The Midnight on Your Lips

by lostrocket

Summary

That night smut.

Notes

I don't own these two and I'm sure MM would be appalled. Credit to Rhett Akins, Ashley Gorley, and Dallas Davidson for the title, from "Tonight Looks Good On You".

they were going up, up into the darkness again, a darkness that was soft and swirling and all enveloping.

Rhett stumbled blindly down the dark hallway to Scarlett’s bedroom, his hand cupping the back of her head hard in a gesture of dominance. His slitted eyes could make out the edges of the house in the darkness, and he guided them with limited sight and learned memory to the door of her bedroom. He tightened one arm around her, to support her while his other hand released her head and fumbled for her doorknob. He felt her gasp against his neck but she did not cry out again. He pushed them through the door and backed up against it, shutting it behind him. With his free hand he turned the key over. Rhett sought her head again, pushing his fingers through her heavy hair, forcing her mouth back up to his. He slanted his lips on hers, open mouthed, with his lips and tongue and the pressure of his hand on the back of her head forcing her to respond, to open for him. To let him in. He could not force his arms to let her go; he could not stop kissing her and give her an opportunity to speak, to shut him out, to declaim her hate.

Rhett carried his wife to her bed and bore her down into the plush mattress, his weight holding her
flat, his mouth still hot on hers. His lips were relentless against hers, his tongue demanding as he delved in the heat of her mouth. As if he could press himself, body and soul, into her, force himself into every part of her and leave no room for Ashley Wilkes. His clothed thigh pressed between her legs, driving them apart and abrading her sensitive skin as her wrapper fell aside and her flimsy nightgown rode up against his trousers.

The hand behind her head cupped her skull, his fingers flexing in the mass of her thick black hair, and Rhett fumbled with the other hand at Scarlett’s wrapper and the tiny pearl buttons of her nightgown, until her bare breasts were crushed against his chest. He groaned at the feel of her hard, pebbled nipples through his shirt. Her skin was hot even through his clothing. His arms trembled down to shaking fingertips as he struggled with the fastening of his trousers, unable to stop or even slow down, powered by primitive instincts that knew more of ownership than love.

Rhett’s fingers tightened on the back of her head as he ground his leg against her, pulling at Scarlett’s hair until she finally opened her tilted eyes. In the weak light of a lamp she must have left lit before coming downstairs, her catlike eyes glowed golden green. Her bristly black lashes moved slowly as she blinked up at him. They were arrested in the moment. Her mouth was parted, her lips damp. He saw her tongue dart quickly over them. She began to drop her gaze, and he squeezed his hand on her scalp until she met his eyes again. He flexed his leg and felt her chest rise against him as she gasped, her eyes narrowed as her head pressed back into his palm.

Rhett could no longer bear that strange, feline gaze. She was his wife. Unfortunately for her, he sneered at himself, he was her husband, and by God, he was done being denied his due. If her body was all he had, all he could ever have, then he would take it. He moved again with quick ambushing grace. He trapped her hips between his knees and with an angry grip, forced her onto her stomach. When he turned her over she twisted beneath him, bracing her palms on the soft mattress and heaving her back up under the wide flat hand that pressed between her shoulder blades. Still cupping her head, she thrashed against his hold. Just as he had on the stairs, Rhett was able to overpower her without effort. He felt her legs straining to kick at him, but they were trapped between his own. “Let me up -” Scarlett panted, her voice taught with anger. Under his palm, between his thighs, Rhett could feel her muscles straining with no effect.

Rhett loosened his grip on her scalp and drew his palm down along her hair, gently sweeping it aside. He lowered his mouth until his lips touched the soft shell of her ear.

"How does it feel, my dear Scarlett," he whispered, each word caressing her with sound and the soft movement of his lips against her skin. "You could be anyone, you are someone else. Just another body. I could be thinking of anyone, thinking of someone else. I am thinking of someone else.

Scarlett tried to turn her head away, but he caught her earlobe in his teeth and the low pain of the bite stopped her. His mouth softened then, his tongue soothing the red skin and making her quake as the unwilling force of her desire swirled warmly, irrationally through her again. She should not let him do this - he should not say such things to her. But his voice was dark and warm despite the hateful words. The stone wall of his chest was hot on top of her. It had been so long - but it had never been like this, in so many ways.

Rhett’s hands on her waist and hips and ass moved restlessly, relentlessly, squeezing and molding Scarlett’s body beneath him.

He slid one hand around and down her belly, which in this position sagged slightly, legacy of three children, soft and warm in his greedy palm. He slid his hand lower, dragged callused fingertips through the rough silk of her small curls. Her hips twitched and he pulled his hand away, forced it up between her body and the mattress, under her nightgown until one warm, heavy breast filled his
hand. Her nipple was soft now, and he braced himself on his elbow to create more space between
them. Without his weight holding her down, his hand could move more freely. His fingers teased
her, flicking and gently pinching first one breast and then the other until her nipples were stiffly erect
once more.

"How does that feel?" he murmured, molding his mouth to her ear. "To be used by someone, like
this; knowing their mind isn't on you, knowing they're thinking of someone else. This isn't you and
me, my pet. This is between me and the woman I love."

His lips slid from her ear to begin kissing her neck, suckling and nipping at the clear, unblemished
skin. He would brand her as his own, leave the signs for the whole damn city and especially Ashley
damn Wilkes to see his mark on her.

"I love you, Scarlett," he mumbled bitterly against her white throat, almost beyond caring. "I loved
you, damn you."

Rhett pressed his hips down into her backside, the soft skin molding to his erection. He brought his
hand down between her thighs, forcing them apart just enough to slip between the tense muscles. He
was no gentleman; he was unruly with anger and entirely too drunk; but he was not entirely the beast
she had accused him of being.

He slid two fingers between Scarlett's thighs and his heart stopped when they came away slick with
her arousal. The urgent need to dominate her, own her, possess her the only way he could was
transformed by the wet proof of her desire for him. When his heart started beating again it made his
chest feel full to bursting. Awareness of her crept slowly, edgewise around his senses, through the
black angry haze and blind desire. He saw her slim fingers twisted in the sheets. Her legs were
scissoring restlessly, the bare skin whispering against his pant legs. Her hips lifted, following his
hand as he pulled it back. He heard her whimper, softly, a timid sound that pierced him through.

Rhett raised himself to his knees and sat back on his heels. When his weight had been lifted, Scarlett
stirred, half-turning, uncertain. When he didn't speak or stop her, she turned to face him, sitting up.
Cowardly, he avoided her gaze, even as he reverently slid his hands around her hips and slowly up
the sides of her body, peeling her out of the wrapper. He drew it down her arms and tossed it aside.
The lamp she had lit earlier illuminated her so clearly it hurt his eyes. It had been so long. So long, he
wanted to murmur, he wanted to breathe the words over her skin as he kissed every inch of her, but
enough of him still clung to sense that he couldn't let her know how he had longed for this. He
studied her silently instead, relearning her form, trying to compare it with memory. He had not seen
her like this since before Bonnie was born. Were her breasts slightly larger, filling the cup of his
palms differently? He slid his hands back down her sides, skimming her stomach with his thumbs.
Her skin was still as soft as he had ever dreamed. The feel of her beneath his heavy palms sent sparks
of fever up his arms, burning her in his blood, which flowed hotly down to pool in his groin and
stiffen his erection to almost painful need.

"Rhett," she said clearly into the hush. He raised his eyes slowly, tracing her body again, not eager to
look away, not eager to face her. Her skin was flushed from the swell of her breasts to the curve of
her cheeks, an endearing and utterly stimulating combination of arousal and embarrassment. Finally
he met her eyes. They were dark, hooded under her heavy lashes, imploring him silently for
something he was afraid to guess.

Her small white hands fluttered between them, aimlessly, almost seeming to reach for his shirt before
falling away. Her eyes glowed like a hungry cat's until he could no longer bear the uncertainty. He
slid backwards and unfolded himself to stand next to the bed. Not meeting her eyes, he quickly
divested himself of the remains of his rumpled clothing, losing buttons from his shirt in his haste.
There was a damp circle on his trousers where he had pressed his leg between hers. He shuddered.

Fully naked, his brown skin glowed bronze in the gas light. His powerful chest dwarfed Scarlett's narrow frame as he leaned over her, and his hands were heavy on her hips, almost painful again as they clasped her hard and slid her across the smooth coverlet. He had been so close to taking what he wanted, and damn reason and consequences. He heard her draw in a long breath and then her legs were sliding off the bed, her feet knocking lightly against his shins as he pulled until her ass met the edge of the mattress. She squirmed, made a move as if to stand, not understanding his actions but trying to respond, to meet him halfway.

Rhett curled one large hand over her slim shoulder and pressed her hard into the mattress, his fingertips firm against her back. Once she lay still, he lowered himself to his knees, the breadth of his shoulders forcing her legs apart. Turning his head, he kissed the dimples inside each of her knees in turn. He heard her breathing coming faster now, harsh and loud in the still air, and her voice was tremulous and questioning as she murmured his name.

He bit her inner thigh, halfway between knee and hip, a light nip that made her cry out. His cock twitched in response to the broken sound. He grasped her ankles, turned his hands to rub them with harsh heat, then slid his hands smoothly up her calves, pressed his fingertips behind her knees, slid his hands up and over her thighs now to press them apart.

"Rhett?" she questioned again, more urgently, a rising high-pitched note of fear now in her voice. He kissed a freckle he'd never seen before high on her inner thigh, and Scarlett went on, her voice quavering and unable to complete a thought so far beyond her understanding and experience. "Rhett, what are you - Rhett -" He leaned forward as her voice failed into harsh breaths, kissing one stark hipbone as he dragged his thumb upwards, parting her lips like a flower, and his throat went dry as he felt again the wet proof of her arousal coating him. Then he gripped her hips, gently now, and lowered his head to follow the same path with his tongue.

For a moment, she was absolutely still under his hands and mouth. He pressed the edge of his tongue against her and dragged it sideways over her bud in a hard movement and she erupted. Her hips and legs jerked as her feet scrambled madly for purchase on the bedside. He tightened his hands to hold her still.

"Rhett - you can't - what are you doing - oh, you can't - oh - Rhett -" She trailed off weakly, and he kissed her inner thigh again, murmuring into her skin. "Shhh." He heard her laugh as his mustache tickled her, and she squirmed weakly, no longer trying to push away.

Caressing her hips gently again, he lowered his mouth. The scent of her filled his nostrils, she surrounded him, her taste burned him. His mouth took, selfishly, collecting the feel and smell and taste of her, her pleasure only a byproduct of his greed. He felt a light touch brushing his head briefly, before her hands moved away. He released her hips. With one hand he reached out, finding her fist clutched in the sheets. He brushed her knuckles until her grip shifted, tightening around his fingers. He pulled until their palms touched.

Rhett brought his other hand down her thigh, cupped the curve of one cheek, hanging slightly off the edge of the bed, and squeezed it. Her fingers spasmed in his. He drew the tips of his fingers lightly, teasingly, along the back of her thigh, up and down until she was squirming. Then, slowly, he pressed his long index finger into her, curling his tongue around her and entering her until his knuckles pressed against her, growing wet. He flicked his tongue over her bud as he slid back out, still agonizingly slowly, hooking his fingertip slightly to drag along her wall. He heard her whimper, but it was muffled, as her thighs were now tightening around his head. Her hand tugged at his desperately.
He wanted to consume her. He wanted her to burn for him. He wanted to fire her with desire so white-hot it would empty her mind of Ashley Wilkes. He wanted to own her, body and soul. It was so easy to reach her body. She was so responsive, arching up from the bed, pressing her hips up towards his mouth and hands, and their palms were slick with sweat as they grasped each other tightly. If she burned high enough, hot enough, long enough, would it get through to her heart? His mouth ravaged her, his tongue was relentless, his long finger probing. She started to twitch, and he pulled back, not ready to let her finish, thinking blindly that if he could just prolong this endlessly, she would always be his. Here, in this moment, his name was on her lips, her keening moans were for him, she was reaching for him and pushing close to him and desiring what only he could give to her. If he just held back, she would always desire him.

But in the cradle of her thighs, she surrounded him, her heady scent, the taste of her lingering in his mouth. He was always powerless to stay away from her, a fight he had been losing for years already. He slipped a second finger inside her and felt her tremble, felt her giving way before him. He watched her as his long fingers slid in, and out, reacquainting her body with his touch, with the sweet intrusion, until her shoulders relaxed and she sighed his name again. He lowered his mouth and began to move his tongue against her, roughly, in time with the movement of his fingers. Her hips rose to meet his thrusts. As she moved with increasing urgency, her hand tugged at his until their jointly clenched fists nestled against the dip of her waist. She held their hands hard against her skin. His chest heaved against the side of the bed. He pressed her on relentlessly, softly adding the blunt edge of his teeth, his tongue moving hard and fast in rhythm with his hand. Her thighs trembled against his ears and with his fist at her waist he felt her middle lift completely off the bed, her high scream ringing in his ears even through the suddenly hard grip of her thighs around his head. Her inner muscles clenched around him, rhythmically, then spasmodically, and then she went still. Her legs fell away from him. Slowly, gently, he slid his fingers from her body. He pressed that hand against her hip, branding her with her own sticky heat. He turned his head, resting it against her, and kissed her inner thigh gently until it ceased trembling. Silently, he mouthed the words, though it was certainly too late for secrets. Then he rose on his knees and looked up at her over the slim white length of her body.

Their eyes met only briefly before she turned her head away. He felt her hand tugging out of his grasp. A chill came over him, the evidence of her withdrawal everything he had feared. Cold anger froze his blood. She would not turn away. She would not go back to dreams of Ashley. Not tonight. It had been two long years, his empty bedroom, the ghost of Ashley Wilkes barring her bedroom door. But not tonight. This was not over.

He rose over her, towering. His hands, now free, gripped her shoulders heavily and dragged her across the bed again. He watched the warm haze fade from her eyes and worry, almost fear, filled them again. She whispered his name in a quiet question but he did not hear it. He crawled over her, lowered his body along hers, his torso and thighs pushing her roughly back against the mattress. He kissed her, open mouthed, forced his tongue into her mouth which was resisting him again, forcing her own taste on her. He felt her struggling, small hands ineffective against his brutal strength. He moved one leg, abrading his hairy thigh across her knowing she would still be almost painfully sensitive.

Yet at that movement, her pushing hands went still. Her hips convulsed upwards and she was soft beneath him again. He pulled back, lifting his head to meet her eyes. They were soft, and warm. Her palms were on his shoulders, and fingertips curled to press into his back. “Scarlett, I -” and she surprised them both when she lifted her head to stop his mouth with her kiss. Her arms went around his neck and she clung, lifting herself to him, pressing her body into his like she, too, wanted to disappear in him. He kissed her back, gratefully, unworthy, with reverent lips.
They sank back into the pillows, their bodies straining together now. He broke the kiss and pressed his mouth against her neck, groaning her name again.

Surely madness had gripped them both, for her hot little hands slid around his shoulders, moved tentatively down his chest, and he sucked his breath in between clenched teeth when her fingertips brushed against him. She had never been so bold - they had never been like this - he pushed his face against the curve of her shoulder. Her head turned and he felt her lips in his hair. He trailed his open mouth along her collarbone, leaving behind a misty trail from his humid breath. Nothing had ever been like this.

Like homecoming, a long overdue reunion, instinct and memory and perfection in how they fit together - they were meant for each other, made for each other - he slipped between her legs and slid inside her. She was slick and swollen, but her legs parted for him, and her hips rose to welcome him home. He felt her clench as she adjusted to the intrusion. It had been so long. He rested his forehead on her breasts and tried to catch his breath. Her hands pressed his hips briefly, flitted across his back and over his arms, as if she didn’t know what to do with them, was not sure she could or should touch him. He took his weight on one arm and slid a hand up her slender arm, looping it around his neck. She followed his lead, and her other arm came up.

His hips pulled back, teasing them both with the threat of withdrawal, and he was gratified by the regretful moan that sighed from her lips. He kissed her jaw, then the underside of her chin as her head fell back.

But the unwelcome thought of Ashley returned to spur him on, and he slammed back into her. He was mad now, mad with love and lust and anger and jealousy, and it was much too late to stop. He groaned as he thrust, relentless, covering her and surrounding her and driven again by the need to own her, to claim her, to force the thoughts of Ashley from her mind and her heart.

Rhett caressed her roughly, trying to force her to the edge with him. He covered one breast with his large hand, then slipped the nipple between his fingers, squeezing it to match his own rhythm. Scarlett began to moan, and as her cries escalated her head tossed back in a primitive, instinctual response. He released her breast to bury his hand in her hair, cradling her head without gripping or pulling. She turned her cheek to his palm and he felt her convulse around him. The whisper of his name pushed him over the edge at last.

He felt the familiar jerking spasms of release as he emptied himself inside her, physically and emotionally, wishing he could force her heart as easily as he forced her body.

When his primal movements had stilled he rolled off and sprawled lewdly on the tumbled bed. He wanted a cigar. And another drink. Guilt and shame at having treated her so coarsely pulled away the fog in his brain. He looked away, afraid to read the aftermath in her face.

“Do you still hide brandy in your hat boxes my dear?” he asked. Without waiting for an answer he went to the closet and started pulling down boxes until he found one heavier than any hat should be. But it was a hat, lavishly decorated and laden with small birds. For a moment he marveled that her slim, seemingly fragile neck could support such a burden. Then he dropped the monstrosity to the floor and crushed it carelessly beneath his feet as he searched for her secret bottle.

Brandy in hand, he returned to the bedroom. There was a half empty glass of water on her dressing table and he emptied it into a potted plant before refilling it with the liquor.

“I could only find the one glass,” he explained unnecessarily. While he had been in the dressing room, she had retrieved her wrapper and wrapped it around her shoulders. Without meeting her eyes, he pressed the glass into her hand and lounged next to her, swigging from the bottle.
Scarlett was quiet. He heard the clink of crystal against the wooden table beside her bed.

Her thick black lashes were clumped at the tip-tilted corners. He raised a shaking hand and brushed the edge of her lashes with his pinky. It came away with a single beaded tear on the tip.

His head ached along with his heart. "Did I hurt you?" he whispered, suddenly remorseful, too late. Shame pulled him back. He dropped his heavy head, resting his forehead against her collarbone.

"I'm fine, Rhett," he heard her whisper, and her hands were warm and pliant as they cupped the back of his black head. But he couldn't meet her eyes, couldn't look at her, didn't know how he would ever look at her again.

He pulled away.

A marble topped wash stand stood in a corner of the large bedroom. Discarding the brandy bottle, he found a clean cloth in the cupboard and dipped it into the stale water.

Avoiding his wife’s eyes, Rhett bathed her gently, pressing the tepid cloth between her legs. He could see the blush that went down to her toes. He discarded the cloth into the bowl and turned out the lamp. Back at the bed, he pulled the sheets down as much as he could - they had never even unmade the bed. He scooped her up gently, cradling her against his chest, and pressed his lips into her hair before he slid them both into the bed and let the darkness cover them.

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