

## Speaking In Tongues

### Xavier

To say I was confused as hell would be an understatement. The last few days had been some of the most testing I'd ever had.

I had no idea what the fuck Angela wanted.

Everything I seemed to do upset her.

She did want sex, and then she didn't want sex.

She wanted a job, and then she got mad at me when I found her one.

She wanted to be a mechanical engineer. No, wait an event planner. By next week, probably a goddamned astronaut.

I couldn't keep up.

All I wanted to do was make her happy, but I was grasping at straws trying to figure out how.

I wasn't sure if she even knew any more.

I'd forgotten how much work the whole goddamned having-a-girlfriend business was.

Angela was out at the dinner she'd thrown herself into planning and wouldn't be back until late.

That meant that I finally had a night alone.

To think.

To plan.

To figure out how the hell to make her happy so that I could have some goddamn peace of mind.

Don't get me wrong. I cared about Angela. I wanted her in my life. It just also made life a lot more complicated.

Made even worse by the fact that we seemed to be at a stalemate in the relationship department lately.

Like we'd both set up camp on opposite sides of a river and were refusing to jump in a fucking boat.

I had no fucking clue when the river had appeared or why I was the one who needed to cross it. I wasn't even sure why I didn't want to.

All I knew was something was broken, and I needed to fix it.

Which was how I found myself—on my first free night in months—doing the same thing I'd done with all my free time for the past few months: trying to work out the details of how I was going to pop the question.

It was easier said than done.

Angela was a romantic. She cried when we watched *The Notebook*. She cared about things, like saving her virginity for ~The One~. She liked big gestures.

I could do big gestures.

Only, renting a blimp or putting her photograph in Times Square wasn't my pizza-joint gal's style. It needed to be personal.

Private.

Special.

And I had no fucking idea what it was.

Lately, I was even more confused about whether she was even ready to take the next step. If she really wanted to.

I was no expert in marriages, but I was fairly confident that the bride shouldn't be terrified by the idea of seeing the groom's cock.

I heard the elevators open, then high heels clicking down the hall.

Angela was home. I quickly closed the tabs on my browser and opened a blank spreadsheet.

Great, another night wasted. I was nowhere closer to an answer.

To make things even worse, I could feel myself getting hard, as though the thought of her getting closer to me was a turn-on.

She was probably in a sexy dress.

Wearing brightly colored pumps.

Pumps that would dig into my back when she threw her legs over my shoulders as I drove into her again and again, deeper and deeper.

"Xavier?" Her voice broke me from my thoughts.

I pulled my computer up higher in my lap, hiding the evidence of my arousal, as she walked into the bedroom.

I was right.

She looked sexy as anything in some sort of flower-patterned dress that made her look like a hot-as-hell kindergarten teacher.

Or a fairy.

Or some goddess of purity whose job was to torment men until they combusted due to sexual withdrawal.

"You're home," I stated, my voice a little too high.

Then, without any sort of warning, Angela threw herself at me.

In less than a second, she was on me. Straddling me. Kissing me.

I quickly tossed my laptop to the side.

Knotting my hand in her hair, I angled her head, and then slipped my tongue into her mouth.

"I'm ready," she breathed, and her tiny hands moved to the pearl buttons on the front of her dress and began to undo them.

*Am I dreaming?*

Since when was my angel so sure, so confident...so sexy?

I wouldn't let her have all the fun though. I didn't want to miss out on the opportunity to unwrap her slowly for the first time.

Angela let out a little gasp as I flipped us suddenly so that she lay on her back and I was straddling her.

Her eyes widened as she realized that I'd been naked in the bed. I noticed a flicker of hesitation cross her face, and then her hands slid up my bare thighs.

I let out a groan, my eyes fluttering closed at the feel of her fingers tracing my skin.

*She is so close ...*

I couldn't lose focus.

With a shake of my head, I opened my eyes and continued to work my way down the buttons of her dress.

"You're beautiful," I told her when I was finished and she lay bare before me.

She was still in her bra and underwear, but it was the most of her I'd ever seen at once. I let my eyes wander the planes and valleys of her pale skin.

The indentations beside her hipbones.

Her full, perky, *real* breasts.

The curl of her collarbone where I could see the flutter of her pulse.

"Perfect," I murmured, lowering myself over her, capturing her lips again.

She wiggled beneath me, almost impatient. I felt as she slid her hands between us, to the waistline of her panties, so that she could shimmy them off.

I frowned and moved my lips to kiss her jawline.

Angela arched toward me. At first, I thought she wanted to get closer, and then I felt the fabric of her bra slide between our chests.

Somewhere in my lust-hazed mind, a warning signal went off.

I grabbed both of Angela's wrists, pinning them above her head.

It would have been so easy to take her. To spread her legs apart and slide into her. The old Xavier would have.

But I didn't. Couldn't. Because the new Xavier worried about things like feelings, used metaphors about boats and rivers, and wasted free nights looking for ways to make his wife happy.

Instead, I pushed myself back upright and said, "What are you doing?"

"What does it look like I'm doing?" Angela said, breathless, and bucked her hips up into mine.

*God help me.*

"Stop, Angela," I said, maybe a little too harshly. It was impossible for me to be a fucking poet with her naked body slithering beneath me though. I needed her to stop. To listen to me.

"Why?" she said, pouting. "Don't you want to make love to me?"

"No."

### Angela

The word rang through our bedroom, making me freeze.

I felt hot tears begin to brim in my eyes as the rejection ran through me.

The confidence and excitement that had carried me through the whole night *whooshed* out of me.

I tried to turn, to curl into a ball, to escape Xavier's naked body above me. But I couldn't. He sat firm and resolute over me, pinning me in place like a butterfly to a canvas.

"Fuck," Xavier said. "That's not what I fucking meant."

I couldn't reply. I didn't know how.

Xavier loved sex. It was one of his favorite pastimes. And he'd just turned it down.

Turned me down.

"Angela," he said. Then he swore again, releasing his hands.

I brought them down and crossed them over my chest, hiding from him.

When Xavier spoke again, his voice was softer. More controlled. "You think I don't want to sleep with you? You couldn't be more wrong. Look at me, Angela."

I sniffed and slowly opened one eye. Then the other.

Xavier's naked body towered over me like a statue of Adonis.

My eyes ran over him, from his disheveled hair and kiss-swollen lips, to his muscled chest and abdomen, to his very erect manhood, which I suddenly realized was startlingly close to my face.

I felt myself blush.

"I think about fucking you every second of every day," he growled. "I daydream about you bent over the desk in my office. I think of sliding my fingers inside of you in the back seat of the car. Every night, when we climb into bed, I want to take you."

"Then why won't you now?"

Xavier looked down. "I want your first time to be special. I won't have you throw it away like this."

My eyes started watering again, for a whole different reason this time.

Xavier did listen, and he cared. Enough to stop me—even from myself.

I offered him a small smile. "How do we go on from here then?"

Xavier's eyes flicked back up to mine with a wicked glint. "There are other ways we can have fun."

I gasped as he lowered himself on top of me again and kissed my neck then my shoulder.

"That's not what—" I breathed and then lost the words as his mouth closed around my nipple.

It was harder to focus. Harder to forget about how...naked we both were, now that the fire that had fueled me earlier was gone.

I was too aware about how I suddenly had no idea what to do with my limbs. Too conscious that my waist was nowhere near as small as Darla's was.

But whatever he was doing with his mouth—his *tongue*—was making me burn in a new way, one I wasn't altogether sure I was comfortable with.

His hands around my hips, Xavier moved down my body. He kissed a trail from my breasts to my belly button—

"Xavier!" I pushed myself upright, snapping my knees together as best I could with him between them.

"Relax," he murmured, hands tightening on my hips.

"But ..." He couldn't possibly be thinking about putting his lips *there*, could he?

"Please, just let me *please* you," Xavier said, lowering his forehead to my stomach.

I hadn't even heard him use that tone before. Had never heard such want, and need, and defeat, in his voice.

*Have I done that to him?*

I knew that Xavier needed sex, but I had never thought there was something driving that besides testosterone and a desire for domination. Maybe I had been wrong.

Maybe Xavier's lust-filled eyes and grabbing hands were his way of asking for something more. His way of telling me that he wanted to know me more intimately.

Wasn't that the same thing I wanted? The same thing I'd been hoping for, for months?

With a deep breath, I relaxed my body and lay back on the bed.

Xavier seemed to understand and placed a slow, lingering kiss on the inside of one of my thighs. Then the other.

I opened my legs wider, granting him access to the most private part of me.

I'd never been this close to a man before. Never let a man so close to me. The moment felt intense, heavy, and full of electricity.

Xavier's tongue darted out, flicking against the pearl at the apex of my thighs.

A wave of pleasure rolled through me, making my back arch off the bed. "Oh my..."

Encouraged, Xavier grunted and moved his tongue faster, circling my clitoris.

Heat began to build in my core. My nipples hardened. I drove my hand into his hair, twisting my fingers through the dark locks.

Xavier moved one of his hands from my hip and used his fingers to spread my sensitive lips apart. His hot tongue licked down and then darted into me, making me scream out.

The heat spread within me, pulsating, tingling, in time with his movements.

My breaths turned into labored pants as his tongue continued to move in and out, piercing into me over and over again.

"Xavier," I said, eyes squeezing shut, "I can't."

The words were nonsense. Meaningless. They were the closest thing I could use to express my feelings though. To tell him that the heat that had been building within me was now an inferno.

That my heart was pounding faster than it ever had before.

That my head felt so light I was sure I would pass out if he kept going.

"Please," I begged, arching closer to him. "Please."

Then I burst.

Exploded outward.

Light poured out of me and filled the room.

And after, when I lay breathless and splayed open like a newborn star, Xavier whispered, "I love you."