

Ocean's Mist Press

# One Sweet Night

**MARILYN LEE**



This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are either the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events, places, organizations, or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

The scanning, uploading and distribution of this book via the Internet or via any other means without the permission of the publisher is a violation of the Copyright Law. Ocean's Mist Press will aggressively pursue those who choose to violate the intellectual property rights of our authors.

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be used or reproduced in any form without permission. The purchase of a copy of this ebook is intended for the purchaser's viewing ONLY. No part of this e-book may be reproduced or shared in any form, including, but not limited to printing, photocopying, faxing, or emailing without prior written permission from Ocean's Mist Press.

Warning

This e-book contains sexually explicit scenes and adult language. It may be considered offensive to some readers. Ocean's Mist Press' e-books are for sale to adults ONLY, as defined by the laws of the country in which you made your purchase.

One Sweet Night  
Copyright (c) 2006 by Marilyn Lee  
ISBN-Ebook: 1-934057-61-4  
Cover art and design (c) 2006 by Jinger Heaston  
Editor: Pam Clifton

Look for us on the Web  
[www.oceansmistpress.com](http://www.oceansmistpress.com)

# **One Sweet Night**

**By**

**Marilyn Lee**

## **Chapter One**

“Are you sleeping any better?”

Jule Grey shook her head. “No, I’m not.”

“What’s going on? Still nursing a little thing for Karl?”

“No! Of course not!” Aware that she’d spoken too quickly, Jule paused and sighed. “This has nothing to do with Karl.”

Tia Bally arched a brow and looked unconvinced. “Hmmm.”

“Really! It doesn’t. I’m not staying awake at night thinking about him. I’m falling asleep all right, but...”

“But what?”

She sighed. With anyone but her best friend, she’d be too embarrassed to make her next admission. “I keep waking up in the middle of the night...so aroused I’m beginning to feel like a gigantic,

hungry vagina.”

Tia gave her an understanding look. "I know it's been rough, but now are you ready to hear me out?"

She shook her head. "Not if you're going to suggest a blind date. That's how I met Karl and look how well *that* ended."

"Come on, Jule. How many shots do you get to make the most of life? I'm not trying to set you up for a lifetime commitment."

"Then what?"

She shrugged. "Who says you have to be in a committed relationship to have a little fun? And from what you're telling me, that's exactly what you need. So why deny yourself?"

Jule ran a hand over her short, dark hair. "Okay. You're right."

Tia grinned. "Now you're talking."

"What do you have in mind?"

"A woman's ultimate fantasy. What you need is a man."

Jule rolled her eyes. "Tell me something I don't already know, Einstein."

"Keep your blouse buttoned, girl, because I have the solution to your problem."

"Yeah?" She arched a brow. "You got a man hiding in your

shoulder bag?"

"Actually, I do."

"Really?"

Tia laughed. "Okay, he's not actually in my bag, but I know just the man to help you take off some of the edge — until you meet someone you're interested in dating and getting serious with. Until then, you need a man wielding a wicked cock that he knows how to use."

A flutter of desire tightened Jule's belly. Just the thought of sex made her ache with unfulfilled desire. After the break up of her ten-year marriage a year earlier, she was starting to feel old and sexually unattractive.

Although Tia kept telling her she was in her sexual prime at forty, the only men she'd managed to attract in the last five months had been staring sixty in the face.

"And you know one of those?"

Tia frowned. "Well, I think I do. I mean I don't have actual firsthand knowledge of his sexual prowess, but I'm fairly certain he won't disappoint."

Jule pushed her laptop to the side of her desk. How could she think of doing taxes when she was so hungry for intimacy, sex, and the

wonderful feeling of knowing she was a part of a loving, exclusive twosome?

Tia snapped her fingers, her smooth dark face crinkling into a smile. "So we're agreed. You know that you need a night with a sexually insatiable stud and I know just where to get one."

"You do? And he's not sixty?"

"Oh, ye of little faith. When have I ever let you down?"

"You haven't."

"Then what's your problem?"

"It's just that such men are not falling out of trees."

"Never mind that." Tia bolted out of her seat. "Leave everything to me." She turned at the door of Jule's office to wink at her. "Just finish your last accounts, go home, take a nice bubble bath, put on something sexy and scandalous and wait for the present I'll send you."

"Who are you going to send?" Jule slowly ran the tip of her tongue over her lips. "Promise me a visit from that handsome young stud of a brother of yours and you've reeled me in."

Although Tia was only two years younger than Jule, she had a twenty-six year old, hard-bodied brother who was so hot, he regularly had to fend off the advances of women of all ages and races.

Jule had last seen Ti five weeks earlier when he'd briefly stopped at Tia's house to drop off a birthday present for Tia's husband. He'd been on his way to the airport so had only stayed a few minutes.

"I don't usually go for young guys, but that brother of yours could melt an iceberg and turn the resulting water into a hot spring."

Tia grinned and shrugged. "Ti is a cutie, but he's taken."

"Really? Who's the lucky woman?"

"Someone he met on his last business trip."

"Ah, well."

She waved a hand. "Speaking of Ti, he has a friend who is just a few years older who has a fantasy that you can fulfill."

Jule's nostrils flared. "And what fantasy is that?"

Tia rolled her eyes. "Wouldn't you like to know?"

"Yes, I would."

"Just be ready tonight at eight and you'll see."

"Look, I know you love surprising people, Tia, but I really need to know something about this friend of Ti's before I agree to put myself at his mercy."

"We're talking one night, Jule, not a lifetime commitment."

She shrugged. "I know, but I still want to know something about

him. I'm not exactly in the market to become bimbo of the week or the night."

"I know you'd like to get into a serious relationship. I can't promise this will be any more than one sweet night...if you're interested."

She had never expected to be divorced and lonely at forty. The first six years of her marriage had been very happy. The knowledge that Karl had been unhappy during the latter years of their marriage had saddened her.

She longed to be part of a loving, committed relationship again. Although she was reluctant to admit it—even to Tia, there was a sizable measure of regret for her failed marriage—and for Karl.

Until she finally met a man capable of banishing thoughts of Karl, maybe she should let herself have a little fun. One sweet night of sex might be just what the doctor ordered.

She nodded. "Oh, boy, am I interested."

"Then I know just the man to rock your world tonight."

"Tell me something about him? Is he tall, dark, and handsome like Ti? You know I like them tall and dark."

Tia shook her head. "I want him to be a surprise, but trust me. You will not be disappointed."



“Just tell me a little something about him.”

“Okay. He’ll be able to fulfill one of your long-held fantasies.”

Jule sat forward, her heart racing. “You’ve already told me that. Now tell me which one.”

“Do you trust me, Jule?”

“You know I do.”

“Then believe me when I tell you tonight will be a night you won’t regret.” Tia looked at her watch. “Now I am going home to arrange things for you and to get me some afternoon loving. Be ready girl.”

After Tia left, Jule sighed with envy. After twelve years and three kids, Tia and her husband Martin were still crazy in love and in lust with each other. She couldn’t imagine Martin ever leaving Tia.

She shook her head, dismissing thoughts of Karl. The dissolution of their marriage had hurt, but it was over. He was firmly in her past—well, maybe not as firmly as she’d like. But she had accepted the fact that she had to look forward to whatever the future held. Sometimes the fear of facing endless years alone depressed her. At the moment, she needed to concentrate on the present, which included the coming night and whatever delight Tia was going to arrange for her.

After twenty years of friendship, Jule knew Tia was a woman of her

word. Jule completed the account she'd been working on, went home, and ate a light snack. She then took a leisurely bubble bath and slipped on a sexy red teddy that left her pussy and full breasts on display.

She studied her reflection. Her hips and butt were shapely, but not overly padded. With a low-fat diet and regular exercise, she had managed to keep her stomach from bulging. Still, it wasn't nearly as flat as she'd like. But her legs were long and she'd often been called pretty. "Not bad," she told her reflection.

She pulled on a sheer black negligee over the teddy, slipped her feet into a pair of three-inch spike heels, and went to sit in her living room to await Tia's surprise. Feeling restless, she lifted the stereo remote. Soft, soothing jazz filled the room. She hoped it would get her in the wanton mood she'd need to be in to surrender herself to a stranger. She had met Karl when they were both 25 and had fallen in love with him at first sight.

She wouldn't be falling in love that night, but hopefully she'd at least fall asleep sexually sated.

Her doorbell rang promptly at eight. She rose and walked slowly down the hall to the front door, her heart hammering. "Yes?"

"Delivery!"

## **Chapter Two**

“Delivery?” Delivery? Frowning, she peeked through the spy hole. A male with a baseball cap pulled over his head stood outside her door with a plastic bag in his hand. This was the surprise Tia had promised? She'd ordered take out? Jule was so disappointed tears pricked her eyes.

The bell rang again. “Delivery,” the deep voice announced again.

Something had obviously gone wrong with her blind date. Unable to arrange it, Tia had apparently sent take- out as a sort of consolation. Well, she was not in the mood to be consoled by anything less than a climax induced by a hard dick instead of a vibrator.

“I didn't order anything!” She knew she sounded irritable, but she didn't care. She'd worked herself up to have sex with a stranger and Tia sent her take-out?

“Are you sure? This is a delivery for Ms. Jule Grey from a Mrs. Tia Bally, ma'am. Are you Ms. Grey?”

Jule compressed her lips. Tia's butt was going to be hers after this

stunt. Her disappointment turned to anger. She unlocked and unbolted the door, intending to pull it open, snatch the bag from the delivery boy's hand, and slam the door in his face. It wasn't cool to be so rude or not to tip but she was pissed off big time.

She opened the door and the next thing she knew, it was pulled from her hand, and the delivery boy slipped inside, closing the door behind him.

She gasped and tried to yank the revealing negligee down to cover her pubic hair. But it was as sheer as the teddy it covered. Her pussy and breasts were on full and shameless display, just as she'd intended. How was she supposed to know Tia would pick a time like this to play what she viewed as a cruel joke?

"Jule Grey?"

She moistened her lips and nodded curtly. She and the delivery boy stood staring at each other in silence.

He pushed the ball cap he wore to the back on his head.

Jule caught her breath. Although he looked younger than her, he was not a boy. He appeared to be in his late twenties. He was tall and muscular with short dark, wavy hair. His eyes were brown with what looked like green flecks. He had a Michael Douglas dimple in his chin.

The short-sleeved shirt he wore revealed a pair of nicely developed biceps.

She allowed her gaze to shift to his groin. The tight biker shorts he wore did very little to hide the sizable bulge between his long, tanned legs.

She looked away from his crotch and centered her gaze on his mouth. Her cheeks burned and a rush of moisture filled her aching pussy as she imagined sucking on his full, bottom lip. She licked her lips and took a deep breath. "How much do I owe you?"

He lifted the bag in his hand. "For this?"

"Yes." She sniffed the air, trying to get a whiff of the meal Tia had ordered. "What is it exactly? Do I need to heat it up?"

He shook his head. "No." A slight smile curved the corners of his lips. "Believe me, it's already warm."

She sniffed again. "So how much do I owe you or did Tia pay?" It was the least she could do.

"She said you'd take care of payment."

Oh, was Tia going to get it. "Fine. So what do I owe you?"

He lifted the bag again. "For this?"

"Yes! For that!"

"Nothing."

"Nothing?"

He turned the plastic bag upside down. It was empty. "For making the trip over here?" He grinned, revealing a pair of shining, even white teeth. "A few hours in your arms."

Jule stepped back. All four of her lovers had been black. Like many women, she'd occasionally fantasized about sleeping with a lover of another race. She'd never made any effort to fulfill her fantasy – even in college when she'd had several opportunities.

Now, when she was lonely and a little depressed, Tia came through for her. She'd been disloyal to doubt Tia would keep her word. Nevertheless, she knew a moment's panic as she stood staring at the handsome, aroused stranger.

He was big and sexy, but sleeping with him was a step she was a little afraid to take. Did she want this young hunk who looked as if he didn't have an ounce of fat anywhere on his body to see her less than flat stomach?

He was probably used to bedding young, slender super-model types, not forty-year-old divorced women. There was no way she could compete with such women. "I know I agreed to see you tonight, but I think you'd better leave."

"Why?"

She blinked, surprised by the question. "Why?"

"Yes. Why?"

"I...I..."

"Do you find me physically unattractive?"

"Do I...no, but—"

"Then why would I leave before I get what I came for?" He shook his head and leaned against the closed door.

She looked at his groin again. There was something very exciting about watching him become more aroused and knowing she was the cause of it. She clenched her hands into fists to keep from reaching out to touch him. She lifted her eyes to meet his. "Because I asked you to. Isn't that reason enough?"

"Under certain circumstances it would be."

"What? I asked you to leave."

He raked a hand through his hair. "Don't misunderstand. Tia said you've never done anything like this."

"I haven't, but what has that got to do with anything?"

He nodded. "She said you'd probably have second thoughts and I'd have to convince you this is going to be okay."

Jule licked her lips. Maybe Tia had been a little too forthcoming

with him. "This is...awkward."

"I'm sure it is, but I'll do my best to make sure you don't regret tonight."

"What's to regret? I asked you to—"

"Are you afraid of me?"

If she had any sense, she would be. But she knew Tia would not have sent him if she hadn't checked him out with Ti. He wasn't likely to be a psycho. "No, I'm not afraid of you."

"Have you changed your mind?"

"I...I thought you were..." She glanced away. "I didn't know you weren't going to be..."

"Black? Are you going to hold my not being black against me?"

She caught her breath. "It's not as if I'm prejudiced or anything, but I just expected you to be black."

"Well, I'm not."

She nodded. "So I noticed. But did you know I was black when you came?"

He nodded. "Yes."

"Did you know...my age?"

"Yes."



And he'd come anyway. "Why did you come?"

His dark gaze shifted below her waist and locked on her exposed pussy. "Tia said we could fulfill each other's fantasies."

She frowned. What was his fantasy? For all she knew, he might want to chain her to the bed and spank her ass raw — before he fucked her anally.

Much to her dismay, the possibility excited rather than frightened her. "And...what exactly is your fantasy?"

"Isn't it obvious?"

"No."

"Then I'll tell you. I have a thing for lovely black women. I love lying between a pair of long, dark thighs with my face pressed against a pretty, pink lipped, musky pussy. I love nibbling large, dusky aureoles as I repeatedly drive my aching cock deep into a dark valley of sweet paradise. Oh, honey, I'll eat your pussy until your bones melt or fuck you until you can't walk. Tell me what you want and I'll give it to you any way you want it."

His words, spoken in a soft, husky voice, washed over her like an aphrodisiac, making her blood pound through her veins and her cunt gush with need. She stared at his cock. It looked thick and heavy as it struggled

to stretch out along his thigh.

It had been such a long time since she'd held a cock in her hand or felt one sliding in and out of her body. Her need for that carnal closeness ate at her, making rational thought impossible.

"You're staring. Would you like to see me – all of me?"

She nodded and whispered one word in a soft, eager voice, "Yes."

He reached down and eased his cock out of his shorts.

She bit her lip, her pussy convulsing. His dick sprang up and out of his shorts. He was just over average length, but he was thick! Whoever said white guys had small cocks had never met this handsome, tanned hunk. He eased the shorts down further, exposing a pair of big, hairy balls.

She sucked in an aching breath. There was no longer any doubt as to what she wanted. She had to feel that thick monster slowly pushing inside her. With her desire heightened, she backed against the wall near the door and parted her legs, further exposing herself to him.

He moved away from the door to stand in front of her. He stared at her pussy for several moments before he met her gaze. "Damn. You're so sexy."

Pleased that this handsome stud found her attractive, any remaining doubts vanished. She smiled and slowly rubbed her fingers over her

pussy. "And very, very wet. Are you going to waste the night staring or do you have other plans?"

"Oh, honey do I have other plans for the night and for you."

She pressed a finger against her clit. "How long do you plan to stay overdressed?"

He arched a brow. "Would you like me to undress?"

"I want to see you...all of you...naked." As she spoke, her cheeks burned. "Ten minutes ago."

He tilted his head. "Are you shy?"

"No, but I've never slept with a stranger before." It felt strange, but damn if she wasn't going to allow herself to go with the flow.

"If I have my way, I won't be a stranger for long."

She wasn't sure what to make of that remark, but at the moment she didn't want to talk. She wanted to fuck. "Talking isn't what I'm interested in at the moment."

"What are you interested in?"

She licked her lips and rubbed her pussy. "I want you to undress."

### **Chapter Three**

He undressed quickly and then stood still.

He had a beautiful, nicely muscled tanned body. His chest was big without being massive and was covered with a smattering of dark hair. His abs were perfectly defined and his stomach flat. Jutting from between his long legs were the jewels of his body – his genitals. His thick cock with the big, dark pink head was fully aroused. Hanging just below it, were a pair of big balls, whose contents she was eager to help him expend.

He fondled his cock. “Is this what you wanted to see?”

“Yes.” She spread her legs further in a wanton display of sexual hunger. “But I want to do more than see it. I want to feel it – now.”

He closed the distance between them, his thick length bobbing in front of him. He paused – a maddening cock length from her. “Help yourself.”

Jule looked down and struggled not to wrap her fingers around his length and thrust it greedily into her body. Lord, he was going to feel

great slowly stretching her. Although eager to have him penetrate her, she also enjoyed the anticipation building between them. "Touch me?"

"Right now, honey." Still keeping his dick an enticing inch or two away from her, he stroked her pussy.

She bit her lip and slowly inched her hips forward.

Staring down into her eyes, he smiled and slipped his fingers between her legs.

"Oh!" She wiggled her hips and tightened herself around his probing fingers.

"Oh, baby! You're wet and ready." He removed his fingers from her and licked them. "I like the way you taste."

Frustrated with his slow pace, she stroked her hands over the sides of his thighs. "If you ever get around to it, you might like how I feel — hugging and squeezing your big dick."

"Like big dicks, do you?"

"Do you know a straight woman who doesn't?"

He smiled as he fingered her pussy. "You're tight. I suppose you know that big dicks and tight pussies are a recipe for paradise?"

"What I know is that I'm growing more impatient by the minute."

"So am I."

She licked her lips. "So do something about it."

"Yes, ma'am, my lovely." He leaned closer until she could finally feel his dick against her body.

Her stomach muscles tightened at the contact. Eager to feel him inside her, she slipped her hands over his taut ass. "Hmmm. Nice ass."

He rubbed the head of his cock along her slit. "Feels nice, doesn't it?"

She nodded wordlessly.

He bent his head and nibbled at her ear. "I love the way you smell and feel."

She smiled, cupping her hands over her breasts.

"I've thought about this and making love to you all afternoon. I can almost taste my need for you."

She knew the feeling.

He licked the side of her neck. "Do we have to use a condom?"

She was on the pill and she longed to feel his big bare cock inside her. But that was out of the question. "I wish we could fuck without one," she whispered in a small, shameless voice.

He nibbled at the base of her neck. "Then why don't we? I've always used one with every one else. I'd love to come inside you."

"I'd like that too, but we'd better not." As horny as she was, there was no way she was going to allow a stranger to fuck her without protection.

"Are you sure?"

"Yes."

He licked her neck again, sending tingles of pleasure all through her. "Are you protected? If you are, I can pull out before I come. I promise I won't come inside you."

For Jule, the lure of having sex without a condom was to have her lover come inside her. Since that was out of the question, so was having unprotected sex. Once she began another committed relationship, she'd be able to look forward to the pleasure of condomless sex with her lover.

"It's very tempting, but I have to use a condom."

He pressed the head of his dick against her clit, sending a shock of pleasure through her. "Oh!"

"You're sure?"

She nodded, quickly, before she could change her mind. "Positive."

"Okay." He kissed her neck and moved away from her long enough to get a condom out of his shirt pocket. He smiled at her. "Would you like to put it on?"

She nodded, the muscles of her stomach clenching.

He handed her the foil package. "Be gentle with me, honey."

A knot of heat rushed up her neck to her face. Her hands shook as she took the condom and reached for his cock. It felt heavy and warm to the touch. Nice. Oh, lord, it felt so nice to touch a cock again. "Oh..."

"That feels nice...you touching my dick."

She rolled the rubber over his length before she looked up into his eyes. Meeting his dark, warm gaze, she felt a sense that what was about to happen between them wasn't just about sex.

*Get a grip, Jule. This is going to be one sweet night, not the beginning of anything special. Don't get crazy. This is about sex. Period.* She cupped her hands over him. "I want this inside me. Now. Right now. Please."

He smiled and caressed her cheeks. "I'll do my best to please you."

He lapsed into another language that was vaguely familiar. She'd ask him to translate later. Her immediate need was to be fucked. "Please."

"Get ready, honey because I'm about to make love to you."

She leaned back against the wall and spread her legs again. "So come on already."

He arched a brow. "Here? In the hall?"

She nodded. "Right here. Right now."



“Standing up?”

“Yes.”

“Have you ever made love standing in the hall?”

“No.”

“Then I’ll do my best to make this special for you.” Placing his hands on either side of her body, he bent his knees, and leaned close to her.

She reached down and closed her fingers around his cock. Holding his balls in her other hand, she rubbed the big, helmeted head along the length of her slit. Delicious shivers raced down her spine. She sucked in a breath and pressed him against her entrance. Moving her hands around his body to cup his ass, she gazed up at him. “Do it. Now. Put it in.”

He shook his head. “I want you to want it.”

“Are you serious? I’m standing here practically naked in front of you and you’re wondering if I want it? A blind man could see how much I want it – with you.”

“Prove it. Put it in.”

She shook her head. “This is supposed to be about my fantasy. I want to be taken. Take me.”

“I love a woman who knows what she wants and isn’t afraid to ask

for it.”

“I want you to stop talking and start pumping. Or are you intending to make me beg?”

“I wouldn’t mind your begging, but that’s not what I had in mind – at least not now.” Keeping his eyes locked with hers, he eased his powerful hips forward. His thick length slowly began to pierce her body.

“Oh!” She licked her lips and looked down. The contrast of his thick, pale cock with the head imbedded in her dark, wet pussy was highly erotic. She looked up at him, her tongue pressed against her top lip.

He paused and stroked her cheek. “Is that a good oh?”

She nodded, a fresh rush of moisture filling her cunt. “Oh, yes!”

“Good. I want to make you very happy tonight.”

“Then don’t stop.”

Rotating his hips, he pushed forward, feeding another few inches of thick, delicious dick into her aching cunt. Her lips parted on a soundless gasp of pleasure. She closed her eyes on a wave of sweet sensation and arched her body into his. “Oooh! Yes!”

Breathing deeply, he continued to inch forward until she was pinned to the wall, impaled on his thick, hard shaft. He shuddered, drew his hips back slightly and then surged forward. She felt his public hair

against hers. Oh, yes! Yes! She was getting her first taste of hot, hard, white cock and lord, but it felt so good.

She stroked her hands over his ass and tightened her cunt around his slick, hard length. Karl had been longer, but not nearly as thick. She'd never had a lover with such a thick cock and she loved feeling as if he were stretching her.

He stood still for several moments, his groin pressed tight against hers. "Oh, God, I knew you'd be sweet!" He groaned and cupped his palms on her cheeks. "Open your eyes and look at me."

She wanted to keep her eyes closed so she could enjoy the wonderful sensation of having her pussy stretched with his hard width, but found it impossible to ignore the soft command.

She reluctantly opened her eyes and looked up at him.

He stroked her cheek. "What are you feeling? I want to know. Talk to me. Do you like having me inside you?"

She must have died and gone to heaven. Karl had been the strong, silent type during love-making. And he'd always fall asleep within minutes of coming. She'd often lie awake after sex, wanting to talk or have him hold her.

"I feel great and I love having you inside me." She grinned up at

him. "That is if you plan to do something besides just holding it still."

"You want more, baby?"

"Yes. Please."

"I'll give you whatever you want, my lovely."

"I want you."

"You have me."

"No. I mean I want you to take me."

"Whatever you want."

She closed her eyes as he bent his head. His warm, demanding lips closed over hers. He kissed and nibbled at her mouth, whispering. The words were soft and lyrical. Even though she didn't understand them, they made her feel a level of well being she hadn't felt since the early years of her marriage.

She caressed his ass, trying to encourage him without words to fuck her.

His tongue pressed against her lips. She moaned and arched her body, rubbing her breasts against his chest. He wrapped his arms around her. He deepened his kiss. When she opened her mouth, he pressed a series of hot, demanding French kisses against her lips that made her toes curl.

Still Frenching her, he pulled back his hips, then he pushed back into her.

She shuddered with anticipation.

Swirling his tongue around hers, he began to fuck her. Oh, lord did he fuck her.

She dragged her lips from him and gasped with pleasure. "Oh! Oh, yes! More!"

After those first few, slow leisurely forays into her body, he sucked her tongue into his mouth again and slammed his hips against hers.

A shock of absolute delight surged through her. She moaned and shoved her hips forward, matching him thrust for thrust with a wanton hunger she made no effort to conceal.

He tore his lips from hers and pressed his mouth against her neck. Crushing her breasts against his chest, he filled her ears with soft, sweet warm words as he thrust into her.

She lost herself in the joy of being fucked so deliciously after what felt like an age of abstinence. Where had this handsome, skillful man been the last few months? And how many times would he take her before he rolled away and fell asleep?

Their first time was hard, fast, and pussy pleasing luscious.

Clutching at each other like two alley cats in heat, they came in a burst of primal lust that left them both shaking and gasping for breath as her orgasm thundered through her cunt before spreading to his thick, wildly plunging dick.

When she felt him punching his cock deep into her with a rough but sweet desperation and knew he was coming, she held him close, still savoring the last remnants of her climax. Lord, there was nothing like feeling a big, coming cock shuddering inside her as her lover spilled his load.

After their orgasms, she experienced a level of satisfaction that frightened her because it wasn't entirely physical. Feeling anything but lust with and for him was unacceptable. When sex was good, it was very good. But it was still just good sex. She was too old to lose her head over good sex. Good sex, hell. It had been great sex.

Great, great sex. Her legs buckled at the intensity of her first cock induced climax in nearly two years. To her surprise, his knees buckled too. Arms wrapped around each other and with their genitals still joined, they eased to the floor on their sides.

After a moment, he rolled over so he lay on top of her. He peppered her lips with kisses before he eased off her. She moaned in protest and

opened her eyes to see him slipping a fresh condom over his cock.

She smiled and parted her legs. "That's what I'm talking about."

He grinned. "Great minds think alike." He stretched his big body on top of hers. He stared down at her, his eyes almost black with passion.

Or was it lust?

She didn't know and she didn't care. She just wanted him back inside her. She caressed his shoulders. "Oh, lord, that was good."

"Yes, it was, but I'm already over it."

## **Chapter Four**

She stiffened. "What?"

"Don't look at me like that. I only meant I need you again."

She relaxed and smiled up at him. "You're on top and in charge, so take me again."

"Are you ready for me now?"

"Yes."

She liked that he reached down and fingered her pussy to test her readiness. A man who talked to her before, during, and after sex and who was also considerate of her feelings and pleasure? He was definitely too good to be true. Why hadn't some lucky woman snatched him up by now?

"I should make love to you, but I want you so badly I'm afraid this is going to be another fuck."

She licked her lips. "Another fuck sounds ideal to me, honey."

"Maybe so, but I'll make it up to you later."



She smiled. "I have news for you handsome, I like being made love to, but I also like being fucked – hard and fast. There's almost something sublime about having a thick, rock-hard cock rutting into my drenched pussy."

He rested his weight on his outstretched arms. "Oh, yeah?"

"Oh, yeah."

He rubbed his groin against hers. "The moment I saw you, I knew we'd be perfect together."

Perfect together? "Yeah?" She lightly raked the tips of her nails down his back. "So what are you planning to do about it?"

"This!" Resting his legs between her thighs, he pushed his cock back into her with one, powerful thrust.

"Oh!"

He grinned. "Is this hard enough for you, my lovely?"

"Yes! Oh, yes!"

He bent his arms and rested his weight on her. "Then get ready to be fucked."

Crushing his lips over hers, he rutted into her. He drove his cock so forcefully into her that she was in danger of getting carpet burns on her butt. Not that she cared about anything except the ripples of pleasure

radiating from her pussy and making her toes curl.

She lifted her legs and draped them over the backs of his thighs. She thrust her hips off the carpet, eager to meet the plunging dick screwing her so deliciously.

He buried his mouth between her breasts and held her still while he propelled his thick, hot length as deep into her wet slit as he could get it. He fucked her as if he hadn't had sex in years. His powerful movement sent endless shocks of delight through her.

When he kissed her again, she moaned against his lips and burst into tiny electrified pieces that caught fire and quickly spread through her body. Her pussy gushed, her heart soared, and she felt as if he were claiming every fiber of her soul and heart.

She couldn't recall the last time she had been fucked with such a single-minded purpose. When had sex felt this all consuming? She wasn't sure of anything except that he knew how to make sex far more pleasurable than it should have been with a stranger.

Biting her breasts and slapping the sides of her legs, he rode her so deep, long, and hard, she moaned with bliss and covered his plundering cock with what felt like a river of pussy juice. She gushed so much, she could feel her juice oozing down her leg. Still he fucked her, driving his

hot shaft into her with such force she was in danger of coming again.

His fucking felt so good, it began to hurt and she loved every second of it.

When he finally came, he dug his fingers into her ass, shot his cock into her with the force of a jackhammer, and detonated inside her.

Totally and completely satisfied, she collapsed against the carpet, her legs open wide with him on top of her, still hard, but motionless. There was no denying the allure of a younger man with a hard, hungry cock he knew how to use.

He settled his weight on her and brushed his lips against hers. "Damn!"

She smiled and curled her fingers in his silky hair and kissed his warm lips. "Oh, lord, that was so good!" She whispered.

He nibbled at her bottom lip. "Good ain't the word, lady. I've never had such a hot, sweet pussy."

"I'll bet you say that to all your conquests."

"No! I don't. I've never had to lie to a woman to get sex." He lifted his head and stared down at her, his eyes dark and intense. "I think I'm hooked on you."

She caught her breath, but tried to keep her breathing even. "Yeah?"

“Oh, yeah. So? What? Am I supposed to believe I’m special?”

“Yes. You are very special.”

He sounded so sincere she almost believed him. “Right.”

“No. I mean it.”

“Maybe you do. Men do tend to think with their cocks.”

He compressed his lips. “This isn’t my dick talking.”

Boy was he delusional—in a good way. It was kind of nice that he was sensitive enough that good sex went to his head and made him talk romantic nonsense. “Then what is talking?”

“Me. I mean it. I could very easily fall hard for you.”

She smiled, realizing she was taking the conversation far too seriously. “Really? Well, the feeling might be mutual.”

He sighed. “I hope so because I’ll probably never be satisfied with another woman after fucking your sweet pussy.” As he whispered the lecherous words against her parted lips, she could feel his thick dick pulsing in her. She sucked in a breath. Did he want her again?

Younger, virile men with eager, greedy cocks. Where had he been since her divorce? “You sure know how to keep a woman’s interest.”

“I hope so because you are so damn sweet.”

She stroked her fingers through his hair. “I’m glad you think so.”

He ground his hips against hers. "Any chance of another round?"

Her stomach muscles clenched. She nodded. "Yes, but not on the floor. You pounded me so hard, the carpet pattern must be imprinted on my ass by now."

He pressed a soft kiss against her lips. "Sorry, baby. I meant to go easy, but hell, you felt so good I couldn't help myself."

There was only one thing she could do after a remark like that—let him have as much pussy as he wanted. And thank the Lord, he seemed to want a lot. She rewarded him with a long, French kiss, stroking her hands down his strong, damp back. "What's your name?"

"Raphael Canseo."

"That's a nice name, but you don't look Latin."

"I am on my father's side. He's from the D.R."

"The D.R?"

"The Dominican Republic."

"And on your mother's side?"

"Mom is a green-eyed blonde from New Jersey. Actually, I was born there too."

She brushed the back of her hand against his cheek. "You got the best of both worlds."

"I'm glad you think so."

"Oh, I do."

"Where do we go from here?"

"Let's go to bed, my handsome Raphael."

He eased out of her and rose.

She looked up at him. The condom he wore and the top of his nuts glistened with her juices.

She licked her lips and rose to her knees. She cupped her hand between his legs and removed the condom. Incredibly, he was still semi-erect.

She stared at him, her stomach muscles tightening. His cock was really a thing of beauty. Did it taste as good as it looked? "I didn't know Latin men got cut."

He shrugged. "I don't know about that. Dad is Latin. Mom is very American. They disagreed over the issue, but as you can see, Mom won."

She gently worked a nail down his length. "I think I'd like to taste you." She looked up, briefly meeting his gaze before turning her attention back to his groin.

"Oh, baby. Please do."

She bent her head and touched her tongue to the tip of his shaft.

Then she licked the underside of him, inhaling deeply as his pubic hair tickled her nose.

Deciding she liked the taste of his cum, she sat back on her heels, parted her lips, and popped the big, delicious bad boy of his into her mouth.

“Oh, yeah, baby. Your mouth is almost as sweet as your pussy.”

Sliding her hands over his tight ass, she sucked his shaft and licked his big balls slowly, savoring his smell and taste.

He groaned, cupping his hands over the back of her head. She tensed. If he started to thrust against her...but she loved that although his big body shook with the effort, he didn't attempt to fuck her face.

He let her control the depth and intensity of her oral loving. Because she was enjoying it, she kept it slow, but steady, determined to prolong the enjoyment for both of them as long as possible. Finally, a shudder danced through his body and she knew he was about to lose control.

His hands on the back of her head tightened briefly, before he released her. When he spoke his voice was husky. “Oh, God, that feels good but I need to pull out now because I’m about to come.”

She made a quick decision and pressed her face close to his pubic hair. She sucked harder and then shivered with satisfaction as his cum

shot into her mouth. She swallowed quickly, eager to consume every drop of the creamy jets. Certain she had, she gave his cock a long last kiss and shakily rose to her feet.

He stared down at her and then unexpectedly enclosed her in a bear hug. He rubbed his chest against the tips of her breasts. "Oh, baby, you are so sweet."

She smiled. There was nothing quite as exhilarating as an appreciative lover who couldn't get enough of her. "And you have a knack for saying the right thing."

He released her, frowning. "I mean it."

"We can discuss it in bed."

"Okay."

She took his hand in hers and led him to her bedroom. She pointed to the bed. "Make yourself comfortable."

"Where are you going?"

"I need a few moments in the bathroom."

He caressed her ass and nodded. "Okay, but don't shower."

"I won't be long, but I'm sweaty and I could —"

He shook his head, his dark gaze locking with hers. "You have a scent I love — that of a very satisfied woman. Don't shower and wash it



away. I know you'll have to – in the morning. Not tonight."

Oh, he sure knew how to push a lonely woman's emotional buttons.  
"You are beyond smooth."

His lips compressed and he narrowed his eyes. "That wasn't meant to be smooth. It's the truth."

Why did she want to believe him? She smiled. "Okay."

"That teddy is lovely and provocative, but I want to see all of you. Take it off."

"Maybe. I won't be long." She kissed his cheek and went into the bathroom.

After taking care of her personal needs, she stared at her reflection in the medicine cabinet mirror. Her eyes sparkled and she felt so good.

*She sighed and frowned. It's one night, Jule. It's very sweet, but don't lose sight that this is a fantasy and once it's fulfilled, it'll be time to move on. You can enjoy what's left of the night, but in the morning you have to get back to reality.*

The first step in that process was to stop hiding her body. She undressed, took several, deep, calming breathes, and walked back into the bedroom.

At her entrance, he rose from the bed. She stood by the door. He stopped in front of her and cupped her face between his palms. "Wow.

You're even more beautiful than I anticipated."

The compliment warmed her. She smiled. "Thank you."

He bent his head and touched his lips to hers. "I'll be right back, my lovely."

"I'll be waiting."

She watched him disappear into the bathroom, admiring his tight buns before she moved over to the bed and lay on her back with her knees bent and her legs parted.

He returned to the bedroom, aroused and wearing a condom several moments later. As he crossed the room to the bed, she offered a quick prayer of thanks for a friend like Tia who had arranged one of the most sexually exciting nights of her life.

Instead of lying on top of her as she expected and wanted, he stretched out on his side, supporting his weight on one elbow. "You are so beautiful."

She turned on her side to face him, smiling. What was it about this handsome stranger that made her long for the impossible with him?

He stroked her breasts, causing her nipples to tighten. "Talk to me. Let me inside that lovely head of yours. Tell me what you're thinking and feeling."

Admitting what she felt and wanted might send him rushing away from her. "I'm thinking this has turned out to be one of the most pivotal nights of my life."

"I'm thinking the same thing." He stroked his hand over her body — down to her stomach, before he cupped her pussy. "What can I do to make this night even more special for you?"

Okay. He was definitely too good to be true. With her luck, he was probably not married because he was bisexual with a heavy emphasis on bi. The only way a man with his looks, charm, and talent in bed, was still single was because he was either gay or pretending to be bisexual.

Pretending? If he had only been pretending to enjoy sex with her, he had just given a performance worthy of an academy award.

"I want you again," she admitted.

"That can definitely be arranged." He rolled her onto her stomach.

After a moment of hesitation, she spread her legs.

He lay on top of her and kissed the side of her neck. "You are a beautiful woman with a lovely ass."

She smiled and pressed her cheek against the bed. "It's a big one."

"I have Latin blood, honey, I'm fond of women with real asses."

She shivered at the husky quality in his voice. "Yeah? How fond

are you of big, real asses?”

He slid off her. Lying beside her, he caressed her ass cheeks. “I’d love to show you.”

She swallowed slowly. She’d often heard Latin men loved backdoor sex. After several, painful attempts, she had learned to tolerate anal sex with Karl. The thought of Raphael trying to slide his thick dick up her ass sent a shiver – part excitement and part fear through her. She wouldn’t be able to sit for days if they had anal sex. Yet the idea held far more appeal than it should have.

But she was definitely out of her mind. Anal sex with a man she would probably never see again after that night was out of the question.

He bent over her and gently kissed her ass cheeks before he moved to lie against her again. “I’ll be gentle.”

She doubted that, but she was not prepared to find out. She turned onto her back and spread her legs, giving him her answer.

## **Chapter Five**

“No?”

She heard the regret in the soft question. “No. That’s not something I want to do now.”

“Okay.” He caressed her cheeks. “Maybe another time,” he suggested as he stretched out on top of her.

Maybe another time? Did he really want more than one night or weekend with her? “Maybe.”

“I can be patient until you’re ready.”

“Are you going to give me what I want now?”

“Yes, I am.”

She closed her eyes and sighed with pleasure as he rained warm, biting kisses against her breasts. He gently tongued her left nipple until it pebbled. He turned his attention to her right nipple making that bud as well before he returned to her left breast, gently sucking it between his lips.

She cupped her hands over his head. "Oh, yes. Yes!"

He made love to her breasts, sucking, kissing, and tonguing each mound until she was a moaning, trembling mass of need. Only then did he rise above her and settle between her legs.

She thrust her hips off the bed, eager to feel his hard shaft plunging into her wet slit. Instead of accepting her clear invitation, he leisurely kissed his way up from her breasts to her throat.

He licked each side of her neck before he allowed his lips to hover over hers. She felt his breath against her mouth and eagerly awaited his kiss.

"Look at me, my lovely."

Her eyes fluttered open and she met his dark, passion-filled gaze.

"What do you want?"

What did she want? Wasn't it clear? "What?"

"Tell me what you want."

"You! I want you – now. Right now. Oh, please don't tease me, Raphael."

"I'll give you whatever you want."

"Now!"

"Right now."

As his lips descended on hers, he reached between their bodies to finger her pussy.

Finding her wet and ready for him, he lifted his hips and pressed his dick against her entrance.

When he didn't immediately enter her, she opened her eyes and gave him an impatient, frustrated look. "Now!"

"Show me how much you want me."

"Can't you tell?"

He laughed. "Show me. Slide it in."

Almost mindless with need, she wrapped a hand around him and pressed the big head between the lips of her pussy.

He felt so good going in, she sighed and started to close her eyes.

"No. Don't close your eyes yet. I want to see your expression as your pussy welcomes my cock back."

She struggled to keep her eyes open as he gently drove his hips downward until she felt his pubic hair against hers.

"Oh!" She shuddered and stared up at him, her lips parted and her pussy stretched. "Oh! Your cock feels so good."

"How good?"

She wrapped her arms and legs around him, tilting her hips upward

in a move she hoped would give him maximum penetration. "Fucking good," she whispered in a soft, shameless voice. "I've never had a lover with a cock so thick. I love how stretched I feel."

He smiled, rotating his hips from side to side. The erotic movement heightened her pleasure. "It was made that way just to please you."

"Oh!" She gasped, struggling to keep her eyes open.

He cupped her face between his palms and spoke to her softly. "Now you can close your eyes, my lovely. Close your eyes and enjoy."

She kept her eyes open until he bent his head. At the first touch of his warm lips, she finally closed her eyes.

He pressed a slow, deep kiss against her mouth before he spoke against her lips. "This time I'm going to make love to you. No more fucking tonight. Just lovemaking."

She caressed his bottom lip with her tongue. "Yes. Please."

Rolling them onto their sides, he lifted her top leg over his. He pulled his hips back until only the head of his dick remained inside her. Then, as she moaned in protest, he eased his hips forward, slowly filling her again.

"Oh, yes. Oh, Raphael. Yes! Yes!" She curled her fingers in his hair and brought his mouth against hers. "I want to taste your lips again. Kiss



me.”

Although she would have welcomed another raunchy fuck, he made gentle, tender love to her. He did it with a slow deliberation that turned into an agony of bliss as his expert movements sent her to the brink of ecstasy. Each time she was about to explode with joy, he froze inside her.

He held himself still, as she moaned in protest, wildly wiggling her hips in an effort to force him to plunge into her again – so she could come. But he gripped her hips and held her still. “No, my lovely.”

“I want to come. I need to come now!” She moaned. “Don’t torture me. Please.”

He kissed her gently. “It’s not torture, my lovely. It’s an attempt to make this last as long as possible.”

She raked her nails down his back. “I want to come now, Raphael!” She convulsed her pussy around his hard cock. “Please. Don’t make me beg.”

“I’ll give you whatever you want.”

“I want to come.”

“Then come!” He rolled her onto her back and thrust his cock deep into her.

“Yes! Oh, yes! Fuck me until I come!”

He slid in and out of her with a sweet heat she loved, all the while kissing and touching her until her entire world revolved around him and the wonderful feelings his lovemaking invoked in her.

Certain an exquisite climax was just strokes away, she moved in time with him, totally lost in her quest for the sweet release that was so close.

It came with a quick series of hard, deep thrusts. She cried out, dug her nails in his clenching ass, and blew apart.

The wild convulsions in her pussy triggered his orgasm. He hurt her with three rough thrusts before he groaned, shuddered, and collapsed on top of her as he came.

They lay holding each other for several minutes before he groaned again and eased out of her. He removed his condom and lay back in her arms, with his face against her throat.

Finally, he kissed her neck and brushed his lips against her ear. "What are you feeling?"

She smiled and caressed his shoulders. "Very, very satisfied. What about you? What are you feeling?"

He spoke after a short silence. "Like I've waited my entire life to meet you."

Despite his protests to the contrary, he was smooth.

"Can I stay the night?"

"Can you stay the night? Are you kidding?" She stroked her hands down his back. "It would take an act of God to get me to let you leave before the morning."

He shuddered and lifted his head to look down at her. "I don't want to leave then either."

She moistened her lips. "Okay. Tomorrow's Saturday. If you want to spend part of the day or even the entire weekend together, we can."

"What if I want more than one weekend with you?"

She shook her head and pushed against his shoulders until he rolled off her. She turned onto her side with her back to him. "Don't make any promises you can't keep."

"I rarely do." He curled his body against hers, slipping an arm around her waist. "I know you're probably thinking I'm nuts, but the moment I saw you, I knew I wanted you."

"You've had me."

He cupped his hands over her breasts. "One weekend isn't enough. I want more."

"You decided that when you saw me tonight?"

“No. I decided it when I first saw you.”

“But that was tonight.”

He massaged her breasts. “No. It was five weeks ago at Martin’s birthday party.”

“I was there. I didn’t see you. If you were there, I wouldn’t have forgotten you.”

He kissed her neck. “I believe you mean that as a compliment.”

“Oh, I do.”

“I was there – sort of. I was driving Ti to the airport when he asked me to make a stop at Tia and Martin’s so he could drop off his present. I stayed in the car, but I saw you and was immediately smitten.”

“You were?”

“Yes.” He bent and kissed her lips. “You had on this ...I saw those long, dark legs of yours disappearing into the soft, pink shorts you wore. They hugged and caressed your ass. I got hard just...do you have any idea how good you look in pink?”

“Hmmm. If you were so smitten, why didn’t you introduce yourself?”

“We were running late and I had to go or Ti would have missed his plane. I asked Ti about you, but he said you’d been hurt and he didn’t

want to risk introducing us.”

She stiffened. “Why not? Are you some kind of heartbreaker?”

“I have never willingly hurt anyone. But in my quest to find that one special woman, I’ve known a lot of women.”

“Known...how?”

“As lovers. He was afraid I might hurt you, but I won’t.”

“Then how did you come to be here tonight?”

“I was contemplating beating the hell out of Ti until he at least told me who you were when Tia called me and asked if I’d like to go on a blind...” He paused.

She could imagine that the outspoken Tia had said. “She’s my best friend. You can tell me what she suggested.”

“She asked if I wanted to go on a blind fuck. I don’t need any help getting a date so I said no.”

“Why?”

“Like I said, I don’t need any help with women and it never occurred to me you would need or want any help with a man. I wanted to meet you so I wasn’t in the market to meet anyone else. You know Tia’s not one to take no for an answer. So she showed up at my office with a proposition and your picture. Once I saw your picture, I was more than

willing to go along with her plan.”

He brushed his lips against her neck. “Even then I knew I wanted more than sex from you. The sex between us is good, but I want more...a lot more.”

She closed her eyes. So did she, but...“I’m forty and divorced. Did you know that?”

“Yes, I did. After Tia left, I called Ti. He told me, but it didn’t matter.”

But Ti hadn’t told him everything because he didn’t know everything. “Tonight has been very nice, Raphael, but—”

“Look, honey. I’m single, but ready to get serious. So what’s your point?”

“My point is I’ve loved talking with you, but now isn’t the time to do anything except sleep.”

“Fine, but one thing you’ll quickly learn about me is that I mean what I say. I’ve had five weeks to think about you. In the morning, I’m still going to want more than a night or weekend with you.”

She wasn’t sure of anything except that she didn’t want him to walk out of her life in the morning or when the weekend was over. How much more she wanted, she’d decide when she was thinking more clearly.

He probably wasn't thinking rationally either. In the morning, he would probably thank her for not having taken him seriously. Hell, he might not even be there in the morning. With her luck, he'd probably sneak out the moment she was asleep.

That fear kept her awake long after he fell asleep. Once he'd come to his senses, he'd leave. Yet he had hinted at wanting more than a brief fling with her. Hinted? He'd come right out and said as much. Of course she'd be surprised and upset if he left without waking her.

Staying awake wouldn't make him want her once the night was over. Finally, she surrendered to exhaustion and fell asleep.

She woke to the feel of a pair of warm lips brushing against hers. "Good morning, sleeping beauty."

Jule opened her eyes.

Raphael sat on the side of the bed. With the sun shining into her bedroom, she saw that his hair was damp. Although he was smiling, he was fully dressed. Instead of the casual pull over and biker shorts he'd arrive in, he now wore a light, short-sleeved top and white jeans.

Clearly, he'd already left and decided to return. There could only be one reason for his return. She swallowed hard and sat up, holding the cover against her bare breasts. She glanced at her bedside clock. 8:20 a.m.

“Ready to go?” She frowned. “I mean you’ve already gone. Why did you return?”

He sighed and his smile vanished. “Are you ready for me to go?”

She recalled her shameless behavior and unguarded admissions of the night before. She couldn’t undo the previous night, but there was no need to reinforce the less than favorable opinion he must hold of her.

He arched a brow. “Do you want me to go?”

“Do I want you to go again? How did you get back in?”

“You left your keys on the table in the hall. I took them when I left. Your turn. Do you want me to go?”

She tightened her grip on the cover. “When I asked you to go last night—”

He shook his head. “This isn’t about last night. It’s about now. Last night we didn’t know each other.”

“We still don’t know each other.”

“Okay, but we know more about each other than we did last night. Now answer my question. Do you want me to go?”

“If I say yes? Then what?”

He shrugged. “Then I’ll go.”



## **Chapter Six**

She met his dark gaze briefly before lowering her lids and shaking her head. "No."

"No? Look at me." He cupped her face in his hands. "I want to know what you're feeling."

She lifted her lids and looked into his eyes. "I'm feeling awkward and a little...regretful."

"Awkward I understand. Why regretful? Didn't I please you?"

Her cheeks burned, but this time she didn't attempt to look away. "You know you did."

"Then what's to regret?"

"You've showered and you're fully dressed."

He stroked his thumbs over her face. "And what significance do you attach to those facts?"

"You woke me up to tell me you're leaving."

"You'll know when I plan to leave you?"

"After you've had another...roll in the hay?"

"Last night was more than a roll in the hay and I don't plan to leave you a minute before hell freezes over."

She felt almost dizzy with relief. A foolish grin spread across her face. "Yeah?"

"Yeah."

"You weren't leaving?"

"I'm dressed because I run three miles every day, during which I sweat a lot. So I went home, showered, and changed. I told you last night I was still going to want you this morning."

"I know, but when you said it, you weren't exactly thinking clearly."

He laughed. "That's true enough, but I meant what I said."

"I need you to be careful what you say to me. After last night with you, I'm feeling a little..."

"What? What are you feeling, my lovely?"

"Vulnerable. I might believe something I shouldn't and then where will that leave us?"

He gathered her close and hugged her. "You can trust me. I want to cherish you, not hurt you."

She closed her eyes and laid her cheek against his shoulder. "Last

night was wonderful and if you want, we can spend the weekend together, but please don't say anymore, Raphael. Let's just enjoy the moment."

He sighed and released her. "How many times do I have to tell you I want more than the moment before you believe me?"

"If I allowed myself to, I could imagine and believe all sorts of things I shouldn't."

"What kind of things?"

"Things like...you and I could...like we could..."

"We could what?"

"Have a relationship that isn't based solely on sex." She caressed his cheek. "There's something about you that makes me imagine all kinds of wild, impossible things."

"You and me isn't impossible – unless all you want is sex for this weekend."

She shook her head silently.

He smiled. "Good."

What was good about her exposing her feelings she shouldn't even have for him?

He pulled the cover away from her, exposing her breasts. "Now I want to make love to you again."

Last night he had fucked her and had tender sex with her. She had loved both experiences, but why was he talking about love when his head should have been clear? “Love?”

“Yes.” He cupped her breasts in his hands. “I want you more today than I did last night.”

The desire to lie on her back and spread her legs was difficult to overcome. But all that would get her was fucked again. Before that happened, she needed a clear head. She couldn’t keep thinking with her pussy.

She eased his hands away from her breasts and pulled the cover back up to cover her body. “We’re sexually compatible, but –”

He pressed a finger against her lips. “It’s more than that, Jule. At least it could be, if you’ll just give me--us a chance. Just give us a chance. That’s all I ask.”

She bit her lip. “What kind of a future can a 40-year-old divorced black woman and a twenty-eight-year-old Caucasian stud share?”

He arched a brow. “Twenty-eight? I’m not twenty-eight nor am I exactly a Caucasian stud.”

“Oh, great. You mean you’re younger?”

“No. I’m older. I’m thirty-five.”

“But Tia said you were only a few years older than Ti and he’s twenty-six.”

“While I suppose I’m flattered so many people think I look so much younger than I am, I’m nine years older than Ti.”

“Then how did you two come to be friends?”

He shrugged. “We’ve been friends since I hired him during his senior year of college. We met at a trade show.”

“You’re his boss?”

“Yes.”

“Ti’s a software engineer. You design software?”

“Not anymore.” He grimaced. “The company has been far more successful than I’d envisioned at this point, so I’ve had to acquire and practice other skills to keep us in a position of strength and growth.”

“Ti drives a new Mercedes so if he’s doing that well, the company must be doing very well.”

He arched a brow. “You want to discuss my financial bottom line?”

She blushed and shook her head. “I’m sorry. I don’t want you to think I’m a gold-digger. I—”

“It’s all right. I know you’re an accountant so I’d expect you to be interested in such things.” He grinned suddenly. “But as gold diggers go,

you're awfully cute."

She made a fist and pressed it against his shoulder. "It's not your money I'm interested in."

"Really? What are you interested in?"

She cast a quick glance towards his groin before she met his gaze. "It's your mind."

He laughed and kissed her cheek. "If you're not planning to spend the day in bed, I'd like to take you to a late breakfast or an early lunch."

So he really didn't just want sex. He was financially stable, he was a skillful and considerate lover, he was older than he looked, and he knew how to take no for answer without sulking or walking away. Maybe, just maybe a relationship between them might be possible. But they'd have to take things slow and she'd need to be careful not to fall for him before she was sure of him.

She smiled. "Give me forty minutes."

He rose from the bed. "I'll wait in the living room."

She nodded and hurried into the bathroom. As she showered, she decided to enjoy the moment with him and let the future take care of itself.

If things worked out between them, she'd owe Tia a debt of gratitude. If things didn't work out with him, she'd still be grateful to Tia

for having introduced her to a man who helped her regain confidence in her ability to attract the opposite sex.

When she walked into the living room an hour later, he turned from the window. He picked up a bouquet of roses from one of her end tables and met her in the middle of the room. Smiling, he kissed her cheek and laid the roses in her arms. "These are for you, my lovely *negrita*."

She remembered enough of her college Spanish to recall that was a term of affection. Tears pricked her eyes as she stared down at the red roses. Karl had never failed to satisfy her sexually, but he'd never been overly romantic. He'd never given her roses. He'd last sent her flowers on their fifth wedding anniversary.

She blinked and swallowed hard before she looked up at him. "Thank you. They're lovely, Raphael."

He tipped up her chin so he could look into her eyes. "So are you."

She shook her head, struggling to hold tears at bay. She caressed his cheek. "Are you always so romantic?"

"No." He grinned. "Being too romantic in a relationship is liable to get a man into unwanted entanglements."

She stepped away from him. "Really? Then I'll have to watch you, won't I?"

He shook his head and took her free hand in his. "I didn't mean that for you, Jule. Haven't I already made it plain I'd love to be entangled with you?"

She sighed. "It's not something I'm proud of, but when I agreed to meet you last night, I expected it to be for a one night stand."

"And now?"

"And now I'm going to need you to go slowly, Raphael. I haven't dated for so long, I feel like I'm exposing myself in a way that makes me feel vulnerable."

"Understood." He smiled. "I'm sure you'll be worth the wait." He offered her his arm. "Ready to eat?"

"Yes. Where are we going?"

"I know this bed and breakfast just outside the city that makes the best pancakes I've ever tasted. I'm assuming, of course, that you'll want a real breakfast and not just a few carrot stalks."

"I do watch my weight and my diet, but..." She patted her butt. "I didn't get this eating lettuce and carrots."

He slapped her ass and grinned. "Then let's go eat a hearty breakfast so you can keep it."

During the forty minute drive, they listened to a morning talk show



and discussed the latest blockbuster movies. It was over breakfast that she surrendered to her curiosity.

“Have you ever been married?”

He shook his head. “No.”

She sipped her coffee. “Have you ever been engaged?”

“Yes.”

“You have? Tell me about her. What happened?”

“I was twenty and just about to graduate from college when I fell in lust with this Maggie May type professor.”

“Maggie May? As in Rod Stewart’s Maggie May?”

He nodded. “Yes. She was older, believed in no holds barred sex, and I had never had a worst case of lust. I asked her to marry me.

Amazingly she said yes.”

“So what happened?”

He arched a brow. “She did me a favor and threw me over for an eighteen-year-old.”

“That must have been some eighteen-year-old if she preferred him to you.”

He shrugged. “I believe he had a bigger dick and less of an appetite for anal sex.”

She moistened her lips, feeling the blood rush up to warm her cheeks. "You have a very nice...dick."

He smiled. "I'm glad you think so, my lovely *negrita*, but I am half Latin and I do enjoy anal sex." He brushed his fingers against the back of her hand. "Is that going to be a problem for you?"

"I'm not sure."

"Do you dislike it?"

"Not anymore."

"Then what's wrong? When I know what I want, I can be very patient. I won't rush you. I'll wait until you're comfortable with the idea. What bothers you about it if you don't find it unpleasant?"

She glanced around the dining room. There were several other couples within hearing distance. She lowered her voice. "Your width. The thought of you trying to fit up my...you're very thick."

"Most women seem to like that."

She stared at him in silence. Just how many women had he had? "I like it too – in the front door." She shook her head and laughed. "This is really strange. I didn't even know you twenty-four hours ago and now we've sitting here discussing anal sex. I must be out of my mind."

He squeezed her hand. "Or possibly falling in love."

She caught her breath. "It's the second day we've known each other. Karl and I dated for months before we started talking about...love."

He shrugged. "I'm not Karl. I know what I want when I see it. I don't have to spend weeks or months weighing the pros and cons. I know that I want you."

She stared at him, her heart racing.

"Do you want to know why I've never been married?"

She nodded.

"Because I've never met a woman who I wanted enough to even consider giving up my freedom for...until now."

"Maggie May?"

He shook his head. "Although I was in big time lust with her, I would not have married her."

"No?"

"No, but I'll be damned if I won't marry you."

"Are you telling me you're..."

"In love with you?"

She sat back against her chair, shaking her head. "Don't, Raphael. Please don't."

"Don't what?"

"You're not in love with me. You don't know me."

"So I can't be in love with you?"

"No!"

"Why not?"

"I don't know why not!" She bit her lip. "But you can't be in love with me."

"Why not?"

"Love...real love takes time to grow."

"Says who?"

"Me!"

He smiled. "So because you're not in love with me – yet, I can't be in love with you?"

Put like that, it made her sound a little implacable. "No."

"What if I say I am?"

"I won't believe you. I can't. Not after one day. It can't be real. Can it?"

"Why don't we find out together?"

The idea of exploring a real relationship with him was both exciting and a little frightening. Nevertheless, part of the joy of living was exploring new possibilities. She gazed into Raphael's dark eyes and knew

she wasn't going to be able to walk away from him. What lonely woman could resist a handsome hunk who thought he'd fallen in love with her at first sight?

As long as he wanted to get to know her, she was going to take the chance that the two of them could become a couple who had something in common besides great sex. As wonderful as that was, she knew that would only take them so far. If she dared believed him, he was already emotionally committed to her.

Before they could take the first step, she had to be honest with him. She pushed her cup away. "I need to talk to you."

"I'm listening."

"Not here. This is something that's going to be difficult for me to tell you."

"You want to go home?"

"Yes, but let's take the long way."

"The long way?" He caressed the back of her hand. "You need time to work up your courage first, huh?"

She laughed. "Are you clairvoyant?"

"Clairvoyant? No. In love? Yes. I've always heard love makes a man perceptive. It must be true." He squeezed her hand. "Because I do

love you, you don't ever need to be afraid to tell me anything, my lovely *negrita*."

She felt a rush of heat at his words. If she weren't careful, she'd find herself believing he really was in love with her. Then she'd be imagining she was in love as well.

*And why would that be so bad? You're both single and ready for love or at the very least you're both interested in exploring the delicious possibilities of a committed relationship. "You were going to show me you could be patient, Raphael. It's...great hearing you talk like this, but I need a little time to adjust."*

"Let me guess. It's all so sudden. Right?"

He sounded amused and she laughed. "Yes. Exactly. It's very sudden. Yesterday I was feeling borderline old and unattractive to the opposite sex. Now I feel...sexy and desirable."

"You are sexy and desirable."

"And no matter what you say, you are smooth. But smooth is good on you."

"Then you want me to keep it up?"

"Yes, but please don't expect me to respond in kind just yet."

"Why not? We're both adults. Why should we sugarcoat our

feelings or pretend we don't feel what we feel?"

She turned to study his profile. "Maybe because we're not sure of what we're feeling."

He cast a quick look in her direction. "Maybe you're not sure, but I am. You're the one. I knew that the moment I saw you."

"You must have some doubts."

"None."

"How can you be so sure?"

"I don't know. I just know I am sure. And I know I can be patient until you are—well, relatively patient. If you leave it too long, I'll have to take matters into my own hands."

"Hmmm. Then what?"

"Then I'll have to fuck you until you fall madly in love with me."

"I just might like that."

"That's what I'm counting on."

## **Chapter Seven**

She smiled and settled into her seat. They made the rest of the drive in silence. To her surprise, she felt comfortable with him and the silence.

In her apartment, she carried coffee into the living room. She sank into the loveseat while he sat opposite her on the only single chair in the room with his gaze trained on her face.

“So? You had something you wanted to tell me.”

She wrapped both hands around her coffee cup. “Yes.”

He smiled. “You have my full attention.”

“It’s not something I want to just blurt out.”

“Okay. What would you like to talk about while you work your way up to it?”

“You. I want to know everything about you.”

“What would you like to know?”

She sipped her coffee before she responded. “What do you want out



of life?"

"You mean besides you?"

She smiled. "Yes. Besides me."

"You."

She shook her head. "No. I mean really."

He nodded. "So do I. I have most of what I want...I earn a lot of money, I drive the kind of car I've always wanted. There're very little limits on where I can live. I'm healthy. I have nearly everything a man could want to consider himself successful. The only thing missing to make the picture complete is someone special to share my life with. That's where you come in."

Except that if he pursued a serious relationship with her, his picture wouldn't be complete or perfect. "I...ah...you know how to push my buttons, Raphael."

"I mean everything I say to you. You're my idea of the perfect woman."

She moistened her lips.

"What do you need to tell me?"

She shook her head again.

He rose and crossed the room. He kneeled in front of her, took her

coffee cup from her fingers, and placed it on the end table. Still on one knee, he took her right hand in his and placed it over his heart. "You can tell me anything."

"When I do...it's going to be over for us before it's really even started."

"There's nothing you can say that will change how I feel about you. So tell me what's bothering you."

The steady beat of his heart against her fingers combined with the guileless look in his eyes encouraged her. She took a deep breath and then spoke in a rush. "You've made me want a relationship—a real one with you."

He squeezed her hand. "What's so bad about that?"

"Well,...I'm older and—"

"No. Be honest with me, Jule. That's not what you want to tell me."

"No. No, it's not."

He lifted her hand from his chest and brushed his lips against her fingers. "Then tell me. Please. I promise you nothing short of you being a serial ax-murder with several dead lovers in your past is going to make any difference to me."

She smiled. "I've never murdered anyone, but...before we go on, I

think you should know that I...can't have kids."

"You can't?"

"No."

"Because of your age, which is not a problem for me?"

"No. Because I can't have kids."

"So you mean can't and not don't want? Do you mean you're physically incapable of having kids?"

She nodded, studying his face for some sign of dismay. She saw none, but she didn't know him well enough to know how capable he might be of concealing his real feelings. "Yes."

He sighed and closed his eyes.

She bit her lip and fought to keep her eyes from welling with tears.

"So?"

When he opened his eyes, she had to force herself to meet his gaze.

"Raphael?"

He squeezed her hand. "Can you talk about it?"

"Yes. It's nothing very dramatic. I had a rare viral infection in high school. I was told I probably would never be able to conceive, but I held onto the almost microscopic chance that I might somehow be able to somehow have a baby."

"But you couldn't?"

"No." She sighed. "That's part of what broke up my marriage. My ex really wanted kids."

"When did he know you might not be able to have kids?"

"I told him after he asked me to marry him."

"And he married you anyway."

"Yes. We were young and in love and I think my hope that somehow a miracle would happen and I would have a baby was contagious. He wanted to believe it so he did."

He rose and sat on the love seat beside her. He slipped an arm around her. "What changed?"

"I don't know if anything changed so much as he just decided it was time to face reality." She shrugged. "Maybe he'd fallen a little out of love with me...I guess he had so when it became clear that I really couldn't conceive, it was over."

"Were you still in love with him?"

"I still cared for him and I wanted to work on our marriage."

"But he didn't?"

"No." She sighed and looked up at him. "He was a good man and he was honest with me. He gave our marriage a fair chance and he never

cheated on me. I can't blame him for wanting to end our marriage while he was still young enough to remarry and possibly have a family."

He stroked her cheek. "Did you ever consider adoption? There are a lot of kids who need a loving home."

"I was more than willing to adopt, but he wasn't."

"Why not?"

"It's not for everyone. Some people have a need to have kids of their own. We discussed it. He's a good man and I know he really wanted to be okay with adopting, but in the end he said he wanted his own kids."

"Having biological kids was so important to him that he was willing to divorce you?"

"Maybe if we had still been deeply in love it would have been different. I can't blame him...or you for wanting kids of your own."

He lowered his lids for several moments. Finally, just as she was sure he was trying to find a way to leave gracefully, he looked up again.

"It's more than you bargained for it, isn't it?"

He nodded. "Actually, it is, but it's not going to be a problem for me, Jule."

She pressed a clenched fist against her chest. "You don't mean that."

"I do. I told you nothing you could say would make any difference about how I feel about you."

"How can that not matter to you? Unless it doesn't matter because you don't really care about me?"

He smiled. "You are one difficult person to convince. But it doesn't matter because I...I'm...I have the same problem."

"What problem?"

He sighed. "I can't father kids."

"Oh, no! Why not? What happened?"

"I played football in college. In my junior year, I was seriously injured during a tackle. I...the bottom line is that I'm...I can't..." He took a deep breath. "There's more than a sixty percent chance that I'll never be able to father children naturally."

"Oh, Raphael! How awful for you."

"It took me awhile to come to terms with my...situation. At first I thought it didn't matter. By the time I turned thirty the reality hit me. Then it took another two years to accept it all over again. I've done that now and I can handle it."

She touched his cheek. "I'm so sorry, Raphael."

"So am I, but there are worse things in the world than not being able

to father kids. There are a lot of kids who need to be adopted.” He shrugged. “Maybe you and I could adopt one or two of them and provide a loving home. What do you say?”

“We’ve known each other one night. It’s far too early to talk as if we’re in a real relationship. Even if you don’t mind about having your own kids, there’s the age difference and — “

“And I knew about it before I met you. I know you didn’t, but what’s five years when I know I’ve found my *negrita*?”

Hearing him use the term in that sexy voice of his while gazing into his dark eyes and seeing the sincerity there, her eyes welled.

He wiped the single tear that rolled down her cheek away with his thumb. “So? You want to be my *negrita*?”

Did she want to risk starting a relationship with a handsome younger lover whose lovemaking turned her world upside down? He didn’t mind that she couldn’t give him a child. There didn’t appear to be a downside and yet...

“I want to scream yes right now, but I think I need some time to think.”

“How much time do you need?”

“I don’t know, but I know it’s impossible to think rationally with

you here."

"You want me to go?"

"I don't want you to go, but I need you to go."

He withdrew his arm from her shoulders. "Now?"

"Yes. Now. Please."

He raked a hand through his hair and rose. "When can I see you again?"

"I need a few weeks to —"

"A few weeks? Forget it!" He stared down at her. "There's no way I'm staying away from you for a few weeks."

She sighed. "You said you'd be patient."

"I didn't say I'd be patient for weeks."

"How long will you be patient?"

"I don't know, but I'll tell you now, it's not going to be weeks." He bent his head and pressed a slow, warm kiss against her lips. "Don't keep me waiting too long."

She watched him walk out of the living room. Moments later, she heard her apartment door open and close. She closed her eyes and leaned back against the loveseat. Two hours later as she became drowsy and was about to head back to bed, a bouquet of roses arrived.



She smiled as she read the three hand-written words on the card, *I love you.*

She took the flowers into the bedroom with her. After she'd undressed, she turned onto her side to face the roses. *If you're not very careful, you'll find yourself in love with him too. So be careful.*

*Careful hell! If he really is in love with you, there is no way you are going to resist returning the favor.*

Still smiling, she closed her eyes and fell asleep.

When she woke later, she called Tia and they had an early dinner at their favorite mall restaurant. "Tell me everything you know about him, Tia."

Tia sighed. "That's what he asked when he showed up unexpectedly at the house this afternoon."

"He asked you about me? What did you tell him?"

"Nothing I hadn't already told him. You know me well enough to know that I didn't betray any of your confidences to him."

She nodded. "Oh, I know that." She sighed. "It's just that...never mind. What do you know about him?"

"He's very successful, single, and knows what he wants, which is you." Tia grinned. "You lucky girl, you!"

"I know he wants me. I want him, but he can't really be in love with me."

Tia scooped up a spoonful of chocolate ice cream. "Why not? Just because you don't believe in love at first sight doesn't mean it can't and doesn't happen."

Tia was the designated driver so Jule sipped her martini in silence for several moments before she spoke. "Who says I don't believe in it?"

"If you believe in it, why are you so certain he can't be in love with you?" She frowned. "Did you tell him about..."

"Yes. I told him."

"And he didn't mind?"

"No." She decided that it wasn't the appropriate time to share Raphael's confession with Tia.

Tia pointed a finger at her, her dark eyes shining. "There! You see? He loves you." She tilted her head. "What about you?"

She shrugged. "Oh, I could easily lose my heart to him."

"Could or have?"

She shook her head. "To be honest, I don't know which."

"But you like him?"

"I more than like him."

"Then just go with the flow, girl, and see where it leads you. I know that accountant's brain of yours wants to look at it from all angles in practical terms, but for once, just feel instead of analyzing everything two ways from Sunday."

"I don't do that."

"Oh, yes you do, but you're not going to do it this time. Promise."

"Tia —"

"Don't Tia me. Promise."

"Okay! I promise."

"Good. Now. Finish your drink so we can go shopping for our dresses."

"Our dresses? Great. I'm always up for shopping, but what are we buying dresses for?"

"Your wedding. Oh, I just know I'm going to cry."

Jule laughed. "My wedding? Get a grip, Tia. I've known him one night."

Tia nodded and clasped her hands. "That's what makes it all so very romantic. He took one look at you weeks earlier and fell in love. Now that he's met you and spent a night with you, he's still in love. What could be sweeter?" Tia shuddered. "If I keep thinking about it, I'm going

to start crying now!" She reached out and clasped Jule's hand. "I'm so happy for you, honey."

She eased her hand from Tia's. "Don't. Not yet. You'll get me all worked up and believing this is real and if it turns out not to be, I'll be crushed. Let's talk about something else."

"Fine, but I can see the writing on the wall—even if you can't. And I am not going to be caught flatfooted when he pops the question and you scream yes. So let's go shopping."

"You're impossible!"

Tia laughed. "I know. So let's shop."

They went shopping, but Jule resisted Tia's efforts to buy a special dress. Nevertheless when they stopped at a Victoria's Secret, she bought some sexy new underwear.

Tia smiled. "So you won't admit he could be your Mr. Right, but you plan to keep him a happy Mr. Wrong?"

Jule laughed. "Stop that! I just need a little space and time."

"Why if it feels right with him? Does it?"

"Yes."

"Then why keep him dangling?"

"I need to be sure it's real for both of us."

“Before what? Are you having issues with his age or his color?”

She shook her head. “Nope.”

“That was very decisive.”

She shrugged and handed the sales woman her credit card. “He’s only five years younger and I don’t care what color he is. In fact, I love that he’s who and what he is.”

“So? Then why send him home?”

Later that night as she lay sleepless, Jule wondered the same thing. Her night would have passed much more pleasantly if she were sharing her bed with Raphael. Instead, she tossed and turned and ached with desire as she recalled his sweet, fierce lovemaking. But she knew she needed some time before deciding if she wanted to toss what was left of her inhibitions aside and fully embrace a relationship with Raphael.

During the next few days, he sent her flowers, fruit, beautiful cards, and candy. But he didn’t call her or attempt to see her.

On the following Sunday afternoon while she was doing laundry, a beautiful, edible flower-fruit basket arrived. The card said simply, *You’re still the only woman for me and I’m still in love with you.*

She put the basket in the refrigerator and stood staring up at the ceiling for several moments. How she longed to call him and tell him

she'd had enough and she wanted him with her — immediately.

Instead, she finished her laundry, slipped on shorts, a pull over top, socks, and running shoes, and went for an hour long-walk in the park three blocks away.

On the way home, she rounded a curve in the walking trail and came face to face with the last person she wanted to see. “Karl!”

## **Chapter Eight**

Since he and his new wife lived within a ten-minute drive, she'd encountered one or both of them on a number of occasions during the five months they'd been married.

This time, after the initial surprise, she was pleased that the familiar ache of regret, which such encounters usually stirred in her, was absent. She was finally over him.

She stopped and smiled. "Hi! How's Sha?"

He smiled. "Hi yourself. She's fine. What about you? How are you?"

"Fine."

"You are?"

"Yes."

"Are you...seeing anyone?"

They had parted on friendly terms and she knew he feared she might still be in love with him. She widened her smile and nodded. "As a

matter of fact, I've met someone."

"Great! Is it serious?"

She nodded. "I think it is. He said he fell in love with me the first time he saw me."

"And you're in love with him?"

"Yes." She paused, realizing this was the first time she'd admitted her feelings for Raphael to anyone – even herself. "Yes. I am. He knows I can't have kids, but it's not an issue with him."

He sighed. "I didn't want it to be an issue between us, but –"

She touched his arm. "It's all right, Karl. You tried and that's all I could have asked or expected of you. Maybe now we can both be happy. So please don't feel guilty for wanting to father your own child."

"Then you're going to be all right?"

"Going to be?" She shook her head. "I am all right."

He sighed. "Thank God!"

She squeezed his arm and leaned up to kiss his cheek. "I'm fine so you can stop worrying about me."

He hugged her briefly before releasing her. "He'll probably think it's a little kinky, but I'd like to meet him some time."

"I'll tell him. And now I'm going home to call him. Say hi to Sha for



me.” She squeezed his hand and stepped around him.

Eager to talk to Raphael, she called him on her cell phone as she started the twenty-minute walk home. Shortly after she stepped out of the shower half an hour later, he stood outside her door with a dozen roses and a bottle of wine.

To her surprise, instead of kissing her on her lips when she lifted her face, he pressed a gentle kiss against her cheek and whispered something soft and sweet against her ear in Spanish.

She placed her hands on his chest and looked up at him. “What did you say?”

“I said I love you. You have a problem with that?”

She smiled up at him, her heart racing with joy. “Nope.”

“You don’t?”

“No. I like...I love the idea.”

“It’s about time. My patience was just about exhausted. What brought about this epiphany?”

“I ran into my ex.”

“And?”

She took the flowers and wine from him. “Let me put these away and then we can talk.”

He arched a brow. "After eight days of missing you, I want to do more than talk."

She licked her lips and grinned at him. "So do I."

"Now you're talking."

She nodded. "Wait here and I'll be right back." She moved down the hall to the kitchen. She put the roses in a vase and the wine in the refrigerator before looking into the living room.

Casting a quick glance in the door, she saw him standing at the windows.

"I'll be right back," she called and went into the bedroom. Undressing quickly, she slipped on a new pair of black, silk bikini panties. Leaving her breasts bare, she pulled a sheer camisole on before slipping on a pair of loose, cotton shorts.

He was pacing the floor when she returned to the living room. "Hey."

He turned quickly and crossed the room to take her in his arms. "My Jule...my sweet, lovely, *negrita*, I've missed you."

She pressed her cheek against his shoulder and returned his embrace. "I've missed you too."

He released her then took her hand in his, and led her over to the

loveseat. He sank down, drawing her on his lap. "Now tell me about your ex."

She linked her arms around his neck. "You want to talk about Karl with my big ass on your lap? Can't you think of anything else you'd rather do?"

He caressed the sides of her butt. "Nice try, now tell me what happened when you saw your ex."

"It was gone."

"What?"

"The...I call it the familiar ache of regret for what we'd once shared and lost. When I saw him and I didn't wish myself back several years earlier when we were still in love, I knew it was over." She smiled and stroked her fingers through the hair at his nape. "More importantly, I knew why it was over."

"And that would be because of what?"

"You." She rubbed her nose against his before leaning back so she could look into his dark, liquid brown eyes. "I knew I didn't want to rehash the past with him because I was ready to accept a future with you – if you still want me."

"Do I still want you? Hmmm." He frowned. "That's a tough

question to answer off the top of my head.” He grinned. “Tell you what. Let me think about it for a few weeks and I’ll get back to you. How’s that?”

“A few weeks, huh? How’s this?” She leaned close to pepper his lips with soft nibbling kisses. She stroked her fingers through his hair. “How about we go to bed and sleep on it? You think that might speed up the process some?”

He slipped a hand between their bodies and up her top. He caressed her breasts. “I don’t know.” He licked her lips. “You want to try it and see?”

“Yes, please,” she whispered.

He set her on her feet and rose. “Let’s go find out, my lovely.”

She slipped her hand in his and they walked to her bedroom. She turned on her CD clock radio and slow, suggestive jazz filled the room.

She pulled off her camisole and panties and stretched out on her bed, leaning against her headboard. “Strip for me?”

In the process of pulling his socks off, he paused and looked at her. “Strip for you?”

“Yes.”

“What do I get if I do?”

She parted her legs, revealing her pussy. "Is this incentive enough?"

"Hell yeah."

"I thought it would be," she said, feeling happy and satisfied that she felt secure in his feelings for her. She bent her legs and rubbed her clit as she watched him stripping for her in time to the soft, pulsating music. Watching him move his slim, but powerful hips suggestively from side to side, filled her pussy with moisture.

She rubbed at her clit, before slipping two fingers inside her cunt. "You have a beautiful body, baby," she whispered. "Now let me see you shake that tight, beautiful ass of yours."

He pushed his dark briefs down his thighs. Allowing them to bunch just under his balls and his semi-erect cock, he turned his back to her.

Rotating his hips from side to side, he eased the briefs off, finally kicking them away.

She licked her lips and thrust her fingers back into herself as he turned to face her. With one hand between his legs, and the other palm on his nape, he masturbated until his thick cock was fully erect and his balls hung low and heavy.

Her heart raced and her pussy gushed. She had to feel him deep inside her. She lay on her back with her knees bent and her legs parted. "I

want you...I need you...now. Please."

Crossing the room to the bed, he stared down at her, still gently pumping himself. "How much do you want me?"

"I'm aching for you." She closed a hand around his thigh. "Please don't make me beg."

He leaned down and eased her hand away from her cunt before cupping his over it. "But I like it when you want me enough to beg." He flicked his thumb against her clit before plunging two fingers inside her.

"Oh, yeah!" She arched her back, thrusting her hips off the bed. "Oh, yeah, baby. I want you enough to beg. Please. Please fuck. Now. Please."

"That's what I'm talking about. You beg so nicely my lovely *negrita*, I'm going to give you what you want."

"Yes. Please do."

"I will, but first, I have to taste your sweet pussy, my love."

She shivered and forced her legs as far apart as she could. "Oh, yeah. Taste me, baby."

"I will. When I have and you're slick and wet and ready to be fucked..."

"What?"

“Can I fuck you bare back?”

The temptation to allow him to love her without protection was strong. She resisted it and shook her head. “No.”

“Are you sure?”

“Yes.” She moistened her lips. “Making love without protection has to come with a different level of...commitment. Can you bear with me?”

“Yes. I can.” He pressed a quick kiss against her lips and straightened. He got a condom from his pants pocket. Slipping it quickly over his erection, he lay on his stomach between her legs.

He brushed his open mouth against her muff. “Hmmm. I love the musky aroma of your pussy.”

“Taste it,” she invited. “Please.”

“I’m going to do more than taste it, my lovely.” Cupping his hands over her hips, he settled between her legs. He tilted her hips and rubbed the tip of his tongue against her clit.

“Hmmm. Nice. So nice, baby.”

He licked the lips of her slit and then buried his face against her, streaking his tongue inside.

“Oooh!” She arched her back, pressing her slit against his face.

“Yes...please...please.”

He slowly ate and licked her to within an inch of a scorching climax. Just as she was about to explode, he rose over her and slipped his cock into her.

She wrapped her arms around him and undulated her body in time with his, keeping her hips pressed as tight to his as she could. She was so close to coming, she was consumed with the need.

He pressed his mouth against hers, teasing her lips apart. He devoured her lips rather than kissed her. Her breasts felt crushed under his chest. She loved the intensity of his lovemaking. Within a few powerful strokes, she gasped, shuddered, and exploded around him.

He held her, showering her with kisses and endearments in a combination of Spanish and English that heightened and prolonged her pleasure.

He held himself still inside her, allowing her to enjoy every last tendril of pleasure before he started the deep, hard movements inside her. She tightened herself around him, squeezing his cock until he came moments later.

Afterwards, he stretched out on the bed behind her, curling his body against hers. "You are so sweet, my *negrita*."

She snuggled against him, a feeling of warmth enveloping her. "I



like the sound of that," she murmured.

He licked the side of her neck, cupping a palm between her legs.

"Good because you're all mine. My Jule. My sweet, *negrita*."

"Yes. I think I am — all yours." She closed her legs against his hand.

"I...I need you to be all mine."

"I've been all yours since the moment I saw you."

"I...I can't share you."

"You won't have to, my lovely. I've always been a one-woman man and you're my one woman."

She smiled. "I'm a lucky woman."

"I'm a lucky man." He kissed the back of her neck. "And I love you."

She sighed, swallowed several times, and then surrendered to her emotions. "I love you too."

He sucked in a breath and tightened his arm around her waist. "Are you sure?"

"Yes. It's a little scary, but I'm sure." She turned in his arms and kissed his lips. "I'm very sure."

"Then you are mine?"

"Yes. Yes. I don't think there's any doubt about that."

“For how long?”

She caressed his chest. “Let’s start with forever and see how long it lasts beyond that. Okay?”

He engulfed her in a bear hug. “Okay.”

As she drifted to sleep, she felt hopeful, but also a little afraid. God willing, they’d both get at least a few happy months of lovemaking before he lost interest in her. Or just maybe their love would last and they’d get to enjoy a lifetime of sweet nights. She wasn’t sure how likely that was, but she was going to do her best to increase the likelihood of it happening.

Twenty-one months later, naked and aroused, Jule straddled Raphael on a chair. With her arms linked around his neck, she moaned with a combination of pain and pleasure as she gave him her wedding present, their first anal fuck. They’d prepared for their wedding night over a period of two months. During that time he had first given her digital anal fucks each time they made love. Then he’d inserted a slender vibrator or butt plug up her ass every other time they made love.

She shuddered and ground herself against his lap as he eased his thick cock in and out of her ass. He whispered softly to her in Spanish as he reached between their bodies to rub her clit.

“Oh! Yes! Oh, yes, baby. Yes!”

She arched her body into his. She gasped and cried out his name when she came. Tightening his arms around her waist, he quickened his pace, easing his cock in and out of her ass with a tender passion that endeared him to her even more.

She collapsed against him, shuddering and tightening her anal muscles around his cock.

“Holy shit, Jule!” He groaned and shot his cock in and out of her, hurting her. She curled her hands in his hair and bit her lip. When she felt him shudder and come, she raked her nails across his shoulders.

Moments after he came, he lifted her off his cock. He discarded the condom and drew her back onto his lap, holding her. He kissed her cheek. “I love you.”

“I love you too.”

“Are you all right?”

She nodded. “Yes.”

He pressed his forehead against hers. “I know I hurt you when I was about to come —”

She lifted her head to meet his gaze. “It was a little painful near the end, but I enjoyed it and I wouldn’t undo it for anything.”

He cupped his face in her hands. “You are such a sweet *negrita*. No

wonder I fell in love with you the moment I saw you. There's an inner sweetness, fire, and passion in you that's irresistible."

She smiled. She hadn't believed him then, but she did now that they were married. "I think I fell in love with you after the first time we made love."

He arched a brow. "Then why did it take you so long to marry me?"

"I was afraid. I couldn't believe I could be lucky enough to have you fall in love with me at first sight."

"And now?"

"And now I'm very happy because I know you do love me—just as I am."

With his hands on her hips, he urged her to her feet. He rose and took her hand in his. "Let's go to bed and make love again. And you can show me just whose *negrita* you are."

Moments later, laying on her side with him behind her, sliding his thick bare cock into her pussy she closed her eyes. She savored the delight of their first bareback fuck. Lord, it felt good. "I'm yours, baby. All yours."

He thrust slowly in and out of her pussy, cupping his hands over her breasts. "For how long?"

She eased her hips backwards until she felt his big, heavy balls against her body. “Forever, my hot, handsome lover.”

“That just might be long enough.” He told her in that sweet, husky voice of his.

Yeah. Forever just might be long enough in a pinch — she thought as she lost herself in the joy of making love with her handsome, insatiable husband and lover. The one sweet night she had allowed herself with him had turned into what promised to be a lifetime of love and devotion. In a year or so, they’d look into adoption. With a child or two to share their love with, things would be as close to perfect as possible.

The End