

PRIVATE DANCER

A Sergei and Bianca Short Story

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“Are you sure you don’t want to come with me tonight?” Bianca called out from the bathroom of their hotel suite. “The dinner won’t be anything special, but the bachelorette expo after is supposed to be wild.”

“Pass,” he called back, not glancing up from his industrial design textbook.

“You afraid they’ll mistake you for one of the dancers?” she teased.

He snorted. “I’m more afraid some drunk woman is going to slip a dollar in my pants, and you’re going to take off your earrings and start swinging.”

“I have never in my life!”

His laughter rumbled through the hotel room. It wasn’t hard to imagine the indignant scowl on her face at the very mention of her acting anything less than ladylike.

“Are you going to watch the fight while I’m gone?” Bianca looked incredible as she left the bathroom wearing only one of his button-up shirts. She had transitioned her more modest daytime makeup for a glam evening look with that rich berry pink lipstick that drove him wild. She had dusted her eyelids with something shimmery and switched out her simpler jewelry for big, gold hoops that brought back torrid memories of the last time she had worn them.

“Yes.” He didn’t care about watching the MMA fight anymore. He was more interested in what, exactly, she had on under that shirt. Bianca wasn’t in the habit of wearing pantyhose, but he could see the glossy black sheen on her legs. “Are you wearing stockings?”

“Maybe,” she coyly remarked.

“Maybe?” Well, now he *really* had to find out what was happening under that shirt.

“Don’t you dare!” She wagged a warning finger in his direction as he started to stand. “You stay on that couch.”

“What? Why?” They shared the playful, knowing glance of a married couple. “Are you worried I’m going to hook my finger in one of those gold hoops and use it to make you hold still while I—.”

“Stop!” She pointed at him and narrowed her eyes. “You are not going to derail me with your filthy promises. I’m walking out that door in ten minutes.”

“I can work with ten minutes.”

“No.” She laughed and waved him off, but he could tell by the bright gleam in her eyes that she was interested. More than interested. She wanted what he was offering, but she was going to make them both wait for it.

The swing of her hips enthralled him. She crossed the hotel room to the sitting area where he had spread out his textbook and laptop. He wasn't quite sure what she was going to do, but he was going to happily accept whatever she gave.

She planted her hands on his shoulders and leaned down to capture his mouth in the sort of kiss that was both teasing and erotic. She tasted of mint, and the perfume she loved swirled around him, soaking into his senses. He slipped his fingers into her hair, losing them in the bouncy curls.

He gripped her waist, pulling her in closer, but she resisted. She smiled against his mouth, her lips curving as he tried to deepen their kiss. She let him have what he wanted, pressing him back against the couch with one hand while the other trailed down his chest.

“Let me see what's under this shirt,” he practically begged.

“Later,” she murmured and then made his heart stop when she sucked hard on his lower lip. Her hand cupped his semi-hard cock through his jeans, and he bit back a groan as her tongue flicked against his.

“You're killing me.” He had to muster every ounce of willpower not to grab her right up off the ground and toss her onto the bed.

“You'll survive.” She gave his cock a playful squeeze and passionately kissed him. Drawing back, she kept a firm hold on his package and gazed down into his eyes. “I'll be back before midnight.”

“If you're not through that door at 12:01, I'm going to hunt you down, Cinderella.”

“Don't threaten me with a good time.”

Dick throbbing and heart racing, he watched her return to the bathroom with her dress dangling from her finger. He readjusted his boxer-briefs and blew out a noisy breath. His gaze fell on his textbook. There was no way he was getting any more studying done, and he started to pack up his school things.

“Call me if there are any problems with the kids,” Bianca said as she swept into the main part of their suite and grabbed her evening clutch from the dresser.

“Don't worry about the kids,” he urged, desperate for her to get away for the night and have fun.

“It's hard,” she said, shooting him a sad look. “I feel guilty that we left them in Houston and ran away to Dallas for three nights at a bridal convention.”

“There's nothing to feel guilty about, baby.” Her love for their children matched his, and they were both very involved with the twins. “We read them two books over FaceTime and sang

their favorite bedtime song three times. They have Mom and Vladimir and Reagan. Your mom is there in the mornings. They're safe and surrounded by people who love them."

"I know."

"We're allowed to have a life outside of parenthood," he gently reminded her. "You've worked so hard to build and expand the business. You're the number one bridal salon in Houston. You've earned a few nights of vacation, Bianca."

Her worried expression softened. She smiled and crooked her finger, beckoning him closer. He was on his feet in a heartbeat and closing the distance between them in fast, long strides. He drew her in with an arm looped around her curvy waist and kissed her tenderly.

"Thank you," she whispered, leaning into his embrace.

"For what?"

"Talking sense into me." She lifted up on her tiptoes, seeking another kiss that he happily supplied. "I'll be right downstairs in the main ballroom if you need anything."

"Okay."

"And try not to get too excited watching the fights," she suggested with a gentle pat on his chest. "If you start bellowing like a bear and swearing in Russian—."

"I won't," he promised.

She eyed him skeptically. "All right."

He walked her to the door of their suite and managed to sneak in one more kiss before giving her a playful ass pat and sending her on her way. Alone in the room, he felt suddenly uncomfortable. Since having the twins, there never seemed to be any time for either of them to be alone with their thoughts. There was always something that needed to be handled and an ever-growing to-do list growing in his mind.

But there were no sticky hands to be cleaned and no boo-boos to be kissed. There were no missing shoes to track down or diaper bags to pack. There were no bubble bath puddles to mop up or tiny, tight tangles to gently comb. There were no naked toddlers streaking across the bedroom, squealing and laughing as he tried to catch one or both so Bianca could slather them with moisturizer before they were zipped into their pajamas and tucked in for the night.

It was silent and still—and he missed all the noise. God help him, but he did. He had been looking forward to this getaway with Bianca for weeks, but he would be a lying bastard if he said he didn't miss his kids more than anything.

Feeling less than enthusiastic about the fights, he grabbed the room service menu and placed an order for dinner. Knowing Bianca would probably skip dessert, he made sure to add a brownie for her late-night indulgence. He wavered and added a second for himself. He was definitely going to be eating his feelings tonight.

Kicked back on the couch, he purchased the fight via the hotel's pay-per-view service and cracked open a beer from the in-room bar. The first fight had finished by the time his dinner arrived, and he enjoyed his steak as the second fight started. His phone dinged and vibrated nonstop. Ivan was blowing up the gym's group chat, and Sergei didn't envy Erin trying to calm him down as he got more agitated by the terrible choices the defending champion was making inside the ring.

Let down by the fight's outcome, Sergei pushed the room service cart back out into the hallway to be picked up by staff and decided to shower. He found all of Bianca's toiletries spread out across the bathroom counter. Carefully, he tidied up her things the same way he often did at home. There was a domestic familiarity about it that he found comforting.

Once that first blast of hot water hit him, Sergei's thoughts turned back to his wife's flirty smile as she left their hotel room. So far, their two nights at the hotel had been more than satisfying. Without the pressures of parenthood and running a household and juggling their careers, they were able to have the sort of slow, loud and utterly decadent sex that seemed impossible back home. She had even woken him up with one of her out of this world blowjobs that morning. The ones that left him panting and trembling and half-dead after she sucked his soul right out of him.

He owed her for that and intended to invite her to sit right on his face as soon as she walked through that door. Bianca would act scandalized and refuse at first, but once he started whispering all the dirty things he wanted to do with his tongue, she would straddle his shoulders and wiggle right into place. And then they could really make some noise together...

He was walking across the hotel bedroom with only a towel around his waist when heard the hotel room lock beep. He glanced at the clock next to the bed. She was more than an hour early. Concerned, he left the bedroom and stepped into the sitting area of the suite. "Everything okay?"

"No." Bianca had a strange expression on her face. It seemed like a mix of excitement and nervousness.

"What happened? What's wrong?" He strode toward her, worried something had happened to her.

"Nothing," she said and placed her hands on his bare chest. "Nothing like that."

"Okay?" He peered down at her, trying to figure out what was happening.

"I was sitting there, watching all these other men dance, and I realized what a dummy I was to waste time on that when I have *this* waiting for me." She spread her hands across his chest, leaving a searing trail everywhere she touched. "And then I remembered a playful promise we made once."

"Oh?" His brain was feeling suddenly fuzzy as she drew lazy shapes on his lower belly.

"About me dancing for you."

His gaze snapped to her beautiful face. Her dark eyes sparked mischievously. He swallowed hard. "I remember."

"I bet you do," she murmured and gave him a little push. "Sit."

"Where?" All the blood had left his brain and settled straight between his legs. Was this really happening? Was Bianca going to dance for him? Strip for him?

"Couch," she said, her voice filled with confidence. The nervousness had fled her face, but the excitement remained. "It won't be perfect, Sergei. Not like the girls who dance at—."

"I'm not interested in those girls. You're perfect, Bianca, and you're mine." He sat on the couch and leaned back, spreading his legs and getting comfortable. His erection had already escaped the front of the towel so he unfastened it, letting her see just how enthusiastic he was. "Dance for me, baby."

For a split-second, when she produced her phone from her clutch, he thought she was going to record the dance. Then, of course, he remembered who he was married to and that was a step too far for Bianca. Getting her to dance for him had taken three years. It would be another three at least before he convinced her to let him make a recording of the two of them together in bed.

She propped the phone up on the entertainment center. A moment later, the voice of Tina Turner filled the room. He grinned as she turned toward him, slowly swinging her hips. He sensed that anxiety had returned, and he was so fucking proud of her for pushing through her nervousness. "That's it, *milaya*."

Bianca smiled, still swaying, and began to lower the zipper hidden along the side of her dress. It was one of those tight, curve-hugging numbers that emphasized her incredible, full figure. Slowly, the dress was peeled away as she danced. It fell to the floor and revealed lingerie he had never seen.

"Holy fuck," he groaned, his mouth suddenly dry. He didn't know where to look first. There was lace and silk and so much skin. Her breasts were spilling over the top of the bra, and his fingers itched to palm them, squeeze them. His gaze moved lower, and he nearly choked when she turned away and showed her bare ass with only a skinny strip of lace between her cheeks. "Bianca."

"Yes?" She danced a little closer, this time coming so near he could put his hands on her if he wanted.

"Can I touch you?"

"Depends on how much money you have in your wallet."

"No pockets," he said, his gaze glued to her big, spankable ass while she bent at the waist and showed him everything.

"Then I guess you better keep them to yourself."

He bit back a growl but did as she instructed. She danced erotically, dipping down and letting her bottom brush along his cock. His fingers curled into fists at his side, and he prayed he could keep it together a little longer. He was enjoying the dance, but he would enjoy having her thighs squeezing his ears even more.

“You’re incredible, baby.” He couldn’t get over the way she moved in those heels. She was the sexiest thing he had ever seen, and he was reminded yet again that he had hit the jackpot with her. “Bianca,” he pleaded. “Please.”

“Please what?” She didn’t even pause the lap dance, grinding on him with more pressure. Beneath the perfume, he could smell the spicy musk of her arousal. She was enjoying this as much as he was.

“Let me touch you.”

“Just touch?” She asked, swirling her hips in a way that made him buck up against her.

“Touch you. Kiss you. Lick you. Fuck you.” He groaned as his cock slid between her thighs, getting so close to where he really wanted to be. “I’ll give you whatever you want, *milaya*.”

She stepped away from him, breaking contact and leaving him panting. When she turned, she had a playful smile on her face. “Okay.”

That was all he needed to hear. He flew off the couch and captured her before she could escape. He used his brute strength to heft his wife right up into his arms, carrying her through the suite like an excited bridegroom. He put her down at the side of the bed and silenced her excited laughter with a punishing kiss. She clutched at his waist, her sharp nails scratching at his skin, setting him on fire.

Desperate for a taste of her, he roughly spun her around and shoved her face down against the bed. She cried out in shock but didn’t try to move as he positioned her the way he wanted. He manhandled her legs onto the bed, canting up her hips as she shifted her weight to her knees. He gripped the strip of lace guarding her pussy and yanked it down, dragging the G-string out of the way.

“Sergei!”

He sank down to his knees, grabbed her hips, and dove right in, licking a wet stripe through her labia. She screamed, and he laughed darkly against her slick folds. He knew her body as well as he did his own and wasted no time finding the little pearl hidden away there. She squealed as he suckled her clit, drawing on it with strong pulls, and then fluttered his tongue along it. She tried to escape him, but he was so much stronger. He gripped her hips even tighter and refused to let her move.

Every time she cried out his name, he flicked his tongue slower, drawing out her journey to climax in a way that he knew drove her crazy. She begged him to let her come, to give her a

little more pressure, a little more speed, but he ignored her pleas. He wanted what he wanted, and she was going to have to wait.

He mapped her sex with his tongue, gliding and sucking until she was making a complete mess of his face. Only then did he return to her clit, fluttering his tongue over it the way she loved most. He gripped her hips even tighter, probably enough to bruise, and went wild on her. She screamed, a long litany of unintelligible moans and wails filling the room as she came.

He let her come down slowly, rubbing her back and thighs as she shuddered and whimpered atop the bed. He unclasped and unhooked her lingerie, peeling each layer off her body until she was completely naked. She shimmied away from him, moving toward the center of the bed, and he crawled toward her and over her.

When he kissed her, she wrapped her thighs around his waist and scratched her long nails through his hair and along his scalp. He shivered at the sensation and groaned against her lips. "I love you," he murmured in between erotic kisses. "I love you so much, Bianca."

She stroked the back of his head and dragged her thumb along his cheek and jaw. "I love you, Sergei."

He pressed his forehead to hers as he shifted between her legs, lining up his cock and carefully thrusting into her. She was so slick that he glided right in, barely having to hold back at all. He was big, and even after all the times together, she sometimes struggled to take all of him. Tonight, she made it clear she wanted to feel it all. Hard. Deep. Fast. Rough.

She clawed at his back as he thrust into her again and again. Her nails dug in, leaving stinging marks that would earn him an earful of filthy jokes once he was back at the gym. He didn't care. She could beat him black and blue while they made love, and he would still come back and worship at her feet. She was his wife, the mother of his children, his very own goddess. *Mine. Mine. Mine.*

"Bianca," he groaned, his balls drawing up tight and that familiar buzz starting low in his core. She had slipped a hand between their mating bodies, her fingers swirling over her clit fast and tight. Her thighs were gripping his waist, squeezing harder as her orgasm built.

He recognized the signs, the subtle shift in her breathing, the whine of her voice, and angled his hips slightly higher. She shouted his name, both hands flying to his shoulders as she held on for dear life as he pounded through her climax and straight into his own. It was wild and heady, and he dug his toes into the mattress as he slammed as deep as he could go and emptied himself.

Later, after a few dopey smiles and kisses and laughter, they tidied up in the bathroom and shared the brownies he had ordered from room service while cuddled together on the couch in their pajamas. She rested her head on his shoulder, and he draped his arm around her, keeping her close and safe at his side.

"Ser?"

“Yeah?”

“I think I want another baby.”

Whatever he had been expecting, that wasn't even close. He glanced down at her, finding her looking up at him with so much vulnerability and uncertainty on her beautiful face. “Another baby?”

“I know it's not a good time for you with college, and I know we didn't exactly plan to have Sasha and Bella, but it worked, right? And, okay, yes, I know it's hard, and we're always tired, but maybe if we—.”

He silenced her adorable rambling with a tender kiss. Stroking her cheek, he said, “Yes.”

Her face lit up, and she grinned. “Yes?”

“Bianca, I'll give you all the babies you want. Becoming a father has been the greatest accomplishment of my life, and watching you become a mother has been incredible. You're right. It is hard, but it's worth it. Plus, we're pretty good at it.”

“Parenthood or the making of the babies?”

“Both!”

They laughed, and she snuggled into him. “You're the best, Sergei.”

Unable to help himself, he asked, “Better than all the rest?”

She groaned at his Tina Turner joke and playfully whacked his chest. “Stop!”

“Better than anyone?”

She giggled and leaned over to kiss him. “Yes, you're better than anyone I ever met...”