



PERFECT BOUND

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Eight Is Never Enough

PERFECT BOUND

BY

TRIXIE STILLETTO

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PERFECT BOUND
AN AMBER HEAT BOOK

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*Thanks to Cathy and Theresa
for helping me expand my boundaries.*

*As always, I send a special thank you to the girls.
They know who they are!*

*Old as the sands of time, potent as life itself,
an ancient relic reaches out from the past
to tempt adventurous hearts with promises of
carnal delights...and an unexpected gift...*

CHAPTER 1

“Hmm, this is odd.” Livvy peered inside the box sitting on the counter in her bookstore. She looked again at the address on the outside—Perfect Bound, her bookstore. Yep, it had been delivered to the right place, and it was from one of her most reliable book suppliers.

She lifted a thin, rather unattractive figurine out of the packaging material. Styrofoam peanuts stuck to it, her, and everything else. One touch freed the statuette of the menace. She frowned at the object. It was green, cool to the touch and kind of looked like an anorexic jade Buddha. Why would her supplier send her such a thing? To her knowledge they hadn’t branched out into selling antiques or souvenirs. Even if they

PERFECT BOUND

had, why would they send one to her?

The bell on the front door of her shop tingled, and she looked up, automatically smiling. It broadened when she realized it was Dr. Rex Hudson, her favorite customer.

He smiled in return, the dimple in his left cheek winking at her. Her heartbeat fluttered a little faster at the sight.

“Good morning, Olivia.” His deep voice resonated throughout her body.

She felt her palms sweating and resisted the urge to fan herself. He looked somewhat like Harrison Ford in *Raiders of the Lost Ark*, and his voice sounded like Harry Connick Jr., all confectionary sugar over hot *beignets* on a sultry New Orleans night. Since he’d joined the archaeology department at Denison State, the local college, more co-eds than ever were signing up for his lectures. Livvy didn’t blame them. She’d thought about volunteering for his next expedition herself this summer. But she’d have to close her store and she couldn’t really afford that.

It wasn’t just Rex’s love of archaeology and Harrison Ford looks that made him perfect. He liked to read genre fiction and was passionate about classic rock and roll.

They’d had several heated discussions on the virtues of both, and she’d loved every one. He was her dream man in the flesh. He came in twice a week—the bright spots of her life. And each time he came in, she told herself she was going to ask him on a date. Every time, she chickened out. Although every night she wished she had the courage to do what her heart wanted, Livvy was terribly afraid she was destined to

PERFECT BOUND

remain a semi-virgin—she'd had sex, but hadn't thought it anything to write home about—for the rest of her life.

Livvy didn't kid herself. She was in her middle thirties and, although her father had always called her pleasingly plump, she knew that had been just a father's blindness. She was average height, ten edging close to twenty pounds overweight, had red hair that curled like an angry elf lived in it and had too many freckles. They might have been cute when she was eight, but now they were just annoying. No wonder after several unsuccessful attempts at being a sex queen she'd just given up for lack of interest. Anymore, even giving herself pleasure was turning out to be more trouble than it was worth.

Every time she saw Rex, though, she wondered if maybe he was the man to give her a glimpse of the fireworks all the romance novels raved about.

"Good morning, Rex," she answered.

He glanced toward the box on the counter. "New books today? Don't they usually come in on Monday?"

"Yes, they do. It's from my biggest supplier, but there appears to be some kind of mistake." She moved the box away from the counter, leaving the figurine sitting alone. "Have you ever seen anything like this?"

She held the idol up. He strode over to the checkout counter and reached for it. For a second, as their hands joined over the cool jade, Livvy felt as if a strong wind was rushing through her store. Everything in front of her swirled like she had just gulped a large glass of bourbon. Was she having a fit?

PERFECT BOUND

An attack of some kind of semi-virginal nerves? Or perhaps, at thirty-five, she was suffering from pre-menopausal hot flashes.

She blinked and looked again at Rex. Strange, his eyes were usually a nice warm brown. Now they were changing color, with the brown lightening to a deep amber gold that almost glowed with a beauty she likened to those of a wolf she'd seen on the Nature Channel last week. It was almost as if he could see all the way into her soul, and what he was seeing, he wanted to inhale. She shivered, hypnotized like a doe that knew she was about to become dinner and was thrilled at the prospect.

She sniffed. There was something in the air as well.

Smoke? No, more like incense. Not some cheap teenage incense that made her sneeze, but fresh, clean and delicious. She wrinkled her nose. Her sense of smell seemed more acute than ever. Not only did she smell the incense, but also she could smell Rex — not his aftershave, but his essence. One hundred percent man, a little perspiration that was natural since it was late May, but honest and clean and definitely high-octane sex appeal.

His scent, mixing with the incense, awakened her nerves and blood, almost as if she'd been in a somnolent state until this moment. She felt her nipples hardening in her bra and the lips of her vagina swelling as if readying for sex.

Part of her—the part that had dreamed of experiencing a rare, exciting passion—was cheering. That wanton inside her was urging her to leap across the counter and grab him. The other part, the one that had never found the courage to ask Rex

PERFECT BOUND

out, was embarrassed.

After a few moments of internal war, the coward won and she started to apologize. When she looked back into his glowing eyes, she knew an apology was unnecessary. With an intuition she'd never known before, she was certain he wanted her as much as she wanted him. As the thought formed in her head, he leaned forward and lifted her over the counter into his arms.

She gasped at the thrill that went through her. She wasn't a small woman, but the way Rex lifted her, like she was a child, made something loosen deep inside her. She didn't have time to think of anything else; his lips crashed down on hers. Her mouth opened on a gasp, which he quickly filled with his tongue.

Heat. Waves and waves of heat washed over Livvy. Her arms were tight around his neck and she wasn't about to loosen them, knowing the storm of emotion running through her would overwhelm her if she didn't hold on tight.

His hands had started around her waist, but soon were cupping her butt and pulling Livvy even tighter against him. She could feel the shape of him, his hard chest under his light cotton shirt, her breasts crushed against him. She was large there and had never really thought of her breasts as being sensitive to touch. She knew differently now. Just feeling his hard contours against her made her nipples swell and rub against the fabric of her Eighteen Hour bra.

But as he balanced with her in his arms, she soon forgot about her upper body. It was the lower parts that were

PERFECT BOUND

demanding immediate attention.

“Damn woman,” he grunted. “Why are you wearing so many clothes?”

She didn’t have an answer, even if she could have squeezed the words out around his tongue, which was still busy mapping out the interior of her mouth. Livvy liked kissing, but had never really thought of it as a skill. When she was able to think coherently, she’d have to revise that opinion. Rex was an expert at it. His lips weren’t too moist or too dry. He wasn’t trying to eat the face off her. Neither was he acting like he was humoring her with a little easy foreplay.

Livvy smiled around his kiss and settled in, happy to stay lip-locked for an eon or two.

When she felt his fingers against the bare skin of her breast, Livvy was surprised to discover he had removed her shirt and bra without her even realizing it.

Again, this man was perfect for her. His hands were callused from all the work he must do on his digs, but they were clean. More, they were gentle. He cupped her in his palm as he broke the kiss.

Livvy wanted to pull his lips back to hers, but recognized the wisdom of breathing, at least for a second or two.

“Beautiful,” Rex whispered.

She looked down. Blue veins trailed down to the pouting plumpness of her rosy dark nipple. The contrast of his tanned skin compared to her much whiter flesh aroused her even more. When he leaned down and raked kisses over the top of her breast, she rubbed her hand through his soft, silky brown

PERFECT BOUND

hair. He rubbed his clean-shaven cheek against the side of her breast as he blew softly over her nipple. Her blouse and bra were tossed almost carelessly on the counter. She wondered if he would think her wanton if she pulled off her skirt and panties right now.

He blew again on her nipple, a soft breath really, nothing more. It was amazing, but it was almost as if she got a little electrical buzz that shot from her breast directly to her pussy. She didn't know how it had happened, but Livvy did know she wanted to feel it again and again. She tightened her grip in his hair, hoping to urge him to do that once more.

"Do you like that?" he murmured.

Livvy wanted to answer, but couldn't get the yes that was bouncing around her mind to come out of her dry lips. Funny, they hadn't been dry when Rex was kissing her. Now, they felt like she'd trekked through the desert for thirty days.

As she licked moisture into them, Rex looked up at her face from where he was kneeling in front of her. His eyes glowed with renewed intensity, and Livvy caught her breath. He smiled and then began kissing her breast once more. This time he focused on her nipples, placing gentle little bites around the aureole before soothing the spot with kisses and licks. Her nipples grew thicker, as if they were trying to entice his mouth to pleasure them. He seemed happy to just play around the edges. Livvy craved to feel him suckle her hard.

He laughed softly, the sound like a vibrator against her sensitive skin. Goose flesh popped out all over her skin.

"What do you want, Olivia?" The gleam in Rex's eyes was

PERFECT BOUND

easy to read, even for a woman who wasn't very experienced.

Did she dare say the words?

His hands replaced his mouth, and Livvy nearly cried out at the loss. His fingertips danced across her skin. She held her breath. Maybe he'd pluck her nipples without her asking. Long seconds later, she gave in.

"Suck me." She hardly recognized her own voice. His fingers stilled again.

"Is that an order?"

Livvy drew in her breath. She didn't know how to answer. He paused a moment and then lifted his hand as if he were going to move completely away.

She didn't think she could stand it. She grabbed a shank of his hair and pulled him back to him.

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"I've never really taken orders very well."

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PERFECT BOUND

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Suddenly shy, she tried to cover herself with her hands.

“Oh, no, you don’t.” He caught both her wrists in one of his hands. “I yielded to you before. Now you will yield to me.”

“But...” Livvy began.

“No ‘buts.’ I’m in charge from now on. Can you deal with that?”

He was still, his eyes, now completely gold with his desire, on her face. She gulped. She’d read about this in some of her romance novels. Never had she dreamed she’d find herself in this situation. Could she, a thirty-five-year-old woman who’d only experienced mind-blowing orgasms by her own hand, give away all control to someone else?

“Do you mean bondage and submission?”

“Yes. It’s more about trust, though. I want you to trust me enough to know that I would never hurt you. If you trust me that much, then you’ll be willing to give me control over your pleasure and seeing to your needs. I am your master in matters of the flesh.”

Livvy chewed on her bottom lip. She honestly didn’t know

PERFECT BOUND

how she felt about that.

There was that courage issue again. Livvy looked away from Rex. Her glance happened to land on the jade figurine. It was facing them. Livvy knew it had to be her imagination, but she felt like the eyes of the figure were on them as they stood in the middle of her store.

She tried to shrug away the feeling, but it persisted, and she knew that even the statute was waiting to hear her decision.

“So what will it be?” Rex asked. “Do you trust me? Or do I walk away?”

CHAPTER 2

Livvy took a deep breath, opened her mouth. “Trust.”

He stood and lifted her into his arms, tightening his hold around her. “Thank you, Olivia. I promise you won’t regret your decision. I’ll see you get what you need.”

Livvy laughed. She felt freer than she had in a long time.

Rex led her away from the counter to a small sunken area off to one side that was a favorite spot for her customers who wanted to take some browsing through their choices before purchasing them. There was a Dagwood-style couch she’d bought from a yard sale, a deep comfortable armchair that was clean but hardly new, one bean bag chair left over from her college dorm days and her mother’s ancient bentwood rocker.

PERFECT BOUND

Rex chose the beanbag and laid her gently on her back.

Straightening, he walked over and retrieved her blouse from where it had landed on the floor in front of the cash register. In seconds he was stalking back her way, twisting the fabric in his hands as those glowing eyes nailed her in place. Without hesitation, he bound her wrists and pulled them over her head.

“Stay still. Or else,” he ordered. Muscles flexed as he pulled his shirt over his head. Brown hair dusted across his small, tanned nipples and down to his flat, incredibly cut abdominal muscles before disappearing under the waistband of his khaki-colored trousers. Her breath caught at his physical beauty.

Though he was topless, she felt exposed, vulnerable, yet need raged through her. She’d never wanted to touch anything more than she wanted to touch his chest.

Rex smiled. “See something you like, darling?” His voice felt like a soft caress against her soul.

Livvy licked her dry lips again and nodded. “Yes. I want to touch you.”

He chuckled. “Perhaps I’ll let you. Later.”

Livvy felt her pulse race at his words. *Later*. She’d never heard a sexier word.

“But right now, I’ll be doing the touching. When and where I want.” He moved closer.

It took all her control not to lower her arms, to be able to at least feel his skin, the heat, and the strength beneath those muscles. But she kept her word and instead watched, with

PERFECT BOUND

breath held, as he lay down beside her. There was a little wobbling as their weight settled on the unstable surface, but it was soon forgotten.

A gasp quick-started her lungs when he touched her over her eyebrows. He started in the middle above the bridge of her nose and feathered his way across the right one, moving centimeters at a time down the side of her face, outlining the shell of her ear and then moving down the line of her jaw. He traced his way under her chin and then up the left side of her face, giving every inch of her skin the same feathery touch that was both arousing and soothing. Each brush of his skin against hers ratcheted up the desire inside her until her heart was racing, even though she hadn't moved a muscle.

His touch was wonderful, but Livvy soon became impatient. She wanted more. She wanted faster.

He leaned forward and she could feel the ridge of his hip and the length of his erection against her side, then his chest against her breast.

She took a deep breath and held it, hoping he would start playing with her breasts again. They were heavy with need, her nipples swelled. But, damn it, if he didn't soon do more than just kiss her, she was going to take matters into her own hands.

Rex finally set his lips directly on hers. She sighed in relief and kissed him back with fervor, closing her eyes to help increase her pleasure. The memory of his hot amber gaze that reflected his desire back onto her was a drug pounding in her blood. She hoped closing her eyes would help her control the

PERFECT BOUND

need to rush to the finish. Much too soon for her way of thinking, he pulled away and her eyes popped back open.

He was grinning, a definite gleam in his eyes, his breathing as ragged as hers. "Still willing to trust me, darling?"

She nodded.

"Excellent."

He moved his hands and she saw that he was holding a piece of dark blue silk cloth in one hand. He must have picked it up when he got her blouse because she recognized it as part of the Memorial Day book display she had at the front counter.

"Since you seem to want to close your eyes, let me make it easier," he murmured, lifting the cloth so it was in front of her face. He paused, though, not moving to blindfold her immediately.

Livvy knew this was more of the trust he'd been seeking from her. She didn't know a lot about giving control to someone else, but she did know that this had to be hard for him, waiting for her to give the okay for every step. She took a deep breath. She was an avid reader, and in the slow times, she read about every subject in the world, including those physical and sexual ones she never thought she'd have the opportunity to experience. She had read a lot of erotic romance novels. Now was her best chance to see if fiction could be turned into fact.

"You're in control. I trust you to bring me pleasure," she said.

His eyes glittered with his pleasure at her words. That was

PERFECT BOUND

the last thing she saw as he wrapped the silk over her eyes.

“Are you uncomfortable?” he whispered.

Livvy shivered.

Being unable to touch had been hard. Being unable to see was amazing. Every other sense was heightened a hundred times more than she would have ever imagined.

“Answer me,” he ordered.

Somehow she managed to shake her head.

“Good. Now, remember, I’m responsible for your pleasure. You will come. I promise you that, but it’ll be when I tell you to. Not before.”

Livvy started to protest.

“Nuh-huh.”

Something pressed against her lips. She wasn’t quite certain it was his finger, but she didn’t know what else it might be. “Don’t speak unless it’s to tell me to stop. The safe word will be”—there was a slight hesitation—“jade.”

Livvy knew he was referring to the statute.

“Understood?”

Livvy nodded.

“All right, darling, let the pleasure begin.”

The blindfold was tight against her eyes. She could feel every fiber of the cloth against her lashes. Everything tightened inside her. She felt the touch again.

It moved, light as a feather, down her lips, pulling on the bottom one, then tracing down her chin and throat. She arched her head back and reached out above her. She panicked when she didn’t feel anything else, wondering how she’d be able to

PERFECT BOUND

honor his request if she was uncomfortable so soon.

Then she opened her hands and her fingers felt wood. The rocker. It was close to them. She wrapped her fingers around the rails and held on tight.

The touch moved deliciously lower in a straight line over her breastbone. Now she was arching not only her neck but her upper back as well. Livvy took a deep breath. She was ready for anything he wanted to show her.

She felt a brush of sensation hesitate in the valley of her breasts. She could feel goose flesh pebbling her skin while waiting for his next move. Where the touch was steady, all she felt was heat.

Her heart thumped away at an unsteady pace and her breathing was deep but even. So far, everything was going along like normal. Livvy felt a moment of dismay. Was this encounter with her dream man doomed to be just like all the others?

“Relax.” His order was a whisper of sound beside her ear. “There is no hurry today. Your dreams will be fulfilled.”

She took a deep breath and exhaled it slowly. He was right. She had to relax. So she thought about something else, rather than the big “O.” She focused all her available senses on determining just what he was touching her with.

Warm and smooth. It couldn't be the statute. It had been cold...until he'd touched it at the same time she held it. Then it heated like there was an internal flame inside it.

Livvy concentrated on the feeling of whatever it was against her skin, wracking her memory. What had been on the

PERFECT BOUND

floor near them that would feel like this?

One thing for certain, it wasn't a traditional sex toy. She didn't carry that kind of merchandise. He also hadn't been carrying anything when he arrived. It had to be something he'd found in the store.

Just as she thought she was getting a glimmer of what it might be, Rex moved and her concentration shattered. He had placed it against her nipple and was rubbing it sensuously back and forth against her. She felt a pulse of heat infuse her breast and an answering pulse deep inside her vagina. Then she felt moisture followed by the brush of his skin. He was tonguing her nipple, licking it and she had never felt anything so delicious in her life. She concentrated harder on the sensations washing over and through her. When he finally took her deep in his mouth, she arched her back in delicious delight. A low moan escaped her throat. Heat suffused her skin. Even if she hadn't been blindfolded, she would have closed her eyes in an attempt to hold onto these rare feelings.

She was just starting to get used to feeling his mouth being responsible for the wonderful sensations when it started to edge away. She wanted to groan in frustration. What was wrong with her? Why did she continually get close to satisfaction, only to fall short? She spoke her thoughts aloud and he stilled.

"Do you think you can't have an orgasm?" Rex asked.

"I haven't truly before," she replied. "The only way I've found any satisfaction is by using a vibrator, and sometimes not even then."

PERFECT BOUND

He chuckled lightly. She heard and felt him moving. "Trust me, you won't need that vibrator today, and I promise you nothing will be mild about what I give you."

Promises, promises. Livvy managed to keep those words to herself. She felt her skirt being removed, along with her panties, and knew she was completely naked before him. She listened for sounds of him undressing, but heard nothing.

His hands spread her legs and then she felt his breath on her pussy. She couldn't contain the sigh of ecstasy. She appreciated the thought of him tonguing her there, but again experience had been disappointing. The few times her lovers had gone down on her, they'd attacked her clit like it was a piece of beef jerky. Sometimes she tried to act like she enjoyed it, but most of the times she just pulled away and started giving head to save herself from agony. Today she tried to be patient. He had brought her delicious pleasure when he was focusing attention on her breasts, so maybe he'd take equal care down there.

She drew in a breath and waited.

And waited and waited.

"Is something wrong?" she finally asked.

"Oh, no. I'm just enjoying the view," he answered.

Livvy giggled nervously. "Enjoying the view?"

"Your pussy is a piece of exquisite art," he answered.

"Your muff is soft and silky, like the finest satin."

She felt a finger twirl around her hair, as if he were playing in the curls on her head.

"I've always wondered about natural redheads. Here it's

PERFECT BOUND

deeper, like an untouched secret. Haven't you ever romped naked in the sun, letting the rays touch every inch of our skin?"

Livvy wanted to giggle nervously again, but managed not to let her discomfort show. "Er...no. There aren't a lot of places around here that cater to chubby nudists. Besides, the sun and I don't get along too well. That natural red hair makes for a terrible sunburn and even worse freckles."

"That's a shame, then, a terrible shame. But freckles. There's an interesting thought. Next time I'd like to do nothing more than play connect the freckles with my tongue. Would you like that? Would that make you shiver or burn?"

Livvy couldn't respond. Just hearing him talk about it was catching her on fire. She couldn't fathom what it would be like to feel it.

"You know," he continued, "there are native tribes in Africa who value a woman with a round figure."

"That sounds just odd enough to be true."

"Oh, it's very true."

"Perhaps I should take a trip there sometime. I'd be a sexual hit for the single men."

"Believe me, you don't have to take a trip anywhere. I find you perfect just as you are and have since the first day I saw you."

Livvy wished now she could see his face to tell if he really believed what he was saying, but she accepted that wasn't part of the agreement. She didn't know how to respond.

"I see trusting me with your body is a bit different than

PERFECT BOUND

trusting me emotionally. That's okay. I'll earn both of your trusts. Now, let me describe to you what I'm seeing, what I'm feeling. Hopefully, this will make things easier for us both."

Livvy smiled. He couldn't see her eyes, just like she couldn't see his. She could tell him she trusted and believed him in other ways.

"Ah, that's better," he breathed against her. Her vagina lips quivered in anticipation, as she felt his fingers at her entrance, spreading her lips apart. "So pretty, such a pretty sweet kitty."

His breath touched her vagina lips up to the top where they joined.

"Your outer lips are plush and soft and pink. Not blushing pink, but like a delicious smooth, creamy strawberry milkshake."

His finger brushed against the hood of her clit, and she couldn't help tensing slightly. He seemed completely in tune not only with her moods, but her body as well. It didn't seem possible since they were merely acquaintances, but it was almost like he was a part of her every feeling, every emotion.

"My poor, beautiful Livvy. You have been ill-loved in your life. What manner of man abused you so?"

"They were..." Livvy began. She felt compelled to defend her other lovers. "It wasn't their faults completely. I'm just not very sensual."

"I see," he replied.

Then she felt his mouth on her. As with his kisses, he moved with a delicious slowness that sent ripples of desire firing through her body like warm waves. Though she couldn't

PERFECT BOUND

see with her eyes, she could hear and feel, and what she was hearing and feeling was causing vivid pictures to bombard her mind. She had never felt so wanted, so desired, in all of her life, and he did it all without ever touching her clitoris. Livvy felt the first waves of her orgasm start deep inside her. It started at the top of her head and it was so intense and involved every inch of her body. She managed to hold back her scream by biting on her bottom lip as her orgasm poured from her. She was amazed she didn't pass out.

Livvy didn't know how long she was out of it, but from the way her body was still quaking with millions of tiny shock waves jolting every nerve ending in her body, it couldn't have been long. She thought he'd untie her and remove the blindfold. She was wrong.

"That was good...for the first time," he murmured, his mouth still against her mound.

She knew she should say something, but thank you seemed so ordinary, so unworthy of what he'd given her.

"But I'm not finished yet," he added. "Remember, I control your pleasure and I want much more."

Livvy's head fell back against the beanbag chair and she tried to pull away using her fists around the rocking chair. Not out of fear, but out of exhaustion.

"Livvy, darling, do you want to say the safe word?" His voice was soft, but she heard it as if it were a yell.

She shook her head, unable to form even the most basic response.

"Good. Now it's time for me to show you what an orgasm

PERFECT BOUND

really feels like.”

Next she felt his tongue working her swollen bud like he was sucking the center out of a chocolate-covered cherry. The pressure, just exactly the right amount at exactly the right time, sent her hurtling back to the top of the pinnacle. When he inserted one thick finger past the knuckle deep in her pussy, he ordered, “Now come for me.”

Livvy lost all control and screamed his name as she came apart in his hands and mouth.

* * *

Her body was still humming deliciously when he stirred.

“Wow,” he said.

Livvy grinned. “Wow is right. I didn’t think that was possible.” She felt shy voicing her innermost thoughts for some reason. “For me, I mean. Like I told you before, I haven’t been very successful with sex. It wasn’t horrible. It just wasn’t anything to get excited about. I certainly didn’t think I could experience something like that, even though I read a lot about it.”

He chuckled. “Wait until we’re done before you make judgments.”

She felt him move and then he untied her hands and she lowered them slowly. They were tingling a bit from being stretched above her for so long. He massaged them to help return the circulation to them. Then he removed the blindfold. She opened her eyes and looked up at the ceiling of her store. She’d never studied it from this vantage point. Her view was

PERFECT BOUND

partially blocked as he moved over her, stretching out half on top of her and half beside her. She was finally able to look at him again and he was absolutely perfect. And he was completely naked. She was glad.

“We’re not done?” she asked, not quite believing it on one hand and not sure she could handle any more at this moment.

“No. Not even close,” he replied. He rolled away and sat up, then pulled her into his lap when she would have pulled away from him and covered herself. The way he positioned her, she didn’t have any choice but to spread her legs so she was straddling him.

“Now, remember, I’m in control of your passion.” He looked into her eyes, pausing as he positioned her perfectly so their sexes were aligned. She didn’t know if she could handle anymore pleasure at this point. When he flexed and his cock slid completely inside her, it felt so perfect she had her answer. “I’ll tell you when to move, when to let go. But until I do, stay completely still.”

Livvy nodded. She could stay still. Especially when her muscles felt like rubber.

He cupped her buttocks in his hands and lifted her slightly. She started to lose her balance a bit and he ordered, “Put your arms around my neck.”

She did and that gave her more stability.

“Your tits are truly beautiful,” he said.

She felt her nipples swelling and wanted to ask him to take one in his mouth. But she knew he wanted to be in charge.

He laughed. “Yes, I know, my beauties. I can tell you want

PERFECT BOUND

to be sucked, but I have other plans first.”

With no other warning, he smacked his hand over her butt cheek. The sting spread heat everywhere. Once, twice, three times he spanked with each one getting a little harder. She squirmed a little. It wasn't painful, but she was definitely getting a little warm back there.

“Oh, yes, it's just as I suspected. Your ass was meant for spanking, and I'm just the man to keep it in line.”

He shifted again and spanked her other cheek. It took every ounce of control Livvy possessed to keep from moaning. It was incredible what the spanking was doing to her. It was almost as if any spot on her body he touched had a direct link to her pussy, and she could feel her arousal growing once again.

“I can see you shivering. Are you cold?”

“No.” Livvy bit down on her bottom lip to keep from moaning. She was so close, but he was controlling how much he gave her. Through the spanking, he was managing to only keep an inch or so of his cock inside her. She wanted to take him all the way to the hilt.

“I don't think you're telling me the entire truth,” he said. “So I'll just have to discipline you more to teach you not to lie to me.”

He punctuated his words with more slaps to her bottom.

“Oh, God,” Livvy groaned. She didn't know what was coming over her. Her heart was racing, her pulse was pounding, and it felt like every time he brought his hand against her butt cheek, her clit swelled in response. All she

PERFECT BOUND

wanted to do was sink down on him and feel him as deep as he could go inside her. She bit down harder on her bottom lip, drawing a small bead of blood. She didn't care.

The muscles in her arms, still wrapped around his neck, quivered.

The muscles in her thighs and calves shook as if they were under extreme stress.

Her ass seemed like it was on fire.

"Tell—"

Slap.

"—me—"

Slap, slap.

"—what—"

Slap, slap, slap.

"—you—"

Slap, slap, slap, slap.

"—want!"

Livvy lost it. She couldn't help it.

"I want you to fuck me," she cried, tears of need pouring from her eyes. "God, Rex, fuck me hard and fuck me now."

For a half second she thought he was going to deny her. Then his dimple winked and he grinned. His hands moved from her stinging butt up to her waist and then he helped her come down hard on him, taking his hard cock fully inside her wet canal. Though his hands were at her waist in a controlling position, she knew he was allowing her to take back some of the control. She could rise up and lower herself on him again if she wanted. Or she could stay completely still.

PERFECT BOUND

Only seconds before she had thought she would nearly die if she wasn't able to thrust. Now, though, she only wanted to give him everything he needed. So she ignored the part of her that was still demanding to take control and instead remained still, his cock buried as deep in her vagina as it could go. Livvy took a deep breath and tried to keep still. She controlled everything but her inner muscles, which insisted on clenching and unclenching around his cock. He sucked in his breath and she smiled.

"Am I too heavy?" Her voice was a mere thread of sound. Staying completely still, at his mercy, was affecting her like she was doing all the heavy lifting.

"God, no," he replied. "I can't believe how tight you are. You aren't even moving, but it feels like you're riding me hard and long. Jeezus, it's almost like you *are* a virgin."

"I told you I wasn't very good at this," she said. "So, basically, I just stopped doing it."

"If you were any better, I'd be dead," he said.

Livvy flexed her abdominal muscles just to see what would happen. She swore she could feel Rex getting even larger inside her. She wrapped her arms tighter around his neck and sucked in her breath as desire rippled through her again.

"Damn, woman." He grunted, grabbing her tighter around the waist at the same moment that he thrust upward.

The pleasure was like a drug in her bloodstream. It was intense, but Livvy had a feeling there was more waiting for her, if only she could just hold on long enough to capture it, or

PERFECT BOUND

if Rex would thrust faster.

“Remember, don’t come. Not until I tell you.” It was as if he could read her mind.

Livvy’s frustration was building. “I’m close,” she said, hearing the whining tone of her voice and hating it.

“No, you’re not. Not until I tell you,” he said. “Remember, I am the master of your satisfaction through this whole experience.”

Livvy shook her head negatively. She had to have more. She could see the pinnacle just on the horizon. She bit down on her bottom lip and started to take over control with her movements.

“No, Olivia.” He lifted her completely off of him, his cock popping free of her pussy with a soft, slurping sound as her cream reluctantly set him free. Her frustration was total. “Patience. Trust me.”

“But...”

“No. I will tie you up again if you don’t. And use the blindfold,” he said.

The threat thrilled Livvy and that scared her. “No.”

He nodded. “Then trust.”

He held her gaze, and she didn’t look away. Neither did she resist. He was right. She would give him her complete trust.

After a few seconds, he smiled. The way it lit his golden gaze reached deep inside her heart and loosened some fear or insecurity she hadn’t realized lived there.

She smiled slowly at him. “You are my master. I trust you

PERFECT BOUND

to bring me desire.”

He moved then and helped her lay on her stomach. He pulled the rocking chair close again and told her to hold on.

“Don’t let go,” he said. “I promise it *will* be worth it.”

He pulled her up so she was supporting her weight on her elbows and knees. He spread her legs apart and moved behind her. He was on his knees as well. He started kissing at the base of her spine and worked his way slowly downward, paying homage to her butt. He fingered her puckered hole and she tensed when he did, despite her resolution to trust him.

“Although I’d love nothing more than indoctrinating you into the sweet pleasure of this particular ecstasy, I’m going to wait because I’m too hungry for you to be as gentle as I’d want to consummate it. But make no mistake, one day we will explore this territory, and I guarantee you’ll love it,” he said. “For now, though, we’re going to stick with the traditional.”

His fingers slid lower away from her butt to her swollen lower lips. Then she felt the hot tip of him against her and she tightened her grasp on the chair. With one push, he was buried to the hilt. The sensations were too delicious to be described. He felt huge inside her, and she felt so wanton and desired. Her nerves were so sensitive she could actually feel the tremors of his cock buried inside her, and she knew he was as close to the edge as she was.

He leaned forward so that his chest was against her butt. She felt one of his hands slide around her hips and slip inside the front. Her clit was on fire and she knew what she needed, but she also wanted to keep her promise to him. He traced his

PERFECT BOUND

finger around her button and she pressed her lips together to keep from crying. She focused on the fact that she knew he was as aroused as she was. If he could keep control, she would, too.

He started thrusting into her slow and deep. His weight on her back held her still and his finger, playing a tune that resonated into her soul, made her feel like she was strung out on a high wire above a raging river. She kept her eyes forward, even though her vision was blurring, and every time she felt she was about to come, she squeezed her hands tighter around the wood of the chair. Soon, the force she was exerting made the chair rock back and forth like it was being propelled by a jet engine.

“Hold off, hold off,” he said. “It’s going to be great. It’s going to be spectacular.”

Livvy could tell by the urgent tone of his voice and the way his hand was gripping her hip that his words were for him as well as her. She wanted to reassure him that she wasn’t going to come until he told her, but it took every ounce of energy to keep from passing out.

“Damn, I want this to last forever,” he cried, “but you’re killing me.”

Livvy gasped and finally found the strength to answer. “I’m killing you? *I have* to come. Please, Rex, make me come. Now, before I die.”

She didn’t care that she was begging. She didn’t care that she had given up all control.

“Thank, God,” he said. “Come, Livvy. Come with me.”

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As he gasped the last order, she felt his teeth on her back. The slight pain there, along with the way he used his thumb and forefinger to pluck her clit roughly, sent her rocketing into her orgasm. She screamed and things went black, just as she felt his last thrust and the way his cock jerked inside her, waves of cum filling her hole past the brim.

CHAPTER 3

Livvy became aware of her surroundings a while later. Her breathing was ragged and her nerves were still twitching, but at least she didn't feel as if all her senses were overloaded, like she had when her orgasm had hit in all its power.

Gradually she began to become more aware of things. Rex was still inside of her, though his cock was semi-erect. She could feel some of their juices leaking out of her, but couldn't raise enough energy to care. He was lying almost completely on top of her...it felt divine. She could feel the way he was taking great gulps of air as if he had just run a marathon. In way, she guessed he had, she thought with a smile.

"Satisfied, darling?" he asked. His voice was a mere thread

PERFECT BOUND

of sound, but, as connected as they were, Livvy felt like it was a shout.

“Oh, yeah. Finally I’m not a semi anymore,” she said, a chuckle bubbling out along with the words.

“Semi? Semi what?” He sounded distracted. She didn’t blame him, especially when he shifted slightly and his cock rasped against still-sensitive nerves, reawakening them a bit. Though, as replete as she felt at this moment, it might very well have been false advertising.

“Oh, remember I told you I wasn’t very good at this?” She was trying to keep her mind on the subject. When he shifted again and she felt him getting a little harder inside her, she almost lost it, though. “I always thought I was kind of a amateur, if you know what I mean. I’d had sex, but hadn’t really excelled at it.”

Rex laughed. “Only you would think you didn’t excel at this. Believe me, if you did it any better, they’d have to plant me now.”

“Well, today was certainly different. I guess you just had to be there.” She laughed. It wasn’t funny, but she couldn’t help but laugh. She felt so good, so complete, like she could take on the world and win.

“I do believe I was there this time, and that was the Super Bowl and the World Series all wrapped up in one,” Rex said. “But, if you’ll give me a few more minutes, I think we can try for a repeat, just to make certain you’ve learned everything you wanted.”

“Oh, good,” she replied. “I’d hate to be a one-hit wonder.”

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Her words ended on a gasp as he moved, pulling all the way out of her. Now she felt as lost as if she was missing an integral part of her. Before she could protest, though, he turned her over on her back and lifted her legs so they draped over his shoulders. He held his cock steady and entered her again, rooting his tip back home.

He started thrusting slow and easy, and Livvy drew a quick breath at the intensity he brought to her with such ease. When he leaned forward and began kissing her nipples, licking them and drawing them into his mouth, she sighed with contentment and held his head tightly against her. She felt the sweet tug and draw of his mouth on her, and as if her breasts and uterus were connected, he took them on a delicious journey back to the pinnacle. Livvy lost all sense of time as she enjoyed the thrill of being loved by Rex.

A long time later, they finally moved off the beanbag chair. She felt sticky all over from perspiration and body fluids. She also felt like every muscle in her body had turned to mush.

Rex laughed, making Livvy realize she'd spoken aloud. "I know the feeling. I guess, if I was a gentleman, I'd apologize for using you so roughly when you weren't used to it. I'm not, though, so I won't."

Livvy smiled in return. "Well, I would argue the gentleman part. The rest is also not a problem. It seems I like things just fine the way you did them."

"Well, thank goodness. I've been about to drown from a critical sperm buildup waiting for the opportunity to make my

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move all these months.”

“You’ve been waiting?” Livvy frowned.

“Oh, yeah. All I was looking for was one hint that you wanted us to move into a more personal relationship.”

“I’ve been wanting to ask you out for months,” Livvy said. “But I didn’t think you’d want anything to do with me. I figured you must have all kinds of exciting women in your life.”

“Hah. Ever since Harrison Ford did *Raiders of the Lost Ark*, people think archaeology is exciting. That’s until they actually go on a dig and see how boring it is.”

He leaned forward and kissed her again.

Livvy looked up. She could see the idol, which had started all this, looking down at them from where it sat on her counter.

“So, I guess I won’t be sending that guy back, huh?”

Rex laughed. “No. He is ugly, though, isn’t he?”

“Not ugly,” she countered as he reached up and brought the statue down to their level. “Unusual. I still don’t know what it’s for.”

“Well, Oriental artifacts aren’t my specialty, but I think it’s supposed to be some kind of fertility god.”

“Fertility, hmmm,” Livvy said. “One thing’s for sure...if that’s his job and he’s failed today, it won’t be for lack of trying.”

Rex laughed. “Can’t argue there. You know every culture has had something to help people with procreation. It’s a matter of survival.”

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Then he sobered. “Do we need to plan for that contingency popping up?”

“No. I’m on the pill,” Livvy said.

“Okay,” he replied.

He held the statue in both hands and looked it over. He taped a finger against the outside surface. “I don’t know what it is for sure, but I know it isn’t plastic. For one thing, it’s much too heavy.”

“You don’t think it’s real jade, do you?”

“I don’t know. If it is, I’m betting it’s worth pretty a good sum,” he replied. “But why would your book supplier send you something like this?”

“I don’t know. That’s one of the things that bothered me in the first place.”

“I doubt seriously if it’s an antiquity. First, it’s in near-perfect condition. Sadly, time is hard on things and, although it’s ugly, it looks great. We can take it to our lab at Dennison and have them analyze it, but I’m guessing it’s a modern reproduction of the actual god,” he said.

Livvy felt another little thrill of desire at his use of “we.” That was silly because he hadn’t said anything about them becoming a couple. Just because he’d wanted to hook up, or even get together for a few weeks didn’t mean he was planning on happily ever after.

He frowned as he turned it upside down and examined the base of the statue. She felt her nipples getting hard just watching the intensity he showed. It didn’t hurt that every time she saw the way his fingers stroked over the jade, she thought

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of the way his fingers had stroked over her skin.

“You know, as I look at this, I’m thinking it isn’t so much Oriental as maybe some artist’s rendering of something from the Mesoamerican Indian,” he added.

His eyes were alight with interest and intensity. Livvy felt the shock of it all the way to her bones. He was passionate about his field, and that was a definite turn-on for her.

“They should have just had you,” Livvy murmured softly.

He paused and put the statue on the floor. “I think you’re flirting with me.”

Livvy laughed and then pushed him down on the floor. He went easily and, after surprisingly little fumbling, she ended up sitting astride him, her pussy resting above his penis, on the level area of his abs and pelvis. He was starting to harden and she resisted the urge to slide down and take him inside her. She wanted to show him she could prolong the pleasure as well as he could.

“Well, Doctor, I’m sure no one ever before accused you of being slow on the uptake,” she said. “Although it took you long enough to make your first move.”

“Me?” he mocked. “You’re the one who was slow. I thought all you were interested in were books.”

Livvy laughed. She rocked and slid backwards a scant inch. She felt the tip of his cock just brush against her crack. “I would think as an academic, you’d understand the importance of books.”

She smiled when she saw the glimmer of perspiration dotting along his upper lip. She ran her hands around his

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small, hard nipples, then tangled her fingers in the hair of his chest, before trailing her fingers down his stomach and stopping just short of his navel.

“As a matter of fact, a great benefit to owning Perfect Bound is all the interesting research materials I have on hand.” She paused as she dipped her pinky into his navel. A bit distracted, she added, “Ah, an innie. I have a weakness for innies.”

She slid a fraction lower in an attempt to get her arm in a little bit better position to his navel. Now the head of him was wedged inside her crack. The feeling of his hot tip in that very virgin area got her attention back on track.

“Right...I was talking about my research. I bet you didn’t know, for instance, that I have a fairly extensive collection of erotica in the back. I’ve studied a variety of sexual techniques and positions.”

Rex’s hands gripped her waist. She hoped he wasn’t going to take control yet. She knew, given his predilection for being in command, he would eventually, but she wanted to have control for just a little longer.

“Damn, woman.” He lifted her just a little off him, then let her slide down again. It shouldn’t have felt so good since he wasn’t inside her pussy or her ass. But the thought that soon he would be choosing one for his pleasure was a powerful aphrodisiac to her. She could feel her cream gathering, her nipples were hard as pebbles and she was having a hard time containing her groans. She tipped her butt upward, moving his cock a little closer to her pussy. His moan added to her

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pleasure.

“For instance, I learned if a woman is on top when a man fucks her in her ass, it can make things easier. It gives her the chance to control how fast and how deep he goes in.”

Rex stilled. “You know I like control.”

Livvy shut her eyes. “I know. I just don’t know if I can let you have control for this. I’m afraid.”

“Afraid I’ll hurt you?”

“No. I know you won’t intentionally hurt me. It’s just you’re so large. I don’t think I can stand the pain.”

“I see. So it’s give up control or no anal sex because of my size?”

Livvy nodded. “Yes. I’m sorry.”

Rex laughed.

Livvy felt her heart breaking. Was she about to lose everything because of her fears?

“Oh, darling, you gave me more than I could have dreamed of earlier. I’m willing to share control with you. I want us to be partners, in bed and out.”

Relief rushed through Livvy. His next words though shattered the feeling.

“But I don’t want to have anal sex with you.”

“You...don’t?” Her voice stuttered on the two words. Had she misread him?

“No. Not today. Because if you’re worried at all, it won’t be good for you, and that simply isn’t satisfactory. I don’t want you to do anything any time that doesn’t make you feel extraordinary.” He pulled her so she was lying across his

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stomach and chest, her eyes in perfect alignment with his. “When you trust me completely and when we get to know each other better, there’ll be no worry. I waited for you before, so I can wait on this as well.”

Livvy saw the honesty in his eyes. He meant it. She relaxed against him and trailed her hand up and down his shoulder as she teased. “So what do you want to talk about now? Politics?”

His answer was delivered by a sharp smack of his hand against her bottom. It wasn’t too hard, but it was unexpected enough that she rocked against him. The alignment was perfect and now the head of his huge cock was nestled just inside her pussy. It had been schooled well by her professor, and the delight flooding her in anticipation was sweet. He’d been the master of her passion so far, but had gotten little in return. So she did something about it. She pulled away from him and reversed her position so her head was pointing to his feet. His cock was glistening with their shared releases. She touched it with her hand, learning the tactile shape of him. Without the blindfold, she was determined to enjoy every inch of the sight.

She’d never been much of a talker with her lovers. But Rex had showed her the benefits of oral eroticism. She wanted to show him she was a quick learner.

“Your cock is the most virile one I’ve ever seen,” she said. His hand stroking her calf stilled. She moved even closer. She knew he could feel her breath on him by the way his cock stiffened a bit. “It’s long, but it isn’t narrow. Look at how

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wide he is. Here.” She stroked across his mushroom shaped tip. “And here.” Her fingers trailed down to the base.

He grew another inch.

“They always say that size doesn’t matter. I don’t know about that, and thankfully I don’t have to worry now. I have the best of both worlds. An attentive lover who happens to have all the right tools to get the job done.”

She felt his fingers dig a bit into the skin of her legs.

“In fact, this guy is nearly perfect. Except,” she trailed off and let her fingers slowly trace their way back up to his tip, “I’ve made a bit of a mess of him. I think he needs a good bath.”

“Olivia.”

She thrilled at the timbre of his voice. It was deep, dark and sexy. It reminded her of New Orleans again. Hot, sultry, and delicious.

“Rex,” she answered, “don’t worry about anything. I’ll take care of everything.”

She moved so she was sitting up on her knees, her legs folded under her. Then she slowly, using one hand for balance and one hand to support his hard cock, began to lick him clean. She wasn’t in a hurry, but concentrated on cleaning every solid inch of him with her tongue. By the time she was finished, his hips were thrusting wildly.

“Livvy,” he groaned. “Darling, please, let me come inside you.”

She shook her head, letting the tendrils of her curls brush against his legs. “No. I want to taste your cum in my mouth. I

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want to feel your strength.”

He grabbed a shank of her hair and pulled her away from him when she would have enveloped his cock in her mouth. “Look at me,” he growled.

She did as she was told.

“Are you sure?”

“Oh yeah. Fuck my mouth, Rex. Let me take you like you took me.”

He smiled. The sight warmed Livvy from head to toe.

“Okay then, slave. Suck me. Don’t stop until my cum fills your mouth.”

Livvy went down on him and started working him slow and then faster with each passing moment. His fists in her hair held her in place and she realized he had taken control again. She didn’t mind a bit because the taste and smell of him seemed to be working like an aphrodisiac for her. Her nipples were hard and she wished she had her vibrator so she could work herself over at the same time.

“Lay down beside me.” It took a moment for her to process his words as his voice was so harsh with need. He had swollen to an incredible length, and she could tell by the tension in his balls and the way he was holding himself and her in check that he was close to going over the edge. At this point, she didn’t know if she could stop, even if he ordered it. “I can’t suck your clit because I’m afraid I’ll bite. But at least I can finger fuck you.”

Livvy moaned. His words and her own sucking action on his cock were driving her crazy inside, but she managed to

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shift and straighten herself so her butt was close to his head. Obviously it took longer than he could stand because he used his hands to pull her completely on top of him.

She released his cock to say, “Ah, that’s better.” Then she started working him again. This position was even better because she didn’t need her hands to keep his cock in place. She could play with his balls as well.

When she felt his fingers at the edge of her pussy, she stopped sucking long enough to say, “In the ass? Please?”

He didn’t demur. He took the lubrication from her pussy to lube her asshole, then dipped the tip of one of his fingers inside her.

“Damn, woman,” he moaned, whether from her actions or his, she couldn’t tell .

Livvy murmured her approval, the hum of delicious delight vibrating against his length.

That was all he needed as she felt the buildup and then he was like a volcano erupting in her mouth. He pushed his finger all the way past the knuckle into her ass and she came like a rocket as well.

A long time later, when they had both regained their breaths, he rubbed a hand soothingly down her arm. “I’ve never done anything like this in the middle of a public place during business hours,” he said.

Livvy’s eyes widened.

“Oh, my God, I completely forgot. Anyone could’ve walked in on us.” She scrambled to her feet. “I can’t believe I just did this.”

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She bent over, searching for her clothes. When she stood, clutching her T-shirt over her breasts, she noticed the look on his face. It didn't look like he was angry, but hungry. No, he looked like he was ravenous for her. She felt the thrill of knowing she was the cause of his lust rocket through her.

"Hurry, get dressed," she said. "We've been lucky so far, but I don't want to take any more chances." She hurried over to the cash register area.

He laughed, but she also heard the sounds of him moving around, as if he was hunting for his clothes. "Chances are good, chances are fun," he said, sounding like a mischievous little boy.

She looked back over her shoulder at him. The mid-morning light was shining in through the storefront windows and highlighting him. There was nothing boyish or mischievous about him. He was the picture of male beauty and strength. She wished she could rival his male beauty with her own instead of her chunky figure, then tossed the negative thought from her head. The way he was looking at her and the obvious arousal he displayed told her he didn't find anything undesirable about her.

She smiled again, feeling more desired and wanted than she had ever in her life. Now she knew what all the fuss was about.

"You know, I've wondered if it was me," Livvy said.

He paused as he was getting dressed and tilted his head to show he was listening to her.

"I've read all the romances and couldn't figure out what all

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the fuss was about.”

Rex smiled, walked over to her and started to pull her back into his arms. “And now?”

She put her hand up to hold him off. She wasn’t sure she could remember what she wanted to say if he touched her again. “Now, I’m wondering how I made it through thirty-five years without realizing this is what could happen.” She paused a moment, letting that sink in, before she asked her next question.

“Do you think he”—she pointed to the idol—“had anything to do with the way this worked out?”

Rex grinned. “I don’t know for sure. But I know one thing—we’re never getting rid of that statue!”

TRIXIE STILLETTO

“Life is a smorgasbord of men. I believe in diving in like a starving woman hitting an all-you-can-eat buffet!

“Seriously, I love men and have been fortunate enough to work, and play (thank God) with some of the most intriguing ones on this fair earth. There’s a little piece of each one in every hero I create. I’ve had all manner of odd jobs, such as waitress, cook and bottle washer for an all-night dive, truck driver, and, of course, writer. I write erotic romances because it’s much more fun to keep the bedroom door wide open.

“My philosophy in life is simple. Love what you do and who you’re with and they’ll love you in return. Come and join me as I dive into the next delicious dessert.”

* * *

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