Burbank

Being that it was LAX, and many stars came through the airport daily, she was surprised there was no paparazzi around. She was truly grateful. AJ had left his black car in the parking garage, so as soon as they had their suitcases, they were headed to the garage.
Alex's home was only 25 minutes away, in a suburb of Burbank. Julie held her breath as they drove up to a beautiful three story Mediterranean home. It was too dark to be able to see the color, but it looked terra cotta.

He didn't pull into one of the two garages, just into the driveway. He was out of the car and around to her side before she had her seatbelt off. AJ wanted to be a gentleman and open the door for her. When she stood, he pulled her into his arms and kissed her with a great passion.

"Welcome to my home," he whispered against her lips. When he let her go they went to the trunk and pulled out their suitcases. Julie wished she had thought of packing a small carry on or a duffle bag, so she didn't have to lug the huge suitcase in for only 36 hours at his place.

"Why don't I take yours and you take mine," Alex suggested. His suitcase was half the size of hers. They took the few steps up to the front door and when he opened, Julie was taken back. The entry way alone was beautiful. To the left was a set of small stairs leading down to a living room. It was dark so she couldn't see any details. In front of her were stairs leading up to the second floor. They set the suitcases at the foot of the staircase.

Julie looked around at the great room. She was in awe. Not so much because of the house, but the things he had in it. She knew he liked the antique look, but she didn't realize so much of his personal belongings were actually antique. It was a mixture of gothic style and renaissance. She knew there was a reason she liked him so much. She had a love of the renaissance period as well as antiques in general.

They stood in another living room. The dining room was a part of it and the gourmet kitchen was off to the right. She could see that there was an island in the middle. Julie stepped up to the table and ran her hand over the top. It was beautiful. It sat eight people. The legs were carved, with roaring lion's heads. It was breathtaking.
AJ stepped up behind her. His arms went around her waist.

"This table was in the movie 'The Haunted Mansion'. The one with Eddie Murphy. When I saw it at auction I had to have it."
Julie turned her head to be able to look at him. His deep brown eyes smiled at her.
"Do you wanna see more?"

She just smiled at him. That was enough of an answer for him. He took her hand and showed her the kitchen, with a cute little breakfast nook in the corner. Alex then took her down the hall, showing her the office and extra bathroom before he took her to his room.

In the center of the large room, was a very old looking four poster bed, complete with bed curtains, full enough to be able to enclose the bed. Julie stepped closer, looking longingly at the bed. He didn't miss the look in her eyes.

He stepped up to her, moving her hair out of the way so he had access to her neck. He leaned down and began trailing kisses along her warm skin. Julie felt the goose bumps go up into her hairline. She was tired, but the moment his lips touched her, her body instantly changed its mind about sleeping.

Julie turned around to face him. Alex's arms went around her neck, his hands finding their way into her hair. She normally wore it up, so he was reveling in the ability to run his fingers through. He gave a handful a gentle tug, causing her head to go back and her throat to be exposed. His kisses resumed, from her throat to the neckline of her shirt. When he couldn't go any lower, he grabbed the hem of her shirt and pulled it over her head.

His hunger was very apparent in the way her clothing was coming off before she even had a chance to think about it. She stood before him, completely naked, not one bit ashamed or embarrassed. She reached for him, grabbing his grey tee shirt. When she pulled it over his head, it took his black knitted hat with it. She dropped it to the floor, to let it join her clothing.

When she took hold of his skull belt buckle, she could see the material of his black jeans pulled tight over his bulging erection. She let her knuckles gently skim over him as she worked slowly on the buckle. Alex sucked in his breath, needing her to touch him. He was getting impatient as she took she time unzipping his jeans, one tooth at a time.

Julie slid his pants over his beautiful backside, letting her hands linger for a moment. She knew she was tormenting him, but that was part of the fun. Lowering herself and the jeans, they moved past him knees and went to his ankles. His boots were still on. She thought it would be funny to leave him like that. So she stood back up, slowly, letting her breasts rub against his already sensitive skin.

He had started this, but she was going to take over. She stepped back and moved around him. As he pivoted to face her his back was now to the bed. Julie gave a laugh as she shoved him, causing him to fall back onto the bed. He laughed in return. His jeans had tripped him up, just as Julie had hoped. He moved up the bed a little, so the backs of his knees hit the edge of the mattress. His hands went to the back of his head as she walked up to him.

Julie straddled him on the bed. When his hands went for her, she pushed them away. She leaned down, putting one hand on either side of his head, getting her lips close to his ear.

"You have to keep your hands under your head. No touching me," she whispered. She didn't know where this brazenness had come from. She had never been so bold when they were at her house. A sound of frustration rumbled within him.

Julie hovered over him, just a breath away from his skin, torturing them both. She ran her hands across his chest, using a little pressure with her nails. He sucked in his breath when she made

sure to go over his sensitive nipples.

She brought her lips so close to his, teasing him more. But he had a thought of his own. He lifted his head up, causing their lips to collide. Julie's hands went to his cheeks to hold him as she devoured him, his tongue doing what he wanted his hands to do, explore her.

Julie lowered herself so she could feel the soft tip of him, pressing ever so lightly against her sensitive core. She went a little lower, letting him enter her ever so slightly, and then putting away again. She laughed as his hands came out from under his head to reach for her again. She pushed them away.

"Back under your head, Boy," she teased. "You don't want me to have to tie them down, do you?" His eyebrow shot up. He was not expecting this from her. It was rather thrilling. So he put his hands back, lacing the fingers first, to help keep his hands in place.

Julie went back to exploring his body. Right now, it was all hers. She could do anything she wanted to him. Mostly, she just sated her curiosity. Her hands slid up and down his arms, tracing the beautiful art work he had. Her nails gently slid down the sides of his body, feeling each rib as her fingers moved. She brought her hands inward, towards his belly button. She traced the tattoo he had surrounding it, then moved to follow his happy trail lower. He growled deep as her fingertips went outward, missing his most sensitive organ.

Alex didn't know how much more he could take when her fingertips went up and down the insides of his thighs. She gently cupped his sac, giving a light squeeze. He sucked in his breath when she blew her warm breath across the mushroom shaped head. It moved of its own accord, causing her to giggle.

Julie moved back up, so that she could look into his eyes again. The fire in his eyes told her that he had had just about all he could take. So she got positioned above him and impaled herself upon him, all the way to the hilt.

He lost his control, and his hands went right to her waist. Her hands ran up through her hair, in an attempt to get it out of her eyes. The pressure from his fingers was intense, but not painful. He bucked underneath her, driving himself as deep as he could go. She rode him, milking his body, squeezing him with muscles she didn't know she had. His hands left her waist to move upwards to her heaving breasts.

Alex loved watching her, as she moved. She had taken control in a very passionate way, when he had only before seen the innocence of her. He had changed her. Her body and soul had only loved him. He smiled to himself when he thought of the fact that she was the first one his heart had truly loved. It wasn't just about the sex, as it had been with others.

Julie cried out as her body exploded. She continued to ride out the pleasure until his hands went back to her waist and he took control. In one swift movement, he was on top.

He lifted her feet to place them on his chest to give him greater, deeper access. He looked her in

the eyes, their gaze not breaking, as he pounded into her until his own release came.
Julie panted as he buried his face in her hair.

“You know,” she said, breathlessly, “You have ruined me.”
He lifted his head, looking at her confused.
“Well, if one day you decided you are done with me, no other man will ever be able to satisfy me.” She was trying, in a twisted way, to compliment him, even though it was a fear she truly had.

Frustration was written across his face. He moved off her, completely getting off the bed. He began pacing the room. His thoughts were dark. He thought he had been showing her how much he loved her, that she meant the world to him, but now he felt like he was letting her down.

Julie sat up, wrapping her arms around her bent knees. She hadn’t meant to make him upset. She took a deep breath before calling out to him.

“Alex. I’m sorry,” was all she said.
He stopped pacing and turned to look at her. His eyes were filled with disappointment. Julie thought it was for her, so she got up and ran for the bathroom, tears beginning to fall from her eyes.

She had to go past him, as he was on the side of the bed that the bathroom door was on. She thought she had enough space to get past him but he surprised her by grabbing her wrist as she passed him. He swung her around, catching her in his arms. She tried to push at his chest to get away from him but he held tight. She was looking down at his chest, not wanting to meet his eyes and see the look of disappointment again.

“Julie,” he said roughly. “Look at me.”
She slowly lifted her head, keeping her eyes down as long as she could. When their eyes met, she was surprised by what she saw.

“Don’t ever say things like that again. You are my heart. Without you, there is nothing for me. I will never ‘be done’ with you. Can’t you see that?”

Julie sighed. She knew he loved her, but she was a woman and insecurities ran in her blood. He could have any woman in the world, why would he want her?

He reached up and wiped away a tear that had escaped. He then reached to tenderly push back a lock of hair to rest behind her ear. He sighed before he spoke again.

“Julie, I love you. Don’t forget that.”

She just nodded, unable to speak. He kissed her nose, her cheek, and then her lips. When she looked into his dark eyes, she whispered to him.

“Then why did you get upset with me? I thought maybe I had disappointed you in some way.”
Her gaze had broken away from him again.

“No, baby. I was disappointed in myself, that I had not done a good enough job of letting you know what you mean, that you would ever think that I wouldn’t want you. As cliché as it sounds, it was about me, not you.”
That made Julie laugh. She kissed him with the fervor she had had just moments earlier. How could she have ever doubted him?

Julie could hear sounds coming from the kitchen, dishes being moved around. She kept her eyes closed, just breathing in the scent of Alex on the pillows and sheets. It had been well after midnight when they had arrived at his home and they hadn’t gone to sleep until almost two Pacific Time. Julie’s body had protested, it was after four am her time. She didn’t want to think about what time it was now. But her body insisted she get out of bed.

Julie finally opened her eyes and looked at the clock. It was almost 12:30 in the afternoon. She never slept this late. She quickly dressed in jeans and a pink fitted tee shirt. Still barefoot, she headed to the kitchen. Alex was humming a tune as he moved around, putting dishes away. He turned around, a mug in his hand. He hadn’t heard her enter and just about jumped out of his skin when he saw her.

“Shit, Jewels, you scared me.”
Julie walked up to him, wrapping her arms around his waist, laughing.

“Sorry.”

She kissed his cheek before letting him go. Julie stepped back and looked around her.
The light coming in from the skylight above the sink illuminated the room. The maple cupboards looked almost yellow in the light. Julie saw his coffeemaker in the left corner of the kitchen. She wasn’t much for coffee, but she really needed a pick me up.

Alex saw the look in her eye and smiled. He hadn’t been a coffee drinker until he moved to L.A. and was introduced to Coffee Bean. He was proud of the fact that he could make a really good cup of Joe. He went straight to the coffeemaker and made her a cup.

Alex let her know he still had all his packing to do. He hadn’t wanted to wake her, she had looked so peaceful. So they moved to the bedroom. Julie sat Indian style on the bed, holding her cup of hot coffee and watched him pack.

It took him over an hour to get his things laid out on the bed. Julie laughed as he pulled out a yellow and black tiger print spandex body suit and laid it on the bed.

“Are you really gonna wear that?” Julie teased. Little did he know what she would be wearing.

“Oh, baby. I look fucking hot in this. You won’t be able to keep your hands off me,” he replied.

“Well, I better be able to. Your fans are not supposed to know about me yet. Does this mean if I get to put my hands all over you, so do the other fan girls?” She was teasing, but regretted saying it as soon as it left her lips. Again. She had a bad habit of saying things around him, without thinking first.

He didn’t even answer; he just went back to packing. Julie knew she had messed up again. She set her coffee on the night stand and went up him. He had stepped back into his closet and hadn’t seen her get up. When he walked out of the closet, she threw her arms around his neck.

“Please, forgive me. I swear, I am the ‘right now Poster Girl’. I don’t think about what is ahead, it is all about right now. Will you please forgive me?” She kissed his cheek as his hands went to her waist. He turned his head and their lips met.

“Let’s get outta here for a while. The beach is only 15 miles from here. Have you ever seen the coast?”

Julie blushed. That was one thing she had always wanted to see, but never had the chance. He took her blush as a yes. He threw the pair of jeans in his hands onto the bed. They missed and slid to the floor. They both laughed.

“What about packing?” Julie asked.

“I can finish when we get back. Besides I gotta show you a little bit of my town.”

Julie watched as he walked over to pick up the jeans. She had a nice view of his backside. She licked her lips hungrily. She would never get over that beautiful site. That man had the finest ass she had ever seen. She laughed to herself as she had the thought. He turned and looked at her.

“What is so funny?”

“Oh, nothing. I was just thinking how cute it would be for us to walk on the beach with my jeans rolled up, carrying my sandals, like in the movies.”

They spend a few hours walking on the beach in Santa Monica. Julie did just as she had joked about, rolling up her jeans and all. Her long hair was whipping in the mild November wind. AJ had to keep looking at her, waiting for his dream to end and Julie to blow away.

They didn’t want to leave, but a storm was moving in and he still had to finish packing. They had an 8 am flight, arriving in Miami at 3pm with a short layover in Denver.

While they had been on the beach and the pier nearby, AJ had bought her a hotdog and soda. She should have been starving, but wasn’t very hungry. She was sure it was just nerves.

As he worked on finishing packing, Julie offered to make dinner, that was, if he had any food in the house. When he looked down at his suitcase and didn’t look back up, she took that as a no.

So he suggested his favorite Thai food restaurant. They delivered and were really quick. He went to the kitchen and came back with a carry out menu and the phone. Julie looked over the menu and finally decided on what she would eat.

AJ quickly ordered it and went back to packed. Julie snuck away to the dining room in search of candles. She found some on the built in hutches just to the right of his 'Haunted Mansion' table. In a drawer she found placemats.

Julie worked quickly to turn his dining room into a romantic space, shutting all the drapes and blinds and setting out the placemats and candles. She laughed to herself as she set out paper plates and disposable utensils she had found in the pantry. No use in giving him more dirty dishes.

She had just finished lighting the last candle when the door bell rang. She bounded down the stairs and had the door open before AJ even knew the food had arrived. Julie signed the credit card slip and the man was on his way.

AJ came out of the bedroom, the noise and smell, drawing him out. He was surprised to see what Julie had done. He had told her that the table had only been eaten on twice since he had purchased it, and now, she was going to be lucky number three.

They laughed over everything and nothing as they eat their amazing food. Julie told him how she had never eaten real Thai food before. He joked about taking her virginity in more ways than he ever thought possible. That made her blush.

They had just finished eaten and were cleaning up when AJ stopped what he was doing, put down the cartons in his hands and went to her. Julie was bending over, ever so slightly, to pick up a napkin that had fallen to the floor. His hands went to her waist and pulled her back up against him.

Julie stood up quickly, shock on her face. The mass in his jeans was pressed up against her backside. She tried to turn around, but he held her firm in place. He leaned closer to whisper in her ear.

"You know, we could break in this table, in the right sort of way."
Julie turned her head to the side so their lips were closer.

"And what would be the right kind of way?" she said, trying to sound seductive. He turned her in his arms and lifted her on to the table.
Her knees instantly went apart, allowing him to step in between them. His hands never left her waist as their lips collided in passion.

Julie had to break the kiss and take deep breaths. He sure did know how to make her hot, fast. Her hands went to his neck to bring him back in for more. The devoured each other, clothing hitting the floor to create a pile of brights and darks.

Alex laid her back onto the table, her knees still up against the edge of the table. She wrapped her legs around him and he entered her. Julie pushed herself back up so she could wrap her hands around his neck again, giving her some leverage as well.

Their eyes locked and they watched each other's intense expressions as their passions drove them. Alex could see her orgasm building and bit his tongue to hold his off until she screamed out his name in ecstasy. Two more deep thrusts and he joined her in her bliss.

Julie and AJ stood in his large tiled shower. The colors were very neutral, shades of brown and other earth tones. Although they had done very little that day, she found that the warm water rushing over her, from the multiple shower heads, was increasing her weariness. AJ, himself, let out a large yawn, causing Julie to follow in suit. It wasn't long before they were snuggled up in his king sized bed, fast sleep.