

There was one thing Zillah hated more than gawky, passe clothing and people. And that was the cold. Granted, he hated more than just those two things, but in the grand scheme of things, that was all he could think about at the moment, and he really hated chilly, snowy weather. The snow was atrocious, a hellish landscape of dull white and greys. The only positive was that it gave him a good enough reason to cuddle into Sage's side, stealing all of her body heat and giving her a pouty face whenever she complained.

Today was no different.

Zillah trudges back over from the bathroom, pausing at the foot of the bed to look over Sage's peaceful body. Her clothes from last night lay right beside the bed, and if he remembers correctly, she had barely gotten them off. Further proof of her tiredness was her untamed, long brown hair. Most nights, she put it into a protective hairstyle and covered it with a wrap or bonnet. This night, that was not done. He could hardly blame her; they had gotten back severely late from their most recent hunt. If he remembered correctly, Bradley and Chris had just collapsed on the couches.

With an overspent yawn, Zillah lies back down, twirling Sage's hair around his finger absentmindedly. He imagines yanking her hair back roughly, exposing her neck as he lays claim to it. Her breath coming out in short pants, her body curling against his in need and want. *Ugh*, he groans, releasing her hair and sitting up. Great, now he was horny. The question was, was he selfish enough to wake Sage up as well? He raises a brow as he glances over at her sleeping form.

Yep, and he knew just what to do.

He smirks, pulling the cover over his head as he slinks further down, hovering over Sage's core. He pauses a minute, listening to her steady breathing. And, with a broad smile, he places a kiss along her thigh, breathing in her scent. He feels her fidget, slowly waking up as he carries on. A kiss here and a kiss there until he felt he was done teasing her. He grabs onto her underwear and pulls it down with his teeth, using his hand to toy with her lips.

"Zillah?" she whispers tiredly.

“Shh,” he shushes, blowing cold air against her and smirking at her whimpering. He could feel her getting ready to move, the muscles in her legs stiffening as she became more aware of the world around her. Before she could get away from him, he moved her panties to the side and opened her up, flicking his tongue against her core.

“Zillah!” she shouts, but he was just getting started. He curls his tongue as he continues to taste her, sucking and teasing her entrance and occasionally his fingers. He takes her bud into his mouth, pleasing her and pulling out moan after moan. He turns up his aggressiveness, grabbing her legs and pulling her closer, delving deeper and lapping up her juices.

Sage moves the covers, her eyes immediately landing on Zillah’s cocky grin.

“Well, good morning, gorgeous.”

“Hmm,” she hums, shivering once again, “are we sure it’s even morning?”

“Who gives a fuck?” he growls, kissing a trail up her stomach, moving her tank top out of the way so he had nothing but access to her soft light brown skin.

“I would’ve liked a few more hours of sleep,” Sage yawns, playfully slapping Zillah’s hand away. She moves to straighten out her tank top when she pauses, his hand closing around her throat. Zillah hovers over her, his grin never fading as he grabs a fistful of her hair, yanking her head sharply to the side.

“Someone’s a bit pissy in the morning, huh?” she questions, hissing as his grip tightens around her neck. He moves in, ghosting his lips across her neck.

“It’s cold, and I’m horny.”

“Then go take a shower,” she laughs, whimpering as her words earned her a sharp nip.

“You’re such a fucking brat,” Zillah laughs, pulling back and releasing his hold around her neck and hair as he grabs Sage’s hips. With a smirk, he yanks her backward so that half of her was in his lap. More importantly, her ass was in the perfect positioning for a sorely needed spanking.

“What did I tell you about being rude?” Zillah asks, bringing his palm down harshly over her barely covered bottom. She shrieks, wiggling to get away and earning yet another, this one far harsher than the last.

“And now you’re trying to run away. Tsk tsk, Sage, I expected better of you. Keep being a brat, and you’ll be punished like one.” *Slap. Slap.* Sage whines into the covers, her fists tightening as her butt stings from the constant impacts.

“I can do this all day, Sage. This perfectly rounded ass will be red before I get bored.” He squeezes a cheek and then slides his hand over the curve in her ass. *Damn*, he thought to himself as he watches her shiver. Her body was intoxicating. A sacred temple with so many treasures to uncover that, even with them now a couple, he still has yet to discover them all.

“Hmm!” she groans as he lays a kiss, “what do you want me to say?”

He hums to himself as he rubs her clit through her underwear, “you’re a smart girl. What do you think I want you to say?”

“How about less talking and more dominating? Since you think you do that so well.” To her surprise, Zillah releases her and then moves her off his lap.

Her eyes widen as she looks at him, waiting for him to reposition or at least to say he was just joking. None of that happens. “You just can’t get me hot and bothered, and then stop!”

He harshly grabs her chin with a cocky grin, “you sure? I said, if you keep being a brat, I’ll punish you. Say hey to your punishment.”

“Zillah,” she whimpers just as he releases her.

He moves to her ear, flicking his tongue before bringing her earlobe into his mouth. “If you want this cock, then you’re going to have to be a good girl and ask nicely.” Sage bit her lip at his words. Usually, punishment meant she would receive a much-needed spanking, or he teased her until she couldn’t take anymore. Rarely did the punishment ever include her begging.

Zillah grabs onto one of her breasts, massaging it as he inhales her scent, “come on, trouble. Be a good girl and tell me what you want and how bad you want it.” He squeezes her breast harder, “want me to take your nipple into my mouth? Or maybe you want to be choking on my cock?” Sage shivers, pulling Zillah close and grinding against him, picturing all of it. The sensation that the friction caused elevated her heat more, her mind going to a place of pure want and her patience lessening.

“I could always skip the foreplay and go straight into filling that tight hole of yours.”

“Zillah,” she growls underneath her breath.

“My cock stretching you out,” he whispers in her ear, “fucking you till you’re all hot and out of breath. Then watching my cum drip down your thighs.”

“Fuck! Please Zillah. Stop talking about it, and just do it.” That was all she had to say before Zillah was back on top of her. He helps with her tank top and then works her underwear off, smirking as he took her nude body in. He licks his lips, wondering and doubting that this view would ever get old. He rubs her pussy before taking off his own pants, his tip already shiny from precum.

“You ready, beautiful?” Zillah purrs, receiving no verbal answer but a physical one. Sage’s nails dig deep into his shoulder, causing him to hiss in pleasure. He lines himself up and sinks into her easily due to her already being soaked and ready for him. He watches as his member disappears one inch at a time and throws his head back to moan. He pauses for a minute, letting the feeling ride his spine and send an electric shock through his entire being.

He never knew someone could feel this good and be his at the same time. That part alone felt more like a dream than reality. In the beginning, he was perfectly fine with this just being a friends ... or perhaps rivals with benefits kind of relationship. Intense sex, and that was it. He was okay with that; he didn’t know sex could be anything more than that. But then feelings and emotions came into the mix, and then he found himself falling in love with the woman underneath him. He found sex becoming more than just some simple activity that he did with Sage when bothered. Sex became equal parts desire as it was emotions.

“Fuck, Zillah,” Sage groans, running her hands through his hair and bringing him back to the now. He sneers as he leans into her touch, pulling out just enough to thrust into her deeply.

“Fuck!” she screams, but he covers her mouth before the entire word could leave her lips.

“Damn, Sage. Do you want the entire house to know you’re getting fucked?”

“Why don’t –,” she begins to say, but Zillah again thrusts into her roughly, causing her to swallow everything she says and hold onto him as if he was her lifeline.

“You were going to say something?” he chuckles, resting one of his hands on Sage’s throat as he begins to pace himself. His speed picking up as he rams into her, empowered by her moans and cries. He changes his angle, lying closer to Sage’s chest and hearing her swallow a loud cry.

“Shit, Z!” Sage gasps, “you’re so deep.”

“Oh yea?” he asks, “can you feel me rearranging your guts, beautiful?”

“Yes,” she whines.

“Good girl, taking every last inch of me.” He leans in, trailing kisses from her neck to her jaw and then to her ear, “flip over.” He pulls back, slowly extracting himself from her. As soon as he is out, Sage goes limp, her body shaking.

“Come on now, Sage,” he purrs, “you were being such a good girl. Don’t stop now.” Sage nods weakly and flips over, already knowing what he wished to do. Zillah felt himself get turned on and fall a little more in love as she raised her hips and shook her ass teasingly at him. He smacks her left cheek before placing a kiss. He plows back into her, grabbing onto her hips to keep her from moving too much. The new angle letting him hit a few different spots and sink further in.

Zillah clenches his eyes close as Sage’s walls tighten around him, pulling him deeper. *Fuck! Why did she have to feel this good, he thought to himself, if Heaven was real in any kind of way. Then it was right here.*

“For the sake of Ra, Sage! You feel so fucking good!” Sage attempts to form words, but nothing comes out, her eyes rolling up as he rubs against her spot, causing her to teeter on the edge of her release. Zillah lets the room fill up with the sounds of their sex noises, moans and groans, pants and whimpers, and flesh slapping against flesh. He leans forward to kiss her back right when she arches.

“Oh shit! Zillah, right there!” He didn’t need to be told anything more. He increases his thrusts, growling as he roughly pounds into her repeatedly and bringing her ass flush against his base. Suddenly, she tightens around him, and her body begins to quake. That was all that he needed for him to reach his release as well.

He grabs a fist full of her hair and yanks her head back, “want me to come inside you, trouble?”

“Mmm, yes sir,” Sage hums, the sir part sending him over the edge as he releases his load. He pulls out slowly, watching as both his and Sage’s cum drips off the tip of his erection and out her core. Exhaustion takes over, and the two of them collapse on the bed, Sage moving just enough to fit herself into his arms.

“Enough body heat for you?”

“Oh, hell yea,” he pants, both of their bodies slick with sweat. He places kiss after kiss upon Sage’s face, his heart humming with a tune so unique that it still mystified him.

“Fuck, I love you,” he whispers into her hair, running his fingers through it.

“Because of great sex?” she teases, and he pinches her exposed ass.

“No, though I do usually say that after sex, huh. It’s a ... it’s a lot of emotions is all. For me, I mean.” Sage moves so that she could look him over, her dark eyes soft as she regards him.

“You don’t have to explain, I know. I love you too.” She bends down and kisses him deeply, letting the after-sex buzz roll off of him, replaced by pure admiration. He wraps his arms around her and holds her tight, his heart thundering in his chest. If this was how snow days would go from now on, he might just find an appreciation for them.