

Excerpt – This Too Shall Pass

Alana took a shower before she left so she would not have to worry about ruining her style later on. She chose an elegant yet classic up-do style that would hopefully compliment her total look. Her stylist was given strict instructions to apply her makeup as well and Alana enjoyed the attention without argument.

It had been a very long time since she last sat in a salon chair. Her long hair was badly in need of a trim and by the time they were finished, Alana hardly recognized herself. The smoky look they gave to her amber eyes was sensually dramatic. She loved the deep cherry shade they chose for her lips which also matched the nail color for her fingers and toes. When she arrived at their room, Dylan was in the shower and her lips curved into a smile when she heard him whistling.

She opened the door to let him know she was there and grabbed her bottle of scented moisturizer.

"I'm back honey," she called out as she turned to leave the bathroom.

"Hey, let me see," he hollered as he popped open the shower door.

She stood to the side of the door frame so he could not see her and hollered in.

"Nope," she replied playfully, "you have to wait to see the whole package."

"I was kind of hoping to help you dress," he toyed.

"You can undress me later instead," she replied.

She chuckled when she heard him moan in pain and crossed the room to insert a CD into the stereo then moved to the closet to retrieve her dress and placed it along with its matching shawl upon the bed. She lathered her body with moisturizer from head to toe and added her favorite cologne to all the right places. She shimmied into black silk stockings and snapped a black lace strapless bra into place. She adored the classic sophistication of her strapless black taffeta dress. The vertical shirring overlays and empire bodice complimented her shoulders and neck. She loved how the shirring cut off midriff onto a softly pleated bubble hem skirt that fell an inch above her knee. She zipped it in the back as high as she could manage and left the rest for Dylan to assist her with.

She smiled at the thought of him helping her dress for the rest of their lives, and undressing her even more. She couldn't wait to see what he planned to wear himself and knew whatever it was he would be dashing handsome. Alana moved to one of the armchairs and sat down to slip into a sleek, sexy pair of three inch heels and then leaned over to buckle the delicate ankle straps into place.

She did not know that Dylan was leaning against the bathroom doorway watching her, wrapped only in a towel. When she stood up and checked out how her legs looked with the heels on, she heard a grunt come from the direction of the bathroom and looked up to see Dylan staring at her.

The look of hunger in his eyes made her heart skip in her chest and a smile slowly graced her lips. His move was deliberate and her heart pounded furiously as she watched slow rivulets of water fall from the tips of his wet hair and slither down his naked chest. Her inner voice screamed.

Sweet mother of god! She could feel the folds between her legs twitch with pleasure as he closed the distance between them. He looked like a crazed, hungry animal on the prowl ready to devour her whole. She raised her palms in warning, licking her lips that had gone instantly dry.

“You’ll mess up my do,” she rasped and side-stepped quickly with a squeal.

It did not stop him as he reached out for her but she reacted quickly and snatched the towel from his waist. He was semi-hard and a self-pleased gasp rose from her throat as her gaze gloried in the sight of him.

She threw the towel quickly over the front of her to keep from getting wet just as he crushed her to his chest and devoured her mouth with his lips.

His hand cupped the back of her neck as he bent her slightly backwards and encircled her waist with his free arm and lowered his mouth to suckle her throat and the slight plump rise of her breasts. He glided back up to her lips with a kiss that was deep, tender yet firm and made her lose sense of all time and where they were. Slowly, he released her and held her hard against him as he closed the remaining zipper on the back of her dress.

“I will take great pleasure in removing this later,” he vowed as he slid his hands down her back and squeezed her buttocks in his palms.

He quickly snatched the towel from between them, threw it over his shoulder in a devil-may-care style and whistled as he took the stairs to the loft two at a time.

Alana exhaled a long, cleansing breath to calm her pounding heart and slowly moved to the bathroom in a near trance to check out what damage may have occurred to her lipstick and coif. She wiped the dewy moisture from the bathroom mirror with a hand full of tissues and was happy to see that her hair was still intact. She reapplied her lipstick, placed the beautiful necklace Dylan had given her for Christmas around her neck and inserted a pair of small diamond studs that belonged to her grandmother in her ears.

As she stepped back to gaze at herself in the mirror, she liked the reflection looking back at her. The one hour massage worked magic again on her hip and leg and she felt absolutely beautiful. She knew tonight was going to be a very special evening and could not wait for it to begin. She shut off the bathroom light and went back into the bedroom just in time to see Dylan descending the stairs.

Her mind commanded, but her body barely responded. Breathe. He was a vision in his black Herringbone tux that she would not doubt was Armani. The single pleated trousers clung like a second skin to his muscled thighs and the double-breasted jacket with its sleek satin lapels tapered at the waist and the light sheen of its texture made her believe it was made of the finest virgin wool. She moved towards him, closing the distance between them this time. Her palms were drawn to the vibrant fabric and when they came in contact with the rich cloth they slowly glided up his chest. His smell was distinct and she recognized his Creed cologne and breathed it deeply, smiling seductively.

Slowly her hands moved further upward, clasping behind his neck, drawing his mouth down toward hers. She controlled him, made sure her lips did not make contact yet teasingly she ran the tip of her tongue along the outline of his lips while her hands moved down along his back. She sucked his lower lip into her mouth then tugged it lightly between her teeth as her palms cupped around the tight cheeks

of his ass. She smiled against his mouth as she squeezed his cheeks, took a step back and winked flirtatiously.

"To be continued," she toyed. Dylan rolled his head back and roared with laughter then swept her up into his arms and twirled her about.

"You are a minx and I love it," he quipped as he nuzzled her neck.

The clock on the mantle began to chime and Dylan shifted her in his arms.

"Time to go sweetheart," he placed a soft peck on her cheek and lowered her to the floor.

Alana moved to the bedside to retrieve her shawl and clutch, placed her hand through Dylan's arm and together they exited their suite to begin yet another romantic adventure.