

A MILLION *in one*



Olivia Marshall

Authors note:

Dear Reader: I love to have fun with my books. I'm a hopeless romantic, and a hopeless rebel, too! I just love breaking rules and laughing about stuff! I hope you have a fun, sexy read with this interesting pair of characters. And remember, love conquers all! Olivia

p.s. Most my books are virgins, untouched by editors, and straight from me to you--from the heart!

A MILLION IN ONE

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BY OLIVIA MARSHALL

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“You know why I’m here. Don’t you?”

Gabriel Brookstone leaned back against the door and slowly studied his unexpected visitor. She made quite an image, standing before him, in a luxurious black sable fur coat, and red high-heels that matched the bright ruby color of her lips. Her eyes, the color of pirate’s emeralds, were fixed on his. Slowly, a lazy smile touched his lips.

“Honey, I don’t even know your name,” he drawled. “But please, do come in.”

He stood back as she entered his apartment, located in one of the most prestigious buildings in the city, and featuring a beautiful view of Houston through the tall glassed walls. She headed straight towards the window in a slow, steady walk meant to entice a man, her five-inch heels tapping seductively over the light wooden floor. Gabriel’s eyes followed her across the living room, slowly moving up her lean calves, up to her silky long black mane.

“So, to what do I owe this honor, Miss...?”

“Francesca.” She turned and smiled, a killer smile. “Francesca Dawson.”

He arched a brow. “I didn’t recognize you with those sunglasses. The sun must be deadly this time of day.” He stared out the window at the starry night sky and chuckled softly to himself, then turned serious when she didn’t follow. “I’ve seen your movies, Miss Dawson. I have to admit I’m a big fan.”

She sighed sexily, taking her sunglasses in her hand and flinging them onto a nearby sofa. “Oh, I just adore big fans.”

“You do?”

“Hmmm.” She licked her red ruby lips slowly with her tongue. “I do.”

“What is it exactly that you like about *big fans*?” He came towards her, walking slowly, like a lion waiting to strike.

She ran a tip of a finger along her neck until it disappeared inside her coat.

“Hmmm, everything.”

“Everything?”

“Yes.”

“Do you like their big cocks?”

“Ooooh, I love it when you talk dirty.” Her eyes glimmered in the soft light, a smile curving her delectable lips. “Yes, Gabriel. I *love* their big cocks, I love to touch them, lick them, taste them.”

“And do you like to be touched by your fans and their...cocks?”

She ran her gaze over him appreciatively, her eyes foggy with desire as they studied his dark, black hair, pitch black eyes, and firm, thick lips. Her eyes caressed his jaw, his neck, his arms, until they fell lower, past his hard-muscled stomach and the white crew-neck shirt glued against it, only to finally settle on his jean-clad crotch. “Yes,” she breathed, the fur coat slid down her body in a soft caress, falling in a dark pool at her feet. She was stark naked underneath it, waves of her long dark hair cascading past her shoulders. “I love them to touch me right here, in my pussy.” She lovingly pat the deep V between her legs.

He was breathless at the sight of her, his eyes roving appreciatively over her perfect, womanly body. She had big, round breasts with puckered dark pink areoles, a tiny waist, and a big, round, delectable ass. She was the most delicious thing you’d ever seen, extremely sexy, and extremely hot. Her skin was white and soft and gleaming with droplets of sweat.

“You’re even better than in the movies,” he said, his eyes roving over her body in appreciation.

She pressed her back against the window and slowly cupped her breasts, her palms not even covering half of them. “I’ll seem even better still after you’ve tried me. My pussy is so wet.”

“Oh, I’m trying you, sweetheart, make no mistake about that.”

He stripped his jeans in a hurry, his muscles bulging as he pulled and yanked his clothes until he stood fully naked, his cock erect and tall and throbbing for her. Her hungry green eyes roamed over his erection.

“Do you like what you see, Miss Dawson?” he asked in a low, hot voice.

“Hmm, so much I’m getting hungry.” Her eyes never leaving his, she slid a finger down her navel and to caress that place between her legs that burned with fire, her finger disappearing into the dark curls that hid it.

“Do you like touching yourself, Miss Dawson?”

“Yes.” She spread her legs wider apart, closed her eyes to savor her movements, and let him watch as her fingers teased her pink, swollen sex.

“Do you like it when I watch?”

“Yes, very much.”

“I’ve dreamed of watching you masturbate.”

“Ummm...”

“Do you like that, fucking yourself with your finger?”

“Yes.” She slid a second finger inside her then, and he watched intently as her two fingers disappeared inside her, only to slide back out wet and glistening with her arousal.

“Does your pussy feel tight and wet?”

“Yes, ooh, yes.”

“Take out your fingers and suck them.”

She did so. Sucked them, licked them with her tongue, hungrily so, as if it was the most delicious nectar in the planet.

“Does it taste good? Do you like how you taste?”

“Yes, hmmm,” she breathed as she slid her fingers inside her again, into that wet, wild place.

“You’ve got a beautiful pussy. I’m just dying to eat it.”

“Come and get it, big boy,” she said in a low purr, her legs spread wide apart, her eyes steady on his. He could see her pink, swollen wet vagina, open and ready for him, and the sight was breathtaking. He could barely take it. In an instant he was before her, knees on the floor. He spread his palms on the inside of her thighs and dipped his head between her legs only to thrust his tongue inside her cunt, making her moan in pleasure.

“Hmm, eat it, baby,” she whispered hotly, her palms squeezing her heavy breasts, her thumbs teasing her nipples.

“You taste delicious,” he whispered as he thrust a finger inside her pussy while at the same time he licked, kissed, and teased the pink nub on top of her entrance with his powerful tongue.

Her hands sunk into his hair and held his head in place as she moved her hips, thrusting her pussy against his mouth, moaning in pleasure. “Do you like eating my pussy, Gabriel?”

He looked up at her, his eyes stormy. “I love your pussy, but now I’m going to fuck you in the ass and you’re going to like it even more.”

He grabbed fistfuls of her hair and turned her around, pressed her breasts flat against the window. His hands then slid down her arms and to her waist, then held her hips in place as he moved his dick down the swell of her back, between the delectable mounds of her buttocks, only to pause outside the entrance of her tight little ass.

“Do you want it, Francesca?”

“Please, now!”

He rammed his dick into her ass, full force, making the window shudder, making her yelp in need and desire. His fingers dug into the flesh of her waist as he pounded into her again, his breathing harsh and ragged. He took her savagely, bending down only to bite her neck with his teeth and lips, making her moan and whimper in need as he fucked her.

“Is this what you want?”

“Yes. Harder. Yes!”

“Do you moan like this when all those lovers fuck you on TV?”

“Yes.”

“Do you like how they fuck you?”

“Yes, oh, yes!”

“I wish they could see me now, fucking the hell out of you.”

“Please, oh, please.”

“More?”

“Yes more!”

“Like that?”

“Yes, oh, yes!”

“You fucking bitch.”

“Yes!”

“You like it in the ass?”

“Yes.”

“Say my name.”

“Gabriel.”

“Louder, you slut.”

“Gabriel!”

“Come baby, come for daddy.”

When she shuddered, he followed, and a few moments afterwards they were still both panting from their efforts. It took a few minutes for them to recover. He kissed her earlobe softly, then cupped her shoulders and turned her around to kiss her softly on the lips.

“That was Oscar worthy, baby.”

She smiled, her eyes heavy. “Yes it was, wasn’t it?”

“You do it even better than the real porn stars.”

She grinned, then she frowned at him and headed across the room towards the open kitchen. “You nearly spoiled it with your little joke about the sunlight.”

He smiled. “Aw, come on, I just thought you over did it a tad putting those sunglasses on.”

“Fine. Next time I’m a porn star, I won’t wear those!”

He followed her, leaned on the kitchen counter as he watched her open and close cabinet doors as she looked for something. He was distracted by her ample, rounded buttocks. “Well I was thinking maybe a school teacher would be nice next time?”

She turned, gave him a look. “Maybe next time *you* get to be Brad Pitt for me. I’m getting a little tired of only fucking *you* all the time.”

He walked around the counter, wrapped his arms around her naked, sweaty body, and kissed her on the lips. “I’ve never quite met anyone like you. Do you know that?”

She rolled her eyes, smiling. “You’ve only told me a hundred thousand times.”

“A hundred thousand and one, now.” He patted her behind. “Bring me a glass of milk, please Miss Dawson?”

“You can call me Cindy now.”

“Oh, is that your real name?” he asked seriously. She glowered as she opened the refrigerator, slammed it shut and poured milk on a glass above the counter. “Of course not. You know our agreement. And you know what, I’ve got a better idea, Fido. Why don’t you fetch me my coat? I’ve got to go.”

He made a growling sound, pretending to be a dog, then headed towards her coat, lying on the floor in the middle of the spacious living room, next to his own clothes. “You wouldn’t even have to go if we’d been living together,” he said as he came back, still naked, and handed it over the kitchen counter.

“We wouldn’t even *be* together anymore if we were living together,” she retorted, slipping into her soft, luxurious coat and clutching it tightly to her chest as she headed towards the door. “There’s your milk, by the way.”

He reached the door before she did. “See you tomorrow?” he asked, his arm stretched out, palm up, over the door to halt her. He hated the way she always rushed to leave, the way she didn’t let him cuddle her afterwards.

“I can’t. I’ve got a hot date tomorrow.”

“May I ask with who?”

“Tamara. She’s a lesbian model I’m using for a painting.” She smiled and batted her long, raven eyelashes.

“So you’re a lesbian tomorrow,” he said, a sleek black eyebrow rising in interest.

She nodded. “She’s called Gabrielle, almost like your name. You can call her Gabby. You’d really like her.”

“I’d like to meet her,” he said seriously.

She smiled, a wide smile. “If you insist. And only if you promise to behave and not interrupt Gabrielle while she’s working with the Tamara. She’s a bit moody and doesn’t like interruptions. And if she needs your help, you need to do as she asks.”

“Promise.” He kissed her. Long and hard. Pressed her back against the door. “Don’t leave. Stay tonight. Stay with me.”

For a moment her eyes looked stormy, as if she were fighting a battle deep inside her. “I can’t, Gabriel.” She kissed him back, a quick peck on the lips. “But I’ll see you tomorrow. My – Gabby’s studio at seven.”

“Stay,” he said one more time, his hands cupping her face. How he ached to be with her. “Please, baby.”

She shook her head, and he caught a glimpse of her scared and vulnerable gaze for only a second before she turned away. “I’ll take a rain check on that. I gotta go. See you tomorrow.”

* * *

The next evening, he arrived at seven, exactly, and let himself inside the large warehouse studio. It was blazing hot, since the studio had no air-conditioner, and this was Texas, after all. As he made his way towards the back he had to skid by dozens of littered newspapers, empty paint cans, and old bristled brushes. He heard voices, women's voices from afar. There was a tall white screen in the middle of the studio, forming a division right smack in the center of it, and he had to feel his way through the hidden opening to enter. When he entered, the first thing he saw was her. Francesca, now Gabby, frowning in concentration and standing, completely naked, before a large canvas. Her beautiful green eyes were settled on a tall, slim, dark-skinned model who stood before her in all splendor, her hair pulled back into a bun, her body perfect. Gabby stroked the canvas with a sleek, long paintbrush, her eyes steady on the model as she did so. As if she could feel his presence, her eyes slowly lifted to meet his, and for a second everything seemed to stop.

She always took his breath away.

Gabriel smiled at her sheepishly. It was incredible, how he'd known this woman for almost three years, and the way he made her feel was still a wonder. Whereas he was usually a confident, easy-going guy, sometimes with her he was a jumble of nerves, a man so aching to please that it was almost pitiful. Almost. Because he felt wonderful things with her, for her, and as every day went by he was more and more convinced that she was the woman for him. They were meant to be together.

Before he'd turned thirty years old only two years ago, Gabriel had actually thought of women much in the same way he thought of his successful business strategies in stock-trading. He was not a keeper. He was a day-trader, bought the stocks during the early morning trading hours, and as soon as they gave him a return which satisfied him (which would be as low as a one to two percent daily return) he sold them, and his daily hunt for new, fresh opportunities in the market would continue. Women to him had been like this, only worth pursuing until he got what he wanted from them, and then were better off being discarded, and he'd search for a new challenge, new opportunity. But now his strategies and opinions had been changing... Now he'd owned a single company stock

(Google) for more than a year, and he knew that if he sold it, he would regret it for the rest of his life, because that thing was going to go sky-high. He'd already tripled his investment in just a year, and he would leave it, keep it, and break his previous business schemes to turn to something with more substance, something solid. He was going to keep Google. And just as he was keeping Goggle, he was going to keep Francesca-Gabby-Sandra-whoever she was. He knew he would always regret it if he let this woman go.

"If you come here to watch, please take a seat and do not interrupt us," Gabby said in a no-nonsense tone, her eyes steady on his. He nodded, sat on a red chair a few feet away from them, crossing his feet at the ankles.

"Tamara, this is the man I was telling you about," Gabby said as she continued to stroke the canvas with the tip of the paintbrush.

Tamara turned to him, her eyes directly surveying his body, settling on his crotch. "Yes, he looks good," she said flatly, turning back to Gabby and assuming her pose. The model didn't look back at him again, but Gabby did. She was now distracted with his presence, her eyes darting to his own every few minutes.

"Stop moving, you're distracting me," she bit out, scowling. Gabriel hadn't even moved, but he lifted his hands, palms up, to appease her, and said, "I apologize. Please, continue."

He was very still, almost afraid to breathe. Suddenly Gabby walked over to Tamara with brush in hand, the tip of the brush dripping red paint over the plain cement floor. "You look too plain, I must add something to you, to make you look sexier," she said dryly.

Tamara said nothing, only stood there as Gabby slowly stroked the tip of the brush around a perfect round nipple, painting it bright red. She did the same with the other nipple. "This is natural paint, made of berries." She glanced at Gabriel and crooked a finger at him, her face set. "Come here, taste this, and tell me if this tastes of berries."

Gabriel approached her warily, his eyes fixed on the pointy red tip of the paintbrush.

"Taste it on *her*," Gabby said with an exasperated sigh. He turned and stopped an inch away from Tamara. She was very still, her eyes staring at a wall straight ahead, but

her chest heaved in anticipation. His eyes dropped to her red, bright, glistening nipples. He bent down and took a nipple in his lips, slid his tongue out and flicked it. Then he took the other in his lips, flicked it, then sucked it harder. Tamara shuddered, and Gabby's eyes went dark as she watched.

"Do you like how it tastes?" Gabby whispered hotly against his ear. He nodded, his lids heavy with desire as his eyes searched for hers. Slowly, he watched her flick her wrist and urge the paintbrush down Tamara's belly, leaving a glistening red path behind, until it disappeared between the dark curls between her legs.

"Now taste that, and tell me what it tastes like," she said in a stern but raspy voice.

Gabriel slid his tongue down Tamara's flat navel, then knelt at her feet, urged her knees apart, and sunk his face between her legs to taste the sweet, wet paint on her pussy which was now flowing with desire on his face.

"Do you like that?" Gabby said.

"Yes," he said, his words muffled.

"What does it taste like?"

He looked up at Tamara, who still did not meet his gaze. "Sweet like berries, and spicy like a woman," he said.

"Tamara, please lie down so he can have his fill. I think he's still hungry," Gabby instructed.

"And you, take off your clothes," she told Gabriel. Gabriel undressed almost instantly, and when he stood naked before the two beautiful, naked women, he was rock hard, his erection pulsing and throbbing in desire. Gabby eyed his erection for a full minute, her eyes roving over the tip, the folds around the head, and the long, thick shaft, until she met his gaze. He looked back at her, unflinching.

"You want her," Gabby stated.

Yes, Tamara was hot, but he wanted Gabby more than anything. He wanted to take her, fuck her. "I want *you*," he countered, and nodding towards the brush she held in her hand, he added, "Aren't *you* going to put some of that on?"

"Not yet," she said, a wicked smile on her face. "But do you want to taste more of Tamara's little cunt?"

"I want to taste *you*," he said again.

“My lovely Tamara gets to taste me first,” she said, “while you get to taste her.”

Tamara already lay naked on the floor, legs spread out like scissors and eyes closed as she waited for her lovers. Gabriel watched as slowly Gabby got on all fours, crawled towards Tamara, and kissed her. Their breasts almost mingled, nipple to nipple, and their tongues were wild, sloppy, and playful.

He felt his cock tense even more, felt his balls sting in need as he watched these beautiful women kiss, skin against skin, their hands caressing. Then Gabby turned to face him, spread her legs apart and straddled Tamara’s face with her pussy, her butt resting on Tamara’s forehead. Gabriel could see Tamara’s tongue flick out to taste and play with it, and he could see Gabby’s face, contorted in desire as Tamara’s tongue began moving inside her in a soft, hypnotizing rhythm. Gabby’s yelps were sheer desire, and just looking at her like this made Gabriel feel like exploding into a million pieces at this very moment.

He bent down to Tamara’s open legs, ran his hands up along her inner thighs, then framed her dark, engorged sex with his thumbs, and urged it open, and only when her lips were fully stretched out and he had seen and studied her cunt to perfection, did Gabriel bend down to slide his tongue inside her sex. He felt her tense, felt her writhe at the touch of his lips, at the same time Gabby clutched at her breasts and moved over her face like wildcat, jerking her hips, and moaning in ecstasy.

“Ask him to fuck me,” he heard Tamara say in her deep voice, even though her words were slightly muffled by Gabby’s sex.

“Fuck her, you bastard, didn’t you hear?” Gabby thundered, not breaking her rhythm, her hips now moving in circular motion over Tamara’s lips.

Gabriel braced on his arms and thrust inside Tamara. She was very tight and very wet. His face was inches from Gabby’s face now, and as soon as she became aware of this, she cupped his face in her palms and kissed him feverishly. He went crazy tasting her, while he fucked this other woman, this lesbian African princess, with all his might, while Gabby went crazy with Tamara’s tongue in her cunt, and she humped her face and kissed him in a frenzy. “Gabby,” he whispered urgently. “I want to come inside you.”

“I want you so much,” Gabby confided, suddenly jumping at him, tackling him to the ground and landing on top of him. Gabriel immediately took her hips with his hands

and pushed, his cock finding her entrance almost immediately. Tamara sat up beside them and slowly began stroking herself as she watched them fuck.

Gabby clamped her hands on the sides of his face as she rode him, moved her hips against his. “Gabriel,” she whispered. “Harder. Fill me.” He pushed into her very core, and she threw her hair back, groaned in pleasure.

“Like that?” he asked as he moved his hips and fucked her faster, harder, stronger.

“Yes, please, you know how,” she whispered, her eyes falling to his. She looked at him with vulnerable, pleading eyes, and he realized that she was not acting anymore. At this moment it was *she*, the real *she*, and as always, she all but took his breath away. It was when he caught glimpses of her, of the real her, the woman hidden inside the many, many other women she pretended to be, that he knew he was falling in love with her.

“Are you coming, baby? Are you coming for me now?” He sat up, his cock still inside her, her hips straddled around his waist as he continued his hard, forceful movements. He whispered words, love words against her face as he pumped wildly inside her. Her nipples grazed against the hair on his chest, their hot, ragged breaths mingling as they humped their hips, reaching out for that climax, so very near now. Tamara shuddered in orgasm besides them, whimpering softly as she did so.

“Yes, Gabriel, I’m coming for you,” Gabby gasped, and then, she shuddered, wrapping her arms around his shoulders and clutching him to her at the same time he gave one last, hard thrust and poured his semen inside her, burying his face in her neck.

Moments later, he said, “I thought you were supposed to be a lesbian today.”

She pulled back and glowered, but there was a sparkle in her eye. “I *am* today. I just wanted to feel a man’s cock to be able to compare with Tamara’s delicious pussy.”

He chuckled. “Oh, right.”

She slapped at his shoulder. “If you keep on ruining my roles I’m not going to invite you anymore.” She tried to rise but he halted her, hands on her shoulders, his eyes serious as they gazed into hers.

“You have no idea what you do to me,” he said seriously. She seemed breathless at his words, and for a moment she looked like she was about to say something, but then, as if she couldn’t bear it, she pushed his hands away and headed towards Tamara.

“Tamara, you are one sexy kitten,” she said as she reached her. Tamara had been studying the canvas Gabby had been painting only minutes before. “Want to keep posing, sugar?” Gabby asked. Tamara nodded with a smile and took her pose.

“So did you like my friend?” Gabby asked as she secured the paintbrush between her fingers.

“Yes, but I liked you much more.”

Gabriel grunted to himself, his male pride getting the best of him. As Tamara continued posing, Gabriel got dressed in silence, then sat back to watch Gabby in action as she painted. She was always an artist, which was the only ‘constant’ thing he knew of in her whole life, only every day she would change her artistic expression, her themes, and her methods, because she was supposedly a ‘new’ person now. She was an extraordinary woman, with an extraordinary vigorous appetite, and an extraordinary imagination. And he was extraordinarily into her.

Whereas before meeting her he got bored of women easily, he never got bored of her. Every day she was someone else, had a new adventure to live, a new name, a new identity. He had been drawn to this at first, this mystery about her, the thrill of conquering the same woman over and over and over again, each in different circumstances. But now, he was tired. Now, he just wanted to be with the real woman, quit the bullshit. During these three years, he’d seen enough of the real her, in unexpectedly tender moments, and he knew enough to know that she was a vulnerable, sensitive, funny woman whom he wanted to spend his whole life with. The problem was, how on earth would he make her realize this without scaring her away?

When they were finished with the painting, Gabby dismissed Tamara and thrust her sweet, sexy body into a jean overall. She wore no shirt underneath, and her breasts peeked out from the large side openings. She put on a pair of paint-splattered white tennis shoes, and pulled her hair back in a playful ponytail. She came back glowering at him, clearly in her Gabby role now. “It’s time you went home,” she said grumpily.

“I was wondering if you wanted to go out? An artist has to eat I assume?”

“An artist nurtures herself from art, but yes, she does have to eat.” She smiled coldly. “What do you propose then?”

“Want some coffee or dinner?”

She tapped her finger to the sides of her mouth, thinking. She loved drama. Finally she said, “Yes, that’s good. Coffee is good. Let’s go.”

After coffee, they had sex in the women’s restroom. He followed her and before they knew it they were locked up in a stall, and he was lowering her onto his erect penis. They kissed and humped and groaned like animals, heedless of the startled women’s cries outside the stall, and the rapid closing of the bathroom door. When they were finished, Gabby said, “My friend Jessica wants to invite you to a swingers party tomorrow.”

He brushed a sable lock from her face. “Tell me about this friend of yours.”

“She’s very adventurous, and she’s always wanted to swap partners.”

“Sounds like fun,” he said, but his heart wasn’t really into it.

“It will be. Be ready by six.”

* * *

This swingers party was not at all like Gabriel had imagined. People were lazing around everywhere, just chatting naked, and they were not having the grand orgy he’d imagined they would. There was skin everywhere, cocks, breasts, all sizes and shapes and colors. He noticed not every man had a hard-on, and in fact, felt damned embarrassed to be walking along side a gorgeous, naked Jessica, in a room full of naked people, and be one of a precious few with his dick high and mighty in the air.

“Yum, yum,” he heard Jessica say beside him as she halted mid-room. Gabriel followed her gaze to a couple at the far end of the room that stood next to a wall-fountain. The man was tall, muscular, and tattooed on the back with a long snake slithering along his vertebrae. He had the biggest cock Gabriel had ever seen. The woman was drop-dead gorgeous blonde bombshell material, and definitely Gabriel had to admit he was slightly interested.

Jessica tugged on his hand and approached them. Within minutes they were discussing how this was their first time at a swingers party, and how they would really like to swap partners with them. The tattooed man told Jessica he wanted to fuck her brains out, fuck her like a bitch in heat, and whip her if she didn’t obey. Jessica told him

she wanted to be whipped, to be taken, to be controlled, and to be fucked mercilessly by him.

Jessica nearly came with their dirty talk, her cheeks turning bright pink, her breathing accelerating, and her pussy so wet Gabriel could even smell the familiar scent of her aroused cunt as she walked a few feet away with her new lover.

Before he knew it, Jessica had this man's hands on her breasts, and his lips all over her face, while Gabriel sat open-legged on a small chair, with the blonde bombshell sitting backwards on top of him, gently rubbing her buttocks against his cock. He had to admit she had a beautiful ass. His arms cupped her breasts from behind, but Gabriel was not really concentrating on her. He was watching as the man pressed Jessica back against the wall, the back of her knees already draped over his shoulders as he buried his face between her legs. She had her eyes closed and a face of excruciating pleasure as he ate from her pussy.

"Do you like anal penetration?" the bombshell (Ginny, was it?) asked him.

"Yeah," he said absently. "I like it any way you like it."

"Let me blow you first," she then said, moving to her knees before him. The model took his cock into her mouth, distracting his attention from Jessica only momentarily as she slid her tongue along his length. He smiled down at her, but it was not a smile that reached his eyes. She smiled back wickedly and licked his dick with her tongue, expertly so, but his eyes were still on Jessica.

Damn that horny bitch, Gabriel thought furiously as he watched her. Her hands clutched the back of the man's head as he licked her pussy, and the bastard was so desperate for it that he cocked his head from side to side, claiming every single inch of her cunt with his tongue. Jessica looked hot and horny and wanton. When her eyelashes fluttered open, and her eyes met his gaze, Gabriel couldn't discern what she was thinking, but he was beginning to feel his hands ache from the urge to smack that fucking asshole's face.

He felt a tug around his balls and he moaned, part pain, part pleasure, then glanced downwards to notice the blonde bombshell had tied a ribbon around the top of both his balls, the balls tight against the skin, and very sensitive to each flick of her tongue as she licked them. He glanced back at Jessica and noticed the man had already

forced Jessica on all fours and he was on his knees, his and Jessica let out a yelp. Gabriel knew he must be hurting her, but then he heard her screams. “Fuck me harder, you fucking bastard!” and Gabriel knew she was loving it. His chest felt heavy, his fury heating up to a boiling point as he continued watching Jessica. The tattooed man brought out a flogger, and he grabbed fistfuls of Jessica’s gorgeous black hair and he pulled on it as if she were a horse while pumped into her wildly, making her breasts bounce, making her groan like an animal, while he flicked his wrists and flogged her hips from one side to the other. Jessica yelped, moaned, groaned, cried out savagely. “Do you like it, you bitch?” the asshole asked.

Gabriel had had enough. “That’s enough!” he yelled in a booming, furious voice, shoving the blonde bombshell aside as he rose from the chair. Before anyone knew what happened, his knuckles and fist met the man’s nose with deadly force, speed, and precision, sending him tumbling backwards and falling flat on his butt against the wall, cross-eyed. Jessica rose, her eyes wide and scared. “Gabriel stop this!”

But Gabriel had eyes only for the tattooed man. “Stay away from her!” he shouted to the man, then he grabbed the chair he’d been sitting on just moments before and sent it flying towards the far end of the room, crashing against the wall. “Don’t you ever touch her again. She’s mine!”

He then turned vicious eyes on Jessica, his chest heaving, his nostrils flaring like a bull. “And you!” He grabbed her arm and hauled her across the room, every single pair of eyes in the room following their exit. “You’d better make up your mind about who you fucking are, and who you fucking care about, because I’m goddamned sick of your games!”

“Let go of me,” she said, trying to yank free of his hold.

“It’s my turn to order,” he said viciously. Once they reached his red SUV in the roofed basement parking lot, he opened the trunk and threw her clothes at her. “Get dressed, Jessica,” he said as he thrust his legs into his jeans.

She glowered at him. “What is your problem?”

He was silent, shaking from the fury, his eyes deadly as he pushed his head into the opening of his polo shirt.

“You’re crazy! They could throw you in jail for what you did in there!”

A muscle twitched in his jaw. “Well they didn’t throw me in jail, and I don’t give a flying fuck if they did!”

She glowered at him as she slid into her long gypsy skirt. “I was actually having a good time.”

Because Gabriel had been blatantly, horribly jealous. Because he’d watched a man fuck her and he’d stopped him, the same way she should have stopped her horrible, mean uncle all those years ago, when he’d abused her, made her feel dirty and shameful. Her heart clenched, flipped, fluttered, and twisted for this man, this dark, gorgeous man before her.

“I’ll bet you were.”

For some reason, she wanted to hurt him, as she was feeling so vulnerable now. “I wanted you to watch him fuck me.” Ever so slowly, she moved her hand and cupped his jean-clad cock. It was aching hard.

“All you wanted was him and his goddamned cock!” he shouted.

“No, I want yours,” she said softly. How she wanted him. She’d been so hot, watching him watch her with that deadly look in his eye while that other man touched her. It had not been on purpose, but she’d felt a desire like nothing she’d ever felt, seeing him this way.

“Take it out,” she ordered as she shoved him onto the back seat of his SUV, lifted her skirt up to her waist. He unzipped his jeans and lowered them to his knees, his dick looking proudly up at the sunroof as she slowly lowered herself on top of it. His quick intake of breath was audible as he sheathed his dick inside her, and she bent down and kissed him long and hard and desperately.

“Can you taste him in my mouth?” she asked, her lips grazing over his.

“Yes,” he said furiously, pumping inside her in fury. “But you’re mine.” He bit her lower lip, almost drew blood, his hands viciously pulling her hips down on his cock.

“He had such a huge cock, I’m all wet just remembering,” she taunted breathlessly, moving her hips over him.

“Shut up,” he growled furiously. One second she was straddling him, and the next she was lying on her back across the back seat of the car, and he was ramming his hips wildly into hers, like a primitive beast, needing to fuck, needing to take. She moaned,

yelped. The door of the car was ajar, and if a couple of swingers decided to leave the party earlier, they could have seen Gabriel's hard male butt slamming into her pussy in full force.

"Say you're mine," he demanded.

She moaned in pleasure.

"Say it, say you're mine, you bitch!"

"I'm yours, I'm yours, Gabriel," she breathed.

He kissed her, licked and sucked her neck and ears.

"Oh, yes, fuck me like that," she breathed. "Yes, oh, yes, yes, I'm coming, yes!"

They came almost at the same time, their bodies shaking in spasms, and when they recovered a few moments afterwards, he kissed her forehead gently.

"You okay?" he asked, his forehead creased in concern.

"Of course," she said.

"I'm sorry if I was a little rough." There was a momentary silence. "I didn't like him touching you, Jessica, and although this party was supposed to be fun, I had a rotten time. I'm not doing this again."

She frowned at him. "Gabriel, we said we'd keep it light," she said warily. "That we'd have fun, and look for no commitment whatsoever."

"I know, but I can't anymore." He sat up on the back seat and stared down at his hands. He gave a pitiful snort. "I've fallen in love with you, and I don't even know your name."

Her heart leapt to her throat. "Don't, please."

"I do, I love you so much I'm sick with it."

She wanted to cry. Her eyes were filled with tears, and her chin shook. She pushed the car door open and got out as quickly as she could. But he followed her, stopped her, put his arms around her, then slowly turned her face to look at him.

"Just let me love you." His eyes searched her face. "Let me *in*."

He wouldn't even like her if he knew who she really was, just a plain girl from Ohio, from a desperate broken home, sexually abused for lord knows how long. "Please don't ruin this, Gabriel," she said desperately.

"I know you love me. I know you do," he insisted.

“This was supposed to be just an adventure, Gabriel, I told you from the start I was not looking for commitment. I have no idea where I’m going, and little of who I am, I like to experiment and play with ideas and you said *fine*. You’re not following through on our deal. You’re ruining everything!” Her voice cracked. This was not fair. Why couldn’t he just accept this as it was?

He squeezed her shoulders desperately, as if wanting to make her understand. “Because I love you.”

“Who is it that you love? Francesca with her movie star good looks? Or is it Sandra? Or Jessica? Or Jenny, aha, you love Jenny, don’t you? Or Gabby?”

“I love *you*, whoever you are!” he thundered.

“You don’t *know* me so how could you love me?” She hit at his chest, furious now. “This is your fault, Gabriel, you’re ruining everything.”

He grabbed her hands to halt them, then wrapped his arms around her and rested his chin on the top of her head. “Calm down,” he soothed her, running his hands down her hair.

She was crying now, still hitting him, any place she could. She hit his chest and shoved away from him. “No, I won’t calm down. And you can consider this over and done with. You’re never seeing me again, nor me, nor the hundred other me’s either! Good night and good *life* Gabriel Brookstone!”

And just like that it was over.

Gabriel felt like killing someone, punching something, and getting drunk forever. He locked himself in his apartment for days. He thought about looking for her, but where would he even find her? She was probably on a plane to China and calling herself Madame Tsing by now. She could be anyone, any one of a million women. He was already reading books about depression when he heard the doorbell.

When he opened the door she stood there, dripping wet in an old cotton dress, her chest heaving.

“Oh, look, it’s raining...” he said.

She drew in a deep breath. “My name is Michelle Johnstead, I’m twenty eight years old, no siblings, my parents were divorced since I was five and my mom went a little crazy after that, my uncle raped me like a million times when I was a kid and I was

so scared and felt so ashamed that I never told anybody and just *let* him do these awful things to me...I've never been married, and I'm madly, completely, totally in love with you."

She held her breath, waiting for his answer. Slowly, a smile spread over his lips. "Now we're talking," he said, crossing his arms across his chest, as if waiting to hear some more.

"I blew it, and I'm sorry. I just get so scared that if you get to know the real me you won't like me anymore, and I don't want you to hurt me, because all this time we've been together I've always been in love with you."

"How could I hurt you, sweetheart? I love you. I want to make you happy, want to be with you, heaven or hell," he said as he pulled her into his arms and kissed her softly on the lips. "By the way, it's nice to meet you, Michelle." He grinned, his dark eyes sparkling in mischief.

"Nice to meet you, too," she breathed.

"Care to come in, talk a little more, then have sex maybe?" He cocked a sleek dark eyebrow.

She smiled. "I'd love to."

As he closed the door behind him, his words echoed in the hallway. "I love you, Michelle Johnstead, you and only you."

"I want you to get to know me better, the real me, Gabriel," she breathed.

"We have all the time in the world for that, baby."

THE END