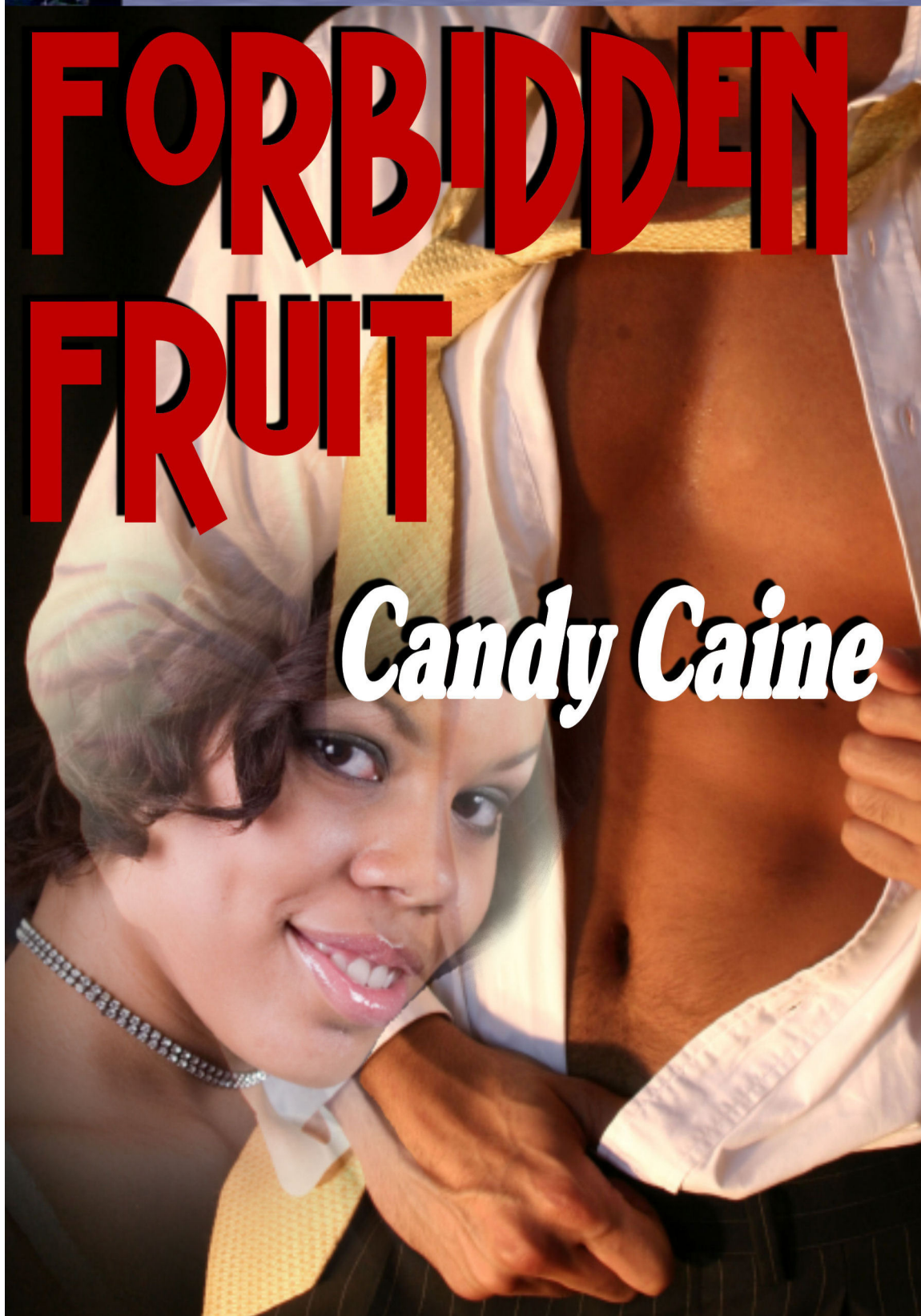


Ocean's Mist Press

FORBIDDEN FRUIT

Candy Caine



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FORBIDDEN FRUIT

by Candy Caine

I guess I've always loved Denzel ever since he first moved into the house next to mine on Maple Avenue. We were close in age, with him being two years older than me. It was great having him around since I was an only child and often lonely. He soon became my knight in shining armor always there to protect me from harm.

Denzel was also the only guy I ever dated. He had grown into a tall, handsome hunk, so who could want more? It was assumed by everyone that we'd get married one day. And that was all I thought I wanted.

I didn't have any real close girlfriends since I spent most of my time with Denzel. I shared all my dreams and deepest thoughts with him, until I got a job at Wendell, Jones and Smith

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where I met Angela. She became the sister I never had and became my new confidante.

The day I began my new job was my entry into the real world after having lived in a sheltered cocoon most of my life.

“Welcome to Wendell, Jones and Smith, Melissa,” John Wendell, the office manager said as he shook my hand.

“Thank you.”

“I’m certain you’ll be happy here.”

And why wouldn’t I? The place was huge, six floors in all, each tastefully decorated and finished with the deepest piled rugs I’d ever stepped on. I was the new receptionist on the second floor. Carol, the receptionist whom I was replacing, would be training me for the next few days.

At lunch, Carol brought me into a large cafeteria. We bought lunch and then walked over to a table where two other girls were eating.

“Angela Hardy, Millie Green, I’d like you to meet Melissa Janey. She’ll be replacing me.”

“Hi,” they said in unison.

“Hi.”

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That's how I met Angela. We bonded immediately, becoming the best of friends and had lunch together every day.

After work, I drove to Denzel's apartment. I was there so much that it would have made more sense if I moved in. However, I didn't want to destroy my parents' image of me. They still thought I was their sweet, innocent little girl with pigtails, even though I wore my hair much shorter now.

"Hi, hon," I said coming through the door and kissing Denzel who was perched in front of his computer. He was a graphic artist and worked from his apartment.

"Umm, you taste good. How was work?"

"Great! I really like it there."

"And you were so worried."

"What smells so good?"

"Dinner. It's in the oven."

"How does it look that the man I love is a better cook than me?"

"Do you really care?"

"Only my stomach," which was true since I was a terrible cook, not having much practice.

Denzel shut down the computer and took me in his arms.

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“I love you, Mel.”

I smiled and kissed him. He kissed me back and began to nuzzle my neck. I felt his tongue teasing my lips, seeking entry as his hand encircled my breast through my blouse.

“Do we have time before dinner?”

“Of course,” he said, as he took my hand and led me into his bedroom.

We both undressed and got into bed continuing where we left off. I ran my hands through Denzel’s thick, black hair as he teased each breast with his tongue and lips.

“How does that feel?”

“Nice,” I whispered, breathlessly. “Don’t stop.”

Denzel smiled and began to work his way down my body slowly, leaving tender, soft butterfly kisses along the way. He stopped momentarily at my navel and flicked his tongue in and out as he played with my nipples, keeping them hard. He continued to kiss and fondle me until I was wet enough to receive him. It wasn’t long before I felt him stiffen, grabbing my breasts at the same time. That was my signal that he’d come and we were done. Somehow, I always felt there was something missing.

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Denzel kissed me. “I’d better check on dinner,” he said and began to pull on his clothes. I redressed also and followed him into the kitchen.

Not having any close girlfriends before Angela, I never had conversations about sex with anybody, not even Denzel.

It was a new world at Wendell, Jones and Smith. All that the women working there seemed to care about was dating, marriage and above all, sex.

Angela was single and my age. She liked to party and dated a lot, often comparing notes with Millie, who changed men as often as she changed underwear.

Millie came into the cafeteria looking like the cat that ate the canary. I knew a guy had to be involved somehow. She sat down next to me.

“Okay, tell us about it. And don’t you dare leave any juicy thing out,” Angela said.

“I met a guy.”

“And that’s special?”

“No. Listen. This guy was so hot, he had me creaming in my pants.”

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I could feel a blush rising in my cheeks. I could never talk like that.

“Do tell all.”

Millie began to give us every passionate detail. I could feel my own body responding to the images she was describing. As I listened, I subconsciously compared my sex life to her night of splendor. It made mine sound boring and routine. But I loved Denzel and wasn't that was what mattered the most? He was going to make a wonderful husband and father. There was nothing in life more important than that.

Millie was total party girl and not at all like me. I don't think she even cared to settle down with one guy and raise a family. Neither word, mother nor baby were words that were listed in her vocabulary. Her favorite saying was: “Too many men – too little time.”

Before I knew it, it was Christmas. The firm always threw a party for their employees on the Friday afternoon before the holiday. It was catered and had live music.

Angela met me and we walked into the party together, which had already started. Millie was busy on the dance floor

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shaking her booty, which usually got the attention of every male in the place. A lawyer friend spotted Angela and asked her to dance. Not knowing many people, I felt lost and began to back up into a corner.

“Whoa! Stop right there!” a deep voice called out from behind me.

I slowly turned to face a handsome man trying to steady the drink I nearly knocked into.

“Oh, I’m so sorry! I didn’t know you were there,” I said embarrassed beyond belief.

He chuckled. “No harm done.”

I couldn’t take my eyes from his face. It wasn’t overly handsome, yet there was something – his eyes – they were simply captivating, dark and almond-shaped. When he smiled, he revealed two dimples in his cheeks that complemented the one in his chin.

“My name is Charles White.”

“Melissa Janey.”

“Glad to meet you, Melissa Janey,” he replied extending his hand.

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I shook his hand and felt a small spark as if I had touched a live wire. Yet, it was a pleasant sensation and his hand felt warm and strong. I barely noticed that he didn't withdraw it right away.

"How long have you been working for W, J, & S, Melissa? I don't recall seeing you around before." (If she's the reception, why wouldn't he see her, everyone passes reception desk at law firms?)

"About six months."

"That explains it. Lately I've been at court more than in the office."

At a loss for words, I nodded. Conversation was not one of my strong points.

"So how do you like working here?"

"It's great. Everyone is so nice and helpful."

"Not many people often say that about lawyers," he said with laughter in his voice.

I found myself hanging on to every word he said as if his voice was music to my ears.

"Would you like a drink?"

"Yes. A Screwdriver, thank you."

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I watched as Charles walked over to the bar and ordered me a drink. He was back by my side in moments.

“This is the part where we tell about each other, so I’ll begin,” he said. “I’m twenty-eight, single and still paying off my school loans.”

I laughed. “I’m twenty-two, but pre-engaged to a graphic artist, who’s saving every penny to buy me a ring – or better be.”

“Lucky guy.”

Did he really mean that, I wondered?

The band began to play a slow song. “Would you care to dance, Melissa?”

I hesitated. After all, what would Denzel think if he saw me dancing with another man?

“I promise to be a perfect gentleman,” he said, holding open his arms.

I glided into his arms and felt a jolt of excitement. This time I couldn’t blame it on static electricity. Being in his strong arms definitely excited me. I felt heady from the mixture of his cologne and unique masculine smell. I suddenly never felt more alive than I did at that moment. It was almost as if my senses

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were heightened. I wondered how much alcohol was in that drink.

We danced and talked until it was time to go home. Charles offered to drive me home, but I had my own car. I said good night to Angela, whom I'd hardly seen all night and then walked out to the elevators with Charles. When we parted in the underground garage, he took my hand in his and kissed my cheek. I could still feel his lips on my skin long after I'd gotten into my car and had driven away.

I drove home with Charles White occupying my every thought. Realizing I was fantasizing about another man, I forced myself to think about Denzel, whom I called the minute I got home.

"How was the party?"

"Like other office parties, nothing special." I nearly blurted out that I'd met the most exciting man. Now that would have gone over real big.

"Are you coming over tonight?"

I was tired and should have said I wasn't, but I think that guilt changed my mind. "Yes, in a little while."

"See ya, soon."

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I drove to his apartment on autopilot. My mind was miles away. I knew where and didn't like it. It was something Millie would do.

Denzel greeted me with a kiss. I wanted to go right to bed. I guess I had to prove to myself I still loved him.

"Wow! I let you go to a party and you return to me horny. I guess you really missed me," he said, following me into the bedroom.

Suddenly in the middle of our lovemaking I began to cry. I quickly wiped my tears away. If I couldn't explain their presence to myself, how would I explain them to Denzel?

Thinking it might have something to do with Charles White, I promised myself not to have any further contact with Charles White. It shouldn't be a difficult thing to do, since his office was on the fourth floor and I worked on the second. Besides, he was often at court and out of the building. I'd hoped that if I didn't see him, he'd soon fade from my dreams and I'd stop fantasizing about making love to him.

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It was Saturday. I had gotten home from Denzel's late the night before and wanted to sleep late. The constant ringing of the phone ruined my plans. I looked at the clock on my night table. It read eight-thirty. My parents, being early risers, were probably out shopping already.

I answered the phone.

"Melissa?"

Hearing the voice of John Wendell tore away the veil of sleep I'd been wrapped in. I was now wide-awake. "Yes?"

"Melissa, it's Mr. Wendell."

"Yes, how are you?" I said, not actually knowing what else to say.

"I'm calling because I need a favor. Clara, our Saturday receptionist called in sick. Would you be able to fill in for her? I would greatly appreciate it."

You didn't say no to your boss. They usually remembered your cooperation in holiday bonuses. I would have done it, anyway, since I knew that Denzel would be working all day on some major project he was involved in.

"Of course. I can be there in an hour."

"That's fine. And Melissa...."

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“What?”

“Thanks.”

“No problem.”

I immediately jumped into the shower, dressed, and had some breakfast. I left a note for my parents letting them know that I was working.

The underground parking garage was practically empty, since most of the staff worked from Monday through Friday. That meant that I didn’t have to walk too far.

Mr. Wendell stopped by my desk to thank me again personally. I thought that it was very nice of him and it made me feel appreciated. Before I realized it, the day had breezed by and it was time to go home. I wondered if Denzel had gotten much accomplished and wanted to do something. I decided to call him when I got home.

I took the elevator down to the garage level and stepped out as the doors opened. I hadn’t gone very far, when I was roughly grabbed from behind. I tried to struggle and kick at my attacker, but he was dragging me backwards into the dim-lighted corner. When I began to scream, he quickly covered my mouth with his hand. When we reached the corner he pushed me face

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down, giving me a moment to scream for help before he gagged me again. But luck was with me! Someone had heard. I could hear the echo of someone's footsteps running towards us. My assailant took off.

"Melissa! Are you all right?"

It was Charles White, of all people, who had come to my rescue. As silly as it may sound, I hated having him see me this way.

"Are you hurt? Did he...?"

I shook my head. In fact, everything shook. Now that it was all over, I had become a basket case. I was trembling and tears flowed down my face in small streams.

"You poor thing," he said as he helped me up and put his arms protectively around me. "Come, sit. My car is right here."

He helped me into the back seat of his car. Then he sat down next to me to try and comfort me. He took out a pack of tissues and began to gently wipe away my tears. I don't know why, but I couldn't stop crying. Charles merely took me in his arms and allowed me to cry myself out on his shoulder.

"Shhh," he cooed, as he rocked me in his arms. He kissed the top of my head, my cheek and suddenly his lips were

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covering mine. It was a gentle kiss, but it rocked my entire being. My innermost thoughts cried out to him for more, while my previous fears vanished. As if he could read my mind, he kissed me again, only this time, more deeply. My mouth opened to allow his tongue to enter. I heard myself moan as our kisses became more ardent. I couldn't stop myself. Above all, I wanted this man to hold and touch me. As I felt his hand capture a breast through the material of my blouse, a mental picture of Denzel suddenly flashed before me and I pulled away abruptly.

"What's wrong? Did I hurt you?"

"I can't do this. I belong to someone else."

"I'm sorry. I forgot and got carried away."

"I'm not," I heard myself admit, "but it mustn't happen again. I can never thank you enough for saving me."

"Where are you going? Will you be able to drive?"

"I'm okay now. Thank you," I lied, still reeling from his kisses.

I could still feel the heat of his lips on mine and the sensations they caused within my body. I was wet with desire. I shouldn't have let it go as far as it did.

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Luckily I didn't see Denzel the entire weekend. I probably couldn't have faced him, anyway.

Still filled with guilt, I told Angela everything on Monday. I'm not sure what upset her more, my not sleeping with Charles or my near attack. She thought I was crazy not to give in to my innermost desires.

"Angela, I don't know what to do. I know it's wrong, but I can't stop thinking about Charles."

"Girl, it sounds like you got it bad."

"It's like he's a drug and I can't live without a fix."

"Then be with him."

"What about Denzel?"

"What about him?"

"That would be cheating on him."

"Girl, what that boy don't know won't hurt him. Besides, you've never been with another man. Well here's your chance to compare."

"But..."

"No, buts. If you love Denzel and are meant to be with him, you'll get Charles out of your system. Am I making myself clear?"

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I hadn't looked at it from that point of view. Perhaps she had a point. But on the other hand, if I cared so deeply about Denzel, why would I even think of going to bed with another guy? What was wrong with me?

"Yes, but I don't think I can bring myself to cheat on Denzel."

"Listen, this is going nowhere. No matter what, *que sera, sera.*"

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"What will be will be."

I had no idea how right she was.

Denzel and I went out to dinner to celebrate the completion of his project. He'd been cooped up in the apartment really working hard and needed to get out. I'd always wanted to try the new restaurant which had opened on Main Street, so we made reservations there.

The waiter had just finished taking our order when Charles White came walking towards our table with an older couple.

"What's wrong, Melissa? You look like you've seen a ghost?"

"Don't mind me, hon. I'm fine."

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I'd no sooner said that when Charles noticed me and stopped to say hello. He introduced me to his parents and I introduced him to Denzel. The entire conversation took less than five minutes, but was long enough to destroy the rest of my evening. I didn't know why seeing Charles triggered such a reaction in me.

When Denzel tried to make love to me later on, I was too distracted and ruined things for him, just as well. I realized soon enough, that if I intended to get on with my life, I'd have to exorcise Charles from my soul. I had no intention of hurting Denzel by sleeping with another man. However, the more I said it to myself, the hollower the words sounded.

Angela whistled when she saw me on Monday. "You look whipped, girl. You still hassling over the guy situation?"

I nodded.

"Why don't you let nature take its course?"

"Would you please stop saying that?"

"Why? You afraid of the truth? Well, girlfriend, it's staring you right in the face. You can't fight what's meant to be."

"The only thing that's meant to be is my marrying Denzel."

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She shook her head in disbelief. “I give up. See you at lunch.”

I watched her walk away. Her words echoed in my head. I shook it as if to knock them from my consciousness.

I hadn’t seen Charles White for almost a week since I saw him in the restaurant. That gave me plenty of time to think about what had happened and analyze it. I realized how dangerous it was for me to be in his presence. He was like a magnet drawing me to him and I wasn’t strong enough to break the force. I toyed with the idea of changing jobs, but that wasn’t practical since I truly liked working for the law firm.

Besides, I only ran into Charles on rare occasions.

I couldn’t deal with how Charles White made me feel whenever he was near and when he touched me, the sensations which shot through my body were overwhelming. I found myself breathless and so horny. Feeling things I hadn’t felt before.

Obviously if I continued to think about Charles more and more it would soon become difficult hiding these feelings from Denzel. Thank God, that most of the time he was too involved in his work to notice. It made things a lot easier for me, though my own guilt threatened to consume me. I didn’t want to think

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about Charles. I felt it was a form of cheating on Denzel. I worried what would happen when everything came to a head. I certainly hoped that I wouldn't lose mine.

Five-thirty. Time to go home. I grabbed my purse and coat and headed for the elevator. Angela had asked if I'd join her and the other girls for drinks at Skanks, a local bar. I thought I'd head over to Denzel's instead. Besides, I had enough preaching for one day.

The elevator doors opened. Charles White was standing inside, alone. For a split second as the doors closed behind me, we stared into one another's eyes. Then in a flash, I was in his arms and his lips were on mine. By the time the elevator reached the garage level we were breathless.

"Follow me home, Melissa," was all he whispered.

As if in a trance, I got in my car and pulled in behind him as he passed. I had no idea where he was going. I would have followed him to the ends of the earth at that point.

Charles lived in a lovely condominium a few miles from the office. I parked my car next to his and together we walked into his duplex. We barely closed the door behind us before we

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were locked in an embrace. Slowly we danced our way to the bedroom, dropping articles of clothing along the way. His touch simply seared my skin, leaving me on fire. My desire, which I had tried so desperately to ignore, had ignited into flames. I had never felt as hot before and knew there wouldn't be any turning back. I wanted to touch him—feel him all over and within me. I could no longer control myself.

We fell on the bed all mouths, lips and hands in constant motion. I felt more wanton and wanted to do things I've never done before.

"So beautiful," Charles murmured into the small of my neck.

The tops of my breasts were swelling over the rim of my bra. He kissed them as he opened my bra to free them. Taking one in his hand and suckling the other, I felt pleasure radiate right through me. He pulled my panties down. I spread my legs to give him easy access.

Instead of slipping his cock inside me, he buried his face there. With his tongue he began to trace the outline of my clit before he began to suck it. Denzel had never done this to me before. My body began to gyrate on its own accord. I pushed his

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mouth hard into me as I moved faster and faster. I began to shriek in pleasure, feeling wild sensations, I'd never felt before.

Charles came back up and kissed me on the mouth. I opened my mouth and he thrust his tongue in. I felt his rock-hard cock pushing through his underwear. My one desire was to have it inside me as far as it could go. I pushed his boxers down and gave a pleasurable moan as he filled me. We began to move slowly, every stroke was heavenly. Moments later, I felt as if I were on fire and was about to explode. I raised my legs and put them over his shoulder. I needed to feel him as deep as he could go. Charles sensed what I needed and pumped harder into me.

"Faster," I whispered, shocked at hearing my own voice. I'd never spoken to Denzel during sex.

Then I felt the earth move around me as my entire body convulsed. I'd never experienced anything like this with Denzel before. Charles had just taken me to a place I had never been before. I realized I'd just experienced my first orgasm. The girls at work often spoke about them. I guessed it was hard to know what they were really like without ever having experienced one. If I had died at that point I wouldn't have cared, for I had just

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experienced heaven. I'd never felt this way before with Denzel, or in my wildest dreams would I have ever thought I could. How could I ever go back to Denzel and be satisfied after having experienced this?

All my thoughts and doubts were forgotten as Charles began to kiss me. This time we made love more slowly, savoring every caress. My body felt like one giant nerve ending responding to his slightest touch. I didn't think it possible for me to soar as high as I already had, but I did. I knew I'd never be the same again. I didn't want to think about that now. All I wanted to do was live in the now and pray it lasted forever.

I awoke some time later. Glancing at the clock, I saw that it was late. I wanted to get home before my parents started their day.

Charles stirred in his sleep as I squirmed out of his embrace. I kissed him and got out of bed. I dressed quickly and left him a note. In my heart of hearts, I didn't want to go. I was in love with him and probably had been from the moment we first met. It was about time that I had admitted it to myself.

On the ride home my guilty conscience began to take over. I remembered Angela's words, "What Denzel doesn't know

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won't hurt him." But I knew that there was no way I could hide the fact that I had slept with Charles. I had to tell Denzel the truth. To continue on as if nothing had happened would be worse. This would be the hardest thing that I've ever done.

My parents were still asleep when I got home. I silently let myself in the house. I got into bed and began to relive my evening with Charles. My body still tingled with desire, leaving me wishing that I had remained there by his side. I knew next time I would spend the night.

Denzel called me the following afternoon. I tried to keep my voice steady.

"Hi, Mel. Come on over. I miss you."

I hadn't realized how late it was. His phone call had roused me from my sleep. "Give me an hour."

"You sound like you just got up."

"I did. I'll go jump into the shower. See you later."

"Bye."

I stood in the shower as the water cascaded down on me, trying to come up with something logical to say to Denzel. I didn't want to hurt him and yet, I couldn't think of a single

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coherent thing to say. I only knew that I was going to end up saying good-bye to him.

The tears were already threatening to fall as I drove to his apartment. I found him in his usual spot in front of his computer. I kissed him hello.

“Why are you crying?”

“Oh, Denzel.”

“What’s wrong?” he asked getting up to comfort me.

“Everything.”

“Can you be a little more specific?”

“I did something awful.”

“You? The girl without a bad bone in her entire body?”

The tears began to flow full-force at this point and I had to go grab a tissue so I could blow my nose. Denzel sat me down next to him on the side of his bed.

“Now, tell me what terrible thing you think you did.”

I subconsciously began to chew on my bottom lip. Denzel gently stroked my face making me feel worse. The guilt I felt was eating me up alive.

Finally, I couldn’t stand it any longer and blurted out, “I slept with another man.”

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Denzel turned away, making me feel lower than dirt. I wanted him to say something – anything. His silence was driving me crazy.

“Was it that lawyer you introduced me to in the restaurant?”

“What?”

“It was, wasn’t it?”

“But how?”

“The way you two looked at each other, it was obvious something was going on. Besides, you’ve been more than just a little distracted lately.”

“I swear to you, Denzel, I never wanted this to happen. I fought it as long as I could.”

“Do you love this guy or is it a one-night thing?”

“I think I’m in love with him. Oh, Denzel, I’m so...so very sorry.”

“Don’t beat up on yourself. It may have been inevitable.”

I was confused by his reply. “I...I don’t understand.”

“We’ve always been together, never dating anyone else. Funny thing, though...”

“What?” Confused? At this point, I was lost.

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“I mean, I’m just surprised that you were the one who ended up straying first. Personally, I’ve had such an overwhelming urge recently to date other people.”

“You have?”

“Uh, huh. So it might have been me telling you all this, instead. Don’t look so surprised. Sometimes I felt more like a brother to you.”

“Brother?” I couldn’t believe my own ears.

“And like a brother, I’ll always love you and be there for you, Mel.”

“As I, you.”

Funny how we always accepted the fact we would be married. I guess when you talk about something long enough, you believe it. I never would have thought that Denzel had any doubts, but like he said, we never really dated others. It’s ironic, though. You think you know somebody, and you really don’t.

We held each other fiercely one last time and then he let me go. I felt as if I had just gotten off a roller coaster ride. I left his apartment and drove home, a bundle of mixed emotions. I wasn’t certain if I was miserable or relieved. I had no idea what

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tomorrow would be like. I only knew that I wanted it to include Charles.

Pulling up to the house, I was surprised to find Charles parked out front. I practically jumped out of the car.

“I decided to wait here for you – forever if I had to. I love you, Melissa and I’m not letting you go ever again.”

Smiling, I rushed into his arms. “You won’t be able to,” I said, kissing him with all the passion I had.

THE END