

CAUGHT BY CUPID



# BE MINE

GWENDOLYN CEASE



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*In a heated Valentine weekend, Caleb and Jacqueline explore just how far their friendship can go.*

## Be Mine

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Caleb and Jacqueline have been friends for nearly two years since he was engaged to her best friend. But now the engagement is over and Jack wonders where they stand. Jacqueline wants to maintain their friendship, but would prefer so much more.

Caleb invites her to spend Valentine weekend with him at a bed & breakfast since he had made the reservations long before he and Claire broke up. Though the breakup with Claire was only a month ago, the relationship between them had been over long before that. Caleb wants Jacqueline and is prepared to do anything to get her.

And he doesn't just want her for the weekend, he wants her forever. Caleb uses every strategy in his erotic arsenal to convince her she is more than just his friend—she is the woman he loves.

**Warning, this title contains explicit sex and graphic language.**

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# Be Mine

*Gwendolyn Cease*

## Dedication

To Jess who had enormous faith in me when she called asking me if I wanted to be part of a Valentine anthology. It must be my incredibly fluffy hair and the way I assist in entertaining a whole plane full of people!

To Bianca and Maya—it's been a blast being part of this project with you two. And I'm sure, after everything, Jess still "lurves" us best!

To Sturman, you know why.

## Chapter One

Jacqueline Monroe stared out her classroom window at the falling snow. God, she hated February. The holidays were over and the only thing ahead was the huge stretch until April and spring break. She glanced around at her empty room and sighed. She truly should be getting something done while her students were in P.E., but she didn't feel like it. Too many thoughts whirled through her head and none of them school-related.

She absently shoveled through the papers on her desk, stacking and restacking. Who would have known teaching fifth grade meant mountains of paper work? Of course, her students insisted if she gave them less work, she would have less to grade. Yeah, go try that on someone who would listen. She had high expectations for her students and demanded they meet them.

Expectations...she pondered the word. Did she have expectations? She shook her head at the question. Damn, the whole situation with Caleb and Claire had shaken her world. Who would have thought her best friend getting un-engaged would affect her so much? Of course, their pairing had been odd to begin with but things had worked. Or at least they had seemed to. Now who knew what the hell was going on?

Lisa, friend and fellow teacher, stuck her head in the door. "Yo, Jack, what are you doing after school?"

"Is there such a thing as after school?" she replied. "I thought we lived here."

Lisa rolled her eyes. "Yeah, dude, you and me both. I thought since it's Friday we could do chips and salsa."

"I'm there. Regular place at four?"

"You know it. Now I gotta go and express to a snot nose why he must do the work I assigned."

"Good luck," Jacqueline yelled after her.

She and Lisa had become friends the first time they met. Teachers had to stick together and all that, Lisa told her. In actuality, they were the only single women on the faculty and actually had a minute's worth of time. They often spent Friday nights having chips and salsa, code words for drinking lots of margaritas. Right now, she felt like she could use one, two, or maybe ten.

The rest of the day flashed by in a whirl of tests, spelling and math, social studies presentations, and finally end of the day clean-up. By the time her students left, Jack was tired and in deep need of salsa therapy. She looked around at the stack of papers she needed to grade and slowly began to pack it all up. It was either grade here or at home, since not grading was never an option. She found out very quickly, if she missed even one day she was forever trying to play catch-up.

Soon she was sitting in her favorite Mexican restaurant taking the first sip of a mango margarita. She and Lisa munched and drank in silence. Each of them enjoying the knowledge they had two whole days before they had to get back to school. Jack loved to teach. She felt as if she was born to the job, but sometimes she needed a break. And today was one of those times.

"So what's going on?" Lisa asked between sips of her drink.

"Same old shit. The same kid who failed the spelling test on Wednesday failed the make-up today. I keep expressing to him the need to study, but after six months he still isn't getting it."

Lisa laughed. "I didn't mean with school. I was talking about the whole mess with Claire?"

Jack nodded. "She broke her engagement to Caleb about a month ago. Now she's dating a professor she team-teaches with at the university. It looks and sounds serious. I truly think they were kind of looking at each other before she broke it off with Cal. She looks a whole lot happier. I've met him and he's a nice guy. Smart, funny, the whole package."

"How are you and Caleb getting along?"

"We talk about twice a week and have gone out to dinner two or three times. It's awkward at best and weird at worst. Hell, Lisa, she and I met him at the same time. We've known each other for going on two years. The three of us were always doing things together. We went to the movies, dinner, dancing at clubs, and hung out together at Claire's house."

"Yeah, so what's the problem? You two should be getting along fine."

"It's hard to take a relationship with a three person dynamic and all of a sudden cope when there're only two of you. I don't think we quite know where we stand with each other."

"We?" Lisa prompted, popping a chip in her mouth.

"Okay, I don't know where we stand. He's hard to read, you know."

"He's a marine. What do you expect?"

"Ex-marine."

"Yeah, whatever, once a marine always a marine. They may leave the military, but the military doesn't leave them." Lisa took a sip of her drink and grabbed another chip. "So have you tried talking to him?"

"And say what? He was my best friend's fiancé. I don't know what to say to him."

"Hell, he's your friend too. You two need to figure out a relationship alone. You've always told me as we get older we rarely make new friends.



We are the exceptions, of course, but then again we are in hell so we must cling together for safety.”

Jack laughed. “In hell? You’re full of it. You love to teach.”

“Yeah, but it would be much better if those kids would leave us alone. We’d get a lot more done.”

“That’s what I told mine today. Crud on a cracker, people, don’t you have somewhere to be? They just laughed.”

“The nerve,” Lisa finished her drink and waved to the waitress. “Look, call him. Ask him over for dinner. You don’t want to lose his friendship.”

“You want me to cook him dinner? Ummm, I thought the object was for the two of us to remain friends. Cooking for him would probably chase him away.”

Lisa laughed. “There’s always take-out.”

The two of them moved to other topics as they consumed more chips, salsa and drinks. Jacqueline kept what Lisa had suggested in the back of her mind. Why couldn’t she invite him over for dinner? They were friends after all. But the few times they had gone out to dinner she felt odd, like she was somehow cheating on her best friend. She knew this wasn’t the case. Claire had already told her time and again she wanted Jack and Caleb to remain friends since they had such a good relationship. Just because Claire and Caleb were no longer engaged didn’t mean Jack and Caleb broke up too. Hell, they weren’t in grade school. But still the oddness clung. Maybe if she could fully understand why they had broken up it would help. All Claire said was he was too intense and overwhelming for her. She needed someone more laid back.

Soon, Lisa and Jacqueline were paying the bills and heading out to the parking lot. A swift, cold, snowy wind whipped around them, forcing their steps to move more quickly. Jack hugged her coat closer as they hurried to where the cars were parked.

“Call me,” Lisa yelled to her. “After you call him, of course, and let me know what he says. Don’t wait till Monday.”

“Yes, ma’am.” Jack smiled and climbed into the freezing interior of her car. She had to get an automatic car starter, she promised herself again. It would be nice to actually walk out to a warm car for a change. She started the car and cranked the heat to its highest setting. The headlights came on for her, a major plus in her book since she frequently forgot to turn them off in her last car. She turned out of the parking lot and headed for home.

The drive was slow going due to the darkness and the snow, but soon she turned into the driveway of her small home. She hurried up the steps and into the warmth. She closed and locked the door behind her, making a mental note to set the alarm before she went to bed. Though the neighborhood was a nice one, she was alone and didn’t take chances. She hung her coat up in the closet and headed to her bedroom to change into something more comfortable. Once she was in her favorite pair of sweatpants, she grabbed the heavy shawl her sister had given her for Christmas. She also carried the bags she had brought from school. *Might as well try to get something done tonight.*

She settled on the living room floor and pushed a button on the small remote sitting on the table. The fireplace instantly erupted into a cheerful blaze. There was nothing like a fire on a cold night, especially one she didn’t have to do anything to other than push a button. She settled back against the couch and watched the flames. The quiet of the house surrounded her, but for once, it didn’t comfort the way it normally did. She rubbed a hand tiredly over her face. It was the weather, she thought, but knew it was a lie. The fact was spending another night alone in her house bothered her.

Instead of pursuing the thought, she grabbed her stereo remote and turned the system on. Sarah McLachlan filled the room with her smooth

tone. But still the thoughts wouldn't stop. Here she was, in her early thirties with a wonderful career and great friends. She should be satisfied, but she wasn't. In the deepest part of her heart, she wanted a man to share her life with. Not necessarily marriage, since she had never seen a good one, but someone to love and who loved her in return. People always said she was pretty with her thick dark hair and brown eyes. Her body was tall and lean due to visiting the gym four times a week. On top of all that, she was fun to be around, at least that's what her friends told her. So, what was the deal?

Maybe she was too picky? Her sister said she was, but she should be. Right? Why would she want to spend time with someone because he happened to have a penis? It didn't make sense. She was an educated woman and wanted someone who could carry on an intelligent conversation. Okay, she also wanted a man yummy to look at and awesome in the sex department. But once again, why shouldn't she? Why should sex be a one-way thing? She wanted satisfaction, deep constant satisfaction. It also wouldn't hurt if he had a nice, big—

The chime of the doorbell interrupted her wayward thoughts. Who the hell could be at her door at eight-thirty at night? She jumped up and hurried to the door, pulling her shawl closer around her shoulders. Flipping on the front light, she looked out the window to find Caleb Sinclair standing on her front porch. What the hell? It was as if thinking about him all day had conjured him up.

Slowly, she unlocked the door and opened it. He watched her closely with deep whiskey-colored eyes. They looked at one another until Jack blinked and broke whatever weirdness had a hold of her.

"Caleb, what's going on?" Her voice sounded husky and a bit uncertain even to her own ears. "Are you okay?"

"Can I come in?"

She moved aside to allow him to enter her house, feeling the whole time things were changing. She wasn't sure if she was quite ready for whatever was heading her way.

## Chapter Two

Caleb Sinclair was a big man, not only in height, but in breadth too. He topped nearly six-two with shoulders so broad a friend had once remarked she bet he could put a house on his shoulder and move it. Dark brown hair shot with sunlight was still cut military short to tame the curls, which made an appearance if he let it get too long. His face was angular and chiseled, more arresting than handsome. He would never be a pretty boy, but he always stood out in a crowd.

Jacqueline followed him into her living room. He had been to her house plenty of times with Claire, but never on his own. She watched as he paced about, his energy barely leashed. This was a man used to action. Since leaving the military, he had put his talents into starting a security company with a friend. Thankfully, Jason was much better suited to sit behind a desk taking care of the daily running of the office. If Caleb had been forced to take over the role, he would have quickly gone insane.

“Do you want something to drink?” Jack asked as she headed to the kitchen. Her home wasn’t large, but the fireplace and the spacious kitchen more than made up for it. Unfortunately, Jack didn’t take as much advantage of the kitchen as she should, but it was home and warm on a cold winter evening.

He followed her, still not speaking, and leaned against the counter, watching her move about. His jeans and boots told her he had gotten off work early, since he wore dress clothes to visit clients. But nothing

explained why he was standing in her home late on a Friday evening. She knew he had begun to date since the breakup so it had to be something important to drive him to her small home.

She looked up to find him watching her intently. "What?"

He shook his head. "You look tired. Are you okay?"

She laughed. "Wow, a man comes into my home and tells me I look bad after I offered him hospitality. With skills like that, Sinclair, I bet the women are falling all over you."

He burst out laughing. "I didn't mean for it to come out as an insult, Jacqueline. You know that."

"I know, but someone has to give you a hard time. What's up?"

"I wanted to stop by and see how you're doing." He accepted the cup of coffee she handed him.

"I'm okay. Tired—as you kindly pointed out. School is going well, but I hate this time of year."

"I know what you mean. The holidays were great, but now nothing."

"At least I have spring break to look forward to," she replied, leading him back into the living room where the fire created a cozy tableau. She took a seat on the couch, still not certain why he had come over. Caleb never did anything on the spur of the moment. Everything was always well thought out and planned. His small security company was a sure success because of this trait.

He sat close beside her on the couch and placed his cup on the small table. She watched him and wondered what was going on. She hated to be off kilter in situations. But without some kind of clue, she was walking blind.

"I did have a reason for stopping by without calling." He turned to look at her. "What are you doing next weekend for Valentine's Day?"

"Well, Hugh Jackman called me and wants me to fly to New York to be with him," Jack joked. "I told him I would have to get back with him

because I might have something important to do like get my nails done or wash my hair.” At his look, she smiled. “Not a damn thing. I’m off on Friday because it’s a professional development day. Thankfully, since I’ve already been developed professionally this year, I have the day off. I’ll probably spend the weekend getting caught up on grading and complete my lesson plans for the following week. Why? What are you doing?”

“I was hoping you would go with me.”

“Go with you? Where?”

“There’s this bed and breakfast Claire went on and on about. It has this small cottage behind the main house, and she was all excited. I made reservation at the end of the summer, you know, as a surprise. Now, I have the place reserved from Thursday evening to Sunday...” He trailed off.

“And what?” Jacqueline asked, unsure of where the conversation was headed. “I don’t understand.”

“Yeah, I’m not making myself real clear.” He leaned forward to place his hand on her knee. “I want you to go with me.”

“Me?” She was stunned. What the hell? Why would he ask her?

“Yeah, you. Jacqueline, you and I have been friends for going on two years now. Just because Claire and I broke up doesn’t mean we need to do the same. I think this might be a nice way to build our own relationship. We can spend some time together without the day-to-day shit.” He reached in his pocket and pulled out a brochure. “Why don’t you look this over and let me know. The town it’s in is small, but the place sits right on a lake. They even serve tea, which I know you’re into. Think about it. If you agree, we can leave as soon as you get out of school on Thursday. It only takes a couple hours so we should be there around six.”

Jacqueline took the brochure from him. The picture on the front showed a beautiful home with the name Willow Creek underneath. She

knew this place. She and Claire discovered the website for it and instantly fell in love. Claire must have mentioned the place to Caleb, hoping he would take the hint. Obviously, he had. Only now, Claire wouldn't be the one going, Jacqueline would. If she agreed.

"I'd like to think about it, okay?" She finally looked up to find him watching her.

"Call me on my cell." He stood and took his cup into the kitchen. "I'd better go. I told Jason I'd meet him to go over a bid we're working on for an office building."

Jack walked him to the door and opened it to the still falling snow. "Be careful. The weather guy says the snow's going to stop, but he missed the ten inches at Christmas too."

"I will." He leaned over to brush his lips against her cheek. "Call me."

Jacqueline closed and locked the door behind him. She sagged against it in disbelief. Oh my gosh, Caleb had asked her to go away with him for the weekend. Shivers ran up her spine before she could clamp down on her emotions. As friends, she told herself. They were going because he had the reservations and didn't want to waste them. *Why not give them to someone else*, a little voice whispered.

"Because everyone probably already had plans," she spoke aloud. She walked over to the couch and picked up the brochure. Sitting, she began to look through it. The cottage, where he had the reservations, looked to be a house in miniature. It had a living room, bedroom, large bath and tiny kitchen. More than enough room for the two of them to stay there comfortably. The brochure even made mention of the couch rolling out to a bed. Each of them would have someplace to sleep without bothering the other.

*Bothering?* The tiny voice was back. *You'd love if he bothered you. Bothered you right out of your clothes and right into bed.* Jacqueline shoved those thoughts aside and began to reason as she always did.



“Caleb is a handsome man, at least I think he is. He’s got an amazing body and even better personality. Of course, you would be attracted to him. You’d have to be dead not to. But he’s a friend.”

*But why, the voice asked. He’s not engaged to Claire anymore. Why does he have to be only a friend? Why can’t he be the kind of friend you take your clothes off with? The kind of friend who licks your —*

“No!” She stood up and hurried to the kitchen, pretending to clean up. “Besides what would he want with me? I mean, hells bells, I’m not tiny, cute and blonde. That’s what he goes for. If you need any better example look at Claire. Look at the girls he’s dated since breaking up with Claire. All of them have been petite, blond and cute as hell.”

She looked at herself in the mirror to find tall, dark and wouldn’t be petite if you paid someone. She laughed out loud. Now that the Friday night tequila insanity was over, she would sit and grade. It did no good to create fantasies around Caleb Sinclair. He was a friend. Tucking the thoughts away, Jack went back into the living room and pulled out her grade book. Way less fun, but definitely safer.

Caleb sat in his car staring at the dimly lit house. Fuck, his life was a mess. First, his engagement to Claire had been broken, which he didn’t feel as bad about as he felt he should. Now he was inviting a friend to spend the weekend at a bed and breakfast. If he were smart, he would invite Stephie or whatever the hell her name was. But no, he had to go and ask Jacqueline. What the fuck had he been thinking? There was only one answer. He hadn’t been. Or at least not with his mind. His cock twitched in his jeans. He wanted her. The breakup with Claire had only made it more obvious. Did she want him? He shook his head; he knew he was going to try to find out. No matter what he told himself, he would. He wanted Jacqueline spread out before him. Naked and submissive, open to his every whim. He shook the thought away. He had to get a hold of

himself. What if she didn't agree? He clenched his teeth. She would, she had too. If she didn't, he knew he could convince her. Or die trying. Either way she would be going with him to the fucking bed and breakfast one way or the other.

## Chapter Three

“He did what?” Lisa demanded on the phone the next day.

“He asked me to go to a bed and breakfast with him next weekend.” Jack’s voice came out sounding calm, but inside she was far from it. The whole idea of spending three nights alone with Caleb had brought dreams hot enough to scorch the sheets. She had awakened multiple times during the night, sweating, with the sheets wrapped around her as if she had been thrashing about. Yeah, if her sleep was anything like the dreams she was surprised she hadn’t fallen right out of bed. “He said it would give us time to talk. Build a relationship of our own.”

“Yeah, I bet he wants to build a relationship. The kind where you both strip and fuck like rabbits.”

Jack laughed. “Lisa, that is not what he wants.”

“Dude, who are you kidding? Why else would he ask you to go away for the weekend? To a bed and breakfast? To the honeymoon cottage?”

“He made the reservations ages ago and, I’m sure, doesn’t want to lose the money. It wasn’t cheap from what I remember of the prices.”

“Jacqueline, I’ve been to Willow Creek. The cottage in the back is referred to as the honeymoon cottage since it’s private. The bed in it is enormous. Don’t tell me he isn’t planning on putting it to use and you aren’t willing.”

Jack slumped low in a chair and stared out the window at the small flakes still falling from the sky. Leave it to Lisa to put everything right on out there. Could she deny she wanted him? Hell no. But did he want

her? She highly doubted it. “Okay, I’ll admit I’d jump his bones in a heartbeat, but there is no reciprocal jumping from him. He isn’t interested. And even if he were, I’m sure it would be because he hasn’t had sex in a while. And I’ll be damned if I’m going to be fucked just because I’m convenient.”

“Why not?” Lisa demanded, her voice loud through the phone. “If he’s willing, take him up on it. Damn, girl, you need to get laid. And from what you’ve said, he is hot.”

“He is,” she agreed. “But I don’t want to mess up a friendship for sex. And if that’s all he’s interested in, I guess I wouldn’t want him for a friend anyway.”

“Have you ever thought he might be attracted to you? Since you have such a good relationship he wants to turn up the heat?”

Jack laughed softly. “Lisa, I am so not his type. I’ve already told you.”

“I know, petite, blonde and cute. But it’s obviously not working for him, maybe he thinks tall, leggy and brunette would be much better. Look, don’t say anything. Think about it and call him to say you’ll go. If nothing else you’ll get a nice long weekend getaway without having to pay. And you know we teachers need all the fun we can get, especially with as long as it is ‘til spring break.”

“I’ll think about it.”

“Yeah, and once you do, call him and accept. You’ll kick yourself if you don’t.”

Jacqueline busied around her house the rest of the day. She did the much dreaded bathroom cleaning, changed the sheets on her bed and got laundry started. Since she was feeling in an industrious mood, she vacuumed her bedroom carpet and swept the hardwood floors. She polished and rearranged her kitchen cabinets, and finally cleaned out the refrigerator. Slumping exhausted in a chair, she had to admit she was putting the phone call off. A huge part of her wanted to call and accept,

but the smaller and more rational part knew she shouldn't. She just didn't want to take the chance of getting hurt.

*But*, she argued to herself, *if I don't take chances, how will I get anywhere?* Teaching was a huge chance. At the age of thirty-one, she had come to the realization she wanted to teach so she had begun to take classes toward her master's degree in teaching. After the long struggle of school, unemployment due to student teaching and the general stress of everyday life, she had finally fulfilled her dream. At thirty-three, she was teaching fifth grade in a school she loved. She couldn't imagine her life any other way.

Was this time any different? She looked around her small living room without seeing it. She knew whatever she decided to do she had to talk to Claire first. She had been engaged to the man for over a year, so if Jack was even briefly thinking about doing things with Caleb involving nudity, she needed to talk to her best friend. Did she want Claire to talk her out of it? Or even more demand she not see him? Jack burst out laughing. This was not a soap opera and they weren't school kids. She knew neither one of those choices would happen. But she still knew she needed to talk to Claire.

"Jacqueline," Claire hugged her enthusiastically. "Come in. Does this weather suck or what?"

Jack laughed, following her best friend into her comfortable two-bedroom condo. Claire had declared early in her house search that she would be damned if she did yard work. Once she had set eyes on the condo, it had become home instantly. Jack didn't know how she stood having people live all around her in such close quarters, but Claire had told her they were old and couldn't hear much anyway.

Claire Fielding was a petite five-four, though she claimed five-five since she was sure her hair gave her the extra height. Her blonde

shoulder-length mane flowed into soft natural waves, which Jack knew she didn't do a thing to in the morning. Claire's green eyes were fringed with lashes of softest gold, and even in February's cold, her skin was smooth and nearly flawless. All in all, if she weren't her best friend Jacqueline was sure she could very easily hate Claire. Or probably not, since Claire was oblivious to her looks, kind and giving to a fault. Sometimes she wanted to make Jack toss her cookies.

"What brings you out today?" Claire led the way to her small kitchen and pulled out a kettle to begin heating water for tea. "I thought you were going to grade all weekend?"

"I was, but something kind of came up." Jack opened a cabinet and found cups and saucers. She looked over Claire's small loose-leaf tea collection and chose the China Rose Petal. "Man, I am going to have to get you more tea."

Claire laughed. "You say the same thing every time you see my tiny stash. Actually, I ordered some from the online place you told me about. Now that I've had loose leaf, I can't go back. Does it mean I'm a tea snob too?"

"Well, you know you've reached the snob level when you go to a tea place and make a face if it's bag. Once you make the face, you create your own tea kit and carry it everywhere you go."

"Like you do."

"Exactly." She pulled a teapot from the cabinet. "I can't stand bag tea now. It's nasty and bitter." Jacqueline pulled an exaggerated face. "Oh my, I'm letting my snobbishness out."

Both women laughed as they moved through the ritual of making tea. Soon they were seated at the cozy kitchen table silently sipping the smooth lightly flavored beverage. Jacqueline could feel her worries slide away as she and her best friend sat, as they had dozens of times, and

enjoyed the silence. The only sounds she could hear were the ticking of the clock and the rush of wind against the windows.

“What’s going on?” Claire broke the silence. “You said something came up.”

“Caleb came to see me last night.”

“How’s he doing?”

Jack watched her best friend closely, but could see nothing that screamed out Claire still loved him. Even though she was the one to break the engagement, Jack often wondered if she regretted it now. But Claire was as open as she had always been, and they’d known each other far too long to lie to each other.

“He’s busy. The security company’s taking off and he works all the time.”

“That’s great. But it’s not the reason you came over here, is it?”

“Claire, Caleb asked me to go away with him next weekend. As friends,” she rushed to explain. “He made some reservations and instead of losing them he thought he and I could go and spend some time together. You know, as friends.”

Claire smiled. “Jack, even if you and Cal weren’t going as friends, it’s okay with me. Our engagement is over. I’m seeing Dan now and our relationship is good. Really good, in fact.”

Jack sipped her tea. “I needed you to know about this from me, since I didn’t want you to hear it from someone else. But I still don’t think it’s any big deal. He said we could use the time to reconnect. Our relationship has been odd since the two of you broke it off. I’m sure there’s nothing more to it.”

“Don’t be too sure.” Claire shook her head. “Caleb always did think you were very attractive. He always wanted to know why a beautiful woman like you wasn’t seeing anyone serious.”

“He said that?” Jacqueline was stunned. “Whatever, it still doesn’t mean he’s attracted to me. And it doesn’t mean I’m attracted to him.”

“I don’t want you to get hurt.” Claire’s face took on a serious cast. “You know I didn’t talk much about the private stuff between me and Caleb.”

“Yeah, since you and I both get totally grossed out when people talk about their sex lives. Absolute TMI to the extreme.”

“Well for once I’m going to break the rule since I want you to know what you’re getting into. First, Cal is a big guy. All over.” Claire rolled her eyes as Jack laughed. “Yeah, you get the picture. Believe me, the first time I saw him nude my jaw dropped and all I could think was *there is no way, he is never gonna fit*. Anyway, he was patient and tender, but the sex was never good for me. It felt more like he was going through the motions than making love to me. I mean I had orgasms, don’t get me wrong, he made sure of it. But it wasn’t all I thought it should be.

“I had a feeling he was holding himself back from me. I don’t know for sure, since he didn’t want to talk about bedroom issues, but it’s the impression I got.”

Jacqueline leaned back in her chair watching her best friend. The only thought floating through her mind was just how big was *big*? She brought herself back to the conversation with a shake. “What about Dan?”

Claire laughed. “Totally different. Dan is a more manageable size and he’s very enthusiastic. Man, he can push my buttons. He reminds me of the guy you dated...Tom?”

“Tim,” she supplied.

“Right him. Dan reminds me of him. You know, gentle and loving. He touches me, wow, like I’m precious. And we always have a good time, even during sex. Sometimes we laugh so hard we can hardly do anything.”



“You sound like you love him.”

“I think I do.” Claire poured more tea in her cup. “He’s open with me, talks to me. Sometimes with Caleb, I didn’t know where I stood. He’s serious, too serious for me. And like I said, the sex wasn’t too enjoyable. The first time we were together it was intense, scary even.”

“What do you mean?”

“He, umm, gosh...he’s so big, I felt crushed and he talked to me the whole time. Really, dirty talk that didn’t turn me on at all. I finally asked him to stop, which he did right away. The silence, though, was even worse.” Claire put her cup down and stared at Jacqueline. “Jack, he’s not like anyone either one of us has dated before. I mean, I don’t know for sure, but I listened to some of his friends talk and I think his sexual practices were a little extreme before me.”

“Extreme? I don’t get it. Does he like to dress in women’s clothes?”

Both girls burst out laughing at the thought of Caleb—all six-foot-two of him—stuffed in a dress. Claire wiped her eyes, shaking her head. “No, you goof. I think he was maybe into more domination games. I don’t know for sure. I mean I’m drawing a conclusion from stuff they said. Hell, they could have been making shit up to scare me too. All I want for you to do is be careful. I don’t want you hurt.”

Jacqueline drove home with all the things Claire had said spinning through her mind. She clenched her thighs together at the sensation of moisture pooling between her legs. The good girl teacher part of her thought the things Claire told her should send her running and screaming. The other half, the much bigger half, wanted to scream too, but running from him wasn’t part of the equation. She again wondered how big, big was. Claire was nearly a foot shorter than Caleb, so the difference between them was pretty extreme. Jack, at five-nine, was only five inches shorter and she certainly was not petite.

Fuck, why was she even thinking about this? For all she knew they were going to spend time together as friends. She would hate to build herself up for something great and have nothing happen. But still she couldn't keep her thoughts from moving back to what Claire had said. Tim, the man who Claire brought up, had been a short-lived relationship Jack was more than glad to see gone. Since she and Claire never talked about their sex lives, her friend didn't know the particulars about the relationship. When she thought of Tim the word association she had was "boring", with a huge capital B. The sex had been even worse. At least Caleb had made sure Claire had an orgasm. Tim couldn't find one with a road map and a compass.

Jacqueline had really tried too, but the longer the relationship went on the more dissatisfied she had become. Pretty soon, she began to truly hate when Tim called. When those feelings surfaced, she broke the relationship off. Better to spend Friday evenings alone than to have to sneak into the bathroom and masturbate after sex. The saddest part was Tim never even realized she hadn't had an orgasm. Or, most probably, he didn't care one way or the other. As for oral sex, he loved it when she went down on him. But the one time he had reciprocated, he was tentative and truly grossed out by the act. She had finally made him stop after only a minute. Damn, men were such dicks.

She turned into her driveway and shut the car off. She sat watching small snowflakes gently touch the window and melt quickly away. Her house sat before her dark and empty, while the others in the neighborhood had actually put up Valentine's Day lights and decorations. Valentine's Day. Did she want to spend another one alone? Jacqueline realized she had already made up her mind. In fact, it had been made up before she and Claire had finished talking. She would go away with Caleb for the weekend. And, if he made moves acting as if he wanted her, she would move right back. Hell, what did she have to lose?

Caleb snapped his cell phone shut, smiling. Jacqueline had finally called and agreed to go with him. The rush of pleasure he got from hearing her voice had intensified when she told him she would go to the B&B. He sat back in his chair and twirled the phone absently in his hand. He had to make plans. He wanted the weekend to be great. He had to get wine for her, since she liked the stuff, beer for himself, maybe some snacking kind of foods, and flowers. Definitely had to get her some flowers. It was Valentine's Day after all, and a beautiful woman like Jacqueline deserved them. Roses, maybe, but not in a vase. Something more, something special.

"What's going on?" Jason, his partner and friend, cut into his thoughts.

"That was Jacqueline. She said she'd go with me next weekend."

Jason eyed him from across the office they shared. "Cal, do you know what you're doing? She's your ex-fiancée's best friend and you're inviting her to go away for the weekend with you. Buddy, you need to get over Claire and move on. Look, I know this girl named Debbie, I think you'll flip over her. Blonde, hot, built like a brick shithouse and a total freak in bed."

Caleb shook his head. "No thanks. I'm not interested."

"Not interested? In sex? With a totally hot babe? Come on, let me tell you she can suck your lungs right out your dick and you won't mind it a bit."

Cal gave a small laugh. "Jason, I'm interested in sex, but not with the blonde vacuum cleaner."

"Bud, Claire broke up with you. It's over. You need to quit thinking about her and move on."

He shook his head. "None of this has anything to do with Claire. I'm over her. Hell, I was probably over her before she broke the engagement."

“What’s the deal?”

Caleb didn’t answer. *What was the deal?* Before he would have loved to go out with Jason’s blonde. Hell, he would have loved fucking the blonde, but now it didn’t even appeal. The only person he could think about was Jacqueline. Jacqueline with the thick Brunette hair, long legs and fantastic tits. Jacqueline of the quirky sense of humor and gentle personality. God, he couldn’t stop thinking about her. Couldn’t stop wanting her. And none of it had to do with Claire and everything to do with Jacqueline.

“Damn, you have it bad.” Jason broke through his thoughts. “Don’t you think getting involved with her is a bad idea?”

Slowly, he shook his head. “No, it might be one of the best I’ve had. Either way I’m going to find out.”

“Man, I hope you don’t regret it.”

“I won’t,” Caleb said with certainty. “The only thing I’d regret is not going. And no matter what, Jacqueline and I are both going to be at the B&B at the end of the week. And I plan on us having a weekend neither one will forget.”

## Chapter Four

By Thursday, Jack felt as if she had been strung up and left to die. She had promptly called Caleb and accepted his invitation after her conversation with Claire. Now, she was having second thoughts. Screw second thoughts, tenth or fifteenth thoughts. At least four times a day she reached for the phone to call him and cancel. But something or someone always stopped her. She couldn't back out now since he was coming to pick her up right after school. She had even tried leaving a message for him on his voice mail, but he had never called her back. Part of her was thankful, but the other half wanted to whimper and hide.

"How are you doing?" Lisa stuck her head in as the last student left the room.

"Can I say how quickly this week went?" Jack tried to smile, but failed miserably. "Am I out of my fucking mind? I must have been smoking crack when I told him I would go with him. I have a lot to do this weekend. I can't go running off and play at some bed and breakfast."

"If you're trying out the arguments you're going to use on him, they're crappy lame. In fact, they suck out loud."

"Really? I thought they sounded pretty good." She slid lower in her chair.

Lisa sat on her desk and smiled. "Look, nothing can happen unless you want it to. Jack, you've known him for about two years. If he was some crazed rapist I'm sure you would have figured it out by now. Since

he's not, whatever happens or doesn't happen is totally up to you. Personally, girl, I'd grab that stallion and ride him."

Jack shook her head in wonder. "Where the hell do you get this shit?"

"I don't know. I make it up. I'm thinking of putting it on a bumper sticker, what do you think?"

"I think you're on crack too."

Lisa burst out laughing. "No, but I will be on chips and salsa as soon as the day is done. And you, my lucky friend, will be on her way to a wonderful place with a hunk. Don't let him go to waste. Put him to work for you. He'll never need batteries and you won't have to charge him."

"Great, thanks for the shit advice. At least with the battery-operated deal you don't have to have a conversation."

"Who said you had to have one with this guy? All you have to do is nod every so often. Boys don't care, they mostly like to hear themselves talk."

Before Jacqueline could reply the phone in her classroom rang. She picked it up and was told she had a visitor in the office. As she hung up, she could feel her palms get sweaty and her stomach roll and pitch. She couldn't do this. She would go down and tell him she couldn't go. Something with a student had come up and she had to cancel.

"If you think of skipping out on him, I will hound you till you die. Then I'll tell him you're a big fat lying head," Lisa warned her. "Now get your shit together and get downstairs."

Jack nodded and slowly began to gather her things. Locking her classroom, she and Lisa went down the stairs. As they reached the bottom, she could see Caleb standing in the office. Damn, he looked way good. He was dressed casually in jeans and an old leather jacket, which had seen better days. He was talking on his cell phone and didn't see their approach. She was able to watch without him noticing and, wow, was the view great. He stood with one hand in the pocket of his jeans,

which pulled the material taut across his butt. And did he have a good one.

“He is hot,” Lisa whispered. “You’d be a fool to even think of not going with him. And, girl, if he wants to get naked, get your clothes off. He looks like he would be well worth the effort.”

He turned to face the girls, like he sensed he was being watched. A slow smile spread over his face and Jacqueline answered with a smile of her own. As if his smile fixed something, Jack was glad she had accepted his invitation. Here was Caleb, her friend. The friend who had laughed and talked with her and even brought her soup when she had been sick. He hadn’t been her friend only because of his engagement to Claire. They were friends because they got along and had fun together.

“Have a good time.” Lisa nudged her. “Remember what I told you.”

“I will.”

Lisa hurried off to her classroom as Caleb came out of the office toward her. Wow, he looked even better close up. But he always had.

Caleb walked out of the office toward Jacqueline. Damn, she looked good enough to eat. She was all dressed in her conservative teacher wear and he wondered what she had on under it. He knew she had a thing for pretty lingerie, since she and Claire were always going through catalogs and ordering online. Unlike Claire’s petite build, Jacqueline was lush and athletic. Even engaged, he had noticed how beautiful she was. Hell, he had been engaged not dead. And a guy would have to be dead to not notice Jacqueline. He always wondered why she didn’t have a boyfriend, but was glad now she didn’t. He’d hate to have to scare someone off, but now he didn’t have to. He would have her all to himself the whole weekend.

“How are you doing?” He hugged her close. “Ready to go?”

“I’m good. I need to sign out and get my things.”

He kept a possessive hand on her waist as he followed her back to the office. Once he touched her, he didn't want to stop. He knew she had called earlier and he had purposely ignored the call since he was almost positive she was going to try and back out. No matter what, he wasn't going to let it happen. He was getting her to go with him if he had to tie her up and carry her. The thought of Jacqueline tied naked to a bed made him instantly hard. He wanted her and he was going to do whatever was necessary to convince her of the same.

Jacqueline disappeared into the back offices and reappeared in moments wearing her coat and carrying a small suitcase. Caleb stepped forward to relieve her of it and waited while she wished everyone a great weekend. Soon they were tucked into his SUV and headed out of the parking lot. She sat quietly beside him and he decided not to press her for conversation. He wanted her to get used to the two of them being alone together. The sooner they were comfortable, the better things would go. And he did want her to enjoy the weekend.

He thought back to the conversation he had with Jason before he left the office. The whole idea of hanging out with Jack to be close to Claire had made him sick. Who would not want Jacqueline? She was a sexy, beautiful woman. Even if the men in her life before didn't realize it. Better for him, they didn't. He and Claire were long over. Fuck, they had been over before she had broken the engagement. He knew they had both realized it too. But for some reason they held on, probably because it was comfortable for both of them more than anything. He had been more than a bit relieved when she finally gave him the ring back and called it quits.

"You called me today." He finally broke the silence. "I'm sorry I didn't get a chance to call you back. I was trying to get everything squared away before we left. I didn't want Jason to have any reason to call me while we were gone." He glanced over at her, wondering if she would tell the truth



or fib. But Jack was honest to a fault, as she often reminded him. Don't ask her opinion unless you want it.

"I'm glad you didn't. I was going to tell you I couldn't go."

"Why?"

She shrugged. "You and I have been friends for almost two years. But it was always a three-way relationship. Being alone with you... I don't know. I guess I was worried we wouldn't have anything to talk about. You know, like suddenly we'd have nothing in common."

He laughed. "Jacqueline, you and I have never lacked for conversation. Claire often said we sometimes didn't even realize she had left the room we were so busy talking."

"Arguing?" she supplied with a smile.

"That too, you and I differ on some of our opinions. I don't think either of us will find ourselves sitting in silence for long."

Once the ice had been broken, conversation flowed easily. Caleb relaxed as he and Jacqueline settled back into a normal rhythm. They talked on topics as diverse as politics and religion. Eventually, the talk moved to her teaching and his company. As she spoke, Caleb found himself actually smiling for no reason other than they were together. He hoped the rest of the weekend went as well or better. Especially since he wanted to do a whole lot more with her than sit and talk. He wanted Jacqueline, and as the miles sped by, he found he could very easily picture her spread naked on the bed under him. He shoved those images aside for now. He didn't need to get into a wreck because he couldn't keep his mind on the road. For now, he would ease back and let things go at their own pace. They had plenty of time for other things later.

Jack wondered for the twelfth time what she had been worrying about. Initially, the trip had been awkward, but once they started talking she forgot all about the worries. She and Caleb were on a trip. Two

friends on a trip. Friends? Once again, the question came up—did she want her relationship with Caleb to be only friendly? And once again, she wasn't sure of the answer. After the conversation with Claire, she knew she wanted him even more. Did Claire exaggerate about his size? Jack highly doubted it, since her friend was a real no nonsense type. And she knew as long as they had been friends they had never lied to one another. There wasn't a reason. They were both no bullshit kind of people, honest to the point of extreme.

Jack smiled thinking back to a night not too long ago when she and Claire were getting ready to go out. Claire had come out of her bedroom wearing jeans and a pair of boots. She had spun in front of Jacqueline and asked her what she thought. Jack, as always, did not hold back one bit.

“Those pants make your ass look huge.”

“You're kidding.” Claire turned as if to see her own butt.

“Nope, it looks about this big.” She held her hands up to show an impossibly large measure.

“Well, fuck, I guess I'll throw these pants out.” Back she had gone to change into a skirt, which Jack told her looked awesome.

But if she tried her deadly honesty on Caleb would he appreciate it? Hell, she wasn't even sure she wanted to. She almost laughed at her indecision. This had never happened to her before. She usually made up her mind quickly and jumped right in. Figuring out the situation was giving her a headache. She decided to let things go without any planning. If sex did somehow come up, which she doubted it would, she'd make the decision in the moment. It was ridiculous to try to plan for something that may or may not happen.

Caleb pulled the vehicle into the small parking area of Willow Creek. It was later than he had planned on arriving, but he and Jack had been

having so much fun at dinner the time had flown. He glanced at his watch—nearly eight. He hoped someone would be up to take care of them, since bed and breakfasts were nothing like the hotels he was used to staying in.

“Don’t move,” he told her as he exited the vehicle. He came around to her side and opened the door. Normally, she moved so quickly he didn’t have a chance to give her the courtesy.

“Thanks,” she smiled. “You didn’t have to get my door.”

“Yes, I did.” He pulled their bags from the back. “I know you’re used to doing things on your own, but I want to at least attempt to be a gentleman.”

She laughed. “Fair enough. And thank you.”

He locked the car and ushered her to the well-lit front porch. The home was grand with a wrap-around porch large enough to hold chairs and tables in warmer weather. Maybe if they had a good time they could come back again. Caleb was going to do his best to convince her anyway. He still wasn’t sure what was going on, but ever since the broken engagement—shit, he had to admit, before it—he enjoyed spending time with Jacqueline. But since the engagement was over, he had spent more time thinking about her. Wanting her. He didn’t want to fuck up their friendship, but damn he had it bad. He not only wanted her naked; he wanted her subject to his every whim. He wanted her to scream while he ate her out. He wanted to watch her take his dick in her mouth and suck it like her favorite watermelon Popsicle.

He kept her in front of him as his jeans got tighter. Shit, he had to get his mind out of the gutter, at least until they got to the room. Wouldn’t do for the whole world to see his hard on, especially the nice lady he talked to on the phone. He opened the door and allowed Jacqueline to enter first. The entry was spacious with a flight of stairs to

the left and a modest desk to the right. A woman who looked to be in her early fifties waited for them with a smile on her face.

“Welcome, welcome to Willow Creek. I’m Amanda Hayden. You must be the Sinclairs. I got worried when you weren’t here an hour ago.”

“We stopped for dinner and lost track of time,” Cal told her as he placed the luggage at his feet.

“As long as nothing bad happened. The weather this time of year is tricky. Oh heavens,” she fluttered about, “I’m sure you don’t want to stand here talking with me. Let me get your signature and I’ll show you to the cottage.”

Cal quickly signed the guest book and took the key. “Why don’t you tell us where we need to go? I’d hate for you to have to come back here in the dark.”

The woman hesitated. “Well, if you’re sure it would be okay?”

Jacqueline spoke up. “Of course it’s okay. Who’d want to go out in the cold if you didn’t have to? We’ll be fine.”

“You two are so sweet.” She led them through a large dining room to a small side door. “This is your entrance since you’re staying in our cottage. Breakfast is served at nine-thirty and is quite good, if I do say so myself. Everything you need is in the cottage and if not, dial zero to ring me on the phone.

“All you need to do is go down the side steps and follow the walkway around to the back. Go through a gate and it will lead you right to your front door. You two have a wonderful stay.”

Caleb and Jacqueline thanked her as they went back out into the cold. He kept close to her as they walked a well-lit path through the trees. In the spring, he imagined, it was probably beautiful. Now it was dark and cold. Finally, they reached a small green garden gate, which Jack opened. Before them on the path was the cottage. It was already lit and looked warm and cozy. He couldn’t see much in the darkness, but

thought it was probably what his mother always called quaint. He hoped like hell it was as warm as it looked. When the sun went, the tiny bit of warmth the day held did too. It was now bone-chillingly cold.

Jacqueline's teeth chattered as he opened the door and let her go in first. The warmth of a small living room greeted them and he heard her sigh. That one sound made his cock hard again. Damn, if he didn't watch out, he'd end up coming in his pants, which hadn't happened since he was twelve looking through his father's *Playboy* magazines.

The living room held a large couch he knew rolled out to a bed and two plush chairs. A television sat tucked into a rustic entertainment center, which also held a small stereo. Through a set of French doors was the only bedroom. A massive four-poster bed of rich dark wood dominated the room, set against a creamy yellow wall. A huge fireplace dominated the wall across from the bed, and he could tell right away it was gas. There would be no messing with wood and matches on this trip. The floor was hardwood, but had thick throw rugs to comfort feet on a cold morning. A large wardrobe and two nightstands completed the room. The only thing missing was the view from the floor to ceiling windows. He knew from talking to the owner they would have an unhampered view of the lake. Since it was February, heavy burgundy drapes were drawn tight against the cold.

"This is nice." Jacqueline wandered around the room checking things out. She opened a closed door to reveal the master bath. "Okay, I take it back. This is fantastic. The bathroom is spectacular." She ended her observation with a yawn. "Sorry."

"Don't apologize, babe. It's been a long day. Why don't you take a shower and get comfortable. I'm going to go back out to the truck and bring the food in I brought."

"You brought food too? You should have said something. I would have gotten us stuff."

“Jacqueline, this is my treat remember?”

She nodded. “At least let me help you get everything in.”

“No way. Go in and relax. You’ve already been out in the cold enough. Your teeth were chattering. Climb in a hot shower and unwind.”

She opened her mouth to argue, but smiled instead. “Okay, if you insist.”

“I do.”

She grabbed her bag and headed to the bathroom, shutting the door behind her. Caleb started the trip back outside to the SUV. He needed the cold air to cool down, he wanted to be able to take things slow. He did not want to end up jumping on her like some jackass.

Jack climbed under steaming, hot water. It felt like complete heaven. She dropped her head fall forward and let the water beat at the base of her neck. She had taken something for the tension headache she’d had all week. She hoped the damn thing went away now they were here. She admitted to herself, she was having a good time. She had forgotten how much fun she and Caleb had together. They’d always had an easy relationship and spending time with him reminded her of the fact.

She showered before leaving for school, so she quickly turned off the water and climbed out. Truthfully, the reason was she wanted to be out of the shower and in her pajamas when she saw him again. She dried off and rubbed her favorite lotion on all the exposed skin she could reach. She hated winter and one of the huge reasons was if she didn’t apply the stuff every day she would flake away to nothing.

She pulled on one of her favorite jammy sets and exited the bathroom. The cottage was quiet and she assumed he was still out getting the stuff together. She wondered briefly what he had brought, but figured she could check it all out when he came back in. Grabbing a teaching magazine out of her bag, she climbed on the bed. She shoved

some pillows up and laid back. The bed was as comfortable as it looked. She smiled as she opened the magazine and began to read.

Caleb shut the door of the quiet cottage. He had gotten waylaid by a call from Jason as he was bringing all the stuff in and knew he had to take it. His partner was going to speak with a client the next day and the sale was important since it was for a small office building. He entered the tiny kitchenette and put the wine he had brought in the small refrigerator. He wasn't much on the stuff, but Jacqueline loved it. The cheaper the better was what she told him. He tossed beers in after it and went looking for her.

He found her curled up sound asleep on the large bed, a magazine draped across her chest. He felt a bit disappointed, but wanted her fully rested and ready for what he had planned for them. Besides, they had all weekend and he was going to make every minute count.

## Chapter Five

Jack stretched and snuggled back into the warmth of the covers. The bed linens smelled softly of lavender and were smooth to the touch. She rubbed a corner between two of her fingers sleepily. She idly wondered how lavender had gotten in her sheets. Was it in her new fabric softener? Her mind wandered aimlessly, but no answer readily appeared. Slowly, she opened her eyes and looked around at the surroundings. Heavy rich burgundy curtains covered the wall she could see. A small nightstand was also in her eyeshot, and she could see a digital clock glowing softly in the murky darkness. The time read six-thirty. She closed her eyes when the day before finally came into focus. She was at the bed and breakfast with Caleb.

She opened her eyes again when she felt a solid warmth behind her. She blinked, finally realizing he was in bed with her. In fact, he was snuggled up tight behind her with their legs tangled together and one of his arms lying across her waist. She closed her eyes, understanding she must have fallen asleep the night before. She hadn't thought she was overly tired, but the stress of the week and the comfort of the bed must have acted as an instant sedative. Since he was in bed with her, she finally had the answer to what the sleeping arrangement was going to be. Unless he was in here because there was no place else to sleep. She was sure the brochure said something about a hideaway bed in the couch, but hell why should he sleep there? He was the one who paid for the trip.



If anyone slept on the couch, it would be her. But why didn't he wake her up? Maybe he had tried, but she hadn't moved.

"Babe, you're thinking way too hard for this early in the morning."

His low growl sent shivers up her spine. Fuck, he sounded sexy in the morning.

"Jacqueline, I know you're awake."

"Caleb, I know I'm awake too."

He gave a low chuckle sending warm breath right on her neck. There was no way this should make her wet, but for some bizarre reason it did. Okay, it probably had to do with his closeness and the fact she could feel him getting hard right against her backside. Without thinking, she wiggled to get better situated and froze.

"Well, baby, you've got me awake now." He nuzzled her neck lazily.

"Caleb, what is going on?" Her voice came out sounding a bit breathy and she almost rolled her eyes. What the fuck? Was she some bimbo off a porn flick?

"Lay still, baby, and let me make you feel good," he whispered softly against her neck. He moved his hand from around her waist slowly up her top. His hand was large and warm and felt right against the skin of her bare belly. He palmed her breast and began to knead and pull gently at her nipple. The breath caught in her chest as she arched to push more of her breast into his hand. His work-roughened fingers created a rasping sensation against her nipple, making it stand up taut and straight.

"You have great tits, baby. I can't wait 'til I can get my mouth around them. Would you like me to suck your tits, baby? Would you like me to lick and suck on your nipples? Maybe bite them a little. Cause sometimes a little pain can make the pleasure a little bit better. Hmm, do you want me to?"

“Yes,” she whispered, pushing her ass back into his enormous cock. She couldn’t believe how turned on she was getting from him playing with a boob and whispering in her ear. Moisture pooled between her legs and she could feel it begin to slick her thighs. Restlessly she moved her legs as she tightened her thighs, gently rubbing at her own clit.

“No, Jacqueline,” he told her as he pushed a leg between hers forcing the friction on her clit to stop. “I’ll give you pleasure. You are not allowed to give it to yourself. Do you understand?”

She nodded as he began to push her jammy pants down. Eagerly she helped him, wanting only to have those rough fingers stroking the hot flesh between her thighs. She could feel more moisture slowly ease out of her body and dampen the lips protecting her entrance.

“Now, let’s see what we have here.” He bit her on the shoulder as he slid his hand between her legs. He moved his fingers gently around the outside lips of her labia, not touching her clit at all. Mindlessly, she opened her legs farther, needing him to touch her. “Fuck, baby, your pussy is wet. And it feels damn good. I can’t wait till I lap up all your sweet juice. Would you like that? Would you like me to lick and suck on your pussy? Do you want me to rim your hole with my tongue? Stick it up inside of you as far as it will go?”

She nodded, unable to speak, as he slicked his fingers around her clit. Once again, he slid his leg between hers and pushed her leg up, giving him more room. He used his whole hand as he pinched her clit gently and finally plunged a finger up inside of her. Jacqueline gasped and thrust herself against his hand, beginning to ride it.

“Damn, baby, you’re tight. I can’t wait to get my cock inside of you. You’re gonna squeeze me. But I have to get you ready. I don’t want to hurt you.” Saying this, he eased Jacqueline over until she was lying on top of him with her back against his front. He kicked the covers off exposing them both to darkness and cool air. He inserted his legs

between hers own and pushed them farther apart. He began to thrust two of his large fingers inside of her now, while the other hand toyed and pinched at her breasts. She could do nothing but writhe on top of him and hope he put her out of her misery soon. She had never felt like this before. So open, so hot, so ready.

“Fuck, Jacqueline, your pussy feels like heaven. You’re sopping wet. I’m gonna eat you up like ice cream on a hot day. Get ready because I’m going to put three fingers in you. Talk to me, baby, tell me what you feel, what you like or I’ll stop.”

“God, Caleb, don’t stop.” Jack reached down and put her hand over his. She could feel the moisture from her body coating his fingers. This turned her on even more. “Your fingers are big and they fill me up.”

“Not as full as you’ll be when I get my dick inside of you. I’m going to pull your legs wide open, baby, and thrust so deep inside of you. You’ll be mine, Jacqueline. Do you understand? You’ll be mine.”

She nodded, again unable to speak. As long as he kept making her feel like this, she would be his forever. He thrust his fingers inside of her faster as he ground his palm against her clit. Jacqueline shoved her hips up to his hand and began to scream as the orgasm overwhelmed her. But he wasn’t finished. Caleb never stopped moving those incredibly talented fingers. Impossibly, she felt another orgasm build. She widened her legs as she ground her clit against his palm. He pushed his hand back at her, which sent her over the edge again.

“Baby, you feel so good. Your pussy clenches my fingers like it doesn’t ever want to let them go. I can’t wait ‘til I fuck you. It’s gonna be excellent.”

Jack slumped back against him feeling limp and totally satiated. Even her vibrator at home didn’t make her feel like this. Only Caleb had. Caleb with his large hands and whispering voice. The talking was as much a turn-on as the touching. She didn’t understand why Claire

hadn't liked it. Hearing him made her hotter. And he was all hers for two entire days.

Caleb lay with Jacqueline still sprawled across him. She was so hot she burned him up. He couldn't believe how responsive she was. And how hard and ready she made him by doing something simple like saying his name. He closed his eyes and knew he didn't want to just fuck her. Hell, it had never only been about the sex. He wanted all of her. He had to admit to himself, if not to anyone else, why he was glad Claire broke the engagement. He wanted Jacqueline, body and soul. He had been too fucking stupid to realize it. No, not stupid, blind. He had always gone for the blondes, petite blondes like Claire. And in doing so, he's almost lost out on perfection.

He slid Jacqueline's limp body off his own and turned her to face him. God, she was beautiful. Her eyes were sleepy with passion and her sable hair tousled and sexy. He brushed the hair out of her face and leaned forward to claim her lips. The kiss was lazy and unhurried as he eased his tongue forward to gently tease hers. She tasted of mint and heat, a flavor he would always associate with Jacqueline.

He could feel her hand drift down over his taut stomach muscles, which contracted at her gentle touch. Her hand was like a brand against his flesh, claiming the territory it drifted over. Needing her to claim him as much as he claimed her. She had promised to be his and he planned on making her keep the promise.

Jacqueline's hand skimmed lower and caressed his cock through the sweatpants he had worn to bed. God, her hand felt like heaven even through the heavy fleece. But this morning was not about his pleasure, only hers. He put a hand down and stopped her movements.

"No, Jacqueline." He nuzzled her neck and breathed in her rich fragrance. "This time was for you. Nothing else."

“Yes, Caleb,” she whispered back. “I want to touch you.”

“No, baby, no. I wanted this morning to be all about your pleasure.”

“But touching you gives me pleasure.” She slid her hand from his and plunged it down the front of his pants. She encircled his cock with her hand and rubbed up and down, forcing a moan from between his clenched teeth. “And what a big pleasure it is too. And it’s all for me. My Valentine gift.”

“Every bit of it,” he groaned out. “Fuck, your hand feels like heaven.”

“Tell me what you want,” she whispered against his ear. “Am I doing it right?”

“I want you and you’re doing great. Tighten your grip a bit.” He reached down and tightened her hand around his cock, teaching her what gave him the most pleasure. He felt her shift and her other hand joined in the fun. He pulled his knee up until his foot was flat on the mattress, giving her more room. He opened his eyes to see a frown of concentration on her face as she gripped and pulled at his dick. The sight of Jacqueline in his bed, giving him pleasure, sent him right over before he could stop himself. His balls tightened and his orgasm rushed over him. He bucked once, twice, and came in a rush over her hands.

Caleb rested his forehead against Jacqueline’s and tried to catch his breath. Any thoughts or plans he may have had slipped right out of his head as soon as she had put her hands around his dick. Damn, she was lethal. He wanted this morning to be about her pleasure and nothing else, but she had turned the tables on him. Now looking back, he didn’t mind too much at all. And from the way she still held him in her hands, she didn’t mind much either.

Jack snuggled next to Caleb, holding him hot and heavy in her hands. Damn, she didn’t even have to look to know he was well built. She could feel it. The events of the morning had swept her along at the

speed of light, giving her no time to even think. Instead, all she could do was react... And what a reaction. All he'd had to do was touch her and she was blown away. She wondered what else he had in mind. If it was anything like what had already happened, she couldn't wait.

He rubbed his lips gently over hers and skimmed them with his tongue. She guessed this answered her question once and for all why they were on this trip. He said they needed time to build their own relationship. She wondered if he had planned this or had it happened just because they happened to share the same bed.

"Baby, you're thinking hard again. You need to stop," he murmured, moving his lips down to nuzzle her neck.

"What should I be doing?" she asked, slowly gliding her hands over and around his length.

He kissed her quickly on the lips. "Getting dressed. We need to go to breakfast. I want us to explore the town, spend some time together."

"Isn't this spending time together?" she asked, a bit confused.

"Yeah, but I didn't bring you here to spend the whole time in bed. As much as I would love it, by the way, it still isn't the whole reason." He smiled and popped her on the rear. "Now go get ready because I am starving, woman."

Jacqueline eased her hands slowly up his body. "Okay."

"Tease," he called after her as she hurried to the bathroom.

Jack shut the door and leaned against it. What the fuck had happened? Okay, she knew what had happened. It was obvious since she was sticky from both herself and Caleb. But he had never given her any indication this was where he even wanted the relationship to go. But it was apparent from his words this was the plan. Why hadn't he said anything? Unless he was afraid she would have said no. Caleb afraid? The man wasn't afraid of anything.

She shook her head. He was right—she was thinking way too hard. She needed to go with the flow and enjoy what was happening instead of analyzing every detail. She pulled toiletries out of her bag and climbed into the shower, deciding to enjoy the moment. She didn't have to know every single thing to have a good time. The only important thing was Caleb wanted her and he made her feel like no one else had. Tucking her thoughts away, she began to wash her hair.

## Chapter Six

Jacqueline walked hand in hand with Caleb around Bridge Point, the town close to the B&B. There were a variety of small shops featuring everything from handmade chocolate to wine from a local winery. What Jack did not see was a bridge or a point. She thought maybe the town might be too small to house either one. She was interested in the winery, though, since she had never seen the actual process, only read about it in a magazine. Caleb instantly had gotten directions so they could go there the next day to see how they made one of her favorite beverages.

“Yeah, but do you think they make cheap sweet wine?” She smiled at him.

“I don’t know, babe, we can ask. I still don’t see how you drink it.”

“It’s good. It’s sort of like...kool-aid with a kick.”

“I’ve never heard it described in such a way before.”

“Hey, better than nasty beer. Yuck.” She made a face and shivered. “The stuff looks and tastes like what I would imagine pee water would.”

He laughed. “Not the good stuff.”

“Is there such a thing?”

“Yes, and when we get back, I’ll make sure to get some of the good stuff so you can taste it.”

They wandered from shop to shop, talking and laughing, as comfortable as they had always been. If Jack didn’t know it, the morning might never have happened. Except for Cal holding her hand, the hand-holding was something new. She liked the way her hand felt in his, the



way he rubbed his thumb over the back of hers, as they explored the town.

They ended up having dinner at the only restaurant in town. It was early, but since they had eaten breakfast at nine-thirty, they were both starving. Jack could feel anticipation rising. She couldn't wait to get back to their cottage. She almost laughed since she had never looked forward to sex before. But she'd never been with Caleb before. He was beyond sexy. She tried not to dwell on some of the things he had said during the day. Statements making her think he wanted something beyond this brief weekend. Those thoughts led her into dangerous territory, causing the worries to resurface. Worries that made her think maybe she was someone safe for him to slip back into dating with after his broken engagement. Someone he knew and didn't have to try too vigorously with.

"You're thinking too hard again, Jacqueline."

His low voice brought her back to their meal and she smiled. "Sorry, my mind wandered."

"What has you preoccupied?" He watched her steadily.

"Nothing. Thoughts. It's not important."

"It must be something important or you wouldn't be thinking as hard as you have." When she didn't answer, he smiled. "Okay, you can keep it to yourself for now. But before we go home, you'll tell me."

"You sound very sure of yourself."

"I am." He wiggled his eyebrows at her. "I have ways of making you talk."

She burst out laughing. "Uh oh, I'm in trouble now. I guess I'd better watch out for you."

"Yep, when you least expect it, I'll spring. Just not right now." He pushed his empty plate away. "I ate too much for any leaping around."

The two of them finished dinner and Caleb paid as they headed out into the darkening night. Jack hated when it got dark before six-thirty, since it always got much colder too. She wrapped her arms around herself as they headed to the SUV. Caleb pulled her to his side to drape an arm around her waist until he could tuck her into the passenger seat. She had never been with someone who took such good care of her before. Hell, he had treated her great before, when he and Claire had been engaged. But now it was even better since they were more involved. Again, her thoughts strayed to the whys of the situation, but she quickly tossed them away. She knew Caleb; he was relentless when he wanted to know something. And this was something she wasn't ready to share. As soon as a woman tried to talk about a relationship, the man always ran for the hills. And their relationship thus far had consisted of going away for the weekend and heavy petting. Neither one, made any kind of relationship.

Caleb started the vehicle and cranked the heat to high. She loved his vehicle since the heater was actually putting out warm air before they ever made it back to the cottage. She held her hands up to the vent and sighed.

"Better?" he asked, looking over at her.

"Oh yeah, my car never gets this warm this fast."

"Is there something wrong with it? Do you need me to look at it?"

"It's an older car, Cal." She shrugged settling back in her seat. "Nothing works the way it does when you first get it."

"Have you thought about buying a new car?"

"Yeah, I think about it. Then I look at my fantastic teacher salary and know it's not gonna happen. Lisa and I joke about buying a car together and sharing, but we realized we'd have to live together too." Jack smiled thinking about her friend. "She says all we'd need is about a dozen cats."

You know, to set the scene for us. She said the boys would go crazy for us.”

Caleb pulled into the parking lot and Jack waited patiently for him to come around to her side of the car. It still felt odd, but good for a change, to have someone take care of her. Not since she was a child had she felt so cared for. He opened the car to help her out and they walked briskly to the cottage. Unlike last night, she distinctly heard the water on the lake tonight. She realized she had probably been asleep on her feet since that’s the only way she could have missed the sound. The air was biting with the scent of moisture on the air. She hoped it was only the water she smelled and not snow heading in. As a kid, she had loved snow days, but as a teacher, she hated them since they not only threw her whole schedule off, but also extended the school year.

Once inside, Caleb helped her off with her coat and pulled off his own. Jack kicked off her shoes and settled on the couch. Jeez, she loved lazy days. If she had been home, she most probably would have spent the whole day grading. Instead, she had spent it with a sexy man. She looked up to find him watching her as he slowly took off his shoes and began to remove his watch.

“Do you want to watch TV for a while?” She looked around for the remote.

He shook his head. “No.”

“Do you have something in mind you’d like to do?”

He nodded as he pulled his shirt out of his pants and began to unbutton it. “Most definitely.”

“Would you like to share?” Jack smiled as he slowly revealed his broad chest to her gaze.

“First, I’m going to watch you suck on my dick. Because I can’t wait to feel your mouth sucking and licking me. I’m going to strip you down after, lay you across our bed and lick your pretty pussy until you scream

for me. I'll probably do it again because I know you're going to taste so sweet." He shrugged his shirt off and dropped it on the floor. "After I do all that, I'm going to spread your legs wide and feed my cock in as deep as it will go. And I'll fuck you 'til you won't be able to walk or even think about some other boys to drive crazy. What do you think?"

"Like you have everything planned out," she said. "Do I get a say in what we do?"

"No." He slowly unbuttoned his jeans. "Because this morning you said you were mine. And I want to show you what being mine is all about."

"You sound serious," Jack murmured, not believing how the more he talked the wetter she got. If anyone else had even imagined saying the things to her he did, she would have kicked his ass already. But Caleb, Caleb was different. She wanted him like she had never wanted anyone before. The L-word surfaced and she shoved it down. There was no way. Because to feel those kind of emotions would give her more pain than she wanted. Especially when the weekend was over.

"You're thinking again, baby. Remember I told you what would happen if I caught you at it again." He shoved his jeans and underwear off at the same time. Jack's breath caught in her throat. Fuck, Claire hadn't been kidding. He was hung. And her first thought was to wonder how he would taste as she took him in her mouth. If she could fit all of him in. But half the fun would be trying.

She licked her lips without thinking and he smiled slowly. "What are you thinking about?"

She shook her head. "Nothing. It's not important."

"But it is. You keep letting it pull you away from our time together." He crouched by her chair, his huge cock inches from her hand. "Tell me."

"Caleb—" she began, but he cut her off.

“Don’t fucking lie to me, baby. That’s not what I want between us. Tell me what’s going through your mind.”

Jack thought about lying, but what the fuck? What did she have to lose? After this short weekend, she doubted they would see much of each other. No matter what he said.

“What do you want between us?” she finally asked. “You invite me here for the weekend, but I had no idea for what. You said it was to build our relationship, but we didn’t have this kind of relationship. Before I knew what was happening you were touching me and I loved it. Now you’re sitting here naked and all I can think of is how I’m going to get your dick in my mouth and what it’s going to taste like. Because I figure I might as well enjoy all this as much as possible. Because come Monday, you are going to regret all of this. You’ll call me at first, but it will slowly die off. I’ll see you out someplace with some cute blonde hanging on your arm and you’ll ignore me. See, I already know all this. I’m already preparing for it, because if I don’t it’ll break my heart. And I don’t want you to break my heart, because you will and you can.”

Jack blinked, realizing she was crying. God, she hated tears. They were weak. She angrily wiped them away and looked back at Caleb who hadn’t moved nor spoken. “So see, you probably didn’t want to know what I was thinking.”

Caleb stood quickly, an angry look crossing his face. He reached down and dragged her up into his arms, smashing her lips to his. The kiss was brutal in its intensity. He wrapped a hand in her hair and jerked her head back, forcing her lips open with his tongue. He thrust his tongue into her mouth as he ground his cock into her belly. All she could do was hold on as his passion overwhelmed her. She wasn’t scared, far from it. She was turned on and if he let her go, she was sure she would slide right onto the floor unable to get up.

She felt them moving, but didn't realize where they were until he tossed her onto the bed. He stood before her, breathing heavily, teeth clenched. Neither one of them moved as they stared at one other. He moved toward her as Jacqueline felt finally able to draw a breath.

"Baby, I hope you're not attached to any of this clothing." He ripped her jeans open and pulled them off. He grabbed the front of her shirt and pulled it apart, sending buttons flying around the room. Quickly, he divested her of it and tossed it off into a corner. She lay stunned, still in her bra and panties. What the hell?

"It's unfortunate you chose to assume so much about this weekend," he ground out between gritted teeth. "You should have talked to me sooner. The next time I'm sure you will. But this time let me make where we stand as clear as possible. You are mine, no ifs, ands or buts. You told me you were this morning and I'm holding you to your promise. I've wanted you pretty much since I saw you, but got caught up in the stereotype I always find myself with. That's my problem, not yours. But assuming this weekend is it between us is your problem."

She opened her mouth to speak, but he held up a finger. "Don't, baby, it's my turn to talk." He ripped her panties off and tossed them over his shoulder. "Like I said, you're mine. Your pussy, your tits, all mine. I'll kill the first man who so much as looks at you the wrong way." He pushed her legs apart and climbed between them. "I am all yours, every single bit of me, my heart included. Do you understand, Jacqueline? This isn't some weekend fuck, this is forever. I love you. Once we leave this place, we'll go home, figure out where we'll live and when we'll get married. Because I am not letting you out of my sight again. Now if this isn't something you want, you'd better let me know right now."

Love! He had actually said the love word, in connection with her. Jack blinked, staring up at his magnificent body poised over her. Slowly,

she sat up and thrust her breasts forward as she unhooked her bra. She tossed it off the bed and laid back down again, feeling sexy and wanton spread out before him.

“Of course, I love you. I think I’ve always loved you. I wouldn’t be here if I didn’t. I never go away with someone for the weekend. Only you.”

He blinked, a slow smile spreading across his face. “Say it again.”

“I love you.”

“Again.”

“I love you.”

“Who do you belong to?”

“You, Caleb, only you.”

“And I plan on showing you over and over.” He grabbed a pillow from the top of the bed and slid it under her bottom. He pushed his enormous shoulders between her legs and pinned her gaze with his own. “Lean up on your arms and watch me eat this pretty pussy that belongs to me.”

Jack did what he asked, never taking her eyes away from his. Slowly, so slowly, he leaned forward and licked her from her anus to her clit. She gasped, but refused to look away. Instead, she tried to spread her legs farther apart to give him as much access as possible.

He smiled at her and leaned forward again to swirl his tongue around her clit. The sensations from the small movement were incredible. Jack realized now she had truly been missing out, but she wouldn’t any more. Caleb obviously enjoyed this as much as she did as he put his lips and teeth to work along with his tongue. He suckled on her clit and bit it gently; unconsciously she jerked her hips up. He hummed as he rimmed the opening of her vagina with his tongue and without warning thrust it up inside of her. She couldn’t help but cry out as she ground her aching slit against his hot tongue. It was heaven and hell all wrapped into one package. Never taking his mouth from her, he slid his hand up and began to twirl her clit between two big fingers.

“Come for me baby,” he told her as two fingers took the place of his tongue. He thrust them deep once, and again as Jacqueline’s orgasm rushed up, grabbing her, shaking her as she had never been shaken before. He withdrew his fingers covered with her essence and slowly stuck them in his mouth to suck them clean.

“I knew you’d be sweet and I’m dying for another taste.” Matching his actions to his words he began to lap and suck at her pussy, pulling all the juice she produced into his mouth. He drank her as if he were dying of thirst and she the only thing to quench it. Impossibly, Jack could feel another orgasm building as she dropped her head back and screwed her eyes shut, reaching, reaching... It hit and she gasped as she could feel moisture gush out. Caleb lapped and sucked between her legs, drinking up every last bit.

Not able to hold herself up any longer she slid boneless to the bed. She pushed her sweaty hair away from her face and tried to catch her breath. But it was difficult with Caleb still eating her out. The man was insatiable and he was hers. He had said. He said marriage. He said love. More moisture gushed from between her legs as another small orgasm hit. Damn she was lucky, unless she didn’t survive. But hell what a way to go.



## Chapter Seven

Caleb looked up to see his Jacqueline laid out flat, a totally satisfied smile on her lips. Fuck, she tasted like fine chocolate. He couldn't get enough of her. Her pussy was ripe and so ready. He'd given women head before, but he had never loved it as much as he did with Jacqueline. Her taste, her smell—she was a delicacy waiting to be eaten up. And she was all his, forever.

"Are you okay, baby?" he asked, as he pulled the pillow out from under her.

"I think you killed me," she replied, never opening her eyes.

He crawled up her body, licking and tasting as he went. He stopped at her breasts to suckle each nipple. Her arms stole around him to cup the back of his head and hold him in place. Her tits were almost as good as her pussy. They were lush and full and made for a man to suck on them for hours.

"Do you like this?" he asked raising his head to look at her.

She opened her eyes and smiled. "I love it. I love you."

He never thought he would hear those words from Jacqueline's lips. But now he had he wanted to hear them constantly. She was everything he wanted, searched for. He had just been too damn dumb to realize it. Thank God, he had come to his senses. Because truth be told, if Claire hadn't broken the engagement, he would have. He never would have married her, he knew it now. Only Jacqueline made him feel whole, only she could satisfy him.

"I love you," he told her before claiming her lips. The kiss was lazy and slow, sexy in its unhurried exploration of each other. His tongue tangled with hers, thrusting gently as he had done into her eager slit. He could feel her hands move down his back, caressing, touching. He wanted her to know his body as well as he was beginning to know hers. He wanted her to claim him, something he had never wanted before. And with each sweep of her hands, she did claim him. No one before had ever made him want the things this woman did. Home, children, permanence.

Her hand closed around his cock and pulled gently. "Now what do I have here?" she teased. "It feels like a present for me. My Valentine's Day present."

Caleb laughed. "Spread your legs wider and I'll give you your gift."

"You told me earlier you wanted to watch me suck your dick. You wanted to see what it looked like when I took you in my mouth. And truthfully, I want to." She licked her lips. "I want to taste you like you've tasted me."

Caleb sat back quickly, her hand still wrapped tight around his cock. "Whatever the lady wants."

She let him go as he pushed the pillows up to the headboard and leaned against them. He didn't want to miss one minute of Jacqueline loving him. He spread his thighs as she crawled forward to sit between his outstretched legs. He watched her carefully as she wrapped her hand around his cock and inspected him. He knew some women were obviously put off by the size, but fuck, it wasn't like he could do something about it. Leaning forward, she swirled her hot tongue around the head and he jerked, unable to stop himself.

"Do you like when I do this?" she asked, her breath caressing his length.

"Whatever you do to me I like."

"Tell me what you want. I love it when you talk to me."

Caleb smiled, loving her all the more. "Baby, I want to watch you suck on as much as you can. I told you earlier I wanted to see my dick in your mouth. Fuck, I want to watch you suck on it like you do a Popsicle."

"Now there's an idea."

Jack sat between Caleb's legs and looked her fill. God, he was incredible, all taut muscles and sinew. And his penis was so large she could feel herself get wet imagining him thrusting inside of her. She knew it would be a tight fit and couldn't wait 'til he held her down and started feeding himself deep inside of her.

"You're thinking again, baby."

"I know. I'm thinking I can't wait for you to fuck me. I can't wait to feel how tight the fit will be for us." Jack couldn't believe the things coming out of her mouth, but with Caleb, they were right. She wanted him to know exactly how she felt.

"Damn, baby, you are making me fucking hot." He leaned forward and kissed her. "But you'll have to wait. If you're a good girl and suck Daddy's dick like you should, you'll get your reward."

She swallowed hard, feeling herself cream at his words. She never thought someone talking dirty would turn her on, but Cal did. Hell, him breathing turned her on and it only got more intense as the weekend went on. She wondered if she'd be able to get through the days next week without any sexual contact at all. She had gone from nothing to being constantly satisfied and she didn't want to go back.

"Do it, baby." He leaned back and spread his legs wide. His cock was heavily veined and hard; it pulled up toward his stomach. He wrapped a hand around the wide base and tilted it toward her. "Take my dick in your mouth. Suck on me like you do your favorite ice cream."

Jack licked her lips in anticipation. She leaned forward and placed her hands on his hips as she swirled her tongue around the large

purplish head, slowly easing down the side. Clamping her lips around his dick, she sucked up and around as she did to stop her Popsicle from dripping. Opening her mouth, she slid the length into her mouth and began to gently bob her head.

Caleb dropped his head back at the sensations. “Fuck, baby, you’re good at this.” He kept one hand wrapped at the root so she wouldn’t take too much and twined his fingers through her hair. “Come on, baby, fucking eat me. Lick me, baby, that’s right, suck on it.”

He tasted like hot, hard man and smelled like a decadent dessert. She experimented clamping her lips around him and sucking as she pulled up. It was hard, though, since he was so big. She had given head before, but certainly to no one built like this. And she hadn’t enjoyed it. She had done it because her partner wanted her too. Now, she couldn’t wait. In fact, her mouth watered at the sensation of Caleb’s penetration. Carefully, she swallowed the saliva gathered in her mouth and he gasped.

“Do that again, baby, try to swallow my cock. It felt amazing.” Caleb gripped her hair, the pain oddly adding to the pleasure. He guided her head in the rhythm he wanted. “Yeah, baby, suck my cock. Damn, Jacqueline, your mouth is like heaven. It’s burning me up. You suck me good, baby. Do you like it? Like sucking my cock?”

She nodded, unwilling to let him slip from her lips. Because she did love the feel of him sliding over her tongue, easing over the roof of her mouth. She would love to take him all the way to the root, but knew he would never fit. Instead, she worked steadily to pull as much of him as she could into her mouth. She wanted to give him the same pleasure he gave her.

“Baby, I can’t hold on much longer,” Cal murmured, thrusting up to meet her mouth. “If you don’t want me to come in your mouth, you’ll need to pull away.”

Jack sucked harder, wanting to taste him, swallow him, and take a part of his essence into her. Her jaw was beginning to tire, but she refused to let go. She wanted her reward.

“Yeah, baby, hold on. I’m gonna come, Jacqueline, and I want to watch you swallow every bit. I need you to drink me down, baby.” Caleb gasped and thrust once, twice, flooding her mouth. He was hot and tasted like the sweetest wine to her as she continued to suck and swallow every last drop.

Jack pulled away from him and licked her lips, like a cat who had eaten a bowl of very good cream. He was slumped back against the pillows, face flushed, panting for breath. She crawled up his body to settle her naked flesh against his. Gently, she brushed her lips against Caleb’s.

“You taste good,” she whispered against his lips.

He smiled. “Do you even know how much I love you? How much I want you? I’ll never get enough of you.” He moved his lips down her neck and gently bit her, laving the small hurt with his tongue. “You make me whole, Jacqueline.”

She wrapped her arms around him feeling tears gather. “I love you. You are the sexiest man I have ever met, the smartest and the cleverest. And you can make me have an orgasm by touching and talking to me.”

“Do you like when I talk to you?”

“I love it. It makes me hot, makes me wet.”

“Good, that’s good.” He gathered her close and rolled until she was lying under him. “Don’t go anywhere. I’m going to start our fireplace. It’s getting a little chilly in here.”

Jack pushed the covers down the bed as Cal found the remote and pushed the button. A full fire burst into flames. She watched as the light danced over his body. He was mouthwatering. He adjusted the flame for the fire and Jack knew she could gain pleasure by looking at him. He

turned back to face her and she realized he was hard again. Wow, normally men took forever to recover, but obviously not Cal.

He followed her gaze downward and smiled. "Did I mention I want you? I've thought about you for weeks, fuck, months. I've masturbated to images of you sucking my dick, to me fucking you every which way including waiting for you in the dark and grabbing you."

"Really?" She moved toward him.

"Does it turn you on?" He walked over to where she knelt on the bed. "The thought of me jacking off to images of you and me together?"

She swirled a tongue around one of his nipples. "Yes, but I get turned on when you breathe."

He laughed low as he put his arms around her. "My favorite fantasy was the one where I imagine hiding in your house. I'd watch you come home and slowly strip your clothes off. I can see you while you take a shower, the water dripping slowly down your body. As you climb out, I turn all the lights off and come up behind you. I grab you from behind and press your body to mine. I feel your pussy and it's all wet, gushing with moisture."

Caleb slid a hand over her bottom, curling it under to thrust two fingers into her vagina from behind. Jack moaned and rode his hand. His words, once again, turned her on, making her ache inside.

"I don't want you to know who I am, so I blindfold you and carry you into the bedroom. I make you lie on the bed on your stomach. I force you to go up on all fours. You are open and ready for me, even though you're scared. I lick your pussy, exactly like I did today and you push back into my face, loving it. I take you around the waist and thrust my cock into you. You're burning up inside and tight like a fist. I almost come before we get started."

“Caleb, I want you.” Jack kissed him, thrusting her tongue in his mouth. This time she was acting as the aggressor. She sucked at his tongue, desperate for him to be inside of her.

“You ready for me, baby?” he asked, his voice as unsteady as her heart.

“Yes, now.”

Cal came onto the bed with her and eased them both prone. He moved his hands and lips over her body until Jack was sure she would pass out. Damn, she’d be embarrassed if she did, especially before they had even gotten to the good part. He moved between her legs and she could feel him hard and hot against her belly. She curled her hips up and looped her ankles around his waist. Doing this, she could feel the large head of his cock play across her vaginal lips.

“Not yet.” He took her legs from around his waist and pinned them to the bed. “Baby, are you on the pill?”

“Yes.” She nodded. “For about eight years now.”

“I want you to know I’m clean. I’ve been checked and haven’t been with anyone in months.”

“I had a clean bill of health at my last doctor’s visit.”

He kissed her. “Baby, I want to be inside of you so much. I have condoms with me, but let me in, skin against skin. I’ve never done it before, but I want it to be with you. I don’t want anything between us. I want to be able to feel myself come inside of you.”

Jack smiled and kissed him back. “I want to feel you too. Just you and me.”

“Always.” He balanced over her on one arm and he took his erection in hand. He teased the large head around her vaginal lips, over her clit, and finally positioned himself at her opening. “Baby, I can’t wait anymore. Next time, I swear, we’ll take more time.”

“Hurry.” She pulled her legs open wider, trying to thrust towards him. “I don’t want more time. I want you now.”

When she pushed up, he shoved back, lodging the head of his cock into her small opening. He began to rock slowly, moving his large member into her hot passage. Jack moved her hands over the bunched muscles of his back and down to his ass. She wanted more, now, before she died. She pulled him toward her, forcing him in deeper. She moaned when he grabbed her hands in one of his own and pinned them above her head.

“No, baby, I don’t want to hurt you. You’re so fucking tight. You grip me like a glove. Damn, I feel like I’m going to go off before I can even get all the way inside you.” He rocked his cock deeper and deeper still. He felt like a bar of hot iron embedded inside of her sheath. He was large, almost too large, but it felt superb. Jack raised her hips, wanting more, needing more.

“Damn you, Caleb, harder. Fuck me harder,” she shouted between gritted teeth. “Please.”

“We’ll both probably regret it.” He let her arms go and gripped her hips in both of his large hands. In one motion, he thrust his tongue in her mouth and his dick all the way up inside of her. Her eyes rolled back in her head from the pleasure and pain of it. He was in so deep he was buried against the very top of her womb. She wrapped her legs around his waist and her arms around his shoulders and began to grind herself against him. He pulled out and slammed home again. She could feel his balls slap her ass and she had never felt anything as good as this before. If she died right now, she would be truly and thoroughly happy.

Caleb looped his arms around her legs and pulled them up higher to give him better leverage. He began to piston his cock in and out of her clinging wet pussy. Repeatedly, he drove his hips into hers. Jack could feel the orgasm build at her toes and wash over her. She ground herself



against him and dug her fingers into his back as the pleasure overtook her. She screamed, drumming her heels on his back as he kept up the relentless rhythm. Moisture gushed out of her, bathing them both in her essence.

“Fuck, baby, fuck. Too fucking good. Too fucking tight. Damn, you’re burning up. I can’t hold on,” Caleb yelled as his orgasm hit also. Jack could feel the scalding liquid of his cum shoot out in pulses, bathing her womb and creating small orgasms.

He collapsed on top of her, both of them breathing heavy, slicked with sweat. Jack kept her arms tight around Caleb and held him close to her heart. She closed her eyes as she felt her body go limp. Her mind was finally peaceful, knowing she had discovered absolute happiness with another human being.

Jack awoke slowly and stretched. Damn, she felt very well loved. She absently rubbed at her nose; the delicate aroma of roses surrounded her. She opened her eyes to find Caleb standing by the side of the bed watching her. A small smile played about his lips. Draped over his shoulder was one of few ties he owned. In fact, it was a tie she had given him the first Christmas they had known one another.

“Hey, beautiful.” His low voice stroked her like a caress.

“Hey, yourself.” She pushed herself up a bit and realized she and the bed were covered in rose petals. She picked one up and rubbed the velvety petal between her fingers, releasing its fragrance.

“Happy Valentine’s Day.” He moved toward her slowly and removed the tie from his shoulder.

“Happy Valentine’s Day.” She lay back down and watched his approach. “Are you planning on wearing the tie? Because if you are, you’re underdressed for it.” She eyed his naked and aroused body.

“I don’t plan on wearing the tie.” He eased onto the bed beside her.

“What are you going to do with it?”

“I plan on tying your hands to the headboard with it.”

Jack could feel moisture ease out from between her legs. Damn, she didn’t know how he did it, but he always got her instantly aroused. She figured it was the combination of his smooth voice and the dirty things he said. Whatever it was, she loved it.

“Oh,” she said, for lack of anything better

Suiting action to words, he took her hands in his own and looped the tie around them. Once they were tied, he raised them above her head and attached them to the headboard as he said he would. He sat back to slowly peruse her body with his hot gaze. Jack licked her lips, loving the sense of helplessness Caleb made her feel. She knew he was the only one she would have allowed to do this to her. She would never have trusted anyone else.

He spread her legs and moved to sit between them, his cock already hard. “I love you. You are everything I want, everything I need.” He picked a rose petal up and gently stroked one of her nipples with it. “You’re gorgeous. I am a very lucky man.”

Jack could feel her nipple harden with the brief touch he had given. “I love you, too. And I’m a very lucky woman to have a man like you love her as much as you do.”

He kissed her thoroughly, deeply; she could taste the love and reveled in it. He moved down to nip gently at her jaw and she tilted her head back to give him better access. She shivered as he kissed and licked his way down her throat. Her breasts, though, were his obvious destination. He pulled a nipple into his mouth and hummed, sending little shocks through her system.

“Do you like, baby?”

“Yes.”

He moved to the other breast and repeated the move. "How about this?"

"Yes."

He eased down her body, lavishing each inch of skin with attention. Jack felt as if she were melting from the heat he put off. He moved her thighs farther apart as he settled between them. She looked at him and he captured her gaze, smiling. "Don't take your eyes off of me. I want you to watch me while I love you." His words were softer than any he had spoken before. She could feel tears gather at the corner of her eyes.

He leaned in and to place a kiss at the entrance of her vagina. The feel of his lips on her wet, heated flesh was overwhelming. Her breath caught in her throat as she could feel his tongue lap gently between her lips, barely catching her clit. She jerked and tried to push herself at him, wanting to hurry him along. But Caleb moved his hands to pin her down.

"You know what, baby?" Without waiting for a response, he plunged his tongue up into her vaginal opening.

As an answer, all she could do was gasp and try to grind her pussy into his mouth. His hands held her tight though, not allowing her to move. She spread her legs farther apart, feeling an orgasm beginning to build. Not even her trusty vibrator could bring her off this fast.

He removed his tongue and smiled at her. "I think we'll spend every Valentine's Day this way." He slid two fingers inside of her wet sheath and began sucking on her clit.

Jack gasped and moaned, agreeing with him whole-heartedly.

## Epilogue

### *One Year Later*

Caleb and Jacqueline Sinclair walked hand in hand through the front door of Willow Creek Bed & Breakfast. Their wedding had been six months earlier and they had taken a wonderful honeymoon to a secluded resort in Mexico. At least Jack thought they had gone to Mexico. Caleb had let her out of their suite so infrequently they could have stayed home for as much as she actually saw. Though she certainly wasn't complaining. She wouldn't trade their time together for all the margaritas in Mexico.

Amanda Hayden once again stood behind the desk, waiting for them with a smile. "Welcome, welcome back." She laughed as she pulled the key to the cottage out. "My goodness, young man, you must be anxious. I've never had anyone reserve the cottage a year in advance."

Caleb returned her smile. "I promised my wife we'd come here for Valentine's Day again. I didn't want to disappoint her."

Amanda eyed him and glanced at Jack. "I doubt very much if you disappoint her in any way. I've seen plenty of couples come through here, but I remembered you two right off. You look right together, like you belong. Not many couples do." She busied about getting Caleb to sign the register.

Jack looked down at her platinum wedding band and sapphire engagement ring and smiled. Ms. Hayden was absolutely correct, he

never disappointed her, and she worked hard in return to ensure he was happy and loved. She glanced up to catch him watching. His gaze was hot with promise and she knew his cock was already hard. Since she had teased and touched him the whole drive, she made sure of it.

He thanked Ms. Hayden and they exited the house by the cottage entrance. He led her quickly through the cooling air and through the green gate.

“Not anxious are you?” she teased.

He opened the door and tossed the suitcases on the floor. He turned, and swept her up in his arms. Caleb kicked the door shut and carried her to the bedroom while Jack laughed. Damn, she loved this man more with every passing day. The past year had been a whirlwind of wedding plans, house shopping and work. She still taught with Lisa at the same school, and Cal’s business had gotten even busier. But no matter what, they always made time for each other. Once the day ended, they shut the door on the outside world and loved one another.

He tossed her lightly on the bed and removed his coat. Jack quickly pulled off her shoes and clothing. She was wearing her favorite sweater and didn’t want to have to work to replace it. Once thing, Caleb was very hard on her wardrobe. More than once she had to toss a shirt out due to missing buttons or ripped seams. But damn, what a way for them to go.

She lay back on the bed naked and watched him slowly disrobe. He unknotted the new tie she had gotten him and draped it across the headboard. “Wouldn’t want to lose it, baby. We’ll be putting it to use.”

Jack shivered at the sexy growl in his voice. Hot damn, she couldn’t wait.

## About the Author

To learn more about Gwendolyn Cease, please visit [www.gwendolyncease.com](http://www.gwendolyncease.com). Send an email to Gwendolyn at [gwendolyn\\_cease@yahoo.com](mailto:gwendolyn_cease@yahoo.com) or join her Yahoo! group to join in the fun with other readers! <http://groups.yahoo.com/group/questforromance>

*A Valentine's date gone wrong marks the beginning of a love that will last for all time.*

## Forever Valentine

Bianca D'Arc

Jena knows about vampires, particularly about the one who watches her every step, lest she somehow reveal her knowledge to the mortal world. Ian Sinclair would be her executioner should she even try to share her knowledge, but she doesn't fear him. No, Ian bothers her on an even more elemental level. He's just too sexy for his own good—and hers.

Ian finds himself attracted to the all-too-mortal lady doctor, though he knows better. He's been assigned to watch her, not seduce her, but seduction seems to be all he can think of when he looks at the gorgeous woman who works entirely too hard and has such sad eyes. He feels things he hasn't felt in centuries when she's around, including an unreasonable jealousy when he follows her on a Valentine's date with one of her colleagues.

After the disastrous date, will they both be able to resist temptation when Jena invites the vampire in?

**Warning, this title contains explicit sex and graphic language.**

*Gracie Evans wants a Valentines she won't forget. Luke Forsythe plans to give her exactly what she wants.*

## Overheard

Maya Banks

Gracie Evans is a woman tired of the men in her life not satisfying her in bed. She's had a string of boyfriends, but none of them have come close to satisfying the vivid fantasies she has. Two weeks before Valentine's Day, she breaks up with her latest boyfriend after a night of lackluster sex.

When her good friend, Luke Forsythe, overhears her talking to their friend Shelly about what she really wants, he's stunned. And very turned on. Gracie thinks there isn't a man alive who can satisfy her in bed. Luke aims to prove her wrong.

**Warning, this title contains explicit sex, graphic language, ménage a trios.**





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