

# **Three Wishes: Best Laid Plans**

## **Amelia Elias**

All rights reserved.  
Copyright ©2007 Amelia Elias

**Warning: The unauthorized reproduction or distribution of this copyrighted work is illegal. Criminal copyright infringement, including infringement without monetary gain, is investigated by the FBI and is punishable by up to 5 years in federal prison and a fine of \$250,000.**

ISBN: 978-1-59596-647-6  
Formats Available:  
HTML, Adobe PDF,  
MobiPocket, Microsoft Reader

Publisher:  
Changeling Press LLC  
PO Box 1046  
Martinsburg, WV 25402-1046  
[www.ChangelingPress.com](http://www.ChangelingPress.com)

Editor: Crystal Esau  
Cover Artist: Zuri



This e-book file contains sexually explicit scenes and adult language which some may find offensive and which is not appropriate for a young audience. Changeling Press E-Books are for sale to adults, only, as defined by the laws of the country in which you made your purchase. Please store your files wisely, where they cannot be accessed by under-aged readers.

## **Three Wishes: Best Laid Plans**

### **Amelia Elias**

*Be careful what you wish for... you just might get it.*

When Lucas Drake spent a small fortune to buy a share in a genuine magic lamp, he planned his wishes with precision -- success, security, and the perfect woman to share it with him. Now his company is the hottest thing on the market and he's fallen head over heels for Allyson Vaughn, a woman who is everything he could have dreamed. There's just one small problem...

He forgot to wish she'd fall for him, too.

Now his perfect woman is moving across the country in the morning, leaving to take charge of a distant corporate office. Luc has one chance left to show her the magic they could share, and he's willing to do whatever it takes to convince her to stay.

## Chapter One

Pungent lavender smoke billowed through the office, filling the air with the scent of *Nag Champa*. Lucas waved his hand impatiently.

Today of all days, he was not in the mood for theatrics.

The smoke cleared at last and Gene stood before him, arms crossed over his muscular chest, a Cheshire cat smile curving his lips. "You rang?"

Lucas slammed the lamp down on the desk. "Damn right I rang, you worthless excuse for a magical creature!" he growled, resisting the urge to throttle the genie. It might be momentarily satisfying, but in the end, he forced himself not to strangle the lamp's servant. The others who'd invested heavily to purchase the artifact wouldn't be happy if he sent it back damaged.

That didn't mean he wasn't tempted, though. "Just what the hell kind of trick is this, Gene?" Lucas demanded. "I planned it all out. I spoke the required words. I followed every single instruction, so why aren't you granting my wish?"

Gene crossed his arms with an expression of resigned patience. "I granted your wish, Master Lucas, granted it to the letter. You wished for a woman to love, a woman who was everything you'd ever dreamed, who would be a perfect partner for you. Correct?"

Lucas glared. "You and I both know exactly what I wished. I'm asking you why she's leaving!"

The genie shrugged. "I have granted every single condition of your wish," he said. "And you never wished that she would feel these same things for you, did you?"

Those words drove the air from Luc's lungs. He stood, frozen, his thoughts whirling as the exact words of his wish echoed in his memory. *Damn*, how had he missed something so completely obvious?

Every wish had been planned to the nth degree. It was the only way of protecting his investment in the lamp. What good was it to throw away his life's savings on the thing if he made a bonehead mistake on his wish and didn't reap any of the rewards?

Apparently his cautious planning had been far less than perfect. He'd have to remember to warn Ethan and Megan, the other two investors, to quadruple-check their wishes to avoid the same fate.

Then again, admitting a blunder of this magnitude... he rubbed his temples and shook his head. Maybe they'd just have to be more careful on their own.

He remembered his wish perfectly. *Genie, guide a woman to my side who will be the perfect partner. An intelligent woman who values her independence, but isn't afraid to rely on me. A pretty woman --* Lucas had known too many vain and beautiful women to ever wish for one of those, *-- heterosexual, adventurous in bed, who will capture my heart and never lose my interest. This is my heartfelt wish."*

And he hadn't said one single word about her attraction to him.

He groaned. "Why didn't you *say* something, for God's sake?"

Gene stopped his moustache smoothing and raised an eyebrow. "It is forbidden for a genie to influence his or her master's wishes," he said, his voice pompous and very shocked. "I could never do such a thing. If a wish was bungled because of a genie's interference, however well-intentioned, the consequences would be --"

Luc waved a hand, cutting him off. He'd heard the whole self-righteous impartial genie code-of-ethics spiel before. Rubbing his aching temples, he tried to think his way around the problem. It was a skill he'd perfected in his business dealings, even before the wish that had brought his Internet security firm such unprecedented success.

But this problem couldn't be so coldly analyzed.

Allyson Vaughn was the woman of his dreams. Gene couldn't have found a more perfect woman if he'd tried. The daughter of the man who'd helped Luc get this company off the ground, Allyson had inherited Jacob's half of InterLocked Security's shares and his seat on the board when he'd died. Lovely, confident, and sexy as hell,

she had more business savvy in her little finger than most of the other board members had combined.

Yes, she was the perfect partner. The perfect *business* partner.

She'd never once given Lucas any encouragement that she'd like to be more than that.

He slumped on the edge of the desk, his head in his hands. One other part of that wish had definitely come true. He was head-over-heels in love with Allyson and had been from almost the moment he'd first seen her. His heart ached with every beat at the thought of her imminent departure from InterLocked's headquarters to fill a position at one of the company's most important subsidiaries.

"God, what am I going to do?" he breathed, banging his fist against his forehead. "Think!"

Gene cleared his throat. Lucas glared at him. "What?"

"Master, the answer to a problem wish is often found within the other two wishes."

Lucas fought the urge to roll his eyes. "Yes, thank you, Gene. Might I remind you that I've already used all three of them?"

"I may have been created before written history, but I can add just as well as the next man." He examined his fingernails. "Master."

Luc bit back another stinging retort. Arguing with Gene would only raise his blood pressure, and that wouldn't do a damn bit of good.

Listening to the genie, however, just might. He forced his breathing to slow, his fists to unclench, and concentrated on the other two wishes he'd made, just in case there was any hope to be found there.

The wish that had helped his business become such a success over the last year was a simple one. He'd wished for beneficial business deals, lucrative contracts, good employee morale, annual profits, no scandals or bad press -- all the things a company needed to become an industry leader. And after this year's phenomenal sales figures, InterLocked certainly led the Internet security industry.

At least one wish had gone as planned.

Luc drummed his fingers on the table as he considered his third and final wish. It had been his own version of a security system -- after so much time spent safeguarding others' property, it had just seemed like common sense to guard his own.

*"That which belongs to me, and all things that are intended to come to me, cannot be taken by force, forfeited through negligence, or otherwise become lost to me, without my express and explicit consent. This is my heartfelt wish."*

His eyes widened as the words took on an entirely new meaning. "Gene," he said, straightening and trying not to look too hopeful, "when your power guided Allyson here, was it your intention to grant the spirit of my wish?"

Gene smiled. "It is always my intention to grant my Master's wishes."

He had to fight not to whoop aloud. "Then she was intended for me, and cannot be lost! Gene, I need you to --"

A shuffling sound in the lobby interrupted him and Luc stiffened. Written into the ironclad agreement of the collective that had purchased Gene's lamp was a secrecy clause. If anyone caught him talking to the magical apparition, there would be hell to pay. He quickly modified the command he'd been about to give.

"Get out of here quick, and for once can you ditch the smoke?"

The genie shrugged and disappeared with a faint *pop*. A hint of incense teased his senses, but at least this time Luc wasn't smothered by a purple cloud of the stuff.

He stashed the precious lamp in the hidden desk safe built especially for that purpose, spinning the lock and making sure the side panel of the desk had been replaced seamlessly before turning toward the door. He had a pretty good idea who was moving things around in the lobby at eight p.m. on a Friday night.

Allyson wasn't the type to make a big display on her last day of work. She hadn't boxed up one single thing from her office and had looked thoroughly uncomfortable at the farewell luncheon InterLocked had thrown for her.

Of course she'd wait until everyone was gone before she cleaned out her office. She didn't want to deal with the goodbyes.

Lucas Drake, ruthless businessman and corporate shark, wrenched off his tie and took a deep, steadying breath. He had no intention of saying goodbye to her. Not now, not ever.

Then he pulled open the door of his corner office and braced himself for the most important merger negotiation of his life.

## Chapter Two

Allyson sighed, pushing her bangs off her forehead as she scooted another box toward the lobby elevator. She hadn't even worked here a full year. How in the world had she managed to accumulate so much stuff?

Three boxes already waited in a neat stack by the closed silver doors. Books and photographs, paperweights and award plaques, her diplomas, potted plants, pens, calendars, planner, computer CDs... it boggled the mind. She'd started her packing with the firm goal of sorting everything neatly, but two hours into the process, she'd been reduced to dumping drawers into boxes and hoping she had enough trunk space to get all this crap home.

She shoved the box again, scooting it another six inches closer to the elevator and further from Drake's office, and firmly repeated her mantra. *I will not look. I will not look.*

Stretching her back with a sigh, she admitted the truth. She always looked. Every single time he was within sight, whether it was across the boardroom table, in the parking garage, or at the company gym -- hell, *especially* at the company gym -- she looked.

Lucas Drake was the kind of man a woman couldn't help but look at.

Still, now wasn't the time to get all misty over his closed office door. She could hear him in there on a conference call, and his muffled voice didn't sound pleased. To misquote a phrase, he was beautiful when he was angry, but she didn't want that to be her last memory of him.

The warm handshake and long look he'd given her at today's farewell luncheon was so much better. "Are you sure you want to leave me?" he'd whispered, and she knew those were words that would figure into some serious fantasy-time later. That was a much better image to take with her to Seattle.

By the same token, she didn't want his last memory of her to be of a sweating, swearing hoyden in beat-up sneakers, a Batman tank top, and jeans chosen more for comfort than for fashion.

She finally succeeded in wrestling the latest box onto the stack atop the others. She'd punched the elevator call-button and slumped against the wall for a much-needed breather when she heard the sound she'd been dreading.

Lucas's office door opened.

Allyson jumped away from the wall and plastered a professional smile on her face. "Working a bit late for a Friday, aren't you?" she said, wondering if he'd say anything about her thoroughly unprofessional attire and hoping the elevator would get here quick. There was nothing more embarrassing than looking like hell in front of a man who always looked like a *GQ* centerfold. "Isn't dealing with different time zones a mess?" she added, surreptitiously hitting the down-button again.

Luc smiled. It did incredible things to her insides. Really, no man should be allowed to be that utterly divine without warning a girl first.

Of course, just watching his confident, predatory walk was all the warning a smart woman should need. That kind of sexy swagger on a man who defined tall, dark, and handsome should be licensed as a lethal weapon. She'd seen him work out often enough to know that the broadness of his shoulders and firmness of his chest owed nothing to the Armani suits he wore with such ease. When combined with a smile that showed the deep dimple in his left cheek and made his green eyes sparkle, Lucas really was far too gorgeous for her peace of mind.

His tie was gone, part of her mind noted as the rest swooned in girly fascination. His collar was open, too. She couldn't glimpse the fine, curling hairs of his chest, but she could imagine them. Oh, could she ever.

Trying to jerk her thoughts back into something more like a competent businesswoman's and less like an X-rated movie, she tried to remember the details of their last meeting. Luc probably wanted to ask her about it, despite the late hour and the fact that she no longer technically worked here. He always came to her for little

things like that, clarifying points of contracts, using her near-perfect memory to sort out the details.

The sight of his ruffled hair, as if he'd repeatedly run his hands through it, did nothing to get her back in a business state of mind. His sleeves were rolled up -- unevenly -- and she had to admit it. Lucas Drake disheveled was even sexier than Lucas Drake in full Armani splendor.

His smile hadn't faded a bit while she completed her leisurely perusal. Allyson came back to herself with a start and smoothed her tank top, self-consciously remembering her own less than alluring outfit.

His eyes followed the movement of her hands, and only when his breath caught did she realize the gesture pulled the material tighter across her breasts. Before she could stammer out something that would certainly be inane and wreck her ball-busting corporate image, he spoke. "Anything I can help you with?"

Shoving aside both the naughty ideas of how to answer that question and the rush of heat that swamped her at the mere sight of him, she shook her head. "I've got the last of it. Now I just need the elevator to get here," she said, patting the lid of the heavy box she'd just managed to plunk on top of the stack.

That extra little bit of weight was all it took to crumple the corner of the box beneath it, sending the top one on a precarious slide. Allyson grabbed it and tried to pull it back before it crashed down and scattered her possessions all over the office, but her angle was awkward and the box was slipping.

The next thing she knew, Lucas was beside her with the box held safely in his arms. He put it down on the floor and turned that megawatt smile on her again. "You know, it was supposed to be you falling at my feet, not your box," he murmured, brushing a sweaty tendril of hair off her temple.

His touch lingered, tracing the line of her eyebrow and sending her pulse into high gear. She had to swallow hard before she could reply. "Wha -- I'm supposed to -- what?"

His warm fingers slid down to cup her cheek as he leaned closer. "Tell me, Ally," he whispered, caressing her lower lip with his thumb, "when does your transfer officially go into effect? Today or tomorrow?"

"Um," she replied, drowning in the warmth of his eyes. Like she was supposed to be able to think about transfer dates when he was touching her like this? His palm slid over her throat before his hand curled around the back of her neck, massaging lightly. She drew in a deep breath to clear her mind and only succeeded in making herself drunk on his spicy cologne -- just the scent of him was enough to make her thighs tremble.

She focused her thoughts with an effort. Where the hell was that elevator? "Today at five," she finally managed. "Why?"

That smile captured her again. "Because I never mix business with pleasure." His hand tightened, pulling her forward, and she had just enough time to gasp before his mouth covered hers.

Allyson's surprise lasted only until his tongue met hers before hot passion, stifled by almost a year of frustration, crashed through her. Her hands, trapped against his chest when he'd jerked her against him, flattened and slid up to grasp his shoulders. Luc shuddered at her touch and wrapped his other arm around her. His tongue thrust possessively into her mouth and claimed it for his own.

She moaned and melted into him, meeting each stroke and thrust of his tongue with one of her own. God, she'd spent so many months dreaming about this, and it was so much better than she'd dreamed she just might burst into flames. His hands slipped down to cup her ass. When he squeezed, pulling her fully against the hard length of his cock, Ally shivered from head to toe.

And then he stopped.

"Lucas!" she protested, still clutching his shoulders as she swayed drunkenly on legs that didn't want to support her. He chuckled and nuzzled her earlobe. Her thighs trembled, her pussy throbbed with need, and it was all she could do to force out a coherent sentence. "What was *that*?"

He laughed again. The deep vibration skittered over neglected nerves and tightened her nipples to hard points beneath her shirt. "Long overdue," he whispered as he released the clasp holding her hair and threw it away. "And not nearly enough."

Before she could reply, he kissed her again, stepping forward until she was trapped against the cold door of the elevator. She didn't care about the chill. There was no place on earth she'd rather be than right here, with Luc's fingers tangling in her hair and his tongue thrusting against hers in a rhythm that made her ache. His knee slid between hers and she parted them eagerly for him. Never had desire hit her so hard as it did right now.

When he pulled away again, Allyson grabbed his head in both hands and bit his lip to punish him. He growled and kissed her hard, pinching her nipple in retribution. Her back arched as hot lust raced from her breast to her tingling clit, but the next thing she knew, Lucas's hands were gone.

Before she could stop him again, he grabbed her hand and pulled her away from the elevator. "Where are we going?" she asked, stumbling before she could catch her balance.

He didn't even slow as he dragged her through the deserted office. He paused only an instant to grab a file from an in-box as they passed. "You'll see."

Allyson knew that file -- she'd put it in that in-box herself less than an hour ago. God, surely he didn't expect her to concentrate on market reports after he'd just kissed the brain right out of her head? Before she could say a word, Lucas shoved open the boardroom doors and pulled her inside, then slammed the doors behind her.

The click of the lock should have alarmed her, but the sight of the long, shining boardroom table stole her breath.

How many times had she dreamed of fucking Lucas right on this very table?

## Chapter Three

He reached past her and slapped the file down beside her customary chair before spinning her back into his arms. His kiss was hot, hungry, possessive, and she reveled in it. She couldn't stop the urge to slide her hand down to caress his bulging cock through his pants, and his shuddering groan thrilled her to the core.

He left her mouth to press a trail of hot, wet kisses down her throat. "Take off your pants," he whispered against her skin. "Strip for me, Ally."

The erotic promise in his voice sent liquid desire melting deep inside her pussy. Her hands were unbuttoning her jeans before she had a thought of saying no, and any shyness fled before the naked want in Luc's eyes when he grinned at her. She pulled down the zipper and started to push her jeans off her hips, but he brushed her hands aside and did it himself. She lifted one foot and then the other so he could slip off her sandals and toss them aside. When he licked the curve of her hip, she couldn't help but moan.

"Beautiful," he breathed, nuzzling his way to her navel as her jeans fell atop her discarded shoes. "So hot, so sweet. Do you want me, Ally?"

"God, yes." There was no room for anything but the truth, no games, no flirtation. If this was a mistake, so be it. She was so hot and she'd wanted him for so long, she'd die if he didn't finish what he'd started. Consequences could wait until tomorrow. Here in the dim boardroom, the moon shining in on them through the wall of windows, it was easier to let her fantasies loose than to listen to the voice of reason.

She felt his grin against her other hip as his fingers slipped beneath her panties. "If you want me," he whispered as the scrap of lace slid down her legs, "you're going to have to do something for me, baby. Will you do it?"

His fingers brushed the curls over her pussy and she threw her head back with a moan. "Right now I'd do anything to get you inside me," she cried, shivering as his thumb teased her clit. "Don't tease me -- finish what you started, Lucas!"

"Oh, I will, I promise you that." His thumb swept over her clit once more before he released her and moved away. She glared at him, shaking with need and frustration, and he gestured to her chair. "Have a seat, Ms. Vaughn," he said, his tone suddenly all business even though his eyes were still lit with the devil's own mischief. "The board would appreciate it if you would please read the report for us."

Catching on to his fantasy, Allyson shivered, picturing the entire board sitting around the table as she took her seat. "Is this how you stay awake during board meetings, Luc?" she asked, giving him a smile full of sexual promise. "By picturing me half-naked as I read my reports?"

He returned it with a wicked grin of his own. "This is only half the fantasy, lover." He nodded at the report. "Keep your eyes on the paper, Ally. Read to me."

The leather felt cool and soft against her bare ass. She shivered a little and began to read, fixing her eyes to the paper and trying to imagine what Luc would do next. He disappeared beneath the table and she stumbled to a halt in mid-sentence.

He didn't really think of doing *that* to her during meetings -- did he?

"Read," he growled from beneath the table, and Allyson took a deep breath and read, wondering when he'd touch her.

The anticipation was a thrill all its own. She finished the first page of the report, her bare toes curling into the carpet beneath the chair, wondering desperately when he would touch her. Once she thought she felt his breath on her knee, but he didn't touch her. The thought of being bare from the waist down, her pussy exposed to his gaze, made her so wet she had to fight the urge to reach down and touch herself.

She settled for cupping her breast instead, moaning as her palm brushed her hypersensitive nipple. The report was getting harder and harder to read, the sentences coming out in little pants, and he *still* hadn't touched her.

She was about to beg when warm hands wrapped around her knees and pressed them apart. "God, Lucas," she moaned as he kissed her thigh.

He bit her, making her jump. "Read, damn it."

His mouth traced a hot path up her thigh and Ally had to stop playing with her nipple in order to keep reading. Embracing the fantasy, she pictured the eight other board members watching her as she read. Eight stuffy old men listening to her read, none of them knowing that Lucas was under the table, his hands now squeezing her ass, pulling her to the edge of her chair as he shouldered her thighs further apart...

She couldn't let them know what was really happening. Gripping the arms of her chair as hard as she could, Ally read sales figures and profit margins as Luc's tongue swept between her labia. She contrasted the productivity of different departments as he sucked her clit between his teeth, her thighs wrapped around his shoulders. She highlighted problem divisions as he thrust his tongue deep inside her pussy and tightened his hold on her ass, burying his face against her and feasting on her juices.

And when she came, her back arching and both hands fisting on the table, she screamed Lucas's name to the ceiling.

Before the last aftershock could fade, he shoved her chair away from the table and stood before her, tearing at his belt. Allyson reached out and brushed his hands away to unbuckle it herself. Every muscle and nerve quivering with the aftermath of that incredible orgasm he'd just given her, she vowed to make him just as crazy as he'd made her. "Know what I think about during meetings, Lucas?" she purred, looking up at him from beneath her lashes.

His pupils were dilated with need and his breath came just as fast as her own. "Tell me," he growled, running his fingers through her hair.

She shook her head, smiling. "I'd rather show you."

He sucked in a breath as Ally unzipped his slacks and reached inside, cupping his hard cock in both hands. "Careful, baby," he groaned as she stroked him. "I'm on the edge already."

Despite his plea, Lucas moaned an incoherent protest when she removed her hands. Ally gave in to the urge to kiss him again, tasting herself on his lips and shivering all over again at the potent reminder of what he'd just done to her. She broke the kiss and pulled her tank top over her head, standing before him in nothing more than a black lace bra. His breath caught as she flicked the front clasp of her bra and shrugged it off.

When he reached for her, she danced aside.

"Ally, you're teasing a desperate man," Luc said, reaching for her again.

She laughed and stepped aside again, moving around him before he could catch her. An instant later, she boosted herself up on the table. "This is what I dream about," she whispered, cupping her breasts and rubbing her thumbs over her nipples. "I imagine you, Luc, just like that -- your pants open, your thick cock hard for me. I imagine kicking everyone out of the meeting and fucking you right on top of this boardroom table while they all wait outside, wondering what we're doing."

## Chapter Four

Lucas had to force himself to breathe. Watching Ally play with her breasts and tell him her fantasies was almost enough to send him right over the edge. Only the memory of the sweet heat of her pussy and the beautiful sound of her scream when he'd made her come helped him maintain control. He wanted to come inside that tight, wet heat, wanted to pound his cock deep inside her until she screamed his name again.

He tore his shirt off, not caring that the buttons went flying everywhere, pausing only to pull a condom from his wallet before he kicked his slacks away. "I have to taste you," he growled when he was naked, pulling her hand away from her nipple and sucking it deep into his mouth.

Allyson cried out, arching into him. He flicked his tongue over the hard little peak, loving the way her breath caught and her body shivered against him. His hands were shaking so badly that he had trouble rolling the condom on.

Ally didn't help him regain control. She wrapped both legs around his waist and drew him hard against her as her hands tightened in his hair, a wordless demand that he continue his attentions to her nipples. His cock pressed against her thigh and she wriggled until it lay snug against her pussy. Luc rocked against her and switched to her other nipple as her hot juices bathed his aching cock.

*This*, he thought brokenly as she grabbed his ass, urging him on as she rubbed her clit against his cock, *this is my wish*. Could anything be better than having Ally in his arms at last, hot and willing?

And then she wrapped her fingers around his cock to guide him into her tight pussy, and Luc found something better.

He rolled his hips, thrusting his cock slowly inside. The heat, the friction, the glorious moan she made, almost shot him straight to orgasm. Luc froze, only partially

buried inside her, and fought for his control. He needed this to last. Her breasts beckoned and he suckled first one and then the other. She moaned and dug her nails into his ass when he pulled out of her, leaving only his head inside. "God, baby, you feel so damn good I just might lose my mind," he groaned against her breast.

"More," she cried, trying to pull his hips forward again. "Damn it, Luc, move!"

His laugh was strained as he rolled his hips again, forcing himself to stop when only half his cock was inside her. "Is that enough, baby?"

"No!"

He dipped his head and suckled her nipple again, surprising another cry from her. "If you want more," he whispered, "you'll have to tell me."

"God, Luc, don't tease me!" Ally moaned when he bit the swell of her breast, pinching her other nipple. "You know what I want."

He slowly slid back. "I don't," he murmured. "Tell me."

One of her hands left his ass and gripped his hair, holding him to her breasts. He took the hint and caught a nipple between his teeth, flicking his tongue over it. "Oh, God yes," she moaned, and he did it again just to please her. "Luc, I want you to keep moving."

He chuckled and moved just a little, teasing her with the head of his cock. "Not good enough," he whispered, switching to her other nipple. "Try again."

"I want your cock inside me," she cried, writhing against him, trying in vain to pull his hips forward.

He gave her another inch, fighting back his own moan of pleasure as her hot pussy gripped him eagerly, before sliding back again. "Almost, baby, almost," he said. "Keep trying, lover. What do you want me to do to you?"

She threw back her head and shouted with frustration. "Damn you, Luc, I will make you pay for teasing me like this!"

"I know you will, baby. Now tell me." He licked her nipple one last time before kissing his way up her throat.

Ally caught his face in her hands and made him meet her burning gaze. "I want you to stuff me full of your big, hard cock," she said, her color high and her eyes shining with desire. "I want you to fuck me deep and hard and slow. I want you to bury every inch of your cock inside me and make me come so hard I scream. Is that good enough for you?"

His balls tightened and his cock throbbed, and he knew he'd never been so hard in all his life. "That's perfect," he whispered, and thrust in all the way to the balls.

Any semblance of control vanished. The tight grip of her pussy, slick and hot and so damn soft, was the sexiest thing he'd ever felt in his life. Ally lay back on the table, reaching over her head to grab the far edge, and Luc lifted her knees over his shoulders and surged into her over and over. The sight of his thick cock disappearing into her was intoxicating. He grabbed her hips and pulled her into every deep stroke, feeling her pussy tighten around him as her orgasm neared.

And when she screamed his name again, her muscles rippling and grasping around his cock, Luc threw back his head and shouted with ecstasy as he came in an orgasm that felt like it started in his toes.

He collapsed on top of her as her legs slid down from his shoulders. Ally wrapped her arms around him, cradling his head between her breasts. Her heartbeat thundered beneath his ear in a fast rhythm that matched his own. He had no idea how long they lay there, his cock still inside her, before she broke the silence. "I am definitely going to miss this table."

The reminder of her leaving killed his afterglow. "Then don't go."

Ally sighed. Why did he have to ask her for the impossible? She shifted beneath him and Luc reluctantly let her sit up. Before she could say a single word, he pulled her against his naked chest, the contact sizzling heat along her skin, and kissed her.

This time he didn't ravish her mouth. He kissed her slowly, deeply, savoring every sweep of her tongue against his and every soft sigh and breathy moan. "Don't go," he whispered against her lips when he finally pulled away.

Ally let her head fall to rest on his shoulder. "Luc, you know I have to. I've got an obligation. The Seattle office needs help. Their productivity --"

"I don't give a damn about the Seattle office," Lucas snarled, tightening his arms around her. "I don't give a damn about the company and I don't give a damn about obligations. Don't go."

She pulled back and looked up at him. "Why now, Luc?" she whispered. "Why are you doing this now? You've known about this move for weeks, and it's a little too late to stop everything now. Couldn't you have mentioned your objections earlier?"

He stroked her hair and rested his forehead against hers. "Because I've been a damn fool," he said. "I've wanted this since I met you. We can send someone else to Seattle. We can solve their problems from here. Visit if you must, but don't move there. Hell, let them figure it out on their own if you have to! Stay, Ally."

Allyson sighed and pulled away to gather her clothes. She'd dreamed of hearing Lucas say things like this for months, but she couldn't just drop everything for him because he fucked like a dream come true. "That's not fair. This is my company, too, Luc," she said, reaching for her bra and not looking at him. "I can't just ignore my responsibilities, even if I wanted to."

Lucas didn't say another word, just watched her as she dressed. His silence was unnerving. Finally, she couldn't take it any more. "What do you want from me, Luc?"

"I want you to love me."

## Chapter Five

Allyson froze in the middle of putting her sandals back on. God, she must've heard that wrong. There was no way in hell that Lucas Drake, ruthless corporate shark, had said those words to her. It just wasn't possible.

When she finally met his eyes, she shivered at the raw longing there. "I --" she began, and realized she had nothing to follow it with. She closed her eyes and tried to marshal her scattered thoughts. "I don't know what to say, Lucas."

"Say you won't leave," he said. "That'll be enough, for now."

Allyson sighed again and put on her other shoe. "You know I can't say that, Luc," she said, turning to unlock the boardroom door. "Please stop asking." Opening it and stepping out banished the last of the fantasy, but she knew she'd remember it forever. She heard Lucas following her and quickened her step.

If he caught up to her, touched her, she knew damn well it'd only be seconds before he had her begging for his cock again.

But he didn't touch her, not even when she pushed the down-button for the elevator again. She felt him behind her and closed her eyes, wishing he hadn't asked the impossible of her. Turning, she caught her breath at the sight of him standing there in only his slacks, his magnificent chest still bare.

She didn't want it to end like this. "I'm not leaving for Seattle until Sunday night," she said, wondering if she was just setting herself up for more heartbreak by making the offer. "You could help me unload these at my apartment, if you wanted."

Luc hesitated. Watching her standing there, her lips puffy from his kisses and her eyes soft with the aftermath of her orgasms, knowing the elevator wouldn't come until he let her go. She was his, damn it, and that wish decreed that she couldn't leave unless he agreed. He thought about pushing that wish to its limits. He could keep her here all

weekend, make her miss her flight, lock them in his office, fuck her on his couch, on his desk...

Or he could take what she offered freely, even if it wasn't everything.

He closed his eyes and ran both hands through his hair, fighting the urge to growl with frustration. These damned wishes! Why couldn't anything be easy?

Finally he sighed and opened his eyes. Sunday night was still a long way off, and he could think of much more enjoyable ways to pass the time than agonizing over her departure. "I'd be glad to help you," he said, and the elevator bell dinged as he turned to retrieve his shoes from the boardroom.

\* \* \*

"That's the last one."

A loud *thunk* followed Luc's words as he let the box fall to the floor beside the others. She reached past him to push her apartment door closed, wincing as she stretched over-used muscles.

Luc's arms slid around her waist, pulling her back against his chest. "Sore?" he murmured, nuzzling her ear.

She smiled and closed her eyes. "Did you know I have a Jacuzzi tub?"

"Tell me it's big enough for two."

His hands slipped beneath her shirt and stroked up to cup her breasts. She sighed and reached up to wrap her arms around his neck, giving him silent permission to do whatever he wished. "I could probably be persuaded to make room for you, if you ask very nicely."

Ten minutes later, her head still spinning from his kisses and her clothes abandoned in a haphazard trail across her apartment, Ally laughed as she pulled away from Luc long enough to turn on the water. As soon as she bent to reach the faucet, he grabbed her hips and pulled her back against him. His cock felt hot and huge against her ass. "God, Luc," she moaned, holding onto the edge of the tub for balance as steam filled the air. "Subtle, aren't you?"

"Subtle is overrated," he said, rubbing the head of his cock down the cleft of her ass until it met the wet heat of her pussy. "Or is that what you want?"

She rocked back, moaning when his head slid inside her. "What I want is your cock, and I want it now," she whispered.

"Your wish is my command," he said, and sank deep with one hard thrust.

Ally held onto the edge of the tub for dear life, head down, ass in the air, totally at his mercy as he fucked her hard and fast. "More," she gasped, wishing she could let go and play with her nipples or clit. He felt huge inside her, stretching her, filling every secret erogenous zone and making every nerve in her pussy sing with pleasure. "More!" she cried as he thrust deeper.

His hand slapped the wall beside her head and she felt his weight shift as he braced himself. The next thrust sent his cock head rubbing against a new place, shooting hot pleasure through her entire body, making her cry out. "Like that?" he groaned, punctuating each word with another hard thrust.

"Oh God," she moaned, gripping the tub edge so hard her fingers ached. It was all she could say. Every time that thick cock pounded into her, new waves of ecstasy crashed over her. "God, Luc, yes!"

"You're mine," he growled, his other hand sliding down from her hip and cupping her mons. "Say it, Ally. You're mine, damn it."

Her clit throbbed in time with his thrusts, promising an orgasm that would shatter her completely. She pressed back, wanting to take every inch of his cock, dying for him to rub her clit and send her over the edge. "I'm yours," she moaned, meaning it, needing him and hating that she couldn't give up everything to keep him. "Please, oh God, please --"

He didn't make her wait. His fingers moved, finding her aching clit and circling it before rubbing with the pad of his thumb. She came hard, moaning incoherently with the force of it, every muscle locking in an agony of pleasure. He groaned and thrust deep one more time, heat shooting from his cock as he came inside her, and she would have fallen if he hadn't held her up.

Luc eased her into the steamy water and turned off the faucet before joining her and pulling her into his arms. She wrapped herself around him and hid her face against his chest. "You're too incredible to be true," she whispered, little aftershocks still rocking her pussy. "Why did we have to find this now?"

He stroked her back, soothing her sore muscles. "At least we did find it."

They relaxed in the water until it cooled, and then Lucas dried her and carried her to bed. She lay limp on the sheets as he massaged every inch of her skin with her favorite jasmine-scented lotion. When he finally lay down beside her and pulled the covers over them, she was already asleep.

Lucas held her close and watched her sleep, memorizing every detail of her face, loving how every soft breath caressed his skin. She fit against him like they'd been made to lie this way. He tangled his fingers in her still-damp hair and closed his eyes, his body utterly sated as his heart and mind churned.

"I can't let you go," he whispered into her hair as she slept, unaware. He could almost feel the power of his wish shimmering in the air around her bed, binding her to him, and he knew she wouldn't get away.

The peace he'd expected that certainty to bring didn't come, and it was a long time before he slept.

\* \* \*

Lucas thought he'd be the first person in the office on Monday morning. Arriving early was one habit he'd made as an intern and hadn't broken when he'd become the boss. His secretary was probably the only one in Dallas whose boss brought her a cup of coffee every morning when she arrived, instead of the other way around.

But the smell of French Roast greeted him as soon as he stepped off the elevator, and Luc knew someone had beaten him here.

He had a pretty good idea who that someone was, too.

Allyson was leaning against his desk, coffee cup in hand, when he pushed open his office door. Her long legs were covered by a calf-length skirt that matched the

charcoal grey jacket of her power suit, and her glorious breasts were completely hidden by the cream shell she wore beneath it. Even her hair was tamed in a neat twist.

His fiery lover was in full armor, and he strongly suspected he was about to find himself on the wrong end of the sword.

"Good morning, Ally," he said, smiling at her and stopping out of coffee-range, should she decide to fling it at him. "What a pleasant surprise to begin my day. What brings you here so bright and --"

"Save your bullshit small talk." Ally's voice cut across his, hard with anger. "How dare you cancel my ticket to Seattle last night?"

His tone didn't change in the slightest. "I didn't cancel anything," he said, leaning against a bookshelf, and it was the truth. He hadn't lifted a finger to stop her from leaving. "Why would you think it was me?"

"You don't look too surprised to see me," she said, drumming her fingers on her cup. "A man who'd done nothing might have a different reaction, don't you think?"

"I promise you, I have had no contact with your airline, Ally." He also hadn't consented to her departure. He didn't want her to go; the magic had done the rest.

He hadn't expected to feel so ashamed about it, though.

Her eyes narrowed. "Listen to me and listen well," she said, straightening and placing her coffee cup on his desk with exaggerated care. "We fucked, and it was great. You want more, and although the timing is less than ideal, it could be a possibility. But, Lucas, if I find out you had anything to do with my name vanishing from the airline's roster, I'll nail your ass to the wall. Is that clear?"

"Crystal," he said, holding her steely gaze with his own. "Do you have another flight?"

She picked up her briefcase and walked to the door. "It leaves this morning," she said, not looking at him as she opened the door. "Goodbye, Drake. It's been very interesting working with you."

Damn it, he couldn't let her go, not like this. He caught her arm and stopped her from walking out. "And making love with me?" he murmured in her ear. "Was that

only *interesting*, too?" She didn't answer, just kept staring straight ahead. He cupped her cheek in his other hand and urged her to look at him. "Ally," he whispered. " Lover, don't leave this way."

She stepped back and he let her go. "Don't mess with my flight again," she said, and then the door closed between them.

Lucas rushed to yank open the hidden panel on his desk and had to enter the combination three times, his hands were shaking so badly. Not trusting himself not to drop the lamp, he rubbed it where it lay in the safe.

Smoke again billowed through the office, orange this time, and scented of sweet, woodsy piñon. Gene materialized in the midst of it and smiled at him. "Yes, Master?"

"Make her love me," Lucas growled at the genie, wanting to smash something. He pictured Ally punching the down-button, waiting for the elevator that wouldn't come, and his heart constricted. "Damn you, genie, make her love me!"

Gene's smile faded. "Your wishes are spent, Master. I can do nothing."

Luc shoved his hands through his hair, wanting to howl with frustration. "What am I going to do?" he groaned, collapsing into his chair. Now that he'd tasted her, heard her moans and her sighs, felt her pussy clench around him with her orgasms, losing her was a thousand times harder. "I love her, Gene," he whispered.

Gene moved closer. "Your people often say that you should free that which you love," he said, his normally jovial voice now subdued. "If it is meant to be, you will not lose her by granting her freedom." He hesitated and his eyes slid away from Luc's before he added, so softly Luc barely heard him, "No one can ever love the one who holds them prisoner, Master."

Just the thought of allowing her to walk away from him, fly away from him, live thousands of miles away from him, tore through Luc's insides. The words of his wishes played over and over in his head, mocking him. He wanted to lash out at Gene, but it wasn't the genie's fault that Luc hadn't thought to wish that his perfect woman would love him with the same all-consuming passion.

He heard Ally curse the elevator and closed his eyes. *You should free that which you love*, Gene's words echoed in his mind, and Lucas knew the genie was right. Ally's reaction this morning hadn't been that of a woman pleased to be bound to him. Did he want to be her jailer or her lover?

There was really no choice. He took a deep breath and spoke the most difficult words he'd ever said. "I release her, then, to go wherever she wishes."

The bright sound of the elevator's bell mocked him as he picked up Ally's coffee cup and finished the dark brew in one swallow, wishing it was something a hell of a lot stronger.

## Chapter Six

Allyson kicked off her shoes with a groan as soon as she set foot through the door of her little apartment. Seattle's weather wasn't agreeing with her. Her allergies were killing her, her best shoes had gotten waterlogged and ruined today, she'd gotten a run in her hose, and she had yet to see the sun since getting off the plane. So far, Seattle wasn't topping her favorite destinations list.

The company apartment she'd been given to use wasn't much better. She glanced at the boxes lined up against the wall, dreading the long ordeal of unpacking. This shoebox was within walking distance of the office, but there was no storage space. No color. The only window looked out at the wall of the high-rise next door. She closed her eyes and gave herself a minute to miss her old apartment with its open floor-plan and high ceilings, the crown molding and tall, panoramic windows that faced the sunset. Not to mention the Jacuzzi tub.

Damn, but she hated to leave it all.

Luc's face rose in her mind before she could stop it, and Ally sighed. If she was completely honest with herself, she missed far more than her apartment. She'd been here a full week and hadn't heard a word from Lucas, business or otherwise.

Had he forgotten all about her?

If he had, she wished he'd teach her the trick. She could hardly look at a boardroom table without blushing. Every time she read a report to the board, her panties got wet and her nipples tightened. She hoped to God that she wasn't suffering alone.

Well, standing by her door and moaning about how much she missed that weekend of the best sex of her life wasn't going to get anything accomplished. She left her shoes where they lay and made her way to her kitchen -- small, like everything else

in the apartment -- to see if the remains of last night's Chinese take-out were still edible enough to qualify as dinner.

"Some Friday night," she grumbled, trying not to compare it to last Friday. Staying home alone was depressing enough, but staying home alone, sick with allergies and living out of boxes while mooning over the sexy hunk who'd fucked her silly was a sure ticket to misery. She sneezed as she rounded the corner to the kitchen.

"Bless you."

Ally shrieked and whirled around to find Lucas leaning against the bar, smiling at her. Her heart, already hammering from her scare, skipped a beat at the sight of him. "Luc!" she wheezed, pressing a hand to her chest. "You gave me a heart attack! How did you get in here?"

He grinned. "It's a company apartment," he said with a shrug. "You're not the only one with a key. Hungry?"

She gaped at him for a moment before finally noticing the hiss of something sizzling on the stove. "You -- you're cooking me dinner?"

This time he laughed out loud and reached for her. "You don't miss a thing, do you?" he teased, catching her wrist and pulling her into his arms.

Being back in his arms was like coming home, and Ally spoke before she could censor her words. "I missed you, Lucas."

His smile faded and his eyes darkened. "I have something I have to tell you, Ally," he said, all the teasing gone from his tone. "I've brought something to show you. I need you to listen with an open mind."

Her pleasure at seeing him vanished at the seriousness of his voice. "If you're about to tell me you're married or bring out the whips and chains --"

He laughed, shaking his head. "Let's eat first," he urged, releasing her and turning back to the stove. "I need to get a few glasses of wine in me before I do this," he muttered as he slid their steaks onto two plates.

Dread was growing inside her by the second. "How about we don't eat first, and you do this sober," she said, stepping back. Whatever he was planning on telling her,

she wasn't sure she wanted to hear it if it made him this nervous. She couldn't imagine he was planning anything good.

He stood with his back to her as if she hadn't spoken, spatula clutched in one hand. She was about to speak again when he turned and met her eyes, and the uncertainty she saw there unnerved her. She wanted to speak again, to reassure him that he could tell her anything, but she didn't. No way was she going to absolve him until she knew what he'd done.

He tried a smile that fell short. "You'll think I'm crazy when I tell you this," he said. "I swear I'm not. Ally, there's no way to say this that won't sound utterly nuts, so I'm going to show you."

He reached into the paper bag on the counter and pulled out a tarnished, dented lamp. Ally frowned. If that was wine, there was no way in hell she was drinking any of it. It looked more likely to give her tetanus than a buzz. "What's that?"

"It's a lamp," he said, stepping closer so she could see it more clearly. "It sounds crazy, but it's a magic lamp." He rubbed the side as he spoke.

Allyson's heart fell -- he really must be nuts if he believed that -- but before she could scoff, shimmering blue smoke billowed out of the narrow mouth of the lamp. "What the fuck?" she whispered, stumbling back as the smoke wafted toward her. "Lucas, make it stop! You'll set off the fire alarms!"

Vanilla and cinnamon teased her senses as a deep, friendly laugh emerged from the smoke. "I would never be so crass," a voice said, and the smoke cleared in an instant. She stared, mouth agape, at the man who now stood beside Lucas.

Tall, completely bald, and built like a brick wall, the dark-skinned giant smiled at her. He was barefoot and naked from the waist up. Twin golden hoops glittered in his ears as he bowed. "Greetings, lady," he said, straightening. "I have heard much of you from my Master."

The world went grey at the edges. "Lucas?" she whispered, still staring at the stranger.

Luc caught her hand and laced his fingers through it. "I'm sorry to shock you," he said. "This was the only way to get you to believe."

"Who are you?" she asked the dark man who'd materialized out of nothing.

"My lady, I am the genie of the lamp," he said, bowing again. "In these modern times, many simply call me Gene."

"Holy shit." She clutched Luc's hand, shaking from head to toe. He was a genie. He was a fucking *genie* and Lucas owned his lamp? Her mind spinning, she blurted out the first thing that came to mind. "So do I get three wishes or something?"

Gene smiled again. "Regrettably, no. The lamp is not in your possession, lady."

"Thank you, Gene," Lucas said as she tried to find some kind of reply. "That will be all."

"As you wish, Master." He disappeared in a puff of vanilla smoke, and it was all Ally could do not to pass out.

Luc pressed a cold glass in her hand. "Drink this," he urged, and she gulped the chilled wine down without thinking. The bright stab of brain-freeze cleared her shock away more effectively than any shot of alcohol could. "Are you all right now?"

She pressed the heel of her hand to her throbbing temple. "Fine," she lied through gritted teeth. "What the hell was all of this about, Luc? You didn't show me that just to impress me. What's the deal?"

He set the glass aside and tightened his hand around hers. "It's about what happened in Dallas," he said. "I had three wishes, Ally, and one of them was you."

Shock sent her swaying again. Surely he didn't mean what she thought he did! "You didn't make me have sex with you," she said, hoping it was the truth. "God, Luc, if you did, I'll hate you forever."

"No! I wouldn't do that," he said. "No, Ally, I wished for the perfect partner, a woman who would endlessly fascinate me, someone to love for the rest of my life. I was tired of social climbers and shallow women. I wanted someone real." He cupped her cheek with his free hand and looked down into her eyes. "And the day after I made my wish, Ally, I met you."

She could drown in those eyes, in the depth of want and need there, but pulled herself back with an effort. "You made me love you?"

His face lit up. "Do you love me?"

"That depends on how you answer that question," she shot back, refusing to be distracted. "Did you wish for me to fuck you and fall in love with you?"

His hand tightened on hers. "No and no," he said. "I screwed up my wish, Ally. I wished for everything I wanted in a woman -- the perfect partner -- and that's what you were. The perfect business partner. I didn't even entertain the thought that my soul mate wouldn't love me back, and I didn't wish for it. It was only when I knew you were really leaving that I understood my error."

She struggled to understand what he was saying. "So you're saying I'm your perfect mate," she said slowly, "but you didn't have anything to do with my feelings for you. Is that right?" He nodded, his eyes imploring her to believe. She wanted to, she really did, but... "Luc, that's... that's just incredible. I know how you plan things. How could you overlook something like that?"

"This is why I brought Gene," he said. "You can ask him, if you like. He'll tell you the exact words of my wishes."

"Wishes -- what else did you wish for?" She could hardly believe that she was accepting this, but seeing the genie appear from the smoke was a highly persuasive argument.

"Business success," Luc said, speaking quickly as though desperate to convince her. "And that nothing that was mine could ever leave me or be lost. I didn't mess with your flight, Ally, but the wish did. You're mine, and I didn't want to lose you. I knew the magic wouldn't let you leave Dallas, and I didn't stop it."

She remembered how he'd demanded she say that she belonged to him as he fucked her. Was she nothing more than a possession? "Why are you telling me all this?" she asked, shaking. "Why bother, if your wishes bind me to you so strongly?"

"Because they don't, baby. I let you go. I released you."

It was the last thing she'd expected him to say. "What?"

He rested his forehead against hers. "I'm telling you all this so that you know everything," he said. "I've learned the true meaning of *be careful what you wish for, because you might get it*. I wished for my soul mate, and there you were, but you never gave me any sign that you felt the way I did. I wished for success, and that thriving corporation has taken you a thousand miles away from me. I wished to keep what's mine only to discover that your freedom means more to me than my own happiness."

Lucas tilted his head and brought his lips to hers, moving slowly enough that she could draw away if she wanted. His words were the sweetest she'd ever heard. Allyson closed the space between them with one step.

When her lips met his, he groaned and wrapped his arms around her. She met the caresses and exploration of his tongue with her own. He tasted of coffee and male desire, a spicy combination that made her head spin. When his hand slid beneath her blouse to caress her back, she gave in to the need spiraling through her veins. "Come to bed, Luc," she breathed against his mouth. "Come show me how much you want me."

His lips curved in a grin as he swept her off her feet. "I hope you're not planning on going anywhere this weekend, then," he murmured as he carried her out of the kitchen. "Because it'll take me more than one night to show you how much I need you. How much I love you."

His hot, possessive kiss cut off any reply she might've made, but Ally didn't care. She buried her fingers in his hair and kissed him back, reveling in his passion, in the strength of his arms supporting her and the rigid length of his cock pressing against her hip. She squealed in surprise when he tossed her onto the bed.

His eyes were intense as he all but ripped his shirt off. "I need to feel you," he said, his voice low and hungry. He caught her hands when she started to unbutton her own blouse. "No, don't move, baby. I'm going to strip you. I want to worship every inch of you, love you slow and kiss you all over, and when I'm done, I'm going to fuck you until you scream."

Just seeing the desire in his eyes sent a new wave of heat to her pussy and made her nipples ache for him. "Is that a promise?" she whispered, licking her lips as he stripped off his pants.

Luc wrapped his fist around his cock and groaned. "This is a promise, Ally," he said.

Her mouth watered as he stroked his thick cock. God, she wanted a taste of him. Before he could stop her, she sat up and wrapped her arms around his waist, dragging him closer. He caught her head in his hands and they both moaned as she sucked him deep into her mouth. His cock was delicious -- hot, salty, and throbbing on her tongue. Ally licked him from head to base and back again, loving the taste of him.

"Goddamn, Ally," he moaned, his fingers clenching in her hair.

She flicked her tongue along his sensitive rim, surprising another moan from him. The muscles of his back trembled under her hands. Sliding one hand down to cup his balls, she teased him with her tongue, humming around his head before sucking as much of his length into her mouth as she could fit. He pushed her hair away from her face and she knew he was watching. Closing her eyes, she slid his cock in and out between her lips, fucking him with her mouth and moaning at the erotic thrill of pleasuring him.

His hips thrust against her and suddenly he wrenched himself away. "No, baby. I want to come inside you," he said, his breathing harsh with arousal.

She smiled up at him and licked her lips, savoring the last taste of him. "Then why don't you strip me naked and get started, Lucas?" she purred.

He groaned. Pausing only to grab a condom from the back pocket of his jeans, he fell onto the bed beside her. An instant later she was plastered against him, his fingers working the buttons of her blouse while his knee pressed between her thighs. Cursing her blouse, he cupped her breasts through the material and sucked one nipple deep into his mouth, shirt and all.

Ally cried out, arching off the bed. The rasp of lace against her nipple, the hot moisture of his mouth, the flicks of his tongue drove her out of her mind with desire. "Luc, please," she moaned. "I want to feel your skin."

He released her nipple and managed to finish unbuttoning the rest of her blouse. She sat up as he peeled it from her arms and threw it across the room, following it with her bra. He licked and teased her breasts as he worked on her skirt. Ally took the little foil packet from his hands and opened it. His breath came faster as she rolled the condom over him, making each movement a caress. She was so drunk on pleasure that she hardly noticed him sliding her skirt down her legs and tossing it to the side.

He tugged off her panties with his teeth, and when they were gone, he pinned her legs to the bed and buried his tongue deep inside her pussy.

"Luc!" she cried, writhing on the bed. He flicked his tongue over her clit, humming against her flesh, and she came so hard she saw stars.

An instant later, he rolled with her and pulled her on top of him. Still shaking with the power of her orgasm, Ally moaned all over again. "You take me this time," he whispered. "If I don't get inside you soon I'll lose my mind, baby."

She slid back until his cock rode the cleft of her pussy and rubbed against him, letting him feel how wet and slick she was for him. He gripped her hips as she rose up on her knees. Sliding down over him, she took every inch of his cock in one deep thrust that made them both moan.

There was never a hope of going slow. His thick length buried so deep inside her fired her passion to impossible heights. He thrust up with each of her downstrokes, pounding his cock inside her as her pussy squeezed him. She felt him swelling with each thrust, felt his body tightening as his orgasm built, and she dragged his hands from her hips to her breasts. "Touch me," she panted, riding him hard and fast.

He pinched her nipples, rubbing and squeezing her breasts, and that was all it took to send her over the edge again. Ally came hard, moaning his name over and over, grinding her hips against him as he came deep inside her.

When it was over, she collapsed on top of him. Luc cradled her to his chest as they both tried to catch their breath. "God, Luc, you're enough to give a girl heart failure," she breathed, listening to his heart pound beneath her ear.

He chuckled, sounding more than a little bit breathless himself. "I promise to give you mouth to mouth as often as you need it."

She smiled against his chest and closed her eyes. It felt so right to lie with him like this. "I'm glad you came to see me," she whispered. "I don't often come home to gorgeous men who fuck me silly."

"I'll come to see you as often as you'll let me." He kissed her hair and sighed. "And I want to be more than the man who shows up from time to time to fuck you silly. I'd be lying if I said I was happy with this long-distance arrangement, but I'll take anything you'll give me."

Allyson raised her head to meet his eyes. "That sounds an awful lot like a relationship," she said, hopeful but hesitant to assume anything.

He smiled even though his eyes were tense. "Yes," he replied simply. "If you want me, I'll do whatever it takes, even if it means flying halfway across the country every weekend." He paused, brushing the hair out of her face, and his smile faded completely. "Do you want me, Ally?"

Her chest tightened at the love she saw shining in his eyes. God, this couldn't be happening -- Lucas Drake, the man she'd lusted over since the moment she'd met him, asking if she wanted him? "Of course I want you," she said, trying and failing to keep her own happy grin from showing. "You're right, the distance thing sucks, but I'll have this division straightened out soon. After that, who knows where I'll end up? Maybe even back in Dallas, where apartments aren't modeled after shoeboxes."

His face split into a broad smile. "You could fix your apartment easily enough," he said. "Wanna get the lamp and see if Gene's any good at interior design?"

She laughed. "Enough with the wishes, Aladdin. God, look what happened to you! I'd be too terrified to touch the thing."

"Well, then, it's just lucky I've got something else you can rub on instead."

Ally groaned and suppressed a laugh. "Will it make all my wishes come true?"

"Try it and see, baby," Luc replied, lying back and hugging her tight. "Try it and see."

## **Amelia Elias**

Meet Amelia Elias, mother of ten (okay, so some of her 'kids' have four legs and a tail), home health nurse (which is great because it affords her so much time to sit and chat with her clients), and author of many stories (most of them written to shut up those persistent voices in her head -- though new ones always take their place). Amelia is slender, buxom, graceful, plays classical piano, speaks 17 languages, is always immaculately dressed, and is titled nobility on an oilrig off the coast of England.

And the nobility thing is actually true.

Amelia writes about everything from genies in a bottle, to gods and goddesses, to gorgeous vampires and hot, sexy Fae. Her stories are set in such locations as Olympus, two versions of an alternate Earth, vampire-owned nightclubs, and the really, truly crazy ones happen in the real world.

Some say she can be a bit scattered with her writing. Amelia disagrees, arguing, "No, not at all! I am very focused and... and... wait, do you have a pen? I just got a great idea for a romance between a shape-shifting ghost and an alien!"

Learn more about Amelia's books, pets, and delusions at [www.AmeliaElias.com](http://www.AmeliaElias.com), or join her Yahoo! mailing list at [AmeliaEliasGroup](http://AmeliaEliasGroup).