

Cindy gulped down the triple espresso she'd made herself. After getting up at two in the morning and working until noon, she'd tried to take a nap, but she'd been too wired from the anticipation of seeing Derek again that night that she'd been unable to sleep. Now she was desperately tired, but she had no intention of falling asleep before she found out exactly what kind of assistance Derek needed with a strawberry shortcake.

Visions of licking whipped cream off his perfectly sculpted body clouded her mind, and she nearly stepped out in front of a speeding car. But she pulled herself back just in time. When the light turned, she raced across the street. She drained the last sip of espresso and put her cup into her backpack as she dug for the key to the bakery's back door.

She took a deep breath as she turned the key and let herself into the store room. She heard the low throbbing beat of dance music coming from the kitchen. Derek had to be here then. Every one else on the staff preferred the local country station.

Her heart pounded. Would he be glad that she'd come or would he regret his impetuous behavior that morning. She sure hoped he'd want her to stay. Having a taste of him had only made her hungrier. She realized her hands were shaking as she sat down her backpack and got an apron from a hook. She was going to make a fool of herself. She just knew it. But she had to see this through.

She pushed open the swinging door to the kitchen. Derek's back was to her and her gaze dropped immediately to his tight ass encased in faded denim. He was busy making cake batter and didn't hear her over the mixer and the radio.

She watched him, loving the way his body moved slightly in time with the music. When the mixer stopped, she managed to force a hi from her mouth.

He turned and gave her a wicked smile. "Hi, yourself. I was starting to think you weren't coming."

She felt heat rise to her cheeks. "Oh, believe me, I couldn't have stayed away." Oh, shit. That sounded so sadly desperate. Cindy wanted to smack herself as soon as the words were out of her mouth.

But his smile widened. "I need you to be here."

She tried to fight it but her gaze dropped to his crotch. His cock was obviously erect. It strained against the fabric of his jeans which were so tight she could even see the outline of his balls. She barely resisted licking her lips.

His laugh brought her gaze back up to his face. She saw heat flash in his eyes.

He gestured for her to join him. "Come taste this batter."

She did as he asked. But instead of offering her a spoon, he dipped his finger into the mixture and brought it to her mouth. She sucked it in and ran her tongue the length of his finger. The batter was rich and delicious but it couldn't compare to the taste of his warm skin.

She sucked his finger deep into her mouth, wrapping her hand around his so he couldn't pull away. He moaned and she sucked harder. She gave his finger the same treatment she longed to give his cock, licking and sucking, kneading his hand like she would his balls. Finally, she pulled back and looked up at him. "The cake is delicious."

He smiled. His bottom lip was red and full where he'd sunk his teeth into it. "So are you. Crush these strawberries and I'll be ready to assemble the cake."

"But won't it have to bake first?"

He gave a low laugh. "The cake for our customers will have to cook. My cake will have a very different base."

A shiver of lust ran over her as she turned she slid the bowl of strawberries and down the counter. The chopped berries were soft from soaking in sugar, and she easily pushed them through a wide sieve making a thick strawberry syrup. By the time she'd finished, Derek had gotten the angel food cake in the oven and set a timer.

He came up behind her, Leaning his hands against the counter on either side of her, trapping her against the warmth of his body. "Are you ready?"

Her mind spun from the rich earthy scent of him and the low vibration of his voice next to her ear. Finally, she managed to nod.

He picked up the bowl of syrup and set it next to the canister of whipped cream. Then he cleared a big space on the large island they used for kneading bread and rolling out cookies. "Take off your clothes and lay down here." He tapped the counter.

The breath rushed out of Cindy's lungs. She felt heat creep into her face again. She glanced at the door leading to the bar and seating area. "But what if-"

He shook his head. "No one else is here and the doors are all locked."

The crotch of her jeans was soaked through with cream, but her heart pounded against her chest. Did she really have the nerve to do this? "I-I don't think . . ."

He raised his brow and stared at her. "Cindy, I said strip. Now."

She bit her lip to hold back a whimper and then reached the hem of her t-shirt. She pulled it over her head, baring her breasts to Derek. Her nipples puckered tight as Derek stared at them.

Derek licked his lips. "Mmm, they're just begging to be decorated., aren't they?"

She swallowed hard as she wrestled with the fastening of her jeans. Finally getting the zipper down, she pushed them to the floor and stepped out of them and her sandals. She hadn't worn any panties, wanting to feel the part of the slut who would go to work to fuck her boss after hours.

She looked up at Derek when she was naked, nervous he'd think her breasts too small and her hips too big. But he stared at her like a hungry wolf. "You're perfect."

She turned toward the counter and pushed herself up, bracing on her hands. Then she turned herself and wiggled her bottom up onto the counter. She had to bend her legs to fit, but she managed to settle onto her back.

Derek picked up the bowl of strawberries and tipped it, letting it spill onto her breasts and belly. She sucked in her breath as the cold berries hit her skin, but the feel of the thick syrup running down her sides only heightened her arousal. It felt like a tickling caress, and she couldn't wait for him to lick it off.

She sucked in her breath when he lifted the canister of whipped cream. He squirted circles of cream around her nipples and then decorated her belly button. She squirmed as it tickled. He gave her thigh a light slap. "Be still. I'm not finished."

She moaned. She was so ready for him. He squirted the whipped cream across her lips. She felt her eyes widen but she stayed still.

He pulled his t-shirt over his head. Then, finally, he bent down, bringing his lips toward hers. "Keep

your hands above your head and don't move." His authoritative tone made her shiver. She clenched her inner muscles, desperate for more contact with him, but otherwise, she obeyed.

His tongue swiped back and forth across her lips. She wanted to open her mouth and welcome him inside, but she managed to fight the urge. She couldn't keep her hips still though. They rose and fell from the counter as Derek licked his way down her neck to the berries and cream on her breasts. When his tongue swiped across one of her rock hard nipples, she whimpered. Her breath came in pants and she felt so hot she thought she would explode. She was sure her own cream had run down her pussy and onto the counter.

Derek licked every last bit of cream and berries from her breasts and then her belly with agonizing slowness. His tongue tickled her navel, and she couldn't help but bring her hands to his head to push him away. He took one of her wrists in each of his hands and pinned them to her sides as he continued his feast. Her hips bucked up and she fought his grip. She was growing more and more desperate. "Please."

He lifted his head and smiled at her. "Please what?"

"Please fuck me."

He laughed but he moved to stand at the end of the counter. His hands went to the fastenings of his jeans. He opened them slowly and pushed them down until his cock sprang free. "Is this what you want?"

She licked her lips and tried to catch her breath. God above, he was huge. "Y-yes"

He wrapped his hands around her hips and pulled her to the end of the counter until her pussy was inches from his cock. Then he pulled a condom from the back pocket of his jeans. He sheathed himself quickly while she watched. Her heat beat impossibly fast. She didn't think she'd ever wanted anything as much as she wanted him to fuck her right then.

He pulled her even closer, and she felt the tip of his cock press against her. She wrapped her legs around him and tried to pull him deeper, but he held her hips back. "I don't think I can go slow."

She shook her head. "I don't want slow."

"Good." He thrust hard and deep.

She gasped, but she had no time to catch her breath before he pulled back and thrust again and again. Her legs tightened around his waist, and she gripped the edge of the counter as she slammed her hips against his, determined to meet every thrust. She closed her eyes and surrendered to the wild ride.

He slid his hands up her thighs pushing them back and then pulling them up over his shoulder. He was able to stroke her even deeper now, but it still wasn't enough, she wanted him to consume her completely.

She opened her eyes for a moment and the sight of Derek mesmerized her. His head was thrown back. His chest rose and fell as he panted. The muscles in his neck stood out with fierce tension. He looked primal and beautiful. Then he looked down at her and she saw heat flame in his eyes.

He let go of one leg and reached between her thighs to thum her clit. With a leap of heat she was right on the verge of coming. Her eyelids fluttered closed as sensation overcame her.

"No. Look at me."

Heat raced into her face, but she opened her eyes. "I want to watch you come."

She couldn't take her eyes off him. He squeezed her clit. She gasped as her orgasm tightened all her

muscles. Then her body shook as wave after wave of pleasure rocked her. She felt like she was being tossed on angry waves.

She heard Derek shout, but he sounded very far away. Then she felt the pulsing of his cock inside her and his explosion of pleasure brought on even more spasms of her inner muscles as she milked every drop of come from him.

Finally, he collapsed against her, her legs doubled under him. She reached up and stroked his hair and the sweat-slick skin of his back. Neither of them spoke for several minutes. Then the oven timer rang. "Shit," Derek muttered. He pushed himself up, pulled his jeans up onto his hips, and went to get the cake.

By the time he got back to her, Cindy was sitting on the edge of the counter, still trying to calm the rapid beat of her heart.

He ran a finger down her chest and brought it to his mouth to lick away the sticky residue of strawberries and whipped cream. "Did you enjoy that?"

Cindy couldn't believe how quickly her body was ready for him again. All he had to do was smile at her, and she was hot and ready.. She smiled. "I sure did, but I hope you're up for more."

He raised his brows.

She reached for the whipped cream. "It's my turn to make a cake."