

Lois Bonde

Perfect Pitch

By Lois Bonde

Erotiqué Press
Contemporary Romance

Perfect Pitch

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously and are not to be construed as real. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, organizations, or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

Erotiqué Press
56 Sawyer Circle #354
Memphis, TN 38103

Copyright © 2005 by Lois Bonde
ISBN: 1-59080-457-0 E-book
www erotiquepress.com

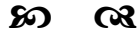
All rights reserved. No part of this book may be used or reproduced in any manner whatsoever without written permission, except in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical articles and reviews. For information address Echelon Press.

First Erotiqué Press production: July 2005
Cover Art © Karen Syed

Erotiqué Press is a division of Echelon Press Publishing.

Produced in Memphis, TN, USA

Lois Bonde



"Yes," Gavin Bradley cried as he jumped back from the hickory tree in his yard. The high dead branch he'd just sawed off teetered for a moment and then fell. But, as he watched, the bare twigs caught in the leaves below it and stopped its decent.

"No, don't stop there," Gavin shouted to no avail. The limb didn't move.

His shoulders slumped and he shook his head as he lowered the extension saw to the ground. Sawdust sprinkled from his dark hair onto his sweat-stained T-shirt. Settling his fists on his hips, he looked up at the offending bough. A strong wind might bring it down, endangering anyone passing through the backyard so it couldn't stay balanced up there.

A car door slammed nearby, and Gavin's gaze was drawn to Karli Martin who rented the downstairs apartment in the house next door as of a month ago. Dressed in a baseball uniform that on her looked sexy as hell, she waved as she called, "You picked a beautiful day to work outside."

"You got that right." He thought her smile looked gorgeous—even from across the yard.

They'd shared a beer on his patio after he'd worked up the nerve to ask her over, but when she'd accepted his offer to dinner on a real date, it didn't work out the way he'd hoped. Her six-year-old niece took precedence when she was dropped off that evening. The little girl's parents

Perfect Pitch

were on their way to the hospital where her baby brother was born the next morning. Karli insisted Gavin come over anyway and offered to fix dinner for the three of them. He'd spent enough time with his own nieces and nephews to suggest he get a big pizza instead. He could tell Karli was pleased when the anxious child relaxed from worrying about her mother, and began enjoying herself. He'd hit the jackpot because pizza, it seemed, was her niece's favorite food.

Later that evening, he'd carried the child, who fell asleep watching a kids' movie with them, to the bedroom where Karli tucked her in. Back in the living room, Karli had hugged him and thanked him. Feeling her soft and tempting breasts crushed against his chest in the spontaneous gesture sent his blood pressure and his imagination soaring. By the little flush on her cheeks, he could see she wasn't unaffected either.

Neither of them wanted to call it a night at that early hour, so they watched the rest of the G-rated movie. The date hadn't been what he had planned, but surprisingly, he'd had fun and made it through the evening without the uneasiness he'd expected to feel on a first date. That boosted his confidence and left him feeling relaxed and comfortable with her as if he'd known her for ages.

The kiss they shared when he left soon after the movie ended was almost G-rated too, but it aroused his interest even further and left them each wanting more that they would have to save for next time.

"Hey, the game—how'd you do?" he called as she unlocked her apartment door.

"We won," she shouted, her arm sweeping up in a silent cheer.

"Way to go!" He gave her a thumbs-up sign. "Come on over and let's celebrate with a beer," he called, adding drinking a beer to his mental list of much more intimate things they could do to celebrate.

She grinned. "Great. I've gotta shower and change first."

He enjoyed watching her disappear into her apartment, noting how sexy she looked in that form-fitting uniform. Maybe he'd ask when she played next and go watch the game. Those long legs running around the bases, her full breasts bouncing despite the confines of a sports bra, her tight buns in form-hugging pants—yeah, he could see himself watching her games.

Adjusting his cutoffs, he was glad they were snug and disguised his burgeoning erection from just thinking about her. Confident he looked presentable and not over-eager, he turned back to the challenge of bringing down the cut branch. If he hurried, he could finish and get in a shower too. To succeed in bringing the branch down, he would need to get a rope around the thick end and pull, but...

Suddenly excited by an idea, he ran to the garage for some light nylon rope. Back at the tree, he looped the rope over the end of the extension trimmer/saw, and tried to raise it to the first crotch on the dangling limb. Confident the plan would work, he was doubly frustrated when the rope kept falling back down on him instead of over the branch.

"Okay. You like it up there so much, you can stay there," he shouted to vent some of his frustration.

Tired and hot, he lowered the pole to the lawn and this time, he flopped down beside it to figure out what to

Perfect Pitch

do next. Enjoying the cool sweet smelling grass beneath him, he raised his arm to shield his eyes from the dappled sunlight. The thick bed of green didn't make a bad mattress. He took a deep breath and tried to relax and think of a new plan.

Lois Bonde



He didn't think he'd fallen asleep, but the concerned feminine voice above his head startled him awake. "You resting? Or should I dial 911 for an ambulance?"

Gavin flopped his arm down to his side. From his view between her bent knees and slender thighs, he saw Karli grinning down at him. Her smile *was* gorgeous, even upside down. But then so were her hazel eyes and creamy complexion. Her short blonde hair looked wet from the shower she had just taken. He swallowed at the mental image of her standing naked with the warm water flowing like a caress over her body. Her thighs looked firm but smooth, and he wanted badly to touch them to see if they were as satiny as he thought. His temperature rose and his fingers itched at the idea.

"You do look flushed," she said as she extended a hand to judge the temperature of his cheek. Her hand felt cool, but it would take a bucket of ice water to cool him down.

As she leaned toward him, her knees spread a little farther apart for balance. His heart skipped a beat as he found himself looking right at the two dark shadowy areas on the inside of her thighs that disappeared under the narrowest part of her shorts. He swallowed a groan, and feeling his erection return with renewed determination, he sat up.

"Just the heat," he said casually, not wanting her to know *she* was raising his body temperature. His stone

Perfect Pitch

cock pressed against the fabric of his cutoffs making them so tight they threatened to cut off the blood supply to his legs. He swiped at the blades of grass that stuck to his backside, keeping that side to her until his erection lessened.

"Oh, here. Let me help," she offered.

Feeling her hands brush over his back was a sweet pleasure he didn't want to end. He closed his eyes as the tingly feeling skittered over his skin.

"There's still some on your cutoffs. Do you want me to get those, too?" she asked in an aspirate whisper.

He swallowed hard and glanced back. Her sexy smile confirmed that she really had offered to do that and as much more as he wanted. He sucked a breath into his air-starved lungs hardly able to believe she was real. "Sure, thanks," he said after clearing his throat to find his voice. "I'd like that." Sighing, he gave up hope of losing his hard-on.

Her hands felt cool on his legs as they slid past his cutoffs on each stroke, raising gooseflesh as they moved. His hands stuffed into his pockets, he tried to push his cock out of sight, but there was no place to hide it. Overreacting to her proved it had been too long since a woman had touched him intimately. That was for damn sure.

"Is that tree giving you trouble?" she asked, rising so close to him that he could smell her perfume. Or was it the fragrance from her soap that smelled like springtime? He caught himself before he groaned out loud at the thought of soaping and rinsing all her luscious curves he wanted so much to touch.

"I've tried everything else to get that branch down, so

I thought I'd lie in the grass and try mental telepathy," he told her with a grin that hid his disappointment that she'd run out of grass to brush off.

"That didn't work either, huh?" Her eyes twinkled with good humor.

"Nope, and I gave it my best," Gavin responded with mock seriousness. "But I think that if I could just get a rope through the lowest crotch in the loose limb, I could pull it down," he explained. "You don't have a bow with an arrow I could tie the rope to, do you?"

She laughed a warm delicious sound that made him want to taste the mouth that had produced it. She chewed on her lower lip for a few seconds, making him want to do the same.

"No, but I've got something in my apartment that might accomplish the same thing. Interested?"

"I'd be interested in anything you proposed," he answered slowly with a smile. She looked at him and suddenly grinned with understanding. "Bring it on," he added, making his invitation to anything clear.

"Be right back," she promised.

She jogged home and Gavin had to look away. One glance at the bared folds where her backside met her legs below the high hem of her short shorts sent a flush to his face. For a moment he considered turning on the hose and running the cold water over his whole body.

Moments later, she reappeared with a baseball in her hand. Taking the rope, she tied it around the ball in two directions, and handed him the other end, coiling it loosely over his open hand.

"I'll need you to stand there by the tree and hold this coil up as high as you can reach, so there will be as little

Perfect Pitch

resistance as possible. But," she added, patting his other hand that held the other end of the rope. "You don't want to let go of this!"

"Let's hope I can pitch a baseball when it's tied to a rope." After testing its weight, she pitched the ball upwards, but it hit the live supporting branch with a crack and bounced back like a pop fly, which she caught easily. "That was just a warm up," she joked, her cheeks flushing a bit as they laughed.

Gavin redid the coil while she checked the knots on the ball. "Ready when you are," he said softly, ready to start anything she wanted to do.

She grinned to let him know she'd gotten the message, and then stared up at the target a moment more before she tossed the tethered ball again. This time it sailed right through the dead branches and arced downward on the other side.

"You did it! You must be a hell of a pitcher!" Laughing together, he raised his free hand and slapped her palm in a happy high five.

"Now I should be able to pull it down," he said, gathering both ends of the rope and pulling. The cut branch stayed where it was. "Aw come on, sucker!" he shouted. "Don't make me look like a ninety-pound weakling now!"

"That could *never* happen," Karli said softly as she stepped close behind him. Her warm breasts pressing against his back, she wrapped her arms around him and grabbed the ropes below his hands. "You wouldn't object to more help, would you?"

Smiling over his shoulder at her, he inhaled the fresh herbal scent from her hair. "I'd love it. Anytime," he

admitted as their gazes locked for a few seconds. "On three? Or maybe twenty-three?" he added to prolong the time their bodies pressed together.

They pulled together on three. The cut branch slid across the live limb, toppled, and fell to the ground with a thud as they darted out of the way, his arm protectively around her shoulders.

"We did it," she cried with a laugh.

Gavin swept her into his arms, spinning her around in a circle as if it was the most natural thing in the world to do. "Thanks to you." He stopped circling and held her body against his as he lowered her to the ground. It was a wonder he didn't feel lightheaded with all his blood heading for his cock.

"Happy to help," she said softly, not backing away. "And now I can feel that I was right. You don't have to worry," she said, meeting his steady gaze as she ran her hands over his shoulder and upper arm muscles. "You could never qualify as a weakling."

"Thanks," he replied, "but I couldn't have gotten the branch down without your pitching." Her lips curled up in a sexy smile he wanted to kiss. "You know, this could be just the beginning of what we could do together."

Her eyes seemed to darken as she contemplated the idea. "Could be," she said in a more suggestive voice. "Could just be. What did you have in mind?"

"My list gets longer by the minute, but right now, I think a shower for me is in order."

"Sounds like a fun place to start," she volunteered, taking his breath away.

"Umm, I'll show you the way." Setting the tree trimmer, rope, and baseball beside the table on the patio

Perfect Pitch

for the time being, he led the way inside through the sliding door.



"Air conditioning feels so good on a hot day," she said with her arms raised as she turned in a circle in the cooler indoor air.

Gavin gripped the cool leather on the top of his recliner, trying to slow the rate of his arousal. Another minute looking at the hard tips of her nipples pressing on her knit top and he was going to explode in his cutoffs. Worried that he would scare her away if she saw his full erection, he walked around the eating counter and opened the refrigerator. "You want light or regular beer?"

"You having one now?"

"I'm going to shower first."

"Then I'll wait too," she said. He turned and looked at her, unable to believe his own ears. "You do want some help washing your back, don't you?"

Slowly closing the refrigerator door, he asked carefully, "Are you offering to help me or to go out and find someone who will?"

She laughed and walked around the counter to stand closer to him. "It's been a while since I've washed anyone's back, but I think I could manage. *Um*, there isn't any reason why I shouldn't want to, is there?"

"No," he replied, shaking his head. "It's been a while for me, too, and there's no reason why you shouldn't be able to do whatever you want to do."

"That's what I guessed." She slid her hands behind his neck. "You don't party away your weekends from

Perfect Pitch

what I can see from next door."

"No, I don't go in for big parties. I much prefer a one-on-one get-together."

Staring at her full lips, he was going to pull her closer to kiss her when he remembered his sweaty T-shirt. He stopped short but didn't miss the disappointed frown that appeared on her face. "I'd better hit the shower or I'll get sweat all over you."

"Is that a promise or a threat?"

That was an invitation he wasn't going to turn down. Bracing his hands on the counter on either side of her hips, he kissed her smile. It tasted of peppermint. Startled by the intense heat that filled him, he paused in the kiss long enough to judge that she had been pleasantly surprised too. The hell with waiting until he was clean, but still too sweaty to put his arms around her, he cradled her jaw and kissed her again. Their lips teased and nipped. A little moan escaped from deep in her throat as his tongue circled her lips and dove in between them to twist, taste, and tantalize hers.

"I think I'd better take a cold shower to prolong this," he surmised, fighting for control over his libido.

As he walked through his bedroom to the bathroom, he stripped off his clothes, each piece making a solid free throw into the laundry hamper. He saw her looking around his bedroom as his briefs joined them. Then her gaze covered him from head to toe. He couldn't move...couldn't drag in a breath of air. He didn't know what kind of test she had given him, but from the smile on her luscious lips, he'd say he passed and he could inhale again.

"Make yourself comfortable," he called as he turned

on the shower water. When the temperature was right, he stepped in and closed the glass door. After rinsing off the sweat, he washed and rinsed his hair first. He was soaping his body when he saw her walking toward the shower, commanding all his attention. She was naked.

She paused in front of the clear-glass shower door while his gaze raked over her full rounded breasts. He smiled as the pale tan tips hardened and reached out to him. Her slightly rounded stomach looked just right for a man to fall asleep with his head pillowed on it. The curly thatch at the apex of her legs was slightly darker than the hair on her head, but not enough to deny she was a real blonde. Her legs were long and muscular from baseball and, he suspected, from jogging. His cock leapt as he imagined them locked around his hips.

"Nice," he said as his gaze returned to meet hers, but he found her surveying his body.

"I'd have to say the same about you," she said as she opened the shower door and stepped in beside him.

His erection surged toward her and made him groan. "Damn, I wish willies came with an on-off switch. I wouldn't turn it on until much later. The way he's going, he's going to be done before we've even begun."

"I'm flattered and not worried," she said with a sexy smirk. "I'd bet he'll want to play some more real soon."

When she took his cock in her hands, he sucked in a quick breath as the heat intensified and the impulse to ejaculate magnified. He gritted his teeth as she slid the skin back from the tip and ran her index finger around the ridge circling it. She couldn't have picked more sensitive spots to touch.

"Besides, we can double Willie's fun. He can enjoy it

Perfect Pitch

now, and we both can again later."

"You're too good to be real." He drew her against his chest and circled his arms around her. "This has got to be a dream." He kissed her deeply. As their tongues twisted around each other, she slid the skin on his cock up and down while rubbing the tip against her stomach.

Too soon, he felt the flash of heat and could only go with his release. Crying out, he let the shower water flow over the top of his head until the last of the spasms passed. "Damn, my pipes were so rusty that almost hurt."

"Do you want to stop?" she asked with real concern. "I'm not into pain."

"Hell, no. It'll be gone next time, and you're exactly what he's been waiting for."

"Good," she told him with a little squeeze before she released his cock.

She stepped back a few inches and took the washcloth he'd been using. "Now, where were you?"

"You can start anywhere you want unless you want me to wash your belly off first."

"It'll wait until it's your turn." After rinsing the washcloth, she rubbed it against the soap and began drawing lazy figure eights on his chest. The cloth circled his nipples and she paused to flick one nub several times before moving on to the other one where she did the same.

The water from the showerhead bouncing off his shoulders splashed down wetting her face and hair. Concerned, he said, "If we switched positions, you wouldn't get so wet."

"Good idea," she agreed. "I don't want to get your pillow wet."

Lois Bonde

Grasping her shoulders, he sidestepped on the shower base until they had traded sides. He reached up and tipped the shower down more so it fell on her back and hips.

"Perfect. Now the suds stay put on you."

Rubbing the soap on the cloth again, she spread a heavier layer of suds on his chest and stomach. This time she slid the cloth on each side of his scrotum and wiped all around his cock.

"Here. Hold this," she said, handing him the cloth. "I'm going to do some finger painting."



For several minutes she drew designs and characters in the suds on his torso with abandon. "Your muscles feel like warm marble."

God, he felt ten feet tall. No one had ever said anything like that to him before.

The dog she drew on his belly even had a long tail—his cock that was getting more rigid by the minute as she wagged it back and forth. Laughing, she drew tic-tac-toe lines on his stomach and drew a circle around his navel in the center square.

"I'm an O. You have to be the X," she told him.

Enjoying the fun, he joined in. She won the game, but he really didn't have his mind on it. He'd been thinking of what he wanted to do next. "You won, but it's my turn now."

Tossing the cloth on the shower seat while keeping the soap, he traded sides again and quickly rinsed off the soapsuds that remained on his skin. Then creating suds on both hands, he looked at her and grinned.

"Ah, where to begin," he said as he carefully studied her body. "Shall I begin here?" he asked in a teasing mood, circling one nipple until it stood erect again. "Or, no, maybe I should clean off your belly." Getting more suds, he slid his palm over her stomach and tantalized her by sliding his finger along the fold at the top of each of her legs.

Groaning, she spread her legs farther apart. "So close

and yet so far," she said with a little shiver.

Instead of responding with strokes where he knew she wanted them, he brushed her stomach with the back of his fingers as he tossed the soap in the basket on the shower seat. "Your skin feels slippery and smooth as satin."

Stepping aside, he let the water rinse the front of her torso. Jealous of the drops of water touching her body, he slid his palms wherever the water flowed. Then pushing in the handle to shut the water off, he sat on the edge of the seat and pulled her into the vee of his legs. Her breasts felt warm and heavy in his hands. As he lightly pinched and twisted one hard nipple, he took the other in his mouth.

Her hands felt warm on his shoulders, his back. "Oooh, you feel so good. I want to feel you in me."

"So impatient," he scolded. He wanted the wonderful feelings to go on forever.

"Damn right. You're one up on me."

With a grin at her scorekeeping, he turned his face toward hers and pulled her head down to kiss her. She nipped at his lower lip and then surrendered to a familiar rhythm when his tongue slipped between her lips and rubbed against hers. When he slid his other hand between her legs and pressed outward, she moved her thighs outside of his and sat down. He'd been right. Her thighs felt as smooth as they'd looked when he woke looking up between them.

"That's perfect," he encouraged when the kiss ended. He slid a couple of fingers between her labia. "God, you're so hot." Circling her clit, he found it already hard.

She rocked her hips toward him in the rhythm

Perfect Pitch

matched by their tongues in another deep kiss. As he slid one finger and then two inside her, she broke off the kiss and cried, "Yes."

"So hot and wet."

"Please," she begged. "Now."

His breathing rapid with anticipation, he lifted her toward him until the tip of his cock pressed between her folds. She wiggled her hips just a little and it slid inside. Sitting down on his thighs, she slowly took his cock so deeply within her that he could feel the entrance to her womb against the tip. He moaned at the back of his throat as she began to move.

They wrapped their arms around each other as their movements became more frenzied. He braced himself against the granite wall and didn't even feel the cold. He only felt her thighs pounding down on his as she took everything he could to give her with every thrust.

Suddenly, she gasped for a breath and held it. Her head tossed back, she moved over him even faster. Wanting to help her over the edge, he rubbed her clit.

"Yes. Yes." Her body tensed with a shot of intense heat and her back arched as her orgasm pulsed through her. When the spasms that clutched his thrusting cock had begun to diminish, he joined her as his cum shot deep within her.

Panting, she collapsed against his chest and rested her head on his shoulder. She felt so warm nestled there. Their hearts still racing, he kissed her temple and murmured, "That was unbelievable."

"Mmm," she agreed.

Sated, reclining on the shower seat with her draped against his chest, neither moved for a time. As great as he

was feeling, the granite almost seemed soft as well as cool. The herbal scent of her hair smelled like the outdoors.

He didn't think he'd fallen asleep, but suddenly a concerned feminine voice above his head startled him awake. "You resting? Or should I dial 911 for an ambulance?"

Gavin flopped his arm down to his side from shielding his eyes and felt not wet hard granite but sun-warmed grass beside him. Looking up between her bent knees and slender thighs, he saw his beautiful neighbor Karli grinning down at him. Her short blonde hair looked wet from the shower she had gone home to take. Her thighs looked firm but smooth, and he wanted badly to touch them to see if he was right.

"You do look flushed," Karli said as she extended a hand to judge the temperature of his cheek.

As she leaned toward him, her knees spread a little farther apart. He found himself looking right at the two dark shadowy areas on the inside of her thighs that disappeared under the narrow crotch of her shorts. Feeling his erection return with determination, he sat up. "Just the heat." He rose and brushed the grass he'd cut that morning off his cutoffs.

"Oh, here. Let me help," she offered.

Feeling her hands brush away the grass from his backside was a sweet pleasure he didn't want to end.

And...it didn't.