”, he mumbled.

“When is the funeral?”, she then asked.

“Lucy told me it’s at 11am. We’ve nearly 9am now. We should get going.”

“Yeah...”, she mumbled.

“Mind if I head to the bathroom first?”

“No... Do go on. I just will wait here. Gosh these sheets are amazing”, she mumbled and closed her eyes again.

Cormoran smiled and headed into the bathroom. After a long shower he put on his good suit and stepped outside again, tie loose around his neck, shirt not fully buttoned. Robin was still in bed. She looked at him when he got out.

“Bathroom’s free”, Strike said smiling and she nodded and got up.

She grabbed some clothes as well and took a hot shower. It took her some more time than him to get ready and when she got out, Robin just found a note, that he was downstairs with his Aunt. She hesitated at first but then headed downstairs as well. Dressed in a simple black dress. The back was a bit more open than it should be but she didn’t care. She wore black tights and shoes and her hair done up. When she entered the kitchen, she saw Lucy, also dressed in a black dress, Cormoran
and an older woman, probably Aunt Joan.

“Good morning”, she greeted and stood in the doorway, not sure what to do.

“Morning dear”, his Aunt greeted and stepped to her. “You must be Robin.”

“I am Mrs.”

“Oh please, call me Joan.”

They shook hands and Robin smiled a bit.

“My condolences.”

“Thanks my dear”, the older woman mumbled and for the first time Robin could truly see the sadness in her face. “Want some breakfast?”

“Oh just some tea, thanks.”

Robin sat beside Cormoran on the small bench and Aunt Joan handed her a cup of tea a few minutes later. She thanked her and had a sip. The atmosphere was tense and she didn’t dare to say a word.

3 hours later

The service had been quite catching and there had been a lot of tears. Robin had also cried, even if she didn’t know his uncle. Cormoran had just sat there, listened to the priest and stared at the coffin. When they stood at the grave, it had started to snow a bit and the air was freezing. When the priest was finished, Lucy guided Aunt Joan – who was heavily sobbing by now – to the car to get home for the service. All present, made their way home or to his Aunt’s house, except Cormoran and Robin. He just stayed here, looking at the grave. Robin stayed by his side, silent and just being here.

“I still can’t believe he’s gone”, Cormoran then mumbled after everyone was gone. “He was always there when we needed him. The time I lived at his place was the best of my life. He taught me a lot of things. He supported me when I headed to the Army. He... he loved us as if we were his own children”, his voice broke and for the first time, he cried.

Robin stayed silent and looked at him. He looked like a lost little boy. Heartbroken, unbelieving and shocked. She took his hand and squeezed it reassuringly.

“I’m sorry for your loss. He must have been a wonderful Uncle”, Robin mumbled and he turned to her.

Their eyes meet and she could clearly see his feelings in this moment. He looked at her longingly before he leaned down and softly kissed her. He still cried and his tears wetted her cheeks. The kiss was loving and calm and full of emotion and Robin didn’t turn away. She had wanted this for so long. Feel his lips on hers. When his lips left hers for a moment, he sobbed before he pulled her closer, kissing her more urgent this time. Her hands wandered over his cheek to his chest and she just kissed him back. Oh god, they should stop, she thought after a while and she broke apart from him, softly shoving against his chest. He still cried and his hands wandered frantic over her body. Strike stayed silent and once more searched for her lips in an urgency as if he was drowning and she was the safe shore he needed.
“Cormoran please... Stop”, she mumbled when his lips left hers for a moment and kissed her cheek and the corners of her mouth. “Please....”

He once more pressed his lips softly to hers and then ended the contact, stepping back.

“I’m sorry”, he mumbled.

She stepped to him once again and let her hand slide over his cheek, drying his tears with the hem of her sleeve, softly smiling at him.

“Don’t apologise”, she said. “C’mon... Let’s go home and to the service.”

Silently Strike nodded and she took his hand to comfort him. He knew it had been wrong to kiss her but he had been lost in the moment. He had needed it as comfort and because he had wanted to do it for so long. Crap... He was sure he had fucked up things between them completely now and she just acted this normal because he was grieving. They headed to the car and the ride back to his Aunt’s cottage was silent. Robin could feel that he was uncomfortable and she was sad that he felt like this. The kiss had been good and she had liked it, yet she was with Matthew. She was with him, but her feelings had changed over the last years since she had worked for Strike and deep-down Robin knew it. Did she love him anymore? Maybe this weekend would help her to get sure about her feelings.

The funeral service was calm and there were lots of talking involved. No one really cared about Robin so she stayed on her own, watching Cormoran in her thoughts. Lucy stepped to her, handing her a glass of white wine.

“How is he?”, the other woman asked her.

“What do you mean?”

“My brother. How is he?”

“Well he’s sad but he’s keeping it together”, Robin said honestly.

“He usually does that. He’s very good at hiding what he feels. But he show’s you”, Lucy said and scrutinized her for a moment. “He likes you; you know.”

“I do too. We’re friends after all”, Robin said and hoped this conversation would be over soon.

“That’s not exactly what I meant”, Lucy joked a bit and smiled shily.

“But it’s not like that”, Robin argued and took a sip from her wine.

Lucy put up her hands defensively and smiled apologising before she left again.

Alone, Robin stayed in the quiet corner by the kitchen entrance and watched him. He chatted with some of the guests and accepted their condolences yet she could see that it was hard for him, hearing all those stories about his uncle and keep it together. After a while Aunt Joan stepped to her.

“How is he?”, she asked and Robin could hear the sadness in her voice.

“He’s keeping it together”, Robin said a second time.
Why was everyone asking her?

“I’m glad you’re here”, said his aunt again and smiled a bit at her. “You’re the one he needs right now.”

“I’m not sure that’s true”, Robin mumbled and sipped from her wine.

“Believe me, it is. He tells you more than he tells us. He shows you how he feels. That’s something he doesn’t do lightly. You’re special.”

“I’m his partner, that’s all.”

Joan scrutinized her. Smiling knowingly.

“He likes you very much Robin. Don’t underestimate his feelings for you.”

Robin looked at her before she left without another word. Cormoran watched her from opposite the room while talking to an old friend of his uncle. He had seen that his sister and now his Aunt Joan had talked to Robin and she looked confused. What was going on? Their eyes met and he asked her silently if everything was alright. She nodded and smiled a little, yet he could see that she lied.

“Excuse me a moment”, he said to the older man, smiled softly and headed to her. “Are you okay?”, Strike then asked Robin.

“Yes, all is fine”, she lied again and left without another word.

He let his hand slide through his already ruffled hair and walked down the corridor to the front door. He needed a few minutes alone and a cigarette. He walked the few stone steps down and through the garden before he pulled the pack out and lit one up. The wind was icy and a few minutes later he truly regretted to leave his coat behind. What was going on with Robin? Since they were here, she had been different, more distant, and he had made it even worse with kissing her. Fuck....

It was late when the last guests left and Robin and Lucy helped Aunt Joan with cleaning up. Cormoran had excused himself for another cigarette and so she was at the mercy of the other women. Yet for once they left her alone and Robin sank into her thoughts about him once more. She had to go and sort all this out by her own. Staying here would only make it worse.

Cormoran returned and they had some dinner a while after. Robin was quite nervous and absent beside him and Strike could feel it. Past midnight, the two of them headed to bed. He gave her some privacy and headed out to smoke once more. When he returned, Robin had packed her suitcase already. She could see his look.

“You want to leave in the morning?”

“I will yes. But you shouldn’t if you don’t want to. I’ll head to my mother for a few days. I promised her.”

“Alright.”

“I’m sorry, I know I promised to drive but I just... I need some time to think”, she mumbled and looked at her hands while she stood by the suitcase.
“It’s fine. I intent to stay here for a few days as well. Sort everything out. The opening of will is on Monday and I promised Lucy and Joan to come.”

She nodded. Silent, shy. He could see the slight blush creep up her neck. She wore some pyjama buttons and a cosy pullover. She was so beautiful.

“I’m sorry”, Strike then said into the silence between them.

“What for?” Robin wanted to know, not fully understanding what he meant.

“For the kiss. It was wrong and I... I swear it’ll never happen again.”

“I told you before, don’t worry about it. It’s fine...”

His look was piercing and attentive and Robin couldn’t stay it. She was unsure about everything between them and so she headed to bed, facing the window. Strike sighed and headed to take a shower before he went to bed himself. He lay beside her, looking at the ceiling and still thinking about her body under his fingers. Her lips on his. She had kissed him back at first. She had... He was sure of it.

Robin had no idea why she woke. It was still dark and when picking up her phone, she saw that it was somewhat around 3am. She heard the moan again. Cormoran. Confused she turned after putting on the lamp on the nightstand and looked at him. He was fast asleep, yet he was restless. He lay on his side, facing her, grabbing the sheets with his fists, mumbling and moaning. Probably a nightmare she thought and tried to wake him.

“Cormoran. Cormoran please wake up!”, she said and touched his arm softly.

After a few tries he did and looked at her confused.

“Are you okay?”, she asked and he sat up a bit, letting his right hand slide over his face.

“Yeah... Just... Just a weird dream”, Strike mumbled again and she could see some tears running over his cheek.

Jeez, this must have been bad, Robin thought and let her hand slide over his cheek to dry them. He looked at her. Blue eyes piercing green ones. Her eyes wandered to his lips for a second and then back to his eyes. They were questioning and somehow afraid. What could she do? Her thoughts got interrupted by Cormoran pulling her closer and kissing her once more. She got weak. He quickly pulled the duvet between them away, pulled her closer and rolled over so he was over her. His kisses wandered down her neck. Cormoran held her hands beside her head and their bodies pressed together. He was warm and muscular and soft. His kisses were soft and yet completely clear to what he wanted. She moaned when he rolled his hips against hers. Oh god... This was what she wanted, wasn’t it? She had dreamed about this. Fantasized about it. Him loving her. He whispered her name and finally he let go of her hands and she was able to touch him.

“Robin”, Strike mumbled and wandered with his hands over her body, touching her, making her want more.

She moaned again. His name on her full red lips sounded like a prayer. His hands shoved her pullover up and he kissed her belly. Her hands where in his hair. She let go when he sat up and looked at her for a moment. Her pupils were dilated, her breathing harsh and her cheeks blushed. With expertly fingers, he got rid of her pullover and was quite happy to realise that she wore
nothing underneath. So beautiful, he thought before he leaned down and kissed her once again. It was cold in the room and she shivered a bit when he got rid of her pullover. Yet it was a pleasant sensation. His mouth wandered from hers to her neck once again and further down to her breasts. She moaned when he took one of her nipples in his mouth and sucked while softly touching the other with his fingers.

“Ahh... Cormoran.”

“Hush...”, he mumbled and continued his sweet torture.

She was aroused and her only thought where his lips and his hands on her body. Oh god... Robin hadn’t felt like this in ages. After a while he let go of her and quickly stripped of his t-shirt before he wandered to the pyjama bottoms she wore. He wandered with his sweet kisses from one hip to the other while pulling the soft fabric down over her feet. Robin raised her hips to make it easier for him and he smiled. Apparently, she wanted this as well. When he had them off, he looked at her for a moment in the light of the bedside lamp. Her skin was pale and soft under his fingers. Her look desperate and her lips swollen from their kissing. She lay here, naked and just waited.

“Beautiful”, Strike mumbled and leaned down again, kissing Robin again and again.

His hands wandered over her naked body, from her breasts, to her hips, over her tights and then back up, softly teasing her. Strike himself was rock hard and it wasn’t easy to continue this. Yet he wanted for this to be more than a meaningless, quick shag so he took his time. Robin was getting impatient though and he smiled when he felt it. Once more his hands wandered over her belly further down and he finally touched her. His hand cupped her sex and he softly let his fingers slide over her clit. She gasped and moaned while bucking her hips.

“Sch...”, he held her hips and continued his sweet torture.

His thumb found her clitoris once more and he massaged it while he let one finger slide into her. Her moan was low and she closed her eyes. He continued and added a second finger. She was wet and willing. He smiled.

“Cormoran please....”

He kissed her and speed up his moves. Her breathing changed and he could feel that she was close. Robin had closed her eyes, hands buried in the sheets and met every stroke of his expertly fingers with some sort of anticipation. She could feel her orgasm build, slowly and powerful. He knew she was close. Her body started to tremble and her breathing got more erratic. He changed his movements and she was undone. She softly cried out and shook under him while the sensation pulled her away from reality. Oh god... Just seeing her come was his undoing and he had a hard time to not come right there. He waited until she was back with him before he kissed her again.

“Okay?”, he asked silently and she nodded, pulling him closer for a tender and yet passionate kiss.

She wanted more of this. More of him.... Her hands found the waistband of his pants and she shoved them down, grabbing his erection while kissing him.

“Aaahhhh”, he groaned at the contact. “Slowly...”
like this in her hand. He grabbed her wrist and she let go of him. She blushed. Usually she wasn’t like this but with him it seemed right. He sat up, shoving her a bit away, rummaging through his trousers that lay on the floor by the bed. When he had what he needed, he turned to her again and continued. Kisses where exchanged before he sat up again, pulling her in his lap.

“You want this?” he asked and it was the first time they fully spoke.

“Yes...”, she breathed, moving her hips and he moaned.

“Oh god ... You sure?”

“Yes...

He opened the condom and rolled it over before he once more touched her, grabbing her butt and positioned her over him.

“Tell me if you want me to stop.”

She nodded and she sank on him. Slowly, careful not to hurt her. She gasped and buried his hands in his shoulders. The feeling wasn’t unpleasant at all. He watched her and slowly shoved himself into her until he was fully and deeply buried inside her. Strike waited for a moment. Robin opened her eyes again and looked at him. They were full of lust and desire and he could see something else, wasn’t really sure if he interpreted this right though. She kissed him and moved her hips after a while. Slowly... Up... Down.... Up... Down... He moaned. Oh gosh... This was better than he had imagined it in all those years when he had been lonely, thinking about her. Their eyes met and it was very intimate. He let his hands wander to her lap once again and rubbed her clit once more while she moved on him. He was so close... Robin gasped when he touched her, her nails scratching over his shoulders. He moaned her name. Jeez! Her moves got more frantic and she searched for release. He trusted his hips up and met every trust of her with his moves, making it even more sensational for her. She had closed her eyes, mouth a little open and formed into a silent O. His hands wandered over her breasts to her hips and he held her while she rocked on him.

“Robin... ah....”

“Corm... Cormoran ... Oh god...”

Her body trembled and she came with a silent cry, He trusted up a few more times and then came as well. He moaned and buried his face in her neck while the world around him vanished. She searched for his lips while they both waited for their orgasm to ebb away, leaving them breathless and seated.

“I love you Robin”, he mumbled at her neck and she smiled.

“I guess I love you too”, she said and they kissed again.

Now she just had to sort out things with Matthew...

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