

# Lament

## Bonus Epilogue

### By: Lynsey M. Stewart.

*Lament*

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Two years later

Nat

The slam of the door didn't make me nervous anymore. Long gone were the dreaded conversations about grief and loss, or the heartfelt pleas for Alex to finally open up and soften. Those moments felt like long ago now, but at the same time fresh and vivid in my mind.

"You're late, Miss Bevan. I want you at home." He was still abrupt and brash. I wouldn't have him any other way. My dominant grump. My demanding love.

"I'm Mrs Burnett, now, Mr Burnett. Or have you already forgotten?"

"That mouth of yours will get you into trouble," Alex replied, resisting a smile. He often fell out of this brusque role he played. I loved those times.

"What kind of trouble, Mr Burnett?" I enjoyed pushing him.

"Don't test me," he rasped, shooting his hands in his pockets. The man was still dreamy. Two years on and I was still reduced to oozy mush whenever he was near. "What are you doing?"

"Dancing."

"Dance for me," he said, leaning against the doorframe. His white shirt was rolled up at the sleeves, a dark expanse of skin, tanned from our recent honeymoon was on display. I wanted to lick his arm, feel them wrap around me, but I liked the games we played better. Drawing out our mutual arousal with smart words, naughty banter and tied wrists was my favourite kind of foreplay.

"Where is Eli?" I asked.

"With Maggie. Hopefully about to fall asleep."

We had been away from home and On Pointe for three weeks. Alex arranged for my grandmother to run the dance school while we took a long honeymoon. He employed a teacher to cover most of my classes, telling me when I *meekly* objected that we hadn't took a holiday for over a year and if anyone deserved a break it was

me. I looked over at the memory wall I'd created. Alex had custom designed a large painting of a tree, letters and photos from students were hanging from the branches. Thank-you cards that were now addressed to me – not my grandmother – filled the space. I was proud. I'd worked nonstop to make the dance school a success. We'd grown in size, adding an extension, further classes, more staff. I was beyond proud that I'd made this work when it could have been my undoing. Returning home after thirteen years away wasn't easy. Having to face old ghosts was no small task. But I stood strong. Embraced the woman I'd become. Grew to love myself. *Fell in love.*

Alex had given me no indication that he wanted to marry me. It wasn't a conversation we had regularly or a small wonder I had on birthdays and anniversaries. His proposal was unexpected and perfect. We were at home having breakfast. Eli handed me a card accompanied by a beaming smile. Unbeknown to me, they'd talked together about how she would feel; did she give Alex her blessing. She did. The card simply said *congratulations* in rainbow colours. I looked to Alex in confusion as he produced a ring from his pocket. He started to cry before he could get out the words, leading Eli to shout, "*Will you marry my daddy?*"

We married in the church that held so many memories for us and evoked so many different feelings. Allan, the vicar, performed our service, making the words special for us and light on religion. Eli was our only bridesmaid. She had grown into a confident ten-year-old. She'd always been sure about herself, but now she was comfortable in her skin and with her soul. She had a continued passion for dance and wanted to join a prestigious performing arts school in London. Alex had made enquiries and she had her first interview in a few weeks' time. Excited didn't cover it.

We had a small number of guests on our day. People who meant the most to us. Marc and Lacey were there. She designed my wedding dress, an understated bodice of ropes that was tasteful but unique framed a light mermaid gown and train. On the morning, Marc trimmed my pixie cut before securing a beautiful beaded headpiece. Alex's friends from the orchestra came. Nadia too, who had made a brave recovery and was now back in Eli's life in a positive way. My grandmother agreed to giving me away. Walking down the aisle with her was an emotional experience. We couldn't help but think about the day we walked behind my mother's and sister's coffins, arm in arm again as we did that dreadful morning. She stroked Alex's face, kissed Eli and joined Maggie for a much-needed hand squeeze of reassurance. After the service, we placed my wedding bouquet on Mum's and Bec's grave and Eli laid her bridesmaid posy of purple orchids on her mother's. It was a tribute. A way to include them all on our special day.

For our honeymoon, we hid away in the paradise of the Maldives, just the three of us, but during the last week Eli came down with food poisoning and our idyllic holiday turned into a parenting nightmare. Alex hadn't touched me for several days, unable to break away from caring for Eli. I could sense his frustrations when I found him on our private beach tying various knots into the ropes of our boat.

"We should get back to her," I said playfully. "Check she's OK." His mouth lifted into a small smile. "I'm sure she's missing us, and I have so much paperwork to catch up on."

"Nat." He took three steps towards me, his hands still lazily tucked into the pockets of his suit trousers. He'd attended a meeting in London about a new album deal on the way home from the airport. I thanked the music gods that it required him to wear a suit because I could happily fall to my knees in worship when his sculpted arse was encased in bespoke Gucci formal wear.

"I'll call Maggie and tell her we're on our way home," I said, as he cocked his head.

"There's no need," he replied. "You see, on my way out I told Maggie that I was coming here to see you. Hands onto the barre, Mrs Burnett." I clung on immediately. "I told her I'd like to watch you dance because it's been three long weeks. Place your left leg on the barre." I did as he asked, his words like a spell. "I said, 'Maggie, I need some alone time with my wife.'" He placed his hand on my thigh, digging his fingers in

lightly, just enough to cause an impact. A tornado of adrenaline rushed through my veins. "I told her I want to watch your body contract, the beautiful muscles in your back pull and strain." I felt his hand slide along my leg and as I glanced to him, my gorgeous Alex got on his knees. My sharp intake of breath caused him to close his eyes. He knew he was affecting me, I knew I was affecting him, and that pleased us both. A soft kiss to my inner thigh caused me to gasp. A light kiss to my calf caused me to moan. A lick along my ankle bone made my leg quiver. I moved an inch from the barre trying desperately to keep my composed pose. My core didn't steady me. My usual strength was reduced to nothing. "Mrs Burnett, you seem to have lost your flexibility. Has our break had too much of an impact on your dance capabilities?"

I smiled as his finger lazily traced the curve back to my thigh. "No. It's *you* that's making my legs shake."

"Me?" he asked dramatically as he threaded his hands through the middle of my legs. He pressed his head against the curve of my behind and I felt his breath along my skin. Goosebumps followed. Shivers indulged.

"Yes," I gasped. "You."

"Do you know, my journey over here was a difficult one," he said, pulling his shoulder back. Mr Dominant had returned to the room.

"Oh no, how awful. Tell me all about it." I smiled as he placed his finger in the crease of my thigh. *So close.*

"I was painfully hard imagining you dancing without me. I could picture the muscles in your back flexing over the barre, your arms stretched above your head. A look of exhilaration on your face so close to when I'm pushing you, and an orgasm is about to take flight. A rush. A high. So similar, *so close.* But only I get to see that look, don't I, Mrs Burnett? As my cock slips in. As I nudge the spot that causes that look. *Mine.* Fucking mine."

"Jesus, Alex. Touch me."

"Your legs are bare, Mrs Burnett. No tights, fishnets, dancewear. Nothing. Just a flimsy skirt and my favourite underwear. Lacy, black, barely there. Enough to make me come in my goddamn suit. Why is that?" He applied more pressure to my skin, his finger sliding closer to my pussy.

"I was hoping you would come and see me dance." I was breathless, the promise of more so very tempting. "Wishing. Praying."

"You let your staff leave, didn't you?" I nodded against him. "You told your grandmother to go home for the evening." I let out a soft laugh, amused by my own lengths to seduce this god of a man I got to call my husband. "Were you hoping I'd locked the doors behind me?"

"Yes, *fuck* yes."

"Good girl," he replied. "You know what I want, don't you? At all times, constantly. I'm a fucking madman till I get your cunt, isn't that right, baby?" My leg was shaking against the barre, my body limp. A week without his cock was too long for us. We were insatiable, our need for each other too desperate. I knew he would follow me here and I wanted it more than I could put into words. *But my body always did the talking.* "Ah, my beautiful girl." His finger slid down my slit, slowly, deliberately. "So wet, you make me crazy."

"Stop playing," I gasped as he circled my clit through my underwear. "We both know what you need."

"What I need?" he repeated. "What about you? My dancing star. My fucking goddess." I smiled on his words. Would he always make me feel this precious? "What do you want? Tell me now. I want to hear it." I shook

my head, biting my lip as I defied him. I could see the hard ridge of his glorious cock through his suit of glory. Fuck, he was sexy, and I needed him now. "Silence from my dancing Nat."

"I want to hear it from you," I panted as he drew lazy circles on the bundle of nerves that were about to combust. "What were you thinking as you drove over, knowing I was dancing here alone?" His fingers worked faster, the circles increasing in pace.

"All I could think about..." I arched my back. Knew that he adored the curve, the expanse of muscles defined through years of dancing. "*Fuck*...all I could think about."

"Yes."

"Was fucking you over the barre."

I felt my body lurch forward as he stood behind me. I held myself steady, both hands against the wood. The sound of a zip filled the space. We caught our eyes in the mirror and Alex placed both hands against my hips, inside my underwear and with a firm slide he ripped my panties from my body. "Position yourself. Grand plié," he said firmly as he gripped the spilt of my skirt and pulled it open. I maintained eye contact, knowing this move would expose me so blatantly. I performed a deep bend, my thighs horizontal, my feet on pointe. I was completely open to him. "Look at your body. Look at your cunt," he rasped. "Perfection. God, I've missed tasting you. I've *ached* to push my cock inside."

"You like me like this?" I asked, glancing at his face, his hooded eyes, the blush he was finding hard to disguise.

"You're a master. Perfect form and alignment," he whispered, studying me, his gaze a mix of admiration and arousal.

"That's not what I meant, and you know it."

"You want to know how you affect me?" He let his suit trousers fall to the floor. He was naked underneath. His cock firm and tall against his stomach. Magnificent. Straining. "See?" He took himself in hand, stroking forcefully, harshly, his ragged pants matching the movement. I had him. I knew I had him. "Look how poised you are. Beautiful. Elegant. Such a contrast to my frenzied hand-fucking. Jesus, Nat. I'll lose my mind if I don't fuck you soon." I smiled – still in pose and trying to remain strong despite my quivering thighs. "Shall I fuck you in that position? You and your poise, unflinching as I drive my cock relentlessly?" I bit my lip, trying to rein in my smart mouth. There was no way I could maintain this position. It was delicate and graceful. Alex aroused was merciless and unyielding. I caught his mouth twitching, the almost smile I loved so much. He knew my thoughts, knew my everything. "Wrap that sarcastic mouth around me before you get into trouble."

"What kind?"

"A palm to your ass."

"Would that be bad?" I replied, lifting my eyes. "I don't think it is."

A groan from the back of his throat seemed to travel down my arm, goosebumps along my skin trailing behind. "Out of pose," he commanded.

I slowly released my feet bringing them to the floor and pulling in my legs until I was bent over the barre for support. Catching my breath before the onslaught, knowing he wanted me so badly. Understanding we were making up for lost time. There would be no ropes tonight. He had tied me to this barre more times than I

could remember. During the nights when we were alone and my dancing became too much for him, a need too great overtook and he would bind me, slipping himself inside, feeling the mutual rope burn against our skin. Tonight, was about reconnecting. A quick release. A thirst to fuck me. A firm palm to my breast made me lose my breath. His other hand snaked around my waist, down to my centre and my world fell into a blur of dirty words and vibrant colour.

“I’ve been thinking about this for days,” he said, cupping me, firm pumps of the heel of his hand hitting my clit perfectly.

“What?” I goaded, needing to hear the words that hit my arousal with tingly heat.

“*This*,” he rasped against my ear. “Your *cunt*, baby.”

“*Ohmygod*.”

“That’s right,” he said. “We need this. It’s been so long.”

“A week,” I laughed.

“Exactly. Too long.”

“Fuck me.” I felt him position his tip against me. A small movement, in and out. A tiny tease. Friction. A moan fell from his lips. “We need protection,” I managed to stammer out. We *always* used condoms. The pill made me sick and he wouldn’t entertain that. He needed me well. That fragment of concern would always be there. A symptom from experiencing illness and loss that he couldn’t shake away.

“No,” he replied. Another small thrust, his tip just inside me. “I want to be a daddy again.”

“What?” I gasped.

“You’re perfect with Eli,” he replied, stilling now, waiting for my response. He wouldn’t push me. If I uttered the word *no* he’d open a condom wrapper quicker than I could catch my breath. “I want to make you a mum. I want to see you caring for another child of mine.” I pushed myself back onto his hard length, enjoying the noise that came from his mouth as I did. I loved caring for Eli, had fallen into the role of caregiver easily. And my thoughts *had* been wandering lately, particularly on honeymoon. I’d started to consider our lives with another child, mull over my own maternal need to be a mum and reflect on my desire to give Alex another child.

“We’ll start with one,” I replied, turning to him. “Build ourselves up to an orchestra.”

He laughed, a gorgeous throaty laugh. *This man. Gab! This man.* “I’m talking one,” he replied, nipping my earlobe with his teeth. “Just one.”

“Let’s practice,” I whispered, pushing myself back on his still-rigid cock.

“Fuck practice,” he said, pushing himself inside of me on one delicious thrust. “I’m going to make you pregnant right now.”

The End.

