

Bast took in a deep breath as she breathed in the salty sea air that surrounded the resort. It was a beautiful day, not a cloud in the sky. The sun out but the ocean breeze keeping the sun's full assault at bay. To her left was the resort's cabana, residing right beside a spacious pool where a few patrons lingered, all seeming to be in their own little world as they relaxed on the lounge chairs. She would have to check their menu out later. At the moment, her primary attention was on the small port to her right, a group of boats rocking back and forth as minuscule waves beat against their hull.

"Don't get me wrong," the man beside her began, taking off his Aviator sunglasses and squinting as he gazed around at their surroundings. "I'm happy we're here, but I will never get used to that smell." Zillah was intrigued and misplaced all at the same time. It was beautiful, and the first time he's ever been to a seaside resort. But that seemed to also be the problem. In another life, he remembered only sand, the smell of water always intermingling with the scent of mud brick and sandstone. After that, he had become familiar with subtler aromas, nature mostly. But one smell he wasn't exactly fond of or used to was that of the ocean; the high levels of salt and sand intermingling in his nostrils bothered him.

"Did we not both agree to a luxury resort for our vacation?" she questioned, pulling on his arm so that they could start walking. She was looking for a boat named Marianna, which would take them to the scuba diving spot they had signed up for. After that, they had a couples massaging event to get to.

"Oh, we did," Zillah answered, grabbing her hand and pulling her near, nuzzling into her neck and inhaling her sweet perfume. "That doesn't change the fact that I hate the smell. I remind you that I did say Dubai."

"Neither of us has Dubai money," Bast laughed, pulling away as Zillah whimpered at the lack of space between them. She paused, "do you think Rahim does?"

"Oh, I know he does. I went with him to the big place where you keep your money and saw what he had."

"Well then," Bast smirked, checking again for the boat before turning to look at Zillah, "maybe you should've begged him. You know how good you are at that."

"Funny," he growled, "I don't remember ever begging you for the things I get."

“No one ever said your memory was good.” Bast leaned in and pressed a short, teasing kiss to the corner of his mouth. He moved his head in the hopes of receiving a much longer one, but she had already retreated.

“You gotta work for my kisses. They’re not free,” she grinned in a teasing manner.

“Someone’s in a teasing mood?” Zillah pointed out, his frown proving that he didn’t like it.

“I’m always in a teasing mood, baby. You’re just mad that you can’t keep up.” She turned to walk away, making sure to give him a show as she did.

“Careful, kitten,” he spoke, suddenly appearing right in front of her, none too shy about using his powers in public. Bast was only happy that no one was around to see. “Don’t play a game you can’t win.”

“Oh, Zillah,” she started, leaning towards him as she bit her bottom lip, “I always win. Whether you know it or not.” Zillah’s eyes darkened for a minute before he calmed himself. He would love to say that he was used to Bast’s constant teasing, teasing that practically rivaled his own in snark, but he wasn’t. He did appreciate her keeping him on his toes and couldn’t deny that her bratty nature was one of the things that caused him to worship her so.

Huffing in victory, Bast led the both of them down the side of the dock, checking the numerous boats nearby until she found the boat in question. It was a classic white and navy-blue deck boat with an older man looking over scuba equipment on board. He paused his actions upon noticing them.

“You the 10AM scuba couple?” he questioned.

She smiled with a nod, leaned her weight onto Zillah, “that’ll be us, sir. I’m Bast, and this is my boyfriend, Zillah.” Zillah beamed like he always did when the title left Bast’s lips. The sweetest words, even sweeter than the moans that slipped past when he was pleasuring her. Perhaps one day, those words wouldn’t cause him to smile a thousand-watt smile, but as far as he knew, that day wasn’t soon.

“Alfred, nice to meet you two,” he introduced, shaking both of their hands, “come aboard, and I’ll drive you to the spot and give you a rundown of the equipment.” Zillah’s smile disappeared as the words, his eyes going to the boat and then to Bast. Boats, cars, trains, and planes for him were all a big no. It felt unnatural, and he didn’t trust society to know what they

were doing. He's watched those who believed themselves to be gods rise and fall, their civilizations nothing when up against the test of time. The last thing he was going to do was put his trust in a metal death trap.

"Sorry, he's wary about boats," Bast told Alfred, looking back at him.

"We don't have to do this if you'd rather not." Zillah huffed, his pride telling him to get his ass on the boat but his gut telling him to turn around and do something else.

"I got you," Bast whispered. His eyes rose to meet hers, and he nodded. She reached forward and grabbed both of Zillah's hands as she coaxed him from the stable land to the rocking boat. As soon as she could, she pulled him over to a seat, sitting on his lap and hugging him, listening to his rapidly beating heart.

"Focus on me, Z. Focus on my breathing and my heart." Zillah clenched his eyes closed, letting her words wash over him. He brought her closer, placing his head to her chest as he listened to her steady beating heart, breathing in her natural musk. He did his best to ignore the revving of the engine, the rocking of the boat as it sped across the water. He focused on her, his world, right there in his arms.

"You doing better, babe?" she questioned, playing with his hair idly.

"Why do I let you talk me into these things?" he sighed.

"I don't know," she said honestly, "I suppose you just trust me."

"You're so lucky I love you, woman," he growled, "or I'd just push you off the side."

"Oh," she laughed, throwing her head back, "is that how you feel?" He remained quiet, only opening his eyes with Bast rose from his lap, Albert sighing happily. Zillah looked around, frowning deeply as he saw nothing but water and more water. He could still see the resort in the near distance, but he didn't wish to test his swimming capabilities.

The two listened to the instructor as he went over the scuba gear, and once he was done explaining how to work it, they began to get ready.

"Help me out here?" Bast asked Zillah, and he strolled over, far more interested in feeling her up, it seemed, than actually aiding. "You keep this up, and we won't make it back to land."

He sneered, "I'm all up for tossing the captain overboard and bending you over the side."

"Always the romantic," she laughed, turning to Albert when both of them finally ready. With their guide leading, the three of them went over the edge, Zillah sticking close to her side as they swam down deeper. Reef diving was something Bast didn't think she needed to check off her crazy list of things she's done. But here she was. Taking in an eyeful of the colorful plants and exotic appearing fish. All of them different shapes and sizes, colors, and markings.

She turned to find Zillah, finding him swimming with a turtle that seemed just as interested in him as he in it. Her heart swelled; it was still odd for her, experiencing things with a man like him. A man that had first come into her life uninvited and as an enemy, and now. Now the love of her life. The one man she never wished to leave her side. Her partner.

Zillah brought her back to the now, grabbing her hand in excitement as he pulled her towards a coral reef. If he had any doubts before now, she knew they were relieved.

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"I'd be damned if I let someone else touch you," he growled in her ear, a wave of heat rushing over her as Zillah followed after the woman. As promised, the woman shows them the bottles that they could use and what they all did.

"If you need anything, just ask," she tells the couple before leaving them alone. Closing the glass door behind her.

"Guess you're getting the massage. Go ahead and lay down," Zillah says, turning his back to her as he looked over the lotions, either unhappy or unfamiliar with all of them.

"How about I give you the massage? You're far tenser."

Lay down," Zillah barked, tossing her an annoyed look.

At first, Bast was serious. After that boat ride, she believed Zillah would benefit from a massage far more than she. But now, well, things have changed. She crosses her arm and, with a rebellious smirk, shook her head. Zillah was on her in seconds.

"I'd fuck you right here, right now," Zillah growls in Bast's ear, causing the heat to further crawl through her, "make it a punishment for not listening. How would you like that?"

He rubs his cock against her leg, hard and more than ready for what's undoubtedly going to happen soon. *How long has he been fighting a hard-on?* She wondered.

"I think you're not brave enough to act on anything you just said." Zillah grabs her arm and pushes her into the glass door, covering her body with his as he moves closer. Bast's breathing grew heavy as she gazed outside, spotting the few people that were nearby. At the moment, they weren't concerned with what they were doing, far more distracted with their own conversations and massages. But that could change at any minute; all it took was just a glance. No, Zillah wasn't brave enough ... right?

She bit her lip, unable to stop all the images that flashed through her mind. There was something unbelievably sexy about Zillah just dominating her right then and there when they could be caught by those walking around.

"Come on, kitten," he growls in her ear, bringing her back to their immediate surroundings, "continue talking shit so that I can prove to you just how brave I am." She hummed in thought, smirking as she met his challenging gaze.

"Try me." Zillah smirks, yanking her over to the massage table and helping her up so she was lying on her stomach. One hand tangled itself in her dark red hair, while the other retrieved his cock, pulling it free and placing it right near Bast's mouth.

"I'm going to fuck that pretty little mouth of yours either way, so either do it yourself or fucking choke on it, kitten." As if to back up his words, his hands tightened in her hair, causing her to grit her teeth in pain. "And no, I don't give a fuck if you make noise. Let them hear." Bast narrowed her eyes on his, no longer doubting that he would make good on every one of his promises. She opened her mouth, allowing him to slip his dick inside, and got to work on pleasing him, taking him deeper into her mouth and letting him fuck her mouth. She worked her tongue around his tip before sliding it along his shaft, listening to Zillah's groans.

"Fuck, you don't know what you do to me when those pretty lips are around my cock." She hummed, smirking to herself when he suddenly groaned. She wondered if anyone had noticed what they were doing, abusing the luxury of having an entire room to themselves. There might be a camera in here; she supposed the security guards watching were just getting a free show.

Her attention was solely on his dick when he abruptly leaned in, rubbing her back and kneading parts of it she didn't know needed that kind of attention. The action not only caused her to groan but also choke as his dick was pressed to the back of her throat.

"Shit," he shouted, pulling himself away from Bast, grabbing her and yanking her to her feet, "you tryna make me cum before I take that pretty little pussy of yours?"

"You shoved your dick in *my* mouth," Bast reminded, "what was that for?"

"Someone walked by and looked in," Zillah answered with a sly smirk, nodding to the glass door, "but don't act like you didn't take every inch I had to give."

"Wasn't all that much to take," Bast teased, yelping as Zillah roughly grabbed her and shoved her toward the massage table. His free hand groping her ass, massaging her cheeks roughly.

"This ass," he sighed, "is a fucking gift to the world."

"It's only for you," Bast said, still trying to wiggle out of the situation she was in, biting her lip as he slapped her right cheek.

"Is it? What would you do if I fucked you up against the glass door for the world to see? Everyone out there watching you as you just took my cock, tits, and face slammed against the glass?"

"You don't like sharing," Bast reminded him, earning a sharp nip on her shoulder.

"You're not wrong," he chuckled, "spread your legs apart, now." She did so without question this time, her need equaling his want. She was far too worked up to potentially mess this up or delay it any longer. She felt the tip of his cock press against her entrance, teasing her. He moved her panties out the way, rubbing his head up and down between her folds.

"You know one thing I love," he began, "how wet you always are for me, kitten. Practically dripping."

"Please, Zillah," she whimpered, rising up on her toes as she pressed her ass back into him, hearing him hiss. Zillah answered her pleads, pushing past her lips and into her, pausing for both of them to get adjusted.

“So, damn tight.”

“Less talking, more fucking,” she growled.

“Give me another order, and you’ll be left to yourself,” he reprimanded, and she blushed, whimpering soon after as he rammed into her. He began to pump harder, his strokes going deeper and deeper until she felt like she could feel his dick hitting her stomach.

“I’m sorry.”

“Oh, you will be,” Zillah chuckled darkly.

“Shit, shit, shit,” Bast yelped, holding in her screams, digging her fingers into the table, clinging to it for support. As he continued to ram inside of her, one of his fingers crawled up her body and grabbed onto her nipple, twisting it as another wave of pleasure racked her body.

“Shit, Zillah, someone’s coming,” she gasped, seeing the silhouettes right outside. But Zillah’s hold on her just tightened, and he pounded into her harder than before.

“I. Don’t. Care,” he said between breaths. Each time he rammed into her, he went deeper, causing her body to shake in ecstasy. She couldn’t hold her moan in any longer, releasing it, seeing the retreating shadows pause.

“Scream my name, kitten,” Zillah whispered in her ear, “let them know exactly whose dick you’re getting.” She was about to say something snarky when his hand found her throat, squeezing just enough as a warning.

“Fuck, Zillah!” she whimpered as he rammed into her again. Bringing her ass as close to his base as he shoved his cock as far as it could go. Bast fell onto the massage table as her body spasmed. At the same time, she felt Zillah’s cock twitch deep inside of her. Her legs went weak, supported by nothing but the table below her and Zillah’s strong arms that steadied her enough to let them both come.

Zillah was the first to let go, falling to the ground with a huff as Bast joined him later, tangling herself in his arms.

“We’re not going to be able to leave this place without getting some looks,” she told him, blushing.

Zillah let out a low laugh, "I don't know how many times I gotta tell you I don't care. Let them know that I just gave you a good fucking. At most, they'd be jealous. In fact," Zillah strayed off, getting to his feet and putting his clothes back on before glancing down at her with a wide smile. "I'm carrying you out of here. I don't think I'm done with you." Her eyes widened, but before she could even think about getting to her feet to run, Zillah leaned down and picked her up, carrying her bridal style.

"Zillah, you're crazy!"

"Crazy. In love. Completely here to worship you. Choose whichever you want," he placed a kiss to her forehead and then another to her nose, placing the last one on her lips. "The last thing I care about is someone's opinions when you're in my arms, so get used to it." Bast fought the blush but decided it was a losing battle. She instead closed her eyes and turned her head into his chest so that she didn't have to see the looks they would receive as Zillah opened the door. She completely got lost in him, letting his aura take over her.