

A movie poster featuring a man and a woman. The man, on the left, has short dark hair and is wearing a dark suit with a white shirt. He is looking directly at the camera with a serious expression, his hand resting on his chin. The woman, on the right, has long, wavy red hair and is wearing a light blue strapless dress. She is also looking at the camera with a serious expression. She is wearing a gold necklace with a green teardrop pendant. The background is dark.

ADRIANA  
KRAFT

THE DIARY

# THE DIARY

BY

ADRIANA KRAFT

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The Diary

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# CHAPTER ONE

June 3

*Splendid. Absolutely glorious. A wildfire continues raging across my body with the professor's cock still buried deep in my ass. His panting breaths of aftermath warm my neck. It is so much better being a woman when it comes to lovemaking. He is so quickly finished and I am still burning bright. He is consumed by our mutual heat and I – I am fed by it.*

*Will I ever get enough?*

*I am moist with the remembering, with the writing of this entry. I greatly doubt and sincerely hope that my thirst for sex will never be quenched.*

“Luci, how could you?” Kate Noble slammed her sister’s diary shut. Kate tried to breathe normally, but how could she do that when she’d just discovered that her baby sister was some kind of nymphomaniac?

Why had she even opened the diary? Because it was there on her sister’s desk. She’d resisted

opening it for at least half an hour while she busied herself watering plants and freshening the small apartment—a task Luci had dumped on her in a note telling her she'd be out of town for a while.

This wasn't the first time Luci had up and left virtually overnight. Usually, she was gone for more than a month or so. Kate had gradually grown accustomed to Luci's free spirited ways, so in contrast to her own. And Luci had always been able to depend on Kate to tidy things up behind her.

Kate grimaced. She'd probably been a poor substitute for a mother. She'd accepted that role when Luci's father and their mother were killed in a car accident shortly after she'd finished her master's degree at Northwestern. She'd never hesitated taking in her eleven year old half sister. With sixteen years in age separating them, she should have been better able to establish herself as the adult role model. She'd tried her best, but she'd come up short way too often during Luci's tumultuous teen years. Still, Luci and she had survived and had many fine times. But she'd failed to ever really contain the girl who now had turned into such a willful young woman.

Glancing at a recent photo on Luci's desk of the two of them standing side by side, Kate winced. Could different fathers account for that much

variation? Luci's petite, tight, twenty-four year old body was hard not to envy.

In contrast, Kate was above average height, fairly well proportioned, but full-bodied. Tight bodies were for the youthful. She tried to work out and occasionally followed a routine for five or six weeks, but it was so easy to forget to jog, or go to the gym, or do isometrics, or do whatever her most recent exercise cure-all happened to be.

Luci's appetite rivaled a bird's while hers rivaled a—well, she didn't want to think about that. Still, she was proud that she'd been able to control her weight without feeling too flabby.

Kate brushed a finger across the words: *The Diary*. Apparently her sister was much more versed in matters of sex than she was. While Kate was no prude, she'd had only one serious relationship, and that one never led to the altar, thank God. She'd caught her beloved in the arms of another woman and had dumped him on the spot. That was half a dozen years ago, and she hadn't found a replacement yet.

Not that she spent much energy looking for Mr. Right. Her travel schedule around the world as assistant curator for an avant-garde Chicago art museum brought her into contact with a number of eligible men, some of whom she enjoyed in bed, but that schedule also precluded working on a long term relationship.

Kate slumped down at her sister's desk. Should she read more? She'd simply dipped into the diary like so many folks casually stabbed at a verse in the Bible. Kate scowled and rested her chin on her knuckles. An alarm bell began ringing in the corner of her brain.

Professor? What professor? Luci was a college junior, an English major. Would she ever graduate? She worked nearly full-time at a trendy Near-North boutique and took college classes around her work schedule.

But a professor screwing a student – wasn't that against some rule? Weren't there ethics governing faculty-student relations? At least such behavior must be frowned upon. How had Luci gotten herself mixed up with a professor? Who was he? And what was he trying to get from her sister – other than her body?

Kate reached for the document. Her fingers curled, as if fearful of turning a page. Was she afraid of what she might learn about her sister, or did she fear for Luci's safety? Kate shuddered. Or was she merely jealous?

Luci had confided in her about everything over the years. Kate's vision blurred. She remembered Luci's first official date and how nervous they'd both been. Luci had told her almost the moment she'd been deflowered while still in high school. They both worried for weeks until Luci's next

period arrived. Kate had helped her sister take appropriate birth control measures after that.

For Kate's thirty-ninth birthday, Luci had presented her with a fancy vibrator. Kate chuckled softly. Luci had probably felt sorry for her. She must've given up on her by the fortieth—her present had been a heavy quilted nightgown.

Actually, she'd learned to enjoy the vibrator, but she sure wasn't going to tell Luci. It was one thing to expect Luci to share matters of her love life with her older sister, it was quite another to expect the reverse.

But now even that had changed. Kate scowled at the manuscript in front of her. Luci had never breathed a word about being involved with a professor. Why not? Had she been afraid of her sister's censure? Kate had tried her best not to judge Luci—though she'd always had a strong need to protect her from some of life's blows.

But in the ass! Kate cringed. Her buttocks clenched just thinking about such an invasion. Was the professor corrupting Luci? Was her sister in over her head?

Kate sighed. Would the diary hold the answers to those questions?

Kate turned back the front cover of the document and scanned the initial entries.



January 5

*I'm in love. He looked at me with lust filled eyes. I must be the luckiest girl alive. G.C. is such a hunk. I have a hard time breathing just thinking of him naked. I might die on the spot if I ever have the chance to see him in the flesh. And he has a brilliant mind. And he wants me. I know he does.*

January 7

*I've made a date with G.C. Well, not actually. He doesn't know it's a date. I have an appointment to meet with him in his office to go over my essay.*

*What to wear? Something provocative, but subtle. He wouldn't be satisfied with a slut. There are a lot of those parading before him on a daily basis. He has a reputation of being a Don Juan with the women, but he's the one who takes the initiative. I've seen him at more than one social function with a sexy woman draped on his arm.*

*I can be as sexy as any of them. And I'd do anything for him. I'd be his love slave. I'd be his wife. He only has to ask.*

*Wow! That was something. G.C. could hardly keep his eyes off my swollen nipples. They did show off nicely under a nearly sheer white blouse. I do like being trim; that makes wearing a bra an inconvenience, not a necessity. I think he was undressing me in his mind as*

## *The Diary*

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*we were discussing Chaucer. I sure know I was undressing him.*

*Damn, when will I see the real thing? I know his cock will be large. Probably larger than any man I've been with. So how do we get from here to there?*

*I wonder what my sister would tell me to do. Maybe I should ask her. No. For once, this is my adventure.*

*She doesn't have to know about it or live her love life vicariously through me.*

Furious, Kate slammed the diary closed. When had she ever lived her love life vicariously through her sister's? Is that what Luci had thought all a long?

Kate shuddered. Maybe her sister was right.

Standing, Kate frowned at the manuscript. She was already late for work. Should she take the diary with her and read it at home, or should she come back to Luci's apartment? She grabbed the diary and tucked it under her arm. She hesitated. What if Luci came back before she had a chance to return it? Hardly likely. Luci had only been gone a week.

She'd return the diary on her next trip to water the plants and check on the place. Kate glanced once more around the small apartment before taking out her key and locking the door behind her.

\* \* \* \*

Ten minutes later, Luci Parry turned the key in her apartment door and let herself in. She walked quickly to her desk and smirked. Kate had taken the bait. *The Diary* no longer sat third in the pile of papers on the desk.

Luci sat in her desk chair and drummed her fingers. What would Sister Kate make of *The Diary*? Would she think her half sister was debauched by an older man?

Would she try to find her? Luci chuckled. Kate had seldom been able to find her if she wanted to stay hidden.

She planned to lay low and see what Kate would do with the new insights into her life. If she was true to form she'd try to identify the man in the diary and somehow hold him accountable.

That's what she'd always done whenever her little sister had encountered trouble. Sister Kate, Luci admitted, had bailed her out of one scrape after another.

Luci entered her bedroom. This time Kate wouldn't find it so easy to fight her sister's battles. This time Kate could be introduced to a world that might, that just might break her out of her mother-hen shell.

It was past time. Luci nodded at her reflection in the dresser mirror—way past time. Good grief, Kate had turned forty only two months ago. And what kind of life did she have—work, work, work.

And hound her sister.

But Kate's love life? Zilch! That was wrong—dreadfully wrong. Luci scowled. If it hadn't been for her parents being killed, Kate would've gone on and lived a fairly normal life. Instead, she'd had to take care of a brat who had been too stupid most of the time to show how grateful she'd been.

It was time to make up for the past. And *The Diary* might yet be the best birthday gift she'd ever given her sister. Too bad she had to be so devious about it. She grinned at her reflection. Who was she kidding? This was about as much fun as she'd had in ages, and Kate would thank her for it someday.

Luci opened a dresser drawer and grabbed a bag containing some of her favorite vibrators. She couldn't believe she'd left them behind.

Walking back into the living room that doubled as her office, she smiled. She wished she could've seen Kate's face when she thumbed through *The Diary*. There was no way her sister would've not done that. She'd always hated how Kate felt justified crossing the boundary of her privacy.

She turned the lights off and let herself out of the apartment. Now Kate would find out how it felt for someone to ignore boundaries and play around with *her* life. But of course, this was for Kate's own good.

Luci skipped down the steps. How many times

had she heard Kate use those words? *I'm not interfering, Luci. I love you. It's for your own good.*

"So true, so true, Sister Kate," Luci whispered, striding down the sidewalk. "It's time to play; it's time to embrace your passion. Enjoy."

\* \* \* \*

Later that evening, Kate slipped out of her work clothes and into a comfortable kimono. It had been a harried day—even more harried than usual. A shipment for a traveling display had gotten stalled somewhere between New York City and Chicago. She'd finally tracked it down, but the art pieces wouldn't arrive for another two days. That meant set up for the opening would be an around-the-clock effort. She'd prepared the necessary staff and told them anyone expecting time off over the next several days would have to change their plans.

Kate popped a frozen meal in the microwave and scanned the newspaper. She'd have to double check in the morning to be certain the appropriate reporters were actually going to show up for the opening. The gallery spent a fortune on advertising. Free publicity was a godsend. And she planned on getting as much free publicity as she could muster.

She chewed on something resembling chicken

and read the comics. Tension immediately drained from her shoulders. This was one luxury she tried to set time aside for everyday.

Humor. Why did she have to work so hard to keep humor in her schedule? Because that's the way it was.

After tossing her dirty utensils in the dishwasher, Kate ambled back toward her bedroom. She inhaled deeply entering her favorite room of the big old Evanston house. She'd had a wall knocked out and turned the enlarged area into a lounging room as much as a bedroom. Two stuffed chairs sat against one wall—as if she were expecting company. That was a joke.

Low slung bookshelves lined another wall over which hung a mirror. Kate chuckled. The mirror had been behind a bar in *Old Town*. She'd bought it just before the wrecking crane arrived. It provided a touch of the risqué to her boudoir that she appreciated. On the wall facing the foot of the bed was a walk-in closet and a full bathroom.

The bed, itself, was a piece of art that she'd rescued from another fire sale. It was round and large enough to fit a small crowd—not that she'd shared it often with anyone. But its uniqueness made the difficulty of finding sheets and bedding worth the hassle.

All in all, the bedroom was luxurious and fed her soul. There were weekends when she seldom

left the room other than to forage for food.

Kate spied the diary sitting on the end table next to her favorite chair. She grimaced, sat down and flipped randomly through the pages.

March 15

*G.C.'s appetite is voracious. For sex, I mean. I didn't know there were so many ways for a woman to fuck a man or for a man to fuck a woman. Sometimes my pussy is sore for a day or two after. But when I see him next I'm more than ready to please him.*

*There never seems to be enough time. And I see him escorting other women to functions or his picture in the paper with a piece of eye candy. Why am I not good enough? I must not be doing enough to please him. I just want to be with him – all the time.*

*I tried one of the butt plugs he gave me. That was strange at first. I know he wants to fuck me in the ass. I'm trying to get ready for him. He's hardly a small man by any means. He's so considerate, giving me time to prepare with the plugs. He must know I would have gladly given him my ass without preparation. I would've been happy if he'd simply taken it without asking.*

*I do love his cock. It is so sensitive. It weaves about whenever my fingers or lips approach. I love to take him in my mouth. He must be halfway down my throat by the time I fit all of him in. The first time I went down on him, G.C. was quite angry because I dropped him*

*from my mouth when he started to come. Since then, I've learned to swallow his come.*

*Actually, I've become quite greedy. I doubt I could ever get too much of that. Some days I think I like blowing G.C. better than anything else we do. Of course, he wouldn't be satisfied with only that. He claims that variety really is the spice of life, particularly when it comes to sex.*

"I just bet he does," Kate muttered. It might have been her sister's plan to trap the professor in her web, but it sure looked like it didn't take long for the good professor to gain control of the relationship.

Kate peeled back several more pages. She could always go back and read the diary from cover to cover, but she had a bad niggling feeling. She feared for her sister. Would the professor hurt her, or would he dump her onto his trash heap of used co-eds?

Kate was developing a healthy distrust and dislike for G.C.

*April 5*

*I'm so embarrassed. I made love with a woman. What would my sister think?*

"Oh my God. Luci, what is happening to you?" Kate's eyes bulged at the page lying on her lap.



*G.C. wanted to watch. He never joined in. He just sat in the arm chair and jerked off as he watched Amber initiate me into girl/girl sex. It would have been better if he'd helped me or maybe if I'd known the girl.*

*It wasn't terrible by any means. I'd be lying to suggest otherwise. I was so terrified at first. But Amber helped me relax. She was much gentler than G.C. typically is. Her tongue seemed to have a built-in GPS system. I was astounded to feel myself gushing all over her mouth.*

*"Oh my." Kate tried to ignore the moistening occurring between her own thighs.*

*When Amber moved into a sixty-nine position, her pussy grazed my lips. At first I didn't know what to do. I felt inadequate, and then I guess instinct took over. If I could've, I would've climbed into that bald pussy. I wanted so badly for Amber to come. I needed her to come. I needed to show G.C. that I could make her come. And she did. Delicious. I'd never tasted anything as rich and tangy. Exquisite. And she howled like a banshee. I didn't let myself go like that. Maybe next time.*

*When she shifted away from me, I noticed G.C. with his cock out and semen covering his hand. I asked if he wanted me to clean him up with my tongue. He said don't bother. He seemed in a dark, foul mood. Why, I don't know. Making love with a girl was his idea, not mine.*

*I'm trying not to be embarrassed. Loving a woman turned out to be quite delightful. So does this make me a lesbian? Maybe bi-sexual. I still don't know what G.C. really got out of this experience, but I expect we'll do it again. I'm getting chill bumps thinking about what I might do with Amber next time. Or maybe it will be a different girl. Maybe now that he knows I'm okay with being with a woman, G.C. will feel okay about joining in.*

*Surely if I join forces with another girl, I'll be able to satisfy G.C.*

Who the hell was the creep? And why had he latched on to her little sister? Kate knew Luci could be naïve at times. But she hadn't realized how vulnerable she'd become, or just how far she'd go to please a man.

How had she gotten caught up in G.C.'s demented web? And what would he demand of Luci next?

Kate glanced at the clock. It was way past her bedtime. She set the diary aside. She couldn't get engrossed in it and she could only hope that Luci was safe somewhere.

Would it be too much for Luci to have told her where she was going and for how long? Or maybe even send a card? She could be anywhere.

Kate pulled back the covers and slipped into bed. She closed her eyes, but could not fall asleep. A tingling sensation behind her pubic region kept

gnawing at her awareness. Kate took a deep breath and exhaled slowly. She cradled a breast in each palm. She ran a thumb across each rapidly pebbling nipple. Kate licked her lips. Yes, she realized what she needed to fall asleep.

She pulled on her nipples and twisted them. She emitted a groan between pursed lips. Leaving one hand on a breast she moved the other lower until it covered her triangle. Already, heat poured out warming her fingers.

Sensing an urgency she hadn't experienced in some time, she did nothing to impede her progress. She palmed her pussy, feeling it come to life seeking even more attention. She caressed her labia between thumb and forefinger. She trailed a finger lower over that sensitive spot between pussy and anus, but did not go further. Instead, she used her other hand to part her pussy lips and slid a finger into her channel. The heat brought a smile to her lips. She probed to the left and then to the right. She lifted her hips and took in a second finger.

She grazed her clitoris. Her back arched and her buttocks clinched. Kate tried to focus on the well spring bubbling somewhere deep within. She toyed at pressing the right places, teasing her own eruption. She squeezed harder and then the bubbling began flowing over its boundaries.

Kate dug her fingers into her channel, not

wanting to leave anything behind. She curled and groaned loudly and then her body ebbed and flowed. She reclaimed her fingers. They were drenched with her juices. Usually, she'd get up and wipe them on a towel. This time she raised them to her mouth and for the first time tasted the nectar of a woman.

Her eyes shot wide open and her fingers leapt from her mouth. Why had she done that? She licked her lips. Not bad. Not bad at all. She smiled to herself and licked her fingers clean. So would Luci be surprised?

Sleep overcame her before she had an opportunity to frame an answer to her question.

\* \* \* \*

"So you don't have a name for Luci's latest lover?"

"No." Kate shrugged at her best friend, Gina Motta. They sat in the chairs in front of Kate's office desk. "I was hoping you might be able to help me. You must have ties with every university in the area."

"Yes, being a publisher's representative does mean I get around to all the campuses." Gina draped one long leg over her knee. "You say this guy's an English professor?"

"Yes, and she refers to him as G.C. I imagine that's his initials. Luci never has been very subtle."

"I've noticed. I'll do some checking. Shouldn't be too difficult to come up with a match. Is he young or old? Assistant, Associate or Full Prof?"

Kate shook her head. "There's no indication so far."

"So what's behind your interest, Kate? I've never seen you so upset in the dozen years I've known you. Even your Irish temper is getting stretched. Do you really think Luci is in danger?"

"I wish I knew. He's certainly cajoling her into doing things she had no intention of doing in the first place."

"Or," Gina flashed her heavy eyebrows, "so her big sister thinks."

"I know. You can read it yourself." Kate hesitated. "But you'll have to come by the house. I'm not going to bring that diary in here and risk its being seen by anyone else."

"I'm not sure I feel good about reading it. After all, it's your sister's diary."

Kate twisted her fingers in strands of her own long hair. "Don't I know? But if she really is in trouble I can't simply sit idly by and wait for whatever to happen."

"Maybe you'd better make an effort to finish reading it. I'll do some checking around and see what I can come up with. I visit with so many professors in a year's time I certainly can't keep them straight." She gave Kate a half-smile.

"Speaking of straight. Sounds like Luci is not totally displeased with women."

"My guess is she's not."

"Does that bother you?"

"Of course not. I just wish it had been her idea and not his."

"So do you have a plan for the sex-driven professor?"

Kate grimaced and nodded. "I'm working on a couple ideas. It will depend on what else I learn from the diary. But I'm not ready to talk about plans yet. First we need to figure out who he is and try to determine what his intentions are. I'll wager a year's salary they don't involve anything long term."

Both women rose from their chairs. Kate gave Gina a hug. "Thanks for stopping by. Why don't you drop by the house after work? I'll pop something into the microwave and we can divvy up the manuscript. My sister is quite prolific when it comes to writing."

## CHAPTER TWO

“‘I’ve always been envious of your bedroom,” Gina said, curling into one of the stuffed chairs. “You’ve done so much with it.”

Kate chuckled. “I thought you were going to bust a gut when we found the round bed.”

“I should’ve outbid you, but at the time I didn’t have a room large enough for it. But it feels quite fitting in here. Goes well with your bar mirror.”

“Here’s the front half of the diary. I want to work on the second half. Happy reading.”

A half an hour later Kate glanced across at Gina and smiled. Her dearest friend’s breathing came in raspy bursts.

“The entry where Luci gets turned on by another woman?” she asked, watching Gina’s dark nipples budding under her blouse.

Gina gave Kate a surprised look. “Yes, was I that obvious? Your sister writes some hot sex.”

“I’ve noticed. So what do you think?”

"Looks like she's a willing participant."

"That's true, but he's leading her all the way like some Pied Piper of sex."

"You're right, but she seems to enjoy where he's leading her."

"Maybe."

Gina's dark Italian eyes turned heavy with passion. "Maybe it's the edgy adventure that attracts her."

"She wants more than that; she wants to marry the creep."

"Luci does seem naïve about that," Gina said shortly, as if jerking herself from a daze. "I doubt this guy is the marrying kind."

"He's making that quite obvious, but Luci is convinced she can change his mind if she can only do enough to pleasure him. Listen to this one.

*April 30*

*G.C. thinks I'm ready for bondage. He tied me to his bed with silk scarves. That was scary, but I was on the verge of orgasm as soon as he tied the first knot.*

*Later, he brought out a whip and mask and I nearly freaked out. Only to my surprise he put on the mask and wanted me to flog his ass. I did, but I wouldn't do it as hard as he wanted. He jerked off while hollering for me to hit him harder. I wouldn't. He sent me home early without making any effort to satisfy me.*

*I guess I disappointed him.*



*I don't know what to do. I don't think I can get into that kind of stuff. I pierced my pussy lip for him, but that's about as much pain as I can handle. I know he's going to want to whip me and I can't let that happen. I won't.*

*I love him and I know he loves me, but it may not work out.*

*I missed my period a second time. How could that happen? I've been so careful. If I'm pregnant, G.C. well never forgive me. He doesn't want kids. He says he's too old for kids.*

*The pressure is getting intense. I may have to get away from here for awhile.*

*Should I tell my sister? No, she'd only worry and treat me like a little girl. I can handle this – one way or the other."*

"Whew." Gina folded her arms. "That doesn't sound like a very willing young woman at the moment. So do you think that's why she left?"

"Probably. Sounds like she's running scared. G.C. wants more from her than she can give. She was beat up fairly badly by a couple boys when she was young. That experience may have had longer lasting wounds than any of us suspected. She may be trying to figure out what to do if she's pregnant. Damn, I wish she'd confided in me."

"But she didn't."

"No."

"So what's your game plan? Doesn't sound like

you can do much for your sister until she chooses to surface."

Kate stood and walked across the sitting area of her bedroom. "I'd like to teach that jerk a lesson. He shouldn't be allowed to lead a woman on like that and get away unscathed."

"So what's his vulnerable point? He seems to be having a blast."

"Right. I've given that a lot of thought. I believe his vulnerable point is commitment. I'll bet he's the kind of guy who dates many women for short periods of time. Maybe he's even been married once or twice and justifies some of his actions as a way of keeping women at arm's length—at least emotionally."

Kate stopped and gave her friend a puzzled look. "What? What do you know that you're not telling me?"

"I think I may have your man," Gina chuckled. "And I believe you have him pegged absolutely right."

"Who? And why didn't you tell me right away?"

"Because I wanted to read some of this," Gina said, holding up a section of the diary in her hand. "I wanted to be sure what you saw, before naming him. I believe his name is Grayson Cosgrove. Full professor of English in Luci's department. Handy, right?"

Gina's eyebrows shot up. "And you're right on; he's been married twice. Both ventures were brief. He has quite the reputation for attracting the ladies.

"Apparently, our professor has no difficulty with town and gown relations. He seems to prefer women from outside the university, but he certainly is known to have sampled the wares of numerous graduate students and faculty. The only thing that doesn't jibe is I found no evidence of him being involved with undergraduates."

"Humph. He probably keeps those relationships more clandestine. If they came to public light, that might cause trouble with the university."

"So is that your plan? Expose him for the philandering bastard he is?"

"No." Kate returned to her chair and stretched out her legs, crossing her ankles. "As I said, I think his most vulnerable spot is commitment."

"So?"

"What if a woman got close enough to him—enticed him to a marriage proposal—and then dumped him publicly?"

"Wow!" Gina smiled deviously. "Sort of a runaway bride with forethought."

"Exactly."

"Could be devastating for a man with pride and a sense of panache around women. So who would

you enlist to do this?"

Kate's lips curved slowly.

"Not you!"

"Don't think I can do it? Think I'm too old to snare a philandering man?"

"Didn't say that." Gina shook her head. "You can do anything you set your mind on. And forty is definitely not too old. But this hair-brained scheme might require a lot of you. More than you realize."

Kate scowled. "What do you mean? I can snooker a man. I'm able in bed."

"Right." Gina's eyes rounded. "Have you ever been fucked in the ass?"

Kate's smile dipped. "No."

"Been with a woman?"

"Of course not."

"Played with scarves and whips?"

"Never."

"So." Gina's mouth twitched. "What are you going to do when Professor Cosgrove wants you to participate in a threesome?"

Kate stopped breathing, her eyes widened and she couldn't find any words.

"Kate, you're not going to be able to bluff your way through this—if you actually decide to move forward."

"No, I suppose not." She flung her hair forward, hiding her face from view. "But it

would've been such sweet revenge."

Kate heard Gina's sigh. "It was revenge worth considering, but I'm glad you've given up on it."

Kate defiantly flung her hair back over her shoulder. "Give up! Who said anything about giving up? The bastard deserves his comeuppance and I'm just the woman who can see that he gets it. Besides I may not have to do all those things to attract his matrimonial interest."

Gina chuckled softly. "Your shaking voice isn't too encouraging."

"I may not be over confident about some things, but I'm sure I can develop some level of comfort so I can avenge my sister." Kate filled her lungs and the air rushed out. "Will you help me, Gina?"

"What do you mean? I've given you the guy's name. What else do you want from me?" Gina stared hard at her friend. "Oh, no! This is *your* thing, not mine."

"But who else can I turn to? You're bi, Gina. Certainly, I must be somewhat attractive to you. Can't you help me?" She gave Gina what she hoped was her best pleading look. "It doesn't have to be anything special. But I have to learn to be comfortable making love with a woman."

"Next thing that'll come out of your mouth is you'll want me to be part of your threesome with Cosgrove."

Kate felt herself flush. "That'd be great. I'm sure I could do it if you were there. Can you help me, Gina? I'm not looking for anything special..."

Gina raised her hand. "Stop rattling on. That's twice you've said if we make love it doesn't have to be anything special. Believe me, Kate," Gina shivered, "I've imagined being in your arms countless times, but I've never once made a move on you."

Kate shook her head and remained quiet. She'd never imagined that scene until now. Her fate was going to be sealed shortly one way or the other. She clung to her friend's words.

"But if—and I underscore *if*—we hook up, it will be very special. I don't care if it's one time or a hundred times—when a woman loves a woman or a man, it should be special."

"Unless the man is Cosgrove."

"Right." Gina entwined her fingers in her lap and her eyes sparkled. "So, if you want to love a woman, if you want to love me—I accept." She wet her lips. "Perhaps I'm not strong enough to resist you, but I won't deny either of us that opportunity."

Kate hadn't realized how much air she'd been holding until it all escaped. Good God, what had she done? There was no way to back out now. She hadn't showered since morning. Her panties probably smelled. Her fingers began to tremble.

"Whoa, Kate." Gina was unable to contain a laugh. "Before you break out in hives—we're not going to leap on your round bed tonight. We both need to think about this some. This may be short run, but it won't be perfunctory. I will want to romance you and see where that takes us. There's no absolute rush. This guy's unlikely to flee. And who knows when Luci will be back. You need time to back out, if you want."

Kate shook her head. "I appreciate the time. Maybe you'll want to back out."

Gina smiled and rose to her feet preparing to leave. "Not a chance in hell. I've been wanting to know if you're a true redhead for years."

Kate blushed. "I could tell you if you really want to know."

"No." Gina placed a finger across Kate's lips. "Don't. Then I would know. I want to be surprised. Your invitation is a huge surprise gift, and I look forward to unwrapping the package myself. Later."

Kate watched Gina exit her bedroom and head toward the entryway. Thankfully, she didn't have to get out of the chair to show her friend out. There wasn't a muscle in her body that could have supported such a Herculean effort.

Kate moistened her lips and stared at her bed. For a moment, she'd thought Gina was going to kiss her. Why did her lips feel so deprived?

She twitched her nose. Professor Grayson Cosgrove. What a pompous name. He wouldn't know what hit him. She'd have him groveling on the floor before she was done with him. How dare he lead her sister on? She'd cut off his balls if she could; but then jail time wasn't her idea of fun. Having him wither at the altar in front of colleagues, friends and family would have to do. Kate smiled. She'd make sure there were plenty of photographers on hand.

She shivered. How soon could she begin setting her trap?

\* \* \* \*

Grayson Cosgrove eyed the painting of the *Woman in the Nude*. He recognized the artist's deep appreciation for a full-bodied woman. The woman's breasts were ample and her butt didn't look like it had been chiseled out of stone.

He'd gotten his fill of tight-assed women. Too often they wanted an Olympian in bed, and he hated to admit it, but he was getting too old to compete with Olympians. At forty-two he wasn't ready for the old folks' home. But then neither did he have anything particular to prove in the bedroom.

He glanced briefly around the room before returning his gaze to the painting. The corner of



his mouth turned up slightly. It amused him how his reputation among the women far exceeded his experience—not that he hadn't been above cultivating that image.

At least his lecherous fame, deserved or not, kept marriage minded women at arms length. He'd been down that road twice. A belatedly confirmed bachelor was his place in life. And that was the status he'd happily maintained since wife number two left him for another woman. He might've been okay with that, but nobody had invited him to tag along.

No matter. There was always a woman available who wanted to be with an icon whenever he wanted to get laid.

He strolled toward the punch bowl. To hear the rumors, some believed he had a different woman in bed every night—or more. He shook his head. That was an inviting image, but...

He nodded at an acquaintance. The tall blonde clutching the man's arm gave him a wan sexy smile as if they shared a secret. Had he bedded her? Or was she hoping? He walked on. She was too thin anyway.

He picked up a glass of punch and escaped to the next room. He assessed a landscape painting of what could've passed as the Green Mountains of Vermont. Grayson peeked over his shoulder. Was he getting paranoid? He could swear he was

being watched. Out of the corner of his eye he saw a flash of red.

"Ah." He turned and smiled at the two women who had been ogling him. The dark-haired woman was slimmer than he preferred, but he wouldn't kick her out of bed. Her redheaded companion, though, was a different matter entirely. Flaming red hair fell to her shoulders and the white dress she wore clung to a set of large breasts that made his mouth water. She had his attention, all right. Shapely. Soft. A body that might pass for a cushion rather than a diving board.

He smiled smoothly. This conquest would be easier than many. He started to speak and then the women walked past him and stopped in front of a painting of some flower or another on the wall behind him. He'd never been discerning when it came to flowers.

He sidled over until he could overhear their conversation; he sipped his punch and appreciated how the redhead's curvy bottom jutted toward him as she leaned forward to study the painting. He inhaled sharply. There was an ass he could imagine kneading and much more.

"I love the way the smaller flower is open partially," the dark-haired woman said in a hushed, throaty tone. "It reminds me of a pussy. Don't you think so, Kate?"

Grayson choked on his punch and spewed his mouthful all over the redhead's backside, quickly turning the back of her dress to a faded, sticky pink. It was too late to hide.

Both women whirled on him. The fire in the redhead's eyes matched her hair. "What the..."

"I'm so sorry," Grayson stammered, pulling his handkerchief from his pocket. He tried to reach around and wipe off the woman's back but that proved difficult to do since every time he attempted it she flinched and two very sizeable, soft breasts prevented him from reaching around her. He finally gave up. "Look, it was my fault. I'll pay for cleaning your dress, Ma'am. Hell, I'll buy you a new one.

"Excuse me," he rambled on, "I'm Grayson Cosgrove. I'm not usually so clumsy."

The woman clasped his extended hand and just as quickly dropped it. "Ugh," she huffed, "you're sticky."

Grayson hated knowing he was turning red. He stuffed his hands in his pockets before they got him into further trouble.

The dark-haired woman nodded at him. "My name is Gina Motta. We've actually met, Professor Cosgrove. You've purchased several textbooks through me over the last few years."

"Yes, of course." Grayson was relieved to hear his voice returning to normal. "I thought you

looked familiar."

"Yes, well. This is my friend Kate Noble. Kate is the assistant curator here at the gallery and is largely responsible for this evening's showing."

The Noble woman eyed him with obvious suspicion. He could hardly blame her. He'd blown punch down her back, nearly manhandled her breasts and covered her hand with sticky goo. So where could they possibly go from here?

"I do apologize again, Ms., Ms. Noble. I'm afraid I've ruined your evening."

Kate Noble gave him a brave smile. "I'll manage to survive." Humor danced in her eyes. "You did look like you were determined to cover me with juice, Professor. Did you have a second course in mind?"

He shook his head. "It was an accident, I assure you."

"Too bad. I thought perhaps you had a novel way of picking up women."

"But I'd be honored to take you to dinner sometime, Ms. Noble," he added with a smile, "to help pay for your duress." He wasn't about to pass up an opportunity to discover what really lay under that ruined dress.

"That is thoughtful of you, Professor."

Was she being coy? "Ms. Motta can come along if you'd like."

Gina Motta shook her head. And Ms. Noble's

lips curved into a smile. "That won't be necessary, professor. I'm a big girl. I don't need a chaperone."

Grayson tried not to wet his lips. She was a big girl, all right. And he wasn't at all sure which of them needed a chaperone.

"I am curious what you do for an encore," she continued with a sparkle in her eyes. "If you like, you can pick me up here, next Saturday after work. I'll be finished by six o'clock."

He knew when a woman was flirting. He bowed slightly and gave her a small grin. "I'll be here. I'll give that second course some careful thought."

"You do that, Professor. Now if you don't mind, I'd better change into something a little less sticky. I'll ask an assistant to close up here," she said to her friend.

He'd been dispensed with. Grayson wasn't positive his jaw hadn't become unhinged when he saw the two women sashay toward the exit. The redhead had waved a young man over and whispered something to him before the two women walked out of the room hand in hand. Had the punch been spiked? Had he really spat punch all over the sexy redhead's back?

He turned about and closely examined the picture of the flower that had started this charade. He squinted. Sure enough. The small flower looked like a damn pussy, ripe and ready for

eating.

He stared back toward the exit. And what about the two women? How familiar were they with each other's pussy?

He shook his head. The problem with being a literature professor who taught a class on erotic literature was you began to see everyone through an erotic lens. If he wasn't careful he'd start to think the redhead had a reputation that'd match his own. He'd have to find out more about her before Saturday night.

Grayson sauntered toward the exit and grinned. He hadn't been one of those people who specialized in picking up dates at art museums. Maybe he'd have to perfect his pitch a little better, but he'd sure struck pay dirt this time.

\* \* \* \*

Kate stood in her bedroom laughing at Gina who was bent over with laughter after recounting for the umpteenth time their encounter with Grayson Cosgrove.

"The look on his face was precious," Gina squealed. "And then he couldn't get past your boobs to wipe your back. It looked like he was trying to grab your ass in public."

"Too bad we don't have that exchange on video."

"We better get you out of that yucky dress. Turn around."

Kate dipped her head low and heard the soft scrape of the zipper. Gina slid the dress down over her substantial hips and Kate stepped out of it.

She licked her lips and sobered standing before her friend wearing only a flimsy bra and bikini panty. Out of the corner of her eye, she hardly recognized her shell-shocked image in the mirror. Her heartbeat tumbled over itself.

Smiling softly, Gina said, "You look like you could use a hot, soapy shower. Can I help?"

"If you'd like." Kate averted her eyes. "Yes, that might help."

"Don't look so overjoyed, Kate," Gina said, teasing. "We'll only do what you're ready for. Can you unhook my dress?"

Kate pulled the zipper down and Gina shrugged out of the slinky black dress. She'd been envious much of the evening. She never thought black looked good on her. Kate tried not to stare when Gina nonchalantly unsnapped her bra and slid her panties down her long trim legs. A black tangle of curls framed her mound.

Gina crossed her arms and waited patiently. Kate sighed. It would be difficult taking a shower with a bra and panty on. In slow motion, Kate's fingers undid her bra. Her breasts sprang free and

she clamped them between her arms.

"Don't," Gina whispered, "they're beautiful. Your nipples are so lush pink."

"And yours so dark." Kate admired Gina's sloping breasts, but resisted touching them. "They look so...innocent."

Gina's gaze dropped from Kate's breasts to her waist.

"Oh," Kate mumbled, catching Gina's hint. She licked her lips and skimmed her bikini panty down her legs and kicked it aside.

Gina laughed. "Just as I thought. You're a natural girl. Redhead all the way. I like your bikini line. I'm surprised you tan so well with such fair skin."

"I've had to be careful, but as you know it is one of my vices. A bikini makes me feel sexy."

Gina grabbed Kate by the hand. "You are sexy, girl. Let's shower. I expect you're sexy in whatever you have on—or don't."

"Okay," Kate said, breathless. She led the way.

"Nice sized shower," Gina said, joining Kate under hot streaming water. "Here, let me soap you up. You're the one who must be sticky. I'll start with your back."

"Thanks." Kate turned about to face the spray. The water soothed her nerves, but she couldn't ignore the sudsy fingers soaping her back. She was pleased her friend didn't spend much time



soaping her butt but proceeded to work carefully up and down each leg. It was like receiving a water massage. "Very nice," she murmured.

"Now you do my back." Gina handed Kate the soap.

"Okay." They switched places and Kate soaped Gina's backside, marveling at her friend's lanky, trim figure. "You have such lovely olive skin." She tried not to stare at Gina's butt.

"That's enough," Gina turned to face Kate. "Do you want me to do your front or do you want to do mine first?"

Kate held back a choke but kept her eyes locked on Gina's eyes. "I've got the soap. I'll do you first."

Gina's lips turned up into a small smile. "I thought you might. This isn't a test, Kate. There's no right or wrong way. Just do what feels natural for you."

She nodded and began at Gina's throat and worked the soap across her upper chest. The whole time her eyes remained fixed on Gina's. She wet her lips and ran the soap over the top of a dark breast. She broke their gaze long enough to peek down at her handiwork. "Oh my," she muttered.

Gina chuckled. "Yes, my nipples elongate quite nicely when they're aroused. And you certainly have them aroused. Don't forget the other one."

Kate focused on the other breast and its protruding nipple. She couldn't ignore Gina's moans.

"I think they're quite clean by now," Gina said, with a slight edge in her voice.

Kate stared into her dark eyes and slid the soap lower. She passed Gina's navel and came to rest at the edge of her dark thatch.

"Don't tease. Wash my pussy. Please, Kate. Whatever else you do, do that. I need to feel you touching me."

"Okay." Kate watched her hand and the bar of soap slip lower. Suddenly it seemed as though the soap had shrunk in size. She could see her fingers palming the black curls. She nearly lost the soap bar in Gina's folds. Everything had turned so slippery.

She dropped the soap and bent down quickly to retrieve it. When she found it and started to raise back up she found herself eye to eye with a soapy pussy. Her heart stopped. Pussy lips poked partially through suds. Were they laughing at her?

"That's enough, girl," Gina cooed. "We don't want to get ahead of ourselves. Let's trade places and I'll do you."

Kate hoped she could hide in the tumbling water, but apparently not well enough.

"Very nice," Gina said, lathering Kate's breasts, first one and then the other. "I wish mine were

this full. You can probably lick your own nipples.”

Kate knew she was blushing.

“I thought so. Maybe you’ll show me some time. My, my, my, aren’t they pebbling nicely. I think I’ll have some fun with them.” Gina shook her head. “But not now.”

Kate closed her eyes when the soap left her breasts and traveled south. It came to rest atop her vulva. Gina wasn’t at all shy about cleaning it. She made sure no spot went untouched. Hadn’t all the punch spilled on her back? So why did she feel so sticky down there?

Kate’s eyes popped wide. *Oh.*

“That’s enough for now,” Gina said, a dreamy grin on her face. “If you’ll turn off the shower, I’ll grab the towels.”

\* \* \* \*

Later, Kate lay in bed trying her hardest to relax. After that shower she should be quite relaxed—but she wasn’t. Gina lay beside her but gratefully had made no move to seduce her.

Kate hated situations where she didn’t know what to do or what was expected of her. She couldn’t bring herself to touch her friend, and she’d probably jump out of her own skin if Gina touched her. This wasn’t the way it was supposed to be. How was she going to entrap Professor

Cosgrove if she couldn't make love with her best friend?

"We don't have to do this, you know," Gina said, resting her hands on her own belly. "I've had a good time. I'll go home if you want."

Kate narrowed her eyes at Gina. "Please don't go. I don't know how to begin." Her voice squeaked a very high pitch. "But I want to skewer that bastard."

"Ah yes, Professor Cosgrove. Maybe we should talk about him. Because when we make love, if we make love, I don't want him hovering in the recesses of your mind. When we make love, it'll be just us. So what do you think of Cosgrove?"

"Huh?"

"You hadn't met him until this evening. How does he strike you? He's rather handsome, I think."

"I tried not to notice. But yeah, if you like tall, dark and handsome, he sort of fits."

"More than sort of. Just because you want to nail the bastard's hide to the door doesn't mean you can't appreciate what he has to offer—to a certain extent."

"I hardly think having him spill punch all over me provided the best opportunity to get to know him. I was flabbergasted, however, at how easy it was to wrangle a date."

Gina giggled. "Remember, I saw him sneaking

up behind us. And the flower did look like a delectable pussy."

"I'll bet he went back and studied that painting very carefully. I wonder if he saw what we saw."

"Probably. Sounds like he's quite experienced with pussies."

"Right. So how do I handle the first date?" Kate rolled onto her side to face Gina. "Do I go to bed with him on the first date, or not?"

Gina absently grazed a finger across Kate's alert nipple. Kate willed herself not to flinch. "I wouldn't. That might look too easy. You probably need to find a balance with him. You'll want him to feel in charge, but you'll actually need to be in charge at all times.

"You know what some of his more kinky tastes are—you might suggest some of them before he does so he knows you're a woman of the world. But at the same time he needs to earn your favors. He won't try to get you to the altar if everything is laid out before him like a buffet."

"You're probably right. I've never tried to maneuver anyone quite like this. Usually, it's the other way around. So I should bring up the threesome idea?"

"When you think it's time. Or when you think he's about ready to suggest it. If you suggest it, you can choose the partner. If he suggests it, you might have to accept his choice. And that could be

a tight corner for you."

Kate winced. "And this isn't a tight corner?"

Gina grinned. "You really have a case of nerves, Kate. I've never seen you this uptight, even before huge shows at the gallery."

"This isn't a show."

"No, it's not. There's no hurry for us to make love, Kate. You'll probably go out with the professor for weeks before my presence is needed. Why don't we turn off the light and cuddle? If something more happens, then it's meant to be. Who knows how you'll feel in the morning."

"Thanks, Gina." Kate's breathing approached normal. "You're so understanding." She brushed fingers across Gina's cheek.

"My brain is," Gina quipped. "But my pussy sure is on edge."

"I'm sorry."

"Don't be. Roll over and let me cuddle your backside."

Kate faced away from Gina and hugged a pillow tight to her chest. An arm cradled her body. A hand rested on her abs but made no effort to move upward or downward. Soft hairs tickled her buttocks. Lips caressed her neck and then stilled.

Shortly, Kate felt the rhythmic breathing of her bed partner. She had a reprieve until morning. How would she feel about things in the morning? Wasn't that the proverbial question of first time

lovers? Could she look at Gina then without panicking?

## CHAPTER THREE

Morning sunshine splashed across Kate's bedroom. Kate awoke first and went immediately on alert, aware of the other woman in her bed. Images of the previous evening, the shower and the conversation fluttered across her still foggy mind.

Trying not to disturb, she peeked at her bedmate. Still asleep, Gina lay on her back with the sheet wrapped around her waist, leaving her breasts fully exposed.

Those dark nipples attracted Kate like live magnetic fields. Kate swore they grew under her steady gaze. Tentatively, she reached out a finger to trace the curve of the nearest breast. Her breathing stilled. Gently, she pressed a finger pad against a dark nipple. It sank inward and sprang immediately back when she lifted her finger.

Kate wet her lips and tapped the nipple several times with the same result each time. Pushing



back her long hair, Kate leaned closer. She blew warm breath on the nipple. It lengthened as if seeking heat. She stared at the dark bud, waiting for it to tell her what to do next.

"It would appreciate your tongue," Gina whispered.

Not startled to find herself joined by her partner, Kate peered at Gina who looked at her through half shuttered eyes. A soft smile told Kate that she was doing quite fine without a lot of guidance. "Of course," Kate whispered. That did seem like the next reasonable step. She snaked out her tongue and grazed the nipple. If a nipple could smile, then Gina's did. Reassured, Kate licked the areola and the underside of the breast.

"It'd like to be suckled, if you're willing."

Kate pursed her lips and took in the tip of the breast. She widened her mouth and took in more. Her sucking motion surprised her. It did come naturally. She suckled like a newborn.

"Oh my," Gina said, wrapping an arm around Kate's shoulders. "You sure this is your first time? Don't stop to answer. My goodness, you've got me on the brink. I was planning on doing you first, but I think you're well on your way to reversing that expectation. Do you think you could manage to cover my pussy with your hand?"

Kate eased trembling fingers over Gina's heat. Gina's moans empowered her even more. She was

bringing her friend to an orgasm, and she had no need for a diagram or a lot of further instruction. Every ounce of love she could muster, she channeled to her mouth on Gina's breast and to her fingers entangled in Gina's triangle.

Gina's hips flexed. No words were required to translate that age-old invitation. She had issued it many times herself, but never to a woman. Without difficulty, Kate found her way through the slippery folds.

She rimmed the opening, testing its readiness and her own confidence. Gina's hips bucked with growing impatience. Kate pressed inward and waggled her finger. Her breathing stopped. And then restarted. She continued working the breast with her mouth and the pussy with her finger. Her finger curled up and forward.

"Jesus, my G spot," Gina wailed. "No, don't stop. Stay with it. I'm coming. Hot damn, I'm coming!"

Releasing Gina's breast, Kate couldn't contain her grin. It was Gina who reached down to remove her finger. She'd never witnessed another woman having an orgasm.

And it didn't just happen. She'd helped. Kate closed her eyes. She'd have to be careful. She could get into this. Perhaps loving a woman was like playing a musical instrument. The more you became one with the instrument, the more

everyone enjoyed themselves.

Gina rolled onto her side and gave Kate a quelling look. "You've not been lying to me. I am your first woman?"

"Yes. I wouldn't lie about that."

"Then how did you know how to find my G spot? I've had women and male lovers try to find it and never succeed. For some it's like searching for an oasis in a vast desert."

Kate chuckled. "It was pure accident. I can assure you of that. My wrist got cramped and I was moving to a less stressful position."

"Whatever. Just don't forget what you did. That was pure bliss. So come here, Kate Noble. I think that earned you at least the right to be kissed."

Kate raised her head in time to meet Gina's lips slanting toward her mouth. Gina chewed on her lower lip, backed off and came at it again. She traced the outline of her lips with her tongue. All the time Kate tried to ignore her racing heart. She parted her lips and Gina's tongue slid in until it grazed the back of her throat.

Kate didn't resist when Gina rolled her gently onto her back. Without breaking the kiss, Gina used her knees to spread her thighs. And then Gina's vulva ground against hers.

Her eyes widened and then closed. The sensation emanating from the friction of their pussies rubbing together shot outward in every

direction. Was it an orgasm left over from last night? Was it the aftermath of Gina's massive orgasm? Or was it simply the result of sharing tongue and pussy between two lovers? Kate gave up trying to decipher the unknowable. She thrust her loins against her aggressor seeking more, demanding more.

Gina's satisfied laughter reverberated in Kate's mouth. Their wet pussies rubbed together in an ancient pattern of mating until Kate fell back against the mattress, unable to transmit anymore. She became the receptor.

Her mouth slackened. Gina's mouth settled over her breast. Kate arched her back and Gina continued rubbing her pussy against hers. The friction was building. Kate's toes curled. Her pussy was going to burst into flames. "Oh my God!" she whimpered. "This can't be happening."

She braced herself on Gina's shoulders and arched her breast further into her lover's mouth. Kate's eyes popped open. Her lover. Her female lover. "I can't believe it. You're bringing me off."

Her climax surged and gloriously washed over her. At last, Gina stilled and breathed heavily against her wet breast. Kate flung one hand across her brow and clutched Gina tight to her body with the other. Had any man ever paid closer attention to her needs?

It was minutes before either spoke. Long after

the quivering and trembling stopped her brain still hummed on. "No one could have told me," Kate said. "Or if they had I would never have believed them." She caressed Gina's neck. "That was beyond special."

Gina propped herself on one elbow and grinned. "Way beyond special. So do you think we'll get you comfortable with loving a woman before we audition for the professor?"

"We'll manage as long as it's you." She didn't try to suppress her wide grin. "But I can see that it'll require a lot more practice than I had anticipated."

"Isn't that the truth?" Gina placed a finger across Kate's lips. Still hungry, Kate drew it into her mouth.

Gina's eyes flared with passion. "Maybe we shouldn't wait a minute longer. Reinforcement learning is important." She reclaimed her finger and slid it between them until it found the entrance to Kate's heated chamber.

Spreading her thighs, Kate struggled for words. "Now isn't too soon." She bit down on her lip and arched her pelvis against the pressure. "I'm your willing student if you want to continue on as my tutor."

Gina giggled softly and sawed her finger in and out of Kate's pussy. "Oh, I'm eager to instruct you. I can already feel you vibrating against my finger."

You'll take one or two more easily. Lie back, Kate, and enjoy lesson two in the art of loving a woman."

\* \* \* \*

"Sure I know Kate Noble," Pamela Harper said. "I'm on the art gallery board."

Grayson smiled. It had been clever of him to stop by the Art Department to find Pamela. If he had a friend who was wired into the Chicago area art community it had to be the bodacious Pamela Harper. They'd served together on numerous committees. He respected the woman's judgment and admired her ability to get things done in committee, not an attribute shared by many of his fellow faculty members.

He glanced about his colleague's office. He never would comprehend the mish mash of colors she used to decorate her office. It all seemed haphazard to him—so it probably was modern art. So how well did his slightly graying friend know the assistant curator? "What can you tell me about her?"

"She's very able, has a good eye, efficient, strong, bright, independent and passionate. She can be gregarious and at times surprisingly shy." Pamela batted an eye. "But I'm not sure what you want to know, Grayson. Apparently, she's already

agreed to go out with you. Why, I don't know"

"Maybe a lapse in judgment on her part, or mine. It was sort of an accident."

Pamela tipped back her head and roared. "Yes, I've heard about the punch incident. Did you swallow wrong? Whatever made you do such a thing? You don't have to resort to such bad manners to pick up women."

"That wasn't one of my better moments," he said, slightly annoyed that his antics of the other evening were being broadcast about. "So I assume Kate Noble isn't married?"

"Not to my knowledge, but then we're not bosom pals either."

"Does she date much?"

"Not that I know of. I see her at social functions when she's with a guy, but it's never the same guy twice."

"Good."

"Of course I don't know when she'd find time to date. I'm afraid she is a bit of a workaholic."

"At least," Grayson muttered, "she's probably not looking for a husband."

"Yes, the overriding concern of the rake! Grayson, one of these days you're going to fall madly in love with a woman who won't have you and that will serve you right."

"Thanks. That must be my wildest nightmare. So I figure she's mid to late thirties."

"You do have an eye for women. Wish I could say the same about your understanding for art. Yes, I think she's late thirties, give or take. I can find out her birthday from gallery records if you must know."

"No, that won't be necessary."

"So why are you so suspicious, Grayson? Thought the only data you wanted to know about women was the color of their panties."

Grayson winced. Pamela should have known better.

"I am sorry, Grayson," Pamela said, looking slightly apologetic. "I was only kidding. That reputation you cultivate is largely fiction and we both know it. You're a man of considerable standards."

"I try."

"No female staff members."

"Right."

"No undergraduates."

"Absolutely."

"No married women."

Grayson arched an eyebrow and cleared his throat. "There has been an exception or two."

Pamela nodded. "None of us are perfect. But you still are open to graduate students, faculty and the community-at-large. That's still quite a playing field."

"It suffices."



"And then there are the lesbians you escort to various functions. That's always a hoot."

"It keeps the predators away—for both of us. That does remind me. Kate Noble, is she gay?"

Pamela beamed. "My gaydar says no, but as I get older I'm not sure it works as well as it used to. Why?"

"Just curious."

"Kate Noble does seem to have pricked your interest. On the surface at least, she seems to be playing the same game you are. Avoiding commitment while having some fun along the way. Oh, she does have one other characteristic you might want to know about."

"What's that?"

"I've only seen it a couple times, but she's got a temper that can rival any Irish stereotype you've ever heard. She's not a woman you'll want to cross."

"I don't intend to," Grayson huffed.

"You just want to bed her." Pamela laughed. "Maybe her fiery passion translates nicely in the boudoir. I've wondered about that on occasion."

Grayson stood to leave. "Maybe if I'm lucky I'll find out."

Pamela waved. "Maybe if you're lucky you'll only be singed by her fire."

\* \* \* \*

"I'm sorry I had to work late," Kate said again, watching Grayson do a slow burn behind the wheel of his Corvette. She resisted running her palm over the leather interior. It was a womanizing car. She should've predicted that. "It must've been a drag waiting."

"No problem," he grumbled. "I didn't have anything better to do. Gave me a chance to admire some of the paintings more closely."

Kate grinned. "I saw you studying the flowers that Gina and I were looking at the other night."

"Yeah, the pussy flower. Your friend has a vivid imagination."

She refused to rise to his bait. He'd have to be blind not to notice the similarity. "We didn't expect that shipment from Houston today to arrive for another couple days. Thanks for running out and picking up pizza for all of us. I'm sure that wasn't what you had planned for dinner."

"Not hardly. So this is your neighborhood?"

"Yeah, third house on the right—the four square."

"Big house for one person," he said, turning into her driveway. "You do live alone?"

Kate chuckled. "All by my lonesome. The house came to me from my paternal grandfather. "Why don't you come in? The least I can do is make you some coffee."

She thought she heard him mumble, "The very

least." *Dream on, Professor. I'm not delivering on the first date, no matter how nice you've been.*

She led him directly to the kitchen, where she started a pot of decaf brewing. He sat at the kitchen table watching her work and, apparently, gathering his bearings.

What was he seeing? A domestic female capable of feeding his ego? A reluctant lover? An avenger?

It was imperative she remember what she was about. Grayson Cosgrove was much more attractive up close and when he wasn't fumbling over his faux pas of spilling punch all over her. Kate smiled. That introduction had given her the upper hand and she intended to keep it.

How did he manage to maintain such a trim body? And where did that tan come from? Did he work out at a gym? Kate grimaced. He was probably into tight, hard female bodies. So why was he sitting in her kitchen? Because that's where she wanted him. And maybe he was interested in a little variety. She grinned. She could provide that.

"What's so funny?" Grayson asked.

"What?" Kate narrowed her eyes at her guest.

"You keep smiling and chuckling softly. I seem to be missing the joke."

Kate carried two coffee mugs to the table and sat down. "Nothing much." She couldn't stop

smiling. "I was thinking that this turned out to be an entirely different evening than either one of us expected."

"True. The evening's not over."

Kate ran a finger around the rim of her coffee mug and stared hard at Grayson. "Perhaps in order to relieve some pressure I should make a couple things clear."

"Sure, go ahead."

"If you want to try another date," her voice softened, "I have tickets for Friday night's play at the Schubert."

"Why not?"

"Your eagerness is overwhelming."

"What's the second thing?"

"I don't fuck on a first date."

A wisp of a smile crossed Grayson's lips. "Okay. Glad you set me straight on that one. So is this our first date, or is Friday our first date?"

Kate glanced at her coffee and then at him. "I haven't decided yet."

"Woman's prerogative?"

"Something like that. So now that you can relax some without trying to find my bedroom, tell me about yourself." She gave him what she hoped was her best casual look. "I know you're a professor of English and that you drive a Corvette. That's about it."

Grayson tilted his head to the side. "When we

fuck it won't necessarily have to be in your bedroom."

Kate despised the heat rising up her neck. "So what do you teach?"

"A little bit of everything: Freshman composition, creative writing, nineteenth century English literature, and erotica in literature from the fourteenth century to the present. Any of that interest you in particular?" His dark eyes snapped with challenge.

"I'm not much of a writer, but I've always enjoyed English literature. There is considerable correspondence between literature and art." She sipped her coffee and then tried to keep her voice steady. "You must have standing room only for your erotica course."

Grayson smiled easily. For a moment, Kate saw a genuine, engaging man sitting across from her. Was he done playing games for the night?

"Actually, that's a graduate class I teach once a year. So it's quite limited in size. Ten to fifteen students, usually. It probably sounds more jazzy than it is. It's not intended to be a titillating turn on—it's an analysis of a particular genre of literature."

"No undergraduates allowed?"

"No. My policy. I want to deal with serious students only."

"I see." She watched for any clue that he might

be lying. There was none. She'd have to puzzle that one later. "So what kinds of literature do you include?"

"That varies some each time I offer it. I don't want to become bored teaching the same thing over and over. We look at the classics including Chaucer, *Moll Flanders*, *Fanny Hill*, *The Story of O*, *A Man and a Maid*, *The Pearl*, *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, and such contemporary authors as John Updike, Henry Miller, James Baldwin and feminists like Anaïs Nin, Thea Divine, and Susie Bright. I doubt that many of these names are familiar to you."

"Most aren't. I read *Moll Flanders* and *Fanny Hill* in college." Kate grimaced. "I tried to make my way through *Lady Chatterley*—but that was difficult."

"Lawrence can be trying. So what do you like to do when you're not working?"

Kate rubbed her bare shoulder. "I've almost forgotten. Plays, symphony, travel and I read—mainly history and historical novels."

"But that takes you back to your work, including art history."

"Exactly. So I must sound quite boring."

"No, overworked."

"You're being kind, but then I guess tonight might've been an example of too much work and very little play."

"Maybe I can help you change that pattern."

Kate made a show of moistening her lips before answering. "Maybe."

"You must be exhausted, Kate," Grayson said, rising to his feet. "I should leave so you can go to bed—alone."

"That is thoughtful." Kate placed her hand in his and led him to the door. When he turned to say good night, she brushed her lips against his. "'Til next time."

"So was this our first time."

Kate raised her chin. "I've not decided, yet."

His eyes chilled. "Let me know when you do. Good night."

As soon as the door closed behind him, Kate dashed to her bedroom, grabbed a notepad and pencil and jotted down as many books and authors as she could remember. She had her summer reading laid out for her.

\* \* \* \*

Grayson sat in his car a moment before starting the engine. Kate Noble wasn't real good at coy. She might not fuck on a first date—but they both knew Friday night would be the second date. And why did that intrigue him so?

He'd been with more attractive women, not that Kate was hard on the eyes. She had a quick brain.

A lot of the women he'd been with lately seemed to check their brains at the door. She was interested in him. Going to bed with her was merely a matter of time.

But there was something different about the woman. At moments, she seemed to fade away. She was physically sitting at the table, but she seemed somewhere else. He was used to having women stay totally enrapt with him. But she was playing a different version of the game than most. It was, however, the same game.

They'd hook up—hopefully—for some hot sex and then go their separate ways. Neither would be particularly wiser or better or worse off. But then that, too, was the nature of casual sex.

Grayson started the engine and backed the car on to the street. When had sex become casual? Maybe that would be the downfall of humankind—not the bomb, not greed, but casual sex.

When had he become philosophical about sex? He enjoyed sex. Good sex not only satisfied, it inspired. Someday, maybe his name would stand among those he'd ticked off for Kate earlier. Didn't every English professor have at least one novel draft tucked in a desk?

Turned out he was better at research than writing. He smiled to himself. That wasn't too bad. He looked forward to his next research



project—Kate Noble. What would she be like in bed? What would she be up for? How long would they last?

He didn't have answers to the first two questions, but he'd lay money they'd be finished within four to six weeks. Anything longer would amount to a personal record since his last divorce. One he had no desire to break.

## CHAPTER FOUR

Wednesday night Kate lay in bed next to Gina reading one of the erotic novels Grayson had named. She turned a page and read two more paragraphs before wincing. "So do men actually enjoy screwing women in the ass?"

Gina placed the book she'd been reading over her bare breasts. "Some do, but the important question is do women enjoy being fucked in the ass?"

"And the answer?"

"Some do."

"Do you?"

One corner of Gina's mouth turned up. "Absolutely I do, if my partner is reasonably gentle."

"Sounds pretty kinky to me."

"Each to their own."

"I'm not sure I could take a cock in my ass. How in the world would it fit?"

Gina smothered a laugh. "I hate to say it but you've probably passed bigger items out. You're a substantial woman, Kate. I doubt you'd have much difficulty."

Kate frowned until she caught her friend's meaning. "Oh, you may be right."

"Is there time for more play?" Gina set her book aside. "Or should we just snuggle and go to sleep?"

Kate glanced at the clock. "I don't have an appointment until mid-morning. What did you have in mind?" She placed her book on the bedstand and moved into her lover's arms for the third time that evening. They'd made love before dinner and once after. Since when had she, of all people, become insatiable? But then she'd have to be if she was to keep up with the professor.

She brushed her nipples across Gina's until both sets of nipples were hard. Gina smiled at her and reached for one of the vibrators lying on the bed. Kate hadn't known there were so many types of sex toys, but she was learning to enjoy most of them. She reached for another toy.

"No," Gina said, "you loved me thoroughly last time. Let me. Lie back and enjoy."

Kate lay back and Gina trailed her lips across hers and dipped her tongue briefly into her mouth. Kate heard the soft hum of the vibrator. She closed her eyes and soaked up the vibrations

spreading across her breasts. Gina lowered her head and captured a nipple between her teeth. Kate clutched the sheets. Her loins contracted and released.

Gina raised her head. "A nice ripple, huh?"

Kate managed to nod though her attention was focused on the vibrator forging a path toward her navel. It hardly paused before continuing its journey across her belly. It stopped at the apex of her triangle as if undecided about where to go next.

Impatiently, Kate lolled her head from side to side. She lowered a hand, encouraging Gina to continue.

Gina responded with laughter and slid the sex toy across her labia. "You're already wet."

Nodding, Kate spread her hips wide and tilted her pelvis. She watched Gina separate her pussy lips and guide the vibrator closer to its primary target. Kate's fingers idly played with her clit which had yet to fully awaken.

"You have the most expressive non-verbals," Gina chuckled. "Go ahead and have another orgasm, but don't wear yourself out yet." That said, Gina pressed the humming instrument past Kate's vulva and into her vagina.

"Goodness. That's it." Kate's finger's clawed at her clit and the vibrator hummed on, echoing throughout her loins. She gasped at the

instrument's departure and covered her pussy with a palm.

Slowly, she opened her eyes. Gina peered at her closely. She blew her a kiss and Kate puckered her lips. That had been very good, but she knew she had more left. Her body still brimmed with expectancy.

"Relax," Gina said, turning the vibrator to a slower speed.

"How can I be anything but relaxed after that," Kate yawned.

She watched Gina pour more lube onto the vibrator already glistening with her juices. Gina's eyes never left hers as she again shepherded the vibrator alongside Kate's pussy folds. Only it didn't stop there. The pulsing instrument traveled lower. Her eyes widened, no doubt reflecting alarm. Gina's, on the other hand, reflected reassurance and passion.

"You'll do just fine," Gina whispered. "I wouldn't do anything to hurt you. Does this tickle?"

Kate nodded at the tingles rippling down the crevice of her ass. She breathed deeply, trying to trust her partner. The sensations teased and tantalized. It was as if a different engine had been turned on. It wasn't revved up, but it certainly had begun.

Gina winked. "Curious, right?"

Kate nodded slightly.

"I'll just insert it a little bit." Gina's playful tutoring provided some relief. "Go with your feelings, Kate," Gina coaxed. "You'll be surprised how warming this can be."

Warming! Christ, it was demanding. Even anxious, though, she appreciated being in practiced hands. She tried to trust. Even she could feel her anus opening, puckering, seeking.

"Excellent, Kate. You're opening nicely. Ready for more?"

Chewing on her lower lips, Kate nodded and instinctively raised her knees as Gina pressed the vibrator inward gently but firmly.

"Very nice, Kate. That helps a lot."

Kate began to moan. She *never* moaned—but she was moaning now. Her entire interior shook. Again, she rubbed her clit between finger and thumb.

Happily, Gina took the hint. Her mouth replaced Kate's fingers and Kate's engines, all of them, were going full throttle. She might not make it back from this one, but it was going to be one hell of a ride. She threw her head to the side and pounded the bed. Her moans turned to wails.

"That's it, Kate. Your ass must be ablaze. Tell me about it. It's happening really big. I can feel it along with you."

"Yes!" Kate screamed. "Fuck me. Jesus, fuck my

ass."

The vibrator moved easily in and out until Kate felt herself levitating and leaving the universe. She clamped down on her lower lip and rolled to the side. Vaguely, she was aware of her ass being empty. Kate moaned. What was happening? Where had all the lights come from? Was she passing over? Warmth overcame her thoughts. She soared. Eventually, she settled and, slightly embarrassed, squinted at her lover.

"Cripes, girl, you scared me there for a moment." Gina grinned. "It's good to see you back."

Kate gave Gina a lopsided grin. "It's good to be back, I think. I can't believe that I'm an over-forty experienced woman, but you keep surprising me like I was a teenager."

Gina beamed. "We're never too old to be surprised. And I'm thrilled I was the first to introduce you to anal play. I doubt you'll have any trouble taking in a cock."

Kate nodded. "Hell, that vibrator is larger than many cocks I've seen."

"Hopefully, the professor won't disappoint in that area."

"I don't care if he has a miniature as long as it can't get enough of my pussy until I'm ready to dump him."

"You sure are focused when it comes to him."

"I have to be, and when I begin to lose focus I read more of Luci's diary entries."

"That'll do it, I'm sure. But let's forget about the bastard for now. I'll clean our little toy and then we can cuddle some more. I do love cuddling with you, Kate."

\* \* \* \*

Grayson sat in the theater having difficulty concentrating on the actors on stage because he couldn't keep his mind off the accomplished actress sitting beside him. It remained quite unclear whether he was expected to play the role of the hero or the villain, or whether he was simply Kate's foil.

Conversation over dinner, for the most part, had been light and breezy—nothing too serious, nothing overtly suggestive. He still didn't know if this was their first or second date.

He kicked himself. Since when did he wait for the woman? She could always say no, and that was a word he'd learned to respect a long time ago. But he didn't have to sit around like a horny teenager waiting for the girl to make the first move.

He glanced at Kate sitting beside him. She wore a rather simple v-neck red dress. Even in the dim light, he could see that it had ridden halfway up



her thighs. And there was more than ample cleavage to fuel any healthy man's desire. Damn, she had nice tits. If they were half as delightful naked as covered, he'd be in mammary heaven—hopefully before the night was over.

She laughed at something that had happened on stage. He placed his hand atop hers resting in her lap. Was that heat he felt? He tried not to groan when she moved their interlaced fingers to the armrest. At least she hadn't taken her hand out from under his.

Joy surged through his lower body. Wasn't that like a teenager?

\* \* \* \*

Kate had to confess that coming to the play had probably been a waste of money. She'd used all of her willpower not to laugh at every joke Grayson had cracked at dinner. He was quite engaging—more engaging than she expected or wanted. She should've worn something more conservative.

She scowled. Why would she do that? This was no typical date. She had to entice him into her bed. She peeked at him out of the corner of her eye—not that that was going to prove too difficult. If Grayson Cosgrove had his way, he'd have her right here in the theater, right now.

She shivered. She'd had to put their hands on

the armrest. Another minute or two and she would've slid his fingers under her dress. She hadn't done that with a guy since she was a teenager.

Focus. *Stay focused.* Did staying focused mean she couldn't want to fuck him? Not *have* to fuck him, but want to fuck him? She'd have to think on that some other time when the object of her questions wasn't inches away. She suppressed a chuckle. She bet he was as hard as a rock. He had to be. She was on the verge of creaming her panties.

Would this play ever be finished?

\* \* \* \*

"So does wine instead of coffee mean this is our second date?" Grayson leaned against Kate's kitchen counter, eyeing her with unrepentant hunger.

"Maybe." Kate lowered her eyes and grinned at Grayson's erection testing the stitches of his trousers. She set her glass on the counter and nuzzled against him. She palmed his growing cock and lifted her mouth to his waiting lips. They tasted like Chardonnay. She toyed with his tongue. He'd made no move to rush her since leaving the theater. This was to be her call. And she was prepared to make it.

"Maybe we should move to my bedroom. I know you implied that lovemaking shouldn't be restricted to the boudoir, but there's something about a first mating," she arched an eyebrow, "don't you think, that deserves a bed?"

"Oh yeah, I'll not debate that," Grayson said huskily. "Lead the way."

Kate laughed. "I plan on it." She interlaced the fingers of one hand with his. She did lead him down the hallway toward her bedroom, letting their clasped hands rest on her rump as she walked ahead of him. She smiled at his labored breathing. She hadn't realized how much she'd enjoy the role of seductress.

"Nice bed," Grayson said, entering her bedroom. "Don't see round beds often. And the mirror is an excellent touch. It must have a myriad of stories to tell."

"I'm sure it does. It hung behind a bar for decades." Kate gave him a half-smile as he continued appraising her bedroom.

Grayson emitted a low chuckle and looked at her curiously. "No doubt, but I wasn't referring to those stories. I was thinking of the stories it would tell about you and your paramours. This is a bedroom obviously constructed for entertaining lovers."

Kate did her best to prevent a blush. "Fortunately the mirror isn't talking. Do you want

to talk all night or are we going to fuck?" She palmed his burgeoning cock. "My, my, if he has a vote... Why don't you help me out of this dress? That might be a good beginning."

Kate smiled at his trembling fingers trying to dig out the tiny zipper. Mister Suave and Collected might be a little more nervous and excited than he wanted to let on. She felt the zipper sliding down her back. His hand might have rested a bit too long on her rump but then who was counting seconds, given what they were about to do?

She turned about to face him and shrugged out of the dress. "Thanks." Clad only in a bra and satin bikini, Kate moved to dispense with the bra. She tossed it aside and reveled in Grayson's widening eyes and his tongue wetting his lips.

"You like?" She chuckled. She had him reeled in hook, line and sinker. The only questions remaining were how long she'd have to keep him before she won her proposal. And what she would have to *do* to keep him.

"They're gorgeous," he stuttered. "May I?" He reached his hands out palms up.

"Of course. Please do. They're not just for show." She smiled as he hefted each in turn. His eyes filled with adoration. This was a breast man if she'd ever met one.

He grazed a nipple with a thumb. Damn, she

was already feeling moisture in her bikini. She hadn't planned on turning on like this. She watched his dark head lower until his lips covered a nipple. His mouth widened and he took in as much breast as he probably could comfortably manage. She stood on her tiptoes wanting more. His other hand finally covered the unattended breast. Kate rested her chin on his head and embraced a small wave.

Hopefully, he wouldn't notice. This wasn't supposed to be about her enjoyment. She sighed and ran her fingers across his tight shoulders. Could revenge be enjoyable?

"Hey, down there," she managed to say, "you have me at a disadvantage. I'm only wearing a panty and you're fully dressed."

He raised his head from her breast with a broad smile and pecked at her lips. "You may want to do something about that. I thought you were enjoying the undivided attention."

"I was, but I don't want you thinking I'm selfish." Kate unbuckled Grayson's belt. The sound of his zipper lowering sent a shock up her spine.

"That thought never crossed my mind," he said, helping her slide his pants and boxers downward.

"Oh, my," she gasped, reaching out to encircle his throbbing shaft with a hand. "Isn't he a big old

handsome boy?" She bent over and laid a wet kiss on its tip. She chuckled as his cock strained, asking for more. She tapped it lightly with her lips. "Later. Maybe." She started undoing Grayson's shirt buttons. "Let's get you out of this shirt."

Once he stood completely naked before her, Grayson arched an eyebrow and let his gaze settle on her waist. "Did you forget an item of clothing, Kate? You're still wearing panties."

"I must've forgotten." Without hesitating, she slid them down and off her legs.

He smiled, apparently liking what he saw. "A natural redhead. I'm not sure there are many out there anymore."

"I wouldn't know," she said, fearful that her tone had become too icy. "You're the one with the experience." Kate stepped over to the bedstand and fumbled around the vibrators and dildos until she retrieved a condom.

"Quite a collection of sex toys." Grayson's eyebrows shot up. "They must keep you busy."

"They do, unless I have a handsome cock available." Kate fit the condom over his cock. "Doubt we have to worry about him going flaccid anytime soon."

"Not a concern. So what do you have in mind?"

"A little kissing and a little fucking." She scowled at him. "Don't look so perplexed. Women can say *fuck* just as easily as men. And isn't that

why you're here?" Kate stretched out on the bed, pulled on her nipples and then extended her arms toward Grayson, who appeared suddenly unsure of himself. "Don't go shy on me, Professor. I've decided this is our second date. Therefore it's time for some fucking. Is that okay with you?"

"Sounds fine to me," he said, climbing onto the bed.

His lips settled on hers. Kate closed her eyes. The kiss overflowed with pent-up passion. She returned it with her own ardor, but managed to withhold her passion.

She resolved again not to give him all her passion. She had to remember Luci. She'd only give the bastard as much as it took to get him to the altar. Kate winced—could she give him that much?

Frustrated with herself and annoyed with Grayson for being so deliberate, Kate slid out from under his chest and pushed him onto his back. She grabbed his wide cock and skimmed her fingers up and down its entire length. She had no doubt she could take all of him, but she'd have to tell Gina that they shouldn't have worried about him being miniature.

Her juices already pooled at her own entrance. Ignoring his eyes, she inhaled deeply. Well, she might as well get it over with.

She straddled Grayson's chest and moved back,

positioning his cock between her pussy folds. She tried to ignore the quizzical look on his face. Wasn't he used to a woman taking control?

She took in his shaft without much trouble. Once she had him fully inside, she sat up and wiggled her butt, seating him and then began riding him as fast as she could. He hardly moved, letting her do all the work.

She gritted her teeth. He wasn't going to help at all – the bastard. She leaned back and squeezed his balls. The effort was met with a grunt. His face contorted. She smiled broadly. He couldn't keep himself from coming. She felt him expand. She sensed his pulsing begin and rode him mercilessly until her thighs ached.

Luci's innocent face flitted across her consciousness. Kate rode the professor long after it was necessary, hoping that the pounding she was giving him was some kind of just payback for debauching her sister.

Her thigh muscles screamed with pain. Eventually, they slowed and stopped. Without meeting Grayson's eyes, she lurched to the bed. Only then did she realize that she hadn't come. Not even close.

Yes! She wanted to thrust a fist into the air. She'd fucked him as if he were a sex toy – nothing more. Maybe if she thought of him as a sex toy she'd allow herself to come in the future. She



obviously came with her vibrators.

"So that was it?"

Kate couldn't ignore Grayson's sarcasm. "Felt like you got off quite nicely," she said stiffly. "Are you complaining?"

"Not really. That was fine. The visual display of you bringing him off was quite pleasing, actually. I love the way your breasts swing about when you're working hard to bring a man to orgasm. A high priced call girl couldn't have done better."

"What?" Her stomach rolled.

He grabbed her arm before she could slap him. "You didn't come, Kate."

"Not all women come all the time," she hissed, trying to escape his grasp.

"I'm certain of that, but you didn't even try. And you didn't really want my help. I could have been your vibrator." He released his hold on her. His glower chilled her glee. "I wasn't needed—well, maybe my cock was—but I sure as hell wasn't. So what's with you?"

Kate tried to formulate a quick response. She couldn't lose him this quickly. She'd better revamp her game plan on the run. But she also wanted him gone—out of her bedroom. She had to think. She needed space to think.

"Maybe I'm too tense." That wasn't a complete falsehood. "It's been a tough week at work. I wasn't positive I'd measure up to your

expectations. Apparently, I didn't." She hid her eyes under her eyelashes. "I'll understand if you don't want to see me again."

Grayson emitted a half laugh. "I didn't say I didn't want to see you. But I want to be part of our fucking next time."

"Oh." She broke into a grin. "Next time."

"I've hardly paid you back for your dress," he teased. "You know, the one with the punch stains?"

"Oh, that one." Kate's head was spinning. The man had a game plan, even if she didn't. He was so confusing.

"But this isn't the time. I expect the mood is broken for both of us."

She nodded. "I'm sorry."

"Don't be." He stood and gathered his clothes. "Don't bother getting up, Kate. I want this image of you sprawled naked in bed waiting for me to hold onto during the coming week. Spread your legs a little more, Kate."

Kate held her breath and complied.

"That's nice. You do look luscious. Your pussy lips are so full and still open. More than good enough to eat. But I won't impose tonight."

"No," she barely whispered. She'd turn into a puddle if he did. She didn't have enough will power left if he wanted to nibble on her—just a little bit.

Grayson gave her a huge smile and continued to button his shirt. "Your clit just peeked out to say hi. She probably needs your attention, given that you didn't come with me. I'd like to watch, if you don't mind." His eyes blazed. "Do it, Kate. I want to watch you come. You owe me that."

Kate nodded and held his stare. She didn't owe him a damn thing, but he was right, she was right on the edge of coming. She lowered a hand to her clit. It was so ready, desperately needing attention. And since she wasn't going to give Grayson a second chance tonight she began to rub herself.

Grayson's hand dipped into his under-shorts and retrieved his freshly aroused cock. Kate smiled briefly to herself; at least she wasn't going to come alone. She fondled her clitoris between thumb and forefinger and raised her knees but held them wide, affording Grayson the best possible view.

She inserted two fingers in her pussy and started her climb toward the mountain top. It wasn't going to be a long climb. She narrowed her eyes but didn't lose contact with the visual display of his hands skimming over his straining cock. That was a turn on. Which one of them would come first?

He matched her strokes, apparently trying to time his orgasm with hers. She couldn't do anything about that. Hers was upon her. She

tossed her head from side to side and came silently, still refusing him the pleasure of hearing her pleasure.

But that wasn't holding him back at all. His hips jerked and his hand became a blur. She couldn't take her eyes off of him. Her breathing stalled.

And then she saw it begin. He spurted over his hand onto her leg and onto the bedspread. "Son of a bitch," he bellowed. His hips jerked and she thought for a moment he might lose his balance. Instead, he braced himself and continued pumping on her and her bed.

Damn, she'd have to get the spread cleaned. But it had been beyond description seeing him splattering all over the place. He might be in his early forties, but that didn't seem to matter a bit.

Grayson gave her a quirky smile, tucked his softening cock back in his shorts, and waved. "Good night, my lady. I'll call you next week," he said, as if they hadn't just shared a most carnal moment.

Kate waved at his back. She grimaced. The jerk hadn't even bothered to help clean up the mess he made. And she wasn't his lady.

Nestling down in the mattress, Kate couldn't blot out the image of him climaxing over his hand and the humming of her own afterglow. What a glorious mess. She'd never witnessed a man come

like that. She licked her lips, satisfied that she'd put on a fairly good show for him, too. And it did seem highly likely that Professor Grayson Cosgrove would be back for more.

And wasn't that her objective?

\* \* \* \*

"Jesus, what a woman. What a fucking woman," Grayson muttered, heading back to his place. And now she had him mumbling to himself like an idiot.

Was she aware that she'd gushed when she came? Probably the result of her heroic effort not to come in the first place. What was her game? She had apparently no compunction whatsoever about bringing him off, but she didn't want him to return the favor?

He'd been with women who weren't demonstrative. He'd been with women who seldom came. But he'd never been with a woman who attempted to control her own orgasms.

Was it him? Maybe Pamela was wrong. Maybe Kate Noble was a lesbian. So why did she make such a big production of taking him to her bed? No, that wasn't it.

He'd sure like to know what it was that held her back. Maybe she was what the guy who coined the word enigmatic had in mind.

Hopefully, he'd be able to wipe his grin off his face by morning in order to stand up in front of his class and discuss the finer points of erotic literature. Watching Kate bring herself off was one of the most erotic scenes he'd ever witnessed or even imagined. And his wasted cock was bona fide evidence of that. He just might be recovered by the next weekend. He'd better be. It looked like Kate Noble was going to be a puzzle that required a lot of effort to solve.

He always been rather fond of puzzles and he had some pride in his ability to master them. He grunted. He doubted Kate Noble would be fond of the idea of him being her master. Still, that did have some appeal to him.

\* \* \* \*

"So tell me about your date with the professor," Gina said, sitting in Kate's kitchen. "Details, girl."

Kate shook her head. "That doesn't feel right, Gina. I can't give you a play-by-play commentary. But I must admit he surprised me."

"How so?"

"He was much more considerate than I'd expected."

Gina gave her a shrewd smile. "You mean he didn't immediately want to fuck you in the ass, no whispers of threesomes, no hint of bondage or

whips."

"No, none of that." She frowned. "But maybe he has more finesse that I've given him credit for."

"Could be. Though I didn't see much finesse in Luci's diary."

"Me either. However, she is prone to hyperbole."

"So what's next?"

"We have a tentative date for next weekend. He'll call."

"So he's calling you and not the other way around."

Kate winced. "Yes, how did that happen?"

"Probably when you were otherwise occupied in sexual bliss. So what about us?"

Kate jerked herself out of her reverie. "Oh, that. I'm nowhere comfortable enough with a woman to offer Grayson a threesome."

Gina smiled provocatively. "So that requires much more practice?"

"I think so. Don't you?" She grazed her throat with her fingers. "Guess we'll have to continue with our practice sessions. What do you think?"

"Absolutely. I expect we both can benefit from more practice. By the time we have you ready, Grayson Cosgrove won't be able to count the number of orgasms you have with a woman."

Kate smiled. "Now *that* might be a blow to his oversized ego." She held out her hand to her

friend and rose to her feet. "Maybe we should continue practicing now. Maybe you're tired of practicing with me. Do you want to help me as much as I want you to help me?"

"Let me show you." Gina kissed Kate's knuckles and tongued her fingers and palm.

"How can such a simple gesture be so erotic?" Kate murmured.

Gina waggled her tongue and guided Kate's fingers under her skirt until they found her mound.

"You're not wearing panties," Kate gasped. "You're sopping wet."

"You're so observant," Gina giggled. "Thought panties might be a hindrance. So do you still question whether I'm excited about helping you?"

Kate shook her head and allowed Gina to press a finger into her heat. She wiggled her finger. Gina clamped down on it and gripped her shoulders tight.

"Just hold me, Kate."

Kate stilled her finger but turned her head to nibble on Gina's ear. "Your heat may melt my finger. Do you want to go to my bedroom?"

Gina shook her head. "Don't move."

Kate smiled as Gina began a rhythmic rocking back and forth on her finger. She let Gina nurse her orgasm. Gina's eyes fluttered open and then shut. Her hips moved faster. Kate braced herself,



not wanting to disturb Gina's quest.

She flicked at Gina's earlobe and was encouraged by her squeal of delight. She bore her tongue into Gina's ear keeping pace with her hips.

"That's it," Gina moaned. "Keep going. Oh my. Here I am."

Gina clung to Kate to keep from falling and Kate hugged her tight. She marveled at Gina's quaking breathing. With obvious effort, Gina backed off her finger and out of her arms.

Looking somewhat sheepish, Gina said, "Guess I can be surprised, too. Maybe we should find that bed of yours. Your tile floor looks a little too hard for my backside. In my younger days, of course, but now that round bed is the ticket."

Kate snickered and pecked Gina on the cheek. "I agree. I'd like to be able to move a muscle or two in the morning."

\* \* \* \*

Two weeks later, Kate set aside *The Diary* and her spirits ebbed. Could she ever manage to keep up with the man? And that wasn't going to be nearly enough. She had to stay a step or two ahead of him in order to remain in control of her emotions and in control of their phony relationship.

He did find her frustrating. She'd seen that vividly in his eyes the last time they'd had sex.

Again, she'd managed to resist vocalizing her pleasure. She'd come. Oh yeah, she'd come. Her body wasn't about to cooperate with her scheme to completely withhold, but at least she kept her voice in check.

She and Grayson were engaged in a battle of wills. Clearly, he wanted all of her. Well, at least physically. He wanted to make her scream and wail. And she wanted to withhold that part of her. They'd never talked about this struggle, but it had now gotten to the point that it defined who they were together.

Good God, she wanted to come with her entire being. He was damn good in bed. Better than any man she'd ever been with. What did he think of her? Probably the biggest tease he'd ever known.

What would it be like to simply accept the pleasure he seemed to so want to give her?

*No, don't even think about it. Remember Luci and her diary.*

Kate caught a glimpse of herself in the bedroom mirror. She pulled on a nipple, twisting it until pleasure and pain mingled and she couldn't tell one from the other. Tingling sensations skittered to her belly and spread to her pussy. She shuttered her eyes and treasured the warmth of her inner body.

She blinked. Was it the push me pull me struggle that she'd successfully joined with

Grayson that kept him coming back for more? She caught her wicked smile in her reflection.

Perhaps unwittingly she'd discovered the way to hook the bastard. Withholding some of her emotion, not showing him how much pleasure she experienced with him, was not only a matter of personal honor—it also served an equally important purpose. It became the hook that might yet drag Grayson to the altar.

That realization reinforced her resolve not to give in to his wily lovemaking ways. She had to remain alert at all times, because he could probably be quite sneaky in getting women to respond to him. She had to be wanton enough to hold his attention and stubborn enough to keep him from getting everything he desired.

\* \* \* \*

"I have some bad news for you, Grayson," Kate said, taking his hands in hers. They stood in the foyer of her house. They'd returned from having dinner at a small Italian restaurant on Belmont.

She'd actually been quite intrigued with their conversation about the influence of modernism on art and literature. Those were the times when she forgot about Luci and Grayson and thought only of herself and Grayson. But now she was back in the real world—the world of sex for revenge.

His smile disappeared. "What news?"

She raised her lips to his and murmured. "The bad news is it's the wrong time of the month." That wasn't exactly a lie, but then her period wouldn't pose a problem yet. But one sure way to keep Grayson at bay was not to let him touch her pussy. She shuddered at her own sacrifice. "The good news is I can still do you."

She covered his mouth with hers and muffled his single word response, "Shit."

Kate took a step back and undid her blouse and unsnapped her bra. "You can still play with these a little. But they are tender." She lifted them for his inspection.

Indecision flared in Grayson's eyes. Was he going to protest? Would he walk out on her? Would he accept what she was prepared to offer? "Of course if you don't want to kiss them I can put them away for another time." She covered her nipples with the palms of her hands.

"Don't tease, Kate," Grayson said hoarsely. "Someday you may get more than you bargained for."

"But not tonight," she said, keeping her tone light. She uncovered a nipple. "Why don't you at least say hello?"

She ignored his dark glare as he dipped his head. His hot tongue swirled around the protruding nipple. It responded immediately. His

teeth settled around it. Kate gave a small squeal and he bit down harder. She stiffened and ignored the streaks of lightening coursing through her body. His teeth released and his tongue took over washing away any residue of pain.

Kate wanted to cross her legs at the ankles to prevent the small orgasm creeping toward her loins, but she didn't. She stood her ground. Grayson swallowed more of her breast and she leaned against his shoulders and let her climax take its course. It was a good one, but there was no danger of losing herself in it so she relaxed and let it happen.

"That was nice," she said, reclaiming her breast. Before sliding to her knees she saw disappointment flare in Grayson's dark eyes. So nice wasn't enough for him. Too bad.

She unbuckled his belt and lowered his trousers and shorts. His cock leaped out to stand at attention, seeming more than happy to greet her. She slid her hand between Grayson's legs, encouraging him to widen his stance. He did and she smiled at her newfound power. She wrapped fingers of both hands lightly around his cock and glided them over and around its entirety. She showered its crown with kisses. Sitting back on her heels, she caressed Grayson's length between her breasts. His gasps pleased her.

She glanced up at him. "I believe your cock has

found a new home."

Grayson glowered down at her. "He's not the most discerning fellow."

"No, I imagine not. Particularly when blood rushes to his head like right now. Look at how he darkens." Kate found Grayson's silence amusing. Should she tease him more, or should she put him out of his misery?

She settled on her knees and took his crown in her mouth. Apparently even she had a touch of kindness. She placed one hand firmly around his cock and clutched his butt with the other. She lowered her mouth until it reached her hand at his base. His fingers twisted in her hair. She bobbed, relishing how his cock found new life in her mouth. Which was hotter, her mouth or his cock? She ratcheted her fingers around his cock and took him in as deep as she could. She raised her lips to the tip of his shaft and her hand followed. How long could he hold out while being suckled and jerked off at the same time?

Unabated, Kate maintained a steady movement. His legs tightened. His cock expanded in her mouth. He was close. But nothing happened. Kate opened her eyes. And then it dawned on her. He was trying to pay her back by withholding like she did.

She never released him. But with even more determination moved her free hand to his balls

and squeezed them softly. His moans encouraged her. She traced a finger from his balls to his anus.

"Jesus," he muttered.

He was hers. A thrill of triumph coursed through Kate's body. He didn't stand a chance. She gripped his cock tight with her lips and one hand and slid a finger into his ass. He double clutched and she waited. Her finger went deeper. She smiled to herself and renewed her efforts on his cock. He wasn't going to get away with holding anything back from her.

He stood on his toes and shouted, "My God, what are you doing, woman?"

She doubted he actually wanted her to stop and formulate an answer. She never hesitated. She wanted him; all of him.

His hips lunged. His cock thrust deeper and then his torrents burnt the back of her throat. She swallowed quickly. He swiveled his hips trying to pull out of her clutches. She pressed her finger firmly against his prostate gland. His resistance stopped immediately. She milked him slowly, draining every thing she could pump out of him.

At last he was finished.

She pulled out of his ass and released him from her mouth. She cradled his softening cock in the palm of her hand and gave it a goodnight kiss. "Thank you," she whispered, as if speaking only to the cock. "You were delicious."

She tugged up Grayson's underwear and he reached for his pants. He avoided making eye contact. Kate stood, not bothering to button her blouse. "Will I see you next week?"

Grayson heaved a sigh. "Against my better judgment? Oh yeah. I owe you, Kate. A lot." He leaned forward and kissed her.

Kate folded into his arms. He bit down on her lower lip. "Ouch," she said. "That hurt."

"That happens sometimes when little girls play with fire. They get burnt. See you next week, Kate. I trust your entire body will be available by then."

Kate shivered and wrapped her blouse around her breasts as the door shut behind Grayson. Had she pushed him too far?

She retreated toward her bedroom. She didn't bother removing her skirt. She grabbed a favorite vibrator and slid her panties to one side. The vibrator couldn't get into her pussy fast enough.

"Ah," she groaned, arching her back directing the vibrator with both hands. She twirled the humming instrument and shoved it deeper. Her vaginal muscles clamped around it.

Kate ran her tongue over her bruised lower lip. She tasted blood. Her hands and hips rose and fell. The vibrator never paused. What did he intend to do to her next week? Her heart pounded. Her skin heated. She came with a sudden crash.

She wailed. Her agony surprised her. She



wanted more. She wanted him. But she couldn't have him. She wouldn't give enough of herself to have him.

## CHAPTER FIVE

Grayson couldn't remember a more frustrating week than the one he'd just barely survived. The damn woman was driving him nuts. Was she a sexual Amazon come to tame him? The two of them behaved like a couple gladiators jockeying for position, for an edge. But for what kind of victory?

Sexually inventive, but emotionally barren. That described her to a tee. And sex with her left him wanting more. She could probably bring him off in more ways than he could count. At least she'd finally succumbed to having her own orgasms, but she wasn't about to share her pleasure demonstratively. Every fiber in his body told him she wanted to scream to the heavens when she came, but she hardly whimpered.

Why the hell was that? And why did it bother him so?

He thought he'd seen all kinds of women by

now. He hadn't expected more surprises. But then he'd found Kate Noble—or maybe she'd found him. Anyway, he'd known women who faked orgasms, women who tried to play to his ego by telling how great he was, women who wanted nothing more than to trap him in marriage, but he'd never come across a woman who purposely deprived herself of pleasure like Kate did.

Maybe she was part of some kinky sort of cult. Was it more pleasurable to withhold? Was she performing some sort of sacrifice and he was merely a prop?

He had no complaints about how she pleased him. Cripes, he'd tried to play her game when she'd gone down on him in the foyer. He grunted. Once she pushed her finger in his ass he was dead meat, and she knew it. He'd lost any control over his response that he might've thought he had.

If this was a contest, Kate was winning ten to zip. But this wasn't supposed to be a contest. Didn't she know that the most pleasurable thing she could do for him was be as free with her sounds of ecstasy as she was with her body?

Next time. Tonight. Dammit, he'd make her come with abandon as she'd made him come. He owed her that. She owed him that.

Jesus, she had him hooked like some sort of sucker fish. But he wasn't going to give up without a fight.

\* \* \* \*

"You seem quite pensive this evening, Grayson."

Grayson stared unblinking at Kate; her hand squeezed his thigh. They sat on her living room couch listening to soft music and sipping Sauvignon Blanc. "It's been a tough week."

"So what are you thinking about?" she said, sliding her fingers along his inner thigh.

Should he tell her he was scheming how best to make her come so loudly she'd rattle the shingles on the roof? Probably not. Instead, he stood and beckoned her to do the same. "Let's dance."

She moved easily into his arms, settled her pillowing breasts against his chest and wrapped her arms around his back. They swayed to the seductive tune. Both partners knew this was a prelude to something else. Grayson expected they each had different ideas of what that something else ought to be.

He clutched her rear and ground her crotch hard against his stiff cock. She purred into his shoulder. He massaged her buttocks. Her hot breath seared his neck. "You have a fantastic ass, Kate."

"Umm. I'm glad you think so." She ran a hand across his butt and squeezed. "Yours is pretty good too. It has all kinds of possibilities."

"I've noticed. You seemed to enjoy exploring its

depth."

She leaned back against his arms and gave him a bright look. "Did that bother you?"

"Not at all. Surprised me, maybe, but it wasn't a bother."

"Good. I might not be done exploring."

"Thought you might not be."

"Did you hope I wouldn't be?" She batted an eyelash at him.

"Maybe." He palmed a breast. Her eyes fluttered shut and then reopened.

"So what were you thinking about, Grayson? You never did answer me."

"How I was going to fuck your brains out, for starters."

Kate's gray eyes brightened. "For starters? That sounds pretty confident."

He pummeled her breast soundly, but Kate didn't flinch.

"So are you going to maul me into submission?"

He shook his head. He doubted she knew anything about submission. She seemed much more interested in domination. "That's not my style. But you'll be screaming for more before I'm done with you tonight. That's a promise."

She stuck her tongue out at him. "Promises. Promises. So are you going to keep this plan to yourself, or are you going to tell me about it?"

"I'll do better. I'll show you." Grayson tried to keep his breathing steady. Kate wasn't backing down. Not one bit. She'd thrown the gauntlet back in his face. It was time for him to follow through.

"Shall we retire to the bedroom?" she asked, pleasantly.

"No." He wasn't about to let her choose the setting. "The living room will do fine." He lifted her tank top and pulled it over her head. She raised her arms but did nothing else to assist. Fortunately, she wore a bra that snapped in front. He quickly dispensed with it. She stood before him barefoot wearing only a short blue skirt and a choker necklace.

He unbuttoned the top button of his shirt and worked his way down until it fell to the floor. Her eyes clouded with passion. He labored to keep his pace slow.

He unbuckled his pants and kicked them to the side. Her eyes lowered and locked onto his cock, still covered by thin fabric. He reached over and found the single button holding her skirt in place. It fluttered to the floor. She stepped out of it.

She reached for the choker. "Leave it," he ordered. A flicker of fright registered on her face before she was able to project an air of disdain.

"That might come in handy before you're satiated," he said, going to his knees. He kissed her crotch through the silk panty that barely

covered anything. He licked at the silk until it was wet with his saliva and with her juices. Her silk-strained juices tasted sweet.

He gasped, not wanting to leave her for a moment, but he wasn't into sweet. Not tonight.

He stood. She reached for his cock. He slapped her hand away. "Take off your panties," he commanded.

Her furrowed brow told him he had her guessing, if not a trifle anxious. That was good. She hooked her thumbs over her waist band and hesitated.

"Maybe you should take them off." Her eyes snapped with the dare.

"So be it." He grabbed her panties, forced a thumb through the fabric and ripped them apart, all the while watching Kate's eyes round and her nostrils flare. He certainly had her attention.

He lowered his gaze and smiled at her glistening red curls. She was more than ready. Quickly, he shucked his underwear. He sure as hell didn't need any more preparation. He'd been preparing for this moment for a week, if not an entire lifetime. "Face the couch and get on your hands and knees."

"Yes, master," she said with a sharp tongue, yet complying with his order with some apparent reluctance.

He knelt behind her. "What a view. Your ass

should be framed for all posterity."

She canted her head and glared at him. "So, are you just going to admire it?"

There she was again, issuing the challenge, trying to reclaim control. He scrunched on his knees until his cock pressed against her pussy. His cock found her entrance.

Grayson didn't hesitate. He rammed into her body. Her gasp thrilled him. He already had her on the edge. He leaned over her back and reached around to twist her nipples. She sighed. Sighing wasn't going to cut it, not hardly. Not this time.

He eased back on his heels and pinched her butt cheeks. "Oh," she said, softly.

He spread her cheeks. Her puckered brown hole widened. Grayson tried to swallow. Of their own volition, his hips began a rhythmic cadence. Kate's inner muscles clamped around his cock. She was like a vice drawing him in deeper, threatening not to let him go. Ever.

"Come on, big guy," she said, "you were going to fuck my brains out. Here's your chance. Go for it. What's holding you back?"

He quickened his pace. Her inner sleeve tightened, approaching his pain threshold.

"Promises, promises," she taunted.

"Shut up." He rose to his feet. With newfound leverage, he slammed in and out of her tight chamber. He ran his fingers down her spine. She



shuddered but made no sound. He pinched her butt cheeks. She arched her neck like a mare in heat. Her rosy hole opened.

Grayson wet his thumb and rimmed her ass. She whipped her head about until her long red hair cascaded over her shoulders. She had to be holding on by her fingernails.

He tested her anus with his thumb. It sank half way in before meeting resistance.

He bowed his back and drove his cock as hard and far into her pussy as he possibly could. She reared back. Jesus H. Christ. His thumb was disappearing into her ass. She'd sucked his thumb into her ass up to his palm.

Too much! "Son of a bitch," he muttered. There was no turning back.

"That's a good boy," Kate purred. "Come for mama. Fill my pussy to the brim. Don't forget my ass. Use your thumb more."

Grayson managed to waggle his thumb twice before being overcome by his own orgasm. He exploded into her. He fell forward, tasting the salty perspiration on her back. He saw her elbow flying as she worked on her clit. Her climax showered his cock with molten lava, but the woman remained as quiet as a church mouse.

He'd been foiled again. He lay there glued to her back trying to think of a new tactic. His eyes closed. It didn't matter now. Not tonight. He was

wasted. That was the end of that.

Next time. Maybe next time. He wasn't going to have enough of Kate Noble until she howled like a she-wolf under a full moon. And even that might not be enough to satisfy him.

\* \* \* \*

A week later, Kate sat across from her boss, Tim Jackson, trying not to wither under his scowl. "You've never balked at traveling abroad before. Are you having personal problems, Kate? I could probably find someone to stand in for you. But you're the only one on staff who personally knows the British curator."

Kate waved off Tim's concern. "No, don't worry about me. I'll work it out. Things have been quite hectic lately. Two weeks from now? And you think it'll take a full week?"

"Probably, maybe more. You know how meticulous the Brits can be."

"Yes. Some would make you look slap happy. No offense."

"None taken. By the way, you can take your boyfriend along if he can find something to do while you're working."

Kate scowled at her boss.

"No problem, Kate. You're much easier to work with when you're getting enough love in your

life." Tim smirked. "Hell, take your girlfriend along too, if you want. The British are accepting folk. Stiff upper lip and all."

"Maybe, but..."

"If you don't want me to know about your lovers," Tim shrugged, "then you shouldn't frequent the same restaurants and go to the same plays."

"Damn."

"No matter. You don't comment on my partners and I won't comment on yours, but feel free to travel with whoever you want. Of course, anyone going with you would pay his or her own way."

"Of course, Tim. I really have to get back to work." She stood and frowned. "Thanks for understanding, I think."

\* \* \* \*

Once back in her office, Kate closed the door, flopped into her desk chair and buried her head in her hands. Did everyone know she was some kind of gluttonous harlot? And why did that matter so?

"Where the hell are you, Luci? You run off leaving me with all the dirty work." Kate shook her head. Who was she trying to kid? She'd never felt so carefree and well loved.

She counted backwards. It'd been four weeks

since she'd invited Grayson to her bedroom the first time. And she'd been loving Gina longer than that. She smiled. Their practice sessions had long since been needless. But the loving was spectacular anyway.

Grayson was most bothersome and mysterious. He showed hardly any of the signs of the kinky behavior outlined in Luci's diary. Maybe he saved those for his younger, more athletic women.

Was he taking pity on her because of her age? She lifted her head and squared her shoulders. She wasn't that old. She'd have him begging for mercy long before the other way around.

Still, getting him into position to take her revenge wasn't going to be easy. He could be cranky, but he was all male. It had been a struggle staying in control, but so far so good. She was quite certain he wasn't seeing anyone else at the same time.

But that hardly mattered. She was screwing Gina at least two or three times a week and Grayson filled up her time on the weekends. Though she hadn't permitted him to stay overnight yet. She hadn't wanted to face him in the morning. But he did fill up her pussy quite nicely, actually.

And he'd finally located her ass. She'd better up the stakes regarding her ass before he took matters into his own hands. Kate licked her lips. She had a

plan for that. She'd spring her daring little scheme on Grayson very soon.

She still held herself in check verbally when she came. Maybe that's why she howled so much with Gina. She knew Grayson loved her ass. He could hardly stop talking about it—turned out he wasn't only a breast man. She squirmed in her chair. She did love it when he kneaded her butt cheeks and nibbled on them.

Maybe she should follow her boss's suggestion. Grayson was done with the academic quarter. He could travel with her, and probably would, if she asked. For that matter, Gina had made it clear that she'd love to come along on one of her trips to England or Europe. She'd been to Italy several times but never to England.

She might be reeling Grayson in slowly, but could she get him to the altar? Having unbridled sex with the man wasn't nearly enough. He had to give her a ring. She had to get him to stand with her before a preacher. Then, and only then could she dump him. She shuddered at the thought of Grayson's reaction to her deceit.

And then she smiled wanly and heaved a sigh. She had to keep in mind why she was moving so far beyond her own limited boundaries to snare the man. Revenge. Revenge. Revenge.

Kate glanced at the partial nude hanging on her far wall. How much guts did she have? How far

would she have to go to gain her objective? She groaned. *Luci, you can come home any time now. Your big sister may be wallowing in quicksand.*

\* \* \* \*

Kate smacked her lips. Her eyes were partially glazed, but she managed to keep one eye glued on Grayson's cock sliding rhythmically between her breasts. She guessed he'd wanted to do this since he first saw them.

"That's a pretty sight," she murmured, "I seldom get such a bird's eye view. Do you want to cover my breasts with your come?"

Grayson nodded. She chuckled at his lack of voice. "Let me help you over the edge." She snaked her hand around and thrust a finger in his ass so every time he withdrew his cock from between her breasts he fucked himself with her finger.

"That ought to do it," she said, finding his prostate gland.

"Hot damn," Grayson shouted. "I'm coming." That wasn't exactly news. He was splashing all over her breasts and neck. With cock in hand, he finished by dropping a white dollop on each of her nipples. She retrieved her finger from his butt and used her other hand to wipe come from her breasts and neck. She glanced quickly about for a

tissue. Finding none, she licked the stickiness from her fingers and went in search of more.

She laughed at the shock on his face. If she didn't watch out he was going to come again. "Why is this so different than me swallowing you when you come in my mouth?"

Grayson shook his head. "I don't know. Maybe it's that bird's eye view you were talking about. But don't stop on my account."

"I don't intend to." After taking her time to clean herself the best she could she said, "Show's over. You're going to have to move. I need to get a washcloth to do the rest."

\* \* \* \*

Grayson felt his heartbeat return to normal in time to watch Kate reenter the bedroom from the bathroom. "We sort of left you out again, Kate. Can I help bring you off?"

"Did you have something special in mind? I don't think lover boy drooping between your legs is going to be ready for a rematch any time soon."

"You may be right about that." He winked at her. "I may have an idea or two. Why don't you take a seat in your favorite chair?"

He smiled when Kate licked her lips before complying with his request. "Good. Slide forward a little. Great view of pussy and ass. Can't ask for

more than that."

"Do you want me to give you directions," she said, tartly, "or can you find your way around down there?"

"Patience, my lady. Patience. I think I can manage to navigate on my own. Just sit back and enjoy, Kate." He ran his tongue down one side of her vulva and continued down her thigh. He nibbled on her knee.

Was that a moan he heard? He chuckled to himself. She might try to resist, but this was her night to howl. He knew that, even if she didn't. It was just a matter of patience and effort on his part.

With resolve, he licked her leg and then her ankle. He brought her toes to his mouth and sucked them one at a time.

That was a moan. There was no doubt about it. He smiled. He'd never thought that the way to a woman's heart began with her toes. His entire body went rigid. He wasn't interested in her heart. He only wanted to hear her scream.

Grayson draped her leg over his shoulder and paid attention to the other leg before draping it over his other shoulder. He smiled at his targets. Both portals were nicely framed and open to his scrutiny. He could kneel there and soak up that view for a long time. Kate's squirming made it evident that she didn't have nearly as much patience as he had.



Never one to purposely disappoint a lady, Grayson leaned into his work. His fingers easily separated her labia and his tongue dove in. He wanted her to know that he was done with finesse.

She bucked against his tongue, asking for more. He wet a finger in her pussy and slid it down below and met little resistance when he penetrated her anus. He waggled that finger and plied his tongue simultaneously. Her pussy covered his smile, and he was smiling broadly as her legs tightened over his shoulders and her hips threatened to squeeze off his source of air.

He never slowed tongue or finger. She was coming to him like he was her master. She'd been in control so often before that this was exhilarating, liberating. He hadn't forgotten how to pleasure a woman.

He sensed her trying to stifle a scream. He wasn't having any of that this time. He placed his mouth over her unprotected clit. He sucked it into his mouth and twirled his tongue about its nub. Her heels pummeled his back and her fingers twisted in his hair.

Sucking unmercifully on her clit, Grayson continued pillaging her ass. Kate was falling apart beneath him. She was coming and he wouldn't be denied. He'd hear her scream or die trying.

It started with soft whimpering. "No," she murmured, "I can't."

He stroked and sucked faster. Her hips hoisted her loins upward. His teeth scraped against her clitoris.

"My God!" she screamed. "Don't stop. Whatever you do don't stop. Just a little more. That's it! Make me come all over your face."

Shudders wracked her body. She screamed unrecognizable words. Whatever she was experiencing had been building for a long time. Too long.

She pushed his head lower. "Drink me!" she commanded. "Don't waste a drop."

He took everything she had to offer in his open mouth. She gushed. She was hot. She was tasty. She was amazing. Her wails of pleasure made his body quiver and shake. Had he ever had a more responsive lover? The bedroom still reverberated with her squeals.

He eased out of her ass and sat back on his haunches, licking his lips and catching his breath. She moaned and groaned. Was she missing him already?

If she were a smaller woman, he might consider carrying her to the bed. Given his luck with Kate, he'd probably drop her on the floor.

Minutes went by before she popped an eye open. She gave him a half smile. When her focus cleared she asked, "Did you finally get what you wanted?"

"Absolutely. Didn't you?"

"Maybe more than I expected." She closed her eyes. "Maybe more than I deserved."

Now what was she babbling about? It never made sense to try to track a woman's logic after she had a massive orgasm. And he'd certainly witnessed one of those. She didn't have to confirm that.

"You have a lovely ass, Kate. Delicious. Soft. Beautiful. There aren't words adequate. And I loved hearing you embrace your orgasm. You've been so quiet. Almost shut down. I'm pleased to have you let go like that."

Kate got up and wobbled to the bed where she stretched out exhausted and looking quite sated. "That was quite amazing. I won't try to deny it. You can be an emotional lover, Grayson." She frowned. He worried that she might be on the verge of tears. "I'm not quite sure what to do with that."

"I don't know what you mean."

"That was more than tongue, lips and finger. You were sending currents of emotion to my clit, my pussy and my ass. I couldn't get enough of it." Her voice cracked. "I couldn't get away from it."

"I was just loving you, Kate." He sat on the bed and brushed the back of his hand across her cheek. "Is that so wrong?"

Kate's eyes clouded over. "I'm not sure."

Grayson witnessed a flash of anger flicker across Kate's eyes.

"So I imagine you want to fuck me in the ass now," she said sharply.

"Not now. My guy is still quite tuckered."

"No, not now," she agreed. "But you do want to fuck me in the ass?"

Grayson shook his head, clearing his ears. He stretched out beside her, linking his fingers behind his head, buying time. So what kind of answer was she expecting? What did she want to hear? Of course he wanted her ass. Was there ever a moment in the past several weeks when he hadn't? But somehow Kate had managed to wrest away control. Even in the throes of a post-coital flood, she could be quite calculating.

There was little doubt that Kate was back in control. Very much in control. "Sure...if that's what you want."

Kate propped her head in her hand and smiled benignly at him. He wanted to kiss that self-possessed gloat from her mouth, but he didn't. "You can fuck me in the ass," she said evenly, "if I can fuck you in the ass first."

"What? You mean use a vibrator." He paused. "Sure that'd work."

His brow furrowed at Kate's shaking head.

"That's not what I mean. I have a strap-on. I'll fuck you in the ass one week and you can do me

the following. I doubt that at our age either one of us can manage more than one per session."

"Session!" Grayson heard his voice squeak. "Is that what all of this is — one session after another? Where does it end? When we're all sessioned out, or do we move on to an advanced session?"

"My goodness, no need to get bent out of shape. I just thought given all the comments you've made about my ass, you wanted your cock in there."

"I do. Well, I wouldn't mind," he stammered. "If you don't."

Her lips curved into a lecherous smile. "I don't, but I get to fuck yours first."

"With a strap-on?" Grayson's ass quivered at the thought.

"That's right."

"I'll have to think about it. So do I get to meet your girlfriend? Well, I imagine I already met her the night I spilled the punch."

"What?" Kate sat up straighter.

"No big deal, Kate. The two of you walked out of the gallery hand in hand. You have enough sex toys to start up your own sex shop. I doubt that many women own a strap-on cock unless they use it from time to time. And your friend leaves a toothbrush here along with some makeup that doesn't go with your fair skin. Do I need to continue?"

"That won't be necessary," she said pouting. "It could be a male friend."

"Hardly. So when do you trot out the idea of a three-way?"

He smiled at her discomfort.

"I'm actually ahead of you for once. Have you ever done a three way before?"

She shook her head.

"How about your friend? What's her name? I forgot."

"Gina. I think she has. I've never asked her. I just assumed..."

"That she has. So how long have you been planning a three-way?"

"Not long." She gave him a bold look. "So what do you think about it? That should be fun. Right?"

"Think about it. Christ. I've read more descriptions of three-ways than I could possibly count. Have I fantasized about two women at once? Of course I have. I'm not sure there's one heterosexual male with a cock that hasn't given it a thought or two."

"You mean you've never done it?" she squeaked.

He shook his head and tried to make sense of Kate's bewilderment. He slammed a palm against his forehead. "Not you, too? Your friend Gina probably knows about my reputation on campus."

Wild-eyed, Kate nodded.

"Well, woman, don't believe half of what you hear. Believe me, your imagination far exceeds my reputation, which exceeds my experience." He paused, trying to sort out her reactions. "Cat got your tongue, Kate? You usually fill up more conversation space than I do."

Her momentary vulnerability grabbed at his heart. He should get off the bed and storm out of there and be done with Kate Noble. She was proving to be hazardous to his health—at the very least.

Instead he said, "I'll have to think about your offers. It's not every day I have a beautiful woman who wants to fuck me in the ass or who's willing to share her female lover with me."

Kate lowered her quivering chin. "I didn't mean to offend."

"You haven't offended me. You've posed some possibilities I want to mull over." He placed a finger on her still alert nipple. "Is this all about experimentation? Am I your boy toy? Do I simply bend more ways than plastic and silicone?"

"I've never had a piece of plastic do to me what you just did," she blurted out. "Can we plan on going out next week? There's no rush on...on the options I mentioned."

"Sure, why not? Is there anything else I should be considering?"

"I will have to fly to London in a couple weeks

for some work." She spoke rapidly as if she didn't want to think too long about what she was saying. "It might be fun to have you along."

His heart stopped and then kicked into a faster pace. "That could be fun, and I have some research I wouldn't mind doing in London. How about your friend Gina, is she coming along?"

Kate gave him a provocative smile, apparently regaining her equilibrium. "That depends on what you decide. Doesn't it? Unless you only want to watch Gina and me make love. I do believe you have a proclivity for watching."

He tilted his head to the side. "If I decide to tag along, I won't be odd man out. You can count on that."

She parted her lips with her tongue. "I am counting on that. Very much."

"I think you've drained me physically and emotionally. I better get out of here while I still can." Grayson clambered off the bed and stood. "I assume you still don't want me to spend the night."

"Not yet."

"I wonder what kind of hoops I'd have to jump through to earn a sleepover."

"I don't know." She shrugged her shoulders. "Maybe I'll figure out something."

\* \* \* \*



"He said what?"

Kate registered the shock on Gina's face. Gina sat in the overstuffed easy chair in Kate's living room. Kneeling beside her, Kate slipped a hand between the folds of Gina's robe and stroked her thigh. "Yes, he claims he's never been part of a three-way."

"And you believe him?"

Kate's fingers stilled. "I don't know what to believe anymore. He seemed genuinely shocked at first, though I think the idea grew on him."

"I bet it did—right between his legs. And for the record," Gina raised an eyebrow, "yes I've been with a guy and a woman."

"I wonder if there's any way to determine whether a guy has been in a threesome before," Kate added thoughtfully. "You know, by watching how he reacts."

"Maybe. So when is he going to let you know?"

Kate withdrew her hand from beneath Gina's robe and scowled. "He didn't say."

"That's inconsiderate." Gina snickered. "But he's also weighing how much he wants to fuck you in the ass—that is, whether he can handle you fucking him in the ass first."

Kate nodded, holding her breath.

"That actually surprised me." Gina smoothed out her robe. "Maybe he likes you a lot more than he's letting on."

"I don't know, but he didn't discount it out of hand."

"I don't know how you came up with that idea, but it's a real gem. You want to fuck my ass, bud? Fine, but I get to fuck yours first. I'll have to see how that goes over with my next man. Oh, that reminds me." Gina sat up straight. "I'm not sure I'll be able to come to England with you. I sort of agreed to spend the weekend with a fellow I've been doing the dating tap dance with for months."

"Dating tap dance?"

"Yeah, you know. *Will he ask me out? Should I ask him out?* Well, he finally got up the nerve to sort of ask me out. He asked me to join him at a conference for book distributors. We agreed we could manage with one room."

"That's great, I think. You could still fly over for the first part of the week?"

"Maybe."

"I'm glad you're hooking up with the guy, Gina." Kate cleared her throat. "But what does that mean about us?"

Gina grinned. "Sometimes light bulbs go on slowly. I figure it this way, Kate. We've had a blast in bed. I don't look forward to ending that anytime soon. But, if either one of us gets serious—really serious—with a guy or a gal, then I think we need to devote our time and emotions to that relationship."

Kate nodded and started to speak.

"I'm not finished, Kate. I've never fantasized about the two of us living together or growing old together rocking our rocking chairs while the sun sets."

Kate chuckled. "No, I can't say I've ever imagined that. I can't say I've imagined any kind of ending to any of this."

Gina tilted her head. "Kate, I'm thirty-six, and I still dream that old traditional Italian dream of a husband and a passel of kids."

Kate shrugged. "There's nothing wrong with that."

"Of course he'd have to be right guy. But I'm not convinced he's out there."

"If you want him, I'll bet he's out there somewhere. But then my biological clock is ahead of yours. I used to think I'd get married and have kids, but I doubt that now."

"Women these days are having babies into their mid-forties. But, I suppose Grayson is complicating matters for you, not simplifying them. It'd be hard to search for Mr. Right while you seek revenge on the professor."

"Exactly. If Luci would get in touch with me, I have some specific questions for her."

"I bet you do. But since she's not here and I am and we know where we're not heading, how about a little more loving?"

"A grand idea, Gina. I love the way your mind spins."

Gina parted her robe. "See anywhere you might like to begin?"

"Oh yeah." Kate shrugged off her robe and knelt between Gina's wide spread legs. She winked at Gina. "Your belly button looks lonely."

"Maybe you should perk it up some."

"I intend to." Kate bent over and traced Gina's delicate indentation with the tip of her tongue.

"Ooh, nice."

Kate peeked at her friend, who was sliding forward, encouraging more intimate exploration. Kate's tongue dove in and out of Gina's navel. She lapped at it. She caressed it with her love.

She shifted her weight until her breasts slid across Gina's mound and hooded clit.

Gina's eyes sprang wide. "What a novel idea," she murmured. She grinned. "From your reading?"

"Uh, huh." With one hand, Kate guided a breast up and down the full length of Gina's damp cleft. "Grayson has indirectly at least yielded some positives."

"Sounds like more than indirect. Oh. So soft." Gina used both hands to spread her pussy lips wider.

Laughter burst from Kate's mouth and she washed her breast in Gina's pussy juices. Her own

juices began to pool. Gina's hips undulated seeking, asking for more. Apparently, Kate didn't respond quickly enough. Her lover raised her legs high, clasped a thigh in each hand and tilted backward.

Kate rocked back on her knees; the air chilled her moist breast. "Stunning view."

"Don't just look, please!"

"Not to worry." Kate parted Gina's buttocks and lowered her lips. She blew warm air on Gina's ass and pussy. She scraped a finger from her lover's ass to her pussy. Her lips settled on Gina's labia. She exhaled more air and sucked in the aromatic scent of a woman.

"Yes," Gina moaned, clutching her thighs tight. "Do me good, Kate. Don't leave anything out."

Kate used her tongue to flick at the unfurling clitoris. Gina tensed and then relaxed. Kate slid her tongue down the crease of Gina's pussy and did not stop until it covered Gina's anus. Her heartbeat quickened. Without hesitation, she drove her tongue into that darkened place and probed.

"Oh, Mother of God," Gina wailed. "I'm on fire. Make me come, Kate. Help me."

Kate cast an eye at Gina. Gina's eyes were closed tight and her mouth hung wide open. She nodded to herself. Yes, she could help her lover come. She continued slowly thrusting her tongue

in and out of Gina's ass and covered her mound with a palm. Her thumb slid into the wet chamber and her fingers strummed Gina's clit.

"Good God, I'm over the top," Gina screeched. "Don't stop."

With her free hand, Kate pulled on her own nipple and immediately rode her own mini climax.

"That's it, stop." Gina's eyes rolled open and then shut.

Kate smiled and rested her cheek on Gina's belly where their little journey had begun. There'd be time for more loving later, probably in the bedroom, but this was quite fine for now. When had loving a woman become so completely satisfying?

\* \* \* \*

Kate peered at the bedroom clock. Two in the morning and she still hadn't slept a wink.

"Switch on the light, Kate," Gina said, not able to smother a groan. "Tell me what's bothering you. Is it us?"

Kate switched a lamp on low and sat up, tucking her chin between her knees. She shook her head without looking at Gina. "Not that. We cleared the air between us earlier. That was helpful. If we hadn't put our expectations into

words, we might have had a terrible blow up. No, I trust us."

"So what is it? Are you perseverating on Grayson again?"

Kate nodded. She appreciated Gina not jumping in to grill her about him. She lifted her head and gawked at Gina. She knew her eyes must be as round as quarters. "Do you suppose it's possible that I've made a huge mistake?"

"About what?"

"What if Grayson Cosgrove," she gagged, "isn't Luci's G.C. of the diary?"

Gina closed her eyes, pursed her lips, and exhaled slowly. "Is this the first time you've thought of that question?"

"Yes. Why do you look so bewildered?" Kate's windpipe tightened. "Because you thought of it, too?"

"I've wondered about it." Gina's shoulders rose and lowered. "Some of the things you said about him don't fit the driven sadomasochist that Luci writes about. But it's also possible that he knows who you are and what you're doing. Maybe he's the one playing the games."

"But you don't really believe that?"

"Don't know." Gina shrugged. "That may be farfetched. But the game you're playing isn't exactly typical either."

"So why haven't you shared your suspicions

earlier?"

Gina scrunched her mouth. "I've hardly met the guy. Everything I know about him I've learned through you." Gina swiped at her sleepy eyes. "Maybe I was afraid of losing you sooner than I wanted. If you didn't need me for a threesome, you didn't need me."

"But now we know there's much more between us than my needing you for a threesome or needing a practice partner."

Gina giggled. "Yes, there is. I'm sorry I didn't speak up sooner."

"It's okay. I doubt I would've listened. And I'm still questioning my own feelings about him. He has to be the G.C. He's in Luci's English department, for God's sake. He's a rake of the first order. Or at least that's his reputation.

"But he's too considerate. He's always trying to put my needs ahead of his. Not that I'm allowing that to happen often."

"I love it when you ramble so." Gina patted her thigh. "There certainly seem to be some missing puzzle pieces."

"Especially my damn sister," Kate fumed. "I'd give most anything to talk with her for five minutes. I don't care where the hell she is. Though I do hope she's not in trouble. Is there any way we can get more information about Grayson without tipping him off?"



"How about the Art Department? Do you know anyone at the university Art Department?"

Kate paused and wracked her brain. "Of course I do. Well, sort of. There's a professor sitting on one of our boards. Pam something. Pamela Harper, I think."

"Do you know her well enough to ask some personal questions?"

"Do I have much choice?"

Gina arched an eyebrow.

"Good God, she may have the summer off. She could be in Brazil. She could be sipping tea with my sister."

"I rather doubt that. So what about these options you've given Grayson? You know, *I fuck you in the ass and you fuck me in the ass*, and this three-way and a trip to London."

"Oh, my God." Kate's hand flew to her mouth. "What if he's not G.C.? He must think I'm insatiable, or a porn queen." She squeezed her shoulder blades together. "But I can't back out now"

"I don't see a way out unless you want to call it quits to the entire game."

Kate shook her head vigorously. "No, I'm not ready for that. Maybe he won't want to screw my ass or get involved with a three-way."

"And you still believe in fairytales, girl. I don't think there's a fairy godmother who's going to

come along and bail you out of this one. I'll bet you a hundred dollars that Cinderella has to deliver on her promises."

"I'm afraid I'll feel more like Fanny Hill." Kate cupped a hand over her mouth.

"Be that as it may, he's not going to say no to you. From what you've said, I believe he may be besotted with you. He's probably trying to figure out how to keep up and thanking his lucky stars that you fell into his life."

"Damn, wouldn't that beat all? Besotted is probably too strong, but when he was doing me in that chair I was feeling a lot more than physical sensations, and I don't think they were all coming from me."

"If the two of you make it out of this adventure alive, you may both figure you're the luckiest people on the face of the earth. But let's not count our chickens yet. As far as I'm concerned, Grayson Cosgrove is G.C. until we can prove it otherwise."

"You're right," Kate hissed. "I was beginning to sound like a teenager again. I can't forget Luci in all of this. I should sit down and reread her diary. That usually helps me sustain my edge with Cosgrove. Truth be known, I'm looking forward to fucking him in the ass, the bastard."

"Now you've got that Irish temper stoked again. Do you need anything else stoked, or are you going to be able to sleep?"

Kate chuckled and reached for the lamp. "I'm ready for sleep. You stoked me pretty good when we came to bed. That'll hold me for a while."

Gina laughed softly. "At least until Grayson gets back to you." She rolled onto her side. "Goodnight, Cinderella. Sweet dreams."

"Good night, love."

## CHAPTER SIX

Grayson sat in his car parked up the street from Kate's house and did a slow burn. Why had he even bothered coming by? He knew what he'd find – Gina Motta's car parked in Kate's driveway. Apparently, the woman had sleepover privileges.

What would Kate do if he walked up the sidewalk and rang her doorbell? Tell him to get lost? Invite him in for a tryst? Would she meet him at the door wearing her strap-on?

Grayson rested his head on his hands that were clutching the steering wheel. Damn, he had it bad. He couldn't remember being so totally enthralled with a woman. Nothing like this had happened with his ex-wives. Maybe that's why they were exes.

But he wasn't looking for a wife. Some sage had written you seldom find what you're looking for and too often fail to recognize it when it's in front of your eyes. Well, he was blind, that was for

certain, or he'd have run from the woman's blistering passion long before now.

She seemed to have an unquenchable thirst for raw sex. He wasn't complaining, not entirely. She was as imaginative as many of the women in the erotic literature he taught. Maybe she'd agree to be a consultant for his own erotic writing.

Volunteer or not, she was proving to be just that. Was she trying to shock him? Did she want to cut him off at the balls? What the hell was she trying to prove by putting his needs ahead of her own? Wasn't that supposed to be what men did with women?

Fuck her in the ass? Goddamn right he wanted to fuck her in the ass. He'd wanted that ever since he'd first seen those quivering ass cheeks. He swore her goddamn asshole winked at him when he was screwing her pussy from behind. He'd thought she was going to bite her tongue in half when his cock was buried in her pussy and he pushed his thumb in her ass. She'd made a valiant effort not to squeal, but her climax had been huge.

At least they'd crossed that hurdle of silence when he sipped not too gently on her delicate clit. His heart had nearly soared out of his chest when her wails matched her orgasm. He'd finally witnessed unfettered, genuine orgasms from the woman. He hoped she wouldn't try regressing on him. He wouldn't allow that to happen.

Let her fuck him in the ass with a strap-on? Maybe. Couldn't be all that bad. He'd used vibrators and candles; of course, he'd controlled the action with them. He enjoyed anal play. He wasn't one of those macho guys who thought anal play was for gays only.

Hell, what choice did he have? He definitely wanted her ass. Apparently, she wanted his. He could live an entire lifetime, perhaps several lifetimes, without a woman telling him she wanted to fuck him in the ass.

A three-way with Gina Motta? He now remembered her dropping by his office to peddle books. She was a little slim by his standards. He couldn't recall ever making a pass at the woman.

A *threesome*! That would be an experience. Maybe it'd help him provide more realism to his erotic literature class. Hell, yes he was game! That chance wouldn't come around often. It hadn't yet. Strike when the women are hot—wasn't that his working motto?

Travel to London with Kate and maybe Gina? Why not? That seemed the sanest option of all. Besides, it might be the only way he'd ever get to sleep over.

He drummed his fingers on the steering wheel. If he was really lucky, there might be an opportunity in London to actually romance the minx.

Wouldn't that be shocking? Other than the one play they'd gone to she never seemed to have time for social events. They'd hardly done anything in public. Kate Noble seemed to have a one track mind that led directly to his cock.

Maybe she was trying to get him addicted to her. Many women had tried that without success. So why was Kate different from the rest of them?

Because she wanted his body and only his body. While she was bright and witty, she didn't seem particularly impressed with his academic credentials. She'd expressed more than passing interest in the erotica he taught, but that didn't surprise. She didn't speak of love or even drop hints about that elusive emotion. She had her own wealth. And most importantly she didn't have wedding bells glittering in her eyes.

If she wanted his body, so be it. He'd go along with that for awhile until she wore him out with some of her outlandish desires. He grimaced. Even then she apparently had more than enough desire and energy left over to satisfy Gina Motta.

The Noble woman was insatiable. He'd never known a woman quite like her, and maybe that's what was so intriguing about her. She didn't fit any mold he'd ever come across.

Grayson took one last look at Kate's darkened house. He started the car engine and headed home to his own bed. It might have been a frustrating

evening, but at least he'd cleared his head. This little roller coaster he'd apparently boarded definitely required a clear head.

\* \* \* \*

Kate eyed *The Diary* and its appendix sitting on her bookshelf. She'd just discovered the appendix that afternoon when she'd watered Luci's plants. She still felt a little guilty about taking it, but not too guilty.

She'd decided to do a thorough search of Luci's apartment. She'd hoped to find letters from G.C. Or, if she was really lucky, even a photograph of him. She scowled. She hadn't been that lucky.

But she had found an appendix to *The Diary* tucked under a stack of papers in one of Luci's desk drawers. There was no explanation for why the appendix hadn't been attached to the primary document. She'd stuffed it in her briefcase and dashed off to a meeting at the gallery.

Kate scrunched her mouth and sighed. Was she ready to learn more about G.C. and her sister? Grayson had to be G.C. But one of the few people who might be able to help verify that fact, Pamela Harper, had recently gone on a three week vacation and was unreachable.

Shaking her head, Kate picked up *The Diary* appendix and slumped back in her chair. At least



it wasn't large; there were only three entries.

Kate flipped the pages until she came to the last entry.

June 25

*I feel so empty. My pussy, my ass, my mouth. Empty. My heart, my life empty. G.C. hasn't returned my calls for over sixteen days. He used to be insistent about fucking me at least three times a week. When did I become disposable?*

*The video camera! That's it. He said he wanted to tape me so I'd always be available to him. He taped me stripping for him. He'd said all those lovely words I wanted so badly to hear. I was more beautiful than a movie star. He was going to treasure the tape forever. I stripped slowly, teasing him and the camera. He praised me when I pulled on my nipples. They lengthened. G.C. had already removed his clothes so I knew I was turning him on. Erections don't lie. His cock's veins were popping and its head was dark red.*

*He'd asked me to lie on the bed, spread my pussy lips and slowly bring myself off. I knew he loved my little pussy; his endearment for me is Little Puss.*

*Of course he'd seen me come countless times. I soon got over any self-consciousness of being in front of the camera. I must confess the camera was turning out to be a huge turn on. It's not every girl who can be a star.*

*He kept urging me to take my time. I tried, but I know my climax came faster than he wanted. He asked*

*me to lick my fingers afterward. I did and smiled innocently at the camera. That was too much for G.C.; he started pulling on his cock and with some apparent difficulty stopped before he came.*

*His breathing was heavy. He moved to stand near me while the video camera hummed. "Suck my cock," he ordered. It wasn't a request. I got to my knees and crawled to the edge of the bed. I placed both hands around his cock and took him deep into my mouth. I knew he couldn't last long. I cupped his ass and bobbed up and down. His hands clutched my head, attempting to control the pace. He slowed my efforts. Then he encouraged faster strokes. I tasted his pre-come and knew he was about to orgasm. And then I felt him splashing the back of my throat. I held him close, swallowing quickly, but he jerked away, spilling the rest of his come across my breasts.*

*He glared at me with a demand. I knew what he wanted. I swiped at the come covering my breasts and licked it off my fingers. I gathered up more and looked at the camera, licked my fingers and smiled. I had my man all over me, and I delighted in pleasing him.*

Kate glowered at her reflection in the mirror and squeezed the bridge of her nose. Goodness, hadn't she done nearly the same thing with Grayson? But Grayson hadn't asked her to clean her fingers with her tongue; she'd done that to shock him.

Kate reread that part of Luci's entry. G.C.

hadn't asked Luci either. She'd simply read G.C.'s cues. Kate shivered. Had she been subliminally reading Grayson's cues?

She sat back determined to finish this last diary entry. "Little Puss," she muttered, "couldn't an English professor be more creative than that?"

*We fucked in just about every position imaginable. I was ravenous that afternoon—so was G.C. I left thinking that I'd finally won my man. No woman could satisfy him more than I had. When would he ask me to marry him? Would he be angry if I was pregnant? Would he marry me because I carried his child?*

*And then poof! I haven't heard from him since. I really must get out of here. But where will I go? Somewhere that nobody, not even my sister will think I've gone.*

*I'll leave her a note so she won't worry. Of course she will anyway. That's what she does best. Is she ever going to find her own man? That might keep her out of my life some.*

"You ungrateful bitch!" Kate sprang to her feet. For how long had her sister regarded her as some spinster meddler? Worry? Why should she bother worrying about her baby sister? Luci didn't give a damn.

Kate fought back sobs, fell on the bed and hugged a pillow tight to her breasts. Where was Gina when she needed her? Where was Grayson?

Kate rolled onto her back. Grayson! The son of a bitch was probably at home jerking off over images of her twenty-four year old sister.

And the ungrateful bitch was probably off in some remote corner of the world having a blast, leaving her older sister to pick up the pieces—to wage a sexual war of revenge.

Would her sister appreciate the fact that her older sister had embarked on paying back the professor who had led Luci down a rosy path of sexual abandon only to dump her when he'd finished with her?

Kate made a face. It wasn't exactly clear that Luci would appreciate her efforts.

So when would Grayson try to dump her? Kate huffed. She'd damn well dump him first. She gritted her teeth. No, she still had him hooked. Gina was right. There was no way he'd forfeit taking her ass and doing a three-way. She had time left, if not her senses.

How much time? There was no way she'd do chains and cuffs to keep him hooked; she still had some limits. Even for her sister. She glared at *The Diary*. And it wasn't exactly clear for whom she was going through all of these sexual antics anymore.

She wished she could say she didn't enjoy them, but she'd never found it particularly useful to lie to herself.

If Grayson ever showed up with a video camera though, she'd smash it over his head so fast he'd never see it coming.

\* \* \* \*

Grayson grinned at Kate biting down on a shrimp. She tried to eat delicately, but there was no way one could eat Shrimp Tempura with finesse. She'd directed him to an out of the way Japanese restaurant on the Near North Side. Even though she never said so, it was obvious that she didn't want to be seen in public with him. Most women wanted to parade him in front of their friends. Was Kate ashamed of him, or did she not want to deal with possible competition? Or was he her private prize to cherish and conceal?

*She* looked like the prize. She could have stepped right out of a pinup calendar. She wore a scooped white blouse and a dark green pleated skirt that stopped well short of her knees. Low slung heels covered her feet. And to top it off the sexiest damn red silk scarf was knotted at her neck. He hoped his stares weren't too blatant. But hadn't she worn that outfit to attract his attention?

"You look particularly fetching this evening, Kate."

Kate glanced up from her food. "What makes you say that?"

Grayson grinned at her feminine interest. She might only be interested in his body, but she was vain enough to desire his praise. "I don't know. Maybe it's the scarf. You remind of the pinup girls of the forties, fifties and sixties."

"Really?" Kate's brow furrowed. "I'm not particularly familiar with them."

Grayson reached for a third shrimp. "If you've seen many old movies you're more familiar with them than you think. Betty Grable. Jane Russell. Rita Hayworth. Elizabeth Taylor. And of course, Marilyn Monroe." Grayson leaned back and eyed Kate. "Yes, you remind me of Jane Russell. Full-breasted. Full bodied. Just the way I like my women."

He smiled at the blush seemingly rising from Kate breasts to her neck.

"You aren't a Twiggy fan then?" Her lips parted in a coy smile.

"Hardly. Too many of today's models are much too race-horsey for me."

Kate slid a shoeless foot up his leg. "Don't ever mistake me for a racehorse."

"Never fear. And don't you go on one of those crazy diets."

He loved to watch Kate when she gave him a genuine laugh. Too many of her laughs failed to reach her eyes. This one did; her eyes were sparkling with glee.

"Don't worry about me dieting. I've tried them all. None of them work for me. I've decide the full-bodied look you so aptly described is quite fine for me. At least, I've never had to think about breast enlargements."

"I'm sure you haven't. They are treasures as they are."

"Not too plump?" She arched her back slightly, encouraging further comment.

"Hardly. A very nice handful."

"So how did you learn so much about the pinup girls?" She batted an eye at him. "I'll bet you stole peeks at your father's *Playboy* and *Penthouse* magazine collection."

Grayson grinned broadly. "More than peeked. They were the proving grounds for many a young boy, I imagine, and I was no exception. But seriously, I've taken more than a passing interest, particularly in World War II pinups and pretty much through the nineteen sixties."

"When women still looked like women?"

"Exactly."

"You do know how to charm a full-bodied woman."

"You may find it charming, but my interest is also professional. If there's time in my erotica class, I will sometimes try to tie in erotic art. Or look to the movies."

"Including X rated."

Grayson shook his head. "No, I doubt the university is quite ready for their students to seriously study pornography in film. Erotic literature is one thing. Even erotic art. Hell, you can't study the 'masters' without studying the woman in nude. Don't you agree?"

"Of course." Kate's brow furrowed. "I never thought of them as particularly erotic."

"But for their day..."

"No, you're right." Kate dabbed the corner of her mouth with a napkin. "I'm sure. It hadn't occurred to me in quite the same way. What about contemporary erotic art?"

"Art is your world much more than mine, but sure, there are artists around the world who continue to lift up the nude form—female and male. Some specialize in paints. Some creative work is done with black and white photography and light and shadows."

"Wow. I'd like to see some of that." She gave him a puzzled look. "Maybe we should work together on an exhibit depicting the interplay between erotic literature and erotic art. Nothing pornographic. Just a celebration of the human form." She blushed again. "And perhaps the beauty of lovemaking."

Grayson sipped some tea before answering. Had he finally broken through her defenses? That might be the most genuine non-sexual suggestion



she'd ever made, and it was an intriguing notion. If he wanted to hang around her that long. Usually he strictly followed that old adage of not mixing business with pleasure. He studied Kate thoughtfully before responding. She was in her element discussing art. "You may be onto something. There could be several small exhibits covering several centuries. Or you could do one on black and white photography only."

"I am partial to that medium. Sometimes we become so enrapt with color that we miss the subtleties of emotion and passion." Kate arched an eyebrow. "Maybe the gallery could do one on World War II pinups. There is so much fascination today with World War II. We'd probably have a natural audience."

"If you do that, don't forget about the nose cone women."

"What?" Kate looked askance. "Nose cone women?"

He laughed at her query. "Airplanes. World War II fighter and bomber pilots often decorated their planes with erotic art. It was called cheesecake then. Some of the women were partially clad, but many were quite nude. They were good luck charms. Crews would often pat their beautiful ladies on the derriere or wherever before taking their positions in the plane."

Kate nodded and her mouth curved into a bow.

"And the pilot sat in a cockpit."

"Right."

"Fascinating. I may have to do some research on the subject. I do believe a tasteful display of World War II and post World War II pinups might draw attention and help preserve a nearly forgotten art form."

"It's not an art form men of any age will soon forget," he pointed out, "particularly as long as they have women like you sitting across from them reminding them of pinups and all the promises those women symbolized."

"Ah yes. Promises." Kate gave him a coy smile and wet her lips. "So have you decided about some important matters we discussed last time?"

Grayson flinched. She'd caught him by surprise. He hadn't expected her to raise such private matters in a public setting. But then she'd become quite adept at sexual banter.

He glanced quickly around the room. They were in one corner of a long narrow dining room. The only other customers were at the far end of the building. He looked back at Kate and nodded. "Yes, I have." He tried to grin, but wasn't sure he pulled it off at all. Why was he having so much difficulty getting the words out? It wasn't as if he hadn't made up his mind.

"Yes," he said hoarsely. "You may screw me in the ass." He watched Kate's eyes narrow and than

a slow smile spread across her full lips. She looked a little surprised and very pleased with herself.

"I can hardly wait," she murmured.

"You better enjoy it, because I'm sure going to enjoy burying my cock in your ass."

"Ah yes." She reached for her tea cup and sipped it, very ladylike. "So I assume that is another yes. You want to fuck me in the ass."

Grayson managed to nod. He'd never imagined a woman could be very ladylike when discussing being fucked in the ass, but Kate pulled it off with panache. Was this a regular occurrence for her?

"And the threesome with Gina? I assume that is a yes also." She tilted her head to the side. Her eyes twinkled. "But I don't want to put words in your mouth. Please tell me."

"How about a breast?"

"Down boy." Kate patted his hand. "So what is it—yes, or no? Do you want Gina and me together? At the same time."

Grayson cleared his throat and tried not to blink at the picture she was deliberately painting for him. "I've got the idea. Yes, of course," he said, reaching for her hand. "You knew I wouldn't turn you down."

She squeezed his hand and gave him a wan smile. "I didn't think you would." She broke his gaze and glanced quickly around the restaurant. When her eyes return to his they contained

triumph and mirth. "But you have surprised me from time to time."

"Good. I hope to surprise you many more times."

"And London? Will you fly to London with me and Gina?"

"Why not? That should be fun. As I've said, I can do research in a number of libraries over there."

"Great! I'm sure there will be time for play as well as work. Oh," Kate frowned, "it doesn't look like Gina can come along for the entire trip. She'll probably fly over with us, spend a few days sight seeing and such and then fly back for the weekend."

"The 'and such' is most tantalizing." He was surprised at Kate's throat turning red. This had been her idea in the first place. "And what will the sleeping arrangements be? Do I get to sleep in the same bed with you, or will I be sent to my corner after our mind-blowing fucking?"

"Do I detect a trace of bitterness, Grayson?"

He shrugged.

"I've assumed we'd have adjoining suites, or we might not get any work done."

"You could be right about that."

Kate grinned. "But I'll try not to kick you out of bed as soon as we climax."

"How thoughtful."

Kate rimmed her tea cup with her index finger. "Gina, of course, will stay with me while she's in London."

"Of course. I never doubted that."

"So have you ever watched a woman love a woman?"

"On film. Never in person." Now why did she look so confounded? He'd only told her the truth. Maybe he shouldn't admit his inexperience. But he wasn't going to lie to Kate. Not if he could help it. He reached for the check. "So now what do you have in mind, my pinup lady?"

She quickly recovered from her momentary lapse to give him a come hither look. "Oh, I believe I have a particular masculine ass in mind. I wonder how difficult it will be to penetrate its defenses. No matter, I expect to be up to the task."

Grayson's mouth dried up and his butt cheeks clenched. "I don't doubt you'll manage. Let's get the hell out of here, Kate, before one of us does something that will get us jailed."

Kate blew him a kiss and stood.

He paid the bill and escorted her to his car. As soon as they left the parking garage, she leaned over and unzipped his pants and freed his cock. He gasped, but said nothing.

Her smile was infectious. "My, my, I knew all that chatter in the restaurant had him riled up." She squeezed his penis. "You don't know how

much I wanted to reach under the table and ease his mind. If it's okay with you, Grayson, I'll keep him warm until we get home and I'll ponder ravaging that asshole that's only inches away. I may even rest up by taking a nap."

She took him in her mouth and then raised her head. "You don't mind do you?"

He groaned and shook his head.

His cock returned to the warmth of her mouth. She did nothing more but hold him. He focused on the light traffic and drove north.

How in the world had he come across such a bold, imaginative woman? Pinup woman or not, Kate Noble far exceeded his youthful imaginations. How was he ever going to be satisfied with another woman after her? He shuddered. He'd deal with the implications of that question later. Hopefully, much later.

\* \* \* \*

Standing at the foot of her round bed, Kate tightened the cinch of her strap-on. Satisfied that it was secure she let it dangle. Grayson, lying naked on the bed, pressed his legs together like her image of a true virgin.

"You look rather intimidating standing there with that damn thing hanging between your legs," he said, with furrowed brow.

Kate gave him a small smile. "A little nervous, are we?" She hoped she was hiding her own nervousness.

"Maybe a little. So how many guys have you fucked in the ass?"

"You're the first." She arched an eyebrow and started to lube her toy. "Are you changing your mind?"

"Nope."

She slowly worked lube over the false cock's entire length. The real cock in front of her rose stiffly, responding to the visual display she was deliberately orchestrating.

"I think you must have it well lubed by now. Let's get it over with. Do you want me on all fours?" He started to turn onto his stomach.

"No," Kate said, stopping him. "I want to see your face when I enter you. I want to know what's happening for you."

"Okay. We'll do it your way. You're in charge. Tell me what you want me to do."

"This is supposed to be fun. You sound more resigned than excited." She slid her hands up and down her strap-on. Her heart couldn't beat faster. Was it the electricity coursing between them that caused her nipples to tingle? At least she was excited. "First, let's slide some pillows under you. Good." She drew a deep breath and let it out slowly. Maybe it would be easier if she continued

talking. That did seem to objectify their situation. "The puckered target is in sight." He grimaced. She tried to grin. "Why don't you draw your knees up some and I'll lube you too."

He hesitated, but then did as she asked. She spread anal lube on his anus and slipped her finger in his dark hole. With satisfaction, she watched him bite down on his lower lip. He relaxed and she pressed onward. She wiggled her finger and he groaned. "Ah, there's the prostate gland."

He nodded.

She pulled her finger out and elevated her strap-on cock. She winked at him. "This thing came with two curved cocks; maybe I should've used the larger one."

He gave her a brave smile. "The smaller one will do quite fine."

"I'm glad you approve of my choice." She knelt before him and placed the lubed cock at his entrance. "Don't close your eyes, Grayson. I want to see you."

She pressed the cock inward. He gritted his teeth, but kept his eyes open. He raised his legs in the air, giving her a better angle. She licked her lips and pressed her advantage a bit more. She met resistance and halted her progress. He wasn't ready.

Perspiration beaded his forehead. Hers must



look about the same. "Thanks for waiting. I'll open for you. Don't worry. It'll take a moment." He reached for one of her breasts and squeezed it.

She waited and tried to ignore her hardening nipple; this was about screwing him in the ass, not about giving herself pleasure.

He nodded. "I think I'm ready. Try again. Slowly."

She didn't have to be reminded about slow. She recalled the first time Gina had used the same strap-on to take her virgin ass. Slow was more than a necessity.

She inched forward, impaling him on her device. Grayson's mouth thinned and his eyes narrowed, but he didn't take them off of hers. She halted momentarily and then eased forward some more. To her amazement she penetrated all the way. "You've been holding out on me," she chastised. "This isn't your first time."

Grayson shook his head. "Don't get in a foul mood, Kate. Not while you're in my ass. This is my first time for a woman to fuck me with a strap-on. I've used vibrators before. And a few women have fingered my ass." His lips turned up. "But you are absolutely the very first woman or man to fuck me in the ass."

Kate bent over and planted a kiss on his lips. "Good. I wanted to be the first." She leaned back and rested on her knees. "Maybe I should get on

with it." She rose to crouch over his lower torso and began gently rocking back on forth on her heels. "Is that okay?"

She smiled at his nod.

She quickened her pace and was pleased with how the strap-on careened off her mound, giving her more than a little buzz also.

"Jesus." He muttered, clearly fighting to keep his eyes open. "That's great. Wow! Who would've predicted this? Nice rhythm."

She didn't break the cadence. Perspiration poured down his face.

"Slow down, Kate. Stop a minute."

She ceased moving immediately. "Am I hurting you?"

"No, not that. Have you thought about how I'm going to climax?"

Cripes. She'd only thought through penetrating his ass. Of course, that wasn't going to be enough to actually bring him to a release. Could she maintain her balance and jerk him off? She doubted she could bring him off orally; she wasn't a contortionist.

He gripped his cock with his own hand and she nodded her agreement. That seemed the best way. She watched with fascination as his hand skimmed up and down his shaft.

"It might be easier for you if you knelt, Kate. You'll still have a nice angle."

Kate nodded and shifted from her heels to rest on her knees. She breathed easier. If she'd remained on her heels much longer she might have fainted and missed everything.

Her false cock remained fully engaged in Grayson's ass. She leaned over and quickly kissed the tip of his cock. She settled back and covered his hand and cock with her hair.

"Nice idea," Grayson said. He wrapped strands of her hair around his cock and began again to move his hand up and down its length.

She smiled at his smile and began again to probe gently in and out of his ass. "Damn," she groaned. She'd popped out of him. He laughed softly and reached around to reinsert her.

"Okay, pinup lady, let's take this thing to its final conclusion." His hand moved frantically up and down.

Her eyes rounded and the bulging cock and her hips began hammering at a rapid pace. The base of the strap-on ground against her vulva and nipped at her clitoris. She lost control of what was happening. Neither she nor Grayson was in control. They were merely two bodies careening toward completion. His was building before her eyes. Hers was building somewhere behind that false cock. She hadn't anticipated her own pleasure, but she accepted it eagerly.

His grunts turned to groans. "I'm coming," he

shouted. "Don't slow down. You're not hurting me. Come with me, Kate. Fuck my ass like you wanted to."

She tried to breathe through her mouth. Her hips churned feverishly. Her eyes widened at the sight of his come spewing forth over her hair, his hand, her breasts and his belly. He came in waves that rivaled those of Lake Michigan on a stormy day. And then she disintegrated. Out of nowhere; from every pore in her body—her orgasm exploded. "Oh, my God," she screamed. "I can't hold it anymore." Her body shook. She collapsed against his chest, ignoring the white substance gluing them together. She quivered, unable to lift a muscle to clean up.

"Don't pull out," he murmured, kissing her head. "Stay right where you are. Don't even think about going anywhere for awhile."

Minutes later, Kate found enough strength to raise her chin from Grayson's chest. "Wow. That was beyond anything I imagined."

"Me too," Grayson responded, stroking her back and running his fingers through her hair. "I'm not sure there's any other woman I'd ever trust doing that to me." He nibbled on her shoulder. "I'm sure pleased I trusted you. It would've been a shame to miss that."

Kate shivered against his chest and listened to his heartbeat, finally returning to normal. She

swallowed hard. At least he couldn't see her face.

He trusted her. When had she ever done anything to earn his trust? She didn't want him to trust her. But how would he ever ask her to marry him if he didn't trust her?

But trust. She hadn't counted on that. She didn't merit trust. When had she become such an expert at deception?

And who was she deceiving? That had been a total body, mind and soul shattering experience. She'd gone out of her way not to hurt him, even though that's what she'd originally intended to do. She'd been in control until the unfathomable happened.

Where had her orgasm come from? Neither one of them had gone near her pussy. He'd only fondled her breast early on.

But something triggered one the most massive orgasms she'd ever had with Grayson or anyone else.

And that was no lie.

She rose onto an elbow. "I better pull out while I still can."

He nodded.

"Slowly," she whispered, watching him grimace. "There." Without getting up, she undid her strap-on and dropped it on the floor by the bed. "Clean-up will have to wait." She curled up beside Grayson and welcomed his arms cuddling

her. "Unless you have a lot more energy than I do, you might as well stay the night," she said, smiling softly.

"Ah, there is a heaven," he murmured. "Right here in your round bed. I doubt that I could get to the car even if I crawled. But will you speak to me in the morning?"

Kate held her tongue. She wasn't about to spoil the moment by considering his question. She pulled his arms tighter around her and dozed.

\* \* \* \*

The next morning, startled by the heavy leg pinning her legs to the mattress, it took Kate a moment or two to reconstruct why Grayson Cosgrove was sleeping in her bed. She hadn't initially intended for him to do that.

Cautiously, so as not awaken him, she slid out from under his frame, slipped into a robe and padded toward the kitchen. She'd use the guest bathroom; she didn't want to disturb Grayson by using the bathroom in the bedroom. And she definitely needed some alone time before confronting him.

She succeeded in keeping her thoughts blank until she took the first swallow of her morning coffee. She had a full day at the office so going back to bed with Grayson wasn't an option, even

if she'd wanted to. Thank God for work.

She shook her head. Could life get any more complicated? She'd had Grayson tucked away in a little box labeled the rake who defiled her sister. He therefore deserved any form of vengeance Kate could devise.

But he didn't seem to fit the box well at all. He could be so kind and considerate. He was entertaining and an intellectual equal. He could probably even be romantic, if she'd let him. But he was the villain. The bad guy. The man with no morals.

Morals. She shivered slightly. This wasn't the moment to analyze her own. What he'd done to Luci justified whatever she could do to mortify him.

She rested her hand on her chin and stared at her coffee. She'd even been intrigued with the notion of working with him on a gallery exhibit. Her mouth had spoken before her brain had taken in the implications of such an undertaking. On the other hand, if she was going to trap Grayson into a marriage proposal they would have to do more of the things that couples did together.

She'd have to concede to be romanced. No man was going to propose to a woman who gave him everything he wanted sexually and nothing else. That had been the flaw, or at least one flaw, in her earlier analysis.

He'd have to desire more than her body, but did that mean she'd have to desire more than his?

She looked up from her black coffee into the deep brown eyes of Grayson Cosgrove. Her heart skipped a beat. Damn. Damn. Damn. She did want more than his body. This couldn't be happening to her—not with him. At least he'd had the decency to dress.

"Do I get a cup of coffee before I go," he quipped, "or do I have to stop at McDonalds?"

"No. No. I'm sorry." She straightened defensively. She filled the second cup sitting on the breakfast nook table. "I don't have much time. I have to be at work in less than an hour."

"No need to apologize. You weren't expecting me to sleep over." He gave her a half smile. "But I did enjoy cuddling with you, Kate. Maybe we should do that again some time."

She sighed. "Maybe. So do you want to meet us at the airport on Tuesday?"

"That'll work. Can't count on us still talking to each other by the time we return from London. It's always nice to have your own wheels in case things turn awkward."

Now what was the man thinking? "Do you expect things to turn awkward?"

"Nope." His shoulders raised and lowered. "Hope not, at least."

"Me too. I don't like awkward."



"There was nothing awkward about last night."

Kate tugged at her robe and smiled. "Not once we started."

"Next time we do that you can jerk me off."

"You think there'll be a next time?"

Grayson cocked his head to the side and gave her a half smile. "I hope so. I rather enjoyed that—much to my surprise. And you. You look so powerful when you take control like that. Next time I want you to jerk me off, then you'll be in complete control."

Kate moistened her lips and shook her head. "That sounds like fun, but I'm not sure I'll ever be in complete control, of your body or mine for that matter."

Grayson grinned broadly. "I couldn't help but notice that you came with me. That was a most pleasant surprise for me. I hope it was for you."

"That was a shock." She lifted the coffee cup to her lips, swallowed and set it down in front of her. "But it was very pleasing. I'm glad you enjoyed it. Maybe we'll have to try the larger cock."

"No need to rush that, but I am growing to really appreciate watching and listening to you climax. You are one expressive woman. I'd do most anything to hear you come." He winked. "Maybe sometime you'll even scream my name."

Grayson squeezed her hand and rose to his feet. "I've got to run and you need to get to the office."

I'll see you at the airport. If there are any changes in plans give me a call." He leaned over and brushed his lips across her. "Have a good day, pinup lady."

She watched him stroll out of the kitchen and heard him let himself out of the house. Pleasing? That was such an understatement for the entire evening from dinner, to the bedroom, to watching her strap-on penetrate his ass, to his white come mingling with her red hair, to her own body being first ripped apart and then re-knitted by her own orgasm.

But it wasn't supposed to be pleasing for her.

Kate stood and rinsed out the coffee cups. She grimaced and pounded a fist on the counter. "Luci, where the hell are you? And what are you up to? And why shouldn't I find lovemaking pleasing? Why shouldn't I find a man pleasing?"

For goodness sakes, this wasn't just any man. It was Grayson Cosgrove she was mooning over like some teenager. The man in her sister's diary.

Sobs overtook Kate's body. Why did she have to become emotionally entangled with the man? Why did she want to? And if she succumbed to her own needs, would her sister ever forgive her?

Would she ever forgive herself?

## CHAPTER SEVEN

Kate surveyed the expansive portion of Hyde Park that she could see and beyond it the assortment of modern and aged buildings making up that sector of London. She sat on a bench between Grayson and Gina. The flight to London had largely been uneventful. The three of them had switched seats several times so each had the opportunity to sit in the middle. She was pleased that her two fellow travelers seemed to be getting along quite fine.

She shivered, trying not to think too much about the approaching evening; she sure hoped they got along in bed. She'd been disappointed in the rooms. "Suites," to the English, at least in their hotel, didn't mean the same thing as it did in the States. The rooms were much smaller than she'd expected, but they'd make do.

They'd hurriedly unpacked and walked the short distance to the park. Getting through

Heathrow had been a zoo and then with the smallish suites, Kate at least needed a breath of fresh air, and an opportunity to unwind before even thinking about anything sexual.

She expected her partners weren't immune to the mounting tension, but were handling it quite differently. Gina had become a chatterbox and Grayson had turned rather quiet.

"Sorry about those rooms, guys," she said, for what she realized must be the umpteenth time.

"We'll manage quite fine." Grayson tucked an arm around her shoulder. "Don't worry about it."

"Relax, girl," Gina cautioned, squeezing her thigh, "everything is going to be okay. Do you want to walk some more?"

"Sure." Kate stood. "Let's head east toward Green Park and Buckingham Palace. We might as well let the Queen know we've arrived. Maybe she'll provide us with a larger suite of rooms."

Kate smiled when Gina placed herself between her and Grayson and grabbed a hand of each partner. Gina swung their arms back and forth and walked easily down the sidewalk.

"Lighten up, guys," Gina said. "We're not going to a funeral. We're going to poke around these gardens for awhile, eat some food, and then maybe poke around each other." She looked up at Grayson and then over at Kate. "And I, for one, plan on enjoying myself, even if I have to do

everything myself."

Kate grimaced and peeked over at Grayson. He didn't look any more comfortable than she felt. But he did manage to chuckle at Gina and say, "I expect you'll have some help before we're done."

"Good." Gina squeezed their fingers.

Kate kept her own counsel. Maybe they should've simply hopped into bed when they'd arrived and gotten the three-way behind them. At this rate, she might be so depleted by the time they saw a bed next she'd just fall asleep. She rolled her eyes. Fat chance.

"Look," Gina cried, gesturing, "isn't that the changing of the guard? Those guys in red marching around like toy soldiers?"

"It sure is," Kate said. "I've only been here to see it once before."

"I've seen it several times," Grayson added, "but it is always quite moving. Takes me back to what an earlier time must have been like. This is a lucky omen for you, Gina—to see this on your very first trip to London."

"Wow! I wonder what it would take to distract those guys."

"Don't even think about it, Gina," Kate implored. "I'm sure everything has been tried and we don't want to have to bail you out of an English jail."

Grayson leaned over and whispered something

in Gina's ear that Kate couldn't hear. Gina poked Grayson in the ribs. "I'll get you for that later, Mister. That's it? That's all there is?"

Grayson laughed. "Afraid so. What tourists think of as something being done for them is all business for the guards. They are probably eager to get out of the sun and away from women who might try to embarrass them."

"Oh hell, how about some food?" Again Gina guided her partners across the park toward restaurants near their hotel.

\* \* \* \*

Grayson sat huddled over a small table in the corner of a crowded pub nursing a beer, eating fish and chips and trying not to get too aroused by the women squeezed on either side of him. They sat thigh to thigh, but that wasn't enough for the women. Gina had started the byplay by dropping a chip in his lap and making an effort to reclaim it from his crotch. His erection had been immediate. Gina had patted it firmly before chewing on the rescued chip.

Gina's slight of hand had not gone unnoticed by Kate, who squeezed his thigh and did not remove her hand until he reached down and removed it for her. Kate stuck her tongue out at him and Gina tipped back her head and laughed.

"Now you're loosening up, Kate." Gina reached across him to grab Kate's hand, and then withdrew, giving him a daring look.

She leaned over and whispered in his ear, "I'm creaming my panties just thinking about your cock. Do you think you can help me out a little bit?"

Grayson swallowed hard. Gina placed his hand under the table and on the inside of her thigh. He licked his lips and squeezed. He looked at Kate. She smiled broadly at his discomfort.

He shoved a chip in his mouth and looked away from Gina. She didn't seem to mind. She guided his hand under her short dress. He gasped. She *was* creaming her panties. She twisted her panties aside until his fingers touched damp full pussy lips.

He worked them up and down her warm crevice and listened to her soft moans. She sucked in her breath sharply and he stilled.

Soon after, Gina grabbed her stein with her free hand and raised it in salute. Kate clunked hers against Gina's and Grayson managed to lift his own.

Gina closed her eyes for a moment and then grinned. "That was nice. If we stay here much longer, Kate, I'm going to have to crawl under this table and blow your man." She removed Grayson's sticky fingers from beneath her dress.

He slumped back and reached for another chip. Her scent overpowered that of the chip, which said something for Gina.

"Is anyone else ready to go do what at least two of us came to London to do?" Gina quipped.

"I'm ready," Kate said, rising to her feet. "We better get back to the hotel before you get all of us in jail."

Grayson took a last swig of beer and rose. "Let's get on with it, ladies. I sure don't want to be the one keeping you waiting."

\* \* \* \*

"I wish we were on my round bed," Kate complained. "This bed is hardly big enough for two people, let alone three." Certainly the bed was no larger than a queen size. The three of them lay on their backs staring at the ceiling.

She was in the middle, as if *she* could lead them through their sexual adventure. Why hadn't Gina taken the middle? She was the experienced one. But Gina had grown uncharacteristically quiet. She and Gina still wore panties and bras and Grayson had kept on his boxers. What they needed was a choreographer.

Kate couldn't handle the silence a moment longer. "So what's next?" she blurted out. "We need a plan. Grayson?"



"Don't look at me." Grayson shook his head. "This is your show, Kate. I don't have a blueprint in my black pocket; in fact, I don't have a back pocket."

Gina burst out laughing. "You two are too much. You're trying to turn the most natural thing in life into some sort of engineering feat. Be natural. Touch each other. If that's not comfortable, touch yourself. Say what you want—oops, that may not be natural for either one of you."

"Okay. I'll start us off," she groaned, getting to her knees. "Let's get rid of these clothes. You'd think we were teenagers on a first date." She unsnapped her bra and Kate watched Gina's breasts spring forth. Her nipples lengthened immediately. "I do appreciate the admiration in your eyes, Grayson, but even more so, I just adore how your cock is straining to get out of those damn shorts. Take 'em off."

"All right." He slid his boxers down and his cock weaved about seeking more attention.

"My, my, this will be fun," Gina said. "Kate, you didn't come close to describing how well hung your man is. I would've never thought twice about this if I had known."

"I never noticed that you did," Kate chuckled, undoing her own bra and shucking her panties. By the time she was lying back down, Gina had discarded her own.

"How about sliding over so Grayson can be between the two of us?" Gina said, running her tongue between her lips. "I think I want to get to know him better. Much better."

Kate smiled and changed places with Grayson. He leaned against the headboard. His eyes rounded when Gina dropped her lips to his nearest nipple.

Taking her cue from Gina, Kate kissed Grayson's other nipple. She looked over at Gina who winked back at her. She raised her head and kissed Gina. Grayson's hands began to move at last. One hand caressed her neck and the other caressed Gina's.

She and Gina rose to their knees and peppered Grayson's mouth with kisses. Grayson cupped a breast in each hand—one of hers and one of Gina's.

"Now we're cooking," Gina whispered. "See, no need for an instruction book." She shoved a breast toward Grayson's mouth. He licked at it and drew it into his mouth. His eyes closed. He was clearly already in some sort of breast heaven.

Gina reclaimed her breast. "You're next, Kate. Give him your left breast; I want the other one."

Kate closed her eyes and tried to stay focused. She'd never had both breasts suckled at the same time. It was stupendous. Sensations were spreading from her upper to her lower torso like a

raging wildfire.

But that wasn't all. Gina leaned across Grayson and began fingering Kate's dampening folds until she found the entrance she'd been looking for. Kate bit down on her lip but failed miserably at stifling a groan.

She glanced down to see Grayson's fingers settling over her clit. "Jesus, people, I'm going to explode before we even begin."

Gina nodded with her eyes and pressed a second and a third finger into her pussy and Kate broke apart. She locked her arms around her lovers' heads, clutching them to her breasts, and rode Gina's fingers and reveled in Grayson strumming her clit. "My God," she squealed. "Enough. Save me some for later." Gina let her collapse across Grayson's chest.

"Not bad for starters," Gina chuckled. "While you refuel, I'll see what's happening down below."

Kate's breathing leveled out. With her ear over Grayson's heart, she could hear his pulse quicken when Gina took him in her mouth.

Gina smiled at Kate. She dropped him from her mouth and slid a hand up and down his length. "Shame on you for keeping this all to yourself," she said, eagerly returning to her work.

Kate had a perfect view to watch Gina bringing Grayson to the edge. Grayson's chest heaved. His

belly tensed. His hips lifted inviting Gina to take even more of him. She obliged with a smile that wrapped around his cock.

Kate thought she could feel his eruption building. "Damn," Grayson groaned, when Gina dropped him from her mouth and squeezed his cock at its base between thumb and finger.

"No, no," Gina chided. "That was so good I nearly lost myself there. But I don't want you coming in my mouth; I want you filling my pussy."

Revived, Kate sat up and Grayson stretched. Kate wasn't sure if the man was enchanted by what was happening or furious that Gina had forestalled his climax. Gina's hands covered Kate's breasts. Kate lay on her back and Gina kissed her way from her breasts, to her belly button, to her pussy. Kate sighed and watched her friend's head move side to side licking and nibbling.

Gina looked over at Grayson. "Do I have to draw you a map? My pussy is back there." She jerked her head over her shoulder. "It sure as hell is lonely at the moment. Do you think maybe you could do something about that?"

Grayson nodded. "Sure." He shifted down the bed to kneel behind Gina. Kate smiled when he winked at her before ducking his head.

"Yes. That's a superb bonus," Gina trilled. "I love an educated tongue." She slid a finger in Kate's pussy and Kate spread her legs wider.

"Yes," Gina squealed, "drive that tongue in deep."

Gina's torso thrust forward propelled by Grayson's tongue and her finger continued working its own miracle between Kate's thighs.

Kate watched Gina's eyes roll as she embraced her first orgasm of the evening. Gina pulled on one of her own nipples and her finger inside of Kate stilled.

Gina stole a look at Kate and licked her lips. "Exquisite." She turned her head. "Grayson, do you have anything else you'd like to share with me?"

"It's right here in my hand," he huffed.

Kate saw determination on Grayson's face as he scrunched himself up and entered Gina from behind. He was in quickly. And perhaps he'd waited too long, because he never hesitated. He started moving over Gina's body. "That a boy," Gina said. "Come to mama." She dipped her head and filled Kate's pussy with her tongue.

Kate let her hand drift downward until she grazed her own clit. "You have that classic Cheshire cat smile, Grayson. Is this meeting your fantasies?"

"Exceeding them," he gasped, "by far." He slowed his rhythm and gave her a wry smile. "You look quite pleased yourself."

"I am."

"Can you lick your own breast?" he queried.

"Of course." She used both hands to demonstrate. She licked her areola and gently pulled on her nipple with her teeth.

Grayson immediately shifted into high gear. Kate never closed her eyes; she watched his eyes boring into hers. She laved her breast and pulled harder on the nipple. She knew Gina was working feverishly on her own clit. Gina squealed something in Italian.

Grayson's face contorted as if he were coaxing his climax through a strainer. Gina lifted her head and yelled. Grayson churned faster until Kate could not sort out his sounds from Gina's or her own.

Gina collapsed between Kate's legs, resting her head on Kate's belly and Grayson lay atop Gina, his buttocks still rising and lowering as if there was more to give the woman. Kate was certain that the man had emptied himself by now.

Dimly, moments later, she was aware that at some point Grayson had rolled to the side with a leg draped over Gina and an arm across Kate's breast.

So that was a threesome. Kate yawned. Better than anything she'd read about. Maybe next time she'd...

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Kate managed to reach the alarm clock before either of her bed partners stirred. She purred softly as she dressed.

Grayson propped himself up on an elbow just before she headed out the door to her appointment at the gallery. Gina stirred awake beside him. Groggily, Gina asked, "What's happening?"

"We're in England, remember? You didn't forget about last night already, did you?" Kate waved. "I've got to dash off over to the gallery. You guys don't have to get up. I'm sure you can find several ways to amuse yourselves without me."

Grayson nearly tripped getting out of the bed. "No offense," he stammered, looking back at Gina and then glaring at Kate, "but that wasn't part of the deal. You're either included in the lovemaking, or there is none."

Grinning broadly, Gina scrambled to her feet and chimed in, "Kate, I have to agree with Grayson. Those were the implicit ground rules and I believe our lover has made them explicit. No play between two of us while the third party is in town. Of course, I'll be leaving day after tomorrow and the two of you will have to figure out what to do without me."

Kate nodded at the two nude bodies standing before her. It was one of the few times she'd seen

Grayson naked without an erection. Maybe they had sated him. "Okay. I don't have time for debate. I'll see you this evening. Enjoy London."

She closed the door softly behind her and nearly skipped to the elevator. So Grayson didn't want Gina without her.

She had to confess that was an ego boost.

\* \* \* \*

Later that afternoon, Grayson looked over at Gina squatting on her haunches and trying to entice ducks with small pieces of bread. He chuckled. It seemed like there wasn't much the tall dark-haired woman didn't enjoy.

She seemed to live life at full bore all the time. Hers was a pace he was glad he didn't have to try to keep up with on a daily basis.

He'd thoroughly enjoyed playing tour guide for Gina. They'd left the hotel mid-morning arm in arm and retraced their steps thorough Hyde Park and Green Park and watched a set of carriages pull out of Buckingham Palace.

They had no idea who or what they were watching but that hardly mattered. They'd strolled on through St. James Park and had seen Westminster Abbey, Old Ben, London Bridge and the Tower of London. Gina had been entranced by most of what they'd seen though she wasn't



partial to above-ground tombs. Apparently they gave her the willies.

Grayson folded his arms and looked around the park. This was one of his favorite spots in all of London. It was typically less crowded than Hyde Park, and like most London parks it was manicured with a vast array of shrubbery and blooming flowers. He'd spent many an hour studying the ripples of water that ducks created as they traversed the large pond. This was about as tranquil as London got.

Gina stood. "I'm just about out of bread. It must be nearly time to head back to the hotel and hook up with Kate."

"Probably." Grayson checked his watch. "It's not as late as you think. She won't be back for another hour at the earliest."

"Maybe I should buy some more bread from the vendor. But there's one damn large duck that won't share. He pushes everybody out of the way to get what he wants."

"Sounds like a bully. Want to sit a while more before heading back? We've done a hell of a lot of walking for one day."

"Sure. Why not?" Gina plopped down on the grass at the edge of the pond and he sat down beside her. "I may be too much for you, old man."

Grayson immediately went on alert. It wasn't the old man that niggled at him. He suspected she

was referring to last night's threesome—something they had not mentioned throughout the entire day. "I'm not over the hill yet," he said, not liking his defensive tone.

"Don't get your back up, Grayson." Gina squeezed his arm and did not remove her fingers. "You were great last night. And today you've been a fantastic guide. I've already experienced enough to know that you are a consummate lover. But that doesn't mean you can't be tired."

Grayson relaxed and tossed her a smile. "Forty-two is not exactly ancient. So how old are you?"

"Thirty-six." Gina scowled. "And I'm not getting any younger."

"No, I don't suppose so. So how long have you known Kate?"

Gina pursed her lips thinking. "A dozen years." She giggled. "Sort of like you—well not exactly—I bumped into her at a gallery exhibit and we became best buds."

"How long have you been lovers?"

She leaned over and rimmed his ear with her tongue. "Longer than you and she have been lovers."

"I figured that. So how long?"

"Not very long. I tend not to have long term sexual relationships."

Grayson grunted. "I'm familiar with that pattern."

"Yes, you do have that reputation. From what I hear on the grapevine, your relationship with Kate is longer than most."

Grayson nodded and studied three ducks paddling from the opposite shore toward them. He had to be careful with Gina. She wasn't his confidant; she was Kate's. Anything he'd say to Gina would get back to Kate. "How about Kate? Is this long for her?"

"I think so. She hasn't had a lot of men in recent years. She's been so busy with work, and she's been a mother to her younger half sister most of her adult life."

"A sister." Grayson cocked his head at Gina. "She's never mentioned a sister, or family."

"Have you asked?"

"No. But then ours is a strange relationship. Hotter than hell in bed and cool outside." Grayson clamped his mouth shut. *Why had he said that?* Couldn't he heed his own warnings? "What about other women?"

He watched Gina's amused look. Her eyes sparkled. Was that humor or pride? "I'm the only woman she's ever been with."

"Really. So you've been her sexual guide, so to speak."

Gina frowned. "Sort of. But Kate is blessed with great instincts when it comes to loving."

"I've noticed." Again, he watched the ducks

approach the shore. "So Kate's not some kind of libertine—much of what she's doing is new for her." He paused. "That may explain some things."

"What?"

"Nothing. It doesn't matter. So, you don't see your relationship with Kate, your sexual relationship, as long term."

Gina shrugged. "Probably not. But it's fun while it lasts, don't you think?"

Grayson nodded his agreement. "Yeah, a barrel of fun."

"Too bad neither one of us is into long term relationships," Gina said, with a touch of wistfulness in her voice.

"What do you mean?"

"Kate's the long term committed type. Can't you tell?"

"Not really. I've wondered how any one person could satisfy the woman."

"She is insatiable, which is one of the things I enjoy about her, but she's still more traditional than you and I are. Kate's going through some changes. Once this new Kate gets back out on the open market she won't last long. A man or a woman will claim her—there's no doubt about that."

"Maybe you should claim her first."

"Like I said, I'm nowhere near ready for a long term relationship. Though I do prefer being with

one person at a time."

He peered down his nose at her with a quizzical look.

"I don't mean *that*. Threesomes are in a category all by themselves. Eventually I must keep my Italian grandparents happy by having kids." She winked at him. "But not yet. There's still plenty of cock and pussy to sample before I settle down."

"So you're a sampler?"

"And you're not?"

"But Kate isn't?"

"I don't think so. She's working through some things now."

"So what's prompted this change for her?"

He eyed Gina closely. He'd swear she had flushed momentarily and then regained her balance quickly. "Don't know for sure. Maybe mid-life crisis, curiosity, not wanting to be left behind. If you want to know, you'll have to ask her."

Grayson raised and lowered his shoulders. It was difficult to match the tigress who'd been sharing his bed with such words as traditional, mother, long-term and commitment. He'd begun to think that they might have a few things in common other than a passion for no-holds bar sex.

"Yeah," Gina continued, "Kate wants and needs a long term relationship – probably a husband."

Grayson's gut clenched. It was damn hard imagining Kate with a husband. That picture didn't seem right at all. Gina must be wrong.

"Being a wife fits Kate's psychological makeup. Me? I'll have to shoehorn myself into that role, but once I decide that's what I want I'll make it work."

"You could adopt kids, or make arrangements with a surrogate."

"True." She flashed an eyebrow at him. "Are you volunteering?"

Now it was his turn to blush.

"Just kidding. My kids will have to be full Italians—no Irish blood allowed. Too bad you're not the marrying kind, Grayson. Kate would be a difficult package to replicate—bright, sexy, and willing to try most anything with her lover."

Grayson blotted out images of a naked Kate standing before him with open arms. "Marriage is the kiss of death to spontaneity, creativity, sex and life. Twice was more than enough experimentation with that grand old tradition. Like you, I'm a sampler." He clambered to his feet and grabbed Gina's extended hand and pulled her up. "We better go. We don't want to be late for Kate."

Gina wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him soundly. His response was lukewarm. "So if you're a sampler like me, how come you didn't want us to screw around while Kate was at work? I would've been more than willing until, of

course, you objected."

His brain suffered a loss for words and thoughts. Gina laughed and tucked her arm through his. "Come on, lover. Let's get back to good old fashioned Kate. Don't you think she's got about the best set of tits you've ever tasted?"

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Grayson sat across from the bed in a straight-backed chair sipping a glass of Chardonnay and watched his two lovers eat each other's pussies in the classic sixty-nine position. He'd needed a break from lovemaking. It was hard on his ego to admit it, but it was painfully true.

And he thoroughly enjoyed watching Kate and Gina loving each other. He'd seen women together on video, but this was so much better. Being there, hearing the soft moans, observing the subtle cues each provided the other was so much more profound. And these women were not professionals being paid to entertain him and thousands of other men and women. They made love because they simply wanted to. Their lovemaking seemed so natural; he was more than a little envious.

Gina lay on top and caressed Kate's clit with her tongue. Two fingers were out of sight in Kate's pussy. Kate clutched Gina's ass with one arm and

delved two or three fingers into Gina's pussy, twisting this way and then that.

He smiled at Gina's contorted features. Kate's fingers were having the desired effect. Gina lifted her head and winked at Grayson. "Nice. Hope you enjoyed that, Grayson. Now, watch closely. Kate, it's your turn."

Grayson could see Gina's fingers sawing back and forth in the region of Kate's G spot. Kate's entire body tensed. Her mouth lost contact with Gina's pussy. She gave Grayson a glazed look—one that he'd come to treasure. Her hips lurched upward against the invading fingers. "I'm almost there," she whimpered.

"Almost isn't close enough." Gina chuckled. "I'm thirsty, Kate. Quench my thirst." She replaced her fingers with her mouth and pushed a finger in Kate's ass.

Kate's mouth fell open. Her head lolled from side to side.

Grayson grabbed his rock hard cock and skimmed it. He'd hold himself back, but he had to join some of the fun. This was too much.

He heard Gina's tongue noisily slurping at Kate's juices. Kate bit Gina's butt cheek hard. Gina yelped but returned to quenching her thirst. Kate was building again. Her hips churned, threatening to dislodge her passenger.

And then Kate wailed. It started low and soft



and ended as a screech—high and piercing. He'd never heard her come like that. She lay facing him with unfocused eyes. Her body quivered like a spent bow string. Carefully, Gina uncoupled herself and came to kneel beside Grayson.

"Was that a visual treat or what?" she murmured, removing his hand from his cock to replace it with her own. "You must've exercised supreme control not to bring yourself off."

Grayson managed to nod. His mouth was dry and his cock couldn't understand why he'd stopped. But he hadn't wanted to waste himself with two beautiful women present.

"Maybe I can help him feel a little better," Gina teased. "Can you stand for me?"

"Sure." He watched her dip her head and basked in the warmth of her mouth around his cock. He braced himself and watched dark hair flying up and down following the path of his cock. She moaned and wiggled her butt in invitation.

He leaned over her back and moved his hand over her ass and between her legs. She was still very wet from all of Kate's loving. He slid two fingers in easily and Gina rocked back against them without giving up her perch on his cock. She reached beneath her to work on her clit.

He glanced toward the bed and saw Kate smiling softly at them. She idly palmed her triangle and twisted a nipple.

Gina's vagina clenched his finger. She came silently and kept a hand squeezed tight at the base of his cock preventing him from climaxing. He closed his eyes and waited for his pending orgasm to subside.

"There," Gina said, kissing his cock lightly. "Thanks, Grayson. I trust your cock doesn't feel so left out now."

"Just abused."

Gina laughed. "We'll take care of him soon. Won't we, Kate?"

"I'm ready," Kate said, moving to sit on the edge of the bed.

"Why don't you join me on the floor? We can both do him at the same time." Without checking for Kate's response, Gina took his penis back in her mouth. She squeezed his buttocks. She backed off him. "Your turn," she said to Kate, who had quickly settled beside her.

Kate peeked up and winked at him. "Let me at my favorite cock." He groaned as she drew him in slowly. His toes curled in the carpet seeking balance. Then he watched the redhead bob up and down his shaft.

"Slow down, Kate," Gina cautioned. "We've got time."

Grayson closed his eyes. He wasn't at all convinced that Gina was right. He was running out of time—fast.

"You lick up one side," Gina said, "and I'll lick up the other."

Grayson's eyes rounded as he saw a redhead and dark-head laving his cock as if there was no end in sight. He spread his legs a bit more, anchoring himself to the spot. He wasn't going to budge until he came.

Gina took a testicle in her mouth. Grayson tensed and savored this novel sensation. He watched the woman make a show of slipping a hand between her legs and wetting her fingers in her pussy. She stuck her tongue out at him, and then placed one of those wet fingers on his anus.

He nearly jumped out of his skin. She pressed inward and he tried not to clamp down. She waited and Kate continued laving his cock. Gina's finger moved on in and found his prostate. "Jesus," he muttered.

"Ah, hah. I believe we have him just about where we want him, Kate. Why don't you do the honors up front while I tend to his tight ass?"

Kate nodded and inched part way down his cock and then slithered back up.

"You can do better than that, Kate. Relax and take all of him." Gina wiggled her finger in his butt and he tried not to lose concentration on what Kate was attempting to do.

"That's right. You nearly have him." His thighs strained helping her. Kate's nostrils flared.

"Another inch or so," Gina encouraged. "Relax your jaw muscles, girl."

Grayson wet his lips. He wasn't sure Kate's mouth could stretch any wider. And then he felt her lips grazing his groin. She had all of him.

"Great, Kate!" Gina praised. "You did it! I knew you could. Back off a bit and go down again. It gets easier with practice."

Kate did as Gina instructed. Grayson was afraid she was going to tear his cock off by its roots. Gina's finger matched Kate's movements and Grayson went rigid.

"You've got him, Kate. He's coming." Gina giggled. "This is going to be huge."

Grayson didn't even try to hold back. His ejaculate must've gathered from all regions of his body because it spewed forth like a geyser. Kate moved up his cock trying to swallow as much as she could.

Fingers clamped him at the base of his cock and he groaned, "No."

"Let me have some, Kate," Gina said, squeezing him tight. "Don't be a hog about it."

"Wouldn't think of it." Kate laughed, gasping for breath. "He's all yours."

Gina didn't remove her finger from his butt. She kissed his cock which strained for more release. "Okay, big guy fuck me in the mouth. I want the rest of you."

She released her hand from his base and covered his cock with her mouth. She squeezed his butt cheek and started his hips churning.

He held her head between his hands in part to steady himself and in part to be sure she wasn't going to leave him hanging again. And he did fuck her in the mouth. She was doing everything she could to just hold on and swallow. He emptied himself down the Italian's throat.

All of his senses focused on the tip of his cock through which so much life force was flowing. He gasped for breath and swiped at his eyes.

Gina backed her finger out of his ass but did not yield up his cock. Her lips pressed against his groin as she milked him seeking any leftovers.

At last, she sat back on her haunches, dropped him from her mouth, and smiled radiantly. Kate had an arm around him or he would've fallen on the floor. Both women rose to help him to the bed.

He could hear the women as if from a distance. "Look how quickly he's softening," Gina said. "I think we drained him this time. Don't count on him being up for anything else tonight. Maybe not the entire week."

Kate's laughter was music to his dying ears. "I hope he recovers before then. There's so much more exploring to do."

She ran a finger across his pebbled nipple. "Let's cuddle for a bit. Maybe we'll even fall

asleep.”

One woman settled on each side of him. They rested their heads on his chest and their lips joined in a long kiss.

With considerable effort, Grayson lifted his arms that felt like they weighed a ton each and hugged the two women. He didn’t even have enough wits about him to process the evening. That would have to wait for a clearer head.

## CHAPTER EIGHT

Pulling out of the Heathrow Airport parking complex, Kate pointed the rental car back toward London. She'd deposited Gina at British Airways and had exchanged hugs, kisses and waves.

Kate focused on the traffic. Would she ever get accustomed to driving on the wrong side of the road?

Fortunately, Grayson had decided to say his goodbyes at the hotel. He had some projects that needed attention and his absence had afforded Kate and Gina an opportunity to talk freely.

She'd been going over a portion of their conversation almost nonstop since hearing Gina's take on Grayson Cosgrove.

"So you no longer believe that Grayson Cosgrove is G.C. of Luci's diary?"

They'd been sitting in an airport restaurant and Gina had reached across the table to cradle her

hand. "Nope. I don't." She'd pulled her hand back and winked. "In fact, I'd bet almost anything that he's not. If I'm wrong I'll remain celibate for a year—no men, no women. Hell, I won't even touch myself."

Kate remembered chuckling at her outlandish friend and being scared to death by the import of her words. She'd ignored Gina's grand pledge of celibacy and asked what had led her to such a firm conclusion.

"First," Gina responded. "He's either never been involved with a threesome, or he's forgotten, or he's a fabulous actor. Second, what rake would have turned you down when you offered him my pussy that first morning when you left for the gallery? A rake does not walk away from a pussy he doesn't even have to work to get."

Kate recalled going deathly still. "So what are you implying?"

"He's much more interested in you than he may even realize." She'd held up her hand to prevent Kate from interrupting. "Oh, he thinks he's more like me, hopping from one person to another waving a flag of free spirit and sexual exuberance. Maybe you've encountered him at a burned out stage. I don't know. But he doesn't act very eager to move on, if you ask me."

"But he enjoyed you."

"He is a man."



"No question about that. What am I going to do with him now that you're leaving? It will be just the two of us."

"Uh, huh. Does that bother you?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"I'm not sure."

"Kate." She remembered Gina's eyes burning into hers. "Do you want Grayson to be G.C.?"

Her voice had turned sandpaper raspy. "No."

"Huh. I thought so," Gina pounced on her single word response. "You're falling in love with the man. Hot damn. Wouldn't that beat all?"

"I didn't say that," she'd stammered.

"You don't have to. It's written across your face. Be careful, Kate. Grayson isn't G.C., I'm sure of that, but he's not the marrying kind either. He's been burned badly. He won't be easy to snare."

Kate had remained silent, not ready to discuss feelings she'd hardly even acknowledged to herself.

"So do you believe he's not G.C.?" Gina had turned the question back on her.

"I doubt it, but I'm not certain."

"If you were certain," Gina had declared, "you'd have to break up with him and acknowledge what's been happening."

Kate had nodded her agreement, but she still wasn't absolutely certain she'd have to do that.

Couldn't she break off with him, if she convinced herself he wasn't G. C., and never have to admit her deceit?

Kate's fingers tightened on the steering wheel. He *had* to be G.C. There was no reason for the two of them to remain involved if he wasn't.

Since when had there been three Kates? She hardly could handle one—the avenger. And then there was Kate, the lover, who delighted in a newly discovered sexual persona. And then there was Kate, the woman who held onto a dream of being a loving and loved wife and a real mother. And the result was confusion. For a moment, she wished she could read Grayson's mind or foresee the future.

But she was no holy trinity. She was only a woman at war with herself. Which Kate would win the day?

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Bedraggled, Kate open the door to the hotel room. Grayson sprang to his feet and hugged her close. Thankfully he was fully dressed.

He stood back and beamed at her. What was she going to do with him for an entire weekend? She'd been thinking about that—and other related matters—the entire drive in from the airport.

"I've got a surprise for you, Kate."

Oh, no. Had he seen through her deception before she had an opportunity to come clean? She cupped a hand over her mouth and moved to a chair. This conversation might be easier sitting down. "Tell me."

"How would you like to spend the entire weekend at Stratford-upon-Avon?"

"Really," she squealed, leaping to her feet and hugging Grayson. "You didn't."

"I did." He kissed her forehead and eyed her closely. "I hoped you wouldn't mind. But I wanted to do something to surprise you. I've booked us at a quaint bed and breakfast. We have a choice of a couple plays. We can tour. We can lounge in bed. We can play with one another. Just us."

Kate sat back down. "That sounds fabulous, Grayson." She tried to stifle her excitement over the romantic image he'd just offered. "Do you think we can still do it without Gina?"

Grayson leaned over and slanted his lips across hers. It was a soft kiss with no direction. He pulled back. "I think we'll figure a few things out for ourselves."

"Did you like Gina?"

"Of course I liked Gina. She's probably one of the freest spirits I've known, or certainly been in bed with. She's creative, sensitive, fun-loving. And she's a will-o-the-wisp. And that's okay." He

hesitated. "I'm glad she joined us, but I'm also glad it's just the two of us." He gave her a curious look. "Is that bad?"

"No. Gina can be overwhelming. I'll never keep up with her energy."

"You don't see her as permanent?"

"Certainly not! She's done what she set out to do." Kate gasped — she sure didn't want to have to explain what *that* was. "I wouldn't be at all surprised if she hasn't moved on by the time we return to Chicago. She does need a younger woman — or man."

"It sort of sounds like the youngster has left the nest and now it's just the two of us old folk at play."

"I doubt either one of us is ready for a rocking chair, but some calm will be welcomed." She peered at him closely. "But not too much calm."

"Absolutely not. I plan on making love with you at least a half dozen times a day. Well, at least on the weekend. I imagine to achieve that goal during the week I'd have to hide under your desk at the gallery."

Kate wet her lips. "Now that is quite imaginative. Something that Gina would come up with. After last night and this morning, do you think either one of us will have any energy for lovemaking tonight?"

"Probably not. But I'd like to fall asleep tucked

in your pussy."

Kate pursed her lips. "We should be able to manage that much. That reminds me. I'll settle up with the front desk. Doesn't look like we'll need the extra room anymore."

Grayson grinned broadly. "It's only been used as a closet so far."

"That's a fairly expensive closet. You might as well move your stuff in here."

Grayson lifted her chin and stared at her a moment. "You're quite the woman, Kate. I'm not sure I'd ever understand you if I had two lifetimes to try."

He scraped a finger pad the length of her nose. He pressed it against her lips and she opened her mouth and sucked on it gingerly. When she finished, she said, "Then I'd better work at remaining an enigma."

\* \* \* \*

"Grayson, it's lovely," Kate said softly. She stood next to Grayson in front of a small cottage near Stratford-upon-Avon. Was she living a fairytale? "And it's all ours for the entire weekend?"

Grayson placed an arm around her waist and tugged her close. "Yes, the entire cottage for the entire weekend. I'm glad you like it."

"I read about gingerbread cottages when I was

kid, but I've never stayed in one, and never expected to. It actually has a thatched roof. And it's so private." Kate scanned the small yard which bordered a park-like lawn.

"There's a sizeable manor beyond that rise you can see through the trees. Mr. and Mrs. Thompson rent out several rooms in the manor and also this cottage, which was originally the gardener's cottage.

"Breakfast will be delivered by seven each morning. We don't have to come down and eat, but a hardy breakfast will be available when we're ready. Mrs. Thompson said she'd have a plate of meats and cheeses stocked in the fridge for us this evening along with a couple bottles of wine."

Kate turned and kissed Grayson. He deepened the kiss and she backed away wide-eyed. "This must have cost you a small fortune. How in the world did you find out about this place?"

"The price is not your concern. It will be well worth the cost." He grabbed her by the hand, led her to the door and ushered her inside.

She gasped and covered her open mouth. The small living room and dining room were decorated with what she was certain were priceless antiques.

Grayson led her into the kitchen. She smiled at its hominess. No one would ever describe it as ultra modern, but it was functional, with a

refrigerator and a gas stove. Without saying a word, Grayson led her up a small set of stairs.

The entire upstairs was one large bedroom with an adjoining bath. A large four poster bed was its centerpiece and two Queen Anne chairs, a sturdy desk, two dressers and a bookcase lined the walls. The floor was plank-board with a large red, white, and black, oval braided rug covering two thirds of the area. Two floor to ceiling beveled mirrors stood on the wall opposite the bed. Portraits—probably family ancestors—completed the wall decorations. White curtains covered the small alcove windows.

“So tastefully done,” she said. She kicked off her shoes and danced barefoot across the rug. “This could be a lovers’ nest.” She clapped a hand over her mouth and stared at Grayson, who let loose a belly laugh.

“That’s exactly what it will be,” he said, striding to her and taking her into his arms.

She breathed in his aftershave trying not to fathom how deliciously romantic this setting was. Yes, they’d have some fantastic sex in this room, but a lovers’ nest?

Not for them. She shook her head trying to rid herself of any negative thoughts. This was her weekend—their weekend. There might never be a chance for another one like it, so she resolved to enjoy this one to the fullest.

Grayson nuzzled her ear. His warm breath sent chills down her back. "You can scream and wail when you come as loud as you want. No one will ever hear—except me, and I love hearing you come."

She squeezed his butt and chuckled. "That's only because you find it good for your ego. You can be fairly demonstrative yourself at times."

"And I don't apologize for that either. So," he brushed his lips across hers and led her to a window overlooking a huge meadow that led toward the manor. "What do you want to do this evening? We're about three miles from Stratford. I hadn't planned anything special for this evening. We could go into town and be tourists. I'm sure we could catch some side acts—it's probably too late for the major plays. As I said, we have food in the refrigerator, so we could stay in and kick back. What would you like to do, Kate?"

She held his hands in hers and smiled at him. "Stratford can wait. We should have plenty of time Saturday and Sunday for touring. Why don't we just stay here tonight? This is such a cozy place."

Grayson squeezed her fingers. "One could almost say it's romantic—if one were a romantic."

She stood on her toes and kissed his nose. "Yes, if one were a romantic. Maybe we could open a bottle of wine and come back up here and make



love. And then we might have a picnic with the meats and cheeses. And then perhaps," she gave him a coy look, "we might come back up here and make love again."

"Or," he paused for effect, "we might not make it back up here after the picnic. We might make love on the kitchen table, or the living room floor, or the stairs."

"My, you can be imaginative. Shall we get the wine?"

"Do we have to?" He nuzzled her neck and skimmed his hands down her back and over her short tan skirt.

His urgency fired her desire. She reached between them and traced the outline of his hardening cock. "Wine might have to wait."

"Good. I can't. I promise some time this weekend we'll do this slow, but right now I have a very strong want to be inside you. Please, don't deprive me a moment longer than necessary."

She tugged at his belt. "I wouldn't want to be accused of depriving anyone." His pants fell to the floor and his hands worked up under her skirt. She bit her lip as her panties settled on the rug.

She backed toward the bed until she felt it against her knees. She smiled at the blatant desire burning in Grayson's eyes. Kate dipped a hand in his shorts and pulled him out. She leaned forward and wet him with her tongue and then she lay

back on the bed. He flipped her skirt up over her belly and plied her dampening pussy folds with his skilled fingers. "I'm ready," she said, hoarsely, "I want you in me."

She guided his cock to her vulva and wrapped her legs around his butt. She pulled and he pushed forward. She sighed when he entered comfortably.

His eyes glistened with that moment of triumph. Clearly he was where he wanted to be. He was where she needed him. This coupling had started quick and would end quickly. Neither she nor Grayson apparently had much patience for delayed gratification at the moment.

She crushed his mouth against hers, bruising their lips. Tongue glided over tongue as his cock pounded in and out of her. She kicked his rear with her heels urging him on. She wanted no stoppage in this quest for completion.

"Good God," he yelled, "it's already happening."

He raised his head to concentrate on and embrace his orgasm. Her fingers joined his at her clitoris. She wasn't about to be left out. Neither of them wanted that.

Her upper torso lurched off the bed. She kicked his buttocks faster. "I'm with you," she whispered. "Cripes." She arched her back and howled. "Now! Fill me, Grayson."

"Here I come." He strained against her loins.

She swore she could feel him blasting her vagina walls with white heat. And then they pumped in unison until exhaustion overtook the two of them.

Kate massaged his back through his shirt and murmured, "I hope I didn't hurt you with all my kicking."

Grayson propped himself on an elbow and smiled. "You can be my jockey any day, Kate. I love it when you lose yourself like that."

She closed her eyes, not wanting to reveal too much to him. "Well, you do seem to inspire me to lose more than I prefer."

He tickled her nose. She opened her eyes. "Now who's lying? You love it as much as I do, or you wouldn't allow it to happen." He gave her a broad smile. "You know, I bet this is the first time we've had sex without baring your boobs. I'll have to make it up to them later."

"I'm sure you will. But maybe we should straighten up our clothes and have that picnic. My boobs can wait."

"I'm not sure I can." He ran a thumb across her clothed nipple. She shivered and pushed him off her. "I don't know about you, Grayson Cosgrove, but I need to attend to maintaining my energy in order to keep pace with you on this sexual odyssey."

Grayson stood and pulled on his shorts and pants. "Take your time, Kate. I'll go down and start laying food out."

She watched him exit the room before she pushed her skirt down and reached for her panties. She picked them up only to toss them aside. They seemed superfluous for the evening. Grinning at her reflection in the mirror, she unbuttoned her blouse, removed her bra and refastened only a single button.

She stood in front of the mirror with one hand on a hip and the other lifting her skirt slightly. "Sexy," she murmured. Maybe she'd been a pinup girl in a prior life. Her large nipples pebbled, advertising their presence behind the thin blouse fabric. That ought to keep up Grayson's interest. Not that he seemed to need much prompting.

So they were back to having sex instead of making love. Oh well. Whatever they called it, she was determined to enjoy the mating process. And there was little question that having sex was much less complicated than making love.

\* \* \* \*

Grayson glanced up from slicing sausage pieces to find Kate standing in the kitchen archway. The knife slipped. "Damn," he muttered. He'd almost cut himself.

With a daunting smile, Kate stood in place. Her yellow blouse announced clearly that she'd dispensed with her bra. Two nipples taunted him. A single button kept her breasts from being on full display.

He smiled. They were incredibly sexy even partially clothed. Kate reached for her long hair. Her breasts bobbed. Then he lost sight of them when she used her hair to hide them from his sight.

Her grin widened into a sultry curve. She lifted her skirt exposing her bare pussy. He swallowed hard.

She lowered her skirt and smoothed it. "See anything you like?"

"Absolutely. But how are we going to eat—nourishing food—if you continue flashing your body in front of me?"

"Didn't want you to forget the rest of the evening," she said, joining him at the counter. "Who knows, you might have decided to go for a long walk or perhaps burrow yourself in a book."

"Not exactly what I've been imagining burrowing into." He picked up a piece of cheese and held it to her lips. She bit down on it and swallowed.

"Tasty. A nice appetizer."

"Uh, huh." Grayson selected two plates and set them on the table in the breakfast nook. Kate

carried the platter of meats and cheese. He retrieved the wine and they both sat down.

It was a simple meal, but he doubted that a six course dinner would be any more pleasing. They both knew this interlude was but a preamble to the evening, if not the weekend.

He grinned again at the sight of Kate's breasts nearly falling out of her blouse. A single button might not hold them for long. He admired Kate's daring. Gina might have been their sexual leader when they'd been a threesome, but Kate managed quite well on her own.

Flushed, he realized that he and she were well matched. They shared a sense of adventure and daring without all the false trappings of romance and sentimentality. They both excelled at the art of seduction without getting hung up on unnecessary endearments.

He watched her carefully chew a piece of sausage. She chewed slowly and thoroughly. Her eyes told him she was deliberately trying to turn him on. He reached down to straighten his erection. She'd succeeded. She reached for her wine glass and sipped delicately and then flashed her eyebrows and swallowed deeply.

"Jesus," he muttered. His cock strained for release.

She frowned. "Is it my imagination, or is it getting terribly hot in here, Grayson?" She didn't

wait for a reply but released the one button restraining her breasts; they sprang forth immediately.

Grayson gulped and watched her take the cloth that had covered the cheese, dab it in her wine glass and wet a nipple. "Ah, that's better." She leaned back in her chair. "Only problem is now it's sticky," she added with a pout. He watched her lift her breast and lower her head until she licked the nipple clean.

Clawing at his belt buckle, Grayson freed his cock from its imprisoned state and skimmed his hand over it.

Kate's eyes gleamed. "My, my you must be hot, too. Imagine that. I bet I know what you're playing with under the table." She batted an eyelash at him. "Shame on you."

"Shame on me? You're the one keeping me from finishing my meal."

"Me? I wouldn't want to do that." She used the cloth to drip more wine on her breast. "Do you want some?" she whispered.

In a nanosecond, he was laving wine off that breast. The nipple hardened more under his attention. He finished and leaned back. "That was very good, Kate. Excellent, in fact."

"I'm glad you liked it." She lifted her glass to her lips, but it never quite got there. Wine poured down between her breasts in rivulets.

"Oh, goodness!" she exclaimed, leaping to her feet and unsnapping her skirt. "How clumsy am I."

Spellbound, Grayson watched the tiny river of wine make its way down to her belly button and over her belly. It became lost in her pussy curls.

"Now I'm sticky again," she complained. "I can clean my breasts, but I may need your help. Do you think this table will hold me?"

"The table is solid oak," he growled. "It'll hold you. Hell, I'll buy them a new one if it doesn't."

"Good." She slid up on the table and lay flat, with her feet on the surface and her knees spread wide. "I hope it's not too much to ask, but while I clean my boobs, would you clean my pussy?" Ignoring him, she used both hands to bring a breast to her mouth.

Her tangle of red ringlets glistened at him. He bent down and flicked his tongue at her folds; as he expected, they weren't only damp with wine. Merlot and pussy juice made for a delectable treat and he wasn't about to disappoint his woman.

He lapped at her lips which gradually separated under his efforts. Kate moaned. Was that because of her cleaning her breasts or him cleaning her pussy? Probably both.

His tongue stilled. When the hell had Kate become his woman? And why didn't that bother him more than it did?



He smiled into her pussy and slipped a finger between her folds. Maybe her delectable pussy was part of the answer. God, how could he ever find another woman like her?

He peeked over her belly at her; she was working on her other breast. He worked two more fingers in her vagina and grinned when she lifted her legs and parted them as far as they'd go.

She moaned louder. She let her breasts go and gripped his head with both hands. He chuckled. Apparently her breasts were clean and he had her full attention.

He licked the pussy folds around his fingers and slowly worked them in and out. She widened a trifle more and he slipped his little finger in.

"Yes," she said. She guided his head and he obliged her by blowing on her extended clit. He drove all four fingers as deep as they'd go.

"Feels like you're crawling into me." Her voice strained with lust. "Wish I had more room for you."

Her hands left the back of his head; he could only assume she was playing with her nipples. He remained entirely focused on her clit and the depths of her vagina. He bit down on her clit gently and she nearly shot off the table.

"That's it, Grayson," she squealed with glee. "Here comes your after dinner drink."

He sipped her fluids from around his fingers

and then drew out one finger and the next until his mouth covered her flow. Her legs quivered beside him as he drank his fill.

He'd never had a better chaser.

Once her flow ceased, he gently lowered her legs and stood back to survey his lover. Her eyes were still closed, each hand clutched a breast, and her labia remained parted as if he needed a reminder of where he been. Her breathing slowed.

Grayson grinned and patted his softening penis. "Later," he whispered. "She won't forget to take care of you. Let her rest for a while."

\* \* \* \*

"I can't believe you let me sleep on this table all night, Grayson." Kate cocked her head to the side. A pillow had been tucked under her head and a light blanket covered her from neck to toes.

"You looked quite comfortable." Grayson shrugged. "I doubt I could've carried you upstairs."

She sat up and the blanket fell to her waist. She didn't bother to cover her breasts. "Damn, I need a shower."

"Upstairs. We do need to get going. One of the tours I wanted us to take begins in an hour."

"You could've wakened me at any time." She slid off the table. Her knees buckled. Grayson

caught her before she fell to her knees. She narrowed her eyes at him. "So how long did you stand there and stare at me before finding the blanket?"

Grayson took a step backward, clearly offended by her accusation. "It's not as if I haven't seen everything you have to offer, Kate."

"Did you jerk off watching me sleep?"

"I didn't." He scowled. "Maybe I should have."

Kate's heart stopped. "Did you take pictures?"

"What?" His look was one of incredulity.

"Did you take pictures of me naked, spread eagle on the kitchen table? That'd be something to add to your collection."

"What the hell are you talking about, lady? I hardly need a picture of you naked; I have every square inch of your body memorized."

Too late, Kate realized she'd offended him deeply. She placed a hand on his chest. "I'm sorry. I don't know what got into me. I guess I'm not used to waking up on a kitchen table having a man staring at me. If you want some relief, I can help." She felt his crotch and to her surprise he was flaccid. She arched her eyebrows, questioning.

"Don't worry about it. It's not his permanent state. Maybe he doesn't like to be accused of taking advantage of a sleeping woman." Grayson turned and with slumped shoulders made his way toward the living room. "I'm ready whenever you

are—to go touring,” he said over his shoulder.

Kate climbed the stairs slowly. Was she an idiot or just an uncaring woman seeking revenge? Why had those words stumbled out of her mouth?

She hadn’t been thinking. She’d cracked an eye open and saw Grayson standing there staring with heated intensity and what flashed through her brain was G.C. and his video camera with Luci spread-eagle on the bed.

She shook her head. She’d have to figure out a way to pay Grayson back for his kindness. She’d wronged him. She knew she had. But she was afraid this time payback would require more than her body.

It only took a couple minutes before she was standing under a small stream of lukewarm water that passed as a shower. She turned and faced the water. Maybe this was God’s way of punishing her for being so mean to Grayson. She grimaced. She doubted that was going to be enough penance.

## CHAPTER NINE

The frosty air between them had thawed a little. Grayson sat on a bench and watched Kate bend over and sniff a flower in the garden outside of Shakespeare's birthplace. She breathed deeply and smiled. Why did she have to look so lovely when she smiled?

She surely hadn't been smiling earlier when she woke up. She must've gotten out of the wrong side of the bed. But then he *had* let her sleep on the kitchen table. She'd looked so serene and sated. He'd been unable to bring himself to wake her.

And what did he get in return? Wild accusations. What kind of pervert did she think he was? He'd been with a lot of women; he'd never tried to deny that. But he'd never stooped to taking pictures of naked women while they were sleeping. Hell, he'd never taken pictures of naked women. Period.

She'd apologized several times, trying to

explain away her insinuations, but her excuses sounded hollow. Something lurked between them that he couldn't fathom. He'd sensed it before, but this morning whatever it was had burst forth in unadulterated venom.

He was hardly in a position to abandon the woman—though that thought had crossed his mind more than once during the course of the day.

He sighed. But some kind of normalcy had been regained. Kate was working harder at it than he was. Shit. They were stuck together at least for the weekend, probably another week. He'd make the best of it.

She still owed him some toe curling sex and he damn well intended for her to pay up. And maybe in the heat of passion he'd forget the pain of her earlier words—no, it had been her tone, more than her words.

She'd sounded fearful and vengeful at the same time, as if he were some kind of monster. He shook his head as she approached.

"What a beautiful garden, Grayson." She reached for his hand. "Come on, let's walk."

He stood and she tucked her arm through his. They walked across the gardens back toward their car. "So have you decided which play you want to see? Tragedy, comedy, or contemporary?"

"Contemporary is out. We didn't come all this way to miss seeing a Shakespearean play." She

squeezed his bicep. "I don't know about you, but I'm not particularly eager for a tragedy. I prefer a comedy."

"Sounds good to me. *A Comedy of Errors* is playing. I haven't seen or read that play for years; it should be fun. We've got early dinner reservations at Marlowe's. The play starts at seven-thirty."

Kate glanced at her watch. "Then we'd better head back to the cottage so we can change."

\* \* \* \*

"Being here at Stratford must bring your literature classes to life," Kate said, sorting through the few dressy items she'd brought along. She was aware that an unaccustomed strain remained between the two of them. And it was her doing.

Even now they were changing clothes awkwardly. Gone was the gentle teasing or ribald bantering. Each of them was trying to fill the space with conversation. They were behaving the way she imagined long time married couples too often behaved—civil, dispassionate.

How she longed for their passion, even with its sparks and pitfalls.

"It sure does," he concurred at last. "For a professor of English literature, coming to Stratford-upon-Avon is probably like an artist

going to Paris, or a preacher traveling to Jerusalem. You breathe the same air and walk the same ground as did those characters that attract so much of your energy."

"Can you zip me?"

"Of course. You look beautiful in green, Kate."

She acknowledged his awkward smile with her own. "Doesn't display too much cleavage?"

"Never!"

"Let me put on this necklace and I'll be ready." She watched his eyes follow the piece of fine jade that settled between her breasts. At least his passion hadn't totally dissipated.

\* \* \* \*

Kate's eyes sparkled as she took in their exquisite surroundings, causing Grayson to chuckle. Marlowe's had been built in 1595. Although it had been renovated many times across the centuries, it retained a charm that would have made Christopher Marlowe and William Shakespeare proud.

The oak paneled room, dark furniture, and crystal made for understated class. He smiled. Sort of like Kate, sitting across from him in her coral green dress that tastefully displayed her tantalizing cleavage. Red wavy tresses spilling over her shoulders framed her ivory face and gray



cat-like eyes. He'd been envious of the jade dangling between her breasts ever since she'd put on the necklace.

Kate wasn't doing anything intentionally to provoke him, yet he was as hard as he would've been if she was stark naked. Kate Noble projected a naturally seductive air. If he had his druthers, they'd race back to the cottage and forget about the play.

But Kate was so looking forward to seeing a Shakespearean play in Stratford. She'd been to England a few times, but had never made it to the Royal Shakespeare Company.

She checked her watch.

"We won't be late," he said. "I always get the woman to the church or the theater on time."

She frowned at his lame attempt at levity. They certainly needed more laughter. Maybe Shakespeare would help. "Do you want dessert?"

"Are you sure there's time?"

He glanced around the room. "Most of these folks are probably going to the theater. There's no stampede yet. Yes, I think there's time." Wasn't this the moment for one of them to say, "Let's save the dessert until later."

But neither did.

"I don't have room for much," Kate said, checking the dessert offerings. "The escalope of pork was scrumptious. How were your beef

medallions?"

"Perfect. I think I'll have Crème brûlée. How about you?"

"I'll have the same." Kate fingered her necklace. "This is so much fun. I should've done this earlier. I'll add Stratford-upon-Avon to any future trip to England. You can bet on that."

\* \* \* \*

"This is splendid," Kate whispered, her wide eyes trying to take in the entire Royal Shakespeare Theatre at once. They sat toward the back of the center main floor. She gazed up at the balcony. Patrons were streaming in. Most had dressed for the occasion; some looked like tourists. The theater and its occupants were subdued glitz. They could've been in New York, Chicago, Vegas, Paris, Amsterdam or wherever, but this was Stratford-upon-Avon. How many famous and perhaps not so famous playwrights performed here? And what about the actors and actresses?

She closed her eyes. Briefly, she felt like a little girl attending *Nutcracker* for the first time. Or a teenager on her first date. The evening could not have been better planned. She squeezed Grayson's thigh. "You've really gone overboard, Grayson. I would've been quite content with the back row of the balcony. Just to be here is a gift."

"Nonsense. I learned a long time ago if you're going to do something you ought to do it right. We're attending a play in a theater we won't often get to. We're not going to squint through glasses to see what's happening on stage."

The lights dimmed. "Here we go," Kate whispered, trying to breathe normally. In very short order she was caught up in the perils of the two Antipholuses and the two Dromios.

She laughed so hard tears coursed down her cheeks. She clutched Grayson's hand, entwining their fingers. His larger hand enfolded hers.

She listened carefully, not wanting to miss a thing because of difficulty distinguishing among British accents. She watched Antipholus of Syracuse stretch his arm and begin a lament. *"What error drives our eyes and ears amiss?"*

Kate tried not to gag. Her flesh chilled. She hoped her fingers hadn't transmitted her distress to Grayson, who still held her hand. She wanted to escape, to flee. But there was no escape route.

She sat transfixed in the middle of an enrapt throng of people, trying to clear her mind of the actor's words. Was Shakespeare roasting her from his grave? Had he written the words knowing that centuries later a most guilty woman would be sitting in a theater listening to his words accuse and condemn her?

What error? She'd falsely accused Grayson this

morning of taking pictures of her while sleeping naked on the kitchen table, of all places, but that was hardly all of it. Their entire relationship was falsely constructed on an error.

What error drove her eyes to believe Grayson was such an awful man? When in fact, he seemed so lovely? Certainly not deserving of a woman who contrived the whole time to trick him into an unwanted marriage.

She'd have to find a way to confess her misdeeds. Would that make Shakespeare happy? How many of his heroines fell from grace to ultimately be redeemed by play's end? But then there was always Lady Macbeth.

Kate hardly heard a word of the rest of the play. Woodenly, she stood and applauded along with the crowd, but her heart was no longer in it.

Seemingly aware of her change in mood, Grayson took her by the elbow and guided her to the car.

Thankfully he honored her need for silence on the ride back to the cottage. Did he think she was still not forgiving him for the morning's spat?

If he only knew, he'd surely drive directly to Heathrow and catch the first plane back to the States.

\* \* \* \*

"You seem quite subdued, Kate. Wasn't the play

to your liking?" Grayson asked, hanging up his sport jacket in the cottage bedroom closet.

Kate winced and avoided Grayson's concerned gaze. He'd already unzipped her dress and she was stepping out of it. He'd asked the same question in a variety of ways since they'd climbed the narrow stairs to the upstairs bedroom.

She knew he sensed something was still wrong between them. Fortunately, he had no idea what it was. Or how wrong things really were. "The whole evening was fantastic, Grayson. It was any woman's dream of a theater experience come true. More than I deserve." She reached for her necklace.

"Keep it on, please." Grayson unbuttoned his shirt and laid it over a chair.

She nodded and watched him shuck out of his trousers. There was an awkward uncertainty on his face. He stood there before her in his shorts waiting for her. His desire for her stood out visibly. She owed him. She owed him a lot. Much more than she could ever repay.

She unsnapped her bra and breathed a little easier at the sound of his breath catching. His reaction to her breasts always stirred her. She leaned over and slid her panties off. He licked his lips. She extended a hand to him and he accepted it. "Can you do one more thing for me tonight, Grayson?"

"Sure. What is it?"

"Love me. Just love me," she whimpered. He quickly took her in his arms. And she sobbed. Against her will, she sobbed. She had no right to sob in his arms, but she sobbed anyway.

He held her close. Thankfully, he didn't try to talk her out of the tears. And he didn't ask her to explain them. He just held her.

Her body quieted against his strong frame.

"Come, Kate. Let me love you." Grayson led her to the bed. While she lay down, he removed his under-shorts. His penis needed no further encouragement. She smiled wanly at it but remained quiet, waiting for Grayson to take the initiative.

He crawled up beside her and pecked at her nose. She smiled. He covered her smile with his lips, softly and then firmly. Her lips yielded to his request. They parted and his tongue swabbed her mouth as if it was the most precious deed he'd ever performed. His gentleness made her want to cry again, but she refused to do that. She returned his kisses.

She plied her fingers across his shoulders. He lifted hair from her neck and with his lips traced a path from her ear to her shoulder. She massaged his back.

He lifted his head. "Just lie back and enjoy, Kate. Please, let me love you just the way you

are."

His lips found her necklace chain; his tongue trailed the chain from her neck to the jade resting between her breasts. She smiled, knowing where he was headed next, and he did not disappoint. She felt his warm breath on her nipple. A palm lifted a breast bringing it to his lips as if in adoration. He licked under the breast and covered the taut nipple with his mouth.

Kate tried to breathe normally. His finger tapped at the other nipple—the one not being drawn out by his teeth. He fondled and suckled and she reveled in his touch. He couldn't have written a better love song.

He let her breasts cool in the night air as his mouth traveled lower to her belly button which he rimmed with his tongue. She parted her legs. He chuckled softly. "That's right, Kate. Let me in."

He laid his cheek on her belly and stroked the inside of a thigh. Her lips parted. She tensed, but he was being excruciatingly slow.

He grazed the erotic zone in the back of her knee. His fingers tantalized and mesmerized as they retraced the trail back up her thigh. They paused at the edge of her triangle.

"You're already moist. So swollen with desire. Swollen for me." Grayson interlaced his fingers in the tangles of hair atop her vulva. He squeezed her labia together gently and ran his fingers up

and down the length of her pussy repeatedly.

He was correct. She was wet, but she didn't trust her voice to reply. She felt his fingers becoming more slippery. Surprisingly, her pulse had slowed. She was no longer in a rush. Her body purred. It was very much alive, but she waited for Grayson to take her to wherever he was taking her.

She trusted him with her body.

A finger entered her and she moaned softly. His finger probed, exploring width and depth. She blew compressed air through her lips.

Her body wasn't going to wait much longer. Grayson must have sensed her need, for he leaned on an elbow, looked at her boldly and stroked her at a steady pace. She licked her lips. He grinned and whispered, "That's my girl. Let it build." He changed his leverage point slightly.

She closed her eyes.

"No, let me see you, please. I don't want to miss your pleasure."

She opened her eyes and nodded.

"Your G spot?" he said, as she shivered when he fingered a most sensitive area.

She nodded again, clutching the sheets in closed fists.

"Faster?"

"Please," she whimpered. "Don't make me wait any longer."



His finger moved rapidly, driving her over the edge. She arched against him and then settled.

He waited. She thought she might drown in the emotion reflected in his gaze. She nodded and he retrieved his finger.

"I love to watch you orgasm. I feel like I'm soaring with you."

"I know." She glanced down at his ready shaft. "Can you love me some more?"

She watched him skim a hand over his cock. "I was hoping you'd want more."

She parted her thighs wider still as he nestled between them. He eased his cock into her. She smiled at his gentleness.

She was so wet he entered her easily. After he seated himself she wrapped her legs around his thighs. Neither partner needed more encouraging words.

They were now speaking that ancient, classic language of lovemaking. He eased out and she lifted her pelvis to greet him anew. Their cadence wasn't frenetic. It was steady. Each time they reunited, their coupling deepened until she came softly bubbling over him.

She moaned quietly and smiled at him as he filled her without sound and fanfare. How uncharacteristic for them—no shrill shouts of triumph, no bantering. Was he as awed as she was? This lovemaking had surpassed anything she

might've imagined. Again she wanted to cry.

She succumbed to an unacknowledged need. It had been lovely. She wrapped her arms around Grayson. It was beyond lovely. For the moment, she'd become his willing sanctuary.

No words were needed. If they tried to express in words what they'd just managed to express with their bodies they risked becoming tongue tied or bogged down in trying to get just the right words out. There was no correct word to describe what had just happened between the two of them.

But Kate knew, as true as any truth she'd ever known, she'd just been loved more profoundly than ever in her life.

Had Grayson had a similar experience?

She covered her eyes with her arm. She'd bet anything that neither she nor Grayson would dare try to articulate what had just transpired.

Without pulling out of her, he rolled them onto their sides. He covered her mouth with his. She met his soft kisses with her own. He fell asleep in her arms.

She smiled to herself and nuzzled against his shoulder, welcoming the peace of sleep.

\* \* \* \*

First to awaken, Kate slipped out from under the sheets, put on a robe, and padded downstairs

where she brewed coffee and stewed over her conundrum. She checked the wall clock and groaned. It was only five-thirty.

In a matter of minutes, Kate inhaled the scent of fresh coffee and sighed. Their lovemaking last evening had been so gentle and so compassionate that she might have thought it had been purely a product of her imagination if she still weren't glowing from its aftereffects. She could still feel his lips sucking her nipples, his finger seeking passage into her hidden chamber, his coming prompting a transfusion throughout her body. There had been few words exchanged to muffle the sounds of lips smacking and flesh slapping flesh. Those images—those sounds—would remain with her until she died.

At least she had that memory.

Scowling at her coffee, Kate shuddered. She knew what she had to do. She had to confess her sins. There was no way around that now. The pinnacle they'd mounted last night made it impossible for her to simply walk away as if none of what she'd shared with Grayson had ever mattered.

Gina was right. There was no way Grayson Cosgrove could be G.C.

The shock on his face when she'd accused him of taking pictures of her sleeping naked left no doubt in her mind. This man did not videotape

young women bringing themselves off or blowing him to splash his essence across their breasts. That was beyond the realm of possibility.

If it hadn't been for last night, she might've been able to simply break things off with him when they returned to Chicago. They'd both have chalked it up as a hot affair that cooled just as rapidly as it began.

But she owed him more than that now. His expression of feeling for her, although not said aloud, made all the difference in the world. Maybe she owed it to herself more than even to him to come clean. She wasn't at heart a deceitful person. If nothing else, Grayson had to know that.

Was last night a vision of what might have been possible for the two of them? Or was it merely a sharp slap in the face with what had been lost?

She had to tell him about *The Diary* and what she'd done to entrap him.

Tears blurred her vision. In the telling of her story, she'd lose the one man she'd ever really loved. Naming her feelings for him made it impossible to go on. She wouldn't, she couldn't carry on their relationship based on a lie. When she told him her original intention he'd leave in disgust. And she could hardly blame him.

The front door to the cottage opened and a young blonde woman stepped through the door humming an off-key tune and carrying a basket.

The woman spied Kate and halted.

"I'm sorry, mum. I'm Annie, the maid. I've brought your breakfast. I didn't expect you'd be up yet." Quickly recovering from her shock, the blonde girl flashed Kate a warm smile. "Let me set this food in the kitchen and I'll be out of your way."

"No need to rush. I'm Kate and I couldn't sleep any longer and came down for my morning shot of caffeine."

"I understand. And there are days the professor sleeps in."

The maid was not unattractive and was rather amply endowed. Kate shivered from a sudden chill. The woman fit Grayson's preferences quite nicely. "So you know the professor well?"

Annie gave her a knowing look that perhaps only women could decipher. "Not the way you mean. But I've known the professor since I came to work at the manor. So that must be going on six years by now. He's a regular guest, you know."

"A regular?"

Annie's head bobbed up and down. "Usually in the summer. He'll stay a week to two months. Two years ago he spent the entire fall here. He was on some kind of vacation from his teaching."

"A sabbatical?"

"That's right. That's what he called it. He can be a moody man, but he's always been a gentleman.

Sometimes he'll chatter away like a chipmunk and other times he'll be sullen and not say a word for days. I never quite know which professor to expect."

Kate poured more coffee into her cup and pointed to a cup for Annie.

"No, no. I must be going. I have much more to do before everyone is up."

Kate waved at Annie as the maid headed for the door. The woman stopped and turned back to her. "It was nice meeting you, Kate. And I'm glad the professor brought you. I've always felt that what he needed most was a good woman."

"Doesn't he always have a woman with him?"

The maid looked aghast. "Never!"

"Never?" Kate couldn't keep disbelief from her voice.

Annie drew herself up on her toes. "Never. I'd know if he had a woman with him. He's always writing. Sometimes he doesn't go out for days. I don't think that good's for him."

Kate frowned trying to make sense of the picture Annie was drawing of Grayson. He was much more complex than she'd imagined, but then she'd begun to see that for herself.

"So," Annie said with a broad smile. "You must be something special, Ms. Kate, for our good professor to bring you to his sanctuary."

Kate opened her mouth to speak but couldn't.

She waved back at Annie who had gone to the door and let herself out.

Grayson Cosgrove spent weeks—no, months—without a woman? So who was the enigma? Did he really think she was special?

She had felt special last night. Kate groaned. Special or not, the maid's comments only reinforced her resolve to make her confession to Grayson. When and where?

Not here. Not at Stratford-upon-Avon. She didn't want a bad taste in her mouth or his when they thought back to this weekend.

Should she wait until they returned to Chicago? That'd probably be the fairest. He could storm out of his house and never come back. And that would be the end of it.

Kate winced. But she didn't want it to end.

What if she told him before they left London? He'd get just as angry. But he couldn't immediately go on a rampage and be out of her life.

Cunningly, Kate narrowed her eyes. She shouldn't do it. But given the magnitude of her transgressions thus far, this one would be minor. She'd make sure she held on to their plane tickets and passports. She'd make sure he couldn't run and hide forever.

But that's exactly what *she* wanted to do. And how could she face him once she told him what

she'd done? She'd have to. He deserved an opportunity to thoroughly chastise the woman who'd set out to ravage his reputation. And if she didn't face him, didn't let him vent his rage, there wouldn't be even the remotest chance for a reprieve.

But when? She'd talk with him Monday night or Tuesday morning. Then, she'd have three days remaining to see if anything positive could be salvaged from her folly.

Three days would remain between her self-abasement and her future.



## CHAPTER TEN

The small hotel suite began to crowd Grayson. He sat in the straight-backed chair staring at the blank page on his computer screen. He might as well face it, he wasn't about to do any productive writing until he found out what was eating away at Kate.

One minute she was boiling hot and the next she was ice cold. He hadn't found words yet adequate to describe their lovemaking Saturday night. They hadn't talked about it.

He'd been on the verge of commenting, but held back. Maybe she was running scared. If so, he didn't want to frighten her even more. Was she afraid to analyze the feelings that had surfaced in that rustic cottage near Stratford?

Grayson cringed. He wasn't at all certain he was ready for that. But they shouldn't just ignore what happened, either. There was something not right about that. He wasn't any more eager to

name those feelings than she apparently was.

Still, he'd thought he'd been in love before. There, he'd said the damn word—at least to himself. Yet what he felt for Kate and what he received from her was much, much more than he'd ever experienced. It was as if they'd shared an epiphany in that cottage. He wasn't about to jump head over heels into another marriage, but he wasn't prepared to run away from Kate, either. No way.

But was she running from him? They hadn't made love since Saturday night. She'd found one reason or another to hold him at bay.

It wasn't that he expected they could replicate that night, but at least they shouldn't avoid each other. There were mountaintop experiences and then life went on. He was ready for their lives to go on. Why wasn't Kate?

She remained skittish—about him? About herself? About them?

He'd have to be cautious, but he was going to get to the bottom of whatever was gnawing her. They had too much to lose to let it fritter away on an English holiday.

\* \* \* \*

Grayson turned at the sound of the key in the suite door. Bedraggled, Kate stepped into the room and

gave him a tiny smile.

"Hi," she said, walking to the bathroom.

He closed down his laptop computer and packed it in its carrying case. He looked up when Kate reentered the room. She'd changed from her dressy clothes into cutoffs and a red blouse. She'd tied her hair up and looked ready to do battle.

It hadn't gone unnoticed that she'd changed clothes in the bathroom rather than in front of him. Once again she was keeping him at arm's length. "So how was your day," he asked, keeping his voice even. He got up and sat in one of the two soft chairs in the room.

"Could've been worse," she replied, opening the small fridge door and pulling out a bottle of water. "You want some?"

"Sure." She tossed him a bottle and sat across from him in the other chair. Only a small round table separated them, but it might as well be the Atlantic Ocean.

"So how was your day?" she asked, hardly making eye contact.

He shrugged. "Didn't make much progress on my writing. Guess I'm a little distracted."

"Maybe my being around isn't conducive to your writing." She pulled on her nose. He recognized it as a delaying tactic. "So what are you writing? I've never really heard."

Another delaying tactic. What he was writing

wasn't bothering her. "You've never asked. Nothing of much consequence, I suppose. It's a piece of erotica."

Her eyebrows flared. At least he'd gotten her attention. "Really. You mean like the stuff you teach?"

He chuckled. "My work won't likely be confused with the giants of erotic literature. Most of what I write is considered light erotica. I don't dwell on the dark side. I like my characters to enjoy happy endings." He gave her a small grin. "I think they appreciate that."

"So you've published some of your work?"

"Some. More sits in my desk than on library shelves."

"So are you writing about us?"

Her query was innocent enough. She was still buying time, avoiding whatever was bothering her. "Not directly. I imagine most people I encounter impact my writing."

"Especially women?"

"Especially women."

"What are you working on now, Grayson?" She eyed him directly. "Is it about a man and a woman sharing a hotel suite in London?"

Grayson shook his head. "Sorry to disappoint you, but it follows the fairly time worn format of a diary."

Kate's eyebrows knitted together. Her face

drained of color. She clutched her water bottle with both hands. Her knuckles whitened. She couldn't look more distraught if he'd told her someone died.

"What is it, Kate? What's the matter? You've been acting strange since Sunday morning, at least. Was it our lovemaking Saturday night?" He scowled. "I won't have you demeaning that. That was incredible. That's something to be cherished, not to run away from. What are you afraid of, Kate? What did I do?"

"You didn't do anything," she said, in a strained tiny voice, "that's the problem."

He wanted to reach across the small space separating them to wipe away her tears, but he refrained from doing so. "That doesn't make any sense, Kate. Talk to me."

"I will. I have to." Kate turned away from him and then back. "First, tell me about the diary you're writing. Is it your diary?"

"Of course not. The narrator is a fictional guy created of my own imagination. Oh, I imagine there's a part of me in him, but that's true for all my characters."

"So it's a male narrator," she said in a whisper.

"Yes, that's what I just said." He wasn't pleased to hear his voice rise. He paused and breathed deeply. "So what is this about, Kate? Tell me."

"Oh, all right. I don't have a choice. I've been

trying to figure out how best to tell you." Her mouth scrunched and she visibly held back a sob. "But there's no way to soften what I have to tell you. It was *The Diary* that brought us together in the first place."

"What?" A chill knifed up his spine. "Do you want to explain that? *The Diary* is the name of my book, but you were never in a position to see it. Pieces have been shared in my class, but hard copies are kept at home and my working draft is on my computer."

"No, no. Not that diary," Kate wailed. "My sister's diary."

"You're talking in circles, Kate. Is there a beginning point to your story or do I have to drop into it and figure it out by myself?"

"Don't get angry yet. I have to do this my way." She coughed. "There'll be plenty for you to be angry about when you know what I've done."

"Okay." He leaned back in his chair and steepled his hands. "I'm all ears. How did your sister's diary bring us together? And even if it did, how does that matter? We're together. We've had some great times—and there could be even more."

"Perhaps. I'll try to be quick. My sister, Luci, left town without telling me where she was going or why." He frowned. "That in itself is not unusual," she hurried on, "but when I went to water her plants. I found her diary in a stack of

papers."

"You make of habit of searching you sister's things? How old is she?"

"She's twenty-four. And I don't make a habit of searching her things." She paused, reconsidering. "I've been her stand-in mom since she was eleven. Maybe I do pry too much. But I found her diary."

"And you didn't like what you read?"

"Right. It's a chronicle of her sexual escapades with an older man, a professor of English."

Grayson's pulse slowed. "Go on."

"His initials are G.C."

"And you thought..."

Kate held up his hand. "Please, let me finish. This is hard enough to do without you interrupting. Gina and I thought you were G.C."

"Ah yes, Gina. She had to be in the middle of this debacle somewhere. Go on. What were you going to do once you identified the professor?"

His eyes widened. "Ah. So I was the prey for the avenging older sister/stand-in mother. The protector of her brood." He snickered. "What a joke."

"But G.C. made her do all kinds of kinky things. And she thought he loved her. And she ran away because he wouldn't ask her to marry him." Kate sniffled. "Luci might even be pregnant."

Grayson crossed his arms over his chest. "So what was the plan? Trap me into marrying you?"

She turned beet red. "That was it wasn't it? I'd propose. And you'd leave me jilted at the altar."

She nodded. "Something like that. But you're not G.C."

"No, I'm not. But I'm curious how you discerned this important grain of truth."

"Gina didn't think you'd ever been in a threesome." Kate sobbed and he watched her fight for control. "You were shocked when I accused you of taking pictures of me sleeping naked on the kitchen table at Stratford. And...and, you're just too damn kind and considerate to be G.C. He is a monster." Kate swallowed hard. "And you're not."

"Thanks for that belated vote of confidence. So tell me, Kate, did you think you had to fuck me in the ass and get me into a threesome to convince me that I couldn't live without you?"

Slowly, she nodded her head. "Gina said you had the reputation that fit with Luci's G.C. And Luci's a student in your department. And you go through women like they're grains of sand." She scowled. "Or at least we thought you did."

Grayson laughed dryly. "That's my persona. I work at it. It keeps marriage hungry women at bay." He glared hard at her. "At least most of them." He paused. "But I spilled punch on you, not the other way around."

"We made sure you were invited and that you



saw us. That you spilled punch on me was a bonus. We would've wrangled a date out of you one way or another and then I was on my own."

"Sort of. Tell me, Gina says she's the only woman you've been with. Is that correct?"

Kate nodded.

"Were you with her before you made the false connection between me and this G.C. guy?"

She shook her head.

"Jesus, you are really one determined woman when you want to cut a guy's balls off."

Kate began to shake. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to hurt you."

"But you did mean to hurt G.C."

She nodded. "Absolutely! The bastard!"

Grayson couldn't believe how calm he was about all of this. He knew himself well enough to know that he was still on a fact finding mission. He'd shut most of his emotions in an airtight closet. He'd revisit them when he found out everything he needed to know. "Tell me about your sister. Is she a graduate student or an undergraduate?"

"She's a junior."

"Hah," he said, leaning forward. "If you'd done your research skillfully Ms. Avenger, you would've discovered that I never get involved with undergraduates. That's against my code."

"I didn't know." Her shoulders sagged. "That

would've saved us a lot of trouble. I don't have many contacts at the university, but I was trying to get in to see Pamela Harper at the Art Department."

"Too bad you didn't. She would've confirmed my story. So what does it feel like now, Kate, to know that you degraded yourself with the wrong guy?"

She shook her head and blubbered.

But he was on roll. It was his turn to give back some of what he'd gotten. "Not that I didn't enjoy the ride, Ms. Noble. You are damn good in bed. If I were looking for a human sex toy with no feelings, you'd be right at the top of the list." He ignored her gasp. "What does it feel like to know that you deceived a man who didn't deserve your lying, conniving ways?"

She shook her head and blubbered some more.

He rose to his feet. "I've got to get out of here, Kate. I don't know when I'll be back. Don't wait up for me. I don't know if I will be back." He paused. "Maybe I should come back. You still owe me, you know. I still haven't fucked you in the ass."

Tears flowed down her cheeks. "I know I owe you. I know I've wounded you deeply. I'm sorry, but I know that doesn't make things right. If you want to fuck my ass, go ahead. Maybe that will make us even."

"Hardly, lady." Grayson leaned over and grabbed her by the chin. "You took more than my ass, woman. You took part of my heart. You tell me, how the hell do I get that back?"

She shook her head and grew paler.

He spun on his heel and without a backward glanced stalked toward the door. He opened it and quietly shut it behind him.

\* \* \* \*

Mortified, Kate threw herself across the bed. She'd done it. She'd confessed and now he'd walked out on her. She'd been surprised that he'd stayed as long as he had.

He'd be back. She still had their plane tickets and passports tucked in her purse.

She imploded. There was nothing to do but wait. If he wanted to go home early she'd give him his ticket and passport.

She was done trying to trap him.

If he wanted her ass, she'd give that to him, too. Gladly. Maybe that was to be her penance.

She frowned. But what about his heart? What had he meant by that? It was *her* heart that was missing pieces.

\* \* \* \*

Blurry eyed, Grayson sat in the dark corner of a small pub and nursed his beer. With an air of detachment, he watched a tall blonde in a black micro-skirt with ample breasts and nipples showing through a nearly transparent white blouse approach his table.

"You look like you could use some company, bloke," she said, smiling and showing lots of teeth. "I've got the time if you're willing. Buy me a drink and we can have some fun."

Grayson stared at the dusky nipples getting larger with each passing moment. Wouldn't that serve his deceptive redhead right?

He pictured Kate purring under his body Saturday night and he sighed heavily. Putting her out of his mind wasn't going to be that easy. He shook his head at the blonde.

He didn't know if she was amateur or professional, but it hardly mattered. "Don't bother to sit down," he said gruffly. "Nobody's going to satisfy me tonight. Don't even try."

"That sounds like a challenge." Her smile didn't change. And then she shrugged. Something in his eyes must have stopped her. "I get the message. No problem. A girl's got to try now and then."

"Try somebody else."

"You don't have to be belligerent about it."

"Don't mean to offend. Just let me be."

He watched the shapely ass sashay away from him. Good riddance. Too bad it wasn't as easy brushing off Kate Noble.

He lifted the beer stein and swallowed deeply. What a mess. What a fucking mess. He couldn't have come up with that plot if he spent months thinking about it.

He'd sure like to meet Kate's sister. Hadn't Gina referred to her as a half sister? Didn't matter. She'd gotten a few people in a ton of trouble because she didn't take better care of her private diary.

Grayson glared at no one in particular. The girl had to have known her snoopy older sister would find it. Even Kate admitted in a half-assed way that she'd poked around her sister's things before. And her sister didn't sound like a dummy.

So why did she want Kate to stumble across her diary? There seemed little question that if Kate saw it she'd read it.

Was the sister crying for help? That would probably be Kate's take if it ever occurred to her *The Diary* might have been left on purpose. Was there any other plausible reason?

He wanted to hear more about *The Diary*. He'd actually like to read it.

Seemed like he'd earned that right. And what about G.C.? Had someone set him up? Was it coincidental that he was the only English

professor in the department with those initials?

Who the hell was this little sister? And what was her game?

Grayson shrank back into his chair. Was the damn diary even for real, or was it pure fiction?

And why had Kate jumped to the conclusion that he was G.C? He shook his head; he couldn't entirely blame her for that. He had enjoyed carving out the image of the rake.

It not only kept the marrying women at arms' length, it didn't hurt attracting graduate students to his erotica literature class. But she should have checked her sources better. She should've asked him.

How was that possible if the woman had been bent on revenge?

She'd certainly gone to great lengths to set him up and avenge her sister. Jesus, she'd even slept with a woman to prepare for him. She'd fucked his ass—he still warmed at that memory. She'd invited him to fuck her ass. How far would she have gone to get him to the altar? Did she have any boundaries?

Grayson emitted a raw laugh. Maybe he should stay in the game and find out. She was so damn guilty she'd do anything he asked. Anything!

But he'd never taken advantage of a woman knowingly before, and he couldn't begin with Kate Noble.

Grudgingly, he admired her tenacity. Gina was right. Kate was probably quite traditional. Her sister, wittingly or unwittingly, had certainly pried her out of that mold.

Grayson smiled grimly. And he'd been the beneficiary. Not the intentional beneficiary, though. She'd deceived him. From her perspective, no doubt justifiably. Until she figured out he wasn't G.C. And then he started to gnaw at her.

He liked that image. A lot.

A waitress dropped off two more beers. He nodded. So Kate was back in the suite wondering how he was going to dispose of her. She said she wouldn't blame him for whatever he decided. Was her ass warming in anticipation?

But he hadn't decided what to do with her. The choice should be simple. Run like hell.

Yet while some matters were clearer after having time to think, others remained opaque. He needed more information. He wanted to know how much of this her sister had foreseen.

To what extent had Kate been an innocent pawn in her sister's game?

Even Kate admitted she'd come to enjoy the game—at least, *their* game. Had he had anything to do with that? Or would any man have served her purposes?

And then there was Saturday night. He'd bet a

year's salary that her feelings for him had run strong and deep that night. Had she blotted that out as if it hadn't happened or didn't matter?

He wasn't about to say much to her about that night. She'd probably have left him hanging. But he wouldn't soon forget it. She'd touched his soul in ways that he hadn't known possible.

That hadn't been a woman trying to set him up for a great fall.

Grayson left one beer stein full when he stood to leave. He needed to get back to Kate. Hopefully the walk back to the hotel would clear his head. He'd need his wits about him to spar with his redheaded spitfire.

Perhaps that was the saddest part of the whole day. He'd witnessed Kate's fire extinguishing before his eyes.

Did they have enough left to rekindle that fire? He wasn't convinced he wanted that. But he needed more answers. He needed to stay in the game long enough to get those answers and to discover who was playing puppeteer—Kate, or her sister.

And then he'd decide what to do next.

\* \* \* \*

When he entered the bedroom suite, Kate lay on her back on the bed. She hadn't changed clothes



even though it was well past midnight.

She stared at him through swollen red eyes. He glanced at the table by the bed. His lips turned up in a grim smile at the sight of his airline ticket and passport. At least she wasn't going to try to hold him captive.

She didn't get up. He sat in a soft chair. "So tell me more about your sister, Kate."

"What do you want to know?" Kate's voice was scratchy, no doubt from crying. She moved to lean against the headboard. "She goes to the university and works at a boutique."

"And she's in my English department?"

"Yes. She's an English major."

Grayson rubbed the back of his neck. "How can that be? I should know all the English majors. I've never come across a Noble."

"Her last name isn't Noble. It's Parry."

Grayson slammed his palm against his forehead and lurched to his feet. "Luci Parry."

Kate nodded and scowled.

"I never touched her, Kate." He was nearly yelling. "You've got to believe that!"

"I do." Her shoulder slumped. "And I want you to know that I'm not your run of the mill liar."

Grayson laughed without sarcasm. "I doubt you're a run of the mill anything. So Luci Parry is your sister." He raised an eyebrow. "Some puzzle pieces may be falling into place."

"What do you mean?" she asked, suddenly alert.

"Your petite sister is hardly innocent of the ways of the world. She's in my erotica class."

Kate looked confused. "But I thought you had a rule against undergraduates being in your class."

"I do, but there are exceptions to most rules." He held up his palm. "But there are no exceptions to my rule about not screwing around with undergraduates." He saw Kate breathe easier.

She knew he wasn't G.C. — but there was room for relapse. He had to get to the bottom of this to clear his name once and for all. "Your sister is one of the brightest English majors we've had in years. When she petitioned the department chair to get into my graduate level class, I got a lot of pressure to concede. I did, and I never regretted that decision until now. Luci has been an excellent contributor in the classroom and she writes thorough essays without a lot of excess verbiage."

"So how does Luci's being in your class help solve the puzzle you're working on? And what puzzle are you working on?" Kate waved an arm in apparent frustration.

It was pleasing to see some renewed animation in her. "Kate, I have an assignment in my erotica class entitled, 'The Diary.'"

Kate's mouth fell open and her hand flew to cover it. He waited for his words to sink in.

"You mean it might not be real? Luci's diary might be fiction?"

"That'd be my guess, though she's probably drawing some from experience. I'd like to take a look at it. I should be able to discern if it's fiction or fact. I've read many of these 'diaries' over the past several years. And of course in the classroom we've used first person erotica as sources for writing guidelines."

"You mean..." Kate jolted upright. "All of this." She spread her arms wide in disbelief. Grayson thought he could see Irish steam coming from her ears. "All of this may have been a charade. There was nothing to avenge."

"I won't be sure until I see the manuscript."

"But why would she use the initials, G.C. and write about an older English professor?"

"You tell me."

Kate clambered off the bed. She paced back and forth ignoring Grayson. "Jesus H. Christ. Did she know I'd find *The Diary*? It wasn't in plain sight."

"But you have keen sight when it comes to your sister's things," Grayson prompted softly.

Kate nodded.

"She probably didn't have to wonder too hard whether you'd read it or not."

Kate's brow furrowed and shook her head. "But why would she do anything like that?" She hugged herself tight. "That seems so farfetched.

But then there are a few off handed remarks about an interfering older sister. She thinks I need to find my own love life and not live vicariously through hers." Her eyes widened as she gawked at him. "Oh my God!"

Kate covered her mouth with both hands and fell to her knees. Grayson hoped she wasn't going to throw up.

She looked up at him through a mix of anger and fear. "Did she set us up?"

"Possibly."

"But why?"

"Let me read *The Diary* and I may be able to help sort all of this out. Thus far we are speculating. There's no proof. Do you have *The Diary* with you?"

"Of course not. It's still back at home."

"Damn. We have to wait."

"So now what?" Kate's voice quaked.

He stared down at her kneeling before him. Was she in the position of the suppliant, or was she wanting to blow his cock? What she'd done was blow his mind. He rifled his hair with shaking fingers. "I'm not sure. We can't look at her manuscript for another three days."

He gave her a quirky smile. "That leaves us in limbo, doesn't it?"

She nodded. He reached for her hand. "Get up, Kate. You look like you're in a confessional. I'm no

damn priest." She grabbed his hand and he helped her to her feet. "It's awfully late to try to figure everything out between us, Kate. I know you'd like it all tied up in a neat little package. But I can't do that right now. Let's see how we feel in the morning."

"Okay." Her eyes flitted away and then back to his. "Thank you for trying to listen and not running away immediately."

Grayson started unbuttoning his shirt. "Now, how was I going to do that with you holding the airline tickets and passports?"

"You could have taken them." She jutted out her jaw.

"Yes, I could have. But I didn't want to. I needed time to think. I said some fairly harsh things to you, Kate, and I'm sorry."

"No, I'm the one who is sorry."

"Well, the whole saga is a bit sad." He winked at her. "But I'm not sure I would've wanted to have missed any of it."

He shucked his trousers and left his shorts on. "Get undressed and come to bed, Kate. I don't think either one of us will think any better in the morning if we spend the night on the floor."

"I'll try. I'll be a minute." She headed toward the bathroom.

He managed to stay awake until she climbed in beside him. She stretched out facing away from

him. He smiled at the tank top and bikini panties she wore. This might be the first time they'd been in a bed clothed.

"Grayson," she muttered.

"Yes."

"Do you think you could hold me a little?"

"Sure." He gathered her in his arms. Her body shook. His cock found its natural home in the crease of her buttocks.

"If you want to screw me, go ahead. I realize I owe you a lot. You can take my ass. I don't care."

Grayson snuggled closer. "If we screw again, Kate, it'll be because we both want to. Just like it always has been."

"Okay," she said, and planted kiss on his arm. And then she lay still.

Her scent filled his nostrils. Maybe he'd fall asleep or maybe he'd spend the entire night filling his senses with the feel and scent of his woman.

\* \* \* \*

Kate woke to the smell of freshly brewed coffee. When had she finally fallen asleep? She'd been touched by Grayson's willingness to hold her. She doubted that he'd gotten much more sleep than she had. But he'd managed to conjure up some coffee. She might be able to face him after half a dozen cups.

She cracked an eye open. No such luck.

"Good morning, sleepy head. Rise and shine." Grayson looked way too cheerful given their predicament. "What time do you have to be at the gallery?"

She glanced at the clock. "An hour and a half. Or I could call, I guess. Why?"

"I've got a plan to propose."

"Okay," she said, sitting up and accepting the coffee he handed her.

"Don't sound so eager. I'm not going to chop your head off."

"That's a relief, I guess." She tried to smile but doubted she was very successful.

"All right. I'll cut to the heart of the matter. We are in a rather awkward situation. We won't get back to Chicago for a couple more days to begin sorting out what is actually going on. I could get another room."

She nodded.

"Or we could stay together."

She nodded again.

"Do you have a preference?"

"Do you?"

"I asked you first."

"Together," she managed to whisper.

"Good, me too. But you know what together means."

"I think so. I'll do whatever you want me to do

in bed." She saw him glower. "That's okay with me, Grayson. Christ, I owe you. Whatever you want." Her skin chilled at the sight of his rapacious smile. "I'm not sure I can do whips and chains."

"No." He laughed at her distress. "It won't be that way. Yes, I do propose that we do take a step or two back and enjoy the fantastic sex we are capable of having. We might as well have some fun as we attempt to sort things out. And isn't that what we've been having? Fun. Even before you knew I wasn't G.C."

"Yes," she felt herself flush, "that surprised me. I didn't anticipate enjoying any of this."

Grayson chuckled. "I'm glad you surprised yourself. But I'm an equally willing partner. I'm not into servitude, though. If you want chains and whips, you'll have to find someone else."

"Maybe I deserve them," she whimpered.

"Kate. Don't even think it. Let's take this a little bit at a time. We'll have breakfast. We'll each work. Have dinner—maybe an early or a late one and see what happens. Whatever happens has to feel natural for both of us."

"But will it? How can we turn the clock back? What we've had was a charade. You know now that I set out to deceive you."

"Yes, I do. And I've heard your confession. And I expect we were both set up. And now I want to



move on.

"Kate, it may only be great sex, but let's not give that up until one of us tires of the other." He squinted at her. "I've not tired of you. Have you tired of me?"

"No way!"

"Good." His smile split his face. "Then, until evening." He leaned over and briefly kissed her breast through the thin tank top. He spun away before she could react. "Better get dressed fast, Kate, or neither one of us will get any work done today."

Thrilled, Kate allowed herself to float to the bathroom. She changed clothes wishing she didn't have to go to the gallery. Grayson had shown far more understanding than she expected or deserved, but she knew their arrangement would last only as long as it took to sort out whether Luci had been behind all of this or whether she was merely an innocent bystander.

If Luci had done this purposely, she was going to wring her little sister's neck. How many years would she get in prison for that?

Whatever it was, it might be worth it. Where the hell was Luci? Kate frowned at herself in the mirror. She did hope Luci wasn't in danger. If Grayson's suspicions were correct, Luci had never been in danger. The little bitch.

## CHAPTER ELEVEN

Glancing at the kitchen clock for the sixth time, Luci Parry decided it wasn't too early to place her call. She held her breath and punched the numbers.

"Hello."

"Gina, this is Luci Parry."

"Well, if it isn't the wayward sister. I was wondering when you'd show your pretty face again. Have you talked to Kate yet?"

"No, that's why I'm calling you. She's not answering her phone. She has some damn vague message on her gallery number. So what's up?"

"Isn't that the question I should be asking you?"

"Maybe. So where is she?"

"She's in London."

"London! For how long?"

"She should be back sometime later this week."

"Is she alone?"

"Nope."

"Who?"

"Someone you probably know. A professor. Grayson Cosgrove."

Luci fingers trembled. "Oh my God, she didn't go abroad with him."

Only silence filled her ear.

"She wasn't supposed to get that involved with the guy. He'll dump her like sawdust and that'll only set her back."

"They looked quite fine when I left them last Thursday."

"You were with them?" She was unable to keep incredulity from her voice.

She heard a low chuckle.

"Why? What?"

"I think you're getting the picture."

"You and my sister! Kate, in a three-way!" Luci leapt to her feet and twisted the phone cord around her torso. "Holy shit! What have I done?"

Gina chortled gaily. "Given me some grand memories for one thing."

"But...Grayson will chew Kate up and spit her out."

"Oh, I think Kate is holding her own in that department. How did you know to call me, Luci?"

"I've watched you stop by my apartment to water the plants twice."

"Ah. So you are in the city?"

"I never left. I need to talk with you, Gina. Kate may be in real danger. I hadn't planned for Grayson to keep his hooks in her this long." Luci screwed up her courage. "Can we meet for a drink after work?"

Again there was a pause. Was she being too bold? Luci shrank into her own skin. She chewed her lower lip. *Don't say no, Gina. It's taken me so long to get up the nerve to come after you. Don't reject me before I even have the chance to seduce you.* She waited, imagining Gina naked.

She'd spied on the tall brunette more than once when she'd stayed overnight at her sister's house. She must have been fifteen the first time. Goodness, when had Gina and Kate hooked up? Surely, Gina must've been the seducer. Kate would never be so bold as to go after her best friend.

"Gina, are you still there?"

Did she sound too breathless? Too eager?

"Sure. I'd be happy to get together with you, Luci. It's been a year or longer since I've seen you. Why don't you stop by my place?"

Luci thought she detected a slight catch in Gina's voice. Then she heard a low sultry tone say, "This place is much more private than a restaurant or a coffee shop, don't you think? We'll be able to relax and talk more freely."

"Excellent! I'm looking forward to seeing you

again, too. There is so much I want to share with you."

"Uh, huh. I'll be all ears. We'll have our own little show and tell—just you and me. Why don't you drop by around seven o'clock?"

"I'll be there. Bye."

"I'll be ready for you." Gina's voice had become a seductive purr. "Bye."

Luci hung up the phone and pounded the air with her fist. Oh, she had much more to show than tell.

But she'd bet that Gina already knew that. Gina's place was perfect. Much better than the dump she'd been renting by the week. And she couldn't risk entertaining at her own apartment until things with her sister were resolved.

So Gina had fucked Kate and Grayson. That must've been a trip. How long had Gina and Kate been an item? Had they been having an affair right under her nose? How could that be?

No matter. Now, it was her turn. Would Gina feel blessed or put upon when the younger sister went on the prowl? Given the tone of Gina's voice, she might also be on the prowl.

Luci crushed her breasts with her arms. She could hardly wait. There wasn't anything she could do about her sister until Kate returned to Chicago.

But she sure had plans for Gina. Was she

stealing her from her sister? Nah, Gina never stuck with anyone for long. Besides, it sounded like Sister Kate had her hands full.

\* \* \* \*

Stroking Grayson's cock with both hands, Kate avoided eye contact trying to conceal her nervousness. She wasn't exactly convinced that they could go back to when sex had been purely fun, but she was willing to try if that's what Grayson wanted. His hardening cock attested to a certain level of willingness on Grayson's part.

After they'd returned to the suite from dinner, they'd sat in the cushioned chairs and sipped wine. There hadn't been much conversation. Perhaps Grayson was also a little anxious about what would happen next.

At last, he'd asked her to take the lead. Maybe that was part of her punishment. It did seem right that she make the first overtures, though that was proving somewhat difficult.

She'd knelt between his legs. With some effort and help from Grayson, she'd removed his pants and under-shorts. She'd also discarded her bra and blouse because Grayson so appreciated her breasts. Even now she warmed, acknowledging his unspoken praise.

She stared up at him and enfolded his cock

between her breasts and worked them up and down the length of his shaft.

"That's a sight I wouldn't want to forget." He grinned sadly.

She looked down at the head of his cock peeking out from between her breasts. "Me either."

She craned her neck and flicked her tongue at the reddish bulb. It flinched away and then back, seeking more attention. She chuckled and cupped his balls. His eyes widened and she squeezed gently.

"Ah, woman." He sighed heavily. "You're too damn good. Let's slow down."

Kate leaned away from him freeing his cock from her breasts, but she kept her fingers wrapped around him. At the moment, it was the anchor that kept the two of them bonded.

"I'll want to be deep inside you soon, Kate. Why don't you prepare yourself? I'd like to watch."

Kate nodded. While holding his cock in one hand, she unzipped her skirt and cast it and her panties aside. She sat back on her haunches and opened her thighs, giving Grayson a clear view while not giving up her hold on his penis.

She used her free hand to palm her mound. The unabashed hunger in Grayson's eyes fed her soul. All was not lost; at least not yet.

She slid a finger down her moist folds to her opening. She arched her pelvis and inserted the finger into her heat. Her eyes were tightly shut.

Thankfully, Grayson hadn't demanded she keep them open. He could, no doubt, see her finger probing her pussy, but she didn't want him peering into her soul. Not this time.

She began skimming his cock in concert with her finger. Grayson's hand covered hers and prevented more movement. She peeked at him and continued sawing in and out of her vagina. Grayson nodded his encouragement.

"Do it," he muttered. "I want to watch you bring yourself past boiling."

Kate licked her lips and tossed her head to the side. He wouldn't have long to wait. She was already coming. It wasn't big. But it was like receiving a drink of cool water after surviving a trek across a hot desert.

She eased her finger out of herself and opened her eyes and stared at Grayson, who was smiling down at her. He reached for her finger and brought it to his mouth. Tenderly, he cleaned it of her juices.

"Welcome back," he said. "It's been too long. How do you want me?"

Kate didn't hesitate. "Let's change places." Grayson stood and she knelt in the chair facing away from him. She wiggled her butt with its



primal invitation.

"My favorite ass," Grayson said, squeezing her butt cheeks. "You're a clever woman, Kate. This position avoids eye contact."

Kate didn't look over her shoulder, but she did nod. "That may be best for the first time." She spread her knees until they were wedged against the chair arms.

Grayson stood behind her and ran the tip of his penis up and down the crevice of her buttocks. He palmed her pussy and brought the head of his cock to its entrance. He scraped his fingers down the length of her back and she arched against him.

"Too long," he muttered. Grabbing her by the shoulders and lurching forward, he impaled her abruptly and fully.

Kate yelped at the sudden invasion and then moaned her pleasure. She hadn't realized how empty she'd been. She rested her head against the back of the chair and fought back tears. Grayson reached around and caressed a breast.

She pushed back, squirming against him. She didn't want him to prolong matters too long.

She heard his soft chuckle. "Okay, we'll do things your way."

He began to move in and out of her. Kate's breath caught in her throat; it was a powerful position. There were moments when it felt like her vagina couldn't contain all of him.

Like a skilled artist he played with her mounting orgasm. He brought her close and then backed off. He nearly pulled out and then slammed all the way in. She was pure receptacle.

About all she could do was squeeze down on him. He wasn't in a hurry. Why was she?

Perhaps sensing her distress, he murmured, "How are you doing, Kate?"

"Fine. If you want to do my ass, you can." He couldn't hold back long if he were in her ass.

"Not now. You seem to be perseverating about that, Kate. Maybe you're more excited by that possibility than I am." He squeezed her butt cheek and pistoned quickly in and out of her pussy.

If he kept talking, she wouldn't last long either. "Maybe," she gasped, as he drove in. "At least touch my anus. It's clean. It's me."

"I'm very aware it's you, Kate." Undoubtedly he had a good view.

His thumb scraped the crease of her buttocks and settled over her anus. He worked it in a little.

Kate's heart skipped several beats. "Thank you," she said, lowering her head to the chair back. She reached one arm under her body until she could palm his testicles. "Come in me, Grayson. Don't make me beg."

"I'd never do that, Kate." He teased her with his thumb and his hips picked up speed.

She felt him begin to expand in her vagina. She

smiled as his surge began.

His thumb sank deeper in her ass. She gasped. Excruciatingly delicious. "You have me so filled," she howled. "I feel you coming. Hurry."

"Jesus H. Christ, woman. Leave me something." He slammed into her repeatedly and she didn't move a muscle, willing to accept everything he was willing to give her.

But he wanted more from her than that. He reached under her with his free hand and clawed at her clit. He apparently wasn't about to come alone.

The result was sudden and copious. Kate threw back her head and laughed hysterically, gushing over his cock and hand. Her knees shook. If he hadn't been holding her up, she would've collapsed.

He eased his thumb out of her ass and then his cock out of her pussy. He kissed her buttocks. She dropped her head to the chair cushion giving him plenty of access to her vulva. Without hesitation, he covered her pussy with his mouth and swallowed her remaining juices.

Moments went by before Grayson gave her pussy a goodbye kiss. His tongue traveled back up to her ass. She was expecting another goodbye kiss, but instead he shoved his tongue into her ass.

She lurched forward trying to escape. But Grayson wasn't having any of that. He wrapped

his arms around her hips and held her in place while he fucked her ass with his tongue. Good grief—how much was he going to demand from her? His tongue began its assault roughly and then it softened, sending streaks of electrical currents coursing through her body.

Kate twisted inside and out. She keened softly. So intimate. She was puddling under his ministrations. She wanted him to stop. She didn't want him to stop.

Good God, what was he doing to her? He never touched her pussy. Her brow knitted. She closed her eyes and embraced a wonderful orgasm that spread from her butt until it stopped just behind her eyes.

Grayson backed his tongue out of her, but still clutched her hips tight. She couldn't even make out the chair in front of her. She took a deep breath and waited, expecting his cock to replace his tongue, but it didn't.

At last her vision cleared. If that was a prelude, would she ever survive his cock in her ass? She could hardly wait to find out.

"Come, Kate. Let's go to bed. I think we've re-established the fact that we can have a powerful sexual connection even in the midst of everything else."

Stiffly, Kate pushed herself out of the chair and took his extended hand. He guided her to the bed

and fluffed up some pillows.

"If you're together enough to listen, I have a couple more conditions to add about our relationship for the foreseeable future."

Kate narrowed her eyes. Now what? It had been too good to be true. He was about to tell her what she really owed him. She tried to remain calm.

Grayson lay down beside her and turned to face her. He tapped a finger against the nipple closest to him and then withdrew, perhaps in response to her pout. "Okay, I realize this is taking advantage of the situation. It's not often that I have a woman who believes she owes me something. But I hope you'll agree that what I'm about to propose is not too onerous."

She didn't utter a word or move a muscle.

"I want sleepover privileges."

"What?" Kate jerked to a sitting position.

"I don't want to have to sit outside your house in my car wondering who you're with."

"You did that?" she squeaked.

Grayson's features darkened. Had he said more than he'd intended? "Well, it only happened once. Gina's car was in your driveway. Clearly, she had sleep over privileges. So what do you say?"

"I'd say," Kate smiled, "you may be as nutty as Gina. Of course, you have sleepover privileges. I thought we had established that here in London."

"I wanted that clear before we returned to Chicago."

"Is that it? Your conditions?"

"No, one more thing. I want an exclusive relationship."

Kate blanched. That was an interesting choice of words—exclusive—not committed. "That's a strange request from Mr. Rake of the Campus World. I assume that applies only to me and not to you, but that's not a problem. I haven't been with another man since I've met you."

"Good." Grayson ran a finger down the length of her nose. "But you misunderstand, pinup girl. I'm including myself."

"Really?" She hoped that didn't sound too much like a satisfied purr.

"And I've not been with another woman since we got involved. You've proven to be a full time undertaking. Of course, there was Gina."

"Ah, yes, Gina."

"What do we do about Gina?"

Kate laughed and pulled on a couple of Grayson's chest hairs. "I won't be surprised if Gina hasn't moved on by the time we return. I'm not sure she can go a week without sex."

"You may be right."

"But if she's still in the picture, beyond being my friend, I'll agree to this. As long as you and I are together during this interim—interim to what,

I have no idea—I will not be with Gina alone. If there is another romp with Gina you'll be included."

"So be it."

"But my intuition tells me she's moving on. She's probably saying, 'Well, Kate, it was good while it lasted.' So those are your conditions?"

"Yes."

"You're easy," she said, dipping her hand to his cock.

Grayson groaned softly. "I reserve the right to make amendments. You won't get out of my debt that easy."

"Good," she whispered, kissing her way down his chest toward his cock. Her heart soared. Would she ever tire of this? It might be only sex rather than lovemaking, but still, it filled her senses.

\* \* \* \*

"So, you think Sister Kate will dump Grayson?" Luci sat on Gina's living room loveseat and peered over the rim of a wine glass at Gina, who sat curled up on a large pillow on the floor. She'd been pleased to see Gina dressed for seduction. Apparently her subtle messages hadn't gone unnoticed. The older woman was attired in a beige tank top displaying sizeable nipples that seemed

to expand as the evening progressed. Her short green skirt rode high up her thighs.

Luci smoothed the pleats of her own short red skirt. It was no more than a dozen inches long. Long enough to be legal. And, like Gina, she'd chosen not to wear a bra under her white tank top. She tugged on her skirt again, not to pull it down but to draw attention to her red bikini panties that she knew had to be visible to Gina, who sat at her feet.

Luci smiled to herself. Gina's eyes were filled with lustful expectancy. Both of them were aware of the dance they'd begun. It had actually started on the phone that morning. For her, it had begun years earlier.

She'd have to take the initial steps. Out of loyalty to Kate, Gina probably wouldn't take the lead. It still blew her mind to know that Kate and Gina had been lovers—and with Grayson Cosgrove, too. Her sister had come out of her shell, all right; could she ever go back to what she was before reading *The Diary*?

"That was the plan. And she does seem to have him on a fairly tight leash." Gina swallowed some wine. "Does that surprise you?"

"It doesn't sound like Sister Kate. And it doesn't sound like Grayson Cosgrove either. I've never known him to let a woman gain the upper hand. So you actually had a three-way with the



two of them."

"Uh, huh. Several times." Gina batted an eye at her.

Luci's heart did a stutter step. "And you actually turned Kate on to women?"

"She asked me. Was I supposed to deny her?"

Luci giggled. "She did? I doubt you could do that. Bet you didn't have to think long about accepting her request."

Gina lifted her glass in salute. "Not even an entire minute."

"I won't ask for details." Luci raised her arms to lift her brown hair off her shoulders. She smiled to herself watching Gina's eyes follow the movement of her nipples, which must be the size of tiny saucers by now. She had Gina's undivided attention.

Gina swallowed hard. "How thoughtful of you. I wouldn't tell you anyway. So why are you so all-fire concerned about Kate at this late point?"

"They weren't supposed to become an item." Luci crossed her arms under her breasts and lifted them slightly. "I wanted Kate to get out and meet more men. She needs to have a family and not just me. I need someone to share that responsibility with. She can be meddling and overbearing."

"She can be tenacious."

"Tell me about it."

"Did you think she'd figure out Grayson was

G.C.?"

"I hoped so. I thought if she hooked up with Grayson Cosgrove a couple times, and he is rarely with a woman more times than that, she'd attract men like flies. Any woman that dates Grayson is immediately elevated as a choice morsel among those who are paying attention."

"And it sounds like many do."

"Yes."

"But something went awry?"

"Very. I hadn't considered Kate setting out to avenge me—though maybe I should've. It's not the first time."

"I know. So were you ever with Grayson—intimately, I mean?"

She scowled. "He doesn't do undergraduates. It's the cornerstone of his moral code."

"Sounds like you tried."

"Umm."

"So how much of *The Diary* is real and how much of it is fiction?"

Excited, Luci pulled her knees to her chest and rested her chin on them. "So you read it?" She wet her lips when she saw the lust in Gina's eyes as they settled on her crotch. "What did you think? Powerful, huh?"

"I read it. Yeah, it makes the juices flow."

"Fantastic! You're the first person who's read it that I've been able to talk to. Wow. I made your

juices flow!"

"You haven't answered my question. Fact or fiction?"

Luci shuttered her eyes briefly and parted her knees. "I'm not telling." She licked her lips and saw Gina hold her breath. "Maybe you'll have to find out some other way."

"Do you have something in mind, girl?" Gina slowly ran her tongue over her lips. "Are you only a tease or do you deliver?"

"I love to act," she said, running her hand up her thigh. "Maybe I should show you what was real."

Gina grinned devilishly. "I can be into watching—for awhile. But don't make me wait too long."

"I've wanted to show off before you for years." She tugged her panties to one side and fondled her shaved pussy. "Meet *Little Puss*. I hope you get to know each other real well."

"I fully intend to." Gina's eyebrow arched. "That's got to be the smallest pussy I've set my eyes on."

"Don't be put off by its size. It's more than adequate." She pushed a finger into herself. "It loves fingers, tongues, cocks, vibrators, dildos. If you can think of something to put in it, *Little Puss* will probably love it."

Gina eyes were glued to what she was doing

with her pussy.

Luci pulled her finger out and made a show of licking it. "I showed you mine." She pouted. "Aren't you going to show me yours?"

Gina chuckled. "Sure. I can play that game. By the way, your pussy ring is quite sexy. I've thought about doing that, but haven't. Maybe I'm older and wiser, or maybe I have too little tolerance for pain." Without fanfare, she shucked her panties and sat in front of Luci, leaned back and spread her dark pussy folds.

Luci wet her lips. "You're wet already. That's nice. I'm glad I turn you on."

"Oh, you turn me on, girl. You'd turn a turnip on. And like yours, my pussy loves most anything it can get its lips around."

Luci pulled up her tank top and tugged on her nipples. She eyed Gina. "You like these?"

"Oh yeah, nice size for being so petite, Luci. Are you even five feet tall?"

"Close. Height doesn't matter. What matters is what you can do with your body." She yanked the tank top over her head. And slid her panties down her legs and spread them. "You want to taste?" She spread her pussy lips between thumb and forefinger.

"Oh, yes. I've been thinking of nothing else since you called this morning."

"Good. I hope I wasn't too obvious."

"Enough to get my attention. By the way, you have a nice video library."

Luci smiled, showing even white teeth. "I thought you might appreciate that."

"How did Kate miss those? A very nice selection of women on women only." Gina moved close enough to plant a wet kiss on the inside of Luci's knee.

"I only put them on display when I knew you were taking care of the plants."

Gina bit the inside of Luci's thigh. "So you've been seducing me for some time."

Luci laughed and guided Gina's head so her mouth covered her pussy. "Oh, yes that's so good. I've wanted you since before I learned women could be with women. You always dressed so hot. And you treated me with respect. You talked to me."

Luci shifted her weight a little and Gina's tongue entered her moist chamber. "God, I knew you'd be an expert at loving a woman." Luci draped her legs over Gina's shoulder and lay back, knowing that Gina needed no more coaxing. Gina pressed a finger in to join her tongue.

Luci twisted her nipples and caught Gina admiring them. "When I was sixteen, I wanted to show you my vibrator collection, but I was afraid you might tell Kate."

Luci watched Gina's lips cover her clitoris

which had peeked out to say hi. No further introductions were required.

"Oh my," Luci moaned. "I do believe you're going to get more than a taste."

Gina quickened the pace of her lapping and fingering. Luci pummeled Gina's back with her heels. "I'm coming. Eat me, Gina. I've waited so long for this."

She heard Gina lapping at her flow. Gina drank as if she hadn't had a woman in ages. Luci's body hummed to think that she'd finally come in the arms of Gina Motta.

Gina kissed her way from Luci's pussy to her breast. She stopped for a brief hello for each one before moving on to smear Luci's lips with her own taste.

With care, Luci washed Gina's lips with her tongue. They kissed deeply. Neither woman closed their eyes. Each seemingly wanted to hold on to this moment in a very special place.

Gina's eyes widened when Luci pulled on her butt. Luci pouted until Gina rose to her feet. She held onto the couch back for balance and lowered her pussy to Luci's open mouth.

"Yes, that's perfect," she moaned. Her tongue flicked at Gina's opening. She'd run out of patience. She wanted her taste, too. And she wanted it sooner than later.

Luci slid a finger into Gina's pussy. Gina

scrunched down on it and seemed dismayed when Luci pulled it out. Luci replaced the finger with her tongue and her finger found a new home in Gina's ass.

"Jesus, girl," Gina howled. "Fuck me good."

Without attempting finesse, Luci fucked Gina's ass and pussy until her juices were running down Luci's chin. Gina's legs buckled.

She collapsed beside Luci. They held each other close and pecked at lips and eyes and nose. Luci grinned with satisfaction. "Hope I didn't rush you, but I didn't want to wait a minute longer to taste you."

Gina chuckled and twisted Luci's nipple. "Did I taste as good as you imagined all those years?"

"Better."

"Maybe I'm like wine—I get better with age."

"Maybe. God, it is hard to imagine we've made love. And this would never have happen if I hadn't written *The Diary*."

"You're probably right. Until I read *The Diary* I never thought of you in a sexual way."

"But you did after you read it."

"Oh yeah!"

"And now?"

"Most definitely!"

"So will you want to do it again?"

"Absolutely. Over and over again. In as many ways as you and I can imagine. And I expect

between the two of us that may keep us busy for a good long time. So are you willing?"

"You better believe it."

"Two things." Gina withdrew from Luci's arms. Luci's eyes widened with concern. "First, I don't make love. I have sex—hot sex. Love complicates things beyond my comprehension."

"That's okay with me. It's probably only a matter of semantics."

"Be that as it may. Second, I only do one person at a time—male or female. If you want to continue exploring bodies with me, then it'll be only me. We're a lot safer that way."

"That's fine, too. I don't have any other attachments at the moment anyway. So what about Kate and Grayson?"

"If you're thinking a four-way, don't. Kate wouldn't consider it even if you are only half sisters."

"That's not what I was thinking. But you and Kate?"

"Ah. We had a good run. We created some very nice memories. And we'll remain friends. But she knows I was about ready to move on."

"And I moved on the moment I heard your sultry voice early this morning. We are definitely going to have to try some phone sex before we're finished."

"How long do you think it'll take to do all the



exploring we need to do?"

Gina grinned broadly before slanting her mouth across hers. She backed away. "Hard to say. You've got the tightest little pussy I've ever met. I look forward to examining it with every thing I have. And I haven't even begun to examine your ass—you did get ahead of me on that one, girl. Your sexual appetite may very well match my own. This could take awhile. Does that bother you?"

"Not at all." Luci laid her head on Gina's breast. "I'm looking forward to slowly exploring your pussy with fingers and tongue. I want to see your face when I bury my strap-on in your ass."

"Ah girl, this is going to be fun. I may have met my match." Gina stood and grabbed Luci's hand. "Come on, girl. Enough talk. Let's go to bed. There's still plenty of time to play. I have an extra toothbrush. You might want to bring a few personal items over tomorrow."

Luci felt Gina's warm fingers squeezing hers. "Did my sister keep a toothbrush here?"

Gina whirled about and frowned at Luci. "Listen carefully. I'm only going to say this once. I very much want you to be my partner. I expect we'll take each other to newfound heights. I'll answer that one question about Kate, but no other.

"I enjoyed loving Kate. And I'm enjoying loving you. But this is no competition. And no,

Kate did not sleep over at my place. We never even made love here."

"Good." Luci gave a half skip to keep up with Gina's long strides. "I won't ask any more questions, but I am pleased that she didn't sleep in your bed."

Luci jumped as Gina slapped her rump. "Who said we'd be sleeping in my bed?"

## CHAPTER TWELVE

Biting her tongue, Kate watched Grayson turn the final page of *The Diary*. She slouched in her living room armchair and tried to wait patiently for his conclusion.

They'd been back in Evanston for less than twelve hours. Grayson had wanted to read the manuscript as soon as possible. He scanned it once. And then with only a grunt began reading it carefully.

"Well." She sat up straight and eyed him on the sofa as he set the manuscript aside. He couldn't expect her to merely sit idly by any longer.

Grayson squeezed the bridge of his nose and looked at her thoughtfully as if he'd forgotten she was there. "Fiction," he declared. "I'd stake my reputation on that judgment. This is like so many others that have been written for my class. I'm not saying that Luci hasn't experienced everything she writes about." He shrugged. "I'm not clairvoyant."

Kate breathed a sigh of relief. "But you think Luci wrote it."

"Nearly positive. It has a similar style to other pieces she's written for me. It's actually quite classical first person erotica, with the maligned yet inquisitive heroine identifying her paramour only with initials. It's not particularly obvious that she intended to 'name' me. G.C. could have more than one meaning. Grayson Cosgrove or Grand Cock. Maybe even Great Cock."

Kate couldn't smother a giggle. "You're kidding."

"Nope. That she uses L.P to identify herself toward the end because G.C. calls her Little Puss fits. Again, not an uncommon practice in classical erotica from prior centuries."

"So she might not have been pointing to you at all."

Grayson raised and lowered one shoulder. "Don't know. The coincidence might've been a means of having a way out. Your sister is nothing but clever. If I had challenged her about the initials being reference to me she could've claimed that G.C., Grand Cock, referred to someone entirely different."

"Little did she know that she was right on target."

Grayson gave her a puzzled frown.

Kate smirked. "Grand Cock, indeed. So what

next?"

"I'll try to remember that praise later. I don't know what to expect next. I think you can be relieved that she's not in some sort of peril.

"That, too, makes this piece classical erotica—the damsel in distress waiting to be rescued by her knight. What to do? We don't have a lot of choice. Sit tight, I guess. Luci will show up at some point. And then we can figure out how to wreak some havoc on her."

"I do like that idea." Kate crossed her arms. "I don't know how many years she's cost me with worrying about her safety." She turned her head at the ringing of the phone. She rose to her feet. "I'll take it in the kitchen."

\* \* \* \*

Grayson thumbed back through *The Diary*. Luci Parry either had a vivid imagination or she had a bundle of experience, some of which nearly caused him to blush. That often had been a secondary question as he read papers for his erotica class. Which students were reporting on real experiences and which on wished-for experiences? How many readers posed that question about his own work?

He grinned. In this instance, he'd lay odds that Luci wasn't imagining.

He looked up to see Kate come back into the room, giving him a curious look.

She sat down in the chair next to the sofa and scowled. Her face was drained of color.

"What is it? You look like you've seen a ghost."

"Maybe I have. That was Gina. She's coming over."

He made a face. "Do I have to gird my loins for a battle with the Italian minx? The two of you can be quite exhausting. And after such a long flight."

"I don't think you have to worry about that anymore." Kate grew quiet. "Luci contacted her."

"Really." Grayson leaned forward. "What did she have to say? Is she in town?"

"You sound like I did." Kate clasped her hands at her waist. "Apparently, she never left town. Gina assured me that she is not and never was in danger."

"Did she say anything about *The Diary*?"

Kate shook her head. "Not much. When Luci found out about us, she was mostly concerned that I was the one in danger."

"What?" Bile worked its way up Grayson's throat.

"I could only get a thumbnail sketch out of Gina. Luci did intend for me to link G.C. with you. She thought if you, as the Don Juan, took me out a couple times, showed me a good time and dumped me, then other guys would be attracted

to follow in your footsteps."

"But I never dumped you."

"Precisely. And that is the apparent rub. Gina's coming over to explain more."

"She's become Luci's emissary?"

Kate managed a dry laugh. "If my guess is right, Gina is much more than Luci's emissary."

Grayson narrowed his eyes. "You mean she and Luci..."

"Uh, huh. Every time Gina spoke Luci's name she became breathless. And you know how Gina is."

"Yes. So how do you feel about being dropped for your sister?"

"Initially, it was quite shocking." Kate bit her lip and then smiled. "But the idea is growing on me. The two of them may have been created for each other. Two free spirited women who are seeking nothing but a good time and a sexual adventure. It's not hard to imagine the two of them together."

Kate hugged herself. "Maybe too easy. If it's true, I'm happy for both of them. And as far as Gina goes she's been the most honest person in this entire farce."

Grayson knitted his eyebrows. "What do you mean by that?"

"Oh, I know," Kate said, not hesitating, "I'm the deceitful one in all of this. And certainly Luci

started it all, but I was the gullible one. And I never stopped deceiving you, even after I began having second thoughts about you being G.C."

"You've never told me how early those second thoughts began."

"Is it important?"

"I'm curious."

"Very early. You were too kind and considerate. You wanted to please me."

Grayson took his time chewing on that bit of information for a moment. The implications of her admission rattled him. "So before you suggested the three-way and fucking me in the ass, and me fucking you in the ass?"

Kate's fingers dug into the chair arms. "Yes. At least the possibility crossed my mind."

"Fascinating. So you really did discover a new persona lurking in your body?"

"Yes."

"I'm glad." He stiffened, remembering her initial inference. "But you seemed to imply that all of us but Gina were hiding behind masks."

"Sometimes several masks. And yes, you too, Grayson," she nearly shouted. "If you hadn't cultivated the image of the Don Juan, I'd never have read all of those erotica books and come up with those outlandish ideas. I would've stayed me."

Grayson leaned over and took her hands in his.



"But you didn't want to stay the old you."

Kate glanced frantically about and slowly shook her head. "Not after I met you."

"So maybe there's merit in deception." He moved off the couch, knelt on his knees beside her chair and slid his hand up her arm. If he'd slowed, he could've counted the goose bumps. But he wasn't to be detoured from his objective. He lifted a breast and ran a thumb over the fully clothed nipple. It responded immediately. Her nipples never failed to respond to his caresses no matter what else was transpiring between them.

Kate looked down at him through teary eyes. "I don't know if there's merit in deception, but there sure is in what you're doing to my nipple."

He stood. "But Gina is on her way over."

"Too bad," she muttered, tracing the outline of his stiffening arousal. She unzipped his pants and ran her nose back and forth across his cock which was still tucked away behind cloth.

She patted him and zipped him back up. "Grayson, what grade would you give Luci's paper?"

"Difficult to say. I've never graded a paper after it already demonstrated impact on readers."

He smiled at her quizzical look. "If Luci hadn't written *The Diary* you would never have come after me with a body willing to wreak vengeance upon me. And now it appears that the manuscript

has even snared your sister another lover.

"The piece is damn effective. I'll say that for it. I'll have to read it again with more care before I decide on a grade."

"Maybe it was effective," Kate huffed, "but payback time for Luci has begun."

"A grand idea. And rest assured that I won't use her grade as a way of paying her back."

"I never thought you would."

"But I am eager to work with you to come up with something appropriate to teach your sister not to pry into other people's affairs."

Kate's jaw set and then jerked toward the hallway. "There's the doorbell. Gina must've arrived. I'll bring her in here so we both can hear what she has to say for herself and for my sister."

\* \* \* \*

Grayson stood when Kate and Gina entered the living room. Clad in tight designer jeans, a snug pink tee and low heels, Gina looked ready for whatever came her way. She gave him a winsome smile and hugged him tight.

"Welcome back," she said. "I trust the remainder of your stay in England went well."

"Of course." He gave away none of the consternation he and Kate had shared. That wasn't Gina's business and it certainly wasn't why she

was there. "I understand you have news of some importance."

Kate joined him on the couch and Gina sat across from them. He guessed her smoky eyes were left over from a bout of recent lovemaking. There was nothing about Gina's posture or smile to suggest any remorse about taking on Kate's sister as her most recent lover.

"As I told Kate on the phone, Luci has made contact. She's fine." Gina smiled broadly. "Very fine."

Gina glanced briefly down at her hands before looking up at them. "Okay guys, let's get that part out the way first. Yes, as you may have guessed, Luci and I are lovers now. Turns out she's wanted me for years and I hadn't noticed."

Gina shrugged. "Anyway, you knew what we had wouldn't last," she said, looking directly at Kate.

Kate nodded. "Of course. We agreed on that before."

Gina's brow furrowed. "Are you going to be okay with me and Luci, Kate?"

"Why not?" Grayson sensed Kate tighten. "You're both adults. Neither of you needs my permission."

"Ouch. That was a bit catty."

Kate exhaled. "I didn't mean to be catty, Gina. It's just a lot to take in at once—that my sister is

found unharmed, and then to learn she's sleeping with you."

Gina chuckled softly. "I won't harm her."

"If I were to worry about either one of you, which I've sworn I'm not going to do, I'd probably be worrying about you. Luci is wilier than I even knew."

"That's true. I imagine she and I will come out of this okay – more experienced, but not too badly bruised. Sort of like you."

Grayson placed a hand on Kate's thigh. She interlaced her fingers with his before speaking. "You're right, Gina. You've been a real trouper. And I would not have wanted to miss a moment of what you and I shared. You stretched my imagination. And like you, I'm ready to move on."

"Good. Just for the record, you stretched me several times, too. And I do treasure what we shared – what all three of us shared." She winked at Grayson. "So maybe we better move on to Luci and what she's been up to."

"Good idea," Grayson said. "What does she have to say for herself?"

"She's not telling me a lot." Gina pushed her hair off her shoulder. "She did write *The Diary*. And purposely left it for Kate to find."

"Did she say whether it was fiction or fact?" Kate asked.

"Not really." Gina smiled and her voice

dropped. "That's something I'm supposed to find out in other ways."

Awareness swept across Kate's face. "Oh. I imagine it's both."

"I suppose so," Gina said, noncommittally. "But does it really matter?"

Kate shook her head. "No, not as long as I know she's not in danger or pregnant."

"I expect the danger themes were to heighten reader interest. She's not pregnant, Kate. And I certainly don't believe anyone is stalking her."

"Well, at least that's a relief. And she left *The Diary* for me because she thought I'd react, track down Grayson, he'd dump me, but somehow that his having been with me would attract other men."

"That's the gist of it."

"Sounds pretty naïve to me," Grayson interjected.

"Maybe. You were the bait. I'm not here to defend Luci's actions. She can be naïve, but she claims that women you walk away from are picked up like honey by bears."

"I don't keep a record of women I date and what happens to them later." Grayson grimaced. "I suppose she could be right. It just seems insane to me that what I do would have any impact on others, women or men."

"Oh, but you are Don Juan in the eyes of

many." Gina grinned. "What Don Juan touches must be good, really good. And you touched Kate, so..."

"So my little sister didn't think I could get the upper hand on Don Juan." Kate's tone was sharp and accusing.

"Apparently."

Kate winced. "So what does she think now?"

Gina folded her arms. "If you want to know that, you'll have to talk with her. I can tell you she's very concerned for you, Kate." Gina held up her hand when Grayson opened his mouth to speak. "Luci may be high on drama, but she is genuinely fearful that Grayson is setting you up for a big fall and that the end result will be that you'll be so badly hurt you'll withdraw further into what Luci calls your workaholic self."

"What does she know?" Grayson hated the sound of his own defensiveness. "Dumping Kate?"

"She doesn't know any more about your future than we do. All I'm saying is she's genuinely fearful. And it'd probably be good for Kate and her to meet. She's also afraid that Kate won't want to talk to her, or that after you wound Kate badly she won't ever want to have anything to do with her sister."

"But that's irrational," Kate protested. "She's my sister. Good grief, I helped raise her."

Gina shrugged. "I'm not her therapist. She seems quite normal to me, but you, Kate, do seem to be a blind spot for her."

"Sounds like both sisters may be overly concerned about each other," Grayson said, squeezing Kate's fingers. "What do you want to do, Kate?"

"Oh, I want to talk to her." She yanked her hand out of his and crossed her arms over her mid-section. "I want to scold her good. I want to hug her and tell her everything will be okay. Will you be there, Grayson?"

"No." Gina shook her head. "Luci doesn't want to see Grayson, not yet. She only wants to meet with the two of us, Kate."

"That's okay." Grayson nodded at Kate. "I'm sure she's not ready to deal with me yet. After all, she set her professor up. Let's take this a little bit at a time. You go ahead, Kate, if you want to. Meet with your sister; maybe we'll have more answers then."

"Okay, but I'm not ready to rush into meeting her. Let her stew for a couple days at least. I've certainly had to stew about her enough lately."

"That's all right." Gina stood, preparing to leave. "How about Tuesday evening at my place? That's three days from now. How about seven o'clock? I'll serve dessert."

Kate rose and Grayson stood beside her. Kate's

chin dipped. She failed to hide a smile.

Gina blanched. "Not that kind of dessert. Pastry. Ice cream. Strawberries. Something. I'll think of something."

"No need to babble, Gina. I'm glad you and Luci are enjoying each other. It's okay with me. I'll be there. You can tell my conniving sister that I'm not about to disown her, but she'd better have some damn good explanations for me. And I expect her to exude contrition."

"Thanks, Kate." Gina hugged Grayson and then Kate. "I very much appreciate your understanding. I'll let myself out. See you Tuesday night."

Grayson took Kate by the shoulders and turned her to face him. "What do you think?"

Kate wrapped her arms around his back. "I think we'll get to the bottom of this soon. Why do I feel like a mother who gave her blessing to a daughter's lover?"

"Because you did." He kissed her forehead lightly. "You handled that with more aplomb than I could've mustered."

"Once all of this diary stuff is settled, it may be fun to watch the two of them drive each other up the wall. They both may have bitten off more than they can chew." She lowered her hands to cup his rear and ground her crotch against his. "Which is thought provoking."



Grayson nibbled on her ear. "I like the way your mind works, but we do want to come up with a plan to pay your sister back for the carnage she attempted to create."

Kate leaned back against his arms. "Damn right, but we have at least three days to come up with something. Maybe we should wait to formulate a payback plan until after I meet with Luci. We will want you involved in the payback. After all, she set out to inadvertently harm you as much as anyone.

"Apparently, you were only a pawn in her grand scheme." She batted an eye at him. "But at the moment, my mind is preoccupied on other matters. You're looking more like a rogue knight than a pawn. Do you think you could be convinced to join me on my round bed?"

He nibbled down her neck and then down her cleavage. Her silk blouse only increased his arousal. He licked under one breast and then covered a nipple with his open mouth. Kate's moans filled his ears. He lifted his head. "Maybe we should continue this on your round bed after all. I want to see us in your bar mirror."

"You do like to watch."

"I've noticed you do too," he said, taking her hand and letting her lead him to her bedroom.

\* \* \* \*

Kate turned her head slightly without dislodging Grayson's cock from her mouth to admire their reflection in the mirror. She lay prone atop Grayson. His cock made her cheek puff out.

She could feel as well as see Grayson mouthing her vulva. Adding their mirrored image to the tactile experience increased the warm sensations suffusing her body tenfold.

She smiled around his cock. If not before, that mirror had plenty of stories to tell now. She held him in her hand and said, "Don't forget to peek at the mirror." Quickly, she covered him again, taking him in deep until her lips touched his groin.

She felt his mouth twist on her pussy. And then air chilled her pussy. "Jesus, Kate. That's incredible."

Rolling an eye at the mirror, she nodded.

He squeezed her butt. "I'm having difficulty doing two things at once," he grunted.

She slid up his shaft and chuckled when his hips lifted with increased desire. Without dropping him from her mouth, she canted her body around until she knelt between his legs. Now, she could watch him watching her. His eyes moved back and forth between the mirror and her.

She loved being at the center of his world. She bobbed up and down delighting in his soft moans. She palmed his balls. She pressed a finger against

his anus. His eyebrows shot upward. Without giving up her perch, she winked at him and pushed the finger inward.

"Holy..." Grayson's fingers balled into fists.

Her finger met with brief resistance before going in as far as she could reach.

His eyes rounded in anticipation. "Good God, woman."

His husky voice spurred her. She took her time slithering her mouth up his shaft and wiggling her finger in his ass. She gently massaged his prostate gland.

His eyes narrowed. He pounded the mattress and his hips bucked. He was close; too close. She wrapped finger and thumb tightly around the base of his cock and dropped him from her mouth. Slowly, she withdrew her finger.

"Not you, too," he groaned. "Gina loved to do that. That's pure torture."

Kate chuckled at his distress. "Poor boy. There's more to come," she said, licking pre-come from the tip of his cock.

"That was my point," he said, gruffly.

"I won't disappoint you." Kate moved up his torso until she straddled him. She grabbed his cock and positioned it at her entrance. She sucked on her lower lip and slowly eased down his shaft allowing her vagina time to expand so she could take him in as far as he could reach. She settled on

his loins and squirmed about. "At least I hope I won't disappoint you. Is this better?"

"Much." Grayson smiled at last. "You won't disappoint me. I know that."

Bracing herself with her palms on his chest, Kate rapidly pistoned her hips, driving him until he was again close. She stopped.

His contorted mouth begged for completion, but she wasn't ready for that. She'd contemplated her next move for some time. She placed a wet kiss on his lips before sitting back on her haunches.

Again, she hoisted herself up and down his penis. She rose so high he slipped out of her. "Oops," she taunted. To her glee, his groan was immediate. His eyes pleaded with her.

She kept her eyes glued to his as she grasped his cock to reinsert him. She changed her angle just enough to place him at the entrance to her anus. The surprise and shock on his face gave her the necessary gumption to continue.

"Surprise," she whispered, lowering onto his slippery shaft. Momentarily, she closed her eyes. Damn, he was large. She was stretching and burning down there. She hesitated but refused to give up, having gone this far.

She opened her eyes. Grayson's look of amazement was mixed with awe. Neither one of them said a word. They both held their breaths.

She pushed down a little more.

He was splitting her. He was too wide. She shuddered and paused again. "Yes," she squealed, feeling herself opening for him. "I'm going to do it."

Cripes, if she could take in Gina's strap-on, Grayson's cock of flesh should work. She pushed down again and a smile crossed her lips. Oh, yeah. It was working quite fine. She settled on his groin and wiggled slightly.

His groan pleased her immensely. "Didn't seem like you were ever going to get around to this," she said, continuing to shift back and forth, developing a better feel for him in this virgin territory. "Everything is so alive down there. Incredible."

"So you took things into your own hands," he said, through a tight smile.

"Uh, huh. Watch carefully. I'm going to go for a little test drive." She slid up and down his cock three times and stopped. "Not bad," she said, pulling on her nipples. She gave him a huge smile. "Fantastic, actually. We should've tried this earlier."

"Good that was a short test run, or you would've been done driving for the day." Grayson grinned and tried to reach for a nipple.

She leaned back out of his reach. "Just lie there and watch and enjoy. I've got everything under

control. Tell me what you're seeing."

"It is remarkable," he said dryly. "I have the most beautiful woman straddling me. She's pulling on her tits, seemingly oblivious to the fact that my cock is buried in her ass. And that is a sight. And then there is her pussy with its lips parted looking bereft. I'm sorry that I can't reach them."

Kate frowned. "Be assured that this woman is keenly aware that your thick, hard cock is filling her ass with absolutely no room to spare. Bereft? My pussy? Bereft, you said?"

He nodded.

"We can't have that." She lowered a hand to her pussy.

"Ah, the bereft pussy doesn't look so bereft anymore." He smiled. "There goes a finger inside. No, make that two." His breath caught. "Jesus, Kate, I can feel you massaging my cock."

"I hoped you would. He does feel snug."

"He's not feeling neglected, that's for sure."

"Do you think he might be ready to come, if I let him?"

"Please, Kate. You've had him on edge long enough. Make him come."

"Grayson," Kate narrowed her eyes at him, "are you begging?"

"Whatever. Just do it, Kate. Please."

"Oh, okay," she said, levering herself up on her

knees. She lowered herself and reveled in Grayson's shout of glee. She kept one hand on a breast and used the other to rub her clit. And then she sallied forth to a new horizon. "I want you to come in my ass, Grayson. I've never had a cock come in my ass. I want yours to be the first."

She rose and fell several times until she saw Grayson tensing beneath her. She felt him expand. She heard him howl and knew that he was filling her ass with his come.

His eyes were shut tight. It was time to catch up with him.

She lifted herself and crashed to his groin and strummed her clit wildly. She sat there. His thighs quivered; his hips pumped slightly, draining him of whatever might be left.

She chewed on her lower lip and placed her undivided attention on her clitoris. Her response was slow starting, but it was now rushing toward her center. She grabbed a breast with each hand and waited. She clenched her teeth. "Good God," she screamed.

Her fluids pooled between her legs. She took a swipe at them with her fingers and leaned forward to paint Grayson's lips with her juices. He licked her fingers greedily.

"Had enough?" she whispered.

"For now," he groaned, wrapping his arms around her. "That was something."

She eased him out of her ass and rolled to his side. "Maybe another time you won't be so hesitant."

"You can count on that." He tweaked a nipple. "You can absolutely count on that. If you want."

"Oh, I want." She blew him a kiss. "A fleshy cock is much better than a strap-on."

He tweaked her nipple. "Just any fleshy cock?"

"I wouldn't know. You're the first."

"That's right—I'm the first guy to come in your ass." His features clouded. "So how many more guys do you think will fill your ass?"

Kate scrunched her mouth. "I don't know." She sobered quicker than she wanted. "It's hard to imagine what happens when we get our revenge on Luci and you move on."

Grayson closed his eyes. She knew he was feigning sleep, but she had no idea what he was thinking.

It was hard to imagine life beyond Grayson. She didn't really want to try. He was with her for now and that would have to suffice. And she was going to try to get her fill of him, if she could.

She smiled. Her ass still puckered from him. Without looking, she could feel his come dripping from her anus. So that was ass fucking.

She warmed. Yes, they could do that again, and again. She'd have to figure out a position where she could watch them in the mirror. It was the



moment of coupling that she wanted to see. It was in that moment that she'd seen Grayson at his most vulnerable.

She was afraid to try to decipher the panoply of emotions that had spread across his face as she had lowered onto his cock. For the briefest of moments, she thought she'd seen love face to face.

Grayson and Kate sat side by side propped against the headboard of her large bed sipping their morning coffee. "Have you given more thought on how to wreak some havoc on your sister?"

Kate shook her head. "I'm still reeling over what she expected I'd do. And I'm doing a slow burn over the fact that she's too chicken to face me alone. It's not like she needs Gina to protect her."

"Maybe she thinks she does." Grayson turned to face her. "You've been Luci's protector for years. Perhaps Gina is a transition from you to some new found independence."

Scowling, Kate muttered, "Thanks, Sigmund. So have you come up with any ideas?"

"I have."

Kate became more alert. "You look terribly smug. What is it? It better be good."

"It's simple." Grayson smiled wanly. "Stick with your original plan. You can tell Luci that we're getting married."

Grayson ignored the shock on Kate's face and continued on without giving her a chance to speak. "How about Saturday? We can go through the entire wedding performance with a real pastor. Luci and Gina will be our witnesses. When we are about to sign the license, we both rip it in half and present your sister with both halves."

Grayson leaned back and watched Kate's mouth open and then close. Her eyes rounded and then narrowed. He wished he had a hand over her heart.

"Perfect!" she said at last. "Why didn't I think of that?"

"You did." Grayson cleared his throat. "I'm just reminding you."

Kate brought her knees to her chest. Her robe fell away and she rested her chin on a knee. "But that does require a fair amount of planning."

"We won't want to invite anyone but Luci and Gina. You don't have family in the area. And I've been married twice already so it should seem reasonable to your sister and Gina that I would want to keep the ceremony private."

"So we won't tell Gina the truth." Kate flashed an eyebrow. "That it's a mock wedding?"

"Absolutely not. Do you think we can trust her not to spill the secret?"

"No, you're right. It'll just be the two of us. How about the pastor?"

Grayson shook his head. "If I knew a pastor well enough to let him know what's going on I would but I don't know any that well. How about you?"

Kate shook her head.

"I know a fellow who works with a student group off campus. We've served on a committee for helping freshman adjust to campus life. I'll ask him, if that's okay with you. He'll know of a small chapel we can use. On second thought, Saturday is probably a busy day for weddings. How about Friday afternoon? Will that work for you?"

Kate swallowed hard. "Sure," she said, with a shaky voice. She raised the coffee cup to her lips and drank. "We'll need flowers in order for the chapel to look right."

"Of course. And we'll have to go down to City Hall to pick up a license."

"Boy, you've thought this through."

"Probably not enough." He winked. "How dressy do we want to be?"

"We can't show up in sneakers; that'll give us away immediately."

"I own a tux. What about you?"

"I'll have to buy something new." She gave him a penetrating glare. "A woman can't get married in a dress she already owns."

Grayson frowned. "No, I suppose she can't do that. Will you wear white?"

"No." Color drained from Kate's cheeks. "I'll save that for a real wedding, if there ever is one. I'll find something that'll work. You can leave that up to me."

"You meet with Luci and Gina and get a dress and I'll take care of everything else. I can hardly wait to see their faces when together we shred that damn license."

"That'll be something, I'm sure." Kate looked away from him, but not before he saw tears misting her eyes.

He sighed deeply. He wished he was a tomcat; it might take him nine lives to figure women out. Particularly this one.

## CHAPTER THIRTEEN

Struggling to maintain her composure, Kate sat across Gina's kitchen table from her sister. Being the hostess, Gina sat at one end and kept the coffee flowing. She'd served ice cream and blueberries—one of Kate's favorites, though her own serving was largely untouched and had melted.

She'd been pleased to see her sister looking so well, but Luci showed little or no remorse for what she'd done. They'd exchanged hugs and strained pleasantries. She'd make one more effort to understand what had been going through her sister's mind, but she didn't think she'd ever really get it.

"So Grayson was right," Kate reiterated. "*The Diary* is an assignment for his class on erotic literature."

"That's right." Luci pushed aside her empty dish. "As I've said, everyone in the class had the

same assignment. It's due at the end of the summer."

"And you're not going to tell me whether it was fact or fiction?"

Luci glanced quickly at Gina. "No, that's none of your business. It should be quite obvious that I'm not pregnant. I don't have any bruises, not that I ever said I did."

"It might have been assumed."

"Seems to me, you assumed a lot," Luci snapped immediately.

"What do you mean by that?" Kate fought to keep her own anger under wraps.

"To begin with—that you could pick up my personal diary and read it." Luci stared darts at her.

Kate's stomach churned.

"And you assumed that I couldn't take care of myself—that once again you had to race in and rescue me."

"But..."

"Perhaps you'll learn not to pry into my private life."

"I didn't mean to pry."

Luci's shoulders slumped. "No, I know. You thought you were doing what was right. But that doesn't mean I have to like it."

"But you did count on your sister to discover and read *The Diary*?" Gina prompted. "She didn't

have to search high and low for it."

A small smile crept across Luci's lips. "No, Kate acted true to form. *The Diary* wasn't sitting out in the open, but Kate doesn't like a mess. I figured she'd straighten the stacks of papers on my desk. If she did that, the chances were very high that'd she'd find *The Diary*."

"And that I'd read it?"

"Didn't you?"

Kate sighed. "Okay, so maybe I shouldn't snoop so much. I'll try not to in the future. So you're not taking much responsibility for what has happened to me in the last several weeks."

Luci pursed her lips. "Not much. I wrote the manuscript. I didn't make you read it. And I sure didn't make you set out to avenge my honor by taking on Grayson Cosgrove."

"Though you did set a trail that was designed to lead me to him?"

"Yes, if you followed it. But I never expected he'd stay with you this long."

"I can't keep a man?" Kate drummed her fingers on the table.

"No woman keeps Grayson Cosgrove," Luci said with a trace of awe in her voice.

"Hah. What if I were to tell you he asked me to marry him, and that we're getting married Friday afternoon?" With glee and some malice, Kate watched Luci's jaw drop and Gina give her a wild-

eyed stare.

"You're kidding, of course," Luci said at last.

"Never been more serious. I want you to be my maid of honor, and Gina to stand up also. It will be a tiny wedding, just the four of us, and Grayson will bring along a best man. He's gone through this twice before and doesn't want a large wedding, and you're my only family."

"But...But it won't last, Kate!" Luci looked as horrified as Kate had ever seen her. "Cosgrove doesn't believe in permanency. He doesn't believe in love. He'll devastate you, and then what?"

Kate tilted her head to the side. "How can you be so sure of that? Maybe I've got something he likes beyond what all those other women had." She hoped her bravado was convincing. She wished it was enough to convince herself. "I guess it's a risk I'm willing to take. And I will survive, one way or the other."

Speechless, Luci glared at Kate.

"It seems like your little sister made a play at the grand professor and was soundly rebuffed," Gina interjected as some sort of explanation for Luci's incredulity.

Kate watched Luci turn beet red. "Ah, that may explain a lot. You didn't think Grayson was a man of integrity when he said he doesn't get involved with undergraduates.

"So, it was a no-lose game for you. If Grayson



dumped me, according to your fantasies, I'd be red meat on the dating market because of his temporary stamp of approval. If I dumped him, strange as it might have seemed to you, he'd have just come-uppance for declining the overtures of my younger sister."

Kate smiled. It felt great to genuinely smile. "But you hadn't counted on the remote possibility that Grayson and I would fall in love and marry."

"I still don't believe it." Luci huffed. "I won't believe it until I see it happen with my own eyes."

Her sister looked like the sullen little girl who'd been sent to her room for time out. "Well, you better start believing it. I expect you to be at the wedding and then you can see for yourself." She softened her tone. "And I do very much want you to stand up with me."

"She'll be there, Kate," Gina said, covering her hand with her own. "We'll both be there. You must admit this news of a wedding comes as a bit of a shock. But I am happy for you, girl. You've finally done it. You've snared yourself a man." Gina arched an eyebrow. "Do remember though, none of this would have happened if Luci hadn't written *The Diary*."

Kate nodded. "I'm very aware of that. I'd be coming down harder on Luci if I wasn't."

"Sister Kate's bark is always louder than its..."

Kate pushed back her chair and stood. "Luci,

do you think you could at least stop referring to me as Sister Kate? That always makes me feel like a nun and you know it."

"Guess it has been established lately," Luci gave her best sunshine smile, "that you'll likely not become a nun."

Involuntarily, Kate laughed. "I do believe that's a fact, young lady. Now, come and give me a hug. I won't stay and banter with you about my sex life." She peeked at Gina standing next to Luci. "And I won't be inquiring about your sex life either. But I do wish you both well."

\* \* \* \*

"Spank me harder, Gina. Remember, I deserve it," Luci implored, lying face down on the bed across Gina's lap. Her bare bottom had heated under Gina's restrained effort. Out of the corner of her eye, she saw Gina's hand rise again. She clutched the blanket with both fists and accepted the blow with grit. Tears welled in her eyes.

"Damn, that's enough," Gina declared. "I can't do this anymore. Guilt doesn't become you, Luci. As you said, you didn't make Kate do all of those things."

"No," Luci whimpered, "but I knew she would. I did set her up. I set Cosgrove up. And I need to be punished, please. Just a couple more."

Gina complied, but they were weak attempts. Luci smiled to herself. Apparently, she had some teaching to do if she was going to get her new lover into spanking. Later. And that was a promise. She loved being spanked even more than spanking her partner. "Maybe it's time for some healing?" she murmured.

Gina chuckled. "I'll kiss it and make it better."

"That's a beginning." Luci crawled off Gina's lap and lay on the bed.

"Your butt is awfully red, girl." Gina lowered her lips first to one cheek and then the other.

"Ah, but your lips are cooling salve."

Gina reached to the bedstand for a bottle of lube. "This should help, too." She dripped lube on Luci's rear and smeared it about.

"That is very healing." She rose to her knees and stayed in a tucked position.

"That brings much more into play." Gina dripped more lube between Luci's butt cheeks. Luci felt it spread down to her anus and then spill over her pussy. "You are so inviting, girl." Gina spread the lubricant around some more, covering sensitive flesh.

Luci mewed. "You have such a soft touch."

She gave Luci's butt one more kiss. "I think I may have just the thing to help you heal." She reached into the drawer one more time and pulled out a glove.

"Wow! I've heard of vibrating gloves, but I've never tried one." She watched Gina give her a wicked smile and her heart fluttered.

"I'm glad there are a few things that I can teach you. How does this feel on your shoulders?"

"My God, there is a heaven, and it's right here in your bedroom."

Gina chuckled. "I've had that same thought a few times myself."

Luci left her rear tucked up and laid her head on the bed. She closed her eyes and let the vibrations cleanse her body. Gina was doing her back. The glove traveled lower, coming to a stop at the rise of her butt. Vibrations were going everywhere. What would happen first? Would she fall asleep or would she orgasm? She hoped for the orgasm first; she didn't want to miss it.

She felt the tips of the gloved fingers sliding down the crease of her butt. She struggled to remain quiet. Her butt was straining; her pussy was straining. She licked her lips. The fingers merely buzzed around her anus and came to rest atop her pussy. Goodness. She bore down, trying to stay in control of her body. Her clit was going bonkers with the slightest pressure from the glove.

She heard Gina laugh. "It drives you crazy, doesn't it, girl? I think you've done enough penance for one night. Why don't you come for me? A little taste of your nectar would please me

immensely." Gina slid under her until her mouth was positioned to capture any juices that might issue forth. "Spill for me, girl. I'm thirsty."

Her lover's words nearly set her off, but Luci gritted her teeth and held on. She didn't want to miss...yes, there it was. A vibrating finger separated her folds and slid into her pussy. Good grief. Lucie arched her back and pushed against the finger taking it in deeper. Gina wiggled it. And Luci let go.

"Yes," she mumbled into the blanket. "I'm sorry. I'm coming for you, Gina. Bon appétit."

Gina withdrew the vibrating finger. "Thank you, thank you," Gina purred, lapping at her flow.

Luci felt Gina's mouth cover her pussy and her body stilled. It was as if Gina had thrown a comforter over her. She quieted. And she dozed.

She awoke in Gina's arms. "How long did I sleep?" she asked, yawning.

"Not long. I love to watch you sleep. You look so calm and innocent when you sleep."

Luci grinned. "So looks can be deceiving."

"I do think we've all learned that one of late."

"Yes. I wanted to ask you about something you said about us."

"Go ahead."

"You said you only do one partner at a time."

"Yes."

"Does that include threesomes?"

Gina sat straight up. "Heaven forbid, girl. Do you think I'm chaste? What made you think that? We'll combust if we don't have a real cock now and then. We'll even want to sample some other pussies from time to time." Gina frowned. "I hope you're not restricting us to threesomes."

Luci grin widened. "Never crossed my mind."

"Good. All I meant about one partner was that we wouldn't have private stashes tucked away. We share and share alike as long as we are a team. Okay?"

"Super. That glove was something else. Can I try it?"

Gina's eyes gleamed. "Of course. I was hoping you'd want to. I haven't had it long, but it does seem to have its own electricity."

Luci tugged on the glove and wiggled her fingers until it felt comfortable. She turned it on and ran it across her own breasts. "Wow. That is an amazing glove." She reached over and covered Gina's breast.

Gina flinched and relaxed. "Jesus, I'd forgotten how powerful it can be. You might want to slow the speed down until you get familiar with it."

Ignoring her admonition, Luci brought a finger within a fraction of an inch of Gina's nipple. She smiled as the nipple extended seeking pleasure. "I love how your nipples get so big," she murmured.

"Uh, huh. You're driving me nuts, girl."

"My, my, you want me to touch you, don't you, Ms. Nipple? Don't pout." Gina lifted her chest, but Luci raised her finger enough to avoid contact.

"Goodness, girl. Oh, damn."

Luci smiled at Gina's eyes going blank and her mouth slacking. Her hips rose and fell. "You're climaxing and I'm not even touching you. That's glorious. I love to watch you come like that. Not all women can, you know. I've done it a few times, but I usually have to be touched. You're a jewel, Gina."

Gina settled back and opened her eyes and smiled. "I'm glad you think so, Luci. Now will you touch me with that damn vibrating glove, somewhere? Anywhere."

Wiggling a finger at her, Luci asked, "Have you tried this in your ass yet?"

Gina's eyes rounded and she shook her head.

"Fantastic. That should be a real trip." She smiled at Gina's look of expectancy. "But we'll take our time getting there. Your body deserves a thorough massage."

"And you aim to please." Gina grinned.

"Absolutely. Don't you appreciate my generosity?"

"It's growing on me."

"It is sometimes better to receive than give."

Gina stretched. "Unless you want to talk about it all night, I'm in a prime mood for receiving. And

don't forget your promise about my ass."

"Don't worry, I won't forget about your ass. That'll be the last little gift we'll unwrap for the night." Luci startled. "Cripes! What are we going to get Kate for her wedding?"

Gina groaned. "You're too young to lose track of what you're doing, Luci. Put Kate aside until tomorrow. Right now we're focusing on me, okay?"

"Sorry." She flicked her tongue at a nipple. "A little suckling seems in order. What do you think?" She lowered her mouth and took in much of Gina's breast.

Gina's fingers played with her neck and hair. "That's a fine start. You are such a suckling enthusiast. I doubt I've ever had better."

Luci remained focused on her task. She suckled that breast like it might be the last she'd ever taste.

Her spirits soared with Gina's words echoing across her brain. That meant she suckled breasts better than Sister Kate, but then she'd undoubtedly had much more practice than her sister.

\* \* \* \*

Grayson lay on Kate's round bed propped against pillows and watched Kate pacing back and forth. He was ready for bed. Well, at least he was ready



to be in bed. Kate wasn't. She could be high strung at times, but he'd never seen her so wound up.

She whirled about and faced him. "Are you positive everything is set?"

"That must be the twentieth time you've asked me. Yes. The license is in my tux pocket. The flowers will arrive a half an hour before the wedding. I doubt the pastor will forget."

"I hope he won't be too upset when he discovers that this whole thing is a farce."

"I'll triple his fee. He'll survive." He peered down his nose at Kate. "The question is will *we* survive until we get you to the chapel?"

Her clenched fingers dug into her hips. "Don't make fun of me, Grayson. I've never gone through a wedding before—not even a pretend one. You've gone through two."

"Did you have to remind me?" He scowled. "Too bad those weren't pretend weddings."

Kate rummaged in her closet.

"You're not going to try that dress on again, are you?"

"I want to be sure it fits right. If I have to make a tuck or let something out, there's still time. Tomorrow might be too late." She looked at him with clouded eyes. "By then my fingers will be trembling so hard I won't be able to hold a needle and thread."

"Okay, try it on again. It looked spectacular the

last three times you modeled it. Though I doubt I'll soon tire of seeing you in it."

She gave him a fierce look and shrugged out of her robe and stepped into the dress. Much to his liking, it was form fitting, showing off her curves very nicely.

Unfortunately, it covered her bodice all the way to her chin. She'd said that was to keep from embarrassing her in front of the pastor. She'd promised not to wear a bra. At least he'd won one point. Two points actually, and not small ones at that.

"You don't think it's too tight?"

"Not at all. It fits you perfectly, Kate. If someone had molded the dress to you, it wouldn't fit any better."

She twirled about and assessed her reflection in the mirror. "You're not saying that just to get me in bed are you?"

"That would be nice—you coming to bed. You're gorgeous in the dress, but then you'd be beautiful in a ratty bathrobe. Why don't you come and join me and relax? Tomorrow will be here before you know it and that will be that."

Kate frowned and nodded. "I suppose you're right." She reached behind her and tugged on her zipper. She hung up the dress without putting her robe on and turned and gave him an odd look of trepidation and determination.

"I'm glad you decided to wear white after all," he said, extending his arms to her.

"It's the only color I liked in that pattern, and I do want to wear it again." She gave him a look of determination and settled on the bed. "I won't waste all of that money on a fake wedding."

"That makes sense to me. Come here, Kate. Don't stay way over there. Come lie with me." Hesitantly, she slid across the large bed and lay on her back. She shuttered her eyes as if to shut him out.

She was a bundle of nerves and wasn't about to let him get too close. He'd have to see what he could do about that.

He leaned over and gently kissed her eyelids. They fluttered but remained closed. He sensed her relaxing a trifle. He pecked at her nose and slanted his lips across hers. He traced them with his tongue and then did the same to her chin. He followed her jaw line to an ear and swabbed it gingerly. Her breath caught, pleasing him. He wasn't in this alone.

Cupping a breast, he lifted it to his mouth. He licked its underside. He laved its areola. His flicked at its nipple and then his mouth settled over it. He suckled like it was the first time or like it might be the last time. Reluctantly, he kissed it goodbye and nestled his head between both substantial breasts as if they were pillows.

She used her arms to squeeze them against his ears. Was she trying to smother him? It didn't matter, he loved it. She let him escape and he paid equal attention to her second breast before dipping a hand between her legs.

She startled. He palmed her mound as if he were petting a puppy. Her thighs gave way and widened. While continuing to suckle a breast, he splayed his fingers across her pussy. She was already quite moist. He plied at her folds until he found her hidden opening. He smiled against the breast and cautiously slipped a finger into her heat. She bucked slightly and then relaxed.

She was so responsive. Would he ever tire of her? That was becoming extremely difficult to imagine. He worked a second finger into her and let her breast fall from his mouth.

He slid his lips across her belly until he covered her clitoris with his mouth. He worked it back and forth with his tongue. He backed off and blew warm air on it and grinned when she responded by arching her back forcing his fingers deeper into her vagina.

Her breathing became labored, a sign that she was close. He wanted her to come. He wanted to help her put aside her nerves, at least for a little while.

He fingered her slowly. She raised her hips off the bed asking for more. He smiled and flicked at

her clit, which stood erect in its full glory. He curved a finger up inside until she began to spasm; his heart filled watching her ride his finger that pressed against her G spot.

"Jesus. God, Grayson," she called out, rolling away from him.

She tucked her knees to her chin and her body shook. He could only imagine what was happening inside her. He heard her gasping for air. Her flesh quivered. Her breathing slowed. She had ridden whatever they'd conjured up for her and she would come back to him. Soon.

When she quieted, he traced her spine lightly with a finger pad. She never turned to look at him. He could see from the mirror that her eyes were still closed, when she said, "Grayson, don't abandon me. Not tonight. I want you inside me."

He kissed her back and curved himself around her butt. With little effort he entered her. She shuddered when he sank deep into her vagina. He held her tight. There was no rush. Not tonight.

She lay there with her body open to him, but her soul was closed. She was guarding her emotions. She was protecting herself from him, but why? Why now, after all that they'd gone through?

He kissed her neck and ran his tongue across her shoulders. She shivered. She was awake; she was just hiding. He cupped a breast in his hand.

She sighed.

Lazily, he worked his cock in and out of her pussy. She reached between her legs and fondled him as he slid in and out of her entrance. Her palm covered her mound, teasing both of them.

He quickened his pace. She inhaled and pressed her rear against his groin. "Fill me," she whispered, breaking the silence. "Don't go away and leave me empty."

She cupped his balls and he quietly filled her. She moved her hand to her clit and quickly triggered another orgasm. Her whole body shuddered against his, but she uttered not a sound.

She sighed. This time she didn't try to move away from him. He wouldn't have let her go if she'd tried.

To his surprise, Kate began to quake in his arms. He held her tight. "What's wrong, Kate? I thought that was lovely."

She shook her head.

"Tell me, Kate. Please."

"It was lovely. Exquisite." She breathed through her nose trying to contain her sobs. "It's the wedding," she muttered at last.

Grayson's brow furrowed. "But it's not for real."

"I know, I know. But what happens when it's over? You'll be free to go back to your life."

Grayson didn't twitch a muscle. "Can't we stay the way we are?"

"I don't know."

"Do you want to?"

"Yes," she whispered. "I don't want you out of my life."

"We'll work it out. Trust me." He smiled into her back and kissed her shoulder blade. "We'll work it out, pinup girl."

It overwhelmed him how deeply satisfied he was to feel her rhythmic breathing against his arm as she dozed.

Would she ever be able to trust him? Maybe she did. At least a little.

## CHAPTER FOURTEEN

The intimacy of the small stone chapel left Kate feeling completely exposed. The pastor standing before them looked at her with kind eyes. Did he have any idea that he was only a prop in a plot to wreak revenge?

Her sister stood between her and Gina. On her other side was Grayson and beside him the professor he'd brought along as his nominal best man.

Kate's knees threatened to buckle. She'd never felt more alone.

She tried to keep her attention on the pastor's words. But that proved difficult. His words were rich with meaning and at most weddings must add a welcomed depth to the ceremony.

But this wasn't most weddings. This wasn't even a wedding.

Why had she agreed to go through with this charade? It was Grayson's idea. No. It had been



her idea from the very beginning, only she was supposed to be leaving him at the altar before the service began.

She peeked out of the corner of an eye at him. Maybe that's what she should do.

He used her brief moment of hesitation to grab her hand. His strength rooted her in place.

She gulped. They'd come this far. There was no turning back or running away. Luci had better be shocked when she and Grayson tore up the unsigned license.

Grayson turned her to face him and he repeated his vows to her as the pastor guided him phrase by phrase.

Her ears rang. She didn't want to hear the words. They were hollow. Yet, Grayson looked so sincere. His eyes sparkled with warmth. He spoke clearly and forcefully.

It was her turn. She wet her lips and looked at the pastor, who beamed at her. The man wasn't about to rescue her.

She looked back at Grayson. He smiled, cocking an ear so he could hear her better. She could hardly hear her own words.

Why was he enjoying himself so much? He must have a sadistic streak in him that she hadn't seen.

Resolved to see this fakery through, she spit out the last phrase of her vow and congratulated

herself on being such a cold, hard bitch. At this point, it wasn't clear that her sister would be punished by this fake wedding at all.

It was the 'bride' who was doing all the suffering. She peered at her groom, who stood perfectly erect.

The pastor looked at Grayson and asked, "Grayson Cosgrove, do you take this woman, Kathleen Noble, to be your wedded wife?"

Grayson nodded at the pastor and bore his eyes into her. "I do. I really do, if she'll have me."

It took a moment for his words to sink through her haze. Her eyes rounded. Her heart stopped. Grayson smiled broadly. Her mouth fell open.

She glanced quickly at the pastor who continued speaking to her. "Do you Kathleen Noble take this man, Grayson Cosgrove, to be your wedded husband?"

Kate ignored the question. "Do you mean..." she mouthed at Grayson.

"What did you say, Kate?" he asked, calmly.

"Do you mean what I heard you say?" she nearly shouted.

He nodded. "I did and I do. I want you for my wife, Kate—if you'll have me for your husband."

"Oh, I will," she screamed, crushing her body against his. She peeked over at the pastor. "I mean I do."

Grayson lifted her onto her toes and kissed her

soundly. She responded in kind, not wanting to let him go, or for him to let her go.

The pastor chuckled. "This is a bit unusual," he said. "Most couples wait to kiss until I've pronounced them husband and wife and invited them to embrace."

Kate broke away from Grayson long enough to say, "We don't mean any disrespect, Reverend, but we don't need an invitation to kiss." She returned to the task of kissing her husband. She stopped abruptly and stood beside Grayson. "Maybe you better go ahead and say those words, Reverend. Before one of us changes our mind."

"I'd be happy to," he replied, nodding. "In the name of all that is holy I pronounce that you are husband and wife. You may kiss."

Before the last syllable was out, Grayson pulled Kate into his arms. Their lips met and parted; she pressed her tongue into his mouth and she didn't give a damn who was watching. This was the first kiss she'd ever bestowed on her husband and it wasn't going to be one he'd easily forget.

Moments later, they stood around a small desk and signed the documents. Kate was certain she hadn't taken a single breath until the pastor retrieved the signed license and departed.

Grayson had an arm around her waist and grinned at her watching the pastor close the door behind him. "You can relax, wife. I'm not running

away." He squeezed her tight. "And neither are you. I hope you don't want to run away."

"Me," she whispered back. "The only place I want to run to is back to my bed with my husband. I neglected to buy him a gift, but I might be able to come up with an idea for one or two by the time we get there."

"I'll hold you to that, but it looks like you have some well wishers to tend to first."

Gina was the first to give her a bear hug. "You make a lovely bride, Kate. Congratulations." She winked. "I wasn't positive whether this was going to be for real or not."

Kate hugged her again. "I'm glad you were here, Gina. You'll always be an important part of our lives."

"It's my turn," Luci said, beaming. "Congratulations, Kate. It looks like we definitely have a professor in the family." She nodded at Grayson. "That'll be a trip."

Luci looked back at Kate with tear-filled eyes. "Don't worry about me, Kate, and I won't worry about you. I saw the love the two of you share. You're going to have a full and happy life." Luci backed away. "Aren't you pleased that I wrote *The Diary*?"

Kate laughed and hugged her sister again. "Yes, I may have it bronzed – page by page."

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Kate pecked her husband's lips. She lay in his arms with her breasts grazing his chest and with his cock still impaled in her pussy. "This could become habit forming, you know."

"Uh, huh," Grayson said. "It's a habit I'll never want to break."

"Hmm. And we're really leaving tomorrow for Stratford?"

"For two weeks. We have the Ginger Bread Cottage and your boss is pleased for you to spend your honeymoon there. He did say he'd like you to check in on the progress the gallery over there is making. I told him that was fine if that would require less than an hour of your time. He assured me that it wouldn't take longer."

"You've really been a busy fellow, husband." She pecked at his nose.

"Yes, I had to be certain I had a wife by time the day was done."

"Grayson?"

"Yes."

"Clearly what transpired in the chapel this afternoon wasn't a spur of the moment thing."

He wiggled his groin against her. She felt him hardening. He shook his head.

"When did you know you wanted to marry me?"

He closed his eyes as if sorting through his

response. "It wasn't a single moment. I believe my feelings on that matter evolved over time. I expect it began to niggle at the far side of my brain when we were at Stratford."

"And..."

"I was quite certain when I watched you slide your ass down my cock the other day."

"I thought I saw love in your eyes when I settled on your groin."

"You should have been able to feel it in my cock. And then last night holding you in my arms, knowing that you didn't want me to leave, I was absolutely certain."

"You made so many arrangements this morning that you should be exhausted."

"Hardly. I've never had such an innovative wife. I can't afford exhaustion. She might throw me out and take a younger lover."

She poked him in the chest. "Don't even joke about that."

"Since confession seems good for the soul, when did you know that you wanted to marry me, Kate? I didn't see any hesitation at the chapel."

"When I lay in my bedroom chair with my legs over your back. You may not remember. But when you finished eating me you blew softly on my clit and I came again. Rather loudly, actually."

He kissed her open mouth. "I'll never forget."

"And then when we were at Stratford, I knew

for certain." She frowned. "And then all hell broke loose and I thought I'd lost you for good."

"But I hung in there."

"Nicely hung in there." She squeezed her vagina tight around his cock. "Maybe we should do some more gift exchanging. We can sleep on the plane all the way to London."

"Maybe. And maybe we'll figure out away to continue our gift exchanging on the plane."

Kate leaned back and stared hard at him.

"You've not done it on a plane?"

She shook her head.

"Not that difficult on an international flight. I'll see that we don't forget."

"I love you, Grayson Cosgrove." Kate brushed her lips against his.

"And I love you, Kate Noble. It is about time we use those words." He kissed her soundly.

She smiled. "Past time. Those are beautiful words. Oh, speaking of love, did Gina tell you that Luci is moving in?"

He shook his head.

"They should be settled by the time we return from our honeymoon."

"So Gina got her woman and Luci got her woman. And Kate got her man and Grayson got his woman." He tapped Kate's nipple. "I wonder if the bard had us in mind when he wrote, 'All's well that ends well.'"

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Adriana Kraft is really two people, which may be why she so passionately enjoys reading and writing erotic romance. A married couple, “she” has four children, teaches college, specializing in human services and criminal justice. She’s lived and worked in many parts of the US and has traveled widely, providing her with a wealth of settings for her books. She hopes readers will relish her novels at least half as much as she has relished writing them—and she highly recommends sharing the sizzling fiction with a partner. It may take longer to finish the book, but Adriana believes a good book is meant to be savored!