

The Tuxedo : A Cabe Gallo Story

By Kate Simon

Cabe looked in the mirror and straighten his bow tie. Wearing a tuxedo was never his favorite thing, Not because he minded the clothes, he actually liked putting on a nice suit. Attention to clothing was a hold over from the precision required from his Marine uniform.

What he usually didn't care for were the events requiring the tux. Tonight it was a reception honoring his boss, Katherine Cooper. She'd been officially promoted Head of Homeland Security. He'd had Paige give Kate a lift to the party, saying he had work to finish and he'd meet her there. He wasn't lying about work, it just wasn't Homeland work. He'd gotten them a suite in the hotel where the reception was being held. He made sure the room had several bouquets of white roses and champagne chilling in the fridge he'd stocked with a few decadent treats. He nodded as he looked in the mirror. He did his best to keep in shape and his new tux did look pretty good.

His witch was always driving him to madness. Tonight, it was her turn.

Cabe entered the crowded ballroom and glanced around for Kate. Paige and the rest of the team would be there as well. Even Walter agreed to be there after being given a personal invitation/order by Kate. He laughed to himself when he remembered the expression on Walter's face. He'd half expected him to say "Yes, Mom."

"Gallo!"

Cabe turned to see Bob Packer, an agent he'd worked with before his permanent assignment to Scorpion. He extended his hand "Hey, Bob. Good to see you."

"I heard you're working with civilians."

"Independent contractors."

"Geez, who did you piss off to get stuck with that?"

"It's not so bad. It's how I met my wife."

"Holy crap, married! Boy I have been out of touch."

"That's okay, Bob. How's it going with you?"

Bob smiled and started going on about his promotion to the New York office. Cabe was barely listening while he scanned the crowd for Kate.

Kate never would have come if it hadn't been for Katherine. She'd been a great boss and better friend. She owed it to her, protecting the team from the wrath of Molina, until the former director had taken a job in the private sector. She had wanted to spend more time with her children. Everyone had been stunned at the news that a career shark like Molina was married with two school age children.

The team was standing together with a collective look of panic. "You need to go mingle," said Kate.

"We're fine," said Walter.

"Guys, you are the most accomplished people in this room. You've saved the world from nuclear disaster, you can handle a room full of government employees."

"You're all here," said Katherine. "That's so nice."

"We all wanted to congratulate you on your promotion," said Paige.

"Thank you. My work with all of you made me look good to the powers that be." Katherine glanced around the room. "Is Cabe with you?"

"He said he'd meet us here."

Katherine pointed toward the door. "Oh there he is." She paused. "Wow," she whispered.

Kate's mouth dropped. Cabe looked amazing in a perfect tuxedo that highlighted his broad shoulders and trim waist. Katherine's tugging on her arm was the only thing that brought her back in focus.

"If you want to leave early, you have my blessings."

Kate smiled. "You're a good friend, Katherine."

Cabe was trying to get away from Packer who had not lost his gift of gab.

"Hey Cabe, that hot redhead is checking you out."

"Where?"

"Ten feet to the right of the bar, standing next to Cooper. Damn, look at those legs."

Cabe smiled. She looked amazing. Her dress was a dark emerald green with a deep neckline and a teasing slit up the skirt. It was elegant and sexy just like the woman herself. She started walking toward him.

"Holy crap, dude. She's coming over here."

"It appears so."

"Didn't you just tell me you're married?"

"I did."

Kate stood in front of him and looked him up and down. "Wow," she whispered.

"Wow, yourself," he smiled.

She gave him a soft, intimate kiss, tracing her tongue along his lips before breaking contact.

Cabe realized Packer was standing there looking like a wide mouth bass. "Bob, I'd like you to meet my wife, Kate."

"Your wife?" He shook off his surprise and extended his hand. "Bob Packer, Homeland. I worked with your husband back in the day."

"It's nice to meet you," said Kate.

"So how did you meet this guy?"

"On assignment."

"You're an agent?"

"She is," growled Cabe. Bob was getting a bit too familiar.

"Most people knew me by my maiden name, Riley."

"Wait, Kate Riley? The Ghost?"

Kate smiled.

"Holy crap, Gallo. You married a legend."

Cabe slipped a hand around her waist. "If you'll excuse us I promised my wife a dance." He pulled her on to the dance floor and started to move to the slow music. He smiled as she rubbed her hand over his shoulder.

"You had this made, didn't you?" she asked.

"Do you like it?"

"Oh yes." She rubbed her hand over his shoulder and down his arm. "Damn, you look good. I may have to fight off a few Jessicas tonight."

Cabe smiled at the memory of Kate taking down the handsy Jessica at the hospital gala. He held her close as she laid her head on his shoulder.

"Umm, you're wearing that cologne I love. A custom tux, my favorite cologne,

looking like every woman's James Bond fantasy. Are you trying to seduce me, Mr. Gallo?"

"Is it working?" he asked.

"God yes," she sighed.

The music stopped and Kate backed away, trying to head back to where she left the team. He grabbed her hand and pulled her back in his arms. He started leading her through another slow dance.

"Ummm. Two dances in a row. What mischief are you up to, Gallo?"

He placed a soft kiss on her lips and whispered, "Maybe I just want to keep my best girl in my arms a little longer. Or maybe what I want most is to be inside you."

Kate gasped, not at the words but at the power. It was in his eyes, his voice, his body. He was pure male energy. All she could do was nod.

As the music ended he leaned in and whispered in her ear. "I have plans for you, witch." Then, in front of all their colleagues, tilted her face up to give her a deep kiss.

Cabe looked into her eyes and saw a look of complete surrender. "Not quite, witch," he thought and led her back to the team. "Hi guys."

"Hey, boss," said Happy. "Nice suit." Happy was actually wearing a cocktail dress, a wrapped black number that displayed her small frame to its best advantage.

"Thanks kid. You look very pretty tonight." He was surprised when she blushed.

"Are you having a good time?" Kate asked in a noticeably shaky voice.

"It's a very nice party," said Paige looking lovely in a simple, long sleeved midnight blue dress.

Cabe noticed Walter looking uncomfortable in a rented tux as he stared at Paige. He drilled Walter with a look and then nodded at the dance floor.

Walter nodded and stood. He extended his hand to Paige. "May I have this dance?"

Paige looked stunned and delighted. "I'd love to."

Katherine extended her hand to Sylvester. "May I have this dance?"

"Oh, Oh, I don't..."

"It's my party and I'm your boss."

Sly stood and took her hand. "I'd love to."

Toby leaned in to Happy. "How about it, sweetie pie?"

Happy shook her head and took his hand. "Smooth."

Cabe looked at Kate and smiled. He knew the look. She was ready to jump out of her dress. "Not yet, witch," he thought. "Would you like a drink?" he asked.

She leaned in and said "Katherine gave me her blessing to leave the party early."

"Oh, we can't go yet," he smiled. "We just got here." He wanted to laugh at the stunned look on her face. He decided to stoke the fire. He made sure no one was close to them. He leaned in close and whispered, "I'm going to have you begging before the night is over." He nipped at her ear before getting up to go to the bar. He realized he couldn't drag this out too long. He was torturing himself right along with her.

Kate couldn't believe what Cabe was doing. It was making her crazy, but that was obviously his goal. He looked so damn good in that tux. Whatever tailor he used was a genius. She couldn't take her eyes off him.

Cabe returned with a glass of wine for her and a club soda for himself. He would have a clear head tonight. She took the glass from him and took a sip. He saw the glass shake a bit in her hand. He'd put her off balance. Not an easy thing to do. He smiled as he took a sip of his drink and thought "This is gonna be good."

"Well if it isn't Kate Riley."

Kate glanced at the sound of the voice and looked back at him. "Crap," she muttered.

"It's been what, five years?" Cabe looked over to see a severe looking brunette woman, all sharp angles and zero body fat.

"Hello Cassandra. And it's seven years." She turned to Cabe. "This is Cassandra Pope. We worked together in communications for a while. Cassandra, this is Agent Cabe Gallo."

The woman gave him a smile that reminded him of an alligator about to capture prey. "Yes. I was the department supervisor and Kate here was our resident computer geek."

Cabe hated her already.

"What is this I heard about you being The Ghost? I told Arnold Schwartz, you remember Arnold," She asked without taking a breath. "I told him he was crazy. Mouse yes, Ghost no."

Cabe saw the look. The one that said she'd had enough of this woman's shit.

"Cassandra I spent a lot of my career undercover, with foreign nationals, businesses." She paused and looked the woman in the eyes. "Departments. I spent a lot of time digging up all sorts of things."

He saw the woman flinch. "You deserve it, bitch," he thought.

"I heard you retired. I guess that's to be expected when you get to a certain age."

Yup, he definitely hated her.

"I still consult from time to time. We work with Scorpion."

Flinched again. Scorpion's reputation in the department had grown from the pain in the ass attitude of Merrick, to the indispensable asset of Cooper. Apparently, even she knew that. Damn this was getting good.

Knowing she'd was in too deep with Kate she turned her attention on Cabe. "You work with Scorpion?"

"Yes I do."

"It's so nice of you to take a colleague to an event." She moved her hand to Cabe's shoulder.

Kate reached up and snatch her hand away. "He's not my escort, Cassandra. He's my husband." She leaned in so she wouldn't be heard anyone by standing near them. "You now have two choices. You can back the hell off or I can give you the butt kicking you've so richly deserved for so many years."

Cassandra blanched and turned on her heel and retreated. Kate smiled. "Good choice."

Kate smiled but he now had a problem. She was in a 'guarding what's hers' frame of mind. As hot as he found it, this was not what he had in mind for tonight. He stared at her with a calm expression. He waited until she looked away, uncomfortable in his gaze. He spoke to her quietly in a low, particularly graveled voice. "Well done. You were defending what's yours." He kissed her cheek. "I will have to make sure you are properly rewarded for your efforts."

It was Interrogation 101. Maybe it wasn't fair, but it would be worth it, for both of them.

Kate was going a wonderful kind of mad. She didn't know what had gotten into him. He was never this dominating, but she liked it. He was talking to another man she didn't recognize but he kept glancing over at her. It was like he was reading her mind. She felt naked in front of everyone.

Cabe saw how flushed she was. He knew she was more than ready to go upstairs, but he wasn't just yet. He walked over to her and took the glass from her hand and, without asking, led her back to the dance floor. He took her in his arms and he could feel her heart pounding.

"Cabe," she whispered.

"Shhh. Hush now. I want you to move with me. Feel the rhythm. Move your body against mine."

He heard her gasp.

He whispered in her ear, "By the time I'm done, you will do anything to have me inside you."

She looked into his eyes. "Please."

It was all she needed to say. He led her out of the ballroom and directed her the elevators. As they rode up to their room, she was quiet, watching him.

He stared into her eyes. Seeing her desperation, he added to it. "You're all mine," he said. "I'm going to have you every way I want, for as long as I want."

Cabe smiled. He thought she so flushed she might climax before he even touched her. But he was pushing his own self control to the limit. He took her hand and led her down the hallway. He swiped the key card and opened the door. He walked in the room and tossed the card on a table. He walked to the fridge and pulled out the bottle of champagne. Kate was still standing quietly, watching. He popped the cork and poured two glasses. He looked at her and smiled.

"Strip." he said.

He sipped the champagne as he watched her slip out of her dress, letting it pool at her feet. She'd worn dark green lingerie to go with the dress. He took another sip. "All of it."

She complied and was soon standing naked, still not moving. He walked toward



her and handed her a champagne flute. "Drink."

She sipped at the wine and looked at him. He took the glass from her and set them on the nightstand. He stood in front of her, still fully dressed in his tux, while she was completely naked. His intent had been to drive her mad the way she did to him. But he had the thought that he'd lost the thread of his plan and was acting on instinct.

He brushed his fingers up and down her warm skin. He walked around her running his hands down her back to her ass. She tilted her head back and closed her eyes. She gave a soft moan as he reached between her legs. She wasn't just ready, she was on fire.

He walked around and took her face in his hands. "Keep your eyes open. Look at me. I want to see your eyes when you scream for me." He pulled her to him for a deep kiss, finally taking possession of her. He looked into her eyes and felt a primal instinct. "You're mine," he said. She nodded.

"Say it."

"I'm yours."

He kissed her again, not caring how rough the kiss was. "On the bed."

She moved to the bed and sat up against the pillows, watching him. He began to slowly undress, watching her breathing get heavier with each piece of clothing he removed. He stood over her, naked and aching to have her, but he held on to his control. He smiled as he moved toward the bathroom door and opened it. There were two terry robes hanging on the door. He took the belts of each and walked back to the bed. She gasped, knowing what he was going to do. He grabbed her ankles and pulled her down until she was laying flat. She raised her hands above her head without being told.

He smiled. "Very good," he whispered as he secured her hands to the headboard. He covered her with his body. Kissed her. She responded with a kiss of pure heat. He moved to her neck, kissing and nipping. He bit at her shoulder hard enough to make her moan. He slid further down, worshipping her breasts, licking, tasting, sucking. He looked up to see her eyes open and tearing.

"Oh God, Cabe," she moaned.

"Hush. Patience, witch."

He slid further down her body kiss and tasting his way down her legs, stroking. He opened her to him, kissing and nipping at her thighs. She arched up, moaning. He blew

hot breath over her skin. He touched her. Slipped a finger inside her, drawing a guttural moan from her. He stroked and licked. He felt her muscles tense, knowing she was close. He withdrew from her and watched her face. It was a mix of frustration and desire. She was ready. He just needed to hear it.

"Oh God, Cabe please," she pleaded.

"What do you want?"

"I need you, please."

"What do you want?"

"I need you inside me, please Cabe. Now, please. I'm begging you. Finish me. I can't take it. I'm begging you. Please."

He took her in one hard thrust. She screamed his name. He pulled her legs around his waist and rode her hard. He slipped his hand between them and cupped his hand over her, pressing, rubbing.

When she exploded around him it was like being caught inside fireworks. Her muscles convulsed around him as she cried out. He lost all control and took her harder than he ever had, finally screaming her name.

She looked at him and smiled. "Wow."

"It was a start," he said with a wicked grin.

"A start?" she gasped.

"I booked it for the weekend."

"I don't have any clothes."

"You won't need them."

Kate felt a soft kiss on her lips, then her neck. She woke from a deep sleep to find Cabe smiling above her. He was wearing a hotel robe, belt restored to its intended place. He looked like he'd already showered and shaved.

"Good morning sleepy head," he said.

"Good morning."

She didn't know what had gotten into Cabe. Last night her brain had been too fogged by mind altering sex to question him. She needed to know what was going on.

He reached for her hand and pulled her to her feet. He gave her a soft kiss and a

smile. "There's a supply of toiletries in the bathroom."

She smiled and went into the bathroom. Taking care of what she needed showed her just how sore she was from the night before. She smiled. There was a bruise where Cabe had bitten her shoulder. She touched it and the sensation reminded her of the night before.

Kate walked out of the bathroom to see Cabe making coffee. "I've ordered breakfast. He took her by the hand and gave her a kiss. You must be sore from last night."

"A little,"

"Too much?" he asked.

She smiled and shook her head no.

"Good." He took her hand and led her back into the bathroom. He walked to the giant whirlpool tub and turned on the water. He grabbed some bathsalts and poured them into tub. "I want you to get in and relax."

"Cabe, I.."

"Hush. We can talk over breakfast." He took her hand and helped her into the tub. She sank below the water and let the heat seep into her joints. Instead of leaving her to soak he reached for a large, soft sponge. He put some soft soap on the sponge and told her to lean forward. Cabe began washing her back, moving the sponge slowly and down her body. He leaned her back against the ceramic and continued his attention to every part of her body. She closed her eyes and remembered the last he'd done this, after the UN incident. It wasn't a sexual act, it was an act of tenderness. Cabe carefully washed and rinsed her hair, then wrapped the thick bathsheets around her. He was running a wide tooth comb through her hair when there was a knock at the door.

"That's breakfast," he said. He handed her the comb before he tilted her face to his for a kiss.

After he closed the door behind him she looked in the mirror and wondered again what the hell was going on.

Cabe had laid out the breakfast on the small table. After last night he was starving. Kate walked out of the wrapped in the thick terry robe. He held out her chair and place a quick kiss on her cheek. "What can I get you?"

"Answers."

He knew this was coming. Kate had been uncharacteristically quiet since last night and wondered if he'd taken his plan too far. He smiled and crouched near her chair so he could look into her eyes. He spoke to her as himself, not the dominating character he'd been playing. "Kate, being with you has been the most exciting, sensual, erotic experience of my life." He cupped her cheek in his hand and whispered. "You drive me to madness, witch." He gave her a gentle kiss. "I wanted to do the same for you."

Kate smiled. "Mission accomplished."

"Was it too much?"

"No," she smiled. She leaned in for another kiss. "I trust you completely."

Kate smiled as she watched Cabe wolf down enough breakfast for two. She tasted her eggs while he devoured an omelet. She picked at her fruit bowl as he took his fourth piece of bacon. Or was it his fifth? She felt herself grow warm just watching him. He was so completely male, strong, powerful, protective. And he had blue eyes to die for.

Cabe noticed she's barely touched her food while he'd cleaned his plate, twice. "You're not eating."

"I ate, just not as much as you."

"I need fuel, sweetheart." He stood and put the empty plates on the food service cart. "I saw they had that spice tea you like. It should still be hot."

"Excellent," she smiled as he poured her a mug. "Ah," she sighed, "Perfect."

He watched as she enjoyed her tea, smiling, eyes closed. He remember last night when she had the same expression. He laughed. Hopefully he was a bit better than a hot mug of tea.

She ran her fingers through her nearly dry hair. She'd recently let it get long enough to reach below her shoulders. He loved it. She glanced at her reflection in the mirror over

the dresser.

"I should have brushed this out. I look like an escapee from an '80's Hair Band."

Cabe stood and took her by the hand, pulling her to her feet. He plunged his hand into her hair, inhaling the lavender shampoo. He knew exactly what she looked like. He kissed her deeply, tasting the spice still on her tongue.

"You look beautiful," he whispered. He led her to the bed and sat her at the foot. He walked to the closet and pulled out a case containing paints and brushes. He knew she was dying to ask but she remained still. He opened the bag and showed her jars of paint and brushes. None were from his studio. Everything in the bag was brand new. He sat next to her.

"I've spent a great deal of time put you on canvas." He gave her a deep kiss. "Now you'll be the canvas. These are body paints. They dry fast and they wash off."

She brushed his face with her hand and kissed him. "Where do you want me?"

He pulled the comforter down. "Lay down."

Kate slipped out of her robe and laid on the cool sheets. She watched as he looked at her the same way he looked at a blank canvas in his studio. She closed her eyes and drifted on the sensations, the tip of a pen, the bristles of a brush, the coolness of the paint. Slowly she became aware of warm breath on her skin.

"Don't open your eyes," said Cabe. "Roll over."

She did as instructed and got comfortable in the thick pillows. She drifted again, lost in the moment.

Cabe concentrated on his vision. One night he'd been flipping channels and stopped at a show where artists painted on nude bodies. The instant he saw it he knew what he would paint on her. He couldn't stop until his vision was complete. Sometimes it happened like this. An image would come to him and he wouldn't stop until it was finished. They always turned out to be his best work. Finally he set down his brush.

He whispered in her ear. "Wake up, sleephead."

Kate's eyes fluttered open. "Did I fall asleep?"

He laughed. "You were down for the count. You've been asleep for the better part of four hours."

"What?"

Cabe took her hand and helped her stand. He reached his hands into her hair and flared it out, pulling some forward. "There's only one thing missing." He pulled her in for a crushing kiss, deep and passionate. He looked at her and whispered, "Perfect."

He led Kate to the trifold mirror in the bathroom. When she saw her reflection she gasped. Her feet and legs were covered in leafy vines and roses. They thinned out as they climbed up past her hips, spreading out over her stomach moving up over her breasts reaching toward her shoulder, joining with her tattoo. She turned and saw the vines reached around to back covering her bottom and running up her back. Her wild hair, her kiss swollen lips, she looked half forest, half woman. He had turned her into a mythical creature, the Irish witch.

"Oh my God, Cabe."

"You're magnificent, powerful," he whispered.

He remembered the moment later, the look in her eyes. The look that said she finally accepted how he saw her. She stood in front of him, her eyes glistening. Kate moved first, taking his face in her hands, kissing him with a fevered passion. She took him by the hand and walked back into the bedroom. She looked around the dresser until she found his phone. She hit a button and handed back to him. He looked down to see she'd activated the camera.

"Are you sure?" he asked.

"You've made me your masterpiece. Simply washing this down a drain would be criminal."

Cabe smiled, constantly amazed at her courage. He looked at her through the camera and saw his witch made real. Taunting, teasing, able to drive him to madness. When he'd captured her from every angle she moved to the bed and laid down. She reached her hands up over head, like she was last night. The image was simultaneously seduction and surrender.

He set the phone on the nightstand and slipped off his robe. His kiss was tender and loving. He would relive this time for the rest of his days. She'd given him everything he'd asked of her and more.

It had been a hell of a forty eight hours. Cabe looked over at his sleeping wife. While most of the body paint had stayed where he put it, movement and sweat had turned a good portion of the sheets green. He'd have to tell the management to put them on his bill.

He checked his phone for any urgent messages and found none. All he found was a text from Toby that read "Go get her biker boy" with several thumbs up and winking emoticons. He'd get him for that later. The team knew he'd planned on taking Kate away for the weekend. He'd left specific instructions that neither of them were to be contacted this weekend unless someone was dying, and even then, only if it was Ralph or the girls.

Cabe brushed a strand of hair away from her face. She looked so beautiful and it had nothing to do with the vines and flowers he'd painted on her body. The depth of his love for her was glorious and frightening. He was convinced that was the reason his art had elevated from hobby to passion.

He leaned over and placed a kiss on her neck. He'd not intended to wake her, but one kiss became two, three. A nip at her neck, tracing the edge of her ear with his tongue and she stirred.

"Umm, that's my kind of alarm clock," she said.

"Good morning, " he said as he placed a kiss on her lips. "How are you?"

"Oh, I'm real good Gallo but I'm starving."

"Breakfast will be here in thirty minutes."

"Perfect." Kate looked down at Cabe's artwork. "As much as I hate to say it, I think it's time for a shower."

Cabe got out of bed and took her by the hand, leading her to the bathroom. He turned on the shower making sure the water wasn't too hot. He walked into the shower and pulled her in with him. Just like the bath last night, he soaped and sponged her body of paint. After washing and rinsing her hair he started soaping himself. Kate grabbed the sponge and ran it up and down his back. He closed his eyes and enjoyed the mixed sensations on water spraying on his body and her gentle strokes on his skin. He turned and she began stoking his chest, his arms, moving lower. Before they could take anything

further, they heard the knock at the door.

"Damn. Breakfast," said Cabe

"You rinse off and I'll get the door.

Kate wrapped a towel around her hair and threw on her terry robe. Cabe rinsed off the rest of the soap quickly and put on his robe. He walked out to find a thirty something man wearing a red vest over a crisp white shirt and black slacks.

"If there is anything I can do for you," The waiter smiled and Cabe caught the man's appraising look. "Anything at all, please don't hesitate to call. Ask for Johnny."

"Okay Romeo, we can take it from here," Cabe said as he closed the door in his face.

"Cabe, was that necessary?"

"I'm hungry. Let's eat."

Cabe watched as Kate ate her omlet and polished off several pieces of toast. He smiled. They had burned a lot of calories last night. Kate poured herself some tea and he caught a glimpse of her cleavage. He sure the waiter had too.

"He was hitting on you," he said.

"What?"

"The waiter. He was hitting on you."

"Don't be ridiculous. I'm old enough to be his mother. He was just fishing for a big tip, which I assume now he will not get." Kate stood and walked over to Cabe. She gave him a quick kiss. "But thank you for thinking it."

In one quick move Cabe turned Kate around and pulled her into his lap. "I saw the look in his eye. He wanted you." She started to protest when he silenced her with a deep kiss. When he pulled back she smiled.

"What were we talking about?"

"Nothing important." He kissed her again. He was growing hard against her ass. Before he totally lost his train of thought he had one more thing to do. He nipped at her lower lip as he said, "I think it's time for your present." Her eyes brightened like a kid at Christmas.

"Oh, presents! I love presents. Whatcha get me?"



He reached into the pocket of his robe and pulled out a small ring box. Kate stilled as he opened the box. It was a wide eternity band with three rows of stones, diamond on top and bottom with a row of emeralds in the center.

"Oh my God, Cabe. It's beautiful."

"Before you put it on, look inside."

Kate saw the writing. "Sei mio?"

He kissed her and slipped it on her right hand. "It means 'you're mine'." He kissed her again, before she could react, deep and possessive. He looked into her eyes and knew it was time for the confession. "When I see men looking at you, like that waiter did, I get a little crazy." He laughed. "Hell, I get a lot crazy." He tucked her wet hair behind her ear. "I'm an old school Italian man." Kate smiled and nodded. "Katie girl, you're everything to me. You're my heart, my joy, my reason for everything. You need to know I will never let anything," he nodded toward the door. "Or anyone get between us." He leaned in close and whispered, "Sei mio," He kissed her again, "Sei il mio amore."

"I'm yours," she whispered. "Forever yours."

He lost what civilized control he had and took her quickly to bed. He threw off his robe and opened hers. He kissed her neck, her shoulders, her breasts." My God, you're so beautiful. Your body drives me to madness. I will never stop wanting you," he said...in perfect Italian.

Kate pushed him up and he saw the startled look on her face. "You speak Italian?"

"You've heard me before."

"A phrase, a word here and there, that's all."

"I was raised by Italian born grandparents in an Italian neighborhood. Of course I speak it." He returned his attention to her breasts, mixing kisses and licks.

She lifted his chin to make him look at her. "It's hot."

He smiled. "Oh yeah?"

"Do it again."

Cabe whispered in her ear. "I love you, my girl. You're mine. I need you, I want you, I love you." She moaned in response at the words she didn't understand. Or, just maybe she finally did.