



eBooks are not transferable. They cannot be sold, shared or given away as it is an infringement on the copyright of this work.

This book is a work of fiction. The names, characters, places and incidents are products of the writer's imagination or have been used fictitiously and are not to be construed as real. Any resemblance to persons, living or dead, actual events, locale or organizations is entirely coincidental.

His Favorite Dessert

Author: Dana Littlejohn

Cover art: Kato at Arigato Design

Copyright © 2011 Dana Littlejohn

His Favorite Dessert

Robin checked the counter to see the clock. Her day was almost over. It was still too soon to start breaking down her lab though. The docs still had their last patients in the room. She had to stay until the exam rooms were empty in case some last minute blood work was needed.

She was anxious and ready to go. Nick wanted to meet up to get a quick bite to eat. Nick Cromwell. Just thinking about him made her pussy throb. She shook herself as shivers went down her back. Nick was so freaky. Robin loved that about him. So many of her other boyfriends were so uptight about stuff. With Nick all you had to do was put the possibility on the table and he was game to make it happen. He even came up with a few of his own adventures.

It was coming up on their first year together and the time had been fantastic. Sitting at her computer Robin giggled remembering her brother's face when she brought him home for the first time. Her brother Tyrone was a bruiser. A big bodied linebacker type and very protective, but to her he was a gentle giant. When he looked intimidatingly down at Nick's five foot eight, blue eyed, slender frame breathing like a bull, she thought for sure he would give her a tight salute and run out the door. She and her parents stood by patiently waiting to see what he would do. After a few minutes, Nick calmly turned to her and said, "Is he going to eat me because I've been working all day and I don't think I would taste very good at the moment." Tyrone's eyes widened like saucers and he burst into laughter. So did her parents and they had been friends ever since.

She gave the clock another glance and smiled. Fifteen minutes to go. When they closed at five it would give her just enough time to go home, jump out of her uniform and put on something cute. He liked to see her in skirts saying he loved the way the material hugged her hips and showed off her thick thighs.

"Hey Robin, we're done, girl. The last patient just left," her co-worker said popping her head in the doorway.

"Thanks Cindy. I'm ready to go too."

Yes! Even better. Now I got a few extra minutes.

Robin left her seat and gathered her paperwork. Putting a sheet of pink paper between each pile, she stacked them all together and shoved them into a large plastic bag. Next she sprayed down the chair and the counters with disinfectant and refilled her carrier with empty tubes. She gave the room a quick glance to see if she missed anything, then approached her computer to clock out.

“Hey Robin, you just got a walk in,” Cindy said dropping an order on her desk.

“What? No way, I just finished clos—”

“It’s not five o’clock yet. The lab stays open until five,” she said with a shrug and walked out.

Robin narrowed her eyes throwing mental daggers at her back as she left.

“So much for having a few extra minutes. That heifer could have said we were closed. The damn doctors are done for the day,” she muttered pulling her system back up to load the patient.

Robin input the data and called the patient back.

“Hi, I’m Robin. I’ll be drawing your blood today. Can you verify your name and birthday?”

“Sure. I’m Betty Talbert, May 10, 1955. I have to warn you, Robin, sometimes I get a little queasy. I don’t do very well with blood draws.”

Robin tried to keep the ‘you’ve got to be kidding me’ look off her face. She glanced at the clock. Five after five. She moaned internally.

“Don’t worry Miss Talbert, this is a simple procedure. I do it all day. I will walk you through the whole process. I’m sure you’ll do fine,” she said in the chipper professional voice she had perfected over the years.

Robin went through the motions of gathering her materials and tied the tourniquet on her arm keeping a cautious eye on her patient. Walking her through everything she did as promised, she finished and wrapped Miss Talbert up and lifted the arm rest on the chair to release her.

“See you did great, Miss Talbert. I knew you would. You are all labeled up and free to go. Have a great weekend.”

Miss Talbert stood and smiled. "Thank you, Robin. You did very well," she said, then took one step forward and fell on the floor face first.

"What the hell!" Robin said before she could catch it.

The doctors and Cindy came running into the room hearing her cry. They carried the patient to a bed and tended to her. Robin sat in another room filling out the accident report.

"Stinking old lady falling out on me at freaking five o'clock on a damn Friday," she grumbled. She looked out the door and heard her co-workers still dealing with Miss Talbert. Pulling out her phone, she texted Nick, then completed her work.

"The docs let Miss Talbert go, Robin. So when you're done you can leave," Cindy informed her.

Robin rolled her eyes and flipped to the next page. "Gee thanks," she said wryly.

Ten minutes later Robin stomped out the office building to her car. She looked at the glowing numbers of the clock on her radio and moaned. Five forty. Trying not to break any speed limits she made it home. Digging through her closet she found the desired outfit, one of Nick's favorites. She dressed quickly then headed to the restaurant.

Robin scanned the room and spotted Nick immediately in a booth seat at the back wall. His dirty blond hair perfect, as always, his suit and tie still in place and his blue eyes bright with happiness when he saw her approaching. His reply was a simple *no problem baby* when she told him of her drama and why she would be late. Seeing the joy in his eye as she moved closer, Robin felt relieved that he wasn't angry. She slid into the booth beside him and offered him a kiss.

"I'm sorry I'm late, baby. It couldn't be helped."

He pushed the menu to her. "It's okay, really. I'm just glad you're finally here. You look good, Robbie. You know I like that little black skirt on you."

She giggled as he pulled her closer to him in a hug.

“Oh yes, I like it a lot,” he said on a low growl putting kiss to her neck. “Is the shirt new? It’s cute on you. The green looks good on your silky brown skin.”

“Thanks, boo. The shirt *is* new. I’m glad you like it. Have you eaten already?”

He nodded. “Uh-huh, but I will have dessert while you eat.”

“That’s cool.”

As she glanced over the menu she felt the familiar feeling of Nick’s fingers walking between her legs. Her eyes widened as she looked around frantically.

“Nick, what are you doing?” she asked in a hushed voice.

Nick stared back at her. “What are you talking about?”

She blinked wildly at his nonchalance. The distinct pleasure of his hand now clutched her mound making her breath catch. He applied pressure to the area where her clit was tucked beneath and protected from harm. Her panties were damp almost instantly.

Nick’s eyes bored into hers. The lustful fire there captured her and she could no longer think. The naughty digits moved her panties over and slipped between her moist lips. Her head lowered and her eyes closed as she muffled a moan she couldn’t stop for escaping.

“I see your guest has arrived, Mr. Cromwell. Are you ready to order ma’am?”

Startled, Robin’s head rose. She tried to speak, but the talented fingers were probing her taking away her power of speech.

“Yes, Michael. The lady will have a pomegranate Margarita and the chicken Kiev. Thanks,” she heard Nick say.

His fingers slid up and down over her clit. The friction sent shock waves of ecstasy through her body. A stuttering moan left her mouth. She quickly pressed her lips together.

“Nick, baby, please there are people...” she panted unable to finish her sentence.

Nick leaned closer. "Relax baby. I picked this booth for a reason. It's off the beaten path, no one will hear you...well, unless you yell at the top of your lungs," he added with a lustful chuckle. "Your sweet pussy is soaking wet. Damn I can smell you, too. You don't know how bad I want to drop my napkin under the table just so I can slip down there and you lick you dry."

Oh my god!

"But then you would scream like a banshee so we'll save that for later."

Nick's hand never stopped moving during his explanation. Her body vibrated at the promise of future pleasures he had planned for her. Robin was so revved up she knew she would explode any moment.

"I always wanted to bring you here...just so I could do this." He moved his pointer in a come-hither motion emphasizing his meaning. "You looked so frazzled when you came in I figured what better time than the present."

He pressed his lips to her cheek. The motion added pressure to her clit. Robin whimpered behind closed lips. She barely noticed the menu rising in front of her, but was grateful for it. With relief she dropped her head to the table. Tremors of delight sped up as they rolled over her senses.

"Come on baby, let go. Come for me."

The hot breath from his whisper so close to her ear was her undoing. Robin squeezed her eyes together and fireworks exploded behind her eyes. Her body clenched the digits buried inside her heated tunnel.

Nick kept the pressure steady against her clit increasing the pleasure for her.

Her breathing was ragged as her heart thumped wildly in her chest. Waves of pleasure crashed over her leaving her body humming with euphoria. She gripped the edge of the table rocking to the beat created.

After what seemed like an eternity, Robin sat up breathing normally. She turned to look at Nick. With his hand still embedded in her crotch he leaned forward and took her mouth in an all-consuming kiss.

“God I love the look in your eyes after you come,” he confessed lustfully.

“Here is the drink for the lady, Mr. Cromwell. The food should be out shortly.”

The waiter handed the glass to Nick and left. Nick turned to give it to Robin.

“I thought you would be needing this right about now,” he said with a knowing smile.

Robin chuckled. “Oh you did huh?” After a long swallow she turned a raised brow to him. “I didn’t hear you order your dessert, Nicky. Are you still going to have some?”

Nick’s grin was wide. He removed his fingers from her body, and then put them in his mouth, licking them clean.

“You brought the only dessert I’m interested in with you, baby. It’s the sweetest chocolate ever.”

Her eyes widened. Another erotic shiver traveled up her spine re-igniting the fire he just extinguished. She took another long sip before sliding the empty glass across the table. Robin smiled wickedly at him.

“Is it all right if we take our food to go?”

THE END