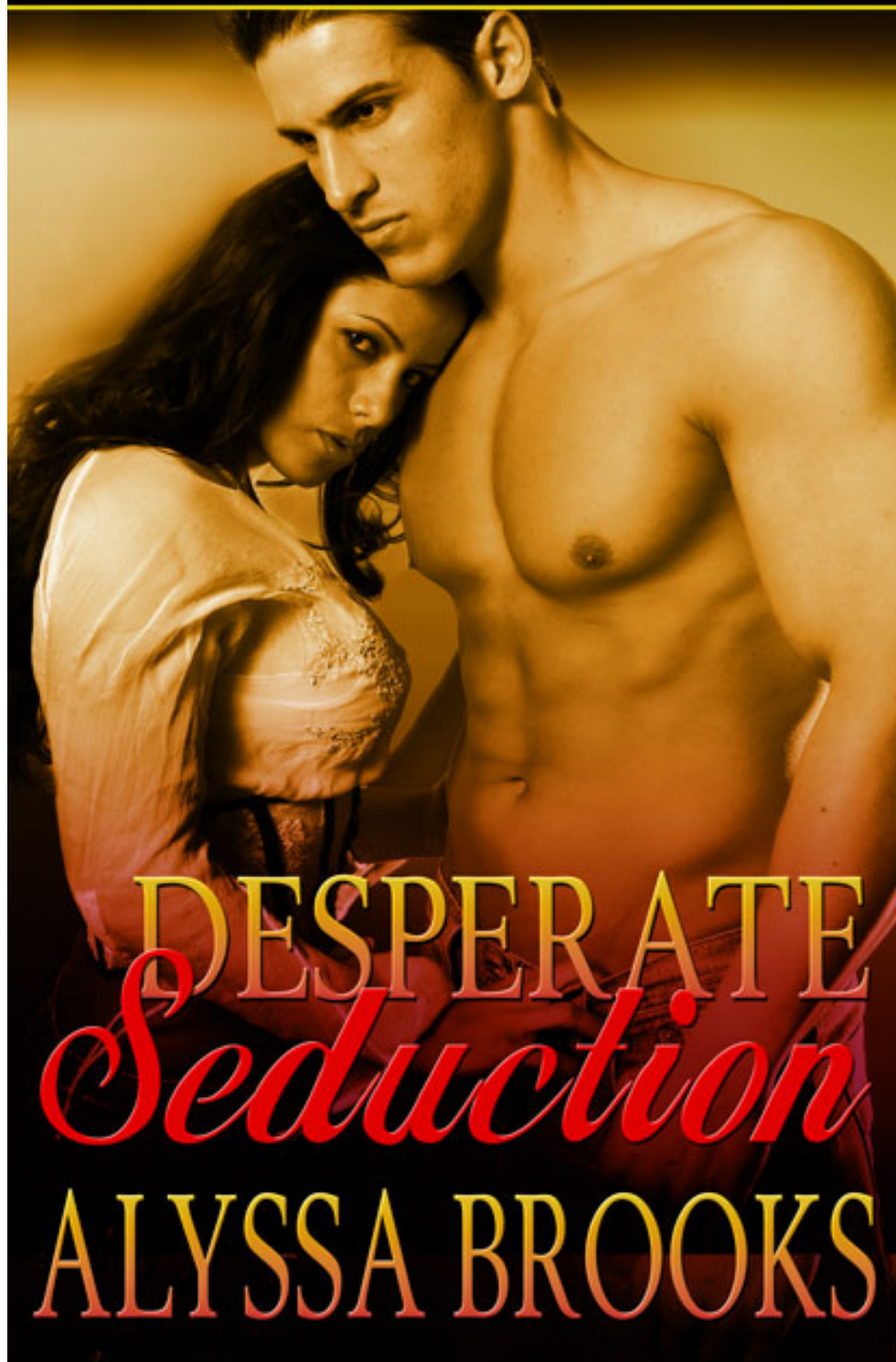


ELLORA'S CAVE PRESENTS



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Desperate Seduction

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# ***DESPERATE SEDUCTION***

**Alyssa Brooks**

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## **Prologue**

The news crashed through Claire and her stomach sank like a cinder block in water. Premature ovarian failure? How could that be?

At twenty-eight, she hadn't found Mr. Right yet, hadn't had children, hell, she was still a damn virgin. She'd always thought she had plenty of time.

"Is there any chance the results are wrong? A possibility that I can still have a baby?" She swallowed and looked at the doctor. His sympathetic brown gaze filled her with dread.

She trusted Doctor Johnson's opinion. Knew damn well he was a good doctor. He'd been her gynecologist for years. Right now though, she wished he were wrong, wrong, wrong.

Regret gnawed at her heart, tears brimming in her eyes. She should've practiced healthier habits. Stopped eating lunch out almost every day at the taco joint she was addicted to. Exercised. Come in for regular, yearly check ups.

Maybe then she wouldn't have the extra few pounds on her rear. Maybe she wouldn't be having this problem.

Instead, she'd focused on her job as an accountant for a local company, neglecting her health, her social life.

Now...

"Is there anything I've done? Anything I can do?"

Clouds of doom closed in around her. A sob choked her. Why hadn't he replied to her last question? Was the answer so terrible? Could she ever have a baby?

"As far as I can tell, no. But don't blame yourself, Claire. Sometimes we just get bad genes." He gave a sympathetic shake of his head. "I'm afraid there isn't a concrete

explanation in your case, but I'm confident with my diagnosis. You're blood tests show your FSH levels elevated. Considering the hot flashes, nervousness and occasional missed periods you've experienced, premature menopause is setting in."

"And as for having a family?"

"You need to see a specialist at this point, Claire. Hormone therapy and fertility treatments may help. Though, five to ten percent of women with POF can get pregnant naturally."

## Chapter One

One, two, three.

Damn it. It wasn't as if Blake's door was going to bite her. Over the last few years, she'd knocked on it a hundred times.

One, two, three.

Oh, why couldn't she bring herself to ring the bell? It wasn't as difficult as she made it seem. All she needed to do was press a simple button and voice one simple proposition. A business proposal, really. No big deal.

Claire couldn't look at it any other way. She needed to get pregnant. Blake would be the perfect father. They were friends. They loved each other. What was a little sex?

She groaned, running her hand through her hair as a cool fall breeze whipped it. Since the other day her life had changed. Majorly. She'd seen the specialist and listened to the list of drugs and therapies presented as options. She'd considered everything. Nothing appealed but this.

Again Claire counted to three, her finger hovering at the bell. But she couldn't do it.

Tears brimmed in her eyes and she choked on overwhelming frustration. A sense of immediacy pulled her. Since she'd received the news, she felt as if she had no time left. To think of the two years she'd squandered fretting over her ex. She'd given up on finding Mr. Right after her big break up with Mr. Wrong, a three-year relationship with a goody-goody who wanted to wait until marriage, but didn't want to marry. Half a decade of wasted time that left her alone and a virgin.

Claire wanted to have a baby naturally, if she could. *Now*. Not in several years, *if* the medicine proved successful, *if* she found someone. What if her circumstances deteriorated? Maybe in five years she'd go to the doctor, in love and ready to get

pregnant, only to receive the news she couldn't. It was too iffy to chance. This was the only way.

Last week, when she and Blake had met at the movies, there had been a moment... His lips had hovered dangerously close to hers, his eyelids growing heavy. She'd been positive he was about to kiss her, could swear she'd seen more than a glimmer of attraction in his cerulean blue gaze, a clue that perhaps his feelings for her had changed and maybe, just maybe, he cared for her as more than just a best buddy.

She definitely had the hots for him and had since the moment she started tutoring him back in college. There was nothing sexier than Blake in his silly cowboy hat that he insisted she call a Stetson, or better yet, when he wore his karate uniform. The two combined made her salivate. She didn't know a better-looking guy, with his brilliant blue eyes and dark coloring. Then there were his muscles—tight, sinewy, sexy.

*Drool.*

Since they'd become friends in college, she'd hidden her crush from him. She enjoyed his company so much that until now, she'd never dared to take the relationship a step further. She preferred to have him as a trusted friend rather than admit the truth about how much she wanted him. But now, everything had changed. Nothing mattered to her more than getting pregnant, not even her pride or the chance of rejection. Hearing that she might not be able to have children made her realize how very important a family was to her. She was done wasting time.

This could work out perfectly, if only she could harness the guts to ring the bell. She didn't have time for dating. She needed to get pregnant this minute. Screw work. She'd buried herself in her accounting job far too long. Enough with the shyness, she couldn't afford it.

She was ringing that damn doorbell.

\* \* \* \* \*



The doorbell rang and Blake cranked off the steaming hot water. For a moment, he contemplated whether to answer. He wasn't expecting anyone, nor did he care for company. Exhausted, all he wanted to do was hit the sack. After instructing four karate classes in one afternoon, his muscles ached.

But what if it was Claire?

Damn, they needed to talk. He grabbed a towel off the rack and wrapped it around his lower half before heading toward the foyer. As he reached the front door, he noted her curvy shadow through the tinted glass. His cock twitched in response and he commanded it down.

But damn, *if only*. The things he could imagine making her do...

He swung open the door, gripping his towel. "Hey, I've tried to call."

Blake hadn't seen her in days, not since he'd almost kissed her and he needed to set her straight. Though he'd love to start something sexual with her, hell, it just wasn't possible. Not with his kinks.

There was no way he'd risk their relationship. He didn't want to lose her friendship because of something as silly as petty attraction. They'd been friends since college, when she'd tutored him in math. They'd clicked immediately, growing closer through the years. They had fun together and trusted each other. Who the hell else would he eat too many barbeque potato chips with, while watching sci-fi movies? Go out for beer with at the pizza joint, even on Wednesdays? Cheer him and his students on during karate competitions?

He gazed down at Claire, unintentionally devouring her. Damn. Why couldn't he stop looking at her like that?

"I, um—" She gulped. Thick brown lashes veiled her wide, dark cocoa eyes, hiding whatever she was thinking.

Claire's full lips parted slightly. She looked about to say something, but she didn't. He wanted to urge her to speak, but he couldn't help his own silence. She was so stunning he didn't trust his tongue. The pale skin of her cheeks tinted a healthy pink

from blushing and she gave off an aura of naïve sexuality. Blake was well aware that Claire was a virgin, a fact that tortured him as much as her innocent demeanor.

He studied her, soaking in her delicious body. Her addiction to Mexican food and chocolate gave her petite form a soft, curvy figure. The yellow sundress clung to her every peak and valley, accenting her in all the right ways. Innocent as the outfit was, he'd never seen her in something so bold. The neckline dipped in the front, revealing a hint of the crevice between the creamy white mounds of her breasts.

Claire never dressed like this. She typically sported sweatpants when she finally peeled herself out of the strait laced black or gray business suits she wore to work. Then again, Claire never let her hair free either and a cascade of golden brown silk currently flowed down her back.

He noted the shine to her lips, where she must have applied some sort of gloss. Hell, he didn't think she'd even owned any. His cock jerked and hardened. She looked so different, so delectable.

How easy it was to imagine her on her knees, her back arched, her luscious rear in the air as he beat it with his leather paddle. The way her skin would redden and she'd whimper, needing more, loving it. How she'd wriggle, struggling against the bonds, her mouth gagged, her eyes blindfolded. Claire, in total submission to his mastery.

Oh yes, how he could imagine it.

Damn he wished it could be so.

But Claire wasn't the type to play the games he did. It took a bolder type of woman to accept his kind of domination. Claire would never let him cuff her, clasp her nipples, or...

There were many things she'd be shocked to discover he liked. Bottom line, he couldn't change his sexual preferences and he wasn't sure she could handle them. Not that he was into hardcore BDSM, but he did like to get kinky.

In fact, he'd even made a chart. What would Claire think if she knew he'd weighed the pros and cons of a relationship with her on paper? Perhaps he should burn that. It wouldn't do for her to read such private thoughts.

Blake sighed, his heart warming as he relished thoughts of all they did together. He didn't have family, just Claire and he didn't want to lose her. Ever.

He needed to pull it together. Squaring his shoulders, he straightened his spine and gave her a friendly grin.

"Come on in," he suggested, attempting in vain to sound normal while he held open the door.

"I can't. I mean—" She sucked in a sharp breath and blew it out with a hiss. "Blake, I want you to get me pregnant."

"What?" Her words shocked him beyond comprehension for a moment. His muscles went limp, his jaw falling. Before he could catch it, his towel had dropped to the ground.

\* \* \* \* \*

Sweat beaded above Claire's lip. She was unable to avert her gaze from his hard, jutting erection. Good God, she known him for years, but she'd never known *that*.

Her hands shook to reach out and grasp his cock. To run her fingers down the wide shaft, along the thick blue vein to his balls. To weigh the orbs beneath in her palms, to relish what they'd feel like slapping against her skin.

She was dripping like a faucet. She couldn't even look at his face as she spoke. His body commanded her attention elsewhere and she couldn't break the spell. "Um. Okay. I see you're attracted to me as I am you. Okay. So let me present my case."

"Claire..."

"You want a baby one day too, Blake. But we aren't getting younger. You're thirty-one." Her voice shook and she forced herself to lift her eyes. She trailed her gaze over

the sinewy muscles of his body, tight and lithe from years of karate. She couldn't breathe, much less think.

One, two, three.

Claire told herself she'd count to five then look into his eyes and say her piece. She could do this. She had to.

Four, five.

She forced her gaze to meet his, staring deep into his blue eyes. "Remember when we agreed we didn't want to be old when we had kids?"

He nodded in a stiff motion, as if he were afraid to respond. "Yeah. I want to be young enough to enjoy my children."

"Hopes of that are fast diminishing. After all, you're thirty-one already." The more she spoke, the more strength gathered in her voice. She remembered why she was doing this, the urgency that plagued her. "My doctor has diagnosed me with premature menopause. I may never be able to have a child. I might have to rely on fertility treatments to get pregnant. I only have a shot in the dark, but I want to try to have a child naturally, while I still can and I want to try with you. I can't think of a better father than the man who's been my friend for ten years. You know everything about me. We even live next door to each other." She drew in a breath and then released her final plea. "Please. Don't make me go to a stranger. Not that I can even afford a donor. Blake, you know I've always wanted to have a baby. I thought I had time, but now that it's being taken away from me, I realize what having a family means to me. It hurts Blake, so much, to know I may never have a baby."

He swallowed, slow and deep, before he spoke.

"I see," he answered her, his tone gruff, stilted. "But you don't know everything about me, Claire."

"What are you talking about?" Again her eyes drifted to his exposed cock. So powerful. Tempting.

"I'm talking about my tastes." He paused, drifting his eyes over her. "My sexual preferences."

For a moment, her whole universe stopped spinning. Was her only hope about to say he liked men? No way.

He stepped forward, cupping her chin. A shudder ran through her, excitement tingling in her stomach. He caressed her cheeks with his thumbs, his eyes intent.

"Tastes?" she gulped out.

"To put it bluntly, Claire, you would have to submit to me. To be gagged, bound, spanked. Can you imagine doing that? In the bedroom, I'm the master, just like in the rest of my life." Again he ran his thumb along her cheek. "But I don't think you have the heart of a slave. We'd never click."

The secret, buried side of Claire rushed forth. Was she shocked? Not as much as she might have thought, but it was hard to imagine seemingly sweet, regular Blake possessed such a kinky side. So maybe he was a little too organized and gave every decision too much thought. Certainly he had control over his body, considering he was a fourth-degree black belt. But all of that was why she never imagined him possessing this sort of personality quirk. He was too strait laced.

But what really stunned Claire was her temptation to reveal the darkest, most undisclosed part of her.

She wanted a man to spank her.

Before she could hesitate, she blurted out all too loudly, "I think we would."

Again he stroked her cheek. "I don't know, Claire."

"If I submit to you, will you try to give me a baby?"

She couldn't believe she'd just asked him that.

"If?" His brows rose. "Do you really think you can?"

She lifted her chin in determination. "I know I can. I know I want to."

His eyes drifted along her length, as if analyzing her. "Okay. If you can truly submit and enjoy my preferences in the bedroom and aren't just pretending, then I'd say you and I have something beyond a baby to consider. I might just marry your sweet ass." He studied her hard for a moment, but she refused to waver, staring him directly in the eye. "In fact, if I'm agreeing to make a baby, marriage would have to be a factor, so yes, we first must be completely compatible."

She swallowed, the muscles of her throat almost hurting from the way she worked them. "I believe we are."

His hard gaze focused on her mouth. She shook under his gaze, ready and hoping for his lips upon hers. What would it feel like? Would he put his tongue in her mouth? Would his kiss be soft and loving, or hard and demanding?

Her tongue darted out, running along her bottom lip. "Blake, please."

She stood there on tenterhooks for his mouth upon hers, waiting, hoping, as he analyzed her. Yet somehow she never expected it as he swooped down and claimed her.

His hand went to the back of her head, drawing her forward and holding her steady as his mouth crushed hers passionately, his kiss quick, hard and filled with hunger. The embrace was fierce, bruising, and Claire couldn't get enough of it. She opened her mouth for him, sliding her tongue against his as heat wound its way through her body, straight to her loins.

His tongue danced with hers, flicking quickly as his mouth worked hers. Arousal slammed through her, hot and fast and she was ready to give herself up to anything and everything he wanted to do to her right then and there.

To her disappointment, Blake broke away, grasping her chin and lifting her eyes to his once again. "That's just a taste. Do you really think you could be with an animal like me and enjoy it?"

"Yes." Her answer was quick, undoubted.

She'd more than enjoy it. She'd love it.

"Prove yourself." He released her chin, his fingers trailing along her neck as he stepped away. "Kiss my feet."

Kiss his feet? He was naked! Her heart jumped, palpitating in a race of anticipation. Her eyes drifted from his proud cock over his thick, well-muscled legs, to his feet.

She'd obey him. Gladly.

Suddenly she felt like a character in the erotic books she read. A star in the porn movies she secretly watched late at night.

Dropping to her knees, she leaned forward. She placed a gentle kiss to the top of his left foot, then to his right. The muscles of her pussy clenched, her clit pulsing with heat from the simple action. An immediate rush of desire poured through her, dampening her. In the deep recesses of her mind, she wished he'd reach down right now and smack her bottom.

Claire fought to catch her breath, her senses whisked away by wanton needs. Once again, she planted a kiss to his foot. With her tongue, she slowly licked along the thin bone of his big toe.

He jerked away, his tone stern. "Did I tell you to do that?"

She hesitated, looking at him. "No."

Rising, she wondered if she'd messed up. Displeased him. She wanted to pleasure him, to make him believe her. But she wasn't sure how this was done. How a bed slave behaved.

"I—"

His hand caught her shoulders, guiding her back to the ground. "I realize you are unschooled in such matters, so I'll let that pass with only with only slight punishment." Reaching down, he landed a slap across her bottom. She jumped, shocked by the sight sting, but more from the way her pussy responded. The way it turned her on.

She remained bowed at his feet, not sure if she should kiss his feet more, half tempted to do something to anger him on purpose.

She really wanted that spanking. And more. Oh, so much more.

His fingers knotted in her hair. "Suck my cock, Claire." He guided her lips to his erection, his grasp on her pulling slightly, making her scalp crawl. "Show me how much you want me."

Self-doubt rose up in Claire, knotting her stomach. Suck his cock? That was one department where she was experienced – somewhat.

But what if she wasn't good at it? No one had ever told her she was. Not exactly.

She had to be. She wanted to be.

Desperate, she took him in hand. Enveloping him between her lips, she cradled his balls in her palm and massaged them. He moaned and thrust in her mouth—all the encouragement she required.

She swirled her tongue around his width. He tasted salty. Delicious.

She wanted – no needed – to please him. To make him want her. To prove herself. And if this was what it took, then she'd gladly oblige him.

Claire sucked hard, sliding him down her throat as she moved back and forth along the silk-encompassed steel.

"Good girl, Claire." His grip on her hair tightened and he moved with her, fucking her mouth. Riding her face. "Damn good. You like that?"

She couldn't speak, so she hummed in response. Blew and sang along the underside of his cock, her lips wrapped tightly around his width, her tongue flicking and praising his length.

He groaned again and she mouth-fucked his cock like her life depended on it. And it did.

"Jesus." He fell to his knees, taking her with him. "I think you love it. You love my cock, don't you?"



She moaned her response. Resting on her weight on her palms, she thrust her rear in the air, not once slowing in her duty. She squeezed his balls then encircled his rod with her fingers, jacking him off as he pumped into her mouth.

"Claire!" A sharp smack landed on her bottom. Then another. Her pussy watered and yawned with the need to be filled. She was already aroused, but with every second she sucked his cock, every time he slapped her ass, the heat in her increased. Burned.

Claire focused on the tender skin on the underside of his head, suckling, then swallowing him alternately. Her lips were tingling, her tongue almost felt swollen.

How could he doubt their compatibility now?

She truly did love his cock.

Suddenly he twitched and jerked in rapid succession, warm cum shooting into her mouth. Unaccustomed to the sour liquid, Claire began to withdraw, but Blake forced her back.

"Lick me up, Claire." He held her steady, his fingers moving in slow circles over her scalp, quietly encouraging her. "All of me."

She looked at him with wide eyes. He was serious.

So be it.

With her tongue, she gathered the semen spread over his helmet and spurted into his pubic hairs. She cleaned up every white drop of him, quickly adjusting to the unfamiliar flavor and finding she liked it.

"Come here." Blake's voice was gruff as he tugged her onto his lap. He pulled her head back and kissed her hard, tasting her, tasting himself deeply. "Compatible, huh?"

"Yes," she whispered. "Please."

He scooted her off his lap and stood, leaving her crumpled in a ball of emotion and sexual hunger. "Blake?"

What would happen now?

Blake cleared his throat. "Okay. You have yourself a deal. I'll attempt to become the father of your child, if we prove compatible after three days. On the final day, given I'm convinced—I'll try to get you pregnant. For now, go home. We'll start tomorrow, if you still think you can handle it. The whole time we're apart, I want you to remember the way my hands felt on your bottom. Because if you return tomorrow, well...lots of things could happen, none sweet."

Her heart both soared and sank at once. Claire scrambled to her knees. "Blake?"

That wasn't a dismissal, was it?

No!

He may have gotten off, but she hadn't, and she didn't want to wait until tomorrow. She wanted those unsweet things to happen right this instant.

Her nipples were tight knots. Her cunt ached. Her body yearned. "Blake, please—"

To her dismay, Blake turned and walked away, leaving her crouched on the floor.

\* \* \* \* \*

Blake couldn't breathe. He couldn't believe what had just happened.

*Damn.*

Despite the orgasm he'd experienced, his cock ached, standing so tall and straight it was bigger than he'd ever seen it. His libido screamed and cursed him for sending her away and not taking her right then and there.

Why hadn't he?

Patience, he reminded himself. One couldn't rush life, or sex. Excellent relationships required staying power. Besides, he didn't want Claire to jump in before she had the chance to really consider what she was getting into.

This was unimaginable. His sweet Claire had just knocked on his door, asked him to become the father of her child and then kissed his feet? She'd even taken his cock in her mouth like a sexually starved woman. Accepted him smacking her delectable ass—hell, she'd even seemed turned on by it. Was he dreaming?

His mind raced over what she'd asked him to do, her dilemma, his. Good grief, he'd just agreed to impregnate her if she could prove herself in the bedroom for three days.

Wide strides took him to his office and he sat at the desk. The leather chair stuck to his naked rear as he pulled a legal pad from the top drawer. He needed to make a whole new chart.

## **Chapter Two**

Claire quivered, her loins tense with arousal as memories of yesterday flooded her mind. She fought the urge to slip her fingers south and play between her folds once again.

Tossing her mail on the table, she plopped down on the couch and scooted the shoebox she had under her opposite arm to her lap. Lifting the lid, she stared at the sexy black high heels she'd dashed off to buy during her lunch hour. Never before had she been compelled to do such a thing. But today, she felt like a different woman.

How had she ever made it through work? Talk about pure torture. The numbers had blurred. Her fingers had fumbled on the calculator, hitting the wrong buttons. Nothing computed. For a mathematical whiz, it was insanity.

Until this week, she'd never realized how much having a family meant to her. Sure, she'd always wanted children, a husband, even a dog. But, once she'd heard the doctor's diagnoses, she'd never felt so driven.

Three times today she'd stopped working and visited a site she'd found yesterday with a fertility calendar. She'd entered the dates again and again, thrilled by their results. If she ovulated this month...*if*...then she would start in two days, just when Blake had promised to impregnate her...*if* she proved herself. So many "ifs", yet Claire was confident. Since she'd confronted Blake yesterday, the awful urgency plaguing her had diminished. At least now she didn't feel like a rubber band being stretched to the limit. She had hope and a distraction, in the form of Blake and his wicked ways.

Tonight, she'd prove herself to him any way she had to. Tomorrow, she'd buy a few ovulation kits. With luck, two days from now, she'd be working on pregnancy. It all sounded so easy. She knew it wasn't, but it helped her to steady her shaky emotions when she looked at it that way.

She yanked her hair free of the confining bun she wore every day at work, debating whether or not to call him. Maybe she should walk to his house and knock. Or, was this a test? Should she be good and wait for his beckoning?

Part of her was scared, her stomach knotted with thoughts of what he might do to her. Yet, the other part of her yearned for it, for the mysterious, naughty things he might ask of her, or, more intriguing, do to her.

Heavy footsteps on her front porch alerted her. The doorbell rang, followed by more heavy thumps. Then all went quiet. Her heart leapt. Was it Blake? She struggled to maintain some level of decorum as she crossed her living room. Would he want to come in? Glancing around, she realized for the first time how nerdy and plain her surroundings were. A brown plaid couch, a cream-colored carpet, shelves of *Star Trek* series DVDs and *Star Wars* movie memorabilia. Not a corner of her house possessed sex appeal. Neither did she.

Hell, she even had a *Star Wars* comforter on her bed, one she'd owned since she was twelve. How could they have sex on that? Much less do the things he'd mentioned.

She should do...something.

But she didn't have time. Quickly she ruffled her hair, pressed her lips together, then swung open the door.

What the—? She found the porch empty, not a sign of him or anyone anywhere. Then a glimmer caught her eye. Looking at her feet, she noticed the silver package on the welcome rug. Worn, with a ladybug print, the mat had no business holding such a pretty package.

She searched the street of her suburban neighborhood, her eyes seeing nothing but several neighborhood kids riding bikes. Her gaze focused on Blake's house and she swore she saw a curtain move, but couldn't be sure.

Her insides trembled as she bent to pick up the package. She shook it and it gave a metallic jingle. Too big to be jewelry, the box perplexed her.

Glancing one last time at Blake's window, she stepped inside, shutting the door. She slowly peeled the silver wrapper off, prolonging the anticipation. Her stomach tickled at the thrill of discovering what might be hidden inside.

She opened the gift box, revealing two small silver clamps on a chain, an oval shaped weight at its center.

What was it?

A small, folded piece of crisp white paper lay under it. Pulling it out, she opened it. *Put these on and then come over. Blake.*

Put them on? Where?

She checked again. Unlike any piece of jewelry she'd ever seen, these were meant to clip on, but certainly not to her ears. What were they? Where did they go?

Good grief, she was naïve. At this rate, she'd be lucky to make it over to his house before the morning.

Holding the clamps in front of her, she measured the distance between them. They looked like...no...

Could these be meant for her nipples?

\* \* \* \* \*

Blake let the curtain fall into place as she disappeared into her house with his gift.

So it had begun.

A slight smile spread across his face. He was pleased at his decision. He'd argued with himself all night, erasing and fixing the list. Going over it a dozen times, at least. In the end, he'd put an end to the dilemma and did what his gut told him was right. If Claire was truly submissive, then he'd wasted years hunting for the right woman. She'd been in front of him all along, the perfect match for him. His attraction to Claire was strong and when released, it wouldn't take much for his affection for her to blend with it. Even now he teetered on the edge of love, knowing she was over there, holding

nipple clamps as she wondered what to do with them. He could picture the confusion on her sweet face, a little shocked, probably interested and definitely unsure.

But would she come?

Damn, he hoped so. If not, their friendship was probably ruined. Who could return to normality after this? Sure. He could just imagine them in front of the tube, watching *Babylon 5* reruns, dying of embarrassment in silence. Not bloody likely.

Going to his front door, he swung it open and laid the next package on his welcome mat. He would lead her to him slowly, initiating her over several days. If she kept returning, on the third day he wouldn't let her go. Claire would be his and he'd give her his child.

\* \* \* \* \*

Once she applied the clamps to her breasts, pleasure stung her nipples. The buds hardened into little pebbles. She could hardly bear it as she walked, no sauntered, to Blake's. Her cunt dripped with desire, wet and pulsing to be touched.

She shifted in her skirt, tugging it down as it rode up. She hadn't too many choices in what to wear. So, she decided to blend sexy with her prim and proper look. The short, pleated skirt she'd dug out of her closet was from her college days. When it had fit. Now, it hardly buttoned. It rode her thighs far too high. The new three-inch heels she wore didn't help matters and she hadn't even worn tights.

She'd let the buttons of her snug white blouse hang open at the top and had even gone braless for once. She'd left her hair loose, in messy waves around her shoulders.

Claire was pretty sure she looked hot in a smart, sassy sort of way and Blake would like it. At least, she hoped.

She reached his door, raising her hand to knock. Then she saw it. At her feet, another silver package awaited her. This one was a little larger.

Excitement fluttered through her, her loins lighting with anticipation. She clenched her pussy muscles against the rush of tingles. What could it be?

She picked it up, hurrying to tear away the wrapper. Inside the gift box, a note lay over a black leather paddle. She lifted it, revealing holes in the shape of a heart, clearly meant to increase the sting of each blow.

She held in a gasp, squeezing her legs together at the rush of eagerness. A vision of Blake, in nothing but cowboy boots and his black Stetson, pulling her over his knees, flooded her mind. Both her mouth and her pussy watered.

Fumbling open the note, she read. *You made it this far, but are you ready for your punishment? Come upstairs, naughty girl. Your master waits for you.*

Her hands shook as she replaced the note. In the recesses of her mind, she questioned whether she could do this...if she should. But it was too late.

Her body owned the decision.

She grasped the handle of her new toy and closed the box. Glancing one last time over her shoulder, she scanned the neighborhood. If any neighbors were watching from their windows right now, what on earth would they think? All the more reason she should stop hesitating. The last thing she needed was to be caught dressed like this by some busybody. Letting herself in, she headed upstairs to his room.

She paused at the open bedroom door, drawing a deep breath, then stepped inside. The gasp she'd held in so far escaped when she saw the contraption lying on the black comforter of his bed. Leather straps and chains formed a harness, one meant to restrain her from all movement.

Her insides fluttered and she became overwhelmed. Was she in too deep? She was going from no sex to super kinky in the blink of an eye. Was her virgin body really ready for this type of experience?

She glanced around his room. In all these years, she'd never been in here. She'd cooked in his kitchen, watched reruns in his living room, worked weekends in his den, even partied on his patio. But not once had she crossed the threshold into his private sanctuary. He'd always kept the door shut. Now she realized why.



For all accounts, the bedroom was normal, though darkly decorated. His closet door hung open, revealing more leather and a variety of chains. But even if it had been shut, there was something about the air in this room. She sensed sexuality. Her body flooded with instant arousal.

Virgin or not, she was ready.

She meandered in, an excited flutter tickling her stomach. She was almost scared – almost – but how she craved this.

Where was Blake?

“Blake?” She stepped across the threshold, walking to the bed. She knotted her fingers in the comforter as she sat.

He walked from the bathroom without a word. Wearing nothing but a pair of black silk boxers, he stood still as a statue. She was almost surprised. Somehow, she expected him to be dressed in something harder, like black leather, rather than in this sensual way. His stony blue eyes settled on her, a slight smile curving his lips. A rush of satisfaction warmed her heart. The way he was clad made it seem more as if they were about to make love, not do something super kinky.

She drank in the sight of him, the way tight muscles knotted his chest and stomach, his broad shoulders speaking of strength. Her eyes drifted to the dark trail leading from his navel, south to the rather large tent in his boxers.

He covered the distance between them, stopping before her. His hand cupped her jaw, lifting her to face him. With slow strokes he caressed her cheeks. Tingles coursed her spine, setting ablaze her already warm lower regions.

She locked her eyes with his. As if a magnet pulled them, something drew her to him. She stretched her spine, heightening herself to reach his lips as he leaned in. A kiss was unavoidable. Bound to happen.

He lowered his mouth to hers until his lips hovered so close she could sense their softness. His breath caressed her.

"You came."

"Of course."

"I'm glad." Slowly he planted his lips to hers, the kiss sweet and quick. "I'm very glad."

She trembled as she spoke, shaken by emotion. Filled with anticipation. "So am I."

"And were you a good girl? Did you obey me and wear the jewelry I sent?" His eyes drifted to her chest. He released her chin, grasping her shoulders. He pulled her closer. His blue eyes studied her chest, inspecting her breasts through the fabric.

"Yes." She hesitated then threw caution to the wind. What the heck, she figured. If she was going to do this, to play the role, she might as well do it to the tee. "Yes, sir. I was a good girl."

"Pity."

What did that mean? That he'd wanted her to disobey him? She thought...

This game he wanted her to play was confusing. "What —"

His hand slashed through the air, silencing her words. He pulled away from her, standing to his full height. He looked so large and formidable. In charge. Her insides shook.

"Show me," he commanded.

Claire fingers shook as she reached for the first button. Undressing herself was a lot harder than having someone ravish and strip her. With each button she worked, she exposed herself to him in a very "bare to the soul" way.

Her blouse fell open and she shrugged it from her shoulders. His eyes appraised her. Slowly he sank to his knees, bringing his face to her breasts. Her nipples tingled in awareness, hot and tight from the clasps.

Blake brought his mouth to her left bud, flicking his tongue out. He grazed it across her areola, around the metal clip. Sensation shot through her and forced her hips to jerk. She almost screamed from the shocking desire. She couldn't handle this.

"If you ever want me to stop Claire, show me two fingers. That's the key, two fingers." His words blew hot air across her nipples.

Stop? How could she want him to stop? The torture was so gloriously wonderful.

Then she thought of the paddle. The restraints.

Her pussy gushed like a waterfall, hungry for it all. "Blake, I need..."

"I didn't ask you to talk. You've just earned yourself a punishment." His eyes drifted to her clamped nipples once again. "And these. You did not tighten them near enough. What were you trying to get away with?"

The dark, dangerous look in his eyes commanded her to scoot back farther on the mattress.

"I—" Blake grasped her by the ankles and flipped her over. She turned face first on the bed as his hands pushed her skirt to her waist. They found her underwear and ripped it off.

She never expected the first stinging slap of the paddle as it hit her virgin body. She arched and his hands caught her.

He pulled her across his knees, following with another sharp slap. The leather bit her skin. Instinct urged her to struggle and fight, though needy desire zapped through her like lightning.

She waited for the next blow, but it never came. Instead his fingers roamed her cleft, tracing every inch of her rear.

"I never imagined you were this beautiful. It's like a dream, Claire."

She thought to respond, but reconsidered. She liked the way he touched her. So soft, intimate.

She had to admit, she liked him spanking her. But she liked this even more.

"It's like you're blossoming. Lately, you've transformed." He chuckled lightly. "Into a luscious woman ready to be plucked."

His fingers slid between her crack, slipping lower and lower.

"I'm so glad I'm the one to pluck you."

His words made her heart squeeze, her insides curling. She was so glad too.

Reaching around, he used one hand to tweak her nipples. The cold, tight metal tugged sensation through her breasts.

He lifted her, his fingers still gripping hardened bud. He settled her belly down on the bed, running his hands along the length of her body.

"So beautiful and all mine, right?"

When she didn't respond, his hand slipped between her legs. She couldn't restrain her cry as he slowly slipped a finger inside her.

"When I ask you a question, answer."

"Yes, yes," she moaned. "I'm all yours."

He plunged another finger inside her, widening her sheath.

"Say it louder. I want the neighbors to hear."

"Yes, yes," she screamed.

His fingers slipped free, leaving her hungry for his touch. With deft movements, he quickly stripped her naked then he released each of the clasps pinching her nipples, freeing the aching buds.

Climbing over her, he reached for the restraints. Her stomach knotted as he claimed each of her wrists and secured them, bending her body so she was forced onto all fours. He spread her legs wide, so that the air hit her hot mons. Her clit pulsed in anticipation.

He pulled the chains tight as he fastened the leather around her ankles. When he finished, she could not move. She was paralyzed in the position, her rear in the air, her pussy gaping wide open.

He moved behind her, running his hands along her ass. Her muscles tightened in response, arousal electrifying her exposed labia. Claire braced herself, clueless as to what he would do next, but longing for it all the same.

\* \* \* \* \*

He hungered for her. Like a man starved, his mouth watered at the delicious sight of her sweet cheeks in the air. Blake's lips descended on her soft skin, kissing a trail across her hips. Perhaps he liked things hard and rough, but Claire deserved unique treatment.

Claire was different from any other woman he'd ever touched. With them, it had been about the sex. Nothing more. But Claire was his friend, a lover. And there was her virginity to consider. He wanted her first time be special. Sweet. Passionate. He wanted to please her, not simply himself.

So he alternated between playing the role of the demanding lover and a sweeter one. Spanking her had made his cock harder than a steel rod, but kissing her left him ready to explode.

"Call me master, Claire. Cry it."

"Master," she whimpered, her voice husky and muffled by the comforter. "Master."

"Do you need me?"

"Oh, yes."

He trailed his fingers between the sweet crevice of her ass, letting them pause on her anus. It puckered under his touch, but he left it alone. That he'd play with tomorrow.

Her pubic hairs glistened with her desire, her folds silky. He found her nub and pressed it with his thumb. He rubbed it in circles, loving the way her muscles tightened under his touch.

"Beg for it, Claire. Plead."

"Blake..." She trailed off, breathless. "Blake, I need you. Please. Give it to me. Teach me."

"I don't know."

He slipped one finger deep inside her, exploring her inner recesses.

"Please! Please, more! I'm begging."

"Keep begging. Tell me why I should, Claire. Or I might just stop now."

Removing his finger, he lowered his mouth to her mons. He licked her salty desire, front to back. She struggled to move, but could not escape as he lapped her round and round.

"Please, Blake, please. I'll be a good girl. Please, please. Ah..." she moaned, burying her face in the black satin sheets.

Blake spread her labia wide open as he devoured her clit. He suckled the nub, sliding his fingers along her nether lips. She was plenty wet enough to take, but he enjoyed torturing her like this. Licking her pussy alone had him near ready to come.

He dipped his tongue deep into her slit, flicking around her interior. She tightened her muscles, squealing. "Blake!"

"You like that? Mmm," he murmured into her dripping mound, suckling on one swollen fold. He reached and gave a sharp slap to her rear. "Scream it."

"Yes!" she cried, arching against him and the bonds that held her. "Yes!"

"Good." He took her clit between his fingers and rubbed it in circles. "Don't stop, Claire, or else."

"Or else..." she half asked, half panted.

"Or else..." He followed with a whack to her bottom.

To Blake's surprise, she remained quiet. He could almost feel her holding her breath. A smile broadened his face. So, she wasn't kidding when she said they'd get along famously. She was deliberately trying to lead him into more punishment.

His affection for her burst, from friendship and attraction, to full-blown love. Claire *was* the woman for him.

His cock pulsed. His heart beat like a drum. He longed to give her what she wanted—a well-deserved spanking and then some, but he restrained himself. Even if she desired it, she was new to this, to sex. He needed to take it slowly, to introduce her

one step at a time. He didn't want to overwhelm or scare her. Today he'd take her virginity. Tomorrow, he'd take things a step further.

He cupped her rear, gripping the reddened cheeks in his in palms. Her skin heated under his touch as he spread her wide open. He nudged his erection against her, letting the head nudge her yawning cunt. He rubbed it up and down, over the glistening hole, wetting his rod for easier entry.

Positioning himself, he drew a deep breath and prepared to take her virginity.

## **Chapter Three**

Claire readied herself for his entry, nervous about the pain and excited about the pleasure that would follow. Her clit pulsed, her pussy dripped, ready for him.

Oh. God. Why was he taking so long? She needed him to fill her, to satisfy her lust. Had he changed his mind?

No! He couldn't. She wanted him too much. Not just for the baby, but for herself too.

His cock ceased its torturous caress, nudging her slit. Her opening throbbed for fulfillment, yawning for him to pump into her. Grasping her hips, he plunged into her. She screamed, her body tensing against the bonds that held her. Part of her cursed them, unable to wriggle away, but part of her was thankful. She couldn't move, couldn't escape his entry and she wanted it that way. Her virgin sex rebelled against the entry, her muscles fiercely tight around him as he slowly thrust into her, working deeper.

A sudden, sharp pain cut through her as he broke through her hymen. Slowly the hurt faded as her muscles relaxed around him. He moved in and out very carefully.

Her desire overwhelmed the discomfort of the entry. She pushed her rear against him, asking for more. He gave it to her, increasing the pressure of his thrusts. He kneaded her rear, grasping it as he rocked her body.

Pleasure she didn't know existed spread through her, heating her, making her desperate and needy. She wished he'd go faster. Slower. That it would continue. End. She didn't know what she wanted.

Thank God he did.



He worked his hips, diving deep within her. His hand reached around and found her clit. He pressed the nub, rubbing in circles. Ecstasy rushed through her and her body rose to new heights.

She burst, coming in a series of convulsions around his cock. The orgasm rippled through her body, a million tiny sparks igniting in her. Her pleasure peaked, then faded, leaving her panting and exhausted.

She longed to collapse on the bed, but still, the bonds held her, she was at the mercy of his touch. He continued to ram into her with three hard thrusts before he yanked out. His shaft jerked, his warm seed spreading over her ass.

He held there a moment, then moved off her.

"Easy. Let me clean you, then I'll free you from the restraints." He walked away, leaving her. She held her breath, feeling more exposed than ever. Raw.

How could anything be more intimate than this? She was at his mercy, her ass in the air, his cum all over her, waiting. They would never look at each other the same way again.

Blake returned. He climbed over her, wiping the folds of her pussy with a warm cloth. She squeezed herself tight as he roamed to her clit, causing a shock of desire. He cleaned away his cum, slowly, carefully. Lovingly.

"You've amazed me, Claire. I never knew." He fingers traced light patterns across her back. "I'm very pleased, indeed."

"Neither did I," she murmured, turning her head to face him. "Boy did I have you pegged wrongly. I always thought you were uptight. All those crazy lists."

"Well," he chuckled, looking at his cock. "Maybe I'm overorganized in some ways. But I know how to enjoy myself."

He released the buckles, freeing her from the bonds. She collapsed on the bed as he pulled them away.

Rolling onto her back, she gazed at him. "So, I've proven myself?"

"Patience, my dear. We aren't quite done yet."

"We aren't?"

"Oh, no. We're simply taking a break. I thought we'd soak in the hot tub, talk a little, maybe eat something." Cupping her chin, he drew her into a short, hot kiss. He suckled her bottom lip, making her flood with desire once again, then released her, murmuring over her lips. "I assure you, you don't know the half of it yet."

\* \* \* \* \*

The setting sun streaked across the horizon, shooting golden daggers of light across his backyard. Blake glanced out the kitchen window at Claire, who soaked in the steaming water of the hot tub. Naked. Already she behaved so boldly. By God, the woman surprised him. He'd never been more fascinated with anyone than he was with her right now.

If she'd asked him six months ago to go on a date, he would've laughed. Claire was his best friend.

Pouring two glasses of wine, he shook his head. Claire, shy, sweet Claire.

Who would have guessed? Now that he thought about it, she was perfect for him. How many weekends had they spent together, camping out in the living room, watching *Star Wars* marathons, or competing with the latest PlayStation craze? Around each other, they could act like kids, laugh and play, without embarrassment. Lord knew he wasn't that comfortable with anyone else.

They had a solid, trusted relationship and so much in common, including the desire to settle down. Now, their bond included great sex.

What a pleasant shock.

He only had two worries misbalancing his list. He hated the way Claire was such a workaholic. He wanted a wife who came home for dinner, one who cared more about him than if her numbers added up correctly. He didn't know if he could deal with the way she became so obsessed when a client was on her mind, especially at tax time.

But worse, what if her shot in the dark at getting pregnant didn't work? What if she could never have kids?

That had him more confused than anything. He wanted to have kids, but couldn't blame her if she couldn't. In the end, he knew he had to give her the chance to have a baby. That's what best friends did. They supported each other.

Blake sighed. Enough with the heavy thoughts. There were only a few hours left before it was time to retire. He had to wake early to teach a women's self-defense class.

He cradled the two glasses of blush wine and carried them with him as he headed out onto the deck. No sooner did he step out the sliding glass door, than Claire's big brown eyes locked on him. A smile curved her lips. "Wine. Perfect."

"Yes. Hopefully, soon you won't be able to drink it anymore." He nodded, his tone insinuating. "You're whole life will change once you get pregnant."

"That's what I want." She flashed him a smile and sank deeper in the water.

Unable to help his eager appraisal, his eyes drifted to her sleek neck, savoring her pearly skin.

Though he couldn't see much of her, the creamy white flesh of her breasts floated above the water. He hadn't much opportunity to play with her nipples yet. He'd have to do that.

Hell, he should have had her put the clamps on again and would have too, except it wasn't healthy to wear them for too long at a time. He found nothing sexier than a woman's areolas hardened like rocks. Knowing that she tingled with desire. Wet. Ready.

She cast her gaze down, a morose look tugging at her features. The heartache painted on her gaze broke his heart and he knew he'd do anything, anything at all, to make matters better for her.

"Believe you me, Blake, drinking wine is the last of my concerns." She released a heavy sigh and accepted a glass. She took a small sip, the muscles in her throat working

as she swallowed hard. "I don't really want to give you an out Blake, but I feel like I have to. Are you sure you *really* want to do this?"

He was a hundred percent sure he wasn't going to let her continue to wallow in pain. No, he couldn't do that to Claire. She needed him and he had to help her. Besides, if he didn't, she might approach someone else. Hell, she might even go to a sperm bank. That thought was revolting. If anyone were going to impregnate Claire, it would be him, damn it.

But greedy as he felt for thinking it, he also had to think of himself and the future child. He'd never been one to jump into anything. The list had to tip before he made a final decision.

"I haven't said yes yet," he said, contemplating out loud. As soon as he said it, he regretted it.

"No, you haven't." Her voice cracked as she spoke. Slowly she lifted the glass, this time swallowing a rather large amount.

His heart knotted at the pain in her tone. He wanted to erase it. Banish all doubts and love her. He set his glass on the edge of the tub and stepped into the bubbles. He slid in the hot water, his body momentarily shocked by the difference in temperature. Sinking so his head bobbed above the water, he relished the crisp breeze.

Under the water, he reached for her knee, then slid his fingers higher. Splaying his hand on her thigh, he hesitated a moment more. He wanted to be sure he said this right. The last thing he wanted was to upset her further.

"Claire, it isn't so much that I need to be sure, but that I want to know you are. This is very abrupt for a guy like me. You know I plan *everything*. We both need to have not a single doubt."

She gave a halfhearted chuckle, sniffled and wiped away a tear. "The lists."

What could he say? Admittedly, he liked his life to be orderly. He had to be in control.

He stroked his fingers along her thigh. "Exactly. Except I can't list something like this. A kid is the rest of our lives. I can't think of anyone better to have a child with, but, what are a few days to be sure?"

She sucked back a sob, a forced smile spreading on her face. "You're right, of course."

"Of course."

She play punched him. "Cocky."

He caught her, drawing her into his arms. He pulled her close to him and tucked her head under his chin. He loved the scent of her, sweet and spicy, just like her personality.

Tenderly he planted a kiss on her forehead. Emotion overwhelmed him, a warm sense rushing head to toe through him. Holding her, knowing the possibilities between them, completeness filled him. Claire made him a whole, happy man.

He stroked his fingers along her shoulder. "I wish I could take tomorrow off and keep you right here."

She looked at him with huge, daring brown eyes. "I'm game."

He pulled his head back, once again shocked but loving what he heard. "You mean you'd skip work, for me?"

\* \* \* \* \*

Claire sighed, resting her head against his shoulder. "I've reached that point. I want to change. I mean...I still want to be me, all the good parts. But I'm tired of working and not being healthy. I think I might make some changes. I'd like to find another job, something different, a little less stressful. I might go part-time, maybe even take one of your classes."

The past few days, a sense of urgency had filled Claire. When she thought of work, of her current existence, she felt tired. Sad and worn out. She wanted to cry, to curl in a

ball and have a fit. She didn't want to go on like this anymore. She craved change. Hungered for the white picket fence type of life.

The simple notion of having a baby, Blake and a simpler existence lit a spark in her. Filled her with deep, desperate longing.

Sometimes she even imagined she'd get chickens. She could feed them every morning and collect their eggs. Her mother had chickens. Growing up she'd had a fried egg every day with breakfast. It was insane, Claire was sure, but thoughts of those chickens plagued her dreams.

She wanted those chickens, kids to cook breakfast for and overall, a life that mirrored her mother's.

Blake chuckled low and deep. "You, in karate?" He shook his head and sighed. "I'd like to see that."

"Maybe you will," she murmured.

Again he laughed at her. "I doubt it."

"Shut up." She poked him in the side. "I'm thinking I really may play hooky tomorrow."

His tone sobered. "Nah. Don't bother. I have an early class on Thursdays, remember?"

She groaned, pressing her body against his. "Unfortunately."

"But you will spend the night." He said it as more of a command than a question.

"Yes, sir." She couldn't help but play the role, hoping he'd be dominant and take her now. She was so close to his lap. She could slide him in and...

"That's a girl," he joked. "Come here."

He drew her into his arms, handing her the glass of wine. "Let's loosen up."

She slid onto his lap. "Agreed." She gulped the bittersweet liquid, aware of his hard cock between her legs. He was so close she was tempted to grab him. Sex was even better than she'd imagined for all these years. Now, she wanted more. Much more.

His hands wrapped around her, cupping her left breast. His thumb stroked her hardened nipple. The bud reacted, her areola coming alive with tingles. The muscles in his fingers massaged her. A shudder coursed through her body.

Instinctively, she slipped her hand down. She shifted so that her mons brushed his erection, which stood hardened under the water. Grasping him, she ran her finger along its thick vein to the head. She toyed with the tip, her touch soft and encouraging. She brought him to her cunt, rubbing his rod along her folds like a tool. Her clit lit, bursting from a small spark into flames. The nub pulsed, making her pussy open for fulfillment.

She arched her body, pressing her back against his chest. With his other arm, he gripped her waist. He held her against him, the head of his cock teasing her lips. Slowly he pressed inside her, allowing her newly acquainted body time to accommodate him. Her vaginal muscles stretched for him, a slight sting slicing through them before they relaxed. Once he was buried inside her, he slowly pumped in and out, his steady plunges rubbing an ultra sensitive spot deep within her. His fingers rubbed her clit. The touch sent Claire cascading into an orgasm, her pussy shuddering with pleasure.

He slowed, rotating his hips in circles. A moment later, he jerked free of her, his cock lying against her bottom as he shuddered and released himself.

\* \* \* \* \*

Claire rolled over, murmuring. Sleep tugged at her, commanding she bury her face and ignore the light. Blake slammed a dresser drawer shut, his footsteps pounding across the floor.

Was he trying to rouse her with his noise?

Ughh. She hated waking. With a passion. If she had a choice, she'd work nights so she could cuddle in bed until noon, or whatever late afternoon hour was most pleasing.

Gradually, she opened her eyes. The green neon colors of the clock blinked Six-thirty, which gave her an hour to get to work. Plenty of time, though she was still quite tempted to play hooky, but couldn't justify it since Blake wasn't staying home.

She threw aside the covers and sat. Ow. She was tender. Her pussy muscles had certainly gotten a well-deserved workout yesterday.

Blake walked out of the bathroom, a slight, almost evil grin tugging at his cheeks as he ran his gaze over her naked body. "Good. You're awake."

"Yeah. Someone—" She gave him a pretend irritated gaze. "Woke me."

Blake chuckled, shrugging his shoulders as if he were helpless. "I suppose I'm not used to being quiet for someone. Yet."

"Yeah..." Her words trailed off as her mind wondered back to last night. She wasn't used to sleeping naked, or waking for that matter, with a significant other either. Last night had been glorious, being wrapped in his strength, his scent filling her every breath. She'd laid her head against his chest and listened to the steady beat of his heart until she'd fallen asleep. Never had she felt closer to anyone, more in love, or loved, for that matter.

It was without a doubt worth being woken early.

Why did he have to have a class this morning? She'd much rather he'd come back to bed and cuddle in these silk sheets all morning and afternoon. If she had her way, they wouldn't rise until the dinner hour.

Claire ran her hand through her knotted hair, accepting the inevitable. She might as well get moving "I need coffee and a shower."

"The water's hot. The coffee is made." He lifted his chin, assessing her body from head to toe with his cerulean glare. "As soon as you finish, meet me in here. I have another gift for you."

Anticipation filled Claire. Yet another naughty present? What could it be? He'd already given her nipple clamps and a paddle. What else could he possibly have up his sleeve?

Her body pulsed in response to the question, her nipples awakening, her cunt hungry to be filled.



She was clueless. Had no idea what she could expect. But oh, how she wanted it.

Blake went to the closet and pulled out his standard uniform of crisp white cotton pants and a jacket. She watched as he added the black belt, delighting in how hot he looked dressed for karate. *Damn*. She wanted him again.

Her eyes roamed the length of his body, savoring the tight, sinewy muscles. His height. His strength. The way his every move was commanding and in charge. He never fumbled, never showed weakness.

Why had she never realized this before? How had she missed it?

As a finishing touch, he put on his black cowboy hat. Claire nearly lost it at the sight of the clashing accent to his karate outfit. Her pussy muscles tightened in response and her heart lifted, a warm, needy feeling coursing through her.

Did he have any idea how adorable he looked with it on? The way he made her want to simply sit here and stare at him, drinking up the sight of him?

Desire dripped from her, soaking her pussy. Every muscle in her body constricted with need. A shower was the last thing she wanted right now. Her mind screamed at her to lie back, to encourage his attentions.

Common sense battled desire. She was already late. She really needed to shower and get to work.

Slowly, she scooted off the bed and stood, loath to tear her eyes away from his sexy body. But she couldn't follow after him and drool all day. With a deep breath, she forced herself to head to the bathroom.

\* \* \* \* \*

Ten minutes later, Claire stepped from the steaming hot shower. She toweled her hair and allowed the rest of her body to drip-dry. Her mother had always sworn it was better for the skin.

Blake walked in, carrying a small box wrapped in silver foil paper. Her gift. Her heart leapt and a rush of desire flooded her. She dropped her towel, unable to help her wide gaze as she looked at him. "Blake."

"I need to leave for my class. But first..." He handed her the box and nodded for her to unwrap it.

Riddled with excitement, she slowly she peeled the corners, a part of her hardly able to contain herself, another almost scared.

She'd transformed from virgin to sex goddess awfully fast. Yet, with Blake, it came naturally.

She tore away the paper and opened the lid. In the box, amongst tissue, lay a clear purple toy with a curved tip, about the size of a finger. Was it a dildo? No. It couldn't be. It was too small. Picking the jellylike thing up, she stared at it.

What did he intend to do? The question reverberated through her mind. What was this for? Why give it to her *now*?

"You look stunned."

"I'm not quite sure..."

"Don't worry. You're about to find out." He took the mysterious object from her, clutching it in his palm then grasping her arm with his other hand. He led her from the bathroom to the bed. The large flat of his palm on the small of her back encouraged her to bend over. Nervous, she followed his lead and leaned on the mattress.

He spread her ass cheeks wide open, kneeling between her legs. "Don't move."

She held her body tense, waiting for whatever came next. He trailed the toy over her cunt, playing with her clit. His mouth joined in, licking her with slow laps. She arched against his tongue, wanting more, needing more.

Her nub pulsed as pleasure exploded in her, her labia afire with silky arousal. He pressed his tongue in her slit and swirled it around. She moaned, wriggling away. She couldn't take it. His hand stayed her, the grip unyielding.

To her shock, he pressed the toy into her anus, slowly entering the uncharted territory. Her clit pulsed, hot, irrational desire bursting in her. He inserted the toy to the limit, patted her bum and kissed her pussy one last time.

Then, to her even greater surprise, he stood. "There you go."

She remained bent, not sure what he meant. "What...?"

"It's an anal plug. It'll help get you ready. For me, later tonight." He chuckled, low and deep. "I told you that you didn't know the half of it yet."

He headed to the door, pausing in the threshold. "Don't try to remove that or —"

"But, Blake, I have to work!" she protested, not daring to move her ass.

"So work, Claire." He paused, rotated on his heels and returned to her. Grasping her by the shoulder, he pulled her upright. The plug shifted inside her. "See, it's not that difficult. Now get dressed, get some coffee, but don't you dare stop thinking about me. Or tonight."

"Blake, but I want...I need..." Heat rose to her cheeks, mingling with her red-hot yearning. "I can't possibly."

He cupped her face. "You can and you will, for me? Won't you Claire?"

Despite herself, she couldn't help but agree.

"Yes," she breathed.

"Good." He planted a loving kiss to her forehead as if there was something normal and sweet about this situation. He turned and left, leaving her hanging, her mind shocked, full of questions and worse, her body riddled with lust for him.

## **Chapter Four**

Blake couldn't contain his smile as he walked out. If anything, he'd managed to shock Claire. But that was the point—at least, part of it.

He didn't want a lackluster marriage full of restrictions and stifled emotions. He wanted a woman as uninhibited as he, someone not afraid to try new things, to take risks.

Claire, he was almost positive, was that woman. But, he needed to be one hundred percent sure. If she kept the plug in and actually returned to him tonight, knowing full well what she was in for, his chart would tip in her favor.

Blake unlocked the Mustang's door and swung it open. Sitting in the seat, he gave his bedroom window one last glance and then backed out the drive.

His palms were sweating as he gripped the wheel and sped off. His heart accelerated with the velocity, beating with heady thoughts of Claire. Already he could imagine himself buried deep in her, filling her with his cum. Making a baby. He'd never come in a woman before, only in a condom, or on her ass. The notion of being free to shoot deep within Claire thrilled him. He pictured her bent before him, his shaft swelling and exploding within her silky cunt and his cock twitched with anticipation.

He could hardly drive for thoughts of Claire. Another image of her, at her office today, shifting in her chair as the plug drove her crazy, overpowered his mind. His cock hardened, standing upright and ready. The temptation to turn around tugged at him, but he held fast to the steering wheel and kept driving. How the hell would he ever get through his day?

\* \* \* \* \*

Claire gulped. Again. Did anyone notice how weird she was acting? Completely uncomfortable standing and walking, she'd stayed at her desk as much as possible, which meant her secretary, Kate, was getting a workout. She'd sent the woman on more errands today than she typically did in a week.

God. Claire couldn't sit still. The plug was killing her. Not that it hurt. The trouble was, it felt a little too good. She couldn't forget it was there. She couldn't banish her thoughts of him...or the dripping wet desire that consumed her. Blake's promise ran through her mind over and over, driving her nuts. All day long, she'd sat in soaking wet panties, with her nipples rock hard and her mind in the gutter.

How could she go on another second? She had to get back to work. Finish this account and then get out of here.

Despite how hard she tried to concentrate, she fumbled as she entered numbers into her calculator. Hitting clear, again she punched the simple equation in. Then she accidentally hit the times key. Damn! She couldn't concentrate! Damn Blake! The bastard! Right now he was probably sitting at his desk, laughing in amusement.

Maybe she should take lunch. Get rid of the damn thing. Go home early.

But Blake had told her to leave it in all day. Not to take it out.

Claire sucked in a breath. It wasn't that she was afraid to disobey him, but that she wanted to please him. To prove herself. Not just because she wanted his baby, but because deep inside, being at his mercy thrilled her.

Bottom line, nut that she was, she wanted to suffer like this.

She shifted once again. The movement allowed the plug to apply pressure to a sensitive spot, one that sent a gush of desire through her. Her clit pulsing, she clenched her pussy.

The numbers on her computer blurred and Claire shoved aside the calculator. Leaning forward, she rubbed her temples. She had no choice. She was going to have to masturbate.

She ought to make Blake listen to every moment of it. In fact —

A sharp, abrupt knock interrupted her thoughts. She jerked her gaze up, looking at Kate. Her secretary reminded Claire of herself, only younger. Mousy, with brown hair and eyes, glasses and a no frills black pantsuit, Kate was all business, no play.

Claire tried hard not to shift again, or sit back, which would expose how hard her nipples were. Not even her suit could camouflage the stiff peaks.

“Yes, Kate?” Claire nodded in hello and clenched her teeth so she wouldn’t scream at Kate to get out.

Kate hesitated, gave her a funny look and then continued. “Here are the invoices you requested and this week’s inventory from the warehouse.” Kate laid two manila files on her desk. “If you don’t need anything else, I think I’ll take lunch now.”

Claire softened her jaw through sheer will and smiled a thank you. “Sure. It’s been a busy morning, but I’m about caught up now.”

What a total lie. She hadn’t gotten a damn thing done. And if she didn’t shift her position soon...

“Why don’t you take an extra half an hour? I am.”

“Sure, if it’s okay.”

“Of course. Go ahead.” Claire flashed another fake smile. “Do me a favor, shut the door behind you. I’m going to take a power nap.”

“Okay. See you.” Kate walked out, quietly closing the door behind her.

Relief rushed through Claire. She settled back in her chair and reached for the phone. Dialing Blake’s office number, she punched the speakerphone button and she settled in the chair, unbuttoning her blouse.

\* \* \* \* \*

Still in uniform from teaching a women’s self defense class, Blake stared at his disaster of a desk. He wanted to shower, he needed to clean up his office, but neither

task was being accomplished as he stood there dwelling on Claire. The butt plug. Their future together.

Sighing, he commanded himself to pull his thoughts together. There were accounts to balance and advertising to arrange. He stank like a locker room. He didn't have time for feeling useless. But no matter how hard he tried, he couldn't think straight.

Claire was on his mind. Big time.

To hell with it. Slapping his Stetson on his head, he headed for the door. The paperwork had waited this long, it could wait another few days. The organized side of him protested, insisting he must clean his desk.

Maybe he should just bite the bullet and hire a secretary. If Claire was going to be a part of his life now – and possibly a baby – he'd have even less time.

That was, given he hadn't scared Claire off today...

The jangle of the telephone interrupted the thoughts just as he opened the door to leave. Turning, he quickly crossed his office to his paper-scattered desk and searched for the phone. Annoyance crept through him and again he chastised himself. The desk was really out of control, especially the last two days. It was final. He needed a damn secretary.

He grabbed the phone on its fifth ring.

"Wolfpack Martial Arts. How can I help you?"

"My blouse is unbuttoned," Claire's husky voice breathed over the line. "I'm running my fingers over my hard nipples. Pinching them. Rubbing them. Wishing it was you."

Nipples...hard...wishing...

Blake clenched the phone cord. "Oh yeah?" he choked out, dizzy from the immediate desire that slammed into his body, swelling his cock. Lifting off his hat, he sat on the edge of his desk. "Hell, I wish it was me too. Like you wouldn't believe."

"My hands are slipping over my belly, into the patch of dark hair covering my pussy. Mmm..." she moaned. "I'm so wet for you. So ready."

Shoot. Ready? If she sounded any sweeter, he'd explode.

"Feel yourself," he urged. "Touch your pussy for me."

Blake didn't know whether to be thrilled or stunned, but he was taking advantage of this. A call like this from Claire was a hell of a treat.

"Oh, I am. I'm rubbing my clit in circles, feeling myself." She moaned again, this time much louder. "I'm so hot. Do you know what I'm doing right now?"

"Tell me, baby."

"I'm diving deep in my cunt with three fingers, humping my hand. If only it could be you."

"You like that plug?"

"It's driving me crazy. I can't even think. Work. Mmm...I think...I...Ahhh..."

Blake's cock jerked in desperation and he fought the urge to wrap his fingers around it. The image of Claire at her desk, her hair in a tight bun and her glasses on, with her business suit ripped open, seized his mind. He could picture the passion on her face. The way the chair creaked from her fucking herself.

Damn, he wanted to be there. He wanted her. Now.

"Claire, clearly you have the time, so take off the afternoon. Meet me at my house. Now," he half commanded, half begged. He could not wait for her another second, much less all the way until tonight.

"No."

"No?"

"I thought you said the wait was worth it. I...I...Mmm..." She squealed, panting. "How could I possibly disobey you, master?"

"You are now," he gritted from between his teeth.



"Mmm... I suppose you'll just have to spank me then, master." She giggled and the line went dead.

Blake sat stunned, his cock so hard he was in pain. My God, the sex-crazed woman on the phone most definitely had Claire's voice, but that was not sweet, innocent Claire. Who would have ever guessed she was such a bad girl?

Calling him at work? Masturbating? His little hellcat needed to be taught a lesson and he was just the man to make sure she received a proper punishment.

\* \* \* \* \*

Claire shook, her fingers sticky wet from her orgasm. Sitting in the chair, she stared into empty space, shocked.

She felt so alive. So free. Wonderful.

Before today, she only could have imagined doing something like that. But now...

She looked at the files on her computer. The screen went fuzzy. Just the thought of returning to work sickened her. She was done. Really...seriously...permanently...done.

She looked down at her ripped-open suit. At the degrees on her walls. At her computer again. None of this mattered now. She didn't want the job or the life that went with it. She just didn't love numbers anymore. She didn't even care. Sooner or later, she'd be fired for slacking anyway, or worse, she'd be caught masturbating at her desk. She might as well take the initiative and leave. Why not?

All she wanted, all she needed, was Blake. His child. With any luck, she was a day away from having both. She needed to apply herself if she wanted to prove to Blake that she was what he wanted. Needed. She was positive now that they were meant to be. Designed for each other.

Quickly, before she had time to change her mind, she tucked her potted cactus under her arm and reached for her briefcase. The rest she didn't care about. She hurried toward the door, a plan forming in her mind.

If she was going to romance Blake, she needed to get sexy—to vamp up her wardrobe, her house and her life. Right away. Tonight.

Time was short and she needed to hurry. All that mattered to her was Blake, a baby and living a simpler, more fulfilling life. From this day on, she planned to focus on just that.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Mexican Hat Dance tune of his cell phone was barely audible under the loud music playing in his Mustang. Because it was in his duffel bag and he was almost home, he let it ring.

He'd check his messages after he got the cold shower he was in desperate need of. Claire's phone call had left him in bittersweet hell. He needed to chill out and fast—it was that or erupt in his pants.

Reaching to swipe the sweat from his brows, he tilted back the wide brim of his Stetson. His thoughts remained wrapped around Claire as visions of what he planned to do to her tonight—and the future they might have together—flashed through his mind.

Swept into a fantasy, he forgot all about the fact that he was driving. He never noticed the red light or the Volkswagen directly in front of him or the cars stopped ahead. Not until it was too late.

The accident happened all at once, the sudden realization, the loud, jolting crash, the air bag exploding into his face.

\* \* \* \* \*

Legs crossed, Claire sat at the table dressed in the negligee she'd bought this afternoon. The plug was still driving her insane, but somehow, it didn't seem as acutely noticeable now—if she sat the right way.

She stared at the dinner she'd prepared. The rosemary lambchops were cold, the chilled, vinaigrette-dressed avocados now warm. The oysters were likely bad. And forget the silky smooth chocolates. She'd eaten every last one. And consumed the entire bottle of wine. By herself.

She'd been sitting there that long.

All afternoon had been spent researching aphrodisiac foods in an effort to create a romantic meal to share with Blake. She'd bought a flimsy black negligee and curled her hair. Even her once bland bedroom was now covered in red, from silk sheets to a velvet comforter.

She'd thought it was the perfect plan. To turn the table on Blake, to wine and dine him, to show him how much she really cared about him. How much she loved and enjoyed this newfound sexuality between them.

Perhaps she'd made a huge mistake.

Claire stood, cleaning off the table with abrupt motions. She dumped everything on top of the stupid lamb, not caring if thirty bucks went straight into the trashcan. When he hadn't responded to her call, she figured he'd get the message and simply come over. But he hadn't. She knew Blake. He checked his messages. Besides, as far as she could tell, he hadn't even come home, despite the fact that originally he'd been expecting her.

Walking to the kitchen, she dumped everything into the trash. Forget eating. If things looked any more negative, she'd throw up.

Why the hell had he gone from hot to cold? What had she done to turn him off? Had it been the masturbating? The phone call? Maybe Blake didn't like forward women. Maybe he wanted her timid...shy...

No way. Not her. She couldn't live the rest of her life pretending to be something she wasn't. Could it be that they weren't so well suited after all?

Then why did she feel so positive about their future together?

A single hot tear rolled down her left cheek and she fought to dam the flood of emotions. Leaning against the counter, she drew several deep breaths.

Should she call him again?

As if in answer, the telephone rang. Oh my God! Was it him? She raced across the room, all but tripping on her own two feet to grab the portable off the couch. "Blake?" she half screamed, half cried. Her foot caught on something, sending her rolling to the floor with a loud thump. "Ouch."

Blake gave a lighthearted laugh. "Glad to know you miss me."

His voice was smooth, suave, in control. The bastard! What was he up to now?

She swallowed. "Why didn't you come to dinner?"

"I won't make apologies." He paused, letting her hang. "It was your fault."

No! Don't let it be that! "What? Blake..."

"I am teasing you unmercifully, but I can't help it. You're so cute." He chuckled and she wanted to reach through the line and slap him. "I'm glad to know you care. Now, will you come pick me up from the police station?"

"The what? Blake, that's not funny."

"I know and unfortunately, I'm not kidding. I don't know why I'm laughing either, except when you've had a day like mine, there really isn't much else to do."

"What happened?"

"I was daydreaming about you and rearended a guy. Thankfully the only injury was to my pride. The police insisted on a blood test, thinking I was drunk or on drugs."

"Why?"

"Well, because the guy I hit was like the twentieth car behind a long line at a light and I never even hit the brakes. Not to mention I was too preoccupied to change from my uniform. Not every day a black belt in a cowboy hat goes plowing through traffic at twenty-five miles an hour."

"No."

He lowered his voice. "I could hardly explain that I was daydreaming of you and your little sexy call and that butt plug. But now that I've proven I'm not a drunk, just an idiot, they're releasing me. Can you come save this jerk?"

"Oh goodness, of course. I'll be right there."

"I'm at the station on Court Street. Thanks, Claire. See you in a minute. Love ya. Bye."

Blake hung up, not waiting for her response. Thank God too, because her tongue was tied in a knot. He loved her? Did he really just say that? Or was it just a casual toss off?

The speed of her heart jump-started, accelerating to unsafe illegal limits. She shook as she pulled herself upright, a silly smile spreading on her face.

Thank God! Blake had been in a car accident!

Not that she'd wanted him to wreck, but it meant all her worries were for naught. She hadn't quit her job in haste.

She raced to her bedroom, quickly changing from the negligee to a pair of shorts and tee shirt. As she bent, the plug reminded her of its presence. She wondered if she should remove it, but quickly decided no. There was something naughty about venturing to a police station with it in. She felt bad and she loved it. Besides, imagine Blake's surprised face when he realized she'd actually kept it in all day. No doubt he expected that she would've long since removed it. He probably wanted an excuse to spank her.

He could do that anyway.

Dressed, she grabbed her purse and keys, all the while singing to herself, "Love, love, love, da da dum, love, love, love..."

\* \* \* \* \*

A warm, wonderful emotion filled Blake as he held Claire's hand. Together, they strolled toward her blue Neon parked directly out front the police station. Her fingers

clutched his, as if letting go would mean losing him. Every couple of seconds, she stroked her thumb along his palm, sending shivers up his arm.

To think, three days ago he'd planned on setting Claire straight about the lack of possibilities between them. Now...

He simply smiled to himself and opened the driver-side door for her. "I won't ask to drive."

She laughed, sweet and lighthearted, reminding him of a dove. "Good thing."

Sitting in the driver's seat, she started the engine as he walked around to the passenger side of the car. His hat brushed the interior's roof as he sat and put on his seatbelt, resting his hand on her thigh.

"Let's get home."

"And you're sure you're okay?"

"You've asked fifteen times already. I'm fine. Everyone else is fine. My car is not. I needed a new one anyway. One more fitting for a family."

He could literally feel Claire beaming from his words. Damn, he hoped he'd be able to give her the kid she so wanted. If not, they'd just need to find another way to have children. If they saved long enough, maybe they could afford some sort of treatment or adopt.

She drove toward home and he turned the radio to something light and jazzy.

"Did you save dinner for me?"

"Not...exactly."

"You threw it out, didn't you?"

"Maybe."

He squeezed her thigh. "Bad girl, Claire." He shook his head. "Uh uh. Not trusting me, sexy phone calls, you really want that spanking, don't you?"

She gave no reply except for a shy smile. Blake couldn't help but eat it up.

He traced his finger along her thigh, inching higher and higher, until his fingers slipped up under her shorts. He caressed the edge of her panties, slipping one finger into her silky folds. Immediately she pulled away, though he was loath to abandon her damp pussy. Did she have any idea how warm – welcoming – that part of her was?

She slapped at his hand. "One accident is enough."

"I'm hungry," he stated, matter of fact like, staring at her like she was a meal.

"At this point, all I can offer is leftover Chinese and myself."

His finger resumed its path. "Yummy. I'll take both."

She turned into their neighborhood and shifted in her seat as if uncomfortable. A couple seconds later, she wriggled her fanny again, her antsy actions cluing him in.

He couldn't believe it. "You still have the plug in?"

"Yes. It's driving me crazy. But, in a good way." She laughed softly. "I quit my job because of it."

"Yeah right."

"I did."

"Yeah right."

"I'm not kidding. Tomorrow, day three, I'll be ripe and ready for you as soon as you wake."

Well shit. Claire quit her job? He couldn't believe it.

This was perfect. He squeezed Claire's thigh and his heart swelled. With exception of the accident, the puzzle pieces of life and love he had struggled with for years seemed to be falling into place. Everything was fitting together perfectly.

This was perfect. He had great sex and a wife and kids to look forward to. And the cherry on top? He'd just added secretary to the list.

\* \* \* \* \*

At least the table was still set, Claire pondered as she heated the leftover Chinese food. They could still have their romantic evening, though she did wonder what the MSG in pork fried rice might do to one's sex drive. It better spark it or she'd never get takeout again.

Not that anything could diminish the arousal heating her body from the anal plug.

The microwave dinged, the light in it flashing out. Before she retrieved the food, she paused a moment to straighten the negligee. She'd changed into the sexy outfit again as soon as they arrived home. She had to admit strutting around in something like this was fun. How many times had she caught his gaze devouring her?

The thin straps of the shoulders fixed in place, she swung open the microwave door, cradled the hot pint in her palm and headed out to Blake.

He flashed a smile as she entered the room, a habit she was beginning to enjoy. She wanted lots of smiles in her life now. They needed to work on that.

"Watch it, it's hot. I just hope I didn't dry it out. I added a bit of ketchup. Hope you don't mind." Leaning over Blake, she scraped some pork and rice on his plate.

His hands grasped her waist, yanking her onto his lap. Locking her in his strong arms, he supported her as she twisted to look him in the face.

"You're hot, my dear and I sincerely hope not dried up."

Claire wiggled, causing the plug to press against a sensitive knot deep inside her. "I don't think that's an issue."

"Good." Lifting the fork, he fed her a bite of food. "Won't it be wonderful, when we can play this little game at the studio? You wear the plug and suffer with desire in my office as you file for me and I'll satisfy you in between classes."

"Are you offering me a job?"

"Are you eating rice?" He offered her another bite.

"Smartass. You are such a wise guy, you know?" She sighed. "I don't know. I'll think about it."



"You like me in my uniform, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Just imagine, seeing me in it everyday, being able to have me fuck you in it... just imagine Claire." His palm splayed across her thigh as he nibbled slowly along her neck. Tingles crawled through her and her loins flared.

Grasping the glass of wine, she took a large gulp. The liquid burned her empty stomach, in moments fogging her inhibitions. She couldn't control her thoughts as they rushed her mind, her imagination going wild. He was so hot in his uniform. She pictured herself bent over his desk, her skirt high in the air. How he'd ram into her, hard and fast, papers flying everywhere as they rode on a magic carpet ride to ecstasy, all the while turned on by the risk of being caught...his thumb flicking her nipples, his finger teasing her ass, his...

"I suppose," she managed to admit as she jerked from the reverie. She leaned her head back to allow more kisses and his lips were magic, slowly, deliberately nibbling along her neck. His teeth grazed her skin as he suckled and teased her with his mouth.

"Not good enough." His hand cupped her breasts, his thick-skinned fingers caressing her peaked nipples through the lace of her outfit. The attack on her neck increased as he sunk his teeth into her flesh and sucked. "Agree to work for me. Promise."

She took another large gulp of wine, feeling giddy and intending to tease him. But suddenly, his fingers clamped around her nipples, pinching hard.

"Okay, okay," she pleaded, though she really didn't want him to stop. "I'll be your secretary." She couldn't help her slight giggle. "I want to anyway. I was just joking—"

He squeezed his fingers tighter. "Promise."

Claire clenched herself, arousal shooting through her loins, making her pussy sweat with need. My God, she wanted this man. Needed him. So much, she was going crazy.

Blake slid his hand down her belly, cupping her mons. His thumb slid under the lace thong and caressed her clit. "You're a naughty girl, Claire, teasing me like that."

"I am," she cooed saucily, deliberately toying with him. If only they were at his house. Unfortunately, she'd left the love paddle there.

"I think you need a spanking, don't you?"

"Oh yes." A thrill shot through her. "Please."

"Over my knees." His other hand traced her backbone. "Now."

Anticipation ripped through Claire. Tickles filled her stomach, her pussy pulsing with desire. She turned, scooted off his lap and stared at his legs. Talking about feeling naughty. Was she truly setting herself up for a spanking? Did other women feel so hot and ready at the thought of having a man's hand on their bottom?

Her ravenous cunt responded in answer. It didn't matter. She was hungry for the sting of his blows. She wanted this. Him.

Slowly, she lowered herself across his knees and his left hand cupped her cheek. His thumb caressed her skin, his touch driving her insane.

Blake tenderly explored her, tracing the deep crack between her ass cheeks. With his forefinger, he caressed and traveled its length, then grabbed her bottom and squeezed.

His touch was so soft and loving. She never expected the sudden, stinging slap as his palm raised then bit into her. She arched, squealing. His hand came down once more, then again. She lifted and cried out at each slap, pretending they hurt, but truly loving each smack.

Each time she arched, the plug shifted within her, pressing against a pleasure spot deep inside her. Her pussy yawned and begged for fulfillment, so dripping wet she could feel her desire running down her legs.

Blake paused and she raised her ass, ready for the next slap. Instead, his hand came down softly, once again exploring her cheeks. Now reddened and throbbing, the soft

skin was even more sensitive to his touch. Every stroke of his fingers was fire that ignited sparks, making her feel alive. Sexy. Loved.

Ever-so slowly, Blake slid his fingers into the crevice between her buns, finding her anus. He paused over the hole, making it throb for his touch.

Gripping the jelly end of the plug, he carefully, slowly, pulled it from her. With his other hand, he found her clit and massaged the nerve-infused bud. Pleasure peaked in her, making her teeter on the edge of an orgasm without so much as a cock in her. The plug came free, leaving her throbbing in desperate need.

God, she needed to be filled. Her cunt. Her ass. She wanted him in her.

Sliding his hand under her belly, Blake lifted her torso. "Get up."

Obedying his command, she stood.

His eyes drifted over her body. "Get rid of that silly negligee."

He didn't like it? It was the first she'd ever bought, but she'd thought it very feminine. Pretty. Flattering. She —

"I want to see you bare, head to toe. Nothing in the way."

She could certainly accommodate him with that. She started to remove the skimpy covering, lifting it to pull over her head.

Blake caught her hand, stopping her. "No, slower. Dance."

Dance? She never danced. How could she? She didn't have music. She didn't have a pole.

Blake stared at her with quizzical, expectant blue eyes. How she longed to please him, in every way she could. She had no desire to deny him, unless for fun.

She swayed her hips, making circles with them. She pretended to hear music and gyrated to the beat. Slowly, she untied the negligee's bows at her breasts and then slipped the garment from her shoulders. It fell to the floor like a feather dancing on the wind. She shifted the lace thong down her hips. When it dropped to her ankles, she

lifted one leg, then the other and stepped out of it. She stood boldly naked before him, staring deep into his gaze. Blake's gaze did not waver as he stood and grabbed her.

Yanking her into his grasp, he lifted her and tossed her over his shoulder. His large hands cupped her ass in a firm grip that held her in place and he headed to the bedroom.

## **Chapter Five**

Blake was so tempted. He saw no reason to wait until tomorrow to come inside her. No reason for the challenge any longer.

Yet...

Part of him was hesitant. Maybe even a little scared. Sure, he'd made his lists, weighed his decision. But it was all happening so fast...too fast. The whole concept of Claire changing this much in a matter of days wasn't sinking in, at least, not as something probable. He kept thinking he'd wake up.

He wasn't sure what to do. How he'd handle this. He only knew his cock was about to explode and the woman in his arms was very willing to do anything for him. A fact he relished.

He savored the softness of her skin in his grasp, the firmness of her ass as he kneaded the muscles.

The moment he walked in her room, he stopped dead in his tracks. The sight that met his eyes shocked him. A lamp illuminated the room with white light and cast shadows on the walls. Gone was the seventies *Star Wars* comforter, in its place a rich red velvet bedspread. Under it, hints of ruby silk sheets peeked out.

He dropped her on the bed with a flop. She rolled and stared at him with big, expectant cocoa eyes.

"Don't move," he commanded, as his eyes once again swept the room. He needed something to restrain her with. Sex just wasn't the same if it didn't involve bondage. He loved being able to tease a woman's body without mercy, having them fully under his sensual command and unable to escape. He loved foreplay, loved to toy and loved to make sex last. By ensuring a woman was restrained, he could successfully have all three.

He saw a candle on the dresser and strode to it. Using the lighter next to it, he lit the wick as he turned the jar to see what scent she'd bought. Jasmine. The light floral fragrance wafted through the air. His senses leapt, so very pleased and aroused by his surroundings.

Claire had thought of almost everything. Almost. Now, where was something to tie his dear Claire up with? It was time to have a little naughty fun in these new, sensual surroundings.

Claire drew a deep breath, anticipation racing through her. Her heart beat furiously, so fast that she was certain it would start skipping beats. Or explode.

Blake encouraged her to roll over with his hands, stuffing three large, fluffy pillows under her stomach. She lay across them, her ass in the air. Even though they'd done this once already, she still felt so bare. How could anything get more intimate than being this exposed to a partner?

Soft, just a whisper of a touch, his fingers drifted along her legs, heading downward. He grasped her ankle, tying a plush belt from her robe around it. He drew her leg to the left and fastened it to the bedpost. He yanked with a forceful tug, as if to ensure she couldn't get free. Then, he gripped her other ankle and secured it in the same fashion. As a result, her legs were extended wide open, her cunt lifted and spread for him.

He climbed over her, his hard erection rubbing her bare back. With one of her leather dress belts, he grasped her wrists and brought them together. He lashed the belt around them, securing them together tightly.

Claire moaned, arching her ass. My God, she needed his touch. His cock. How much more was she expected to take?

Blake positioned himself between her legs, his hands pulling apart her mons. He explored her pussy with his fingers, stroking her hole. With his thumb, he rubbed her clit. She was soaking wet for him, but his touch made her ignite with new desire.

He buried two fingers deep in her, swirled them around, then slowly removed them. He slipped them into her anus and pressed deep inside her. He thrust them in and out, opening her backdoor. White lights of pleasure sparked in her vision, ecstasy swamping her body.

"I'm surprised. You're so very ready for me."

"Yes," she answered, wishing he'd get on with it. She was dying here!

"After tonight, you'll in no way be a virgin any longer. I'll have taken you in every way a man can. Do you want that Claire?"

"Yes," she moaned in response as his fingers pressed in and out.

"Good girl." His fingers slipped free.

He grasped her hips with one hand and brought his other hand around to play with her clit. The head of his cock slid along her wet folds, then pressed into her anus, pushing into her. He entered her very slowly, allowing her body time to adjust to his size.

When his head was a couple of inches inside her, he slowly rotated within her. Ecstasy shot through Claire, an orgasm threatening to burst from her as he fucked her in the ass and toyed with her clit. The pressure on the tiny nub sent sparks through her body. She couldn't take it. She...

Her body exploded from the heights it rode on, her cunt convulsing as she came. She screamed out, moaning and burying her face in the velvet comforter.

A second later, his hot seed filled her as he shook inside her rectum.

\* \* \* \* \*

He smiled at Claire's gentles snores, cradling her close against his body. While she slept like a baby, he couldn't seem to drift off for a minute.

Blake was nervous.

He listened to the steady ticktock of her bedroom clock, watching and waiting for the hands to strike midnight. Finally, he heard the tiny, almost imperceptible click and thunder struck in his heart.

The day of finality had arrived. He'd promised to try to impregnate her today. To marry her. Two vows he truly looked forward to fulfilling. Claire was, without a doubt, the woman for him.

He just hoped he'd live up to her expectations. That he could keep her satisfied. Give her the baby she longed for. She was so desperate to have a child. What if they tried and failed? Would she blame him? Hate him? *Leave him?*

Of course not, he chastised himself. Deep down, he knew Claire was too good a woman for such pettiness. That she'd love him no matter what. But suffice to say, now that the day was upon him, he felt a little pressured.

He lifted her head from his chest and guided her to the pillow. Then, he scooted away from her, careful to be quiet.

He hoped she wouldn't be upset when she woke and he was gone. But, he needed to catch his breath. Clear his head. This had all happened so fast and despite his lists, his sure decision, he was suddenly overwhelmed.

Maybe he'd return in a little while. But for now, he just wanted to go home and make another list.

\* \* \* \* \*

Claire rolled over, reaching her hand out. She found empty space. No arm, no chest, no Blake.

Her eyes snapped open. Where was he?

Curiosity killed the leftover sleepiness plaguing her. She sat and looked around. She didn't smell coffee or eggs. She didn't hear the television.

Where'd Blake go?



Oh, please not to work. Not today. She was too anxious to get on with things. After all, he'd promised. Today was the day they began their attempts at pregnancy. She'd proven herself and they had a deal. She was more than ready and no way was she waiting. If she had to go to the studio herself and drag him into the office, she would.

She threw the covers off her naked body and stood. Crossing to the window, she looked toward his house. She could barely make out the glow of the kitchen light in the brightness of the morning. But sure enough, the light was on.

Urgency pushed her to throw on some clothes and run to his house. She needed to know why he left her in the middle of the night. The more sensible side of her commanded she stay. Shower. Prepare for him and a sex-filled day.

Blake was her best friend. If something was wrong, he would have said so. Right? Nothing drastic had changed between them. They were now simply close in additional ways.

A smile formed on her face. If she knew Blake, he was probably over there making another list. That didn't bother her. It was simply Blake.

She turned and walked into the bathroom. From the bottom cabinet, she pulled out the fertility kit. Peeling open the cardboard, she withdrew the test. Following the directions, she went through the motions. Five minutes later, she had her answer. She was ovulating.

Her heart soared. Lighter than a feather in the wind, she wanted to float to Blake's and get pregnant immediately.

She sucked in a deep breath, walked to the shower and cranked on the hot water. One step at a time, she reminded herself. She'd passed Blake's test, now it was her turn.

Rushing at this point would do little good. She'd still have to wait days, perhaps weeks even, before she knew whether she was pregnant. And getting with child could take months. It was better to do this right, than fast. She'd shower, eat a hearty breakfast, glance at the paper, then head over to Blake's and get knocked up.

Though she was doing her best to act in a calm, rational manner, excitement bubbled and burst in her. Like a kid about to board a roller coaster, she felt so giddy-nervous she was ready to throw up. The ride hadn't even started yet.

\* \* \* \* \*

Blake crumpled the silly list he'd made. He tossed the ball of crisp white paper toward the trash, missing. It fell among several others tossed away during the night.

What was he doing? This was ridiculous. No list could depict how he truly felt.

*Ready.*

Maybe it was fast, but he wanted this. Wanted Claire. A baby. A wife. *The life.*

He needed to stop overthinking things and get on with them. Heading into the bedroom, he grabbed two golden, foil-wrapped boxes from his dresser. The last two presents, one naughty—for fun—and one nice, very nice in fact and expensive. It was time to give them both to Claire.

\* \* \* \* \*

The doorbell rang just as Claire finished brushing her teeth. She smacked her lips, feeling cinnamon fresh and ready for kissing. She thought about throwing on a robe, but decided that wasn't the new Claire. She strode into the living room naked. "Who is it?" she called out, receiving no answer. "Blake? Are you playing with me?"

She stood on her tiptoes and peered out the peephole. No one was there. The she remembered his present game. Oh, what would it be today?

Wrapping a throw blanket around herself, she swung open the door and found a small golden box at her feet. She swept it into her grasp, tearing at the foil.

Using her forearms to hold up the blanket, she lifted the lid and revealed a pink blindfold with a note. Interesting. She eagerly retrieved the piece of paper and read. *Put this on before you ring the bell.*

Very interesting.

She glanced up and down the road for neighbors. It was still early, barely seven-thirty. The high school kids were off to school already and the elementary children weren't due to leave for another hour. A neighbor several doors down slammed the car door, but for the most part, the streets were quiet. Claire decided she didn't care. Throwing caution to the wind, she darted to his house.

Once on his porch, she slid the blindfold around her head and positioned it over her eyes. Looking down, she could still get a glimpse at her surroundings. She tilted her head, searching for the bell. She found it and pressed the chime. Its melody filled the air and moments later, the door swung open.

"Claire," Blake stated in a husky whisper, saying nothing more. No clue as to what he was up to.

She did her best to peek from the blindfold without moving her head. But, all she could see were his feet.

"Blake?"

He drew a deep, shaky breath.

"Take off the blindfold now, Claire."

Gladly, she lifted the cover from her eyes. To her surprise, he knelt before her. His blue eyes implored her, loving and hope-filled. A smile curved his lips, lopsided and all-knowing. In his palm rested another golden box, this one much smaller in size.

Slowly he lifted the lid, revealing a dazzling diamond ring. Set in an intricate band of twisted white gold, the impressive jewel made her heart leap.

Aside from the racing in her chest, Claire froze. This was it. *The moment.*

Suddenly Claire realized something. While she really wanted a baby, this was what she was really after. Love. Pure and simple, unadulterated love, the kind you could only have in a family, in a happily ever after.

Baby or no baby, right here in front of her was everything she truly needed to be happy.

Before he even popped the question, she nodded her head in answer. "Oh, yes."

"Aren't you going to let me ask?"

"Ask."

"Marry me, Claire."

"Oh, yes."

He rose, drawing her into his arms. He swept her into a kiss, his full mouth devouring hers. Passion raced through her body, fast and keen.

She leaned into the embrace and slid her tongue into his mouth. Caressing his teeth with it, she dared him to intensify the kiss.

Blake cupped her ass, lifting her. Holding her against his chest, he continued to ravish her with his mouth. All the way up the stairs, their tongues and lips fought a fierce battle.

He deposited her on the bed, trailing kisses along the lines of her neck, to her collarbone. There, he suckled and licked the dip, driving her insane. She'd always been ticklish there.

He traveled further down, his palms cradling each of her breasts. With his thumb, he caressed her nipples. They hardened into rocks for him.

To her satisfaction, he brought his mouth to her left areola. Tracing the outer circle of it, he slowly nibbled and suckled. She arched, pressing her hips against his stomach. She was so ready. So wet. She didn't want to wait, to play around with tons of foreplay. She wanted him in her. *Now*.

She wrapped her arms around him, drawing him closer. "Blake, fill me."

Hunger flashed in his eyes. "Damn, woman, I want to play more first."

"Blake." Her voice husky, she lifted her hips against him again. "Please. I need you. I can't wait."

"Impatient woman," he chuckled. "Still learning."

He slid off her, leaving her alone on the bed. A moment later he returned, holding two leather restraints from the closet.

He climbed over her, looking her deep in the eyes. "I never rush. I do things right in the first place."

"Like your lists."

"Consider these my lists." He lashed the leather around her left wrist, securing her to the bed. Then, he fastened the other arm.

She strained against the bonds, wishing she were free to throw him down and fuck him like she desired. Instead, she was at his mercy and he was not a gentle master. He'd torture her body until it exploded from his attentions. He'd show no pity. No impatience.

She loved him for it.

His mouth trailed downward once again, past the flat of her stomach, to her mound. Lifting her legs to his shoulders, he drove his tongue deep within her.

He flicked in her, withdrawing to lick her front to back. Nibbling at her clit, he suckled and tormented the sensitive bud.

Claire squealed in ecstasy, wishing he would stop, wishing he wouldn't. The man had a magic mouth. The nub pulsed, wetness dripping from her.

He slipped his fingers deep within her, thrusting them. She bucked to his rhythm. If only it were his cock.

Clearly he sensed her need and relinquished his toying. He cupped her ass, lifting her hips to meet his powerful rod. He slammed into her full force, filling her wholly and completely. His thrusts rocked her body. Squeezing her pussy muscles around him, she met his every drive with a beat of her own. She swirled her sex against his. He answered by slipping his finger under her ass. Pressing the sensitive perineum area just under her slit, he applied pressure. The touch made her dizzy.

Her body soared. An orgasm built in her, fast and hard as was her desire for him. Her feminine muscles went into convulsions. Crying out, she screamed and bucked against him.

Blake kneaded her ass, jerking as he drove deep within her. His warm cum filled her as he held her in place.

He leaned forward, kissing her gently on the head. "Don't move. I want it to take."

"Blake." She pulled him to her, so his head rested on her shoulder. "I want a baby, but I have everything I need right here. You."

He gave a pleased laugh. "I love you."

"I love you, too."

He lifted his head, looking her deep in the eyes. "We will have children. We'll try and try and if we never succeed, we'll adopt. But our lives will be very, very full. Promise."

His finger trailed her jawbone, causing tingles of happiness to race down her spine. She closed her eyes, relishing in his love. She couldn't imagine life could get any more perfect than it was right here, in her cowboy karate instructor's arms, but it would be. She trusted that it would. Blake always kept his promises.

## **Epilogue**

Every day Claire thanked God for that butt plug and her sudden decision to quit her job.

She stared out the open office door, smiling as she noted the four-to-six-year-old students filing into the gym for the Little Dragons karate class. Warmth flooded her and her heart lifted. She leaned in her chair and watched the kids. A year into her marriage, she still didn't have one of her own, but working with them filled her life.

At this point, she'd dropped the notion of getting pregnant. It wasn't going to happen, at least not naturally and she accepted that. The premature menopause had worsened. Her period had disappeared for almost a full three months this time. One day, maybe she and Blake could afford fertility treatments or adoption, but for now, she had him and that was enough.

She sighed, ran her hand through her hair and turned her thoughts to changing for the class. Just as she headed to the locker room, Blake rushed in, carrying a white paper bag with the pharmacy logo on it.

She raised her brows, her tone saucy. "You're late. I was going to teach them without you."

He laughed. "Think you're ready for that?"

"No," she admitted.

He gave a brief smile, then grasped her hand and pulled her to him. His blue eyes turned serious, imploring her with a serious gaze. "Listen, I'm teaching the dragons alone today. I want you to take this."

He handed her the bag. Wrinkling her brows, she opened it and peered inside. She found a rather expensive pregnancy test.

"Blake," she sighed, almost wanting to laugh at him. He spent more money on these than he did recreation. "You have to return this. I'm not pregnant and we can't afford to keep taking these for fun." She drew a breath, realizing how exhausted she sounded. "Blake, it's okay. We're okay. We have each other. That's enough."

"Just take it for me, Claire. I have a feeling."

A heavy breath escaped her. She could protest all she liked, but the test would prove it. Then they could talk about letting this go. "All right. I'll be back in three minutes."

She crumpled the top of the bag in her hand and headed for the locker room. Strolling through the hall of cream-colored tile, she stepped into a handicap stall and pulled down the changing table. She peeled open the box, inhaled and proceeded with instructions she now knew by heart.

In less than five seconds, she had her results. To her amazement, a wonderful, incredible pink plus filled the window. She screamed. Claire couldn't help it. Such utter, sheer excitement rushed through her all at once and she hollered at the top of her lungs. "I'm pregnant!"

Her cry echoed off the locker room walls. Tears streamed down her face. A moment later, Blake rushed into the stall. Without hesitation, he swept her into a deep kiss, his tears mingling with hers.



## About the Author

Slip between the sheets with Alyssa Brooks, erotic romance author...

Author of fun, flirty, and contemporary erotic romance and erotica, Alyssa Brooks currently writes for several publishers, including Ellora's Cave. She resides in Amish country, Pennsylvania, with her husband and daughter in a quaint farmhouse. When not writing and caring for her family, her days are filled with gardening and hiking. She also collects wind chimes, porcelain dolls, and snow globes.

Alyssa also publishes a free monthly ezine, Wicked Escapes, for fans of erotic romance. Chock full of free reads, columns, excerpts, and contests; fans can find this ezine at [www.wickedescapesezine.com](http://www.wickedescapesezine.com).

Alyssa welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and email address on her author bio page at [www.ellorascave.com](http://www.ellorascave.com).

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