

A woman with long brown hair is shown from the side, looking towards the left. She is wearing a black and white halter-neck top, black lace stockings, and black high-heeled shoes. She is standing on a surface with a large, dark, floral pattern. The background is a dense, black and white floral pattern.

loveyoudivine

HER MASKED LOVER

Marianne LaCroix

**Scanning, uploading and/or distribution of this book via the Internet, print, audio recordings or any other means without the permission of the Publisher is illegal and will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.**

**This book is a work of fiction. Names, places, events and characters are fictitious in every regard. Any similarities to actual events or persons, living or dead, is purely coincidental.**

**Her Masked Lover**

**Copyright© 2006 Marie Belle**

**Tales of The Slave Girl Edition**

**Cover art and design by**

**Nix Winter**

**All rights reserved. Except for review purposes, the reproduction of this book in whole or part, electronically or mechanically, constitutes a copyright violation.**



**Published by  
loveyoudivine 2006**

**Find us on the  
World Wide Web at  
[www.loveyoudivine.com](http://www.loveyoudivine.com)**

A decorative border featuring a symmetrical arrangement of stylized flowers and leaves, with a central floral motif and two circular floral accents at the bottom corners.

## *Her Masked Lover*

### *by Marie Belle*

“Upon a fiery horse with the speed of light, with a cloud of dust and a hearty "Hi Yo Silver", the Lone Ranger speeds on down to Silver Bullet Cars and Trucks for the best deal this side of Dallas, Texas!”

This was probably one of the most brilliant schemes for advertising Callie came up with. It might be a bit corny to use such a legendary television hero to represent her client's business, but it fit perfectly. A handsome cowboy, a gorgeous white horse, and the classic *William Tell Overture* were all symbols each Texan could identify with. Here in Waxahachie, a small suburb of Dallas, this stunt was sure to draw in clients to Silver Bullet Cars and Trucks.

And the actor she found to play the Lone Ranger was probably the best part of this deal. Robert Clayton was made-to-order sexy in a rough and untamed kind of way. He was the classic vision of this fictional hero. He stood over six-foot three inches with a muscular frame that filled out the tight costume to perfection. The light blue fabric of the shirt and pants outlined each strong bulge of sinew. The black and silver accents of the holster and boots completed the ensemble with a perfectly white Stetson and red neck bandana.

Robert was walking sex before he donned the outfit, and now seeing him atop the gallant white steed, he was a dream come true.

Callie stood from the sidelines as the director gave instructions to Robert and the crew for the upcoming shot. Robert swept off his hat to brush away some perspiration from his forehead. His silver streaked black hair glinted in the sunlight and her body reacted to the sheer magnificence of his appeal. Her pussy clinched in reaction as her heart raced in tempo.

Her eyes slowly traveled down his powerful figure and she imagined all that sinew and strength, naked before her. In her bedroom. Only for her.

Just then his steel blue eyes lifted to her gaze. Their eyes locked and a sensual smile crossed his lips. Oh, my, those lips were speaking to her of pleasures beyond a mere kiss. They were meant for all the sucking

and nibbling that she longed for. Lips that firm and sinful were built for exploring her skin, inch by inch.

She wondered how they would feel as they enclosed about her nipple and she crossed her arms over them to hide their instant reaction. They were erect by just the thought of his lips tasting them.

“Okay, let's take a shot of you, Robert, riding the horse through the isle of trucks here, then we'll break for lunch,” the director instructed.

“Sounds good. I am a bit hungry right now,” Callie heard Robert say, never breaking the eye contact with her. Oh, how much she wanted to let this masked man have his way with her body!

She smiled back at him and he winked. Perhaps it was time to throw caution to the wind and lay on down upon the casting couch with this one.

As she watched them film his ride along the rows of vehicles, all she could think of was her skin's heat burning through her clothes. Suddenly, her conservative navy suit was too stuffy and much too constraining.

His muscled back and shoulders strained against the tight shirt he wore, threatening to split at the seams if he moved a certain way. Oh how lovely that would be, to see those toned pecks burst forth for her to admire. It would be even better if she could trace the veins of his toned arms with her tongue, mapping his delicious body into her memory.

She turned and walked inside the auto dealer's building. She had to stop this sexual daydream. Images of Robert in her bedroom wearing only the cowboy hat and holster were about to make her come unhinged.

Of course, that was the purpose to hiring such a sexy actor to play this part, to attract shoppers, preferably young women, into coming down to the dealership. Robert would not only get one commercial out of this contract, he would do personal appearances. If all went as she planned, the Lone Ranger from Silver Bullet Cars and Trucks would become as well known as the Dell computer dude.

She went into a small office the dealer offered her while she worked on this advertising project. Closing the door, she was thankful for the few moments of privacy. Unlike one of the salesmen offices, this one was not encased with windows overlooking the showroom filled with brand new pickup trucks. She had one of the more private offices where she didn't have to look over the public as they walked by.

Stepping over to her temporary desk, she pulled open her laptop to check emails. Then, a knock at the door made her jump. No one usually bothered her.

She got up and walked to the door. When she opened it, the masked man she had lusted after for the past four hours stood there, still in costume, and looking damned delicious.

“Miss Smith, I wanted to thank you for the opportunity with this ad campaign. You don't know how much it means for an actor to get a break in the middle of Texas.” His southern accent washed over Callie, setting her libido into overdrive.

“That's all right, you can call me Callie. And you're welcome. Please, come in.” She motioned him into her small office. Suddenly, its air seemed thicker, heavy with his presence. His scent of soap and spice filled her sense and her panties got a bit damper.

“Thank you, Callie.” Her name on his lips sounded sinful.

“Is there anything I can help you with, Robert?” Why did she invite him into her office? Did she really want to be alone with him, a man who exuded sexual desire with a mere smile?

“As a matter of fact, yes.” He moved closer and she took a step back to try and keep a distance from him. It did no good when she was backed up into the wall in two small steps. “I've had a problem for about two weeks now.”

“Oh? A problem?” Why did his eyes have to be the color of the sea amid a storm?

“See, I've met a woman that makes me want to fuck her every time I see her. And when she isn't walking about in a slinky business suit in real life, she strolls through my mind wearing see through lace lingerie and a come hither smile.”

He leaned into her, his hands now braced against the wall, one on each side of her head. The heat poured off of his body and seeped through her clothes and embraced her.

“Sounds as if you're infatuated.” Did her voice really sound like Marlene Dietrich just now?

“Funny thing is, I think she is turned on by me just as much as I am toward her.”

“I imagine that could happen. You're a good looking man, even if you are wearing a silly 1950's costume and...a mask.” Why was the mask an extra bonus? It was a fantasy to be taken by a man in a mask...from a Spanish rogue like Zorro to the dashing hero, the legendary Lone Ranger. “Many women would want you. It is part of the reason why you were hired to—”

“Are you wet for me, Callie?” he interrupted in a low, husky voice.

“What?” she squeaked.

His lips brushed over her temple in a light stroke. "I want to fuck you so bad. I doubt once could ever be enough."

"Robert..." His closeness was sending her body into a whirl of need. Then his mouth covered over hers.

She was being kissed by an expert. His lips were firm yet yielding to hers, caressing and tender. When his tongue glided along her bottom lip, she moaned and opened to him. Her body melted into his, heat built between them in a matter of seconds. Suddenly, she felt constrained by her own clothes, wanting to bare herself to his touch, expose her skin to feel his against hers. Even her bra was too much against the pert nubs of her nipples. Tight and sensitive, she needed to get the barriers away from their bodies.

His tongue danced within her mouth, drinking her in at a slow leisurely pace. It was too damn slow...but oh so seductive. She groaned and the kiss intensified. His hand cupped her breast and his thumb teased her taut nipple through the fabric. A flow of sexual honey eased from her core. She was so ready to act out her fantasies...and for him to do the same. Maybe he would wear the holster, hat and mask for her, and let her watch him strut in her bedroom like a cowboy ready for some down and dirty fucking after weeks on the trail.

"Robert, you're...oh, yes, that is *really* nice..." He pinched her nipple and she nearly fell to pieces.

"Callie, you're so hot. Ever since I saw you at the auditions, I wanted to kiss you. I just knew you'd come alive when properly kissed." He nibbled her jaw-line and she sighed.

"I tried not to let my personal desires affect my professional decisions..."

"But you wanted me too, didn't you?"

"Yes."

He clasped her head and ran his fingers through her hair. "I'd quit this job right now if there is a problem with me making love to you." His eyes were intense as he gazed down into hers.

"You don't have to do that. The client loves you."

He seemed to consider this for a moment, then bent to her lips and whispered, "Tonight. Can I see you tonight, Callie?"

Her pussy was hot and aching. "Would you wear your mask?" At this point, one touch against her clit, she knew she'd shatter.

"Mmm, want to live out a masked man fantasy, honey? Wanna have me be your mystery lover?"

"And the hat and holster too," she moaned.

“Darlin', you're going to kill me with those little noises. So fucking sexy. I'll wear whatever you want, and do whatever you want, just as long as I get to plunge into that pussy.”

What was it about being excited and having a man talk dirty to you that upped the heat a few notches? Her only response was a moan as she closed her eyes.

He kissed her again, and she flew up into heaven as their tongue danced and their lips mingled. This was one of the most sensual moments of her life. In a matter of minute, this man was answering some of her deepest secret desires.

“Oh, fuck, I have to taste you right now.” He got down on his knees and lifted the hem of her skirt. All she could do was lean back against the wall as his fingers mapped her thighs and hips.

Nuzzling her crotch, still covered with a scrap of satiny panties, he inhaled her scent. “Better than the most expensive perfume.”

He pulled the fabric down, revealing the carefully shaved mons, hair in the shape of a heart leading down to her intimate folds.

His breath heated her already hot center, and when he touched her clit with his tongue, she clasped his thick hair and urged him to continue. A few delicate laps at her straining bud, and she came. Screaming his name, she rode out the spasms beginning at her womb and radiating out through her limbs. Her head thrown back, she couldn't care if anyone heard her cries of ecstasy.

Only as the ripples began to recede was she ware of how he held her with his hands. He balanced her body against the wall, ensuring she didn't fall amid her orgasm. Now, as recovery of such a moment hit her, she stroked his hair as he laid his head against her belly. She held him close as he worshiped her with his embrace. It was not purely sexual, but she felt there was something more behind his gentle hold.

\* \* \* \*

Callie hurried about her apartment, a temporary place for her to stay during this ad campaign. However, now that the commercial was done, she was unsure of how long she needed to remain. Her employer, Huxley Promotions, located in New York City, was already asking for her to come back to start a new project with another client.

Somehow, the whole thing made her sad. She just had an incredible day having received mind-blowing oral sex from Robert. Now, in any minute he was about to show up for a night of sex. He'd promised to bring his cowboy costume tonight for more fantasy play, but only if she wore

black lingerie. She smiled at the expression on his face when she agreed. She had just bought a black boudoir gown a few weeks ago, but never wore it. Since she hadn't dated in three months, she'd questioned why she bought it. But now she knew, she'd secretly hoped to wear it for Robert — her masked lover.

She checked her reflection in the mirror. The black gown was long and flowed in flattering ripples down her body. Its edge was lacey and the feel of the cool silk against her skin made her feel desirable. Sexy.

Running a brush through her long blonde hair, she opted to keep it down. A touch of makeup to her face brought out her creamy complexion and her deep, brown eyes. She smiled and was pleased at the overall look. Dressed to seduce. Destined for sex.

The doorbell rang, and she threw down her brush and breathed deeply. How long had it been since she had sex? A good five months, at least. And now, she was about to have the night of her life.

Padding to the door in bare feet, she peaked through the small spy hole and saw Robert out in the hall — wearing his mask and his white Stetson.

She opened the door and was met with the most delectable sight, Robert as her fantasy lover, her masked hero.

He growled and she posed to accentuate her body in the slinky gown.

“Cowboy, you looking for a place to stay for the night?”

“Yes, ma'am,” he drawled in his Texan accent. Was there anything that sounded more alluring? He strode through the doorway and took her into his arms. “I can pay you, but only through sexual favors.”

She eased closer, relishing the feel of his rough jeans through the thin silk of her gown. “Oh, that is the only payment method I will accept from you, cowboy.”

He kissed her as he slammed the door closed with a kick of his booted foot.

She giggled against his mouth. “You seem anxious to pay up front,” she said, continuing the joke.

“I don't believe in creating a debt.” He scooped her up into his arms, cradling her to his body. “Which way to the bedroom? I can't wait to count the change.”

She pointed off to the left. “I was going to order some Chinese food once you got here.”

“Later...right now, I'm starved — for you.”

“Mmm, I love the sound of that.”



“Darlin', we have a whole night of ravishing ahead of us. And I doubt I'd be satisfied even after that.”

She tried not to worry about the future. Nothing existed beyond tonight. She wanted to enjoy his kisses, relish in his embrace, and sink into his passion. There was no tomorrow. And there certainly was no leaving Texas...

He strolled to her bedroom and placed her upon the thick, silk bedspread. She was so aroused and her pussy wept with her honey, she began to squirm in anticipation.

“Can't wait, can you?” he asked noticing her restlessness.

“I want you inside of me so bad, it aches.”

He stood at the bedside and began to strip away his clothes. His shirt was first, revealing his smooth tanned skin. Muscles glided beneath its perfection covering, bulging in just the right places. When he unzipped his jeans, her breath caught. Then he was there, naked in her room, clothed in nothing but a cowboy hat and a mask. Oh, yes, the mask added that bit of sensuality to the moment.

“You're absolutely gorgeous, Robert.”

“And so are you, darlin'. You were made for me.”

He lowered himself over her, and Callie was aware of his weight dipping the mattress. His body above hers, she moaned in need.

His fingers trailed up her thigh in a gentle caress — up the outside, tracing around to the front, gliding to the apex.

She cried out when his fingers brushed her clit, straining for his touch.

“Oh, naughty girl. No panties,” he groaned as his finger worked her nubbin with light, pressured strokes. “And you're so wet.”

She grasped the comforter with her hands, balling the material in her palms, fighting to prolong her climax as he teased her clit.

Then he stopped. She was about to cry out her frustration when he lifted the silky fabric of her gown to her hips and nudged open her thighs. He positioned himself between her legs, and she could feel her cream gather in her core, readying.

“Darlin', you're making a dream come true. I never thought I'd be doing this to you.”

“Just fuck me now, Rob.” She bucked her hips and felt the tip of his cock at her entrance. “Fill me,” she begged.

Without another word, he entered her. She screamed as he pushed further into her sheath, stretching her core to accommodate his size.

Lifting one of her legs, he hooked it with his arm, and penetrated further.

“Oh, God,” she moaned. He was so deep...

She tilted her hips to meet his cock easier as he began to move in and out.

Hot steel impaled her, and she loved it. His penis was perfect. And with each thrust, she felt the connection throughout her body.

But there was something more here as they moved to the rhythm they'd set. Something more than the physical. She dared not name it, afraid of the consequences. No, this was just a moment in time, a night of ecstasy....nothing more than that.

“Honey, you feel so good, I don't think I can hold out much longer.”

Even as he said the words, she exploded beneath him. She climaxed, prodded by that cock tapping her G-spot. A hurricane erupted within the confines of her body, raging in all directions as her heart kept up with the chaos of spasms within her.

And as she cried out, he joined her, spurting his essence deep within her womb.

When the passionate storm ebbed, Callie lay with her masked lover by her side. This was unlike anything she'd ever experienced. Sure, she'd had sex with men before, and thought she'd made love a few of those times. But now, she was unsure.

Then it hit her. She'd made love for the first time in her life. She turned her head to look at the man that made her heart jump, and he was there with his eyes closed with a content smile on his face.

When he opened his blue eyes, he said, “That was incredible.”

“Yeah,” she whispered. What did you say to a man whom you thought rocked your life off its base?

“And this is only the beginning, darlin’,” he drawled in that luscious Texan accent, sending shivers through her veins.

“Promise?”

“Oh, that is a promise.”

### **Four Weeks Later**

Callie sat in her small New York office, unhappy and sick. Ever since she left Texas and returned *home*, she'd been miserable. And she knew exactly why.

*Robert.* She missed Robert.

They'd shared one night, but it was as though they shared much more. It was more than sex. It was something deeper. The whole experience tapped into her heart more than she first realized. Sure Robert was

handsome and was a wonderful sexual partner, but he had touched her soul, and now, she was yearning for him. He wouldn't even need to hold her for her to feel better just now. If he was simply nearby, her heart could begin to mend from the pain of longing.

*"Every time you go away..."* someone began to sing outside her frosted glass office door. *"You take a piece of me with you."*

Tears sprang to her eyes. The song was a classic from her teenage years, one she'd forgotten, but had always loved. Who was singing the love song outside her door? She hoped her wishes were correct.

A knock tapped upon the glass.

"Callie, open the door. You gotta see this," her secretary said in her brusque Bronx accent.

She jumped up from her desk and the pile of paperwork, and raced to the door. *Oh, please, don't get your hopes up.*

When she opened the door, she was met with the scene of the entire office standing still, as a man dressed as a cowboy, sang in the middle of the room. He wore a powder blue shirt and a white cowboy hat, complete with white pants, black boots, a red neck kerchief, and of course, a black mask. Her masked lover has come for her.

"Robert," she whispered as he continued to sing lines from the Hall and Oates love song.

He walked before her and dropped to one knee. "I can't go on without you." He reached up and took one of her hands. The immediate connection sent a welcome heat coursing through her veins. "Callie...I love you. I can't go on without you. Not now. Not ever. Marry me, Callie. I need you with me. Please, tell me you'll marry me."

Hot tears burned down her cheeks. "Robert, you goon, I love you too." She paused then added with a laugh, "I think it is time for us to ride off into the sunset." Reaching behind his head, she pulled the mask free from his handsome face. Her breath caught at his masculine beauty. And it was all hers.

He stood and she gazed up into those steel blue eyes. "Darlin', for us, it is only the beginning. Remember, I promised? And I intend to keep that promise," he said before taking her into his arms and sealing their future with a passionate kiss.

*The End*

