



EXPOSED

Barrie
Abalard

EXPOSED

...The woods weren't too dark—a full moon guided us to a small clearing—and its silvery beams made the man I was with appear dangerous, a creature of the night, over a head taller than me and built like Hercules. The woods' smell was sharp evergreen mixed with smoke, and when he kissed me, I smelled a hint of ocean overlaid with the tang of musky male.

“Raise your arms,” he said, and when I did, he lifted me. “Grab those branches over your head.”

I figured I'd play along, but I warned him, “I'm not strong enough to hang by my arms for long, if you've got some exotic position in mind.”

His response was to get under me, place my thighs on his shoulders, and lift me higher. “Keep your balance as best you can,” he said before he leaned me against the tree. He hiked up my thighs, then licked and sucked me in ways I knew for certain were illegal in thirty-six states. I gripped the tree limbs to keep from resting all my weight on him, but from the looks of his godlike build, I don't think I was much of a strain for him, not even with the extra fifteen pounds I'd been trying to lose without success.

He invaded me with his tongue before fluttering it over my clit, which made me wrap my legs around his head.

“Oh, God,” I panted. “ohGodohGodohGod.”

Once the waves of pleasure receded, I began to worry. “I didn't break your neck with my legs, did I?”

He laughed out loud. “Let go of the tree.” He slid me toward the ground—later, I'd find scratches from the bark on my back—until my pussy was in line with his cock...

ALSO BY BARRIE ABALARD

Poker Brat

Poker Stud

Semper Fi

EXPOSED

BY

BARRIE ABALARD

AMBER QUILL PRESS, LLC

<http://www.amberquill.com>

EXPOSED
AN AMBER HEAT BOOK

This book is a work of fiction. All names, characters, locations, and incidents are products of the author's imagination, or have been used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons living or dead, locales, or events is entirely coincidental.

Amber Quill Press, LLC
<http://www.amberquill.com>
<http://www.amberheat.com>

All rights reserved.

No portion of this book may be transmitted or reproduced in any form, or by any means, without permission in writing from the publisher, with the exception of brief excerpts used for the purposes of review.

Copyright © 2007 by Barrie Abalard
ISBN 978-1-60272-005-3
Cover Art © 2007 Trace Edward Zaber

Layout and Formatting provided by: ElementalAlchemy.com

PUBLISHED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

*For Dan,
who has forgotten more about the mathematics of risk
than I'll ever understand.*

CHAPTER 1

November

The odds of getting struck by lightning are a whole lot shorter than winning the PowerBall lottery. But I never figured that having my clothing stolen during *al fresco* sex would be high on the list of likely occurrences. And I should know. I, Lauren Donovan, calculate risk for a living.

The sex had been stunningly good. So good, in fact, I wanted more right away. But at the moment the man in question, Truman Madison, was freezing his jingle bells off, and my nipples weren't far behind.

"*Fuck*," he said, rooting around in the bed of pine needles where we'd left our clothing. "We're in the fucking middle of the fucking Pine Barrens in fucking *November*. Where the *fuck* did our clothes go?"

You might have guessed by now that Tru's a Jersey boy. "Fuck" is our official state word.

EXPOSED

I occupied myself with trying to cover as much skin as possible by wrapping my shivering arms around me. “Hey, I see a piece of paper on the windshield.” I hurried over to his Porsche. “Get over here and start the goddamned car. I want some heat.”

Fortunately, we’d kept our shoes on. Also fortunately, the car’s keys had not vanished along with our garments. Tru wore them on a chain around his neck—which made me wonder how often he got naked in the woods for sex, to have a freaking *chain* for key storage—and we’d both had the presence of mind to lock up our valuables. Where such sanity had come from, I had no idea. We’d both been ready to fuck like minks since leaving Atlantic City.

He unlocked the car with his remote, and I grabbed the paper before jumping inside, slamming the door behind me. Damn, but the seat was cold. The note, though, chilled me more.

Just two days ago, I’d decided to celebrate a milestone birthday with a blowout at an Atlantic City casino. Because I’m a glorified actuary—my actual title is Vice President of Risk Management—I know how to calculate the odds of everything. My mother would add that I also know the value of nothing, still being single at thirty-five. I tell her that at least I was engaged once. Never mind that the guy cracked and turned psycho. But, speaking of psychos, let’s leave my mother out of this.

Because I know the “odds game,” I realized that my best chance of winning money in a casino was at the poker tables. It’s the only game in which you aren’t playing against the house. They rake some off every pot, true, but you’re not starting with the odds against you, the way you are in blackjack and craps.

So, I’d told my boss I was taking a long-overdue vacation, locked up my northern Jersey condo, and sped to AC as fast as my sensible Acura sedan would carry me. Well, as fast as the speed limit allowed.

Normally, I don’t take risks. Risks are too, well, risky. But I’d be

EXPOSED

damned if I was going to reach thirty-six without trying my favorite fantasy, which was to have sex in the woods. And the Pine Barrens qualified as “woods.” The area sits west of Atlantic City and is riddled with old, unused dirt roads and towns that were abandoned when the local economy failed after the mid-1800’s. Much of it is government-protected wetland—and not a bad place to hide a body. *The Sopranos* did an episode about it.

I would have thought the Barrens deserted enough for us to risk public sex. Because I craved doing it in public—as long as I didn’t get caught, that is.

It was in the casino that I’d run into Tru. Literally. Flushed and excited from winning big at the poker tables, I was hustling to the cages to turn my chips into cash when someone hit a huge jackpot in the slots area. I turned my head in the direction of the lights and screams of joy, and hit the brick wall that was Truman Roosevelt Madison’s body.

Yeah, his parents kind of overdid the dead-presidents thing.

I bounced off his considerable torso and would have fallen, except for his bands-of-steel arms. He caught me in mid-fall and hugged me close, saying, “Hey, honey, you should watch where you’re fuckin’ goin’.” I let my gaze rise from his massive shoulders to his square-jawed face, and went sort of melty inside. He stared into my eyes, blinked once, then kissed me like my mouth held chocolate and he was determined to taste every last bit of it. The roar of the casino floor faded next to the roar of my own blood in my head.

When he finished, my head felt like a balloon on a string. I gaped into his pale green eyes—they reminded me of sea glass—and licked my lips reflexively, as if I’d just tasted something delicious. Which I had.

“When you lick your lips like that,” he said, one of his hands pressing the small of my back, “it makes me want to fuck you.”

Okay, subtle he’s not. With that face and that body, I forgave him

EXPOSED

that. Stupid with lust, I blurted, “Have you ever done it in the woods?”

He kissed me again, said only three words—“the Pine Barrens”—and more or less dragged me to his Porsche 911 Turbo. Not that I was resisting—I simply had merged my will with his. Tru could have suggested doing it on the main floor of the Borgata, and I would have gone along.

Once we were racing away from the casino, I said, “What’s your name?”

He flashed me a grin while seeming to levitate the car over traffic. “Truman Madison, Tru to my friends. Are we going to be friends? You seem friendly enough. Though you’re dressed like a soccer mom.” His hand got very friendly, slipping under my L.L. Bean sweater.

“I do *not* look like a soccer mom. Just because I don’t wear a sequined dress cut to my navel doesn’t mean I look like a soccer mom. Jesus.”

“I didn’t say you *look* like a soccer mom. You *dress* like a soccer mom, with that prim sweater, though it’s a little tight and showcases your boobs. Your skirt also looks kind of soccer-mom-ish, but I like that it’s on the short side. You got great legs. Now, your heels are definitely slutty-looking. No offense, saying your shoes look slutty, okay? Slutty turns me on.”

His smile pushed my arousal up a notch. “Thanks for the compliment. I think.”

“Slutty is good,” he said. “Horny is also good. I’m into horny. In fact, I’m *fuckin’* horny right now.”

I glanced at his groin. Yep, horny, all right, with a nice bulge in the right place.

“Tru,” I said, the rational left half of my brain struggling to assert itself over my pussy, “what do you do?”

“When I fuck? Oh, you’ll find out. And you’ll love it. I have a move I should fuckin’ patent.”

EXPOSED

“No, I mean, for money. After all, you’re driving a six-figure car.”

Hey, it’s Jersey. I didn’t especially want to get involved with someone mobbed-up. Though it seemed that I, or my body, anyway, was perfectly okay having a one-night stand with the guy, mobbed-up or not.

“You really don’t know who I am?” he said, amazement creeping into his tone. The lights of AC were in his rear-view mirror now.

“Let’s just say I’m not a regular visitor to this area of Jersey, so no, I don’t know who you are.”

“Meet Truman Roosevelt Madison, gazillionaire gambler and author of *Living to Gamble and Gambling to Live*. So what’s your name, babe?” He expertly guided the car onto a two-lane blacktop road. Houses were now farther apart, and trees surrounded us, pines, I thought, and some other kinds that had lost their leaves. Hell, I don’t know one tree from another. I’m a Jersey girl, not a nature girl. I get my fill of nature looking at the plants growing inside the mall. That’s one reason doing it in the woods seemed exotic to me.

“Lauren. Lauren Donovan.”

He moved one hand in a rolling motion. “And you do what for a living?”

“Calculate risk.”

“You’re an actuary?”

I had to give the guy credit. Not many people know what an actuary does. But after his puffed-up rendition of his book credit, I had to toot my own horn. “Actually, I’m Vice President of Risk Management for Dowling and Dinwiddie, Teaneck, New Jersey. We provide all those silly stats that the media gobble up, like the ones that show you’re much more likely to die from cancer because you ate a daily peanut butter sandwich than to win PowerBall.”

“Those sandwiches are pretty deadly. The odds are one in five thousand, aren’t they?”

EXPOSED

I shot him a glance. “You must watch a lot of television.”

“No.” He smiled. “I’m just fuckin’ good at math.”

“Uh-huh.” I suspected the man lied like a rug—after all, he gambled for a living, and he didn’t exactly sound educated. Still, to make gazillions gambling, he had to be pretty good with numbers.

Watch out, my inner manhunter whispered. *A man who lies is not a good match.*

Yeah, but who cares about a match? my inner party gal responded. *I just want to do it.*

“Here we are.” He edged the low-slung car down a dirt road for a good half-mile. “Ready to get naked?”

“It’s fuckin’ November,” I shot back. “Can’t we just disrobe the critical parts?”

He shook his head. “It won’t be as much fun if we don’t strip completely. The risk of discovery, you see. That’s what’s making you hot.”

His words and tone of speech had weirdly morphed him from a fuckin’ Joiseyite into a college professor. I opened my mouth to protest, but his hand vanished under my sweater again, this time under my bra. His thumb brushed lightly across my erect nipple. I shivered, and not from the cold.

“Trust Professor Madison,” he said, as if he had read my mind. “I, too, know a little something about risk management. But I know even more about the thrill of risk. And our risk of being discovered here isn’t huge. However, the thrill payoff is huge—if we strip.”

He kissed me again before pushing up my sweater and pulling my breasts out of my bra. His mouth did things to them that are probably illegal in Alabama and Arkansas. The things sure as hell felt illegal, judging from the tremors that were shooting straight to my pussy. My hands unbuckled his belt and unzipped his khakis. The erection my fingers found promised a rollicking time.

EXPOSED

He took his lips and tongue off my nipples. “C’mon, you said you wanted to do it in the woods. Let’s go.”

He grabbed my hand, and I followed him, crawling right over the gearshift and the driver’s seat. Seemed I would follow this man anywhere for a fuck.

While we stood next to the car in a pile of pine needles, he stripped me, but told me to put my shoes back on. I did so. I no longer had a mind of my own, not while my hormones were within sniffing distance of Tru. He tossed his own clothing on top of mine, took my hand, and tugged me into the woods. I was amazed that I didn’t feel chilled—that was the fever this man caused inside me. The woods weren’t too dark—a full moon guided us to a small clearing—and its silvery beams made the man I was with appear dangerous, a creature of the night, over a head taller than me and built like Hercules. The woods’ smell was sharp evergreen mixed with smoke, and when he kissed me, I smelled a hint of ocean overlaid with the tang of musky male.

“Raise your arms,” he said, and when I did, he lifted me. “Grab those branches over your head.”

I figured I’d play along, but I warned him, “I’m not strong enough to hang by my arms for long, if you’ve got some exotic position in mind.”

His response was to get under me, place my thighs on his shoulders, and lift me higher. “Keep your balance as best you can,” he said before he leaned me against the tree. He hiked up my thighs, then licked and sucked me in ways I knew for certain were illegal in thirty-six states. I gripped the tree limbs to keep from resting all my weight on him, but from the looks of his godlike build, I don’t think I was much of a strain for him, not even with the extra fifteen pounds I’d been trying to lose without success.

He invaded me with his tongue before fluttering it over my clit, which made me wrap my legs around his head.

EXPOSED

“Oh, God,” I panted. “ohGodohGodohGod.”

Once the waves of pleasure receded, I began to worry. “I didn’t break your neck with my legs, did I?”

He laughed out loud. “Let go of the tree.” He slid me toward the ground—later, I’d find scratches from the bark on my back—until my pussy was in line with his cock. He slipped inside, and my cunt grew hotter and wetter. My legs now around his waist, we pulsed for long moments, the motion maddeningly delicious and unlike any sex I’d had before. He put his fingers between us to massage my clit, and I came again, mere seconds before he did.

“You’re right,” I gasped, still rolling my hips to prolong the delicious sensations. “You should patent those moves. Jesus Christ, you screw like your back has no bone.”

He chuckled. “Thanks. I’ll contact the patents office Monday.”

After the luscious sex, we grew cold pretty quickly, so we hustled back to the spot where we’d left our clothing. Then I saw the note on the windshield. Now I was sitting and shivering while staring at the note. He started the car and turned every heating device in it on high.

“Now,” he said, “give me the note.” I watched his expression shade from cold and annoyed to furious. He wadded up the note and flung it to the floor. “I don’t fuckin’ believe it. I’d think it was one of my asshole buddies jerking my chain, except I’m fairly sure they wouldn’t ask for money, or leave a note. They’d just take the clothes.”

I read the note again. Whoever took the clothing wanted money—no contact information, just a statement that the person wanted ten thousand dollars, “or else.” *Weird*. I shook my head. “Thank God you took your keys with you,” I said. “Otherwise, we’d freeze to death, literally, exposed as we are. But I don’t understand how someone was able to find us here, take our stuff, and leave a note, all without us hearing a thing. We weren’t that far off the road.”

“Yeah, but neither of us was paying any attention to anything that

EXPOSED

didn't involve sex. *Fuck.*" He slammed the heel of his hand against the steering wheel.

The car's warmth was flowing now, so I unscrunched the contorted position I'd taken to conserve body heat. "No one followed us down this road, I'd swear to it. Could it have been someone local who knows the woods?"

He sighed as if his name were Atlas. "The pineys—people who live in the Barrens—don't usually do this kind of crap. I know a lot of folks think they're crooks and creeps, but they're mostly just eccentric people who want to be left alone."

"You seem to know a lot about them," I said.

"Yeah, well." He sighed again. "I used to have an aunt and uncle who were pineys. They've passed on. In any case, it's definitely weird, asking for money with no contact info to tell us where to take the money."

"Maybe it is one of your buddies playing a trick, considering the lack of contact information."

He gazed into the woods. "Plus, who in their right mind would think I'd pay money to get some clothes back? I mean, maybe I lost a few hundreds worth of duds. Big deal. I drop a whole lot more than that in a single bet. And I'll bet your clothes didn't cost more than mine. Am I right?"

I nodded. "Maybe whoever wrote the note thought they'd find something else in your clothes—like a key, or your wallet?"

"Thank God I had the presence of mind to take my keys with us and lock our other valuables in the car," he said, executing a three-point turn so we could leave the way we came. "Once the thief discovers there's nothing worth stealing in the clothes, he'll probably discard them. Keep an eye out, in case they're nearby. I'd rather not drive naked for long, because doing so is bound to attract unwanted attention."

EXPOSED

I thought a moment about how things could get sticky fast with both of us sporting birthday suits. We couldn't go back to my hotel, nor could we stop at a store and buy something. "If we don't see the clothes," I said while studying both sides of the dirt road, "what are we going to do?"

We were back on blacktop by now. "It's not far to my place. We can both find something to wear there."

"You plan to walk to your door naked?"

"I live in an old farmhouse surrounded by lots of land. My driveway is long—and private. No one would notice if I sang 'God Bless America' naked while twirling sparklers."

Tru swung the car wide around a junker that was parked half on the road, half on the shoulder. The car probably had broken down, and I wished its owner luck on such a cold night. "I don't know whether I want to go to your house with you," I said, visions of slashers in my head. "How do I know you didn't engineer the whole stolen-clothing thing, just to get me to your house to do stuff to me?"

He chuckled. "You willingly went with me to the Pine Barrens to have hot sex, so I've already done stuff to you. What more could I do?"

I leaned away from him. "You could kill me and bury my body on your farm. Or you could do butt stuff to me."

"For Christ's sake," he said, "do you really think I'd kill you? If so, I'll be happy to let you off at a nearby Wal-Mart, not far from my home. I have to admit, though, doing butt stuff to you has me intrigued." He placed his hand on my pussy and fingered me. "Maybe this butt stuff makes you hot. Does it make you hot?"

Riding in a car naked at night can really mess up your head. I found myself quite excited at the prospect of doing butt stuff with Tru. I have to admit, it's my third-favorite fantasy, after sex in the woods and other varieties of exhibitionistic sex.

His fingers stroked my clit. "Damn, you *are* hot to do butt stuff.

EXPOSED

Want to visit my bedroom before we get dressed?"

I leaned back in the seat, eyes closed, enjoying the ripples of pleasure Tru's fingers produced. "I think I'd like that."

Hey, this was a vacation to do all those things I'd never done, but wanted to. And, not for the first time in my life, I longed for a man to invade my back passage. The mental aspects of it got me hot.

He took his fingers away. "You really should open your eyes. The drive to my home is pretty."

After we passed through a security gate—"Can't be too careful," he said—we rode on gravel, trees overhanging the narrow way. The house that was at the end of the gravel was dark, wooden, and appeared to be hundreds of years old. It should have looked foreboding, but the bright, motion-sensitive lights made the place about as scary as Disney World at noon.

"It's a genuine cedar log cabin farmhouse," he said. The expression he wore made it clear he loved the place.

"How many acres do you have?" I said.

"A hair over forty. How about you stay in the car while I open the front door? I'll leave the car running so you won't get cold, and I'll bring out something for you to wear."

"Sounds good," I said. While he was walking to the front door, I let my gaze rest on his massive shoulders, trim waist, and to-die-for butt. Looking at his butt turned my thoughts to my own, and exactly what I might want him to do to it.

I have to confess that I'm not very experienced when it comes to sex other than the standard stuff. I've spent a lot of my time growing my career and having "convenient" boyfriends, often not much more than glorified fuck-buddies. I'd thought I was in love in my late-twenties, but he'd turned out to be nuts. So much for love.

Now, though, I found myself intrigued by Tru: a professional gambler, a hot, inventive sex partner, rich, and smarter than I'd figured

EXPOSED

him to be. What's not to like?

He's a catch, my inner manhunter told me. Don't kiss off this one.

Yeah, like he's really in the market for marriage, my inner party gal sneered. Enjoy the screwing, but you'd be a fool to expect more.

After a time period long enough to make me wonder whether he was coming back for me at all, a clothed Tru trotted to the car. He got back inside to hand some sweats to me. "Here, put these on. Then I'll turn off the car and we'll go inside. Forget the bedroom—I have a fire burning in the living room and a bottle of wine open, if you'd like to take your time."

He helped me slide my arms into the sweatshirt, sneaking in a few tickles of my nipples—God, but the man knew his way around a breast as well as a pussy. As I shimmied the sweatpants up over my hips, I said, "I've got nothing but time until I have to head home on Monday. Have any cheese to go with your wine?"

"Tell you what—we'll have a snack. I wouldn't mind a bite myself. Then, afterwards, we can enjoy ourselves in front of the fire. Sound good to you?"

He took my hand to lead me inside his home. I can't say it was the type of place I expected a professional gambler to live. For one thing, he had antiques—not spindly-looking stuff, but massive pieces that were obviously genuine wood, and obviously old. The wooden floors were wide-planked hearts of pine, and the area rugs were the plushiest-looking braided ovals I'd ever seen. Everything was classic, in warm yet muted colors, and looked expensive as hell.

"Somehow, I didn't figure you for an antiques kind of guy," I said, marveling at his living room. The enormous hearth was stone, and it held a huge fire behind the glass.

He poured a glass of merlot, offering it to me. I sipped it and enjoyed the warmth of the fire while he vanished to locate food. When he came back, he had water crackers and two different kinds of

EXPOSED

cheddar, along with a pear and an apple.

“Wow. It all looks good.” I cut a piece of the sharp cheddar to nibble. “Fabulous,” I said. “Thanks.”

He sliced the apple and pear. “It’s fuckin’ delicious with the fruit.” When he noticed that my glass was almost empty, he refilled it. “So. Tell me about yourself.”

“What’s to tell? I study and calculate risk at a very small company. We have a wide variety of clients. I own a condo. I like good food, good wine, and good sex. So far, you’ve hit my personal trifecta.” I drank. “How’d you get started gambling?”

He shrugged. “I started playing cards for money in high school. I continued to hone my skills ’til I was old enough to play in the casinos. I’m a local, grew up in Vineland. Everything I own, I earned. Once I started making real money gambling, I decided to write a book about it. It’s on its third edition, pretty popular.” He stood, stripping off his sweats. “The fire’s making me hot. Do you mind?”

Mind? He was the best-looking hunk of manhood I’d ever seen close up. “No, I don’t mind.”

He lazed on a comforter he’d placed in front of the hearth, completely naked and completely comfortable with it. His cock was rigid and tempting. I tried not to stare at it.

“You a Jersey girl?”

“Uh-huh.” My nipples were so hard, they hurt, and every time I moved, they brushed against the soft interior of the sweats. That gentle rubbing didn’t exactly feel bad. Damn, I wanted to dispense with the small talk and fuck again. “Grew up in Bergenfield, went to Rutgers, got a degree in math. Started working for an insurance company, networked, and ended up in my current job, which I love.”

“What about men?” he asked.

I drained my glass and kept my eyes averted. “What about them?”

“No offense, but you don’t seem like you get fucked much. You

EXPOSED

were a wild animal in the woods. You especially hungry for sex tonight, or do you always screw like it's your last night on earth?"

I didn't know what to say, exactly, so I said what I figured he'd like to hear. "I'm between boyfriends. I love to screw my brains out with a hot guy. And you're hot."

"Thank you." His smile edged into wicked. "Ever been in love?"

Memories of Mickey Hannigan, nutcase, surfaced. "Once. He wasn't a bad guy until he started needing serious medication on a regular basis."

"You mean, like, antidepressants?" His gaze never left mine. He appeared truly interested, not just making small talk.

"I mean, like, antmania drugs and antipsychotics." I willed memories of Mickey to vanish. I snared some more cheese and a couple slices of pear. "I've worked hard to advance my career, and doing so hasn't left me a lot of time for boyfriend-hunting. How about you—ever been in love?"

"I thought I'd die of unrequited love in high school—I wasn't as good-looking as I am now." He grinned. "I was a nerd. Never got *any* pussy until I was eighteen, so I worked hard at making up for lost time after that. I figured maybe I was in love twice since high school, but once the fucking got old, *pfff*." He made a shooing motion with his hand. "I guess not. Not really. Mostly, I fuck. I really love to fuck."

Gee, tell me something I don't know, I thought.

"Tell me more about this guy," he said. "I don't know if I want to fuck a woman who has a psycho ex."

"He's on medication now. Besides, he lives in a group home a hundred miles from here." I flipped my hand. "Mickey was a great guy—smart, funny, sexy."

"I'm starting to feel a little intimidated by Mr. Wonderful, but go on."

I put my hands on my hips. "Look. You wanted me to tell you, I'm

EXPOSED

telling you.”

He smiled. “Just jerking your fucking chain. Chill, babe.”

I took a deep breath before continuing. “Mickey kind of lost touch with reality for a long while. He’d always experienced exaggerated highs and lows—one memorable manic moment was when he bought plane tickets for us to fly to Minneapolis for dinner.”

“Actually, he sounds like a fun guy. Spontaneous,” Tru said.

“Maybe to you, but he couldn’t really afford such things. Besides, you fly to Paris—or maybe L.A.—for dinner, but *Minneapolis*? Anyway, he went over the edge, was hospitalized, none of the meds they tried worked, the future was bleak. So I gave the ring back to his parents, and that was that. They agreed that Mickey seemed permanently lost, and that I should get on with my life. It took me two years to reach that conclusion, by the way. I didn’t just toss him aside when the going got rough.” I shut my eyes against the remembered pain.

Tru stayed silent, so I decided to finish the story. “Last I heard, a new drug had finally made Mickey sane enough to become an outpatient and live in a group home. He even landed a job as part of a cleaning crew. But he’s a shadow of the man he was. He was an engineer. Now he’s a janitor. Christ.” I reached for the wine, poured, and drank a glassful straight down. “End of story. I’m depressed.”

He patted the comforter. “I’ll bet I can cheer you up. Why don’t you take off those clothes and join me here? Come tell me your favorite fantasy.”

“We just did it,” I said. “In the woods.” I still felt mopey.

He gripped his erection and ran a hand up and down it. “Get those clothes off and come over here.”

The order, from someone else, might have offended me. From Tru, with mischief sparkling in his eyes, it was simply cute. I set down my glass and stripped.

EXPOSED

“Fuck,” he said, “you’re so hot.” He held out his arms, and I joined him on the floor. He held me for a while, whispering, “I’m sorry I made you tell that story. What happened to your old boyfriend—and you—sucks. But I’m going to take your mind off it all, babe.”

With that, he kissed me, for a long time—so long, in fact, that I broke away first. I love to kiss, and boy could Tru kiss. He knew exactly what to do with his tongue, and when.

After the exquisite oral sex he’d given me in the woods, I figured it was my turn to reciprocate. I licked my way down his body, one hand gently massaging his balls. When I put my mouth over his cock’s head, he groaned. “That’s fuckin’ great. Mmm.”

I sucked his entire length into my mouth, running my tongue up and down his cock. After only a minute or so, he lifted my head. “Hey, I’d rather come while I fuck you. And you’re so damned good at sucking dick that I’m going to come that way, unless you stop right now.”

He positioned both of us so that his mouth was on my neck, finding all my sensitive places to lick and suck and nibble. When he turned his attention to my breasts, my cunt clenched with need. Tru had this way of sucking a nipple that sent thrills straight to my pussy. He inserted two fingers up my cunt and positioned his thumb on my clit, stroking me inside and out while his teeth lightly bit my aching nipple.

My head floated from the wine and the foreplay. I could taste cheese, wine, and him, and the smell of the fire roused something primal in me. I ran my fingernails down his back and whispered, “Fuck me now.”

He lay down and winked. “Climb aboard, babe.”

I knelt above him, placing his cock in just the right place before sliding all the way down to his hips. Then I moved up and down, my fingers teasing my clit. He reached out to roll my nipples between his fingers, tugging on them when my rhythm grew faster.

I stopped. “Something wrong?” he asked.

EXPOSED

“I’d like to try something—me on top, facing away.”

A grin split his face. “I wouldn’t mind staring at your sweet ass. Be my guest.”

I was reluctant for his cock to slide out of me, but the idea of trying a new position with him spiked my lust. When my back faced him, I sat down on his hard length, and gasped. His cock was exactly the right size and shape to maintain constant friction on my G-spot. Before long, I was bouncing up and down, jamming him inside me, crying out as my cunt pulsed and my mind left the planet. When I finally came back to earth, Tru was gripping my hips, controlling their motion, and making a lot of noise.

I stayed upright until I could tell he’d softened, then lay next to him. Neither of us said a thing while we lazed in front of the hearth, snuggled in the softest, thickest down comforter I’d ever been wrapped in. I dozed off, I think, because the next thing I remembered was the sound of breaking glass. Tru came alert instantly. He grabbed a poker from the hearth and muttered, “Stay here.”

CHAPTER 2

As soon as he left the room, I slipped the sweats back on and located my purse. I'd make a run for it if I had to—though how I was going to run across a lawn and through the woods in three-inch spikes, I had no idea.

Tru came back, cell phone held to his ear. "I'd like to report a crime," he said. "Someone threw a rock through my window, and there's a threatening note wrapped around it. Plus, it looks as if my tires have been slashed. Would you send somebody, please?" He listened for a moment. "Truman Madison, 1400 September Road, in the county. Thanks."

I picked up the comforter and hugged it to me, a little freaked out. "What now?" I said upon seeing the storm clouds on his face.

"Some asshole has decided to harass me, I guess. My dining room window has a big hole in it, so I need to get something to close it up. The note attached to the rock that came through the window says that

EXPOSED

I'm "playing with fire" and that I need to give this person some money or some unspecified bad thing will happen. No contact info—it's practically a clone of the note in the car. Guess I'd better go get that note, too."

He turned to leave, and my hand shot out to stop him. "Tru, somebody might be waiting for you to come out of the house. They could have a gun, a knife, you don't know. Let's wait for the police to show up."

"I guess you're right." He stepped into his pants. "On second thought, maybe I'm better off not mentioning the note left on my car. What we did in the Barrens tonight broke the law, I'm sure." He slipped his sweatshirt on, and what he said was muffled by it.

"What?" I said.

His head reappeared. "I said, I need to call the security company, too. I don't have sensors on any of my windows. I guess I'll have to take care of that soon. Whoever it was must have climbed the fence, because no car could have gotten through my gate without triggering an alarm. Damn, I guess I forgot to set the outside motion detectors after we arrived." He grinned at me. "I had more important things to think about."

"If you don't mind, let's straighten up this room a little. No need to advertise to the police and to your security company that we've been fucking like bunnies." I folded the comforter, placing it at one end of the brown suede sofa.

"Good idea." Tru gathered up the wine glasses and bottle. "I'll put these in the kitchen and start a pot of coffee. Bring the cheese board and all the rest, if you don't mind."

"No problem," I said, snapping instantly into Pragmatic Lauren Mode. When there's a chore to be done, you can rely on me to pitch in.

He'd called the security company, and was about to pour coffee for both of us when a buzzer erupted. "That's the gate. I have to let the

EXPOSED

cops in. Would you please take care of the coffee?”

Ever since the broken window, he'd turned back into Professor Madison, with not a “fuckin’” to be heard. I poured four mugs, grabbed a box of cookies on the counter, and put everything on a tray. While Tru was greeting the police, I ran back for cream, sugar, and napkins. I fixed my brew the way I like it—light and sweet—and offered some to the police when the questions and answers hit a lull.

“Thank you, ma’am,” the male officer said.

I opened the cookies and spread a few on the tray. “Cookies, too, if you want.”

Both of them took a cookie. The woman smiled at me. “This must have been a little scary.”

I inclined my head. “You could say that. It feels like Tru is being stalked. First the note left on his car in the Barrens, now the rock and the slashed tires.”

Too late, I realized what I'd said. Tru was glaring at me. The male officer said, “What's this about a note in the Pine Barrens? Did that happen tonight?”

I watched Tru run his hands through his hair repeatedly, obviously annoyed at what I'd said. “We were there, yes,” he admitted.

“When? Doing what?” the female officer said.

“Uh...” I said, shutting my mouth as Tru gave me a look that said, *I don't care if you are a grown woman, I'm going to put you over my knee and blister your bare bottom after the cops leave, for all the trouble you just landed us in.*

Something about that look aroused me. I have to admit that getting a spanking is in my Sexual Fantasy Top Five.

Tru cleared his throat and stepped in. “It was a romantic evening. We went for a short walk. When we came back, we found a threatening note under my car's windshield wiper.”

The male officer stared at him. “May we see the note, please?”

EXPOSED

“It’s in the car. Just a minute.”

Tru fetched the note while the officers and I waited. I bit my lip so that I wouldn’t say anything else I shouldn’t.

He returned with the note in his hand, but he held it out of reach, saying, “Look, my girlfriend and I decided to make love in the Barrens. With the full moon, it was a beautiful night. I hope we don’t have a problem here.”

“We don’t have a problem here, but *you* do. Give me the note, please,” the male officer said. Tru did so with a deep sigh.

“Please,” I said. “We didn’t hurt anyone. We were just, you know, caught by the moment.”

Tru’s glance clearly said, *Shut up now*. So I did.

The female officer was trying to hide a smile as she said, “So, this person took your clothes?”

“Yes, ma’am,” Tru said.

“Those clothes must have been left some place far from where you ended up, or you would have seen or heard the person.”

“Yes.” He crossed his arms and planted his feet, as if he expected a fight.

“And you had the foresight to bring your valuables and keys with you?” the male officer asked in a way that implied, *I can tell you’ve done the outdoor sex thing before*.

“Actually, we locked everything valuable in the car, except for his keys,” I said before remembering I was supposed to *shut up now*. Tru flashed me another warning look.

“So much for being caught by the moment,” the officer growled, but he was also having a hard time hiding his smile.

“Look, if there’s a fine or something, I’ll gladly pay it,” Tru said. “And if it all had ended with this person stealing our clothes, I wouldn’t have called the police. But a rock with a threatening note crashing through my dining room window and the slashing of my tires turn this

EXPOSED

into something more serious.”

The security company guard arrived then. We sorted everything out with the police, who basically wrote a report and told Tru to call if he experienced more incidents. The male officer handed Tru and me each a ticket for public lewdness in the Barrens, saying, “You can pay the fine by mail. It’s probably better to stay out of the Barrens at night.”

“We will from now on,” Tru said. “Absolutely.”

After the police left, we went through a similar song-and-dance with the security guard. The guard wrote a report, and Tru said he’d call on Monday about getting his windows wired. Once the guard left, Tru waited a few minutes for his vehicle to clear the gate, then activated the outdoor motion detectors. After that, he found some polyethylene and duct tape, and covered the hole in the window.

“There,” he said, “the broken window’s no longer sucking all the heat out of the house, and no one will be able to get within fifty feet of this place without triggering an alarm. We should be safe the rest of the night.” He regarded me, his expression stern. “I really should spank you for letting that Pine Barrens remark slip. It cost me money. Plus, I don’t like having even a misdemeanor on my record.”

I said nothing while he studied me. After a moment, he wrapped his arm around my waist and bent me over, his other hand yanking down the sweats. As big as they were, they practically slid down on their own.

His palm cracked against each cheek a few times, until I began stamping my feet against the burning sting. When his finger explored my pussy, I leaned against him, moaning. He stripped the rest of my clothing off before carrying me to his bed. Once there, he put me across his lap, saying, “You need a proper spanking, if only because it makes you so fuckin’ horny.”

I didn’t have any other experience to judge by, never having been spanked before, but it did feel as if Tru would be called a hard spanker.

EXPOSED

Before long I was kicking my legs and begging him to stop in between snuffles. I also wanted him to stop because I lusted for his rock-hard cock, which was pressed against my side during the spanking.

After a final, prodigious whack that made me howl, he said, "Kneel on the bed, ass up."

Mmm, butt stuff.

But I was wrong, no butt stuff. Instead, he fucked my cunt slowly, one hand diddling my clit, until intense, thrilling waves of sensations shorted out all thought. When I regained consciousness, he panted while slamming into me, "How'd you like your spanking?"

"It hurt," I sighed quite happily.

"Good."

By then, it was his turn to come, which he did, loudly. Afterwards, he pulled me close. "Come on, let's get some sleep."

Fat chance, I thought when I recalled the cup of coffee I'd drunk. But once I spooned with Tru in bed, sleep overtook me almost as soon as I shut my eyes.

* * *

When I woke up seven hours later, the sun was shining, and Tru's hands were busy in my bush. He kissed my ear. "How's your butt?"

I rubbed it. "A little sore," I admitted, "but it's all right."

He patted my sitting area. "Want to go for it this morning? The butt stuff, I mean?"

His index finger slid into my cunt, and he spread the wetness on my anus, stroking the clenched muscle ring until it relaxed. The sensations focused all my attention on that one small area. I'd just turned onto my belly, legs spread so he could explore my puckered hole with a finger or two, when the phone rang. He picked up the cell phone to see who was calling, muttered, "Hell," and took the call.

I slipped into the bathroom to wash up and give him privacy. I figured that any phone call that made this man stop pursuing butt stuff

EXPOSED

must be damned urgent. My feelings were a little hurt, truth be told, that a phone call was more important than introducing me to anal sex.

I peeked into the bedroom. He was still on the phone, with a frown on his face. I decided to make coffee and scrounge breakfast. I'd just found the frying pan—little was in his refrigerator to eat beyond cheese, eggs, and a couple pears—and I was about to scramble the eggs when he appeared in the kitchen. The man was stark naked, and again, appeared to be quite comfortable staying that way. I wasn't about to complain—the scenery was lovely.

"Fuck, let me do that," he said, gently hip-checking me away from the stove. "You're the guest, so I'll cook. Thanks for starting the coffee." He threw an apron over his head. "Got to keep the hot grease off the important parts. Want some toast?" He reached into a drawer and withdrew a package of whole-wheat English muffins.

If a man wants to cook for me, I let him. I took my mug of coffee to the table and sat. "Love some."

The silence between us grew until he said, "Sorry about that phone call, but I had to take it."

"No explanation needed." I flipped my hand. "I realize you have a life, and that last night was just for fun."

"It was?" he asked.

"Sure," I said. "Wasn't it?"

He turned to look at me. "Is that what you want...a fuckin' one-night stand?"

I stared back. "Isn't that what you want?"

The phone rang again. "Fuck," he said. "Here, eat the eggs while they're hot." He snatched up the phone and left the kitchen. I dished some eggs onto a plate, buttered an English muffin, and sat down to eat.

I didn't know what to make of the exchange I'd had with Tru. But considering how busy his phone was on a Sunday morning, I figured

EXPOSED

I'd better be ready to leave after breakfast. I've never met a man yet who fell in love after a hot night of fucking a stranger, and I wasn't naïve enough to believe Tru was any different.

After breakfast, I was still on my own. I went to the living room to gather up my stuff before looking for him. We nearly ran into each other at his bedroom door.

"Hey, I'm sorry, but I have to go somewhere," he said, slipping on a shirt. "It really sucks for me to do this, but I'm going to call a service to take you back to your hotel. I'll pay for it. I hope you don't mind too much." He kissed me briefly. "Let me have your number?"

Yeah, like you'll really call, I thought, but I dug out a business card, jotting my personal cell phone number on the back. On a whim, I included my personal email address.

What can I say—I'm an optimist.

I held the card out for him, but he was already back on the phone, arranging my ride to Atlantic City. With a sigh and my card still in my hand, I went to his front door to wait. My wild sex adventure was over, and tomorrow I'd have to go home to my condo and my risk-free little life.

Tru joined me at the door, pulling a sweater over his head. "I'm riding to AC with you because I forgot my car has four flat tires. Give me your number now?"

I handed it over. He smiled before tucking it inside his wallet. "I'll call, don't you worry."

"I wasn't worried," I lied.

The limo he'd ordered was long, black, and luxurious. After we climbed into the back seat, he hugged me close. "I'm sorry to be a fuckin' party-pooper. That was a local Fire Department. For some reason, the Atlantic City fire guys couldn't call me directly. Apparently, one of my beachfront rental properties had a small fire, and they want me there right away. I guess there's an upside to not having a

EXPOSED

tenant right now.” His mouth nibbled my neck. “We could have some fun on the ride in.”

His hand closed over a breast, and the melty feeling returned.

What the hell.

“Sure,” I said, seeking his lips. The man could kiss, I’ll give him that. Once I was breathless, he moved his mouth south. He nibbled and licked each breast without touching the nipples until, desperate for the contact, I physically moved his mouth onto one. I heard a chuckle before his tongue and lips brought me bliss.

Our clothes seemed to fall off by themselves. Before I knew it, I had his cock in my mouth, treating him to my best efforts. When one of his hands found my pussy, he stroked me with long, liquid motions that felt almost as good as his mouth on me.

Then he lifted my head off him and put his mouth where his fingers had been, but not long. His hands on my butt, he urged me to climb on top. His thumb worried my clit while I threw my head back and rode. Pulses of pleasure overtook me, then him, and we weren’t quiet about it. Afterwards, I hoped that the driver hadn’t heard anything, though I’m sure he did. People having sex in the back of his limo was probably not unusual.

I lay down on Tru’s chest, loving the way the curly hairs tickled my face. He kissed my forehead, saying, “I should be done with this fire bullshit by tonight. Have dinner with me in your room? I’ll have something sent up that we’ll both enjoy. When do you go home?”

“Tomorrow afternoon,” I said. “My boss is expecting me Tuesday morning, and I’ll probably have a million emails to take care of tomorrow night. I need to hit the ground running the next morning.”

His hand patted my backside. “A vice president’s job is never done.”

“You got that right. I think we’re getting near my hotel. I should dress.”

EXPOSED

“You haven’t told me whether you’ll dine with me tonight, in your room.” He lipped one of my nipples.

“I’d like that,” I said, happy that he wanted to see me again. “What time?”

“Six. I’ll have a bottle sent up, then dinner about seven-thirty. Sound good? We can fuck like bunnies before we eat.”

“Mmm.” I let my lips brush his. “Looking forward.”

I thought I saw worry lines around his eyes, but he said only, “Me, too.”

* * *

I spent a lovely afternoon relaxing at the hotel’s spa, then showered and dressed. The wine arrived shortly after six. I had drunk most of it by eight. Now I was staring out the window at the ocean, the froth of the waves sparkling in the moonlight. Dinner was under silver domes on a wheeled cart, the dishes growing cold, no doubt, despite their covers.

I had no idea where Tru was. Like a dummy, I hadn’t asked for *his* number. I tried four-one-one, but either he didn’t have a land line or it was unpublished. Not that he was likely to be home, anyway.

I glanced at the clock for the hundredth time since six: eight thirty-five. My anger had turned to concern. I could believe that Tru might arrive late. I couldn’t believe he’d order wine and dinner and then stand me up.

Then again, who knew why men did what they did? I’ve had weirder things happen to me in the dating world. I thought again of Mickey, and the plane tickets to Minneapolis.

The night he’d freaked out, we were at the movies. The police had been called. Mickey then spent time in one of those places where they lock you in. I felt like a shit for breaking off the engagement, but his folks assured me they understood. The few times I went to see him, he remembered me, but he was so tranquilized, the person I knew as

EXPOSED

Mickey was no longer in evidence.

My cell phone rang, and Caller ID listed Truman Madison. I grabbed for it as if it would save my life. “Tru, you’d better have a damned good reason for not showing up—”

“Shut up, Lauren. You always did talk too much.”

I rechecked Caller ID before replying. “Who is this?”

“How soon they forget. It’s Mickey, bitch. Or did this asshole I’ve got with me fuck my memory right out of you?”

“You have Tru?” I cried. “Mickey, I mean, what the fuck?”

“‘What the fuck’ is right on the money. We’re supposed to get married, so why were you fucking this guy? I think you need to be punished, snugglewuggle.”

I took a deep breath to calm myself before I said, “Mickey, our wedding was called off a long time ago. Don’t you remember?”

“All I remember is that we had something special. Why’d you desert me, Lauren?”

God, talk about feeling like a shit. “Mickey, honeybunny, I’m sorry. I’m so sorry. But you were so sick for so long—” I swallowed hard. “What are you doing down here? Does the group home director know where you are?”

“I’m not a criminal!” he shouted. “I don’t have to ask for permission to follow you to the shore.”

Pieces began to fall into place. “Mickey, did you steal our clothes and throw a rock through Tru’s window last night?”

He giggled. “The blue dudes told me to do it. They told me he needed to die for fucking you, stealing you from me.”

“What blue dudes? Mickey, you’re not taking your meds, are you?” I asked, clammy fingers of anxiety gripping my stomach.

“Fuckin’ bitch,” he said. “It’s your fault they stuffed me with drugs. I don’t feel like myself when I take them. So I threw most of them away, except for a few I saved for this asshole.”

EXPOSED

The sound of someone in pain frightened me, and I realized that Mickey was hurting Tru.

“Stop that and talk to me,” I yelled into the phone. “I want to understand what’s going on.”

He laughed his crazy laugh again. “Looks like your new fuck-buddy isn’t so tough. He looks good, though, with red dripping down his chest.”

“Mickey.” I pulled on my own hair in frustration. If Mickey was off his meds, I had no clue how to prevent him from doing anything. Somehow, he’d gotten a car and followed me. That was the only explanation that made sense.

“I saw him kiss you and put his hand on your ass. You never should have left me, snugglewuggle.”

The menace in his voice panicked me. Not knowing what else to try, I went for sex. I dropped my voice an octave, turning it husky. “Hey, hey, honeybunny,” I said, “how about I come see you so that you and I can get busy. I’ll bet you haven’t had a decent blow job in years.”

My stomach turned over at my attempt to seduce him, but sex was the only way I figured I could manipulate Mickey into doing what I wanted.

“The blue dudes say I shouldn’t trust you.” His voice was mean.

“Aw, c’mon, honeybunny.” My voice grew huskier. “I’ll even do that little thing that drives you wild while I suck you. It’s been too long, Mick. Let’s drop that loser off with the police, and go fuck our brains out, like we used to.”

I figured the silence on his end meant I was succeeding. “Mickey, I’m really, really horny, and no one licks my pussy the way you do. I need you to suck my little clitty, please.” I allowed a hint of a whine to enter my voice. “Please, please, please, honeybunny, lick me ’til I come over and over and over again.” Maybe I was laying it on thickly, but my desperation to save Tru wouldn’t let me stop. I didn’t want his

EXPOSED

blood on me.

“Huh,” Mickey said. “I need to punish you first, snugglewuggle. You’ve been bad, fuckin’ this guy. I’ll whip you, then we can fuck.”

Shit, where had that come from? Mickey had been pretty straight when it came to sex, back when he was sane. “Yes, you should take down my panties and spank me for being such a bad girl with another man. Spank me until I cry, honeybunny, then fuck me hard. Please do it for your little snugglewuggle.”

“Damn,” I heard Tru say, “you’re one kinky gal. I like it.”

Then he screamed. My heart raced faster than his Porsche ever could. “Mickey!” I yelled. “Mickey, you bastard, all that sex talk was meant for you, and you alone.” Pouting now, “Don’t you want to do me?”

Insane giggles in my ear. “Just thought I’d torture the cheating asswipe with tales of what he wouldn’t be getting tonight. Not unless some gangbanger romances his ass in a jail cell. Tell me again what you want me to do to you.”

I had to swallow the revulsion rising in my gorge while I cooed, “I want you to whip my ass ’til I cry, make me suck you off, then have you suck my clit ’til I scream. Then I want you to fuck me so hard I won’t know if I’m going—or coming.” That last was a little inside joke we’d enjoyed. “C’mon, fuck my cunt, it’s starving for your huge dick.”

Mickey did like dirty talk back in the day, so if that didn’t reel him in, I was out of ammo. I was also about to puke just imagining Psycho Honeybunny laying hands on me.

“You just jerkin’ my chain?”

“Honeybunny,” I managed to choke out, “tell me where you are. I promise you a big, *big* surprise.”

Yeah, like how I was going to turn him over to the cops and rescue Tru. Just call me Super Actuary.

“I think you need your ass reamed,” he said. “Not just regular

EXPOSED

fucking. You need something that will hurt, because I want you to hurt like I do.”

Tears burned behind my eyes. I couldn't help feeling sorry for Mickey and his pain.

“When those aliens stuffed shit up my ass,” he continued, “it hurt like hell. I think a good whipping and ass-fucking will teach you a lesson. Plus, if we do it here, I get to make this asshole watch while I ream you. Okay. You come see me.”

Even though his talk scared the bejeezus out of me, I realized he was going to give me his address, which I could relay to the cops. “Mmm, sounds like a plan, honeybunny. Where are you?”

He told me. I cooed at him some more before disconnecting. Then, I called nine-one-one to explain the situation and give them the address. The operator sounded skeptical, but assured me that two officers would meet me there.

At least I was already dressed to seduce Mickey, tarted up as I was for Tru, though I prayed I wouldn't have to execute the ass-fucking part of my plan. Anal sex with Tru was a sexy idea. Anal sex with a psychotic sounded like a nightmare.

The address turned out to be one of those scary, scummy side streets you find in AC far from the glittering casinos. The cab driver insisted that I didn't want to be left alone in the neighborhood. I insisted that I did, knowing it wouldn't be a good idea to wait in the cab for the police. Mickey would know something was hinky if he saw me staying inside an idling cab. And I was positive the little maniac was watching, probably with a knife to Tru's balls. Mickey wasn't the kind of guy who'd cut another man's throat. No, he'd go for the family jewels. And I rather liked Tru's package, not to mention the rest of him.

The cab driver roared off. I straightened my shoulders and marched to the door. The buttons used to buzz each apartment looked as if they hadn't worked since Dubya's father was President. Not that it

EXPOSED

mattered—someone had propped open the security door. I went to the first-floor apartment at the end of the dim, smelly hallway and knocked.

Mickey jerked the door open, grabbed my arm, and hauled me inside. The harsh lighting made me blink. Tru was displayed in a jury-rigged spotlight, tied to nails in a wall, blood all over his face and torso.

Our glances met briefly before I averted mine. If I was going to play the part, I couldn't think about him or what might have happened to him. I forced my lips into a rictus of a smile, kissing Psycho Honeybunny on the cheek. He had a three-day growth of beard and smelled like a dump. I saw another guy, tied up and passed out in a corner. Who the hell was he, and what the hell was going on?

"Mmm," I said, cupping Mickey through his jeans, "I've missed you, honeybunny, me and my hungry cunt."

He shoved his hand up my skirt and his tongue down my throat. I sure hoped I wouldn't catch anything from his mouth—or hands. I fake-moaned as if I were ready to rip his clothes off.

"God, I can't wait to fuck your ass," he said when he came up for air. "In fact, I think I'll fuck it right now." His hands jerked my panties to my knees before he jammed a fat finger up my ass. It hurt, but not too much. His other hand rucked up my skirt to my waist, then unzipped himself. When his cock was freed of clothing, I realized how very much I did not want him inside me at all, in any location.

Trying not to wince as his finger continued fucking my ass, I said, "Mickey, honeybunny, remember, I've been a very naughty girl. Very, very, very naughty. Wouldn't you like to spank my nasty ass before you fuck it? Bet you can't make me cry."

Inside, I cringed at the dare, because God only knew what he might do to me. But I figured a hard spanking was better than an ass-reaming.

He removed his fingers. "Did I ever whip you when we were together, Lauren? I can't remember. The fuckin' drugs and the fuckin' docs erased all the good times from my head."

EXPOSED

He sounded so distraught that pity moved me. When I raised my hand to touch his cheek, he put his hands on either side of his head, and pressed. "Shut up, just shut up!" he yelled.

Jesus. I felt sorry for the guy, but he scared the crap out of me. If the police didn't get here soon, both Tru and I were fucked, and not in a good way.

He shook his head, blinked twice, seemed surprised I was there. "Lauren." After a moment, he pointed to his left. "Strip. Then stand in that window. I want to show the world what a hot chick I'm boning up the ass."

My gaze flicked quickly to Tru's. Despite the pain in his eyes, I thought I saw the barest hint of a wink.

His wink gave me the courage to put on a show for Tru. Call it my own personal statement that it was him I wanted, not Psycho Honeybunny. I moved my hips to an imaginary piece of music, grinding and wiggling while I removed my clothing. Mickey hooted his approval, masturbating himself while he watched. Once I'd gotten down to my thigh-high stockings and heels, he said, "Stop there. Now go show off in the window, you whore. You're almost as hot as that fire I didn't set."

Huh?

"Did you call this morning?" I said.

"No, Steve did." He nodded in the direction of the passed-out guy. "You wouldn't believe how easy it is to get information on the asshole you fucked. I mean, everyone in this town knows him, knows what he owns and where he lives."

I was completely confused, but figuring everything out wasn't tops on my list at that moment. I stood there dumbly while Mickey walked up to me and slapped my face hard enough to rock me back on my heels. "I told you to stand in the window, bitch!"

My cheek hurting, I pressed my front to the window. When I saw

EXPOSED

the two officers get out of the cruiser across the street, I bit my tongue to keep from giving them away. But I jerked my head slightly, to the back of me, so they'd know they had the right place. The two men stared at me briefly, then nodded. They crept toward the side of the building.

"Bend over, bitch," Mickey said behind me.

Oh, God, don't let him see the police!

I bent over, wincing when he jammed two fingers up my ass. "Know what? I think I'll fuck your ass before I beat you. Or maybe I'll fuck it a little, then whip you with my belt, then fuck some more." He removed his fingers, and I heard the tinkle of a belt buckle. "Or maybe I'll whip you, then fuck you. Decisions, decisions." He let one of his loony laughs rip.

I turned my head to see what he was doing, and was rewarded with a slash of doubled-up leather on my thigh. It stung enough to make me whimper.

"Keep your eyes forward, whore."

The leather landed again, this time on my ass, and tears welled. I'm such a chickenshit when it comes to pain. Two more licks and I was sobbing loudly, bouncing from foot to foot.

"Won't stay still for Mickey, will you?" he said. "In that case, maybe it's time I poked that cute little ass of yours. I plan to fuck you hard enough to make up for all those other men you've been fucking. So, if you think you're crying now..." He cackled.

Where are the goddamned police?

His hands gripped my ass cheeks to pull them apart. The head of his cock pressed against my puckered hole. That was when the door splintered open. Mickey let go of me, saying, "Huh?"

That was all he managed to say before the police cuffed him. I wanted to slump to the floor with relief, but it was even dirtier than Mickey.

EXPOSED

“We need a bus, two men hurt,” one of the officers called for an ambulance while cutting the ropes holding Tru. I ran to him, sobbing in earnest, and not from the welts on my bottom. “Tru, God, what did he do to you?”

A weak smile played across his mouth. “Nothing I couldn’t handle, babe. Though I’m glad the cavalry arrived before he—”

I knew he meant before Mickey forced anal intercourse on me as well as before Mickey killed him. “Shh,” I said, holding him while still naked, not caring the paramedics would see me like that, not caring his blood was smearing all over me. Once they arrived, I threw my clothing on, ignoring their curious stares.

“Can I ride with him?” I asked while buttoning my blouse. Before one of the paramedics could tell me no, Tru said, “You’re damned right she’s riding with me. She saved my fuckin’ life.”

One of the medics blinked. “Truman Madison? Wow, I have your book.”

“Yeah, well,” Tru said, “it must be your lucky day. It sure as fuck isn’t mine.”

CHAPTER 3

While I waited with Tru in the ER, we pieced the story together. Mickey had told him he'd been following me for a couple of weeks. We figured he'd gone off his meds and left the group home around that time. Probably no one had bothered to find him because he'd never been a violent patient—until now, anyway. Mickey had seen Tru kiss me, had seen me leave with him, and followed us in his car. His junker was the vehicle I noticed half in the road when Tru and I were leaving the Pine Barrens. Mickey had followed us to Tru's home, probably with his lights off, scaled the fence, and thrown the rock with the note. It had been dumb luck on Mickey's part that Tru had forgotten to set the property's motion detectors.

Mickey had found an old buddy of his, the guy he'd called Steve, who hung around a local fire department, and had convinced him to call Tru Sunday morning to say that one of his properties had burned, though no fire had occurred. That jived with the “playing with fire”

EXPOSED

comment in the note wrapped around the rock, and Mickey's comment about the fire he didn't set. I imagine Mickey had told Steve he'd get money from Tru, because it was Steve who knew all about Tru, his money, and the locations of his rental properties. Steve had given Tru some good reason—he couldn't remember what it had been—why the Atlantic City Fire Department wasn't calling him, but Steve was.

When Tru had shown up, Steve had lured him to Mickey, who shot him up with Ativan, a tranquilizer he'd apparently hoarded. The two had piled Tru into Steve's SUV and taken him to the deserted apartment. Once Steve had helped get Tru inside and tied up, Mickey had needled Steve full of Ativan, too, then tied him up. He hadn't hurt Steve, just used him and knocked him out with the drug. Then he'd cut Tru, on his torso and on one cheek, apparently just for giggles.

God knew where Mickey had gotten enough money to do all this, and to escape detection. If he'd been following me for weeks, why the hell hadn't I noticed?

I had no answer to that one. I was simply glad the whole mess was over, though I felt guilty. Mickey never would have followed Tru if it hadn't been me he'd walked out with. Tru told me not to be silly—the guy was insane, and none of what happened was my fault.

"Besides, I'm going to have a great scar on my cheek. I'll look dangerous, and the ladies will love it," Tru said with a pained grin.

I tried not to feel jealous about these unknown ladies he wanted to impress.

Several hours later, the ER released Tru into my care. Though he required stitches in the places where Psycho Honeybunny had sliced him, and some ice for a bump on his head, he wasn't seriously injured, and the family jewels were untouched.

Me, I could hardly wait to touch them.

He came back to my room with me, where he took a shower. I stripped, wanting to join him, but he stopped me. "Washing up's going

EXPOSED

to be a bitch with all these cuts—doc said not to get them wet. Rain check on the shower sex, babe,” he said.

So I waited my turn, showering while he slipped on one of the room’s robes and ordered fresh dinner from room service. I also donned a robe, and, a short time later, room service brought us dinner. If you can call anything that you eat at two-eleven in the morning dinner.

After our meal, Tru undressed me tenderly, as if I were the one with injuries, and made love to me. After Mickey’s rough handling, a gentle touch was comforting. I guess you could say we took a rain check on raw, pounding sex, too.

We lay in my bed for a while, then he kissed my damp forehead. “Any chance you could take another day or two off from work?”

I hesitated, and he loosened his hold on me. “Don’t worry,” he said. “I’m a big boy. If you don’t want to see me again, I’ll certainly understand, considering what you went through with that scumbag. Your memories of me are probably tainted.”

“It’s not that,” I said. “More like, I’ve only been in love once, and I managed to pick a huge loser that one time—tonight’s scumbag was my fiancé.”

“Mickey?” he asked. “You were in love with *him*?”

“Yes.”

“Why?”

“Believe it or not, at one time he was normal,” I said tightly. “Anyway, I swore off love. We can be friends with benefits, if you want.”

I could see his smile in the dark, because his teeth gleamed. “Who was talking about love? I just want to fuck you as much as possible. Friends with benefits works for me.”

I risked my life for him, offered up my virgin ass to an insane man for him, and he’s not talking about love? Men! my inner manhunter

EXPOSED

snorted.

He's hot. Who cares? Besides, I was the one who mentioned friends with benefits, my inner party gal said.

I slid down his torso, my tongue avoiding the injured places. When I put the tip of his cock in my mouth, he placed his hands on my head, murmuring, "Yeah, friends with benefits is gonna work out just *fine*."

For some reason, that depressed me.

* * *

I returned to work on Tuesday morning, completely fucked out, though I did stick around the AC hotel through dinner Monday night. All I'm going to say is, Tru has a very persuasive tongue.

I had no idea whether I'd ever see him again. I twitched every time my office or cell phone rang Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, only to be disappointed. No Tru. I didn't want my chest to ache the way it did when he wasn't the person calling me. He was supposed to be just a fun fuck, damn it, not a lover, but my stupid fucking heart had apparently decided it wanted him.

On Friday, I was ass-deep in risk calculations and grabbing bites of a tuna sandwich in between number-crunchings when my phone rang. I was so absorbed in my work I'd forgotten about Tru. "Risk Management, Lauren Donovan."

"How's my favorite actuary?" he said, and my day went from black and white to color in a flash. I couldn't help smiling. "She's doing great, but she misses her favorite gambler. How are those cuts healing?"

"They're fuckin' itchy," he said. "I hate the itchy stage of healing. And stitches. I hate stitches."

"Me, too. What's up?" I raised my index finger to my boss when he poked his head inside my office.

"I have a different itch I'd like you to scratch, an itch that's much more fun to deal with, and no stitches are involved. How's your

EXPOSED

workload? Can I see you tonight?”

“Uh,” I stammered, my boss staring at me while memories of sex with Tru flooded my mind. “I’ll have to call you back, all right?”

“I’ll send you an email,” he said before disconnecting.

My boss, the Dowling in Dowling and Dinwiddie, didn’t take much of my time, but what he wanted me to finish did. It was 6:00 P.M. before I remembered Tru’s comment that he would send me email. I accessed my personal account and found something from Gamble2Live. I almost deleted it as spam until I realized the email was from Tru.

*Meet me for dinner at seven at Chanterelle, Harrison Street.
Don’t worry about bringing any clothing. I’ll supply
everything, including the surprises.*

Seven. I sat back, dismayed. Rush hour on a Friday night, and I had less than sixty minutes to get from Teaneck to southern Manhattan. Not to mention the lack of parking I’d encounter if I took my car, so I didn’t—I called a car service. Riding to Manhattan in a Lincoln Town Car was a luxury in which I’d never indulged before then, but I figured it was the best solution.

Hell, I might as well enjoy my vice-president’s salary—I work hard enough for it.

The things we do for lust.

We pulled up in front of the restaurant at six-fifty-nine. I tipped the driver well for getting me there by seven.

Tru was waiting for me, a smile on his face, a smile that promised a very long, very enjoyable evening. He handed me a small, expensive-looking gift bag after we kissed hello.

“How did you ever get a table here on Friday night?” I asked.

“I play cards with the owner. Open your gift in the ladies’ room, not

EXPOSED

here.”

After we were seated and had ordered, I did as he instructed. I sat inside the bathroom stall and stared at the two small, egg-shaped objects. They were remote-controlled vibrators. I knew the smaller one was supposed to go where the sun doesn’t shine, because it had a base to keep it from disappearing up my back passage. Tru had thoughtfully provided a tiny packet of lubricant.

I walked back to the table, feeling strangely full. As soon as Tru spotted me, the vibrations started.

I was grateful they weren’t too noisy.

I spent dinner in quite a state, with Tru turning each vibrator on or off as he pleased, using the controls in his coat pocket. It was like having sex in public while fully dressed, with no one around us the wiser. The head trip drove me nuts.

Two hours later, we sped north to the Marriott Marquis in midtown Manhattan. I wanted to fuck in the limo, I was so excited, but he wouldn’t hear of it. We did, however, neck like sex-starved teenagers. Tru sucked my nipples until I thought I was going to come just from that, but he seemed to know exactly when to stop so that I didn’t. My luck to find a guy incredibly tuned in to my body, and then use that knowledge against me. Sort of.

Once we’d checked into the hotel, I was on Tru as soon as the room’s door shut behind us, removing his clothing eagerly enough to tear off a button. He grasped my shoulders to hold me at arm’s length. “Slow the fuck down. I have something special planned for you,” he said, grinning.

I was not amused. “Screw ‘something special.’” Since he wouldn’t let me remove his clothing, I began removing mine. Again, he stopped me.

“No. I promise you, it will be worth the wait. Want to see a movie?” he said, picking up the television’s remote.

EXPOSED

“Oh, all right.” I hadn’t sulked in twenty years, but I was sulking then. I sat on the bed, my arms crossed.

Tru loomed over me. His arms were crossed, too. “Would you like a spanking? If you don’t want one, stop pouting.”

I thought about it. I exaggerated my pout, knowing he’d get the message.

He sat on the bed next to me and put me over his knees. After he bared my butt, he reached in his pocket to activate the two vibrators. I moaned as his palm rubbed my sitting area lightly before smacking it. The sting, combined with the vibrations—my position over his lap meant one of the vibrators was pressing against my G-spot—made me even hornier, something I didn’t think was possible. I squirmed and sighed while his palm continued slapping my lower buttocks. When he touched my clit with his finger, I jumped. “Jesus,” I said, “touch me like that again, and there won’t be any way I can wait until later. At a certain point things will happen, regardless of my will.”

He spanked me a couple more times, fiercely enough to make me wince, then stood me up, saying, “*Now* take off your fucking clothes.”

I stripped lightning-fast, breathing hard. Finally!

No, not finally. He had lingerie for me in his suitcase. “Put these on, and cover them with the robe in the bathroom. Wear your business heels, too. I had to guess at sizes.”

I picked up the bra, little more than a shelf for my breasts. It would leave my nipples bare. I stared at the crotchless panties. I had never seen stuff like this, except at Frederick’s of Hollywood.

“Yes, the stuff came from Frederick’s,” he said.

“You’ve got to stop reading my mind,” I said, eyeing the garter belt and black-seamed stockings. “Very retro. The Jersey City location?”

“Yep.” He settled into an armchair, his hands behind his head, watching me dress. The kinky lingerie fit perfectly, but made me feel strangely naked, similar to the way the egg-shaped vibrators made me

EXPOSED

feel incredibly full despite their small size.

“Come here,” he whispered. “Don’t put the robe on yet.”

I went to him, positioning my feet on either side of his legs. He gripped my still-warm bottom and pulled my hips forward. When his tongue slid between my inner lips, I came, despite my wish not to. Once I’d quieted down, he removed his mouth. “That’s the shortest cunnilingus session on record. We should call the *Guinness Book* people.”

My orgasm had been sharp and intense, but I didn’t feel satisfied. “Let’s fuck now,” I moaned, bending over to touch him.

“Nope, my turn.” He stood. “Now you sit in the chair.”

He moved close to me, his legs between mine. I unzipped and reached inside his trousers, and his eyes closed when I touched him. My eyes beheld an unbelievably hard cock. I licked him like a lollypop, but after a few swipes, he pressed my head so that he engulfed my mouth. I sucked and licked, enjoying the sensation of his velvety skin. He came almost as rapidly as I had.

“Wow,” he said. “Fuckin’ great. Thank you.”

“You’re welcome.” I swirled my tongue across his cock’s head, but he moved back. “No more right now. But soon. Put the robe on and watch a movie with me.”

I did as he asked. Though I was intensely curious about what he had planned for after the movie, I said nothing. He poured us each some wine, and we cuddled together to watch—of all things—“Sleepless in Seattle.”

I had to work hard not to cry.

When the credits rolled, he glanced at his watch. “It’s time.”

I looked, too. “At 1:00 A.M.?”

A silk scarf from his bag appeared in his hands. “Let me blindfold you.”

I let him.

EXPOSED

He led me out of the room, still in the robe and lingerie. After a short walk, we stopped. I heard the chime of the elevator, and guessed we were taking a ride.

The upward momentum got me thinking. About to say something, he beat me to it by not saying a word. Instead, he reached under the robe, put three fingers inside me, and removed the vibrator in my cunt.

Then he removed the scarf from my eyes. I goggled to see how high up we were, for the elevator was made entirely of glass. Then it hit me. I goggled at him.

“That’s right,” he said, “we’re going to have sex in this see-through elevator. I paid someone a great deal of money for five whole fuckin’ minutes with the elevator stopped, once we go a little higher. Soon we’ll stop at a completely empty floor.”

I leaned against the rear glass wall, facing the door, so that all most folks could see was my back. Tru undid my sash, groaned something like, “Jesus, you’re hot,” and waited, finger on the STOP button, for the precise moment to press it.

He had another finger on another button—mine—and it was puffy and slick with arousal. He worried my clit another few seconds, then hit the STOP button. I’d already unzipped his pants to maximize our time.

We rocked to a standstill. My big, strong man lifted me as if I weighed—well, less than I weigh—and slipped inside. I wrapped my legs around his waist, starving for his cock. I held on to his shoulders and leaned backward, the better to give him access to my breasts. He sucked each one intensely until they turned as hard as pebbles. His thumb between us, it was a repeat of the position we’d used in the Pine Barrens—only this time my back was against a glass wall, not a tree trunk.

“Look to your left,” he murmured while he fucked me slowly but forcefully. I did, only to meet the startled gazes of a couple in a neighboring elevator. Most of me was hidden by my robe or Tru’s

EXPOSED

body, but I knew what we were doing was obvious to them. In fact, I think they were a bit aroused by it, for I saw them kiss, the man's hands on the woman's ass, before they descended out of sight.

Knowing we'd been seen sped up our fucking until we slammed together powerfully, not caring if anyone saw us, but feeling incredibly turned on that someone might. I replaced his finger with my own on my clit, and, somehow, Tru had the presence of mind to activate the vibrator up my ass. That extra bit of sensation pushed me over the edge. I was screaming without words, banging myself against him, frantic to feel every last millimeter of his cock inside me.

Forty-three floors above the lobby, screwing my brains out with the hottest man I'd met in years, I was flying. I came forever, the tingles rushing all the way down to my toes and up to the top of my head. I sort of noticed that he came around the same time. About a century later, he lifted me off him. I didn't want to let him go, didn't want his cock to leave my cunt. I'd seen stars with this man. Leaning against him with a sigh, I said, "I lo—"

Stop! My inner party gal ordered.

I swallowed the rest of the word I'd almost blurted out. I knew better than to introduce the "L" word into a fuck-buddy relationship. I cursed myself silently, because I knew I'd wanted to say it because it was true—and because it was Tru.

He pulled out the STOP button, placing the elevator back in service, and pressed OPEN for the door. He whipped out a key card, and moments later we were inside the biggest hotel suite I'd ever seen.

He closed the door, then pushed me up against it. His hands kneaded my ass, and his cock was rising. "Now, what was it you said? 'I luh'? What's 'I luh' mean?"

"Uh, I was going to say I lust for you."

Yeah, he's really going to believe that.

"You were, huh?" He lifted me so that I could slide him inside

EXPOSED

again. My legs hugged his waist. He felt like the perfect size, created especially for me. He carried me to the bed, which I noticed was turned down and strewn with pink rose petals.

I felt disoriented. I had no idea what we were doing in the suite, and I said so while he expertly boned me in the missionary position.

“Babe,” he gasped, “this is where we’re spending the weekend. The other room was just a warm-up. I’ll have our things sent up—*later*.”

“Weekend? No, I have to go in to the office. I have all this work—”

I stopped talking, because he was riding me high, and the orgasm shorted out my brain.

* * *

Sunlight peeked around the edges of the black-out curtains. I stretched like a cat, rolling back and forth, savoring the delicious feeling of having been utterly satisfied by a man.

I looked around, but Tru wasn’t in bed. I spotted my purse, briefcase, and clothes, though. Yawning, I checked the time. Almost ten. I’d slept like the dead.

I got up to investigate, and found him sitting in the living room completely naked, reading the *Times* and drinking coffee.

“Hey, sleepyhead,” he said, dropping the paper when he noticed me. “We have a lot to do today. Have some breakfast. After you eat, we’re going to have amazing shower sex. I want to cash Sunday night’s rain check.”

I’d grabbed his hand by the time he’d finished the sentence, saying, “Fuck breakfast. Fuck me instead.” So he did. And he was right—it was the most amazing shower sex of my life. He entered me from behind, using the shower wand on my clit while we fucked. If the pulsing water had given me an orgasm that was any more intense, I think I’d want to check into marrying the damned thing. For sure I was going to buy one for my condo.

After we’d used the shower for its intended purpose—to wash—I

EXPOSED

ate toast and drank coffee while naked, as if this were the most natural state in the world. Which it is, I guess. It certainly felt natural around Tru. The man loved to traipse around bare-assed.

"Here," he said, tossing something thick and soft on my lap. "Today's clothes."

The items were the hugely oversized sweats I'd worn at his home that first night. I looked at him in disbelief. "No. I can wear the suit I wore yesterday. I look like crap in your sweats."

He kissed my forehead, his fingers causing my legs to spring apart like magic. "No. You're going to wear the fuckin' sweats. And the sexy underwear. And your shoes, of course. I'm going to wear sweats, too, with my dress shoes, just like you."

"But they're *your* sweats, so you look good in them. I look fat and sloppy." I shook my head. He knelt before me saying, "Please? Pretty please?" his fingers doing a wild dance in my pussy. I sighed. "Maybe."

"I'm going to suck your clit until you say yes," he said before bringing his mouth into the argument. As I've previously noted, Tru's mouth is extremely persuasive. Before long, I was moaning, "Yes." All right, I was really moaning, "Yes, yes, yessss, ohhhhh, yessssss..."

I donned the kinky undies, the sweats, and my pumps. The crotchless panties pressed against either side of my mound, effectively plumping my pussy so that the middle seam of the sweatpants rubbed my clit with my every step. Walking had never been so much fun.

Downstairs, he hustled me into another limo. I couldn't help saying, "Are you a gazillionaire? I mean, I know you're rich, but do you always take limos everywhere and sleep in suites?"

"No," he said. "I figured these things would make you happy, and I just want you to be happy. Besides, fuck, the salespeople at Harry Winston might not let me in the door if I arrived in a plain old taxi or Town Car."

EXPOSED

“*Harry Winston?* As in, *the* Harry Winston company, jeweler to the rich and famous?” I stared into his eyes, not believing what I’d heard.

“Of course. Tiffany’s is for the fuckin’ *hoi polloi*.” He smiled. “I never repaid you for saving my life. You’ve got a set of brass ones, babe, and I admire that. So, you can pick out whatever you want at Harry’s, on me.”

I shook my head. “I couldn’t possibly. The cheapest pieces they sell probably cost more than my yearly salary. Not to mention, you don’t have to repay me.” I turned my head, pretending to look out the window, awash in sentiment, feeling the damned love I didn’t want to feel. “I can’t really say it was my pleasure, but if I had to do it again, I wouldn’t do anything differently.”

“You exaggerate what Harry’s pieces cost. But don’t worry—I’ve already told them not to show you anything that costs more than twenty grand.”

I whipped my head around, only to see him shaking from suppressed laughter. “I’m kidding! You can look at everything they have, and choose what you want, even if it costs a few hundred grand. I don’t care. It’s only money, fuckin’ money.”

When we arrived at the Fifth Avenue building, no one said a word—no one at Harry Winston even blinked—at our weird attire. I found myself gaga as a man brought out more and more for me to see. In the end, I had to admit that the piece I liked best was a ruby and diamond ring in eighteen karat gold. Red looks good on me, and ruby is my birthstone. When I hesitated, Tru said, “Out with it. You want the ruby ring, right?”

My mouth dropped open. “How the *hell* do you do that?”

“Do what?” he said as the man left with Tru’s black American Express card.

“Read my mind?” I was getting cranky, a sure sign I felt out of control.

EXPOSED

“You’re easy to read,” he said. “Remember, I gamble for a living. If I couldn’t read other people pretty well, I’d be bankrupt.”

The man came back with the card, and gave the ring box to Tru. He opened it and slipped the ring on my left hand.

“Uh, Tru, wrong hand,” I choked out.

No! No! No! my inner party gal cried.

Yes! Yes! Yes! my inner manhunter crowed.

He blinked. “Is it? Sorry about that.” He shifted the ring from my left hand to my right, and a stab of disappointment made my heart hurt.

Jesus. I was *so* in love with this guy, and I had to admit it, at least to myself.

As God is my witness, I will never see him again.

Yeah, right. Good luck keeping that vow.

After Harry Winston’s, he took me shopping for some very high-end lingerie and shoes, which I modeled for him back in the suite. That lingerie stayed on my body maybe twenty seconds before he tore it off to fuck me in three different—and rather exotic—positions. All I’m going to say is, go check *The Joy of Sex* and *The Kama Sutra* for details.

Dinner on Saturday night was at an expensive, exclusive place I’d never heard of. Then again, I don’t normally drop five hundred dollars on dinner and wine. That night, we didn’t fuck—we made love—and I bit my tongue so hard it bled, to keep from saying, “I love you.”

Tru? He cuddled a while, then turned over and snored peacefully, damn the man.

Sunday morning, I awoke with his mouth on my pussy. At his urging, I rolled onto my stomach, and he fluttered his tongue across my anus. The pleasure intensified when he poked me with his rigid tongue. But when he tried to insert a moistened finger, I tensed. “I’m sorry. I’m just not ready,” I whispered. “Is there something else I can do to make you happy?”

EXPOSED

“Yes,” he said. “Come with me to the windows.”

He pulled back the drapes, the coppery morning sun bathing our skin. I leaned against the window, my back arched, jazzed that someone might be watching Tru fuck the stuffing out of me. Which I knew he was going to do, sooner or later.

He knelt, licking my pussy until my thighs trembled. His tongue slid once more to my anus while his fingers played with my clit. Sensation began to overwhelm me. Conscious thought no longer existed—I was a body, a body that my lover was toying with for my—and his—intense pleasure. I dimly noticed that he’d inserted a finger up my back passage, and I just as dimly realized I was fucking said finger enthusiastically. Then it was two fingers, then three. I rutted for all I was worth until all his fingers, the ones inside my back passage and on my clit, wrung from me an orgasm strong enough to make my knees buckle. Fortunately, leaning against the glass the way I was, I didn’t fall. At some point, Tru removed his fingers from my anus, and slipped his cock inside my cunt, his other hand still massaging my little nub. I wasn’t paying much attention to anything except the tremors of satisfaction the man was producing in me. He slammed into me hard, shouting when he came, and knowing that I helped produce such a response warmed me inside and out.

When my breathing had returned to normal, and his cock had softened and slid out of me, I noticed the ruby ring. I didn’t remember putting it on. What’s more, it was on my left hand.

Tru placed his hands on my breasts, rolling my nipples between his fingers. I felt his cock, still wet, stir against my bottom as he said, “I ‘luh’ you.”

“Nonsense—ohhh,” I moaned when pinched my nipples.

“Say it, Lauren.”

“This is not an engagement ring,” popped out of my mouth.

He laughed. “Of course it’s not. Though that’s not exactly what I

EXPOSED

wanted to hear you say.”

The pressure I sensed against my anus excited me. Figuring he planned to put his fingers up there again, I leaned farther forward and spread my legs more, urging him with little yelps and groans. The fullness I felt, the stretching I felt, made me realize that something bigger than his finger was sliding in.

“Don’t,” he said when I tensed. “You know you want it. Butt stuff makes you so fuckin’ hot. It’s time we finished what we started a week ago this morning.”

I didn’t like him talking about finishing something, but the sex took some of the sting out of his statement. He never rushed me, and the sensation of painful pressure that caused an ache deep inside me gave way to ecstasy. With one of his hands on my breast and the other playing with my cunt and clit, I came one more time, the spasms shaking my whole body. I arched my back, thrusting hard, the early morning sun bathing us both in its golden glow.

Tru placed his hands on the window, one on either side of me, and fucked my ass for an eternity. I had no more orgasms—I was wrung out—but I didn’t complain at how long it took for him to climax. I also didn’t complain that such a prolonged ass-reaming was starting to hurt. Instead, I met his force with equal force so he could jam his entire length inside me. I sweated with the effort, reveling in the fact that this man was moaning my name. When he finally came, I thought the earth was moving, he shook so hard.

He leaned his head down, softly biting my nape. “Leave it,” he whispered.

“Leave what?” I thought maybe his cock had shorted out his brain. What the hell was he talking about?

“The ring,” he panted. “Leave it on your left hand.” He thrust himself up my ass one more time, punctuating his demand.

My stomach was jittery, my heart thudding against my chest wall.

EXPOSED

Afraid to ask, I did anyway. “Why?”

“Because I ‘luh’ you. Because you’re going to be mine. Hell, you *are* mine, regardless of where we each live, or whether we ever get married. Say it, Lauren. Say the goddamned fucking words I know you’re aching to say. Your body told me how you feel, but I want to hear the words.”

When I didn’t speak, he wrapped his arms around my torso and nipped my neck, hard. I yelped in surprise, feeling the love bite send a jolt of current to my clit.

“Say it,” he repeated. “Or I’m going to spank you, right in front of this window, exposing your red ass to all of New York. Then again, you like exposure. It’s one of the things I love about you.”

My eyes stung from conflicting emotions. I opened my mouth to leap into the unknown, quite a gamble for this risk-averse actuary. “I ‘luh’ you, too. But just because I said it doesn’t mean I don’t want a spanking.”

He laughed and slipped out of me. “I’ll get the chair. Then I’ll make your buns the toast—as in, piping-hot toast—of New fucking York.”

CHAPTER 4

March

“Tru,” I said, “I have a meeting. I have to go.”

“Are you doing what I asked you to?” His tone purred over the cell connection. I had a Bluetooth headset on, leaving both my hands free to comply with his request.

“Yes,” I moaned. “Oh, yes, I am.”

I was in my office with the door closed. I was late for a meeting, and knew that at any moment my boss could open my door and find me with both my hands up my skirt, masturbating. I was leaning back while sitting behind my desk, my legs splayed, one hand slapping a dildo in and out, the other teasing my clit with one of the egg-shaped vibrators.

“Listen to me,” he murmured. “You’re going to come, but you’re going to do it in front of one of your windows.”

EXPOSED

“Nooo,” I said, yet all the while moving toward the window as he’d directed. “Someone will see me. I’ll lose my job.”

“You won’t, I fuckin’ promise. Now, on the count of three, you’re going to come on command for me, sweet cheeks. One.”

I was standing before a third floor window, but I was still sweating bullets at the thought that a client—or a staff member from another office in the building—would look up and see me working a giant dildo in and out of my pussy. I cast my glance around the parking lot, noticing the daffodils. With nicer weather on its way, Tru and I would be able to indulge in outdoor sex more.

The ventilation system kicked on, and cool air tickled my pussy. The vent was in front of the big window, where I was standing. I straddled it, loving the way the breeze enhanced my sensations.

“Two,” he murmured. I looked down, and spotted a familiar Porsche in the back corner of the parking lot.

Huh?

“Three,” he said, in stereo, just as my office door opened. I had pressed the vibrator against my clit and was now shuddering in the throes of an intense orgasm. I was also freaking out, because I knew someone had entered my office. But when I whipped my head around, Tru’s smiling face greeted me. He flipped the lock on my door before hugging me from behind, my hands still buried in my pussy.

“Sex with you will never be boring,” I said, removing the dildo from my cunt so that he could insert his cock. I shut my eyes, sensing another orgasm building when his erection rubbed my G-spot. I teased my clit with the vibrator again while thrusting my hips, murmuring, “My boss is going to wonder where I am, and why my door is locked.”

His arms wrapped tightly around me, he fucked me hard from behind, and groaned something.

“What?” I said.

He groaned again, jamming his cock in and out faster than I’d

EXPOSED

thought humanly possible. “I said, I’m your boss.”

“Maybe sometimes in the bedroom,” I gasped, “when we play certain games.”

“You don’t understand—oh God.”

All talk ceased while we came together. My legs turned rubbery afterwards, and all I wanted to do was lie down. Sex with Tru always left me feeling like a wet rag—but a completely satisfied wet rag, exhausted in the most wonderful way.

I checked my watch, the sun glinting on the ruby ring I’d worn on my left hand since that fateful Sunday morning in New York City. I was now fifteen minutes late for the meeting, yet no one had come knocking. Strange.

He pulled out. “I ‘luh’ you, Lauren.”

“I ‘luh’ you, too,” I said.

Slapping my bare bottom twice, he said, “Put your panties back on.”

I stepped into them while talking. “It’s so weird that neither Dowling nor Dinwiddie has come to my office. Oh, God, maybe I’m already fired and don’t know it,” I fretted. I rubbed my sex-scented hands with some waterless cleaner before running my fingers through my hair, frantic to look normal and not as if I’d just had my brains fucked out. Which I had.

“Trust me, you’re not fired.”

“How the hell would you know?” His attitude was beginning to annoy me. “Besides, you’ve got more money than God. However, I still need to work for a living.”

“I still need to work for a living, too, because I just invested most of my capital. I bought out the two Ds, babe, so you’d better not fail me. That’s what today’s meeting was going to be about.” He sat in my desk chair, tugging me onto his lap. “But I like my way of informing you more than enduring a bunch of talk in a stupid fuckin’ conference

EXPOSED

room.”

Holy shit. “I work for you now?”

He grinned. “Yes, you work for me now, and you’re going to show me the actuarial ropes around here. You and I will sometimes telecommute from my home, and sometimes stay in your condo while we both work at the office. With only four employees besides us, it shouldn’t be that difficult to do. They’re all senior people. I trust them to do their jobs with minimal supervision. Now,” he said, his fingers unbuttoning my blouse, “teach me what I need to know about exposure, while I expose your lovely breasts. Maybe I’ll make you work naked. Or at least topless. Fuckin’ A, yeah, topless.”

He pushed the cups down, forming a shelf. I said, “Judging from what you’re doing...mmm,” I sighed, because his mouth was busy sucking one nipple to exquisite hardness, “...there’s not much I can teach you. About. Exposure. God,” I gasped, “I love it when you suck my breasts. Have I ever told you that?”

He lifted his head to move his mouth to the other nipple, saying, “Only every fucking time I suck them. Keep your mind on the work, babe, and teach me what you know about exposure—*risk* exposure.”

I shut my eyes, and explained the math behind the basics while he drove me quietly insane with lust. I hesitated only a moment when he positioned me on my desk, panties off and legs wide open, so that he could lick my pussy while I talked. He stopped only to ask questions, and the questions he asked made it clear that he was paying attention, even as one of his fingers was rhythmically stroking my G-spot.

“Tell me when you finish this topic,” he said. By now, I was gasping every few words. When I finally panted, “Done,” he sucked my clit while fluttering his tongue over it, and I came. Oh, how I came.

“Okay,” he said while I caught my breath, “that wasn’t bad. Though my college professors didn’t have such a jerky delivery. You had a hard time keeping your train of thought.”

EXPOSED

“Of course I had a hard time, with you doing your best to distract me.” Then it hit me. “College professors?”

He laughed, tweaking my nipples as he spoke. They perked up immediately. “Oh. Didn’t I ever tell you I have an M.S. in Risk Management?”

“You son of a bitch. You just did what you did because it would be fun to make me lecture you while you drove me nuts.”

He leaned over me, undoing his pants, then pushing them to his knees. “I’m all about fun, Lauren. Haven’t you figured that out yet? And taking risks is the most fun of all.”

“No,” I said when he slipped inside me, “having sex is the most fun of all.”

“Babe,” he said, pumping in me at a sweet pace, “sex and risk get me equally hot. It gets you hot, too, though you’ve never admitted it.”

“And I never will—ahhhh.” I bit my lip against the pleasure of his thumb on my clit, his cock in my cunt.

“But combining sex and risk is the hottest of all. Now, let’s talk about how I’m going to fuck you in your car once the sun goes down.”

I never would have believed a six-six hunk like Tru could bang me to heaven in an Acura sedan, but he did. Even though a security guard caught us at it. The embarrassment was such a turn-on that we stopped on our way to my place in another parking lot to have sex again, unwilling to wait to do it in my condo. Well, in my condo’s elevator. I find I have a soft spot for elevators since the fateful fuck in the glass one.

But then, I never imagined I’d find love with the man who fucked me silly while I was fully exposed to the elements in the Pine Barrens on a November night. And I’d never have found his love unless I’d been willing to expose myself to Psycho Honeybunny in that rat-trap of an apartment on a dark Atlantic City side street.

I’d also never have found his love without exposing my heart—and

EXPOSED

my ass—to him that crazy Sunday dawn in a New York City hotel suite.

Minimizing risk drains your life of its color. A life, properly lived, is full of risk.

And the love you win is worth the gamble.

BARRIE ABALARD

Barrie has worked as a radio personality, technical writer, taxi driver, bank clerk, and ad copy writer, but she's always come back to her first love, fiction writing. For eleven years, she has written for various spanking-oriented e-publishers. Her credits include the sale of over thirty short stories, several novellas, and two short novels to DisciplineAndDesire.com, for whom she writes as "Belle," and over thirty-five short stories and two short novels to CF Publications, for whom she writes as "Miss Lee." Barrie is married with a grown child and lives in one of the Middle Atlantic states, along with two persnickety cats.

You can learn more about Barrie by visiting her website:

<http://barrieabalard.com>

* * *

***Don't miss Poker Brat, by Barrie Abalard,
available at AmberHeat.com!***

Texan CJ Jackson plays poker for a living, but his heart is never on the line when he charms the ladies—that is, until he meets Kat O'Toole.

Kat prefers civilized men to poker-playing cowboys. But when CJ challenges her to heads-up play for his right to spank her soundly, she finds herself disappointed when he loses.

Can she overcome her winning streak and lasso the cowboy's heart?

AMBER QUILL PRESS, LLC

HOME OF AMBER HEAT!

QUALITY EROTIC FICTION
IN BOTH PRINT AND ELECTRONIC FORMATS

ACTION/ADVENTURE

SUSPENSE/THRILLER

SCIENCE FICTION

PARANORMAL

ALTERNATIVE

MYSTERY

ROMANCE

HORROR

DARK FANTASY

FANTASY

CONTEMPORARY

HISTORICAL

AND MORE...

BUY DIRECT AND SAVE
<http://www.amberheat.com>