

Always "Be Prepared"

By Scribblesinink

It wasn't like Jake had planned for it to happen. But it had been raining most of the day, and there wasn't much he could do outside. When he walked into the kitchen, thinking he'd get himself another coffee, he found Heather working at the counter, and the unexpected surge of love and desire that rushed through him took his breath away.

He leaned a shoulder against the doorpost for a moment, simply watching her. Wielding a cookie cutter, she cut as many shapes out of a slab of dough spread out on the counter as she could, before collecting the remnants to knead back into another ball. He couldn't seem to tear his gaze away from her strong fingers, molding the thick paste until she was satisfied it was mixed together well enough, and began to flatten the ball with a rolling pin.

She was humming a song under her breath as she worked, a bright red scarf keeping her hair from her face; though her back was to him, Jake reckoned she knew he was there. She could probably hear his heart pounding with need all across the kitchen; and even if she couldn't, she always seemed to somehow know when he was there. In any case, the startled gasp that had escaped him as desire struck through him had surely given him away.

Abruptly, he was no longer content to merely look at her; he wanted—*needed*—to touch her. He closed the last few steps into the kitchen, leaving his empty coffee mug on the kitchen table, and moved up behind her. "Hey."

"Hey, yourself." As he'd expected, she wasn't in the least surprised. She brushed a non-existent strand of hair from her face, leaving a streak of flour on her cheek, and tilted her head a little as he began to nuzzle her neck. "Is it still raining?"

"Yeah." Wrapping one arm around her, he pulled her against him, letting her feel how much he wanted her.

She objected with a chuckle. "Jake, I'm busy." But the slight quiver in her voice, and the way she shifted in his embrace told him it was only a token protest. He knew he wouldn't find much resistance if he scooped her up and carried her to their bedroom.

"It can wait," he growled into her ear, fully aware how his breath on her skin would make her shiver. And he wasn't disappointed.

An unbidden memory suddenly came back to him, and he paused as he prepared to sweep

her off her feet. That morning earlier in the week, in the shower... her clear desire... his promise. Maybe....

He slipped a hand under her shirt, caressing the silky skin of her belly before sliding his hand up until he could cup her right breast. He brushed a thumb under the edge of her bra, silently cursing the garment for keeping him from a more thorough exploration.

"Jake...?" Heather's hands had stilled on the rolling pin, and she sounded a little puzzled.

He dipped his head, nibbling on the soft spot just below her right ear. "I was thinking, here?"

Heather drew in a small gasp and hesitated a moment, before she nodded. Jake shuffled his feet a little until he stood more firmly and could support her with his body, and then slowly brought his hand back down across her belly, while he rested the other on her hip. He felt her stomach muscles flutter underneath his palm, and she was pulling in shallow breaths in anticipation. He grinned against her neck, feeling quite smug about the way she responded to his touch. Not that *he* was any different, when their roles were reversed.

He reached the top of her jeans, and hesitated on the button for a second before moving his hand further down, past the zipper. Pressing firmly, he rubbed her through the coarse material of the jeans, using the seam to best advantage.

"Oh...!" Startled, she bucked into his palm, despite the hand he kept on her hip to hold her steady. It didn't take very long—far less time than he'd expected, in fact—before she was clawing at the slab of cookie dough, her fingers clenching and unclenching. Her head fell back against his shoulder as he picked up the pace, caressing and stroking her through the jeans. He noticed how her eyes fluttered shut as she started to make the soft, mewling noises he recognized as her drawing closer and closer toward climax. Finally, she cried out his name and he felt her pleasure pulse through her body.

He held her tight while the wave crashed over her, and waited for the tremors to subside before he drew away. He chuckled softly. "Good?"

"God, yes." She turned in his arms, lifting her face up to him. "Thank you."

He grinned, bending his head so he could finally devour her mouth in the deep kiss he'd longed for ever since he first walked into the kitchen. She tasted sweet, of sugar and cinnamon, and he wondered absently if she'd been snurching cookie dough, like he used to do as a boy whenever his mother baked.

They stayed like that for a long time, exploring each other's mouths, until Jake became uncomfortably aware of how hard he was, pressing painfully against the zipper of his own jeans. He shifted, trying to ease himself a little, and Heather must've sensed some of his discomfort, for she pulled back.

She quickly wiped her hands on her jeans, oblivious to the streaks of flour she left, before reaching for him. Her hand brushing over him as she unzipped his jeans almost undid him right there and then, and he drew a sharp breath, fighting for control. A moment later she had him freed, her fingers warm as she closed her hand around him. The remnants of drying dough on her palm created an odd, if not entirely unpleasant, kind of friction, and Jake closed his eyes, enjoying the sensation, knowing he wouldn't last very much longer if she kept this up.

When her hand left him, a moan of disappointment escaped him. But as he opened his eyes, he discovered she was shimmying her own jeans and panties down her legs. He gave her a questioning frown, and her cheeks tinged pink, but she said, "I want you... in me, Jake. Now."

"Here?" he couldn't help but squeak in shock.

This is where Grandpa whisked his morning eggs—where Mom cooked herself dinner while she stayed here....

But then Heather bit her lip and nodded, and he helped her sweep the counter bare, not caring where the cookie dough or the cutter and the rolling pin ended up, as long as they were out of their way. The baking sheet with the raw shapes clattered to the floor as well, briefly drowning out the patter of the rain, but Jake didn't pay any attention to the noise as Heather invited him without words to lift her up on the counter; he didn't need to be asked twice.

He ran his hands up her naked thighs while she tangled her fingers in his hair to pull his head toward her for another kiss. Moving up between her spread knees, Jake discovered that, although the ranch's old counter was too low for him to comfortably work at—it always made his back hurt—it was the perfect height for *this*. He was about to enter her, when a warning bell went off somewhere in the back of his head, and he froze, quivering with effort.

"Jake?" Heather sounded a little impatient and she drew her head back to meet his gaze. Her eyes were dark with desire.

"We shouldn't—," he gasped, a little desperate. "Not without—." He hung his head; the condoms were in the box on the bedside table upstairs.

About a million miles away.

"What?" For a long second, Heather looked at him in confusion, before it dawned on her. "Oh...." Her face fell in disappointment, and Jake cursed himself for starting something he couldn't finish in the way she wanted him to.

Then he got an idea. "Wait," he told her, holding her steady with one hand, while the other fumbled for the wallet in his back pocket, somewhere halfway down his knees. If he wasn't mistaken....

He rummaged through the wallet and, with a cry of triumph, pulled out a small, crumpled packet. He had put that in there many months ago, without a clear idea when he might have need for it. Heather giggled happily and snatched the packet from him, tearing it open with trembling fingers. He took the condom from her and rolled it on quickly, dimly wondering if the things came with an expiry date.

Then Heather grabbed hold of his hips, her fingers digging into his buttocks, and hauled him back to her, and Jake no longer thought of anything.

They had no freshly baked cookies for desert that evening. Neither of them minded much.

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