

Big Deck

A Dean and Fitz bonus scene

Fitz . . .

After a long, hot, sweaty run, I return to the hotel in Ocean Beach, open the door, and call out, "Honey, I'm home."

Before Dean even replies, I can hear him roll his eyes.

Because, obviously, that's what he's doing.

He's masterful at rolling those deep brown eyes.

Little does he know, I find that sexy too. What can I say? I'm easy like that. He could remove a sock and I'd get turned on.

Bennies of being me, and being insanely attracted to my hubs.

"This may come as a shock, but I'm out here lounging on the big deck I can't get enough of, enjoying this fantastic view of the Pacific, something we never had in London," Dean says.

That makes me happy too, knowing how much he digs living here in the States with me, and checking out all the best places, like my hometown.

I pad across the plush carpeting of our suite overlooking the ocean since I don't skimp — not when he joins me for a quick vacay after a Los Angeles game. We won, I scored a goal, life is good.

When I reach the deck, Dean grins wickedly at me from behind those shades, lifts his cup of tea, and then nods approvingly at my attire. "Still running shirtless, I see?"

"Still loving the view of me, I see?"

Smirking, he turns to the water, takes a drink. "Yes, the ocean *is* a fantastic view."

"You dickhead," I say, then flop down next to him on the lounge chair. There's not really room for the two of us, but hell if I care.

He raises a brow, takes off his shades. "You're kind of sweaty."

"Does my manliness bother you?"

He laughs. "How are you equating manliness to sweat?"

"Let me rephrase. Does my sweat bother you?"

“What do you think?”

I shrug. “I’m not sure. I think I’m gonna need to find out,” I say, then I grab his mug of English Breakfast, set it on the ground, and yank him against me for a hot, searing kiss.

It’s kind of impossible for me to kiss him any other way.

And, evidently, for him to kiss me any other way, since his hands slide up my chest, around my neck, and into my hair. He jerks me closer, my bare chest against his T-shirt, his lips consuming mine.

We go at it like that for a few minutes of bone-rattling, mind-bending kisses on the deck of our hotel suite, the sun shining brightly, the blue sky our background, and my man getting turned all the way on under me.

But then he’s over me in a flash, pinning me, stretching my arms above my head. He stares hotly at me, asking, “Did that answer your question?”

I crease my brow, like I’m deep in thought. “Hmm. Not sure. Maybe I need a little more hard and fast proof that you like my sweat?”

He laughs, then drops his lips to mine, brushing a soft kiss against me, before he nips on my bottom lip. Biting me.

And, *fuck*, that feels good.

I moan as I arch my hips, letting him feel what he’s doing to me.

“Are you asking me for something, Fitz?” He arches a brow, glancing down at my pelvis, as I rock against him.

“What do you know? Seems, I am.”

“Use your words then. Tell me what you want.”

I give another thrust, making my intentions clear. “I want you to ride me.”

He laughs, rolling his eyes again. “Gee. I had no idea that’s what you were trying to say.”

He lets go of my arms, pulls away from me, and sighs heavily, sitting at the end of the lounge chair.

I sit up, worry rushing through me for a second. I set a hand on his back. “You okay?”

Turning, he flashes those wicked eyes at me. “I’m mostly okay, but . . .”

“But what?”

Another heavy sigh. He strokes his chin. “I was just thinking . . . of the one

thing that would make me feel better than okay.”

“What’s that?”

His eyes scan the spacious deck. “I do love this view. And I think, I’d rather enjoy partaking of the view while we fuck.”

“Well, yeah. Of course we’re going to fuck on the deck.”

“Right. True. But since I do love a fantastic ocean view, I think I’d feel a lot better than okay if you’d sit on *my* big deck,” he says, patting his thighs.

I crack up. “Anytime, babe. I will sit on your big deck anytime.”

And when we switch positions, I do just that, and it is abso-fucking-lutely fantastic.

What can I say?

His big deck just does it for me.

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