

ELLORA'S CAVE PRESENTS

ELLORA'S CAVE  
*Quickies*

*Miss  
February*

*Madison Hayes*

MISS FEBRUARY

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# MISS FEBRUARY

Madison Hayes

## Chapter One

"Do me a favor?" His voice was a rich, deep rumble.

She smiled into the phone, savoring the sound of that voice. "Anything," she answered automatically, knowing he would expect it and figuring she had a rough idea of what he would request. Her divorce had just been finalized and he could probably tell she was feeling low. He'd probably say something sweet and corny like "keep your head up, beautiful". Bret was like that.

She shook her head. Bret alone of all her friends had advised her against marrying Richard. Everyone else, including her entire family, had congratulated her on her engagement as though she'd scored a major coup. She, herself, had thought she'd never get a better offer—never get *another* offer for that matter. Her marriage to Richard had been a mistake from the start. She hadn't loved him—there'd always been something missing.

"Spend the weekend in Hawaii with me."

She almost dropped the phone. There were a few moments of silence while she waited for him to follow this with some kind of punch line.

"Come on, Callie," he pleaded with the laughing, wheedling tone he'd been using on her since they were kids. "I won a free trip at the office Christmas party." She heard some papers rustle in the background. "All expense paid Valentine's Weekend in Hawaii...for two."

"I don't know, Bret," she said in a voice that probably revealed just how low she was feeling. Normally, she was a sucker for Bret's charm.

"You'd be doing me a big favor," he said, haltingly. "You see... I didn't want to tell you...but I was in an accident a few weeks ago—"

"Bret! Are you all right?"

"Yeah. Yeah. For the most part. Just banged up, really. I was wearing my seatbelt. But the doctor put me on a bunch of medication and I can't...I can't...raise-my-arms-above-my-shoulders," he said, in a rush.

"No!" Her uncle had been placed under the same restriction just after his heart surgery. "Bret! That sounds serious. That sounds like your heart."

There was a pause on the other end of the line. "Yeah," he said quietly. "It could be my heart. Anyhow," he continued, "I was thinking...all that sun, all that sand and no one to help me with my suntan lotion. A guy could get burned!"

She thought about Bret—his warm, dark complexion—and decided that was unlikely. "What about Cheryl?"

"Cheryl was months ago, Callie."

"What about whoever replaced Cheryl," she laughed stubbornly.

She thought she heard him wince. "I thought it would be more fun to make this trip with a friend."

*"On a romantic Valentine's weekend!?"*

"Yeah."

"Take Scott then," she said, referring to her twin brother.

"On a romantic Valentine's weekend?" he threw back with a laugh. "Scott applying my suntan lotion? That doesn't work for me. Come on, Callie. I've been online and seen a picture of the cottage. There are two *huge* beds. There's at least two feet between them. So what do you say, sweetheart?" He was giving her his best persuasive tones.

"Errm."

"Thanks, Callie. You're a good sport. There'll be an e-ticket waiting for you at Dallas Airport. My flight from Boston lands an hour before yours... I love you, Callie."

"I love you, too."

\* \* \* \* \*

She didn't realize they'd be landing at the same concourse and that he'd be waiting for her when she stepped through the gate. His head was turning toward her as she found him with her eyes. She hadn't seen him in almost a year and she'd forgotten what a beautiful man he was. Well, not forgotten, exactly – but it was nice to be reminded just the same.

Bret was all strong, definite, straight lines. His lower lip a generous rectangle. His fine nose was straight without any deviation. His jaw line angled out to encompass his mouth then narrowed back into a square chin. Even his eyes were clipped off polygons and the eyebrows were level, except for where they dropped off at the ends. His brown hair was straight.

Plain old brown hair. Plain old brown eyes. Put together perfectly.

Her brother Scott's best friend, Bret had been around as far back as she could remember. They'd grown up together on the same street, attended the same junior high then high school together. Played opposite each other in the winter musical their senior year. The play had ended in a kiss, and she'd thrown herself into the part, into the kiss—all fourteen times—through ten dress rehearsals and four performances. He'd actually asked her to the Valentine's Dance that year but she'd turned him down with a laugh. He couldn't be serious!

He'd taken Mindy Walters to that dance, Jenny Rosen to the prom. Tall with big hands and long fingers, he'd led the football team to the state championship that year. She'd watched him voted in class president in the fall and crowned Prom King that spring. He'd found her in the crowd, rolled his eyes, made a face and grinned at her. Bret was like that—popularity wasn't important to him. He thought people were important and treated them that way. He made you feel special, made everyone feel special. That's one of the reasons he was so popular.

When she reached him, he leaned over to brush his lips at the side of her mouth. "Thanks for coming, sweetheart. You're a sight for sore eyes."

Taking her bag, he caught up her hand as they headed down the concourse together. She'd driven to the airport straight from work and her heels clicked as she and Bret followed the exit signs through the airport. She couldn't help a self-conscious grin when an elegant blonde turned to watch them pass, surprise stamped on her face. The woman probably wondered how someone like her could be with a man like Bret. The poor girl couldn't possibly know the handholding was purely platonic. As if Bret would settle for a size fourteen. Plain size fourteen, for that matter. Bret could do better than that. Way better than that.

"More like a sight to make your eyes sore. You didn't tell me the accident had affected your eyesight."

"There's nothing wrong with my eyes, Callie."

"Tell that to the gorgeous blonde we just passed."

"I didn't see any —"

"My point, exactly."

He gave her a grudging laugh. "Well, you look good to me."

"You've *got* to get out more."

Reaching up to wrench at his tie, Bret shook his head as he watched Callie laugh. That laugh was one of the things he loved about her—and one of the things that drove him crazy. It was a real laugh. Her laughter, her amusement, could never be mistaken for conditioned response or polite recognition. She had a real laugh and he loved it. But at the same time, it made him nuts. Because every time he tried to tell her what he thought of her, she laughed it off. Made some joke and laughed it off.

He'd seen the blonde. He just didn't think she was gorgeous. A long, thin spike of a woman as stiff as a freaking coat tree. With a cool look to chill the warmth right out of a man. How could Callie compare herself to that? Callie was all warmth—zesty, Mediterranean-style warmth. Warmth, that brought everything male within him to a head. Privately, he smiled. Appropriate metaphor, considering his body's present state of response to Callie's presence.

How could Richard have let her get away? The guy had it made. Didn't deserve her but had it made. How could she have settled for someone like Richard in the first place—but that was years ago.

He was on the dimple side of her. On the left side of her face, Callie had a neat little apostrophe that accented her smile. God. How often had he fantasized about being on the other side of that dimple, his tongue in her mouth, his hands full of her—he wondered how much of her breasts he could fit in his hands and how much would be left over once they were full. How could she be so self-deprecating? Did she have no idea, whatsoever, how sexy she was? The woman was just one luscious curve after another as she walked, hips swinging, down the concourse.

Cherry lifesavers. She had lips like cherry lifesavers—red, juicy and tart. He'd been thinking about cherry lifesavers since...twelfth grade he realized—the winter musical. Cherry lifesavers, fourteen to a roll. Her black eyes were nonstop passion, full of the snap and sparkle that was—ineffably—Callie. And her hair! He watched the black curls bounce in time to her swinging gait. He imagined Callie's wild, curling hair spread out on a white pillow. Imagined gazing down on that pillow. Imagined Callie soft beneath him where other women were hard. Imagined Callie's body touching him everywhere without leaving any gaps. There'd be no gaps, save one, to fill with Callie. And the only thing hard would be his cock, filling that gap.

Bret shifted Callie's bag in front of him. His loose khaki slacks would probably hide a little indiscretion but Bret didn't have a little indiscretion at the best of times. And right now, it felt like the worst of times for his cock—it was being indiscreet in a big way.

He reached for the door that led outside and watched her through. "Thanks for coming, Callie. It means a lot to me."

Now if he could just make her understand exactly what it meant.



## **Chapter Two**

As Bret signed for the rental car, Callie sneaked a look at the man beside her. His brown hair had grown a little longer than was fashionable, giving him a slightly reckless, rebel carriage. His hard, chiseled features were filled with quiet, male confidence while his eyes spilled boyish mischief.

But there was nothing remotely boyish about his body, she thought as she knelt behind him later that afternoon, doing the honors on his shoulders. She lounged on a perfect white beach, beneath a perfect blue sky, with a perfect god of a man. Squeezing more lotion into her hand, she watched him as he closed his eyes and tilted his brown face into the sun.

Ineffectually, the ocean hurried back and forth, dragging the sand beach into a slick running surface. Further out, beyond the surf, the sea was azure, and indigo, and cobalt blue, tossed together with flecks of white.

"Mmmm, that feels good," he almost purred but with more of a rumble. "Don't stop."

After kneading his shoulders until her fingers grew weary, she flopped onto the towel spread out beside him.

"Glad I brought you along," he murmured. Dropping back on his towel, he very efficiently went to sleep.

Just like a man, she thought, and took the opportunity to allow her eyes to travel the length of his long, lean body, his muscles bunched in all the right places. She couldn't find one inch of him that wasn't pure, hard male. She couldn't identify one inch of him that didn't appeal to the woman in her. On top of all that, there were several inches...but the friend in her put that thought away.

She tore her eyes from his green swim shorts and primly returned them to his—desperately she searched for a place to put her eyes that didn't elicit an illicit response from her body. Finally, she settled on his face and tugged her turquoise wrap to cover the tops of her legs.

After trying on at least twenty swimsuits, she'd settled on the colorful one-piece. It had a long, deep décolletage with a slashing diagonal pattern that wrapped her in tropical color. In the dressing room it had looked good enough that she'd reached for her brush and pulled it through her thick black curls. After adding the filmy wrap and tying it off at the hip, she was sold. The suit was expensive but worth the price of a little confidence.

She didn't know how long she lay watching him but it must have been a while. He lifted his fingers off the sand far enough to snap them. "More lotion, sweetheart."

"Slave driver," she complained, but didn't really mind.

"There ain't no free lunch," he pointed out lazily.

She watched her pale, golden hand on his brown body as she spread lotion on his chest, squirted some more in her hand and went to work on the tightly bunched muscles leading to his stomach. She laughed when he pulled his swim shorts low on his belly—dangerously low.

"You're not done, yet," he teased her.

She twisted the cap onto the plastic bottle. "I refuse to stoop that low," she said, laughing.

He shook his head slightly, eyes still closed. "I wouldn't make you stoop, Callie. Do it on your knees, darling."

The bottle of lotion landed on his chest with a smacking wallop and he curled up into a sitting position. Shaking the hair out of his eyes, he laughed at her. "That's okay, it's my turn anyway." Squeezing some of the lotion into his hand, he rubbed his hands together and got on his knees.

"I can do my own lotioning," she said, just a tick nervous. "There's nothing wrong with *my* heart."

"No? We'll see about that."

He put a finger on the end of her nose then smoothed his thumbs over her cheekbones, all of which would have been fine if he hadn't lingered so long, with his fingers holding her face. His eyes, which should have been laughing—weren't—and she found it disconcerting. She forced a laugh. "You going to take all day? My shoulders will be fried by the time you're done with my nose."

He smiled slowly as he renewed his supply of lotion. Awkwardly, he reached across her, got a hand on her shoulder then casually placed one of his knees between her legs. Now apparently comfortable, he smoothed his hands over her shoulders, up to her neck.

Callie, on the other hand, was starting to get moderately uncomfortable as he repositioned his knee, the hard warm muscles above his knee meeting the soft warm muscles between her legs. She was so distracted, she didn't realize the knuckles of his hand were inside the top of her bathing suit, traveling across her mounded breasts, edging into her full cleavage. Didn't realize it until the two erogenous zones suddenly communicated with each other with a startling amount of static.

Slapping one of his hands away, she grabbed the lotion out of his other hand. "I'll get that," she remonstrated.

"But I was just getting started."

*Just getting started getting me started*, she thought. "Yeah. And where exactly did you plan to end up?"

He put his eyes on her cleavage.

"Don't go there," she lectured. "A man could lose a hand down in there."

He leaned back on his heels and laughed. "I can't believe you let me get away with that." He shook his head at her and his eyes danced. "Where were you? What were you thinking?"

She looked at him, startled. Like she could tell him! "If I told you, you'd laugh," she informed him tartly.

For an instant, she was afraid he could read her mind, as he cocked an eyebrow her way. "Why don't you tell me and we'll see," he said with a soft smile. "Because I don't think I'd be laughing."

She gave him a shove but he captured one of her hands and kept it. With a soft bed of sand beneath her and the ocean's whispered lullaby in her ears, she fell asleep. When she woke, her hand was beneath Bret's hand on his belly, tucked about one inch into the top of his green swim shorts.

\* \* \* \* \*

He left the bathroom door open and she watched him step into the shower with his swim shorts on. She had showered with her suit on as well. Without a washing machine, it was the most expedient way to get it clean. With a nervous glance at the bathroom door, she peeled off her suit and pulled a pink cotton dress over her head.

The beachside cabin was comfortable and quaint, and that was a relief. She was never comfortable with ostentation. The large, airy room was decorated simply in pale pinks and spring greens. In addition to two beds, there were two comfortable upholstered chairs, a couch of the same fabric and a low table. The television was inside a closed cabinet and didn't intrude to disturb the room's relaxed ambiance.

She was rummaging in her luggage for a pair of panties when Bret called her. "Do me a favor, Callie?"

"What," she called back, continuing her search.

"Help me with my hair?"

"In a minute."

"Never mind, sweetheart, I'll manage," he delivered, in a pained tone that suggested he wouldn't manage very well at all.

She gave up on underwear for the moment. Stepping into the bathroom, she pulled back the shower curtain a fraction.

"Come on in, the water's fine."

His green swim shorts were on the floor of the tub and he stood with his back to her as water ran down the stacked muscles on his broad back, over his hard, square butt, and down the long, thick muscles of his legs.

"I'll...I'll get wet," she protested faintly, her eyes stuck on his perfect square butt.

He moved back a bit to take the spray on his chest. Reaching behind him, he handed her the shampoo. "Thanks, Callie. You're a good sport."

She nodded. She *was* a good sport, she thought, as she stepped into the bathtub. Anyone else might have taken Bret seriously. Might have thought all the flirting, over all the years, was real. Bret was a tease—always had been. Like this afternoon on the beach. Sneaking his hand into her bathing suit when she wasn't paying attention! She ignored the tingle that accompanied the memory and shook her head. What a nut!

As she dug her fingernails into his lathered scalp, he made all sorts of warm, growling sounds of pleasure that she had to assume were gross exaggerations. But they made her smile, nonetheless, and the truth was she spent longer washing his hair than she'd intended then helped him rinse out the soap.

"Can you get my shoulders while you're back there?"

Her black hair, now damp, twisted into curls around her face. Steamy moisture clung to her upper lip and she reached for the soap. Starting at the top of Bret's shoulders, she slowly worked her way down his back.

"Thanks," he said eventually, his voice warm and muted. "I'll take it from there."

His words brought her back to reality and she stared at her hands, low on his flanks, moving slowly on either side of his butt. With a start, she pulled her hands away.

“Maybe you could help me with something else,” he said softly, and turned to face her.

Her eyes widened as she stared down at his full-out hard-on.

## **Chapter Three**

She took an abrupt step backward in the tub. "Where did that come from?"

He grimaced, but whether it was from disappointment or embarrassment wasn't apparent. "I don't know. I'm thinking maybe it's the medication I'm on."

"Really! Because that doesn't look like the result of muscle relaxants," she pointed out with a laugh.

He didn't laugh. "I don't know what they've got me on, but something's driving me crazy." One slow, sliding step and he had her pinned against the wall beneath his wet body. His warm, wet lips were slippery on her mouth then on her neck as he rubbed his erection into her rise. "Pink," he mumbled into her neck.

"Bret!" Her voice was full of shocked refusal.

"Oh God, Callie. Why did it have to be pink? Help me," he breathed into her ear. "I...won't come inside you. Just let me rub myself out on your...against your body," he managed with great difficulty. "I'm so hot, it will only take a minute, I promise."

The shower continued to pound down behind them while Callie's blood pounded in counterpoint. She was wet and warm, revise that—hot—everywhere his naked skin touched her, wet in one place he hadn't touched her and damp just about everywhere else.

As he continued to grind against the rise of her crotch, she gritted her teeth and canted her hips forward in an unauthorized attempt to align her cleft with the thick ridge of his erection. She got a piece of him between her lips and her sex throbbed to life as her body cried out for a bigger piece.

He stopped suddenly and stared into her eyes. "God help me."

He took her hand and wrapped it around his shaft then pumped out onto the skirt of her dress.

She felt his cock expand in her hand, hard and thick inside stretched skin, just before he shot. The slug of male warmth hit her groin and she gasped as he kept coming onto her dress in hot surges. She stared down at his ejaculate as it dripped a shining path down the front of her skirt. Saw her hand still wrapped around the base of his cock.

Her fingers sprang open to release him.

"Shit," he said, still holding onto her. His expression was surprised as he looked down between their bodies. "Shit, I've made a mess. I'm sorry, Callie." Without consultation, he turned her around him in the shower and moved her under the warm pounding water. With the thin pink dress sucking up to her every curve, he stood behind her and ran his hands down the front of her dress. "Shit," he continued to say the whole time.

Soaping his hands, he lathered her breasts slowly with spread fingers before he moved his hands down over her belly and into her loins. His actions were slow and thorough—and probably methodical—she thought. So why did it feel so damn intimate?

Feeling warm and melty, she closed her eyes and leaned her back against his chest as he continued to stroke his spread fingers slowly over the wet pink cotton, down her belly, down the front of her thighs. When the width of his thumb stroked down over her mons, it prompted a stunning reaction between her legs as her groin filled with sparking heat. And when his fingers smoothed back upward over the same route, all those sparks converged at once into a pyrotechnic response of brilliant proportions—a reaction that would have required lead sunglasses to view.

Abruptly he twisted the faucet, stepped out of the tub and threw her a towel as he wrapped another around his waist. But not before she saw he was erect again. "Are you okay?" she asked him.



He ran a hand into his hair. "Yeah, Callie. Damn. I'm sorry, but I could use a drink. I know a place on the beach."

She'd only just toweled off the dripping wet when he pulled her out the cottage door and across the sand. "I'm still wet," she protested.

He stopped to study her. The breeze whipped at his khaki slacks and the thin, beige canvas sucked at his legs. "Yes, you are," he said. "You look good that way. I love you all pink and wet. Don't ever change."

She laughed as he reached an arm around her shoulders and led her down the beach.

## **Chapter Four**

With his elbow on the table and his chin in his hand, he smiled at her as she ordered a drink in a tall glass, her selection based primarily on the colorful picture propped on the table. She caught his eye and wriggled a bit under his gaze. Then wriggled some more, trying to cool her hot lips on the cool vinyl seat. Bret's body was snugged up close to hers. Too close for comfort—she suppressed a shiver. But not quite close enough for actual full-out copulation.

The long thin stretch of restaurant was comfortably lit, shadowed but not dark. The interior was flamboyantly decorated in colorful fifties vinyl, sparkling Formica and shining chrome.

"Here's to beautiful women," Bret said when the drinks were delivered and raised his short glass to clink against her tall one.

She snorted. "Yeah. Too bad you didn't bring one with you."

His smile flattened out into a line. "To old friends, then. Who are always there for you."

He moved his hand to pull at one of her damp tendrils and she realized she probably looked a mess. Excusing herself, she wobbled over to the door marked "ladies". Standing before the mirror, she pushed her hair around and stared at her flushed cheeks, her dilated pupils. She frowned a painful look of sympathy for the woman in the mirror. God, she had it bad—had it bad for an old friend who was flash enough to date movie stars. While she! She!

Critically, she appraised her reflection.

Well, her hair wasn't bad, really. It was probably her best feature, full of wild, generous abandon. The black curls weren't too bad against her warm, gold skin,

especially with her cheeks pinked up the way they were now. With blue eyes, instead of black, she might have been attractive...maybe...if she dropped about twenty pounds.

Her shoulders sagged a bit but she forced them back bravely before she opened the restroom door and made her way back to their table. Smiling brightly, she approached the table and watched Bret's eyes as they followed her all the way back. For a few seconds, she allowed herself the fantasy that she was a ravishing beauty and Bret watched her with ravishing intent, devouring her with his eyes.

He was on his feet, waiting for her when she reached the table.

Together, they dropped onto the bench seat. "I'm sorry," he said as she started with a jump. Slowly, he dragged his hand from beneath her bottom.

"I'm sorry too," she said, her cheeks shading from pink to deep rose. Yeah, she was sorry all right. Sorry he'd removed his hand.

His expression solemn, Bret stirred his drink with a finger. "But you *are* beautiful, Callie," he said, as though she'd never left.

She laughed. "Compared to what?"

"Compared to anything," he told her quietly. "And everything."

"You haven't seen everything."

"I like what I see, now."

"And *that's* only because you haven't seen everything. You haven't seen the parts that wobble," she laughed.

"Perhaps you should show me then." He watched her face until she averted her eyes then let his eyes slip down her dress to her breasts.

She followed his gaze to her erect nipples threatening the thin cotton stretched tight across her chest.

He cocked his head. "Happy to see me?" he guessed. He raised his eyes from her nipples back to her face.

Quickly, she shook her head. "It's just a bit chilly in here. The dress is still wet."

He nodded and snuggled his body up closer to hers, curling an arm around her waist. "Is that better?" he breathed against her neck.

She shivered.

"I'm sorry. You really are cold, aren't you? I should have given you time to change. Here." Picking her up at the waist, he moved her onto his lap and rubbed his hands down her arms.

This isn't helping, she thought, as she shivered again. Hand clenched around the base of her glass, she sipped her drink while Bret, fingers spread, rubbed her thighs. His warm proximity started a thrum between her legs that was so strong she was afraid he'd feel her hot pulse in his lap. Distracted, she didn't notice the skirt of her dress moving incrementally upward with every stroke of his hand. Didn't notice until he was stroking his hand over the smooth, bare skin of her thighs. She gave him a look of dismay and he returned a hooded smile.

He looked down at her thighs, exposed under his hand, hidden behind the table. "I think I have you warmed up now."

Understatement of the year, she thought weakly. She was warmed up all right. She was ready to go thermonuclear.

Withdrawing his hand, Bret's cheek brushed her chest as he motioned the waiter for a second round of drinks and the hard tips of her breasts responded with an aching demand for additional contact. She almost jumped when his hand returned to circle her knee. He talked about his work for a while but she was barely cognizant of the topic as he continued to stroke her thighs absentmindedly, each stroke bringing his hand minutely closer to her sex.

He stopped suddenly. "You seem tense, Callie. Is everything all right?" His voice was rich and soft, and deep.

Eyes glassy, she nodded and felt his hand as it slipped between her thighs, his index finger moving downward to feather along the outside of her swollen labia. She

ended the nod with a sudden intake of breath that must have traveled across the restaurant and possibly the island.

Bret looked up at her from beneath dark lashes. "You're not wearing panties," he murmured.

She struggled to laugh and shook her head. "You rushed me out of the room before I had a chance!"

He gave her a disappointed smile. "And there I was hoping you'd planned it. For me. I'm sorry," he said in a quiet, flat voice, "but at least you're finally warm." Angling his hand slightly, he pulled his finger up through the length of her damp pussy.

Her breath whined in through her teeth.

"Hot, actually. And wet. But that's not for me, either, is it? Don't disappoint me, Callie. Tell me you're not hot for me."

She hesitated, caught in his smoldering gaze. He slid his finger back and forth at the top of her cleft. "Go ahead, Callie. Tell me it's not me."

"Bret," she said with great difficulty, "I don't want this to happen."

His finger stopped and he nodded, removed his finger from her hot rutted sex to stir his drink thoughtfully. She watched the ice go around in the glass, watched his finger go around in the glass. She closed her eyes and didn't see his hand drop behind the table again. But she felt it. Felt his finger ice-cold and firm against her burning clit. She gasped and he let her, disregarding the bartender's glance from across the restaurant, certain that the table hid his actions.

She watched his hand longingly when he returned his finger to stir into the drink again. "All right," he said, "as long as you don't want this, I'll see what I can do to cool you off." He pulled an ice cube out of his drink and hefted it thoughtfully for a moment before he returned to the glass.

This time she watched when his hand dropped beneath the table and his finger nudged against her swollen lips. She opened her legs to allow his finger's intrusion and

he pushed into her lips. His cold finger dragged back over her clit where it remained to tease her with a light touch and random movement. Without warning, a whole handful of cold fingers intruded to widen her and stroke at her throbbing sex with regularity she could set her clock by. And she knew she was about two strokes away from orgasm.

Leaning her head against his, she moaned. "Bret. I think we'd better leave."

"We will, angel," he whispered into her neck. "Just as soon as I'm finished here."

When the waiter dragged past with two patrons in his wake, Bret moved his hand back up to his drink.

In that instant, Callie was off his lap and out the door.

## **Chapter Five**

Standing swiftly, eyes on the door, Bret pulled his wallet out and threw some bills on the table then followed.

He found her, waist-deep in the surf. "I love you," he yelled into the waves.

"There's an original line."

"I do, Callie."

She sloshed toward him. "Bret. If you want to have sex with me..."

"Of course I want to have sex with you. Because you're beautiful, funny, generous but most importantly because—and you'd better listen to this part—because I love you." He watched the wet skirt of her dress as the ocean sucked it up around her curves. "I want to get my arms around you and —"

"I'm not sure that's physically possible," she laughed. "Just how long are your arms?"

"Come here and I'll show you."

But she turned and waded through the surf, sandals dangling in the hand at her side. He paralleled her route, ten feet of flighty, indecisive water separating them as they made their way down the beach and back toward the cabin.

"Don't make me come in after you."

She shook her head. "Don't, Bret. Don't do this to me. And don't say you love me again. Yes, we love each other—as friends. But I don't see how it could ever be anything more."

Funny how it sounded more like a question to him than a statement—and a pleading question, at that. His eyes narrowed, lit with frustration. "Well," he muttered, "I was willing to demonstrate...but I guess you don't want that, do you, Callie?"

Head down, hands shoved in his pockets, he turned and slanted across the sand away from the surf.

Callie winced and turned out a full circle in the water. Slowly, she moped her way across the beach after Bret.

Hesitating before the cabin door, she took a deep breath. When she opened the door, she found the room filled with flowers. Pink and red, peach gladioli. Where did you find gladioli in February? Someone had emptied a bucket of rose petals on the floor. She looked up from the carpet of pink. "Part of the package?" she asked him, closing the door behind her.

"Not exactly." He was loosening the final button on his shirt. She watched him rip the shirt off, ball it up and fling it at the floor. "Tell me you don't want me, Callie."

Her eyes followed his hands up, as his wrist twisted in front of his crotch then appeared to drag up along his fly. She watched his fingers reach for the button at his waist. Groaning, she turned away from him, standing in the middle of the room. "It would never work, Bret. For me. I couldn't just...just have sex with you and...and leave it at that..."

"Neither could I," he interjected.

"...not without a broken heart."

"Callie."

"Look at you, Bret. And look at me," she laughed as she turned back to him, hands outstretched in demonstration. "You could have any woman you wanted."

"Yeah, I know. I've had them. All of them, it feels like. I don't want them. I want you."

"When you walk through airports, women turn around and stare. Look at me! I'm...not exactly centerfold stuff."

He looked a little guilty.

"You've had centerfold stuff?"



"She wasn't like you," he said soberly. "She had *no* sense of humor."

"Who worries about humor at a time like that?"

"Nobody. But it's nice to have a little before. And after." He gave her a wry grin. "I only pretended to forget her name."

Callie's jaw dropped. "You pretended to forget Miss October's name?"

"January."

"What?"

"Miss January," he corrected her. "You would have known I was kidding."

"You're a tease."

"And you're beautiful."

"I'm no Miss January, Bret."

He shook his head. "No. You're no Miss January. But I don't want Miss January. I'm ready for Miss February. I want *you*, Callie."

She laughed, unconvincingly. "Then you want a lot, Bret."

"Yeah, I want a lot." But he didn't return her smile. Instead, he dropped into a chair and regarded her with impatience. "That's it. Keep laughing, Callie. You always have a comeback, don't you?" He sighed and raised his eyes to the ceiling. "Well let's hear your comeback to this, Callie. Have you ever been French kissed —"

"Yes, of course —"

"—between your legs?"

Her nostrils flared and, for once, she was silent.

"Because that's the way I want to kiss you. I want you kneeling on the floor, with your skirt shoved up to your waist. I want to pull your legs apart. *I* want to. I want to put my head between your legs and put a long French kiss into your sex, lick at your sweet, pink folds until you come into my mouth."

He put his eyes on hers.

"I want you pinned against the wall, my cock all the way in, my hands spread in a hopeless attempt to contain your breasts, loving your breasts, feeling your body strain for mine while my hips are coming at you, hard.

"I want you on your hands and knees, on the bed, while I stand behind you. Your dress pushed up over your hips, your panties pulled down and stretching across your thighs. I want to see your pussy, thick and swollen, between pink dress and black panties, want to cup you in my hand, stroke you with my lips. I want to get my cock between your legs and push it through your folds until you're wet enough to coat me. See your slit wet for me. Hear you panting for me. I want to pull your cheeks apart—I want to—then drive into you. I want to fill you with my cock, watch you on my cock when you start to come."

The room was silent. His legs spread casually as he slouched in the chair and he drew his wrist up the front of his pants, up the length of his erection. "I want you on your knees in front of me, between my legs as I sit in this chair. I want to run my fingers into your hair while your head is buried in my lap. I want to feel your lips warm on my sex, sucking on my cock as your fingers reach for my balls.

"Do I have your attention, Callie?

"Because there's one thing more I want, even more than all of this. I want you to marry me."

## **Chapter Six**

Shocked into silence, Callie dropped to her knees on the petalled carpet. Without purpose, she started collecting the bits of pink as she attempted to collect her runaway feelings.

Bret got to his feet and dropped to his knees in front of her. "I love you, Callie. Why do you find that so hard to believe?"

She turned her head.

"I want you, Callie. I want *you*. You've been pushing me away for years and I'm tired of it."

Dropping back on her heels, she pulled away from him.

"You're beautiful," he whispered.

She pressed her lips together and shook her head.

"Damn it, Callie. Would it kill you to accept a compliment for a change?"

She shook her head again. "It would probably just give me heartburn."

"Let me try this again. I'll tell you you're beautiful. And you say..."

She gave him a stubborn look.

"Thank you! You say thank you!"

"Thank you," she said obediently. "That's a very kind lie."

He smiled at her reluctantly. "You're hopeless. What did you say to Richard when he complimented you?"

She averted her eyes.

"How did you answer Richard when he said you were beautiful?"

Uninvited, unwelcome tears came out of nowhere and blindsided her.

"God, Callie. I'm sorry. I'm sorry, darling." He got a hand behind her neck and pulled her toward him.

"It's not your fault," she sobbed into his chest. "It's not your fault he never..."

Bret smothered her into his chest. "What a dick," he said harshly. He shook his head while she shook in his arms.

Pulling her face out of his shirt, he smoothed her tears away with his thumbs. His lips gravitated toward hers in one of those slow, breath-holding approaches. Finally, they touched down on hers. She found herself with her neck arched, her head back, as she sucked up as much of that kiss as she could fit in her mouth.

Getting his hand under her skirt, he ran his hand between her legs. "Do me a favor," he murmured into her mouth.

"No," she protested faintly. "No. Bret. I'm done doing you favors."

But his tongue was already in her mouth, distracting her while his fingers worked to release the buttons that held the cotton tight across her breasts. Ineffectually, her fingers fought with his. Eventually giving up, her fingers followed his, doing up the work he'd undone.

In a burst of impatience, he grasped her wrists. "You're going to listen to me, Callie." His eyes searched the room and found the tie he'd discarded earlier, straggled and twisted at the edge of the bed. Snatching it up, he wrapped it around her wrists then decided her arms were in the way and changed his mind. Pulling her arms behind her, he rewrapped her wrists. "You're beautiful, Callie."

"No, you're beautiful, Bret."

He stopped and smiled at her. "You think so?"

As she struggled to get her feet beneath her, he looked around for inspiration. With desperate ingenuity aided by superior male strength, he reached for the corner of the bed, pulled it up an inch, whipped the end of his tie under the leg of the heavy bed and dropped it again.

Callie stared at him, appalled. Her wrists were tied behind her and secured at the floor by twelve inches of striped power-tie.

## **Chapter Seven**

She tugged on the tie, wide eyes searching his for explanation.

"You're going to listen to me, Callie," he said as he loosened her buttons, picking them off one-by-one from the top down. "I don't know. Maybe if I were bald – skinny – had a big nose, I'd feel like I needed a...Barbie doll on my arm. But I need you."

"Bret."

"Tell me you don't love me, Callie." Working his way down through her buttons, he stooped to press a wet tongue against the cotton covering one nipple. Pulling back, he viewed her breast with dissatisfaction. Scratching a fingernail over the wet cotton that covered her nipple, he repeated the action until his persistence was rewarded and her nipple wasn't flat anymore. "And while you're at it, tell your two friends here."

Smiling slightly, he lowered his mouth to suck on the cotton hiding her second nipple, pulling at it with his teeth. He leaned back to survey the result. Both nipples stood erect beneath the wet cotton in proud, showy, prominent display. He smiled completely. "Tell me you don't want me," he whispered and raised his eyes to hers.

She looked like she was going to cry. "You're too good for me."

All but done with her buttons, he pulled the skirt of her dress to her waist and tied it in a knot. "Oh God, Callie. Just give me a chance and I'll show you how good I can be for you." He rested his hands on the tops of her thighs and leaned his lips into hers, relieved when she neither laughed nor pulled away. Pressing his advantage, he angled his lips on hers, encouraged her lips open and stroked his tongue into her mouth, finally got his tongue on the inside of that dimple and groaned with the kind of satisfaction that only comes after years of anticipation. At the same time, he got his knees inside hers and pushed her legs open while both his hands went behind her to pull her lower body toward him. He tugged the round cheeks of her behind apart and

slid his fingers deep into the saddle between her cheeks. They both caught up a gasp as his fingers intruded into slick, wet territory. Ending the kiss abruptly, they stared at each other. "Oh God, Callie, tell me all that moisture's for me."

She pulled away from him, but her eyes were dark and her breathing was rampant enough to pop the final button holding her heavy breasts within the bodice of her dress. When her breasts fell out of their cotton enclosure, she stared down at them in dismay. Then up at him in shock. Because Bret groaned as he brought his hands around to cage her breasts. She watched his hands rotate around the warm curves of her breasts.

"Look at these hands, Callie. These have got to be size D hands."

"Double D," she squeaked.

His eyes joined his hands as he worshiped her breasts. "We're a perfect fit. I've had thin little bits of women, Callie. I want more...not a lot more," he said quickly, "just a bit more. I want a woman with breasts that spill out of my hands, a woman deep enough to take all of me, a woman with enough love to surround me and I want something to hold on to when I'm loving her."

She laughed, but it was weak. "Well, I have more than enough, Bret."

His face was serious. "Don't laugh me off, Callie. You've been laughing me off since junior high. It isn't funny anymore." He covered her mouth with his and moved his hand between her legs. His finger was cool on her hot sex as it gently plowed her furrow open from the top of her cleft to her warm, wet opening. Dipping three fingers into her well, he dragged his wet fingers back up her pussy again. She shuddered into his mouth. He stopped kissing her and searched her eyes. "Tell me you don't want me, Callie."

She closed her eyes.

She felt him move away, felt him pull her legs further apart. She didn't fight it. His longish hair was against the inside of her thighs as he slid his head between her legs and, with his hands high on the inside of her thighs, pushed her legs wider, pulling her pussy down to meet his lips. Sexual tension had been building in her all day. Hours of

heated, ramping expectation had her sex fully primed and ready for orgasm—she didn't keep him waiting. He gave her a long, slow French kiss and she came into his mouth.

Her head went back and her body was a wave that fed into his mouth. His tongue continued its soft stroking action along her sensitive fleshy folds and into her opening while she quaked through a long series of contractions, her orgasm strung out to indecent length under the action of his unrelenting, probing tongue.

She was crying by the time he got to his knees again. "I love you," she sobbed. "I've always loved you. I can't remember when I didn't."

He pulled her against his chest. "I know. I know, Callie." With a brutal yank, the tie was free and he fumbled to loosen the knot that held her wrists. He held her tightly while his heart raced. His heart, like his penis long neglected, felt like it would burst. But he continued to hold her until her sobbing subsided into the occasional shudder. Pulling her chin up, he thumbed the tears from below her eyes.

She shrugged apologetically. "Well, you wanted moisture," she told him. "I hope you're satisfied."

He shook his head. "As a matter of fact..." he grimaced as he glanced down in the direction of his cock. "Do me a favor?" he said softly.

She smiled up at him and nodded.

With the outlook of release on the horizon, Bret's passion surfaced with a vengeance. Picking her up, he swung her onto the bed and got his hand inside her dress. With a handful of cotton bunched in his fist, he wrenched at the pink stuff that concealed her body—the dress that stood between him and everything he must have next. The pink cotton gave as he ripped downward. Tattered shreds of cotton teased her nipples into taut buds as he shoved the remnants out of his way to expose her body.

He took a breath and held it as his eyes ate up every round inch of her.

For just an instant, his hand hovered above her chest before the rough heel of his palm scraped down between her breasts. He watched his own hand's progress as it



headed into the curling hair between her legs. Her pelvis canted upward as her head went back and his hand was filled with warm, wet pussy. With his open hand, he worked her lips apart until he could get all his fingers between them—flat against her sex spread beneath his hand—and stroked at her slick, wet labia. Thumbed her clitoris until she gasped through gritted teeth; then left his thumb to trouble her clit while he thrust two fingers into her vagina. Her bottom came up off the bed at least four inches as her body tried to receive him, tried to take in more of him.

“That’s it, Callie,” he whispered. “Reach for me, sweetheart.”

With his left hand, he fumbled to loosen the button of his slacks, groaning when it resisted. His cock was desperate to get out and get on her. As his fingers struggled with the button, the edge of his hand rasped impatiently at his dick.

With a desperate wrench, the button popped and he rucked the pants out of his way. His hips were moving before he got between her legs, the soft, moist skin of his cock dragging at the skin of her hips then the top of her thighs. He fell on her with a hunger that had never been properly addressed during his lifetime. One arm had to be sacrificed to support his weight and he slipped it beneath her shoulder. But the other arm—the other hand—was free to live out a long-awaited fantasy that involved his large hand and her fabulous breasts.

With his right hand rounding her left breast and his lips eating hers, he thrust his hips against her and rubbed his cock into her skin—everywhere he made contact—as he made his way toward her pussy. He felt her hands move up his sides to clutch beneath his arms and pull his bare chest against the skin of her breasts. Felt her soft, warm body rock to answer the thrust of his hips. Felt the friction of her velvet skin, warm against the cock he could not still.

But he had to have more.

He had to get her on his dick.

He pulled at her knee as he pushed between her legs and felt the woman he loved spread her legs for his entry. With a growl of approval, he dragged his lower body up

to meet her pussy, found her opening and with a thrust, hooked her body on his cock. Her body arched to receive him – all of him.

“Oh God, yes,” he whispered into her lips. “Cherry lifesavers.”

“Bret!”

His name came out of her mouth all mangled and his cock responded with a thrusting surge of angry excitement.

“Knees up, Callie. Ah, God please, darling.”

When her knees came up beside him, he coaxed them higher with a firm hand then pressed them wider with a hard palm, as he thrust into her. And thrust into her. And kept thrusting at her until she came again, in wild suffering pleasure that prompted his own release. He hammered into her with an iron cock and struck her cervix until she saw sparks—kept coming at her until his cock gave up the fuck and was finally quenched, drenched in his own release.

“Oh God, love,” he moaned into her mouth. “How could you keep this from me all these years?” He looked down at their bodies, sex-heated, damp and close—and stiffened inside her.

Her eyes opened slowly and gave him an uncertain look of surprise.

He returned her a small, but ruthless smile. “What do you want for lunch tomorrow?” he asked.

“Lunch? What about breakfast?”

He nodded down at her as he moved on her slowly. “I have a feeling that, by the time we’re ready for breakfast, it will probably be lunchtime.”

## **Chapter Eight**

Room service had delivered by the time she woke up. A little table had been set with white Irish linen, flowers, coffee and two covered plates. Wrapping the shambles of her pink dress around her, Callie padded over to the table and lifted the cover off one of the plates.

Rubbing a towel into his wet hair, Bret came through the bathroom door. She smiled at his face then all the way down his hard chest and firm belly to the front of his boxer shorts.

He leaned a kiss into her neck on the way to his chair. "Good morning, sweetheart. I ordered pancakes for you." He poured out two cups of steaming coffee while she situated her napkin in her lap. "I'll bet you're starving after last night—all the exercise," he teased. "I'm sorry. I should have bought you dinner."

She nodded at the thick stack of pancakes and peeked up at him from beneath a shield of lashes. His long, lean torso was dark against the pastel background of the room. His tight muscles shifted economically as he spread a thin sheen of butter onto a triangle of toast.

"I wasn't hungry," she told him.

Suddenly reluctant to eat in front of this perfect man, her throat constricted as a sick knot took hold of her stomach. Unreasonably, Callie found herself unwilling to add one more pound—one more centimeter—to her body, the body that Bret Haverston made love to.

Glancing up from his toast, Bret caught her stare and returned it with a slow smile. He didn't look hungry, either—at least, not for food. His eyes continued into her cleavage as the open dress barely managed to hide her nipples.

Shyly, she fumbled the fork into her hand and cut a wedge out of the stack of cakes. Trying to appear dainty but feeling clumsy, she maneuvered the fork toward her mouth. At the last possible moment, she saw the inelegant lump sliding off her fork. She made a dive for the pancake with her other hand and only ended up looking more awkward. The torn skirt of her dress gaped open and she felt the warm pancake on her bare thighs.

Mortified, she looked up at Bret as he blurred behind a sheen of tears. Perfect, lean, graceful Bret. Eating breakfast with a size fourteen that had a pile of pancake in her lap.

Carefully, Bret lowered his knife as Callie looked down at the mess in her lap.

"Wouldn't you like some syrup with that?" he was asking.

Callie shook her head.

Suddenly, he was beside her, a small china jug in his hand, rotating her chair backward with a push.

Callie reached a knuckle up to catch a tear and ran into Bret's fingers. She felt the tear flicked away at the tip of Bret's thumb. At the same time, she felt something warm pour onto her lap and spread then trickle into the small triangle of space at the top of her legs.

Her eyes widened on his.

"Look at you," he said, holding her eyes with his warm gaze, "can't take you anywhere." Together they watched the pool of syrup as it disappeared, sinking between her legs. "Guess I'll just have to take you here."

He ate the pancake first, using his teeth, she noted, as he dragged his teeth over her flesh. Once that was accomplished, he commenced to lick up everything else he could readily reach. He ran his tongue over the tops of her thighs, easing her legs apart as he worked his way in deeper between her sticky thighs. His rough tongue stroked her skin with thorough, meticulous care as he lapped up the syrup that coated her thighs. So carefully and slowly, she thought she would lose her mind before his tongue got to the

point—the point of her desire. Finally, he ran his tongue lightly over the outer lips of her labia then stopped.

“I think I got most of it,” he said, and she watched his eyes resting between her legs, wanting to yank his head down and hold his mouth firmly against her pulsing pussy. “If you want me to get the rest...you’re going to have to move your legs apart.”

Moaning, Callie closed her eyes and Bret rose to press a sweet, sticky kiss onto her lips. At the end of the kiss, he ran his tongue around the outside of her mouth. “Open your legs, Callie, and I’ll finish licking you right. I’ll lick you right up to your finish. I’ll lick you until you make your own syrup and it pours out on my tongue. Then I’ll make you come into my mouth. Spread your legs, Callie.”

Callie moaned again, shyness warring with the desire hot and ready between her legs. Reaching for his cup, Bret filled his mouth with coffee as he leaned over and slid his hand around her breast, pulling the ragged pink fabric back to expose her breast. Bending his head, he sucked one of her nipples into his warm liquid-filled mouth.

Callie gasped and her eyes opened just in time to watch Bret sprinkle a handful of sugar onto her wet nipple. When he finished sucking her other nipple, he decorated it in the same manner. Holding her breath, she stared down at the sweet, frosted confection he’d made of her nipples then smiled up at him suddenly. “They’re beautiful,” she said, her voice full of wonder and revelation.

He smiled and nodded as he lowered his mouth to suck at one of the sparkling mounds. “Oh God, they’re beautiful,” he murmured as he moved his head to her other breast. Callie’s hand tightened in his hair and pulled his head onto her chest as her back arched, pushing her breast full against his mouth. Reaching to take one of her hands from his hair, he pushed it into the full round swell at the side of her chest. Together they fed her nipple into his mouth.

When Callie whimpered, Bret answered with a groaning rumble, then he was on his knees again, one of his shoulders under her left leg, as he placed her foot on the table. He kissed the curling hair above her mons and dropped his tongue into the top of her

cleft. With his hand, he stroked up along the underside of her right thigh and pushed her leg wide. When he sucked up her clit, she almost jumped into his mouth. Legs spread, open and exposed, she writhed in the chair.

“Look at this ripe, luscious berry,” he was saying, and Callie sucked in a sob when he returned his lips to suck again. “Pass the cream, Callie. Never mind. I’ll get it.” A moment later, he was tipping the point of the creamer at the top of her cleft; the cool cream on her hot clit made her legs stretch apart and her sex cant upward off the chair.

With his head between her legs, Bret’s mouth was all over her sex, kissing and prodding, and sucking and eating. With a rough tongue, he thrust against her vulva several times and she came in clutching, wrenching orgasm. When her legs tried to close, he barred them open with his forearms as he stroked his tongue through the length of her wet, pink sex.

Finally, her body slackened and he stood, ready for his own release.

He pushed his shorts down to release his stiff cock. Leaning forward, he put his thick hood against her lips. “I want to see your lips on me,” he rasped, and it wasn’t a request.

Callie took him into her mouth as deeply as she could. She sucked out the length of his shaft then let him go. With the sugar bowl in one hand, she tipped the bowl as she pulled his shaft down to bury his cock-head in the white crystals. It came out with a proud helmet of sparkling white. Callie flicked out her tongue to swirl around his tip, then sucked gently at his first few inches. Giving him up again, she pulled away reaching for the sugar. Bret groaned and stopped her with a fist beneath her chin. Unable to wait any longer, his hand grasped her chin—the other hand was at the back of her head as he thrust his cock against her lips. “Oh God, Callie. Take me in, love. Take all of me, Callie.”

With her hands on his flanks, she swallowed him as deeply as she could.

Hands braced behind her, on the back of her chair, Bret's hips jerked forward as he insinuated himself more deeply into her mouth. He drove his hips at her fiercely, helpless to stop himself.

Almost choking on his massive erection, Callie felt him expand in her mouth and thicken between her teeth. His fingers grasped at her skull as he surged and she swallowed down his come as it rushed into her throat.

\* \* \* \* \*

"We should go to the beach."

"We should." He sighed lazily and made no other move whatsoever.

"What time is it?"

Bret turned his head to the clock beside the bed. "Three."

"We slept through lunch?"

"And made love through breakfast."

She laughed. "And dinner last night."

He shook his head. "We made love through dinner-time, not dinner."

They both turned to look at the little table.

"Made love through breakfast," they said together.

He turned his head and smiled at her. "Hungry?"

"Yeah, I'm hungry," she told him. "You got anything left?"

He closed his eyes and nodded up at the ceiling. "I could probably scrape something up, with the right encouragement."

"What do you mean?"

His lips angled up at the edges. "How'd you like to help me live out a long-held fantasy?"

## **Chapter Nine**

"It doesn't involve anything complicated," he said quickly. "Only you. And some black panties." He rolled onto his side and snugged his body up against hers. "Do you have a pair?"

"There is a God," he murmured when she nodded. His eyes followed her as she rolled off the bed and stepped over to her suitcase.

"Shall I take the dress off?"

"No. Please. Leave the dress on."

"But it's all —"

"Perfect. It's all perfect." He rolled to sit on the bed as she pulled the black lace panties up her legs. "Do you remember that time I busted into your bedroom? We were about fifteen. Scott was chasing me. I didn't even know you were home."

Her cheeks went pink. After all these years, they went pink.

"I was dressing."

"You were wearing black bikini underpants. You were leaning over, trying to get your breasts, all of those big, full, teenage breasts into a black brassiere."

"Was it black?"

He nodded slowly. "The brassiere was black. Your panties were black." Bret stood and made his way over to her, took her hand and led her back to the bed. "It was late winter — February — but warm, and your window was open. The curtains were floating into the room. They were pink." He turned her around to face the bed. His chest was against her back and he placed a warm kiss on the side of her neck.

"Get on the bed, Callie. On your knees, darling."



Callie knelt on the bed while Bret ran his hands down to hold the bottom of her heavy breasts. His lips were against her ear. "You know what I want, Callie. Don't make me beg."

She leaned forward onto her hands and felt Bret's hands travel down over her hips then thighs, catching at what was left of her pink skirt and pushing it up over her bottom. Her panties were next as Bret dragged them down to the top of her thighs. She felt him move away. "Bret?"

Bret leaned against the wall, a few feet from the bed. "Oh God, Callie. I've waited so long for this. Just let me enjoy it." With his hand beneath his dick, he stroked out his length. "This is what I'd see when I was a kid, pumping myself out in the shower. This was what I'd think about when I was with Miss January, every time I was with Miss January. And every other woman for that matter." With his hand wrapped around his shaft, he pumped himself slowly. His eyes moved to his stiffened cock. "Damn. I've never been this big before, Callie. And I've never wanted anything so much."

Callie stifled a moaning sob. Bret's words initiated a tingle that raced down her spine and arced into the space between her legs in probing pulsations of expectation. Her body was crying for Bret. Bret's thick, uncompromising entry. Her back wanted to arch and responding to instinct, she dropped onto her elbows and opened her legs a fraction. With her knees parted and her back curved, her heavy breasts rested on the bed.

The position she found herself in was eroticism defined and her heart pounded into the mattress. The thought of Bret, behind her, his legs spread, his hands smoothing up her legs to pull her open, caused her sex to reverberate like a drum beneath the drumstick's brutal caress. She wanted to beg for that caress, but restrained the wanton impulse.

"I'm ready, Bret," she said with a tight voice.

"I hope you are," he said, moving toward her. "Because once I get inside you, I don't think I'm going to be able to be gentle. Do you think you can take it?"

"I'll take it, Bret. All of it, I promise. I'll take it all. Now."

Bret dropped to his knees behind her, caressing the bottom he'd exposed between black lace and pink cotton. He kissed her smooth golden skin and pulled her cheeks apart. The puffy lips of her labia were as pretty as anything he'd ever seen in the best men's magazines and he couldn't help but kiss her, right there where she wanted him.

His lips on her silken flesh was a gentle offering, a tender apology for what was to follow – the brutal ravaging her pussy would receive when he shoved his cock deep in her cunt and started pounding into her.

"Bret," she cried. "I'm ready. Please, Bret."

"Just one more kiss," he said against the lips of her swollen labia.

She pushed herself backward and rubbed her sex into the kiss. "Bret," she panted, "Now. Please. Come on, Bret."

Bret stood, spread his legs, and entered her hard and all the way. His hands on her hips locked her bottom tight against his groin. Callie screamed and he stopped there, in her as far as he could go. "Are you okay?" His voice was raw and hoarse.

"There's...there's just so much of you. Give me a minute...to adjust."

He pulled his cock back several inches and looked down at the thick root of his glistening shaft. "I can't wait," he said.

And started slamming into her.

"Oh – my – God – Bret!" she cried in time with his first four thrusts. Her body was primed for his pumping action and her mind pushed her the remaining short distance toward orgasm as she shared this patently carnal act with the man she loved. "Come on, Bret," she whispered as she started to come. "Come on." Then she was screaming the same words.

Bret's hips pistoned at a savage pace, the bottom of his shaft scraping over the elastic edge of her panties, his balls swinging up to hit the fence of stretched black lace.

There was a tearing sound as the lace frayed then his balls were up against Callie and all her warmth. He didn't come until she stopped screaming.

\* \* \* \* \*

When she came out of the shower, the table had been cleared except for an envelope with her name on it. A thick, creamy envelope with a rough textured surface and pink undertones. Staring across the room at it, Callie tied her bright, silk robe closed. She opened it expecting to find a Valentine. With a small frown, she shuffled through the little pile of travel itineraries and receipts. Going back to the itineraries, she checked the dates. They were issued the day he'd called her.

Bret watched her from across the room.

"There was no free trip?"

He shook his head.

Her eyes were on the floor, on the curling petals, as she nodded her head.

"I wasn't in a car accident," he told her. "There's nothing wrong with me and I'm not on any medication."

"There's nothing wrong with your heart," she said slowly.

"I wouldn't say that, exactly." He leaned back on the dresser. "There's a big empty place in my heart."

"How big?" She faltered.

He gave her a measuring smile. "About a size twelve would be my guess."

She nodded slowly. "Fourteen."

"Marry me, Callie."

Automatically she started to laugh then stopped herself. "Are you serious?"

He gave her a warning look.

"Bret. It's too soon. My divorce was only finalized last week."

"Too soon!" He looked like he would explode. "I've waited fourteen years, Callie. And you're telling me it's too soon? I asked you to the Valentine's Dance! That was back in high school! Because I loved you. And you turned me down.

"I loved you when we were kids, before that damned play, even. Before you kissed me—fourteen times. I've been telling you for years, Callie. And you haven't been listening.

"How long did you go out with Richard before you married him? Three years? And your marriage lasted four. You gave the wrong man seven years! I could have told you in three minutes and saved you the trouble." He threw the towel at the floor. "I can tell you, now, who the right man is. I'm not waiting three more years. I'm not waiting three more minutes. Marry me, Callie. Marry me and tell me I haven't wasted all these years, waiting."

She gave him a small, warm smile of encouragement.

His expression softened. "So what do you say...Miss February? Will you be my Valentine...for the rest of my life?"

"I don't know," she demurred, but he knew he'd won. "You're hard on clothes," she teased. "I don't mind the panties, but that pink dress was brand new."

"So how much do I owe you for the dress?" he said, his voice pleased and not the least bit apologetic.

"The rest of your life," she told him.

## About the author:

*I slung the heavy battery pack around my hips and cinched it tight – or tried to.*

*“Damn.” Brian grabbed an awl. Leaning over me, he forged a new hole in the too-big belt.*

*“Any advice?” I asked him as I pulled the belt tight.*

*“Yeah. Don’t reach for the ore cart until it starts moving, then jump on the back and immediately duck your head. The voltage in the overhead cable won’t just kill you. It’ll blow you apart.”*

That was my first day on my first job. Employed as an engineer, I’ve worked in an underground mine that went up—inside a mountain. I’ve swung over the Ohio River in a tiny cage suspended from a crane in the middle of an electrical storm. I’ve hung over the Hudson River at midnight in an aluminum boat—30 foot in the air—suspended from a floating barge at the height of a blizzard, while snowplows on the bridge overhead rained slush and salt down on my shoulders. You can’t do this sort of work without developing a sense of humor, and a sense of adventure.

New to publishing, I read my first romance two years ago and started writing. Both my reading and writing habits are subject to mood and I usually have several stories going at once. When I need a really good idea for a story, I clean toilets. Now there’s an activity that engenders escapism.

I was surveying when I met my husband. He was my ‘rod man’. While I was trying to get my crosshairs on his stadia rod, he dropped his pants and mooned me. Next thing I know, I’ve got the backside of paradise in my viewfinder. So I grabbed the walkie-talkie. “That’s real nice,” I told him, “but would you please turn around? I’d rather see the other side.”

...it was love at first sight.

Madison welcomes mail from readers. You can write to her c/o Ellora’s Cave Publishing at 1337 Commerce Drive, #13, Stow, Ohio 44224.

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