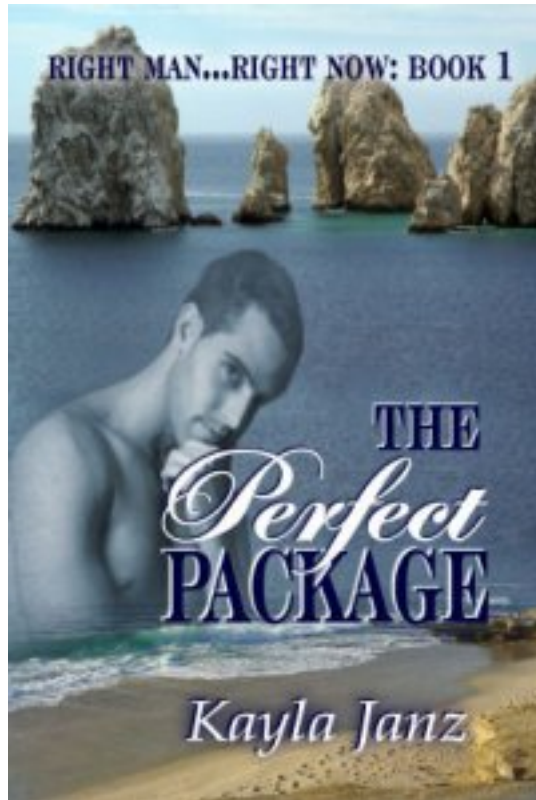


RIGHT MAN...RIGHT NOW: BOOK 1



THE
Perfect
PACKAGE

Kayla Janz

**THE RIGHT
MAN...RIGHT NOW
BOOK 1:
THE PERFECT PACKAGE**

by

Kayla Janz

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WHAT THEY ARE SAYING ABOUT *SINFUL INNOCENCE*

“Engaging characters with the heat level dialed up several notches.”

Mystique Books

“Ms. Janz is a talented writer who can build word pictures in your mind.”

May Reviews

“Fabulous. Ms. Janz has penned a sensational tale; full of true-life adventure, action, and of course, hot steamy love scenes.”

Coffee Time Romance

“Comedy, romance and a sexual heat that makes it erotica at its best. Loved it.”

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“Her characters are strong & believable. The sex is hot, passionate, steamy & all the other adjectives you can think of.”

JERR

“The sexual tension will set you on fire from the first time their eyes meet.”

Romance Junkies

Dedication

Clara Jean Hanson

6/26/45—10/1/01

I love you and miss you, Mom

Love,

Kayla

Chapter 1

Gwen shuffled papers on her desk. “Okay, Belinda, I’m going to read the ad back to you.” Impatiently, she waited while her assistant, Belinda Swanson, squirmed around, finally folding her legs underneath her in the overstuffed office chair. Gwen frowned at her from over the desk. “Are you ready yet?”

Belinda giggled and gave her boss a wicked grin. “Sorry, yes I’m ready. I can’t wait to hear it out loud. This is gonna be so cool.”

Gwen cleared her throat. “Ahem, attention men! Think you’ve got ‘The Perfect Package’? If so, we’re looking for you. Adult novelty toy company seeking well-endowed male models for an upcoming product line. Serious inquiries only please, as this is not a joke. Submit picture of erection along with contact information to: Fantasies in Form, PO Box 1127, Phoenix, AZ, 85002 Attention: Ms. Mira Minx. You *must* be at least eighteen years of age, no child pornography; we will turn you in to the police. ” She set the paper down and studied her assistant. “Well, what do you think?”

“I love it. I can’t wait to see the pics we get in the mail.” Belinda snickered, rubbing her hands together in lascivious glee.

Gwen's manicured fingertips thrummed across the mahogany desk, a sign of nervous concentration before she too broke into a large grin. "I like it, it's direct and to the point. I think it's gonna work."

Belinda uncurled her legs and slid her feet into her sandals. "I'll call the newspaper and get the ad placed for this weekend's paper."

"Thanks, Beli. I want the line started this summer and into production by fall. Just think of how many women 'The Perfect Package' will make happy this holiday season."

"I'd like a naughty blonde, blue-eyed elf with broad shoulders to bring one to me." Belinda giggled as she exited the room.

Gwen Parker, a.k.a. Mira Minx, smiled at her assistant's back. Once alone, she spun around in her chair and gazed out the window. The heat of the sun warmed her face. Closing her eyes, she basked in the bliss of a quiet moment. She enjoyed this time of day, right before the sun sank into the western horizon and the workday wound down to a close. A few minutes later, a soft knock at her door brought her out of her reverie. "Come in, Beli."

Belinda's exuberance was evident as she all but bounced across the room. "Everything's set. The ad will run in Saturday, Sunday and Wednesday's paper. Now that's all taken care of, you have one hour, that's sixty minutes, to get ready. Kendra and I are kidnapping you tonight. It's ladies' night at The Library Café, and you know how much I love the men who hang out there."

"I don't know, Beli. I'm not in much of a partying mood tonight."

"I know. I don't know what's been bothering you lately, but that's why you're being kidnapped. You don't have a choice in the matter. Who knows, you might get lucky and end up getting laid."

Gwen giggled. "I'm not looking for Mr. Right in a bar, Belinda."

Belinda waggled her white blonde eyebrows, her blue eyes bright with mischief. "Who said anything about Mr. Right? I'm talking about Mr. Right Now. Come on, I've taken the liberty of calling ahead and arranging a driver for us. All our cars stay here and we get as silly drunk as we want. We deserve it, Gwen. Fantasies kicked major butt last quarter and you know it." She leaned over the desk. "If you don't want to play, I know Mira does," she taunted. "I've talked to her when you're not around. She's your evil twin," she finished in a whisper.

Against her will, the laughter bubbled up and out. "You're crazy, you and my alter ego conspiring against me. Okay, you win. I'll go, I'll go." She put her hands up in surrender. "Give me twenty minutes to change."

"Woo-hoo!" The bubbly five foot two woman hopped off the desk and did a booty shake around the office. "I knew you'd cave. Kendra has to buy the first round. Don't be long; we'll wait for you downstairs."

"You bet on whether I'd come along willingly?"

Belinda flashed Gwen one of her famous, wicked grins and cocked her hip. "Of course, Kendra and I bet on everything. Now hurry up. There's a cheap drink with my name on it and I don't plan to keep it waiting any longer than I have to." As she clapped her hands together, she continued, "Get movin', times a wastin', lady."

Gwen shook her head, crossing the hardwood floor of her office to the black velvet curtain hiding her makeshift living quarters. Late nights at work warranted a close and comfortable bed. *Too bad it's never been used for anything other than sleeping.* She made her way to the bathroom.

Piling her curly red tresses atop her head, she stepped into the shower. The hot water sluiced across her skin, feeling delectable. The spray brought back memories of warm raindrops and passionate kisses. Closing her eyes, she thought back nine long years to spring break, in Cabo San Lucas, Mexico. There she'd met a dark-haired, dark-eyed, young man named Darrin. Together they'd spent five days and nights fulfilling every erotic fantasy either could imagine. She ran her hands across her hardened nipples and moaned. *Damn, Belinda's right. I do need a Mr. Right Now.*

A loud knock at her bathroom door pulled her back from the fantasy. She turned off the taps and yelled, "I'm in the shower. I'll be out in a few minutes."

"Well hurry up, the driver's here," came Belinda's muffled response.

"I told you I needed twenty minutes. Belinda, I've only used five of them!"

"What can I say? I'm anxious to shake my ass on the dance floor."

"Beli, get out so I can get some clothes on. The more you pester me, the longer I'm gonna make you wait."

"Wear something sexy."

"Belinda Swanson."

"All right, I know that tone. I'm going, but you know I'm right. You've got a great body and need to flaunt it while you still can."

Gwen toweled off and let her hair down. She stood in front of the mirror and looked at her naked reflection. Once again, Belinda was right. The body wasn't what it used to be, but busting her ass at the gym three days a week did keep her in excellent shape. "Okay, Belinda, sexy it is."

True to her word, ten minutes later Gwen appeared in a teal sequined tank top, a low-rise, form-fitting, long black skirt slit to mid-thigh and strappy high heels dotted with rhinestones that flashed when they caught the light. To complete the ensemble, hidden underneath her clothing, was a black lace thong and matching demi bra.

Belinda wolf-whistled and grinned. "Spin around, I want the full effect. I told you so. Mira Minx is ready for action."

Gwen laughed and rolled her eyes. "Puhleeze, Mira has nothing to do with this outfit or tonight. Her mystery and mystique is an integral part of her sexual aura. Trust me, you'll have a lot more fun with Gwen Parker." She winked at the young ladies. "Gwen has the credit cards, not Mira."

Belinda's friend, Kendra, came out of the shadows. She eyed Gwen up and down before she smiled sweetly. "Ladies, our chariot awaits us."

Gwen placed her hands on her hips. "You two make me feel, well, old. Look at you, Belinda, white blonde, petite, lookin' mighty sexy all dressed in black leather." She paused for a second and stared. "Are you wearing a bra?"

Belinda giggled and shook her perky breasts for added visual effect. "Nope, if I had boobs like yours, I might consider it. I'd kill to have cleavage like that."

Gwen turned to Kendra, the young woman had worked for Fantasies in Form for almost a year now and she

hated to admit it but discovered she knew next to nothing about the girl. “And you, all dark, smoky and sizzlin’ hot. I’ve always loved and envied the way you dark-haired beauties can pull off wearing red. I’m jealous; with this mop and my freckles, it makes me look orange.”

“Be jealous in the car,” Belinda whined, as she grabbed Gwen by the arm and dragged her out the door. “I told you earlier, I want drinks, loud music, dancing and men, all in that order.”

Gwen waited until the girls were piled in before she joined them in the back seat of the rented limo. “We are going to make an entrance in style, ladies. A platinum blonde, a smoky brunette and a redhead all dressed up with one place to go. Hit it, driver!”

* * * *

Darrin Wells gave his friend Kyle an incredulous look. “You expect me to do what?”

Kyle’s lewd smile beamed across the table at him. “You lost the bet, my friend. Now I expect you to be a man about it and pay the consequences.”

“Kyle!” he shouted. “I’m not answering this ad!”

“Weaseling out on a bet, one you lost fair and square I might add, is going to reflect poorly on your character.”

“I don’t give a shit,” he growled through clenched teeth as he reread the ad. “Fantasies in Form produces dildos and vibrators, and, and things like that. If you think backing out on a bet is going to put a bad mark on my character, what do you think something like this will do to my business?”

Kyle continued to gloat. “They don’t want your face. You think so highly of yourself you think you’ll be recognized by a lifelike image of your dick? Besides, how do

you know you'll be chosen? You'll remember this the next time I ask you what kind of panties a hot girl is wearing. Think before blurting out an answer, my friend."

Darrin stewed. He glanced at Rebecca, the waitress with the infamous panties Kyle referred to. He'd blurted out red bikini because that's what he'd like to see her in. He never expected her to show them she was wearing a pink thong. Strangely aroused by the idea of answering the ad, he raked his fingers through his thick, coal-black hair before looking at Kyle again. "All right, a bet's a bet, even though I don't like it, I'll do it."

"Excellent, the ad begins its run this weekend. If you hurry, you'll still be *ahead* of the competition."

"You son of a bitch, you're having way too much fun at my expense."

"Darrin," he sighed, "you'd do the same for me."

"Yeah, you're damn right I would."

"Let's get out of here. It's ladies' night at The Library Café. What better way to end a lousy week than with hot women, loud music and watered-down booze?" Standing up, Kyle threw a twenty on the table. "I've paid for dinner. You get the cover charge and first round."

Darrin followed his friend outside. "I'm gonna go home and change. I'll meet you there in half an hour."

"Are you tryin' to welsh on my cover charge?"

Darrin chuckled. "No, dumb ass, I'm not wearing a suit and tie to a rock club. If you get there before I do, just wait longer." Waving over his shoulder, he strode away from Kyle toward his car parked at the end of the block.

Darrin dwelled over the bet the whole drive home, which was short and over much sooner than he'd hoped for.

“Why should I dread this so much? I get hard, snap a picture with the digital, print it off my computer, delete the file forever and get on with my life,” he muttered.

Darrin opened the front door, and dumped his stuff on the couch with the fluid motions of a pro on his way to the kitchen for a beer. He hesitated for a moment and grabbed the digital camera instead.

He stripped off his clothes and threw them in a pile by the closet door. As he stood naked in his bedroom, he looked down at his flaccid penis. “Rise and shine, buddy, you’re gonna be in pictures.”

No response.

“Okay, bad joke. You require a little more stimulation than that, I realize this now.”

Darrin lay on his bed and closed his eyes. He conjured up images of his dream girl. The woman who’d stolen his heart in Mexico only had a first name, Gwen. She’d blown into his life during spring break nine years ago and wreaked sexual havoc on him before she disappeared just as quickly. He concentrated hard on the memory and pulled her image to the front of his mind. Reddish-gold hair, wildly curly, emerald green eyes above a pert little nose dusted with freckles, long, curvy body with large, voluptuous breasts. His cock got hard. It was working. His arousal grew as he stroked himself. He squeezed his eyes shut and imagined it was her mouth wrapped around him instead of his hand. “Oh, Gwen,” he moaned.

The tip of his rigid cock glistened with pre-cum. He fumbled for the camera on his nightstand and snapped a couple of pictures. His cock throbbed unmercifully,

reminding him of unfinished business. “Well fucking great. Now I’m supposed to go out with a loaded weapon?”

While heading for the shower to finish the job and wash away the long-distance memories of his mysterious Gwen, his cell phone rang. “Hello?”

“Dude, you’ve got to hurry your ass up! The women are showing up in droves. I cannot believe the hotties I’ve seen walk in the door. I’ve got my eye on this little blonde dressed in black leather. If you’re not here in fifteen minutes, I’m going in without you.”

“I’ll be there in ten.” As he hung up the phone, he again glanced at his erection, as it still pointed skyward. He stroked his shaft one last time and sighed. “Guess I’m loaded for kitty cat.”

Darrin placed the digital camera on its dock and let the computer do its thing while he got dressed. The rigid bulge behind his zipper was evident as he stole a glance at his appearance in the mirror. He returned to the camera and was shocked, not to mention a little impressed, to see his cock in digital color. “Not bad, if I do say so myself,” he said as he filled out the required information on the back. He paused. “What are the odds? They’re not going to pick me. This is absurd. I don’t even know why I’m bothering to go through with it. A precautionary measure...just in case,” he muttered, as he filled out his name as Edward Wells. He listed his post office box for the address and cell phone as a contact number before he threw the picture in an envelope.

He deleted the files from his computer and memory card in his camera before he shut everything off. On his way out the door, he hesitated again before he dropped the envelope in the mailbox. “Okay, Ms. Mira Minx, I did my

part, the rest will be up to you.” As he raised the mailbox flag, he smiled. “Look out, ladies, here I come!”

Chapter 2

The light in the bar was dim, smoky and the music loud. The perfect setting for their mood, Gwen, Kendra and Belinda sat at a tall pub table close to the dance floor. Gwen watched as Belinda and Kendra scoped the crowd for prospects. “Are you two looking for anyone in particular?”

Belinda gave her a mischievous grin and licked her bright red lips. “I’ll let you know when I find him. Cough up the cash, Kendra. I’m heading to the bar. What do you two want?”

“I’m thinkin’ the bass player,” mused Kendra, as she pulled bills from her purse.

“I meant to drink, silly.” Belinda giggled, craning her neck to see Kendra’s bass player. “Although he’d work too. I’ll be back in a sec.”

Gwen spun on her stool to see who Kendra drooled over. She perused the tall, skinny, twig of a man dressed all in black as he set up his gear on the stage. “I always had a thing for guitar players, dated a singer once, too. What is it about dirty rocker boys?”

“I don’t know,” Kendra said in a breathy sigh.

“Well, let’s go. If you want to get his attention, he needs to see you. Shake that skinny little butt of yours on the dance floor and make him take notice of you.”

She looked up at Gwen. “They haven’t started their set yet.”

“The DJ’s crankin’ something through those speakers.”

“I don’t know.”

As if on cue, the song ended and the DJ started playing an early Motley Crue tune Gwen recognized right away. The lights around the dance floor lit up and flashed to the beat of the music. She looked at the young brunette and it suddenly dawned on her, the girl was shy. “Let’s go, Kendra. I’ll go with you. I wouldn’t want you to go out there alone.”

Belinda returned from the bar with their drinks and squealed with delight. “I love this song. Get off those stools, girls. I gotta dance.”

Gwen joined Kendra and Belinda on the dance floor. Moving to the beat of the music felt good. The blood pulsed through her veins as she began to lose herself in the song. Instinct took over; twisting and turning, she flipped her hair and raised her arms skyward. Opening her eyes, she watched Belinda gyrating in her own complicated dance moves and Kendra shyly dancing off in a corner by herself. The Motley Crue song ended and another started right behind it. Gwen danced her way over to Kendra and gently herded the girl closer to the bass player.

Kendra followed her lead and moved closer to the stage. Gwen watched through hooded lashes as the bass player in question stopped what he was doing to take notice of the stunning brunette dancing right in front of him. Spinning around, she looked for Belinda and found her, bumping and grinding with a guy she’d met sometime during the last song. She smiled and danced her way off the

floor and to their table. So far, a good time was being had by all.

Sipping her drink, she sat at the table and observed everything taking place around her. People were fascinating creatures, their mating habits, the rituals required to find a mate. It was amazing what one would do to catch the attention of the opposite sex. She tapped her foot to the beat of the music and gazed around the smoky bar. The crowd began to thicken slightly, but it was still quite early. Women of all shapes, sizes, colors and ages sat at tables, at the bar or stood, mingling in their own little circle of friends. Ladies' night, an advertising gimmick used to lure people in. Let the ladies in for free and offer them a reduced rate on a variety of drinks, then charge the men who follow the women in an inflated cover charge and full price for the bar. She smiled wistfully into her drink. *I'd love to be home right now, if only there was someone to go home to.*

Belinda charged up to the table out of breath, face glowing from her workout on the dance floor. "Why'd you stop dancing? Did you see that guy? He gave me his business card. He's an ad exec for the newspaper. You know, the one we placed the ad with today? What a coincidence, huh? I think he's kind of cute. If I didn't, I wouldn't have been dancing with him like that. Did I come on too strong? I did, didn't I? I don't know why I do that. I can't help myself. If I see something I like, I go for it."

"Beli, breathe, honey," Gwen joked, placing her hands on the girls' shoulders. "We've got all night. Yes, I saw him, very handsome. Not your usual type though; he's got short hair, no visible tattoos or piercings. Why didn't you bring him back to the table with you?"

“Huh? Oh, Kyle went to go check on the guy he came in with. Someone spilled a drink on his friend as he walked in the door. I guess he’s in the men’s room trying to clean up. Before Kyle split, he did say he wanted to dance with me again.”

“The way you were grinding on him, doesn’t surprise me.” She giggled.

“Where’d Kendra make off to?” Belinda asked, scanning the bar.

“She’s over there.” Gwen pointed toward a tiny corner booth tucked behind the stage. “I think she managed to get the bass player’s attention.”

“Way to go, Kendra.” Belinda saluted her rum and Coke in their general direction. “Ooohh, Kyle’s heading this way. Will you take a look at the friend?”

Gwen turned in the direction Belinda was focused and choked on her drink. Sputtering, she coughed and gasped for air, attempting to clear her throat. “It can’t be,” she whispered.

“Can’t be what, Gwen? Do you know him? Gwen, are you okay? You’re as white as a sheet.”

Gwen couldn’t stop staring and didn’t care. Her hands were shaking and her palms were damp. He wore his hair a little shorter and he’d filled out, but after nine years, he’d only gotten better looking. Darrin. She’d recognize him anywhere, after any length of time. She hopped off her stool and walked across the bar to meet him. She stopped a foot in front of him and froze. She waited, hoping for a glint of recognition in his dark eyes. Her stomach fluttered when the corner of his mouth twitched upwards into a partial smile.

“My imagination is playing tricks on me. I couldn’t have dreamt you here. Gwen, is it really you?”

She smiled and nodded her head, too stunned for words. He remembered. She moved in to hug him and the next thing she knew, his arms were around her. When he crushed her against his solid wall of muscular chest, something just as hard pressed against her stomach. His head dipped down and his lips were upon hers. Her world tilted on its axis. His scent assailed her senses; he smelled of cologne and potent male. She opened her mouth to grant his tongue access and deepen the kiss. His moan rumbled under her hands that had somehow managed to splay themselves across his chest. Her body responded to the direct contact. She pressed closer against the full length of him. Her panties soaked as he ground his hardened cock against her until all she could think of was how soon she could take him home and ravish his body.

Breaking off the kiss, Gwen stepped back and looked into his eyes. “Hi, Darrin, long time no see.” *Oh brilliant, he’s gonna think I’m an idiot!*

He smiled and reached up to push a stray curl behind her ear. “You’ve become more beautiful than I remember, Gwen.”

“Excuse me, can you tell me what in the hell just happened here?” Belinda demanded, as she came up beside Gwen.

Gwen felt the blush creep up her neck and into her face, thankful for the dim lighting of the bar. “Belinda, this is Darrin, a, um, friend from college. Darrin, this is my friend, Belinda. We work together.”

“He’s *obviously* a very good friend.”

“Yes, Beli, he is.” Gwen glared at her assistant.

Darrin extended his hand to shake with Belinda. “It’s nice to meet you, Belinda. Kyle’s done nothing but talk about you since he left the dance floor.”

Belinda beamed at the comment and slipped a wink in Kyle’s direction. “Would you like to dance again?” she purred at him.

“Hi, I’m Kyle by the way. It’s nice to meet you, Gwen. It’s a small wilderness, you two knowing each other and all that. I’d love to hear more of your college days when I return.”

Gwen knew she blushed from the roots of her hair all the way down to her magenta-painted toenails. Darrin’s penetrating stare didn’t make it any easier. She took a deep breath to regain her composure before she looked at him again. “Would you like to sit down? We have a table right over there.”

“Let’s find one a little more...secluded. We have a lot of years to catch up on.”

“Before we do, I have two questions.”

Darrin stared intently at her. “Okay, ask.”

“Are you married?”

“I wouldn’t have kissed you if I was. You?”

“No. I wouldn’t have let you kiss me if I was.”

“Good. What’s your second question?”

“I think you answered it with the first.”

“Let’s find that table,” he said as he placed his hand at the small of her back and guided her across the bar. Her flesh tingled; the heat started where his hand pressed and spread out from there. The longer he touched her, the more aroused she became. His scent alone would soon

drive her crazy. The cologne mingled with his unique scent and the rich leather of his jacket to overwhelm her sense of reasoning. The living and breathing real thing was oh-so-much better than her memory. He was single, right here in her city and from the evident hard-on he'd pressed against her, happy to see her, too. She did a victory dance in her head. Darrin could very well be the Mr. Right Now she'd been subconsciously looking for.

He continued to lead her toward the back of the bar. They found a small table, semi-secluded in a corner. Gwen slid in first, purposely exposing a smooth, firm leg all the way up to her thigh. She heard Darrin's sharp intake of breath. She looked up in time to catch him staring at her bare leg.

"You're more beautiful than I remember," he said, his voice thick and a little hoarse.

"Why thank you, I was going to say the same. The years have been very kind to you."

He laughed and sat down next to her. Gwen's stomach contracted and electric sensations sprang to life in the southern regions of her body, all from the low, rich timber of his voice. "So, tell me, Darrin, what have you been doing with your life since the last time we saw each other?"

"I finished college and graduated with a degree in advertising. I then traveled around the world for a year." He smirked. "A graduation gift from my parents and the experience of a lifetime. After I returned to the U.S., I joined my father's advertising firm in California. Dad has since retired. I now run the operation and opened an office here in Phoenix." His gaze heated, raking over her face and

down to her breasts. "How about you, Gwen? What have you been doing since *spring break*?"

The look in his eyes and the inflection of his voice when he said spring break brought a rush of torrid memories to the forefront of her mind. Images of the two of them having the most incredible sex on the beach, on the hood of his Jeep, in her hotel room, in a tiny, corner booth in a bar. Similar to the one they were in right now. She ran her tongue across her upper lip as she stared at his mouth. She couldn't remember a time she'd been more turned on. The slow, liquid pull started low in her belly and pooled between her thighs. Gwen angled her chair in his direction and scooted a little closer. The movement caused her skirt to slide and she hoped give him a great view of her thighs. "I left college with a degree in business management. From there, I started my own business, which I still run to this day."

"I can't help but notice how smooth your skin looks," he murmured, as he slid his hand up her thigh. "Yes, I was right. It's as smooth and soft as I remember."

The pleasure mounted. Her body was strung as tight as a bow and here was a talented bow hunter. As she leaned forward, she kissed him softly and nudged his hand farther up her skirt.

"Do you remember when we made love in the little cantina just off the beach?" he asked in a hushed whisper as his fingers stroked at the edge of her panties.

"Yes," she murmured against his lips.

"My cock is so hard. Touch me, feel what you do to me, Gwen. Here, now."

Gwen slid her hand under the tablecloth. His leg muscles tensed under her fingers. She ran her hand up his thigh to caress the hardened length behind his zipper. She slid her tongue in between his lips as she stroked him through the denim of his jeans. The idea of what they were doing to each other in a public place aroused her even more. She almost bucked off her chair when Darrin slid his fingers under her panties and stroked her sensitive clit.

"You're wet. You want me as much as I want you. I could get you off this minute," he whispered before he sucked her juices off his fingers. "Mmmm."

"We've got to stop—"

"Or get out of here," he finished for her.

Gwen looked into his dark eyes; the smoky brown hue made them appear almost black. She didn't know if it was caused by the dim lighting or desire, whatever the cause, the effect turned her knees to jelly. She removed her hand from his swollen cock and traced a finger across his full lower lip. "Meet me out front in five minutes."

"Why don't we leave together? Now."

She gave him her best seductive smile, leaned forward on her elbows so her breasts almost spilled over the top of her tank top. She watched as his gaze left her face and traveled down to once again rest on her large breasts. She lowered her voice to what she hoped was a sultry purr and ran her index finger from his lip to outline his jaw. "I've got a limo waiting out front. Meet me there in five minutes."

"How do I know you won't disappear on me?"

Gwen smiled, watching his gaze rake over her body as she stood. "I give you my word. I will be out front in a

matter of minutes. You'll have to trust me. Now, I'm going to the ladies' room and then to say goodbye to my friends."

Without a backward glance, Gwen headed for the bathroom. She locked the stall door behind her and slipped out of her drenched panties. He'd only touched her with fingers, tongue and lips and she'd come. He said he could get her off; she laughed out loud, he had, and she was ready, willing and waiting for more. At this rate, she'd literally explode by the time she had his cock buried inside her. Just the thought of riding him made her clit throb in sexual anticipation. She stuffed the lace thong in her purse, and took a deep, cleansing breath. She stopped at the mirror to check her makeup one last time and give her hair a good finger tousling. A quick glance at the empty table told her he'd done as she asked and went out ahead of her.

Gwen threaded her way through the sea of gyrating bodies. She made it to Belinda and Kendra, who were once again on the dance floor.

Belinda looked up as Gwen approached. "Hey, hon, where you been?"

"Long story, I'll tell you all about it on Monday...maybe. I'm takin' off. I'll send the car back for you two."

"Are you leaving with that Darrin guy?" Belinda's smile widened. "You are. Why you little tramp! And yes, you will tell me all about it on Monday."

"Bye, Belinda, bye, Kendra, you two be careful and stay safe."

"Bye, Mom, don't do anything I wouldn't do," Belinda teased.

Gwen laughed and hugged the blonde girl one last time. “Beli, you little slut, you tie men up and have your way with them. I’ve got lots of room to work with.”

Belinda hugged her tightly and whispered in her ear, “Mr. Right Now is hot, go fuck his brains out.”

Before breaking contact, Gwen turned and looked her friend straight in the face. “I plan to. The car will be back at your disposal in an hour. Hey, Beli, thanks for dragging me out tonight.”

Turning on her heel, she sauntered out the front door of the bar to find Darrin. She saw him about ten yards from the limo. Now there was a stunning creature. She raked her gaze over his tall, dark-haired, dark-eyed, solid body and tried not to drool. Her pussy contracted at the sight of him. She knew firsthand hidden in those jeans was a prime specimen of rock-solid man. She pulled the panties out of her purse as she sashayed over to where he waited. “I told you I’d meet you here. I gave you my word, Darrin. Are we ready to go?”

“Why don’t we take my car?”

She handed him the lace panties she’d taken off and slipped in the open door of the limo. “Why don’t you ride me instead?” she purred from deep inside the car’s interior.

She giggled, hearing Darrin’s, “Oh shit,” right before he scrambled in the car after her. “You’re very persuasive.”

Gwen slid her hand over his cock and squeezed him through the denim. “Give the driver directions to your place and I’ll show you how persuasive I can be.”

Chapter 3

Passing streetlights illuminated the dark interior of the car and momentarily washed Darrin's face in shadows before being plunged back into darkness. She reached for him, sensed his arousal, and it matched her own. If only he knew how long she'd waited and dreamt of seeing him again. How she'd agonized over the way she'd left him so many years ago. How her body longed for his touch and made every man since him pale in comparison. No, now was not the time to share intimate details such as feelings of the heart, especially since she was the one who bolted. Now was the time for action, to taste, touch and tantalize.

Gwen hiked her skirt up and straddled Darrin's lap, facing him. She squealed in delight when in one swift move, he pulled her tank top and bra down to bury his face between her breasts. After she fumbled with the button and zipper on his jeans, she managed to free his massive cock from its confines. She was wet and more than ready for him. She wasted no time. Gwen thrust her hips forward and impaled herself on his rigid pole. The pleasure and the brief pain as her tight passage stretched to accommodate his size made her moan. The need to have him pound into her thrust after thrust after thrust drove her higher. She rotated her hips, and raised up only to plunge down on him again.

Darrin shifted slightly and Gwen cried out as he drove into her heat.

“Oh yes, Gwen, ride me, baby,” he ground out as he pinched her nipples.

She leaned forward and drove her tongue into his mouth to tangle with his. She used her knees to hover over him and braced her hands on the back of the seat for balance. With slow, deliberate strokes, she rose to the tip of his shaft and slid down to bury him to his balls. Darrin’s labored breathing made her hotter and bolder. She slowed her movements even more and pressed her breast against his mouth only to pull away when he tried to capture it with tongue and teeth.

“This torture is madness,” Darrin growled as he laced his fingers with hers and pinned her arms behind her back.

“Whatever do you mean?” she teased.

“Now is not the time for games. Come here, lean down closer,” he commanded as he pulled her toward his face.

Gwen’s pussy contracted and gripped his shaft tighter. She found his authoritative nature an incredible turn-on. *Yes, let him take control. Let him.* “Is this better?” she asked, with her face a breath from his.

“Yes, just like that,” he managed in a strained voice before he thrust his tongue inside her moist, hot mouth.

His hands released hers and gripped her hips with a force she found to be an erotic rush. He held her in place and rammed in and out of her from below. She was on the verge of an orgasm when he bit her nipple. The slightly painful sensation coupled with the pleasure of his thrusts caused the orgasm to rip through her. She cried out his

name, then gasped and shuddered. The aftershocks rocked through her as he continued to thrust.

“Gwen, I can’t hold it back any longer.”

She scrambled off his lap and knelt on the floor in front of him. Using both hands, she gripped his massive shaft and guided the rosy head toward her lips. “Don’t hold back. Give me all you got, big guy.” She toyed with his enlarged head. She nibbled and licked before she opened her mouth to swallow his thickness. She tasted the flavor of her own juices mixed with the heady male essence of Darrin. She listened to the sounds of his ragged breathing and knew, despite what she’d told him, he held back his release. *Two can play that game.* She sucked his shaft into her mouth as deep as she could take him and grazed him with her teeth on the slide up. She relished her power over him as he trembled in her grip. Paying extra attention to the swollen tip, she voraciously sucked and licked. She opened her eyes and watched him watch her between his legs.

“What are you doing? Why did you stop?”

“I’m not stopping,” she replied. “I’m changing positions.”

She loved his slack-jawed expression when she slid his cock between her breasts and squeezed them together. As she dipped her head, she took the tip of him in her mouth and sucked again.

“Oh, for the love of...” he said right before his head flopped back with a thud to rest against the back of the seat.

If his stifled groan meant what she thought it did, Darrin liked the position change. She smiled around his cock when he gripped her hair and held her head in place so he could pump his shaft between her breasts and into her

mouth. Gwen reached around his thigh to fondle his sac. As she stroked his balls with one hand, she used the other to guide the tip of his cock straight between her moist lips, into her mouth. Darrin stiffened and let out a low growl. Gwen tasted his hot, salty seed as he blew his load inside her mouth. She made sure to swallow every drop. She continued to stroke his shaft and suck him dry.

Darrin pulled her up to sit on his lap. His heart pounded under her hand. He ran his hand up her leg and pulled her closer. "That was the best blow job I've ever had. Stay with me tonight. Let me remind you how good we were together."

"Yes, Darrin, I'll stay," she demurely responded as she slid off his lap. After she adjusted her clothing, she cast a glance in his direction.

"We're here," he said as the car slowed to a stop and braked in front of his house. "Are you sure you want to do this?"

Gwen leaned forward and seductively traced his lower lip with her tongue. "I just gave you the best blow job of your life and you want to know if I want to come home with you?" she taunted back.

"I want to make sure you don't disappear on me again. You're mine, Gwen. I've known it for years, now I need time to convince you of it, too."

Now it was her turn to be slack-jawed. Gwen was saved from replying as the car door opened. She wasn't sure how to respond anyway. *What did he mean by that comment? 'I'm his and didn't even know it.'* Slightly miffed, she waited on the sidewalk as Darrin tipped the driver and informed him to return to the bar for Belinda and Kendra. She

watched him interact with the driver. He carried himself with such power, grace, and dignity, like a man who knew what he wanted out of life and wasn't afraid to go after it. He exuded raw male magnetism. Yes, the years had been very good to him. No longer miffed, fear mingled with the lust crowding her mind when she realized she was well on her way to being a goner.

Darrin turned toward her and smiled. "Let's go inside, I'll show you around."

For the first time, Gwen acknowledged her surroundings and uttered a surprised gasp. "This is your house? It's beautiful. Do you live here alone?"

Darrin laughed and reached for her hand. "Yes, I live alone, most of the time. I made a really smart investment with this place and it works out well when execs from Los Angeles need somewhere to stay. Cuts down on their expense accounts by having them stay here instead of in a hotel. I hire catering and cleaning services to come in and take care of everything. This way, I don't have to chase everyone around town, go out to dinner, or worry about who is and isn't going to make it to meetings. In the long run, it's cheaper."

"Practical, I guess," she mumbled as she took in the view of the mammoth ranch house sprawled out before her. "How many rooms does it have?"

Darrin pulled her into his arms and kissed her hard. She felt the evidence of his renewed arousal press against her abdomen. In her heels, she was almost as tall as him. As she leaned into the kiss, she snaked her arms around to his back and pulled him tighter.

Darrin broke the kiss and gazed into her eyes. “Let’s find out just how many rooms this ole house has.”

She laughed as she followed him inside. Her heels clicked on the ceramic-tiled entryway that opened up to the living room, which was decorated in soft, subtle tones of beiges, gray and off-white. The matching couch and loveseat complimented the room in a contrasting shade of dark chocolate brown leather. She noticed his briefcase and suit jacket haphazardly tossed on the couch and smiled. She could envision him coming home from work at night, charging through the front door, dumping his things on the couch as he raced forward to, to what? *To me?*

He stood in the doorway and stared at her. His gaze caressed, no not caressed, it devoured her as she turned to him. *Damn, but he looks good enough to eat...again.* He’d removed the leather jacket and his boots. The black t-shirt strained across his broad chest and shoulders. The black jeans rode low on his hips and hugged him in all the right places. *Oh lord, thank you for gorgeous men in snug-fitting jeans.* Gwen forced her gaze to travel upward to his face, and was hit with the full force of his enigmatic charm. He crossed his arms over his chest and leaned against the wall. His dark eyes pierced her very soul. She was sure he could read her thoughts. Unable to resist his pull, she closed the distance between them and pressed her breasts against his hard chest.

“Do you still drink tequila?” he asked as he rained a trail of soft kisses and nibbles across her collarbone.

“On occasion,” she murmured, leaning her head back to give him more access to her neck.

"I'm thinkin' body shots. Come with me." He grabbed her by the hand and led her down a wide hallway toward the kitchen.

"I haven't done that since...well, you know."

He stopped and swung her into his arms. He dipped his head and kissed her fully on the lips. "No I didn't. If what you say is true, then it's been entirely too long."

"You don't need to get me drunk to take advantage of me, Darrin," Gwen murmured against his lips.

"No, I figured that out for myself, but it won't hurt either." He grinned, a sexy, just-wait-for-what-I-got-in-store-for-you little grin. "Come on, the bar's this way." He motioned with his head, pulling her along behind him.

Gwen dropped his hand and stopped. "Darrin? Wait, I-we don't know much about each other at all. Hell, I don't even know your last name. Don't you think we're moving too fast?"

After he turned and smiled, he closed the distance between them. Darrin then ran his hands up her arms, squeezed her shoulders gently and looked down into her eyes. "Gwen, you've picked a hell of a time to play semantics. I didn't think of details like that nine years ago, but now I'm older, much wiser and better looking." He winked at her and continued with that deep, rich voice of his. "Did you really think I would let you get away without a name, address and phone number?" He sobered minutely. "To answer your question, my last name is Wells. You know where I live and in case you ever forget, my house is the only one on the street with a red door. I will give you three different phone numbers and an email address to reach me any time you want." He leaned down and gave her

a brief kiss. "I would like to get to know you better than I already do. I can honestly say you are the only woman who's ever haunted my dreams. You are also the only woman I've *wanted* to know on a more intimate level. It's not just the sex, Gwen." His eyes darkened dramatically. "Moving too fast? No, darlin', nine years is plenty slow."

If there'd been any doubt she wasn't completely hooked before, she was now. The thought terrified her to the bone; commitment and the idea of letting someone get that close. *Yikes*. Yet, she was so drawn to him, like a moth to the flame, she couldn't resist. She placed her hand on his cheek as she gazed up into his fathomless dark eyes. "We were young and impetuous. I too have thought and dreamt of you." She backed up a step, cocked her head to the side and smiled at him. "Darrin Wells, it suits you. It's a strong name for a strong man."

"Keep it up, flattery will get you everything you want."

Emboldened by his words and the look in his eyes, she slid her hand down his stomach and lower to grab his cock. "Everything I want?" she teased.

Darrin growled, grabbed her hand and led her past the kitchen and into his game room/bar. He sat her on a barstool before he ducked behind the bar for drinks.

Silent as a whisper, Gwen climbed on top of the marble bar and struck a seductive pose by lying on her side with one leg out straight and the other bent at the knee. "You never answered my question, Darrin."

Darrin spun around with a bottle of tequila in one hand and a lime in the other. His gaze raked over her from head to toe before they rested at the juncture of her thighs. "All of a sudden, I've acquired a taste for something else

entirely.” He turned around again to pull out a bottle of Irish Crème liqueur and a can of whipped cream. “I’ve got a craving for a Gwen sundae.” He firmly grasped her ankles and slid her body toward him. “Lift your hips so I can remove your skirt.”

“I’ve got a better idea,” she said as she stood on the bar, “give me some music, Mr. DJ.”

Darrin flicked a switch and the slow, pulsing rhythms of Santana filled the room. He leaned against the back of the bar to watch her dance.

Gwen turned her back to him and slowly started to sway her hips. She looked at him over her right shoulder and slid the strap of her tank top down before flipping her hair and doing the same with the left side. She spun around and began to unbutton her skirt. In the process she gave him a glimpse and flash of her red gold curls. With one button to go, she ran her hands up her body starting from her thighs, bypassing her soaking wet pussy, across her stomach and up to squeeze and rub her own breasts before she raised her arms and pulled the tank top off in one fluid move. She tossed it at him and continued to dance on the bar. She was so turned on. The hungry look in his eyes fueled her further, made her bolder. Her hands returned to squeeze and play with her nipples, while her gaze never left his face. She loved the way he watched, entranced by her every move. Her hands ventured lower to touch herself and with the flick of two fingers, the last button popped open. The skirt pooled around her feet. As the music faded away, Gwen knelt down on one hand and her knees to beckon him closer.

Darrin crossed the two-foot distance, tangled his hands in her long hair and pulled her face close for a ravishing kiss. Then he reached forward to gently pinch her pebbled nipples. "I still want my Gwen sundae," he whispered against her lips.

Gwen smiled and spun around on her hands and knees so her pussy was inches from his face. She quivered in anticipation, his breath fanned across the inside of her thighs, just below her aching center, which begged for his tongue and touch. Instead of the hot tongue she expected, she felt the cold from the whipped cream he slathered on her pussy lips, followed by something equally cold over her ass. She shivered in delight as the liquid seeped between her folds and coated her sex in his sticky confectioner's concoction. Gwen arched her back and pushed closer to his face.

"You want me to eat and suck your beautiful pussy, don't you, Gwen?" Darrin taunted as he licked the Irish Crème off the back of her thigh.

"Yes, I want to feel your lips and tongue on me," she moaned.

"Raise yourself up just a bit, yes, that's a good girl, now move back just a little. Excellent," he crooned from behind her.

Gwen twisted to see what he was doing. She could feel his hands on her thighs and then he plunged his tongue through the whipped cream and straight into her heated core. She gripped the bar and screamed in pleasure as the first shock wave tore through her. Rocking backwards, she spread her legs farther apart for him. His tongue left a fiery trail wherever he touched. The orgasm rolled over her like

waves crashing against the shoreline. She bucked frantically against his face and cried out as the pleasure began to build again. The next wave crashed as he slipped his fingers inside her and stroked while his tongue toyed with her budding clit.

Ecstasy wasn't even close to the frenzied sensations he caused her to experience. She squirmed and ground against his face repeatedly, only to explode and find an even higher level of sexual pleasure.

Darrin poured more Irish Crème over her and let it run down to coat her puckered asshole and soak into the red gold curls of her sex. Between licking the sticky liquor off her ass, he growled, "More, Gwen, I want more."

"Take it, take me," she panted. Her eyes rolled back in her head when she felt the heat of his tongue lick the alcohol off her asshole. Her vaginal muscles contracted spasmodically and she bucked wildly. "Oh God!" she cried. "Yes, take me, bury yourself inside me. I need you to fuck me now."

Darrin scooped her off the bar and carried her down the hallway into his bedroom. Gently he deposited her on the bed. Gwen climbed to her knees and knelt on the bed before him as she slid her hands up his stomach under his shirt. "Lose the clothing, Darrin."

"Keep the heels on, Gwen," he retorted.

She lay down on the bed and watched him undress. Every inch of flesh he exposed made her hotter yet. By the time he had his shirt off and unbuttoned his jeans, she had one hand between her legs stroking her clit and the other massaging her nipple. She devoured the sight of him, all hard planes, rigid muscles and a thin trail of black hair that

ventured below the waistline of his jeans. She felt the bed flex as he sat to pull his jeans from his legs and then he was beside her. Naked. His cock jutted and throbbed against her thigh. She moved in closer.

* * * *

Darrin couldn't believe she was real and in his bed. After nine years of fantasizing and dreaming, she was here. His cock hadn't stopped throbbing since he'd laid eyes on her across the bar. At first he thought he'd imagined her, then she stood and walked across the room toward him and he knew he'd never let her go again. The blow job in the limo was just the tip of the iceberg. He'd almost shot in his jeans when she'd done her little striptease dance up on his bar. Eating her sweet pussy slathered in Bailey's and whipped cream had made him harder than he'd ever been before in his life. He glanced down at her delicate hand as she stroked the length of him. Her touch felt so good. Soft, delicate fingers traced the blue veins and outlined the edge of his head. She'd told him anything he wanted. *Did she really mean anything?* He'd dreamt of fucking her tight little ass on many occasions, but right now, he needed to be buried to the hilt in her sweet pussy.

He reached into the nightstand and pulled out a condom. He watched as Gwen moved her hand from his cock back to her own breasts. His breathing rasped in his own ears. Once the condom was on, he knelt on the edge of the bed, with one leg braced on the floor. "Scoot your beautiful self on over here." He heard his own voice from somewhere in a fog. Darrin spread her legs, draped one over the edge of the bed and the other up on his shoulder. The tip of his cock zeroed in on her creamy core. Gently,

he guided the head between her honeyed lips and thrust forward as stars exploded behind his eyes. Tight and hot, she gripped his shaft as he pumped in and out of her willing body. As he gripped her thigh, his fingers dug into her flesh. The warm glow began low in his belly before it ignited his whole body into flames. Harder and faster he thrust. The passion built higher and hotter. Gwen bucked wildly beneath him. He wrapped her legs around him as he pulled her tighter against him and kneaded her breasts.

Darrin's eyes rolled back in his head as she locked her legs around his waist and ground against his cock. Unlocking her legs, he gripped them behind the knee and rammed in and out of her repeatedly. She screamed out his name as she convulsed around his shaft. He smiled to himself, rotated his hips in a circular motion and deepened his thrusts every time. His sac tightened right before he erupted.

Darrin collapsed on the bed beside her, and pulled her into his embrace. He held her tight until her rapid heartbeat and ragged breathing returned to a semblance of normal. He would admit it, the hammering in her chest matched his own.

He let go of her when she shifted. As he opened one eye, he saw her staring at him. He smiled and kissed the tip of her nose.

"I was right," she whispered as she rained kisses across his chest. "The real thing is a hell of a lot better than the memory."

"I was thinking the same of you."

When Darrin opened his arms to her, she snuggled into the crook of his neck and soon they drifted off to sleep.

Chapter 4

Darrin awoke with Gwen's hot mouth wrapped around his cock. He juttied his hips out to meet her strokes and then decided to lie back and let her work her magic on him. He shifted and stuffed a pillow under his head, then he gazed down as she knelt on her hands and knees straddled over his legs as she swallowed him. Her luscious tits bounced up and down with each stroke of her mouth. The sensation of her lips and tongue as she moved over his flesh drove him crazy. Unable to stand it any longer, he tangled his hands in her riotous red curls and sawed his hardened shaft in and out of her mouth.

His low moan turned into a louder groan. He increased the speed of his thrusts. How many times and how often had he dreamt of fucking her face just like this? *Oh yeah, it was yesterday.* Her delicate fingers laced around his cock as she put a more concentrated effort on the sensitized head. "Ohhh, woman, what you do to me," he ground out.

She moaned, the vibrations sending shock waves coursing throughout his entire body. She greedily feasted on him, swallowed his thrusts and applied enough pressure to suck a golf ball through a vacuum cleaner hose. Once again, his sac began to tighten. "Yeah, baby, suck it, suck it hard."

Darrin watched his glistening cock appear and disappear in and out of her mouth. Her tongue slid up and down his shaft at the same time her teeth grazed him. "I'm coming!" he shouted. Gwen sucked the head and pumped his cock furiously with her hands as his hot seed shot down her throat.

Darrin panted as the blood roared in his ears. As she crawled across and straddled him, he reached up to caress her breasts. "Darlin'," he drawled, "you are more than welcome to wake me up like that any time."

She smiled down at him and covered his hands on her breasts with her own. "I love to suck your cock. You have no idea how horny it makes me."

In one swift move, Darrin rolled over and had her pinned underneath him. He caressed between her legs and stroked her inner lips. "You're wet, and you want me to fuck you. You want my cock again, don't you?" He continued to probe her pussy with his fingers. "Tell me, Gwen. I need to hear you say you want me."

She bucked underneath him in an attempt to get him deeper. He obliged as he slid his finger in up to the first knuckle. "I want to hear you say it. Tell me, what do you want, Gwen?"

She turned intense emerald green eyes on him. "Fuck me, Darrin. I want your cock thrust deep inside me. Fuck me hard and fast. The deeper you go, the better it feels."

Darrin smiled wolfishly and plundered her mouth. He replaced his fingers with what she desired; he thrust hard and buried his shaft in one swift stroke.

Gwen wrapped her arms and legs around him. Her body tensed and rose to meet his every move. When she

raked her fingernails down his back and sank them into his butt cheeks in an attempt to drive him further and deeper into her core, he gasped as pain heightened the pleasure. Darrin reared up, rocked back onto his knees and pulled her legs as far apart as she could spread them. He drilled into her with everything he had. Gwen screamed his name and writhed around on the bed. She pinched her own nipples and ran her hands up and down her heated flesh; her screams turned to moans. Again she whispered his name. It was the sweetest sound he'd ever heard.

Darrin pulled back, only giving her the very tip of his cock and received a major dose of male ego when she whimpered.

"No, don't stop," she begged.

"Easy, darlin', there's no rush," he soothed. "Just lay back and enjoy the ride."

He slowed his pace way down and fed her a little more cock with each deliberate stroke. He savored her reactions and knew he could hold back for only so long before the need would take over and he'd be back to fucking her like a wild animal. Once again, he draped her legs over his shoulders. Darrin turned his head and grazed the inside of her legs with his stubble-laden cheek. He then kissed and licked each of her calves in turn.

"Darrin, please, don't make me beg."

Darrin ran his hand down her leg and stroked her swollen clit with his thumb. Gwen sucked in a breath and thrust her hips upward; her attempt to impale herself on his cock made him harder yet. "You like what I'm doing, don't you?" he murmured. He swirled his thumb across her clit in little circular motions to drive them both to a higher level

of frenzy. When her body tensed beneath him, he fed off her need. “You ready to come again, beautiful? How about some more cock, too?” he taunted.

“Now, Darrin, now! Please fuck me hard!” she screamed.

Darrin drove his cock deep within her walls as her orgasm convulsed around him and gripped his shaft tight. He thrust in and out of her with all his might. With a roar, he let himself go and poured his seed deep within her core before he collapsed on top of her.

They lay together, breathing heavy amidst the tangled sheets, covered in a thin sheen of sweat, neither one ready to move or speak.

Gwen was the first to break the silence. “I could really use a shower. I’m all, um, sticky.”

Darrin chuckled and squeezed her tight. “The bath is right through that door.” He pointed to a set of French doors with opaque glass panes. “Would you like a cup of coffee?”

“I’d love one. I feel rather awkward asking but, can I borrow a t-shirt and perhaps a pair of sweats?”

“It’s no problem,” he responded, as he sprang from the bed and trod naked across the room toward the closet. He returned moments later with a green t-shirt and a pair of black sweatpants. “The pants are probably a little big. You’ll have to cinch the string up tight.”

“Thanks,” she murmured.

Darrin scratched his head, confused by her sudden shyness. “I’ll go and get started on that coffee, take your time in the shower.”

* * * *

Gwen waited until Darrin left the room to climb out of the gigantic bed. She glanced around the room she'd had the best sex of her entire life in. The room was sparse, to say the least. No decorating, so to speak, just some gorgeous pieces of expensive furniture and stark white walls. She found it odd from what she'd seen of the rest of the house. She shrugged it off, slipped from the bed, through the French doors and into a bath that took her breath away.

The room was all white and chrome. An old-fashioned, claw-footed tub sat atop a marble-tiled floor in front of a glassed-in shower stall large enough to hold she had no idea how many people. Her jaw dropped further when she counted three, not one, but three showerheads; the center one hanging straight down from the ceiling and the size of a sunflower. She clapped her hands in delight and opted for the shower. Maybe she could convince Darrin to take a bath with her later.

Later.

Would there be a later? she asked herself while she luxuriated under the downpour showerhead. *Can we develop a relationship to last, or is this just another fling?* Gwen hoped for the first. Their initial meeting years before had been mind-blowing sex but they'd also shared other interests. They'd gone horseback riding along the beach, off-roading together in his Jeep, and danced long into the night to music neither one could understand. *If only you hadn't run off like a scared little rabbit.* She sighed as she rinsed the shampoo from her hair. She opened her eyes and yelped when she saw Darrin staring at her. "What are you doing? You scared the crap out of me."

“Sorry, I brought you some coffee,” he said with a wicked smile as his gaze shamelessly roamed over her naked body.

Gwen finished her shower and turned off the taps, grateful when Darrin handed her a huge bath blanket to wrap up in. “Thanks.”

“What’s going on with you, Gwen? Last night you strip on top of my bar and this morning you wake me up to enjoy more pleasures of the flesh, but now,” he dropped his arms to his sides in defeat, “you won’t even look me in the eye. Do you regret hooking up with me?”

She lifted her chin and looked him in the eyes. “No, Darrin, I don’t regret *hooking up* with you, as you so eloquently put it. I’m just a little self-conscious and vulnerable at the moment. My hair is dripping; I’ve no make-up on my face; I’m wrapped in a huge towel and—”

“I think you’re beautiful,” he interrupted, and then dropped a kiss on her nose. “I’m relieved. I was beginning to think you had second thoughts about me.”

The tiniest remotest bit of resolve she’d had left just flew out the window. Her heart tumbled out of her chest and landed at his feet. She looked away, afraid if she spoke, she’d utter the words that mulled around in her brain, *I’m falling in love with you all over again and I’m completely terrified by the idea.*

Darrin unknowingly saved her by speaking again. “I’m gonna jump in the shower now that you’re done. Your coffee is in the bedroom. I’ll be out in a few.”

Gwen headed out of the bath and into the bedroom. As she toweled off her long curls, she looked at her reflection in the mirror over the chest of drawers. “Slow it down,

Gwendolyn Jane Parker,” she said to her reflection in the mirror. “You’re a grown, responsible woman, having a sexual interlude with a grown, responsible man. You can’t possibly be falling in love with him already. Remember what was said only yesterday? I’m not looking for Mr. Right in a bar. I’m looking for Mr. Right Now.” Even as she turned away from the mirror, she knew in her heart she’d lied.

Once she dressed in the borrowed clothes, she slipped back into the bathroom for a brush or comb. She couldn’t help but stop and stare at him as he showered. He was beautiful, magnificent. His thick black hair was slicked back; the taut muscles in his back bulged and flexed as he rinsed off. She couldn’t tear her stare away from the trail of soap suds as they slid down his back and over his tight butt and on further south to solid, well-sculpted legs covered in a fine layer of black hair. Her mouth watered. He turned around and caught her staring. As her skin grew hot, she knew she was blushing.

“See anything you like?” he bantered.

Embarrassed by being caught, she opened her mouth to retort with something witty. “I was looking for a brush.” *That was brilliant and witty. Way to go, Einstein!*

He looked around the shower stall and smiled. “I don’t see one in here. You might look on the counter behind you.”

“Thanks,” she muttered and turned in the direction he’d pointed. She rummaged through the top drawer and found what she was after. She glanced up in the mirror and was unable to pull her eyes away as she saw him in the reflection. This time it was a full frontal view and it was

more impressive than his backside. As she dragged the brush through her hair, she watched him shower. Coal black eyebrows arched over finely chiseled features; his nose was a little long and straight, full luscious lips set over a subtly pointed jaw line. Powerful shoulders, rippling arms, it was very evident the man did not sit behind a desk all the time. Black curly hair covered his chest in a wet mat, his stomach, oh, his stomach, mid-thirties and he still had a six pack? She continued to fight with her hair and inconspicuously watch him. Her gaze traveled lower. *Man, even soft he has an impressive cock.* The shower taps shut off and Gwen returned to diligently fighting with her hair.

All dripping wet and covered with water drops, he stepped from the shower. Gwen wanted to personally lick each and every one of them off of him. She watched him wrap a towel around his waist and head toward her.

“I saw you,” he whispered in her ear.

A shiver ran down her spine as he moved her hair to expose the side of her neck so he could nibble on her collarbone.

His dark eyes met hers in the mirror’s reflection. “Just so you know, I watched you too.”

“I, um, just thought of something,” she said, in an attempt to change the subject. “My car is at the office and yours is at the bar. Do I need to call a cab?”

“Well, that all depends on if you know how to drive a stick shift.”

She could see the wicked amusement in his eyes and decided to turn the heat up a notch. “Darrin,” she purred, “I can drive anything, stick, automatic or battery-powered.”

He stopped combing his hair and turned toward her. "Battery-powered, huh?" He reached for her and caressed her breasts through the fabric of the t-shirt. "How do you feel about toys, Gwen?"

Gwen set the hairbrush down and moved into his arms. "I love toys. I feel every woman should have at least one. But I must forewarn you, I'm very particular about the toys I pick out."

"Well, I think we need to plan a trip to a novelty shop," he whispered against her lips, "a little later."

Gwen raised her arms as he tugged the t-shirt over her head. "Later is fine," she said as he bent to rain kisses down between her breasts and across her stomach. Gazing down, she watched him untie the string and slide the sweatpants down over her hips and thighs. She lifted each foot in turn and slipped out of them until she stood naked before him.

Darrin rose to stand in front of her. She couldn't take her eyes off the way his cock protruded from under the towel like a tent pole. As she reached for him, she pulled the towel from his hips and let it fall to the floor. "There, that's better," she crooned, as she closed her hand around his girth and stroked his rock-hard shaft.

Darrin pulled away from her grip. "My turn," he said in a deep, husky voice. He scooped her up and set her on the bathroom counter; he then knelt in front of her and parted her thighs. "Simply beautiful," he whispered as he leaned forward and kissed her mound of reddish gold curls.

Gwen leaned back against the cold mirror and draped her legs over his shoulders. Her bones melted with every stroke of his tongue. The moan escaped her lips as her fingers traveled through his thick, black waves of hair. The

pressure of his tongue and lips increased as the need inside her grew to a fevered pitch. "Darrin, you're amazing!" she cried. She bucked and ground against his face as stars exploded behind her eyes.

He softened his kisses and slowed his assault on her clit until her breathing returned to semi-normal. With a look of unbridled lust in his dark eyes, he stood between her thighs. "I can't get enough of you. I told you before, you're mine, Gwen."

The head of his cock pressed against her sensitive flesh; with one little forward thrust, he would be inside her, where she needed him to be. "I'm glad to hear it because I want you, too. Darrin, please," she urged, inching forward until the tip of his cock slipped inside her slick center.

"I need a condom. We've had unprotected sex twice now; we're being careless. I for one am not willing to take unnecessary risks. I'll be right back." He leaned forward to kiss the tip of her nose and his cock slid in deeper. "Oh God, you're so wet and creamy," he groaned as she locked her legs around his waist and pulled him even tighter against her.

Gwen guided his hands to her breasts. "Take me, Darrin. It drives me crazy when you stroke me like that."

Shock waves coursed through her body as Darrin squeezed her breasts and thrust his hips; he drove deeper and deeper with every plunge. She knew he was on the verge of an orgasm; she could see the beads of perspiration on his upper lip and heard the ragged intake of his breath. His thrusts became more forceful as he tightened his grip on her flesh and banged her head into the mirror.

“Harder, faster!” she screamed, as she clawed her nails across his back.

“I don’t want to come inside you,” he ground out between thrusts.

She smiled wolfishly and looked him in the eyes. “Pull out and come all over my belly, then we’ll get in the shower again to rinse off.”

Darrin gathered her tighter in his arms and kissed her. Her tongue darted and danced to mate with his as she wrapped her arms around his neck. He slowed the pace of his thrusts to languid fluid strokes that caused her toes to curl.

Gwen untangled her arms from his neck and bent her head, then she suckled his pebbled nipple until he groaned. With a smile, she flicked the tip of her tongue across his hardened flesh before she trailed kisses up his chest and nuzzled his neck. “Don’t hold back; I want it all,” she whispered in his ear, then gently bit his lobe.

“Lean back and spread your legs,” he demanded.

Gwen did as she was told; she leaned her head against the mirror as she brought her knees up and rested her heels on the marble surface. “Like this?” she taunted.

“Exactly,” he growled. Darrin grasped her firmly by the knees and thrust forward, burying his shaft up to his balls in her drenched pussy.

Gwen closed her eyes, and euphoria set in as the entire length of him stroked in and out of her slick sex. His thick shaft filled her completely; the man definitely knew how to operate his equipment. With one hand, she teased her nipples to stand out like hardened pebbles and the other went between her thighs. Her clit throbbed in anticipation.

The heat was instant. Gwen's orgasm built, faster and harder she rubbed her clit while Darrin pumped into her.

"Yesyesyesyesyesyesyesyesyesyesyes—ohhhh!" she screamed as her muscles convulsed around him.

She panted and rode the down side of her crest. Gwen opened her eyes to watch Darrin. He stared down at her, his eyes almost black. He thrust deep one last time and pulled his huge cock out of her soaked pussy.

"Crank me, fast."

She wrapped her hand around his wet cock and stroked him in a rapid up and down fashion.

"Ooohhh," he moaned, as his milky white semen spurted all over her breasts and belly.

Gwen slowed her strokes, milking every drop from his shaft before she smeared his cum all over her chest and stomach with the tip of his sensitized cock. Dipping her head, she gently slid his engorged head in her mouth and licked the tip clean.

Darrin shuddered and rested both hands on either side of her on the counter. "You're incredible," he hoarsely whispered, then nuzzled her neck.

"Yeah? You're pretty damn good yourself," she answered on a breathy sigh. "How about another shower? You mentioned something about toy shopping."

Darrin looked into her eyes, kissed her soundly on the lips and laughed. "I've got one word for you, lady. Insatiable."

Gwen laughed as she wrapped her arms around his neck and returned his kiss with an audible smack. "Baby, you ain't seen nothin' yet!"

Chapter 5

Sexual appetites temporarily sated, they showered, again. Gwen dressed in the borrowed sweats and t-shirt, while Darrin looked utterly scrumptious in faded blue jeans that hugged him in all the right places and a snug, black t-shirt. His sinewy muscles flexed and stretched his shirt across his broad chest. Gwen couldn't help but drool and feel frumpy all at the same time.

"Okay, you never answered my earlier question about transportation."

"I thought we determined you could drive a stick with no problem."

The seductive tone of his voice made her quiver, again. "Oh, I thought you meant, never mind."

"Why, Gwen," he chuckled, as he gathered her into his arms, "I do believe you're blushing."

"Probably all the way to my toes," she murmured against his chest, as she inhaled the crisp, clean scent of his soap.

Darrin kissed the top of her head before he looked down to meet her gaze. "I think it's cute." He let go of her and paced the length of his bedroom. "I kind of like the idea of you not having a car at your disposal; this way I can keep you all to myself. But I've heard to kidnap someone and

hold them against their will is a crime in at least forty-eight of the fifty states, so I'll make you a deal."

On the inside she jumped up and down for joy, he wanted her to stay. But on the outside she tried to maintain a calm, semi-amused façade. "Go ahead, I'm listening."

He continued to pace. "We take my other vehicle, which we will call car number two, to the bar and pick up car number one, which I left there last night. Return car number two here to the house and put her back in the garage where she belongs. From there, we will proceed to have a nice lunch, preferably al fresco, since it's such a nice day, find the novelty shop we spoke of earlier, buy some toys and other unmentionables and then return here to my quiet home and proceed to have wild monkey sex in all the rooms we missed last night and this morning."

Gwen couldn't help but giggle. "Your plan sounds great, but you've neglected one minor detail."

"I did? What's that?"

She spun in a circle in front of him and wiggled her bare toes. "I'm, uh, not exactly dressed to do lunch and go on a shopping spree."

"Oh," he said, as he eyed her up and down. "Slip your skirt and sexy tank back on."

She smiled and shook her head. "I would but someone poured Irish Crème and whipped cream all over everything last night, including my clothes. Hence, the need for me to borrow the fashionable outfit you now see me wearing. Tell you what, since you won't let me have my own car, if you give me a ride home, I can grab some clean clothes and then the rest of your plan sounds wonderful."

Darrin inched forward and snaked his arms around her waist. "So you'll stay?" he asked softly.

"Do you really want me to?" Her voice sounded thick and emotional even to herself.

He dipped his head toward her and placed a light feathery kiss on her lips. "Yes, Gwen, I'd like you to stay." His lips lingered as he playfully nibbled and nipped a trail from her lips to her chin and across her jawbone. "Now we have that settled, let's go." Darrin gave her a wicked smile and squeezed her butt in unison with the word go.

She laughed and squealed in mock terror as she ran down the hall in an attempt to get away from his roaming hands.

"Where'd my shoes go?" Gwen asked as she looked around the bar.

"You still had them on last night when I carried you into my room."

"Ahh, yes, I vaguely remember last night," she teased him.

Darrin's look confused her; he hadn't taken her smart-assed remark seriously, had he? "I was kidding, Darrin. Bad joke, I realize that now."

"No, don't apologize, I just thought back to last night when you asked my name and lots of other questions and realized I didn't bother to ask you the same. I'll admit I was a little preoccupied by trying to get into your pants, again."

Gwen laughed and could see Darrin visibly relax. "One thing at a time here, first cars, second, clean clothes, third and fourth, food with discussion, and then if you haven't run screaming for the hills to get away from me, we'll take care of five, six...and nine."

His brow furrowed in concentrated thought then she could see the realization set in, as he moved toward her. His penetrating gaze compelled her to stare back.

"I like you in my sweats. Let's skip one through five and get on to the sixty-nine part."

"You're quick, I like that. But I'd really like some of my own clothing and I don't think we live too far from each other." She chewed on her lower lip. "I was a little busy last night on the ride here but it didn't seem far from the bar."

"We're not. I picked the Central district for a number of reasons. One, it's close to the office; two, it's close to everything else, and three, I fell in love with the neighborhood. Are you ready? I have something to show you."

"I need my shoes!" she hollered over her shoulder as she made her way down the hall toward his bedroom. Anxious to continue their little adventure, she scooped up her shoes and scrambled back to Darrin waiting in the kitchen. "Okay, I'm ready."

"Good, I'm starved."

"You said you wanted to show me something," Gwen said as she slipped her feet into her heels.

Darrin removed a set of keys from the rack on the wall next to the garage door. He turned and gave her a quick grin. "Right this way." He bowed at the waist and motioned for her to walk through the opened door.

"Whatever it is you drive, you must be really proud of it to carry on the way you are."

"Let's just say it has sentimental value," he whispered in her ear as he flicked on the light switch.

Fluorescent bulbs illuminated the dark room and Gwen gasped. "Is that what I think it is?"

"Yes, I've kept the Jeep all this time, although now it's more of a toy than an every day driver."

Gwen walked over to the passenger side of the bright yellow Jeep and peered inside. "You've taken very good care of it." She rocked the Jeep side to side. "You beefed up the suspension, added a taller lift kit and bigger tires. It's true, boys don't grow up, they just get more expensive toys."

"A woman who knows her way around vehicles, be still my beating heart." He grinned when she glared at him. "Nothing's too good for my baby. She got me through high school, college and after. Hop in. We'll hit your place first, do our running around and pick up the BMW on our way back here." He grinned at her. "I modified our plans just a tad."

Gwen jumped in the vehicle, secured her seat belt and cocked her head to the side to look at him. He'd slipped into a black leather jacket when she wasn't paying attention. She wiped the drool from her chin. "You have a BMW? So do I, a Z4 Land Shark."

"I must compliment you on your exceedingly good taste in cars, and men." He laughed as he backed the Jeep out of the garage and into the sunlight.

Gwen took the opportunity of Darrin driving to view her surroundings and figure out exactly where she was. Tall stately mansions set back from the street, locked up tight behind electronic gates and wrought iron security fences mingled with sprawling ranch houses, similar in style to Darrin's, all with expansive, well-manicured lawns.

"I've tried to conjure an image of the type of place you would choose to live in," Darrin commented after a couple of minutes of silence.

She pulled her wind-whipped hair out of her face and glanced in his direction before she turned her attention back to the houses. "And what have you come up with?"

"I'm thinkin' condo or high-rise apartment, maybe one of the old renovated warehouses that's been turned into eclectic housing or something like that."

She smiled and shook her head. "You couldn't be farther from the truth. Make a left on Central," she directed as he stopped at the red traffic light.

Their silence was interrupted only by the click-click of the turn signal. "Well, are you going to tell me about it or make me wait until we get there?" he asked, slight irritation rang in his tone.

"Oh, sorry, lost in my daydream. I just love this tree-lined area. I live in an ongoing restoration project, a red brick, two-story, well, technically three-story, straight out of someone's nightmare or fantasy; I guess it depends on how you look at things. It's a cross between a Victorian and a castle. The kids in my neighborhood think it's haunted and I'm a witch, which makes Halloween a total blast. I fell in love with it, bought it and went to work on it."

Darrin furrowed his brows, threw a quick glance in her direction before he returned his attention back to the road. "Huh?"

Once she finished giggling, she continued, "The outside style and structure is Victorian with slight variations. I have third floor turrets. You know, small circular rooms you can only access by climbing a winding staircase?"

“Turrets, I’m intrigued.”

“I was too, that’s why I bought it. When I first moved in, the entire yard was overgrown with brush and weeds, took me forever to clean it up. Make a right at the next intersection and follow it to the end. You’ll see the house on the right.”

“You weren’t kidding, were you?”

She glanced up as her house came into view and smiled. “No, I wasn’t.”

They climbed out of the Jeep and proceeded to the wrought iron, waist-high gate. Gwen opened it with a creak and motioned for Darrin to enter. “Welcome to Parker Palacio.”

“Did you know your gate is a spider web with an eighteen inch black widow capturing a fly?”

She smiled. “Unique, isn’t it?”

“I understand what makes the neighborhood kids think you’re a witch. The part I don’t understand is why you do it.”

Gwen stopped on the flagstone walkway, spun around and looked him in the eyes. “I’m a very private person, Darrin.” She shrugged her shoulders and continued along the walkway. “I happen to like my solitude.”

“You put up this facade to keep people out.”

She ignored his comment, unlocked the side door and entered her home.

Hers.

Alone. She hated alone.

Gwen pushed her lonely thoughts to the back of her mind and ushered Darrin inside. She smiled brightly in an attempt to mask her real feelings. She did not want to ruin

the rest of their weekend. "You're more than welcome to roam around or if you wait a few minutes, I'll give you a tour."

"I'll wander, you get your stuff. I want food, woman."

Gwen gave him a quick peck on the cheek and raced up the staircase. "Access to the turrets are upstairs, first and last doors on the right side of the hall. My room is on the left, last door."

"Is that an invitation?"

She stopped halfway up the stairs and eyed him over her shoulder. Yes, she wanted him again. Belinda's words resounded in her head, "*Gwen honey, you need a Mr. Right Now.*" Seductively, she trailed her hand across the banister, stroking the wood. "That all depends on what you're hungry for," she purred, flipping her mane of curls out of her way as she sauntered up to the first landing. Two steps beyond the landing and Darrin was bounding up the stairs after her. Swift and strong arms grasped her about the waist as he pulled her into his lap. Her peals of laughter were silenced as his lips devoured hers. Gwen wrapped her arms around his neck and opened for him. Her tongue readily mated with his, and she moved her roving hands from his back to his shoulders to mold his face. Gwen arched her back as she pressed closer. "I want to feel you move within me," she whispered against his lips.

Darrin pulled the drawstring of her sweats and slid his hand into her pants to cup her wet heat. She moaned as he slid two fingers inside her pussy. "Like this?" he murmured against her lips.

Gwen ground her hips urging his fingers to plunge deeper and shook her head no. "It's not enough. I need you; fill me, Darrin. I want you again."

"Show me to your room."

Gwen stood, and took his hand in hers; she led him up the rest of the stairs to her bedroom. She stopped with her hand on the knob. "I wasn't expecting company, so it's a mess," she forewarned him.

Darrin reached out to caress her breast through the thin t-shirt material, and stroke his thumb across her budding nipple. "Can we make it to the bed or shall I lean you over the banister here in the hall?"

Gwen soaked her borrowed sweatpants; the ache was insatiable. She kicked open her bedroom door, threw her arms around his neck and kissed him with all the pent-up passion she had. The next couple of minutes were a blur. Hands roamed, undressed, rubbed and caressed until they'd both shed their clothes and he'd backed her up to the bed.

"Do you have a condom?" he asked in between nibbling on her nipples.

"Look in the top drawer of the nightstand."

A cold chill blew across her heated flesh when Darrin moved away to search for the protective sheath. "Did you find one?"

"Among other things." He turned around with a vibrator in his hand.

She smiled coyly. "I told you I like toys. Girls get lonely, too."

He made to put the vibrator back in the drawer and she stopped him. "Don't put that away; use it on me."

She watched his eyes darken and his cock literally jumped. If she'd thought it was hard before, he'd just become solid steel. She leaned over on her side to stroke his shaft. She traced the pattern of the blue veins up to his bulbous head and tip glistening with pre-cum. Gwen heard his sharp intake of breath as she wrapped her long fingers around him. "Come here, Darrin. Lay down with me," she purred.

Darrin held the condom in one hand and the vibrating dildo in the other. He did as she asked. "That's a good man. Have you ever used a dildo before?"

Darrin shook his head no, lying perfectly still while Gwen stroked and played with his rock-hard cock.

Gwen climbed to her knees and she placed feathery kisses across his neck, down his chest and stomach. She stopped only to stick her tongue in his navel before she moved lower. She licked the drop of pre-cum from his tip and smiled. "Let me show you." She took the dildo from his hand as she straddled his legs with her face mere inches from his cock. "I've always wanted one in my mouth and one in my pussy at the same time."

Once again, his cock literally jumped.

Gwen twisted the dildo at its base. A smile of satisfaction flitted across her lips as it purred and shook in her hand. She slid the toy closer to her own glistening wet lips and she watched Darrin's face for a reaction. His body was definitely responsive to her sexual activities but she wanted to see the lust and passion in his eyes. Slowly she slid the vibrating plastic shaft inside her body and moaned. She noted Darrin's stare was riveted to her pussy and the

dildo she stroked herself with. “Here, you try. Use this to fuck my pussy while I suck your cock.”

“You make me crazy, woman. Yes, suck me; suck on me now.”

Gwen replaced her hand on the end of the dildo with Darrin’s, guiding him on how she liked it. “Oh yeah, baby,” she said before she filled her mouth with his rock-hard cock. His shaft was wide, thick and long enough to make it difficult for her to swallow him, so she concentrated more on the upper half to the tip of his shaft. She sucked hard and grazed upward with teeth as she laved the tip with her tongue before her mouth slid down on him once more. Darrin’s moan reverberated through him as he plunged the dildo in and out of her. Faster and faster she sucked and stroked him. Faster and faster he fucked her with the toy. The fire raged inside her, the heat intensified until she couldn’t take any more. Quick as a flash, Gwen spun around, straddled Darrin’s cock and plunged him deep inside her. She rocked back and forth on him as she rode the orgasm until the spasms subsided. With a sigh she collapsed on his chest and snuggled against him as he stroked her hair and back.

“You didn’t give me a chance to put on the condom. Gwen, I came inside you, again.”

Chapter 6

Gwen lifted her head from his chest, smiled at him and planted a lip-smacking kiss on him. “Darrin, do you have any sexually transmittable diseases?”

“No, but—”

“No buts, I’m protected. I can’t remember to take a little pill every day but replacing a patch once a week I can handle.”

“I’m still hungry,” he whined.

“Now that you mention it, again, I am too.” She rolled off of him and ran naked across the room. After she opened every drawer, she haphazardly tossed bras, panties and tons of lacy unmentionables all over the floor.

“What in the world are you looking for?”

Gwen spun to respond and her mouth went dry at the sight of him, the ripped muscles of his hard body all stretched out across her bed. Lean and luscious all rolled into one package. His black hair and tanned, sinewy body contrasted nicely against her white satin duvet cover. She turned away before she jumped him, again. “I, um, I need to find my lingerie.”

“What’s the matter with the hundred pieces you’ve pulled out already?”

“Huh? Oh, um, nothing. It’s mostly my every day stuff. I want the knock-you-to-your-knees outfit you’ll never forget.”

“Well,” he said as he leaned back and laced his fingers behind his head, “by all means, continue.”

Gwen busied herself as she continued to rummage through her drawers. She tossed certain items on a chair and scattered the remains wherever they fell.

Darrin reached around from behind her and pulled a lacy green bra from her grasp. “This matches your eyes,” he murmured in her ear. His semi-hard cock nestled against her rear and she had to use all her willpower not to grind against him.

“You’re a distraction. If you want food, you really need to back away.”

“What’s the matter, Gwen? Is it my close proximity or the compliments on your emerald green eyes?”

She raised her head and met his dark stare, hinting with, was that amusement or concern? “The compliment was sweet, thank you. I asked you to step back because you looked really sexy in my bed and I was ready to pounce on you again.”

“Blunt and honest.” He smiled and ran a finger across her cheek. “The more I find out about you, the more I like. Other than just your incredibly sexy body.”

“Keep talking like that and I will pounce on you again,” she threatened.

Darrin feigned a look of dread. “Oh no, a beautiful woman wants to have sex with me. What am I to do?” He laughed. “Seriously, I’m about ready to raid your refrigerator. Grab some clothes and let’s go.” He playfully

swatted her bare behind before he turned back to the bed in search of his own strewn clothing.

Gwen smiled to herself as she threw her selected items in a duffel bag and headed into her closet. She slipped into the matching bra and panties Darrin said matched her eyes. She'd agree to a point, the color suited her very well, that's why she'd bought them. Now that the underthings were taken care of, it was on to the outerwear. She pulled a pair of jeans off a hanger and slid into them. Darrin's borrowed clothes had worked in a pinch, but not nearly as stylish as her own. She stood barefoot in her jeans and a bra as she perused the contents of her closet. She finally decided on a black tank top and cropped denim jacket to match her jeans. As an afterthought, she crammed another pair of jeans and a white tank top into her bag. Satisfied with her choices, she hurried out to find Darrin before he began to scrounge for the nonexistent food in her kitchen.

She found him in the west tower room taking in her view of downtown Phoenix. She crossed the hardwood floor, stepped up behind him and slid her hands around his waist. She turned her head and pressed her cheek into his back. "Enjoying the view?"

"This is really cool, Gwen. I almost expected to find an iron maiden or rusty shackles mounted to the walls."

"Don't be silly, those are in the dungeon, I mean basement." She giggled.

Darrin turned in her arms, bent slightly and gave her a chaste kiss on the mouth. "Are you ready to go?"

Gwen nodded. "Just need a couple of things from the bathroom and we're outta here."

"I hope you'll invite me back, because I'd love a tour. You have very eclectic taste. I don't know how you do it but you make it all work together."

Gwen shrugged her shoulders and grinned at him. "If I like it and I can find a spot to make it fit, I go for it. If not, I find something else. Secondhand stores and specialty shops are great for out of the ordinary things. And yes, Darrin, I'd like you to come back again." She slipped a folded piece of paper into his pocket.

"What was that?"

"Oh, just three different phone numbers and an email address. I'll be devastated if I don't hear from you."

A mixture of emotions washed over his face and crept into his eyes as he scanned the scrap of paper. "Is everything all right, Darrin?"

He looked at her and gave her a small wistful smile. "I almost hate to say it but this is too good to be true." He shook his head as he continued, "I was just thinking how many times I've wished I'd had this information nine years ago."

Gwen smiled and laid a hand on his cheek. "We were young, impetuous and drunk. I personally believe fate has crossed our paths again for a reason."

Darrin gave her a bigger grin this time and stuffed the piece of paper in his pocket. "Come on, Ms. Parker, let's go have some fun with our clothes on before we take them off again." He then grabbed her hand and led her down the staircase to the second floor level where she'd left her duffel bag.

Gwen dashed into the bathroom and threw in her essentials, hair care, make-up and toothbrush. She looked at

her reflection in the mirror and let out a deep breath. Darrin had come back into her life for a reason, she was sure of it. *But what was the reason other than incredible sex?*

“Gwen,” he yelled from downstairs, “you have no food in your kitchen! How do you survive with no food in the house?”

She smiled at her reflection, shook her head and went downstairs after him. “I spend a lot of time at the office and eat out regularly. There’s a great salad bar a few blocks from here.”

“Salad? Do I look like a freakin’ rabbit to you? I want meat and I know the perfect place to get it.”

“All right, all right, I’d hate to be responsible if you wasted away to nothing because I wouldn’t let you eat. I’m ready to go.”

“It’s about time, wasting away is the least of your worries. I can be cranky and cantankerous if not properly fed.”

“I’ll keep that in mind.” She grinned at him over her shoulder. After she locked the door behind her, she picked up her bag and followed him down the walk and to his Jeep.

“I still can’t get over this gate. Where in the world did you find it?”

“I had it made. A friend of a friend is a welder. I gave him a drawing, dimensions and part of the materials, this was the end result.”

“I wonder what the stodgy Mr. Perkins next door would think if I put one of these up.”

“I don’t think this would suit your décor. I see you with more of a palm tree or sunset type of gate.”

He turned sideways in his seat and frowned at her. “What is it you don’t want to say? I lack originality?”

“No, Darrin.” She giggled and shook her head. “I’m saying a spider web gate would look very out of place on your sprawling ranch house in your upscale neighborhood. Besides, your home owners association would never allow it, and you know it. I’m surprised you got away with the red door.”

He grumbled something under his breath as he started the vehicle. Gwen grinned and looked out the passenger side of the Jeep as Darrin began to drive. She knew that he knew she was right, and it bugged him. *Male egos, what was a woman to do?*

Darrin drove with confidence and handled the squirrely Jeep with ease. He merged into traffic and headed south. Quietly she watched him; she loved to watch him, hell, she just loved to look at him period. She squirmed in her seat and averted her gaze from the bulge in the front of his jeans to stare straight forward. “Where are you taking me?”

“Fox and Hound on Seventh Street. They make the best steak in town.”

“I agree, they do make a great steak but there’s one minor flaw in your plan. They don’t open until after four.”

Darrin glanced at his watch and swore. “There’s no way I can wait another three hours to eat.”

“Hang a left at the next light, there’s a little sandwich shop I think will satisfy your hunger.”

“Baby, there’s only one thing that can satisfy my hunger but I must have food first.” She glared at him and he laughed. “All right, I’ll drive, you navigate.”

They ordered sub sandwiches and soft drinks, preferring to dine at one of the outdoor tables the deli offered. The conversation was sparse during the meal. Darrin inhaled his foot long Italian combo faster than Gwen could down her half of a turkey on wheat. She noticed how he eyed her bag of potato chips. "Do you want some?" she asked as she held the bag open for him.

"Are you sure? I don't want to eat them if you want them."

"I wouldn't offer to share if I didn't want to. My, you do have an appetite, don't you?"

He nodded his head instead of talking with a full mouth. After he washed down the mouthful of food with his soda, he grinned at her. "I've been blessed with a high metabolism. It was a curse in high school, since I couldn't gain an ounce. Try to impress the girls when you're five foot four and weigh one-o-two. Now I appreciate it more than I can say."

Gwen giggled and continued to eat her sandwich. "I appreciate it too. I don't remember you being scrawny in college."

"I finally started to grow in my junior year of high school. My poor mom, she couldn't buy me clothes fast enough. I grew eight inches in about nine months. Every time she turned around, my jeans were too short again."

She giggled again and finished her sandwich. "Well, what's next on the list? Pick up your car?"

"No, honey, toys." His voice lowered and took on a seductive, husky sound. "I really liked the way you fucked that vibrator while you had my cock in your mouth."

Gwen squirmed in her chair as her panties dampened. He could turn her into a puddle with a look and his sexy voice. She cleared her throat before she met his lusty gaze. "If you're truly interested in a quality toy shop, there's only one place to go. Have you ever been in the Camelback Megastore?"

"No, but I know where it is. We're not too far from it, are we?"

Gwen shook her head, sending her tousled curls flying. "Nope, it's a couple of miles north of here and conveniently enough, just a few minutes from where we need to pick up your car."

"Excellent, do they carry lingerie too?"

"They don't call it the Megastore for nothing. You'll have to wait and see for yourself."

"I can't wait to get you home and naked again."

"I told you earlier, I'm very picky about my toys."

"I've got a vision of you in something silky, revealing and with easy access. In a rich green or black, and you have to get the sky-high heels to go with the outfit. What is it about high heels? I'm sure they're uncomfortable as hell, but damn, they do the most incredible things to a woman's legs and ass."

Gwen giggled and slurped her soda. "They carry a lot of everything, just you wait and see."

Darrin polished off her bag of chips and impatiently stood up. "You've taunted and teased me long enough. You sit across the table and bat those eyelashes, all while you talk about toys and lingerie. Do you know what you're doing to me?"

Gwen smiled prettily and batted her eyelashes at him. "I don't know what you're talking about, Darrin. I thought we were here to enjoy a lovely al fresco lunch together."

"Seductress, vixen, vamp, I could go on and on," he teased.

With slow deliberate moves, Gwen gathered her things from the table and made her way to dispose of her trash. She maintained eye contact with him the entire time. "Keep it up, tough guy, I'll move slower yet."

"Enough, woman, I'll have my way when I want it."

In mock terror, she shrieked as Darrin scooped her up off the ground and carried her across the parking lot to deposit her in the passenger seat of his Jeep. He brushed the hair out of her face and kissed her long and hard. Gwen opened her eyes to find him staring at her from scant inches away. Smiling at him, she placed her hand on his cheek. "Your eyes are brown. Fascinating."

Darrin gave her a quizzical look and let out a snort. "You didn't know what color my eyes were? For some reason, that bothers me. I know it's petty but..."

"No, I thought they were darker, black almost. They always look so dark and intense. Only in the bright light of day do they really show brown."

His mood lightened slightly. "Okay, I'll let it go." He walked around to his side of the Jeep and climbed in, his intense gaze never wavered nor left her face. "I don't know why that bothers me so much."

Gwen reached over and placed her hand on his arm. "I'm sorry, Darrin. I didn't realize you were so...emotional. It was a revelation and I blurted it out."

As he started up the vehicle, he frowned and shook his head. "Normally I'm not." He turned his intense gaze on her again. "But for some reason, coming from you, it hurt."

"I am sorry. I never intended to hurt your feelings. Would you like me to kiss them better?" Playfully she ran a finger up his arm, then over his face to stop by tracing the outline of his lower lip.

A slow smile spread across his face. "No, I don't want you to kiss my feelings better, but there is something you can do instead."

"All right, name it. I feel bad for, well, making you feel bad."

"I'm gonna hold you to it. You said anything."

Gwen laughed as she held her flyaway hair out of her face. "Oh come on now, within reason."

"Nope, you said name it, in my book that means whatever I want it to."

He teased her and she loved every minute of it. She fell silent for a moment as her heart thrummed in her chest. She stared at him. *Damn, he was hot!*

"Why do you stare at me like you're a starved animal who hasn't eaten in days?" he asked.

Gwen leaned over and licked the outer edge of his ear. "Because I am starved and you caught me watching you," she whispered and returned to her own seat.

"Oh." His Adam's apple bobbed with a deliberate swallow. "Well, um, dammit, woman, where was I going with this thought? You distract me beyond reason."

Gwen threw her head back and laughed as Darrin pulled into the parking lot of Camelback Megastore. "Oooohhh, stroke my ego, baby. It turns me on."

Darrin turned his dark gaze on her. “I plan to stroke more than your ego.”

A shiver of anticipation ran down her spine, then radiated lower to settle in a million little nerve endings between her legs. She played on the banter, giving him a saucy look as she jumped out of the Jeep. “You can talk the talk, but after what we’ve already done, can you continue to walk the walk?”

Darrin pulled her against him, pressed the full, length of him against her abdomen. “Play with fire, Gwen, you will get burned.”

He lowered his head and plundered her mouth. He drove his tongue deep inside its moist recesses. His kiss was savage, almost brutal, like he had to show her who was in control. It might have been scary coming from another man, but from Darrin, it sparked something else all together. He had the skill to drive her wild with excitement.

Clinging to him like a second skin, Gwen kissed him back with equal fervor. She bit and nipped at his tongue and lips. When Darrin was the first to pull away, she was disappointed.

Breathing heavy, he peered down into her face, obviously as aroused as she’d become. “Kiss me like that again and we’re gonna get arrested for fucking in public.”

“To hell with shopping, let’s go get your car and go back to your place.”

Darrin shook his head back and forth negatively. “You said anything. I know what I want and we’re not leaving here until I get it.”

Gwen sighed and rested her head against his chest. “You’re gonna make me go in there and pick out toys for our sexual pleasure knowing how hot and wet for you I am right this very minute?”

Again the Adam’s apple bobbed as he swallowed. “It’s all a part of the greater scheme of things. Come on, if it works out like I plan it to, you’ll be the second to know.”

Gwen cocked her head to one side. “Sounds like you’ve got this all figured out.”

Darrin chuckled, grabbed her hand and led her to the front door. “In theory, yes.”

Chapter 7

The distressed wooden doors were made to look like something found on a medieval castle, yet they slid open silently at their approach. Inside the store, Gwen took the lead and left Darrin to follow and gawk along the way. *What in the hell is that? I'm not sure that's even legal.* He stared at a display of inflatable sheep dolls.

Gwen returned to his side. "If this was what you had in mind, I'm calling a cab right now."

Darrin spun to look at her. "What? Oh, good god, no! I'm just stunned they'd even sell something like this."

Gwen sighed and leaned against his arm, "You're in advertising, Darrin. You know it takes all kinds to make the world go round." She continued in a lower voice, "Are you done? People are staring at us, and well, I'm starting to get uncomfortable standing in front of the farm animal display."

Darrin chuckled. He glanced around the brightly lit store and noticed she was right. He grabbed her hand as they continued to walk through the store. "They must sell a few of them or there wouldn't be such an elaborate display. I wonder if they're going for shock and awe, fascinating."

"I'm all for enjoying and expressing a sexual appetite, but honestly, that creeps me out. Here we go, my favorite part of the store."

Darrin pulled his gaze off Gwen's ass, since he'd let her lead him and he'd been preoccupied by watching her walk. As he looked around, he realized he stood in a row of plastic, rubber and who knew what other types of material, penises. "Wow, I had no idea there was such a, um, variety."

Gwen giggled and at that very moment, Darrin knew he loved her. It wasn't for the incredible sex or her physical beauty but for the woman inside. Yes, the sex and the outer package were great side benefits but as he watched her, something else clicked. She was smart, witty, open and expressive, once she let him in. Her pretense of the spooky house and being a loner was just that, pretense. He'd figured her out and solved the case. Gwen Parker was afraid of being hurt, so if she didn't let anyone in, no one could hurt her.

"Darrin, where'd you fade off to?" Gwen asked as she snapped her fingers in front of his face.

He smiled sheepishly. "Sorry, you caught me daydreaming."

"Are you going to help me pick something out?"

"Why don't you get one like I used on you earlier today?"

Gwen blushed. *How cute, the woman is a veritable nymph behind closed doors, but in a well-lit department store, she blushes.* Darrin realized she'd said something when a slightly annoyed look appeared on her face. "I'm sorry, you caught me again."

"What has you so preoccupied?" Mild irritation dripped from her tone.

"You."

She opened her mouth to speak, shut it again and blushed a deeper shade of crimson. "I don't know how to respond to that."

Darrin trailed a fingertip down her cheek, followed the curve of her neck and dipped into the sexy little hollow of her collarbone. "Accept it for the compliment it is."

She shivered and lifted her face to meet his gaze. "Thank you, I don't remember a time I drove someone to distraction."

Darrin moved closer, her scent intoxicated him, "You've been a distraction to me for nine years, honey. I don't plan to let you slip away again."

"Can I help you two with something?" came from a deep male voice behind them.

Both Darrin and Gwen spun at the sound of the intruder's voice. Darrin smiled to the clerk. "My girlfriend and I can't decide on which one of these things to get for my sister's bachelorette party."

"Oh," the clerk responded, "that's easy. You're looking for a Wild Hare. Fantasies in Form came out with this little wonder about six months ago. We can't keep them on the shelves." He returned with a box and handed it to Darrin. "They're a little on the pricey side, but I know my old lady gets off with it all the time."

Darrin smiled and Gwen put her head forward, hiding under all that red curly hair of hers. "Thanks, man, I appreciate the help."

"No problem, that's what I'm here for. Hey, do you want that gift wrapped? You're gonna want to give her batteries with it, too. No sense getting the toy if she can't use it."

“Thanks again, um, James,” Darrin said, as he read the intruder’s name tag. “We’re going to look around some more, but I think we’ll take your advice and go with the Wild Hare.”

Gwen burst into a fit of giggles as James walked away. “You handled him very well, I’m impressed.”

“I think he wanted a closer look at you. He had a hard time pulling his stare off your chest.”

“A very dear friend always told me, if you’ve got it, flaunt it, ’cause you won’t have it forever.”

“I like your friend, she sounds like a wise woman. Are you comfortable with purchasing a Wild Hare? The name alone makes me want to reconsider.”

Gwen leaned in close to Darrin’s ear. “I wore mine out and haven’t had a chance to replace it yet. The one you fucked me with today is a backup.”

Darrin gulped and stared into emerald eyes that flashed with wicked amusement. She smiled coyly at him. “You continue to amaze me, Gwen. One minute you blush and seem truly bashful about picking out a toy and the next, your tongue is in my ear as you tell me your wicked little secrets.”

“A girl never tells all her secrets. The mystery and mystique would fade, the passion would subside and then, well, she’d be left alone.”

Darrin wrapped his arms around her and kissed her forehead. “Someone hurt you deeply, sweetheart, and I’m sorry for it. I hate the asshole and don’t even know who he is.”

Gwen looked up into his face and gave him a weak smile. “It’s not important.”

"This was supposed to be a fun shopping adventure. How it's managed to turn into a melodrama has me flabbergasted. Let's go check out their lingerie selection." He stepped back and eyed her up and down in severe concentration.

"What are you doing?"

"Shhh, I'm trying to imagine you as a naughty school girl, or maybe a nurse. I could use some T.L.C. and perhaps a sponge bath."

Gwen rolled her eyes and giggled before she grabbed his hand and led him to the other side of the store.

"Now this is more like it," Darrin stated as he ran his hand over a sheer teddy in pale pink.

"I can't wear that," Gwen commented.

"And why not?" he demanded.

She pulled at her long riotous red curls. "Redheads don't wear pink and believe it or not, red makes me look orange. I think it's the freckles."

"I happen to like your freckles. Maybe later I'll play connect the dots."

"Ha ha, very funny, Darrin. Look, I really don't need you to buy me any lingerie. You saw the mountain I already own."

"Did you ever stop to think that maybe I want to buy you sexy lingerie?"

"Well, I figured you did or you wouldn't have mentioned it, but..."

"Then it's settled, let me do what I want and I won't throw a temper tantrum and embarrass you in public."

"You wouldn't."

"Bet me?" At her look of terror, he snickered.

Gwen rolled her eyes and continued to lead him through the store. "I don't think I'm willing to risk calling your bluff. If you want lingerie that bad, I guess I'll have to sacrifice myself for the greater good."

Darrin grinned as he let her lead him. *She's entirely too damn cute for her own good.*

Gwen stopped amidst a sea of clothing racks and scantily-clad mannequins. "Well, here we are. Where would you like to start?"

Darrin zeroed in on the perfect outfit for his Gwen. The teal green bra barely covered the mannequin's plastic breasts and the panties came in a variety of styles. He crossed to the clothes rack directly under the mannequin and began to rummage through the hangers. He prayed they had her size in stock. His cock began to grow behind his zipper just thinking about her rosy areolas peeking out from behind the lace and her hardened nipples jutting over the top of the garment. Bingo, he pulled out the bra and handed it to Gwen. He paid close attention to her facial expression and felt his cock pulsate when she flicked her tongue over her lower lip.

"You have nice taste in women's apparel," she said in a husky whisper.

"I should thank you for having the body to wear it."

He turned back to the rack and searched for the matching panties, and found exactly what he looked for, a wispy little pair of crotchless panties. As he spun around, he handed them to her with a smile. "Where's the fitting room? I want to examine my purchase before I buy."

Her eyes lit up, just like they did nine years ago when he'd suggested they have sex in the cantina on the Mexican

beach in Cabo. The thrill of sex in a public place still excited her, even though she'd tamped her wilder side down and held it in check. Darrin's cock throbbed hard in his jeans and begged for release. He glanced around the store to see if anyone paid them any attention and was relieved to see everyone minding their own business.

"Are you going to come in the dressing room with me? I refuse to step one foot out of that room dressed in this." She waved the hangers of lace in front of him.

He nodded his head, and motioned her to the white doors on the back wall of the store. "I told you, you'd be the second to know."

With a saucy shake of her hips, Gwen sauntered into the dressing room and invited him in with a smile. Darrin obediently followed. Once inside the little room, he sat on the bench facing the mirrored wall and impatiently waited for Gwen to strip. He could hear the blood pound in his ears as piece by piece, her clothes fell from her body. When her breasts were bared, he couldn't resist and reached out to caress them, causing her nipples to pebble.

Gwen gave him a slow, seductive smile before she bent over to remove her shoes. The woman knew how to put on a show. Darrin squeezed her butt mere inches from his face and ran his hand between her legs; his desire mounted higher when he heard her soft moan. "Shhhh, quiet, darling, we don't want anyone to hear us," he whispered as he continued to stroke her crotch through her jeans.

Gwen stood up and shimmied out of her jeans. Just as quick, Darrin unzipped his pants and pulled them down far enough to let his engorged cock spring free. He grabbed Gwen by the hips and guided her to sit on his lap. Her wet

pussy lips opened and he slid his shaft deep in her honey pot. "This is what I want."

Gwen braced her hands on the wall and ground against him. Gyrating in a circular motion, she rode him. Darrin watched her in the mirror as she bit her lip to keep from making any noise. Only then did he realize that he too held his breath to remain silent. He ran his hands around and across her body, between her legs to play with her clit while she continued to grind in circles on his cock. Carefully, he stood and bent her over, taking extra care not to slam her head into the mirror.

Gwen braced her hands on either side of the mirror as Darrin gripped her hips and pounded into her with forceful thrusts. Again, he watched her in the mirror. It was an erotic rush to watch himself fuck this beautiful redhead, and to see her face alive with passion, so expressive, so turned on by him. His balls began to tighten, so he quickened his pace and shortened his strokes. Faster and faster he slid his slick shaft in and out of her willing sex. Darrin felt Gwen's orgasm as her vaginal muscles squeezed and contracted around him. He lost his last ounce of restraint, thrust deep and let go. His orgasm left him breathless and shaken. Pulling Gwen onto his lap, he snuggled her hair and stroked her bared breasts while his cock recovered from the aftershocks.

She twisted to kiss him passionately on the mouth. "That was incredible. Do you think anyone knows?"

Darrin chuckled softly and playfully squeezed her nipple. "As long as the cops aren't outside this door when I open it, I don't care."

Gwen finally broke the embrace and stood. "I'm not going to try on the bottoms, um, after, well, you know." She blushed.

Darrin laughed again. "You slay me, Gwen. Sometimes, I swear there are two of you in one body."

She gave him an intense look before a Cheshire cat grin graced her lips. "Maybe there is. Here, hook this for me. I need to adjust the straps," she said, as she slid the skimpy bra in place.

Darrin stood, put his once again sated cock back in his pants and set the hooks on the lacy garment. Then he peered over her shoulder and gazed at her reflection. "I was right." He reached around her and flicked a fingertip across her nipple as it peeked over the edge of the lace. "It's beautiful on you." He placed his hands on her hips and rubbed his cock against her bare bottom. "Let's go home, you can show me how to use that bunny thing on you."

Gwen giggled. With a quick twist of her body, she turned in his arms. She wrapped hers around his neck and pulled his face down for a searing kiss. Willingly, he opened his mouth and let her dart her tongue inside to mate with his. His hands roamed over her back and down lower to knead her ass, pulling her closer against him. "You drive me crazy, I haven't been this horny since, well, since you, the first time."

She cupped his face in her hands and smiled at him. "You can be so sweet at times." Abruptly she turned away from him and began fishing for her clothing.

"Did I miss something?" he asked. Gwen turned her face up to meet his and Darrin saw tears glisten in her eyes. "Why are you crying?"

“Because I think I’m in love with you and I don’t know if that’s really possible at this point in time.”

Darrin’s heart swelled. Gentler this time, he turned her face back up to his. “I feel the same way. I’ve thought of you for years and thousands of different scenarios about what would happen if and when we ever met again. Granted, this weekend wasn’t one of the scenarios I ran through but I’m willing to go with it.”

She smiled as a tear cascaded down her cheek. “I’ve missed you so much, Darrin. I was a fool to run off the way I did in college.”

He kissed the top of her head and hugged her. “Get your clothes on. We’ll continue this conversation over Italian cuisine and a bottle of vino.”

Darrin watched Gwen shimmy into her tight jeans and wiggle back into her snug tank top. She slipped her shoes on her feet, tousled her hair and turned to him. “I’m ready when you are.”

Together they exited the dressing room. Darrin wasn’t sure, but thought the clerk behind the counter suspected what they’d done in there, but James didn’t say anything about it. Darrin stood next to Gwen as James rang up their purchases. Once he paid for the Wild Hare, a package of batteries and the lingerie, they walked out of the store hand in hand.

“I’m starving, what Italian place do you have in mind?” she asked as they climbed in the Jeep.

“My place.”

“You’re not Italian.”

“No, but the guy who owns the pizza place I order from is and they deliver. How does sharing a bottle of wine and pizza in bed sound to you?”

“It sounds great. Can I lick pizza sauce off of you?”

He sat and stared at her for a minute. This was the true Gwen, hair down, sexy and bashful at the same time, expressive and he hoped, honest. *God, don't let her be taking me for a ride.* “Darlin’, you can do whatever your sexual appetite craves. Tonight we leave inhibitions behind and do anything we choose.”

He could see the wheels in her head turn as she pondered his comment. Her fingernails thrummed across the dashboard. “Are you serious about this? I mean, no questions, anything we want to do?”

“As long as it doesn’t involve other people, I’m open to any suggestions. I’m greedy and don’t want to share you with anyone.” He chuckled. “Tonight is purely pleasure.”

“Then let’s go get your car and hightail it back to your place. I’ve considered something for awhile now and believe I found the perfect partner to see it through.”

“Now I’m curious. Come on, a hint?”

As Gwen leaned in to him, her breasts brushed against the back of his arm. “If I tell you now, I’ll have to kill you and I’m not done with your body...yet.” She stuck her lower lip out in a sultry pout.

“You don’t play fair.”

She grinned at him. “Neither did you, now it’s my turn.”

Chapter 8

Gwen drove Darrin's sleek little BMW down his quiet street with its perfectly manicured lawns and stately mansions, wondering if she could ever fit into his life on a permanent basis. She snuggled down in the leather seat and inhaled. The car smelled like him, mixed with the rich heady scent of leather. She took her eyes off the road for a moment to glance again at the expensive homes. Her mind began to wander.

Will his mother accept and embrace me? She wasn't poor by any means but her blood didn't run blue. She was from working middle class stock. Without scholarships and a hefty student loan, she never could have afforded to work her way through college. *What about Darrin's friends and colleagues? Will Darrin himself be embarrassed once he finds out what I do for a living? Will he make the same endearing comments to Mira?* "I've nothing to be ashamed of!" she flared, knowing in the back of her mind she never revealed to him what kind of business she owned. *How would he react if I told him I'd designed the toy he'd purchased for me?* With a sigh, she slipped the BMW into its parking space next to where the yellow Jeep was pulling in beside her. Gwen checked her reflection in the rearview mirror. Bright green eyes stared

back at her, but they didn't settle her inner turmoil. "Enjoy the rest of the weekend, what happens next happens."

"Are you talking to yourself?" Darrin jeered as he shut off the engine in the Jeep's parking stall.

Gwen smiled. "You caught me in the middle of a conversation with my alter ego."

"I knew it! There are two of you in that pretty little head of yours."

Gwen grinned as she shook her head, *if you only knew*. "You have no idea how true that statement really is," she muttered, more to herself than him.

Darrin grabbed her overnight bag and the unmarked brown paper sack from the Megastore as he hopped out of the Jeep. "If there's something you want to tell me, go ahead. I'd like to know all I can about you."

Gwen thrummed her fingernails on the hood of the car. "What's your mother going to think of me, Darrin?" The question blurted out before she could stop it.

He gave her a blank look, then his expression slowly changed to something else, something softer, more caring. "I hadn't thought about it, but I think she's going to love you."

"Am I good enough for her little boy?" Now the gate was open, she couldn't shut up.

"Do you think you're good enough for her little boy?" He teased and turned her question back on her.

Gwen squared her shoulders. "Yes, I do."

"Well," he closed the gap between them, "this little boy hasn't asked for Mommy's permission to see someone in a long, long time." He bent his head and gave her a quick kiss on the lips. "And, *I* think you're plenty good for me."

Gwen opened her mouth to protest and Darrin silenced her with a potently virile kiss. She heard the bags hit the floor as his arms wrapped around her like steel bands. His tongue darted inside her mouth possessively taking, no gentle persuasion. He crushed her against him. One hand worked its way up her back to tangle in her hair, effectively holding her captive against him. He pressed her against the hood of the car. She could feel the hardened length of him pressing into her through his jeans.

She gasped for air and ripped her mouth away from his. With a slight tilt of her head, she met his coal black stare. "If you're trying to prove a point, I got it."

Darrin rubbed the evidence of his desire against her leg, "I wasn't trying to prove a point, Gwen. I'm trying to work my way into your pants...again."

Even with the tacky line, she giggled. "You just got out of them." She pressed her hands against his chest, in an attempt to push him away. "What happened to a fabulous Italian dinner? You started me on this food kick and now you plan to deny me, only to satisfy your own lusty cravings?"

"Oh, honey, I'll feed you. I've got ten inches of all American beef just waiting for you to wrap your sweet mouth around."

"Ten inches, huh?" she bantered. "Where's the tape measure? I want to make sure you're telling me the truth."

Darrin sobered and stared deep into her eyes. "I'd never lie to you. There are some lines I refuse to cross."

"I wasn't insinuating you lied to me. It was a joke, Darrin. You know, kinda like...prove it?"

A small grin flickered across his face. “Just a little sensitive about being called a liar. Okay, I thought you called me a liar. Tense moment,” he rubbed his hands up and down her arms, “deep breath in and, okay, out with the bad vibes and in with the good. Feel better?”

Gwen couldn’t help it, she laughed out loud. Not a little giggle or snigger, but an outright, full-blown belly laugh. “You’re silly, but I find it very endearing.” Rising to her tiptoes, she gave him a quick kiss. “I didn’t know there was a charming, attractive, young, single man left in this town with any endearing qualities; ’tis a rare gift you have.”

“Just wait until the pizza arrives, I’ll show you what rare gifts I have,” he taunted.

Gwen ran her hand across the front of his jeans and traced the bulging outline of his cock with a fingertip. She gazed into his eyes and noticed they were not as intense as they were mere minutes ago, now they simply appeared dark brown in color. She leaned into him and whispered, “I can’t wait for the pizza to arrive. You bought me a special toy.” She rubbed her breasts against him and held her lips scant inches from his. “I want you again, Darrin. I just had your cock in me and I want you again.”

A groan of frustration emanated from him as he crushed his mouth against hers. He scooped her up with one arm, barged through the door and carried her down the hallway into his bedroom, where he not so gently deposited her on the bed. “You make me crazy, Gwen. No one has ever made me feel like you do.”

Gwen licked her lips as she watched him undress. She became hotter with every inch of flesh he exposed to her greedy stare. Gwen’s gaze raked over his body, as she

caressed her breast through her shirt. Her nipple puckered in response and her core throbbed in jealous anticipation of caresses to come. "You are one glorious hunk of man, Darrin Wells," she proclaimed with a smile, the smile of a woman who knew she was about to be sexually satisfied.

Darrin stood naked before her; his engorged cock standing up straight as a tent pole. Gwen licked her lips, and then crawled on hands and knees over to the edge of the bed where he stood. She reached for him with only her mouth, Darrin backed away slightly. "My turn, darlin'," he drawled, helping her to her feet. "Strip," he commanded.

Gwen rose; slowly, she peeled each piece of clothing from her body and tossed them over her shoulder. Mere minutes later, she stood completely naked before him. He beckoned her to join him on the bed with a crook of his finger. She crawled over the top of him, slid her body against his solid length and locked her lips on his.

She let out a sigh of pleasure, rolled onto her back as Darrin pinned her down. He tangled his hands in her hair and drove his tongue deep into the moist recesses of her mouth. He nestled his cock between her thighs and thrust against her. She clamped her legs tight together, stroked him, rubbed the length of him against her clit all at the same time.

"You'd better stop that or I'll be fucking you again."

"That's what I want," she panted out when he pulled his cock from between her legs. "I want you to fuck me. I need it, I need you."

"Sshh, sweet thing, all in good time. I've got a special toy for you and you promised to let me in on your secret, remember?"

She knew her eyes lit up as she smiled at him. “Did you bring it in with you?”

Darrin nodded. Reaching over her, he grabbed the bag off his nightstand. “This is the weirdest looking contraption I’ve ever seen.”

Gwen moaned for the sexual delights to come. “Just you wait. I’m gonna make your cock so hard, you won’t be able to think of anything else but how fast you can bury it deep inside me.”

Darrin’s piercing gaze tore into her soul, as he reached out and traced a finger over her jaw line. “I don’t need toys for that, Gwen.”

Gwen tore open the package of batteries and loaded them into the Wild Hare. With a twist of the dial, the beads began to rotate inside the clear silicone shaft and the clit stimulator vibrated from side to side. “This is the greatest invention ever given to women,” she chided.

Darrin watched as Gwen rolled over on her hands and knees and pointed her ass directly at him. She wanted to give him the best view possible and easy access to her ass. She heard him audibly gulp as she began to slide the toy into her pussy deeper and deeper with each stroke. Gwen cooed when he ran his hands up her thighs and over her ass to spread her open further. “Okay, you were right. I want to bury myself deep inside you, but I’m lookin’ at a completely different point of entry.”

She twisted around so she could see him better and smiled. “You want to fuck my ass, don’t you?” She wiggled in front of him and bore down on the dildo.

“Yes.” His gaze never left her tightly puckered hole. She watched as Darrin unconsciously began to stroke his

own cock. She eyed the dollop of pre-cum as it oozed out his tip and slid down the underside of his shaft. She wiggled closer to him as he rubbed his shaft against her ass. "I want you, Darrin. I want you inside me. This is my surprise. I want you to fuck my ass while I ride the Hare."

Darrin didn't hesitate. He rose to his knees, positioned himself behind her and pointed the tip of his cock at her puckered asshole. He stroked himself again, brought more pre-cum to the tip and smeared it on her. Slowly he slid the tip of his cock inside her ass. "Oh God, Gwen, you're so fucking tight. I'll be gentle. I don't want to hurt you."

Gwen was delirious, almost to the point of euphoria. When Darrin slid the tip of his cock inside her tight passage, she had to bear down so she didn't come immediately. "Darrin, you're not going to hurt me if you enter slow. My body will adjust to your size. Once you're in, my passage will stretch. I'm so horny, Darrin, I need you to fuck me," she begged as she ground her ass against him again.

Darrin gripped her hip with one hand and guided his cock into her ass with the other. Inch by inch she took him in. She was so riled by the time he was completely embedded inside her, she began to buck and grind against him. "Oh yessssssss," she purred and turned the dial up on her vibrating dildo. It didn't take her long to adjust to his size; she was on fire from the inside out. He tried to take it easy on her when all she wanted was for him to ride her with everything he had. She began to quicken the pace. "Harder, faster, yes, that's it. Fuck me, Darrin. You like my ass? Huh? You like that tight little hole, don't you? You wanted to fuck my ass, Darrin, so do it."

Darrin groaned through clenched teeth as he pumped his rod in and out of her asshole. Gwen rode his cock and her Wild Hare as if her very life depended on it. Her orgasm built, rolled over her in crashing waves, and she peaked. Screaming his name, she thrust against him wildly as her pussy continued to convulse around the vibrating toy. Her arms shook and her breath came in short pants. She was exhausted from the sheer magnitude of her orgasm. Gwen relaxed and let Darrin's cock slide out of her body. She snuggled against him as he pulled her into the crook of his arms.

Darrin kissed the top of her head as he cradled her against him. "Was that your surprise, Gwen? You've never let anyone touch you like this, have you?"

She shook her head no and snuggled closer. She was too exhausted to lift her head and look at him.

"I'm flattered and honored you would trust me enough to be your first experience. I truly believe I've fallen in love with you all over again. Gwen? Gwen, did you hear me? I said I love you."

Gwen pretended to sleep and let out a quiet snore. Darrin kissed the top of her head and drew the blankets up around the both of them. "The pizza can wait. I think a cat nap is a good idea, too."

Gwen shifted in her pretend sleep mode. *He said he loves me. Maybe he thinks he's in love with me, but what's he gonna think of Mira?* She closed her eyes for real, prayed for sleep and the strength to tell him the truth. *Later, I'll tell him...later.*

Chapter 9

Moonlight shone through his bedroom window, washing the bed and Gwen's sleeping form in its pale glow. She was beautiful. He watched the gentle rise and fall of her chest and smiled. They'd gone at each other like rabbits all day; the poor baby was exhausted. He shifted a little, propped himself up against the pillows and played with the strands of her hair. He loved her for more than her wanton body, although her carnal appetite did keep him with a perpetual hard-on; he grinned at that one. He was bound and determined to break through that invisible barrier she'd erected around herself. *Why did she choose to be alone? She was an introvert with extrovert tendencies. Was that possible?* He gazed at her as she slept. *Here lies a beautiful and intelligent woman who owns her own business. What kind of business?* He didn't know because she never told him. Once again, another secret, and another row of invisible bricks. He admired her for her strength and determination; he didn't know for sure, but was pretty confident Gwen hadn't grown up with the same luxuries he'd come to take for granted.

He laced his fingers behind his head and stared at the ceiling. Yes, he'd come from a wealthy family and it had been predetermined he'd take over the family business, but

he could honestly admit he really loved his job and his parents. Even with money, they'd always been there for him, made time for him. He shot a wistful grin in the dark. *Yeah, life as Darrin Wells is pretty damn good.*

Gwen shifted beside him and rolled over in sleep, the swell of her breasts peeked out from the edge of the sheet. He'd seen her completely naked and exposed in countless different positions, but still couldn't explain why he found the curve of her breast to be so erotic and sexy in the moonlight.

Silent as a cat, he rose from the bed and slipped into the bathroom for a shower. He glanced at the clock on the nightstand and was happy to see it was still early enough to order that pizza. He was beyond starved and closing in on ravenous.

He turned on the taps, and stepped into the shower as the steam swirled up around him. His mind wandered to the wild and wonderful events of this weekend. He shook his head in disbelief, and smiled. Gwen was right, things happen for a reason and fate brought them back together after all this time. Well, fate needed to understand Darrin wasn't going to let Gwen walk out again. *Am I being possessive? Yes. Self-serving, not necessarily; I am going into this with my eyes wide open, and intend on a long-term partnership. Selfish, hell yes; I have no intention of sharing her with anyone. Ever.*

Darrin turned off the taps and toweled dry before he slipped into a pair of gym shorts. He crept from the room so as not to disturb her slumber and he headed for the kitchen. The phone rang just as he prepared to dial for pizza delivery. "Hello?"

“Darrin, what’s goin’ on, stud?”

“Kyle, now’s not the time.”

“Did I interrupt? You shouldn’t have answered the phone if that’s the case.”

Darrin snorted. “You’re a crude S.O.B.”

“Why, thank you. So, what I want to know is, how do you know this woman? I shared a room with you in college. I’d remember a knockout like her.”

“Spring break in Mexico; you went to a family reunion or something like that.”

“Oh yeah, I remember you wouldn’t shut up about a wild redhead. Is she the reason you kept going back year after year?”

“I didn’t know what else to try. She took off without a word, but she’s not going to get away this time.”

“You sound serious.”

“I am. I just hope she feels the same.”

“Well, I wish you the best of luck. I also called to let you off the hook on our bet. I’m not going to make you go through with it.”

Darrin laughed. “Too late. The deed has already been done and the pictures are on their way to Ms. Mira Minx as we speak.”

“You didn’t!”

“I did. Damn you, Kyle.” Darrin listened to Kyle’s hysterical laughter through the phone.

“Oh, Darrin, you’ve just made my night. I haven’t laughed this hard in a long time.”

“Anytime,” came his cynical response. “I’m hanging up on you now, Kyle. I need to order dinner...for two.”

“Huh? Oh my God, she’s there, with you now? Wait, Darrin, I found out she’s—”

“Bye, Kyle, we’ll talk later this week.” Darrin grinned, and took great pleasure in hanging up on his friend while he still talked a mile a minute.

Darrin called and ordered pizza, then opened a bottle of wine to breathe. He slipped out the back door to gaze at the stars. The night air chilled his skin, yet he strode to the edge of the patio, and scanned the night sky.

A pair of soft, female hands wrapped around him from behind. Startled, he spun around to embrace Gwen in a bear hug. “I didn’t hear you come out,” he said, as he placed a kiss on top of her head.

“The phone woke me,” she replied, as she wrapped her arms around his waist and snuggled in the crook of his arm. “I hope you don’t mind, but I borrowed one of your shirts.”

Darrin gazed down into her bright green eyes and wondered how he could ever deny her anything. He smiled and pushed her an arms’ distance away. He raked his gaze up and down her body, from her sleep-tousled curls, to the oversized flannel shirt and then on lower to her bare legs and feet. He pulled her back into his arms and kissed her neck. “I don’t believe I’ve ever seen flannel look sexier.”

He was pleased when she blushed and lowered her lashes. He just loved the way this wild sex kitten switched gears and became Miss Prim-and-Proper with the slightest compliment.

Gwen raised her eyes and met his gaze. He watched her eyes widen in surprise as she looked over his shoulder.

“What?” he asked.

“You have a heated pool.”

“You’re right, I do.” He waggled his eyebrows at her.
“Wanna go for a dip?”

“I didn’t bring a swimsuit,” she replied.

“That’s okay, I don’t have one with me, either,” he said, as he opened the buttons of her flannel shirt. She flipped her hair over her shoulders, and allowed him easier access. Once he had all the buttons unfastened, he slowly slid the fabric open to reveal her large, full breasts.

“Darrin,” she whispered, “what about your neighbors? Someone might see us.”

“Shhh, my darling,” he murmured, nibbling at her lips. “My yard is very secluded. Besides, it’s way past my neighbors’ bedtime.”

Gwen sighed as she melded her body against his. She was so soft and smelled so good; his cock rose up to stand between them. Darrin ground his hips forward to rub against her flesh. From somewhere deep inside his chest, a groan rumbled. He ran his hands across her body, cupped her breasts and tweaked her nipples.

His cock throbbed when her nipples hardened and she pushed her chest out, begging for more caresses. He momentarily removed his hands from her breasts to slide the shirt from her shoulders. He rained a trail of kisses across her face, down her neck and lower to capture one hardened nipple between his teeth. He smiled when he felt her knees buckle and she placed her hands on his shoulders to lean on him.

“You have a wicked mouth,” she purred.

“All the better to love you with, my sweet.”

“Do you want to be my big, bad wolf?” she teased.

Darrin placed her hand on his cock. "I'd love to get into your basket, Red."

Gwen smiled and the tip of her pink tongue poked out between her full lips. She batted her lashes at him as she looked up. "Why, Mr. Wolf, what a large staff you have in your pants."

Darrin grinned as she stroked him through the fabric of his shorts. He pulled her hard against his chest and growled in her ear, "All the better to fuck your brains out, my dear."

Gwen pushed away from him and sauntered toward the pool. Slowly, she let the flannel shirt slide to the ground. "All you wolves are the same," she chided. "I want my wolf to be better than the rest, so prove yourself to me."

Darrin closed the distance between them and shed his own clothes. "And how am I supposed to do that, Red?" If she wanted to play, he'd go along with her game.

She turned, completely naked and faced him. "A swimming race."

"And what do I get if I win?"

"If you beat me, you can eat me," she said as she dove into the pool and swam away from him.

"Why you little cheat!" Darrin yelled, and dove into the pool after her. He surfaced to see her cut through the water a few lengths ahead of him. He lunged forward, grabbed hold of her ankle and hauled her backwards.

He laughed when Gwen surfaced sputtering for air. Darrin used the opportunity to swim ahead of her. Three-quarters of the way across the pool, he glanced over his shoulder to find her hot on his heels and gaining ground.

Darrin sliced through the water, turned on the speed and recovered lost ground. He reached up, slapped the edge of the pool and surfaced a few lengths in front of her.

Gwen came up beside him, breathing heavily. “No fair, you cheated.” She pouted.

“Don’t worry, darlin’. I beat you, so now I’m gonna eat you. I call that a win-win situation.”

“Mr. Wells, are you back there?” a male voice came from over the fence.

“Yeah, who goes there?” he shouted in response, as he shielded Gwen’s naked body from any prying eyes.

“Pizza delivery, sir. I knocked and rang the doorbell, but you didn’t answer. I was getting ready to leave when I heard voices in the backyard. Can I come in?”

“No!” he shouted, harsher than he intended. “I mean, uh, I’ll be out in just a minute. I’ll meet you at the front door.”

Darrin thought he heard the pizza delivery guy chuckle but ignored it. He turned his attention back to Gwen, who hid behind him in the water. “I still plan to collect on our wager,” he said as he jumped out of the pool. He held his hand out to help her climb from the water.

He draped the flannel shirt around her shoulders when she shivered. “It’s chilly when you first get out of the water. Go on, slip in through the back door; he won’t be able to see you from the front.”

Darrin fought with his own shorts as she scampered into the house ahead of him. He waited to answer the door until he was sure she’d made it into the bedroom. Darrin opened the door, stuffed a wad of cash in the pizza guy’s

hand, grabbed the food and grunted a hasty, “Thanks, man,” before he shut the door in the deliveryman’s face.

Darrin whistled as he carried the hot pizza box into the kitchen. He was happy. He had a beautiful woman in his bedroom, good food on the table and a nice bottle of wine on the counter. *Yeah, life as Darrin Wells is a damn good thing.*

He smiled and assessed her with his eyes when Gwen appeared a few minutes later. She stood in the doorway dressed in tight, faded jeans, a black sweatshirt, barefoot with her wet hair curling wildly about her face and shoulders. “I have to tell you, Gwen, you look damn good dressed up and dressed down.”

She grinned and shook her wild hair. “I kinda like you in your state of dress, too.”

He glanced down at his gym shorts. “You like this, huh?” He moved toward her with a glass of wine, and gave her a quick kiss as he handed her the drink. “When we first met, I wasn’t wearing much more than this.”

“I remember. You wore navy blue board shorts and flip flops. The bartender made you leave because you didn’t have a shirt on.”

“Wow, you remember that?” He was impressed and felt something tug in his chest that she would remember the details of their first meeting so clearly.

She nodded and sipped her wine. “You returned a few minutes later with a white t-shirt that said ‘No shirt, no shoes, no service’ with the bar’s name and logo stamped on the back of it,” she finished then giggled.

Darrin carried plates and the pizza to the table. “My first thought was to leave but I was with a group of friends and it was their idea to go there in the first place.”

She looked at him, her emerald green gaze searing every inch of his exposed flesh. "I should have thanked them," she said before she bit into the pizza. "Mmmm, you're right, this pizza is excellent. I need to get that number from you."

Darrin enjoyed watching her eat. He liked the fact she had a healthy appetite and didn't eat like a small bird in front of him. He was impressed she wasn't a fragile, little porcelain doll but a woman with substance. She was comfortable with her body, as she should be. She was most definitely comfortable with her own sexuality, which he really, really liked. *But yet, what was it going to take to knock down the invisible wall she'd put up around her heart?*

"Darrin," Gwen snapped her fingers in front of him, "woo-hoo, you faded out on me, again."

"Sorry, lost in thought for a second," he said, slightly embarrassed.

"I asked you what kind of movies you like."

"Oh, I like all kinds, action, adventure, comedy and don't tell anyone, but some of these so-called 'chick flicks' have really good story lines in them."

Gwen giggled. "That wasn't the answer I expected."

"Oh, don't get me wrong. I love a good shoot 'em up action film along with every other red-blooded man on the planet. What about you, Gwen? What kind of movies do you like to watch?"

She sipped her wine and contemplated her answer. "It really depends on my mood. I too like to watch action and adventure films, but there are times when nothing will work but a good ole horror movie to get my blood pumping."

“Really?”

She nodded in agreement. “But my favorite way to while away the idle hours is with a good book. Movies don’t compare with the vivid descriptions and in-depth characterization of a well-written story.”

Darrin laced his fingers together and propped his elbows on the table. “Now that was more of the type of answer I expected from you. I had you pegged as an intellectual type, with a wild streak, of course.”

He grinned when she blushed. “When can I see you again?” he blurted out.

“I’m still here, Darrin.”

“No, I mean after this. I want to see you again.”

He watched her frown in concentration, which left him with a hollow ache in the pit of his stomach. *Does she want to see me again?*

“Do you have any plans for dinner Monday night?” she said, breaking into his thoughts.

Inside his chest, his heart skipped a beat. He reached across the table for her hand. “I do...now.”

“Wonderful,” she said, and squeezed his hand. “I know a great place on Third Street and Jefferson called The Rattlesnake Den. I’ll meet you there at eight o’clock.”

“Sounds like a date.”

“It does indeed,” she replied. “Let me help you with the dishes.” She stood and loaded her hands with the pizza box and empty wineglasses. “I can’t believe I ate four slices of pizza; I was hungrier than I thought.”

“I like a woman with a healthy appetite,” he said, as he pulled her down to straddle his lap.

"I'll have to work it off in the gym," she whispered in his ear.

"I can recommend another form of physical activity, and it's a helluva lot more fun than a work-out in a gym."

Gwen shifted a little on his lap to give his roaming hands easier access. Darrin accepted her invitation by sliding his hands under her shirt, up over her rib cage, to cup and caress her breasts. "Mmmm, no bra, how convenient," he murmured.

"I just love it when you touch me," she purred, as she arched her back and pressed her breasts more firmly into his hands.

"Oh yeah, what about this?" he asked, placing feather-light kisses across her throat. He heard the pizza box hit the floor behind him as her arm encircled his neck.

"Extremely talented with tongue and lips," she sighed, and tossed her head back.

His cock strained against the fabric of his shorts when Gwen thrust her hips and ground herself against him. Darrin let out a ragged hiss. "Keep that up, darlin', and we won't make it into the bedroom."

She responded with a grind of her pelvis against his cock and pressing her breasts into his face.

"I'm gonna make love to you, Gwen, right here and right now." Darrin fumbled to raise her shirt, so he could suckle on one hardened nipple first, and then move over to the other. Glass shattered a second before both of her hands were in his hair, as she pulled his face even tighter against her.

With one swipe of his arm, Darrin finished clearing the table. He didn't care that he'd sent dishes crashing to the

floor. He stood up, held Gwen in his arms and gently set her feet on the ground so he could remove her sweatshirt. "Take off your pants and bend over," he growled.

Gwen scrambled to oblige as she slid her jeans down below her knees and leaned over the kitchen table. "Take me, Darrin. I'm wet and hot. I can't wait for your cock to be buried inside me."

In the blink of an eye, Darrin stripped out of his shorts and kicked them to the side. He stood behind her and stared at her wet pussy exposed to his greedy eyes. He dropped to his knees and flicked his tongue across her puckered asshole. She moaned, and pushed back closer to his face. Darrin spread her legs further apart and bent her over the table. Her pussy beckoned to him. Her heady scent made his cock pulsate and point skyward. Gently, he laved her folds with his tongue and lips. He slid one finger inside her creamy heat. He then slid his slick finger in her tight rear passage as he drove his tongue into her center.

Gwen bucked and ground against his face. She moaned and cried out his name. "Oh, Darrin, my clit, tongue my clit, baby. I want to come on your face."

Darrin obliged her by suckling on her swelled button. He continued to thrust his finger in and out of her ass in time with the strokes of his tongue and sucking actions. He listened as her breathing came harder and faster. With her anal muscles locked around his finger, she cried out in ecstasy. Darrin slowed his ministrations and slipped his finger out of her rear. When he slid two fingers into her sex, he found her wet and creamy for him. He guided the tip of his cock into her honeyed center. White knuckled, he gripped her hips and plunged forward, hard and fast. She

was hot, wet, sweet as candy and oh-so-fucking-tight. Darrin pulled back and drove into her again.

Gwen moaned and clawed at the table. "You like it when I fuck you from behind, don't you, baby?"

"Oh god yes!" she screamed as he thrust into her again.

"I've fucked your pussy, your mouth, your tits and your ass. You're mine, Gwen. No one will ever be able to give you the pleasure I can."

"Darrin, please," she begged.

"Touch yourself, Gwen. Play with your clit and come again, while I fuck you from behind." He waited for her to move. When she didn't, he pulled his cock out to the tip and held it there. "Do it," he ground out. "Your orgasms squeeze my cock so fuckin' tight. It drives me insane."

Gwen propped herself up on her elbow and reached between her legs to stroke her clit. "That's a good girl," Darrin cooed, and slid his cock deep inside her again.

The sounds of flesh slapping flesh, moans of pleasure and ragged breathing filled the room. Darrin leaned over her and fondled her breasts as they bounced with each thrust. She squealed and thrust hard against him when he pinched her nipple. He stood up straight, and grabbed her ass with both hands. "You're close, I can feel it," he whispered.

"Darrin!" she screamed as the second orgasm ripped through her. Her pussy clenched and gripped around his cock, holding him deep in her channel.

"Oh fuck," he muttered, gripping her hips, he pounded in and out of her with rapid-fire motions. His release exploded, the intensity knocked the air out of his lungs. His breath came hard and his knees shook. He slumped over her

on the kitchen table, placing kisses along her shoulders and back. His heart still hammered in his chest when he pushed himself up and off of her.

He sat down in a chair and pulled her into his arms so he could kiss her deeply. His tongue searched and probed the deep recesses of her mouth to seek out and mate with hers. Darrin wrapped his arms around her in a tight bear hug. "You take my breath away every damn time. I can't get enough of you, woman."

Gwen placed her hand on his cheek. "I still can't believe we found each other after all this time."

"Like you said, darlin', fate brought us together for a reason."

Gwen snuggled against his chest. "I'm sleepy again."

"Well then, we should get you off to bed."

"What about the mess we made in here?"

"It will still be here tomorrow." Darrin stood after she slipped off his lap and put her clothing to rights. "Come on, sweet, and let me hold you for another night."

Chapter 10

The glare of the morning sun through the bedroom window woke Darrin. He rolled over and found the bed empty. Panic set in as his eyes popped open wide. Gwen had slipped out on him again, just as she had nine years ago in Mexico. He sat up and scrubbed his hands across his face before he looked around the bleak room. “Man, I really need to do something about this room,” he muttered.

He shook thoughts of interior design off and headed for the bathroom when he spied her bag at the foot of his bed. Relief washed over him. *She didn’t leave after all, good.*

Once Darrin showered, he got dressed and appeared in the kitchen just as Gwen set the table. She looked up and smiled at him when he walked in the room. “Your timing is perfect; breakfast is ready.”

“Good morning to you,” he replied, and gave her a quick kiss.

“I couldn’t sleep, so rather than disturb you, I came out here and cleaned up the mess we made last night. I was hungry, too. I hope you don’t mind.”

He eyed the buttered toast and mountain of fluffy scrambled eggs as she placed the food on the table. His stomach rumbled again, reminding him how hungry he was...and not just for her body. He watched her fidget in

her seat and nibble at her food. "Is there something wrong, Gwen?"

She blushed and tried to hide a small smile. "I'm, uh, a little sore today, that's all. I went from abstinence to absolute sex fiend the moment I laid eyes on you."

Darrin leaned back in his chair and laughed. "Oh, sweetheart, I'm sorry. I'm not laughing at your discomfort; I'm laughing at your prose. You can be quite eloquent with your speech. I didn't hurt you, did I?"

She shook her head and gave him a crooked little smile. "No, Darrin, I've enjoyed every minute of my weekend with you."

Relief washed over him for the second time that morning. "I really am glad Kyle talked me into going out with him."

"Me, too. Belinda and Kendra kidnapped me. If they hadn't, I'd have been sitting at home."

Darrin raised his coffee mug. "A toast, to Belinda and Kyle."

Gwen clinked her mug to his. "To Belinda, Kyle and Kendra."

The doorbell startled them both. Darrin looked at Gwen. "I'm not expecting anyone, are you?"

She gave him an incredulous look. "No one knows I'm here. Who would I be expecting?"

"Good point," he said as the doorbell chimed again. Darrin rose from his chair and went to answer the door. He muttered under his breath, "Kyle, I better not open this door and see you on the other side." As he opened the door, he let out a whoop of joy. "Mom!" he shouted.

"You sound surprised to see me."

"I am," he said, as he hugged her tightly.

"Your father and I left you multiple messages, young man."

Darrin glanced at the machine next to the phone; a pang of guilt hit him when he saw the message light flashing. "Sorry, Mom, I've been busy."

"That's all right, you're still my favorite son."

"Mom, I'm your only son," he chided.

She smiled at him, "I know that. I put you in a class all by yourself."

* * * *

Gwen's stomach hit the floor. *His parents!* She frantically looked around for someplace to hide and then decided against it. They were both consenting adults and it looked as if they were on the road to building a relationship. *Commitment, yikes!* The thought of letting another person that close in her personal life mortified her. Yet, this wasn't just another person, this was Darrin. This was the guy she'd dreamt about for years and had silently compared every other man against since she'd slipped out of his life. She stood and wiped at any breakfast crumbs she may have been wearing, straightened her clothes and checked her hair in the reflection of the oven door. She took a deep breath and stepped out into the entryway.

Darrin's mother stopped her conversation mid-flow and stared at Gwen. "Darrin, is there someone you'd like to introduce me to?"

He spun around and smiled at her. "Mom, I'd like to introduce you to my friend, Gwen Parker. Gwen and I have known each other for years and just recently ran into each other again. Gwen, this is my mother, Jean Wells."

Friend? Gwen put forth what she hoped was her brightest smile and walked toward the short woman with graying auburn curls and inquisitive green eyes behind large-framed glasses. "It's nice to meet you, Mrs. Wells. Darrin has told me quite a bit about you," she said, as she extended her hand to Darrin's mother.

"Well, I wish I could say the same, Ms. Parker, but I'm afraid I'm caught completely off-guard by a woman being in my son's house at this early of an hour on a Sunday."

"Mom," Darrin growled, "now is not the time."

"No, she's absolutely right, Darrin. I would be shocked too if I came to visit my son and found some strange woman there with him." Mira, who'd remained quiet most of the weekend, stepped up and took over before Gwen could stop the words from tumbling from her mouth. "You see, Mrs. Wells, your son and I had a wild and wicked fling back in college." She giggled. "We happened to bump into each other at a bar on Friday night. Well, let's just say that we decided to pick up where we left off in our college days. Now, after forty-eight hours of mind-blowing fornication, I'm going home." She turned to look at Darrin. "I meant what I said when I told you I enjoyed *every* minute of it, too." Gwen pulled his face down for a hot, searing kiss. She let him go and walked down the hallway to gather her bag. Her hands shook and her palms were damp with sweat, but she kept her back straight until she was out of sight. She grabbed her bag and returned to the entryway, where Darrin still stood with his mother.

Gwen hiked her overnight bag up on to her shoulder and gave Darrin a saucy smile. "Are we still on for dinner tomorrow?"

Darrin nodded silently, apparently too stunned to speak.

“Good, my cab should be here any minute. I’ll wait out front,” she said, walking between mother and son to reach the front door.

The hair stood on the back of her neck as Mrs. Wells bored holes into her head as she walked away. Once outside, she let out a huge sigh, not even realizing she’d held her breath. She looked to her left when she sensed another pair of eyes on her and saw an older gentleman pull luggage from the trunk of a large sedan. She smiled. “You must be Darrin’s father.”

“Damian Wells, and you are?”

“Gwen Parker, it’s nice to meet you. I just had the pleasure of meeting your wife.”

“Yeah, I bet the pleasure was all yours, wasn’t it?” Damian said, not letting go of her hand. “Don’t let her run you off, Gwen.”

She smiled at the man again. “The family resemblance runs strong between father and son. I see where Darrin gets his good looks from. I hope he’s as handsome as you are when he gets older.”

The laugh lines crinkled around his dark eyes when he laughed. “Flattery will get you everywhere, my dear.”

She chuckled, and let go of his hand. “Yep, like father, like son. It was very nice to meet you, Mr. Wells.”

“Please, call me Damian. If my son won’t do it, can I offer you a lift somewhere?”

She spun around one last time and beamed at him. “Your son did offer me a ride and I declined, but thank you

just the same. I've called a cab, and it should be along any minute now."

The hairs on the back of her neck refused to settle down. She knew if she turned around, there'd be a pair of green eyes staring at her through the window. Mira again tried to crawl to the surface, but Gwen tamped her down. *Let it go! You've already embarrassed me enough for one day.* Against her better judgment, she turned around and looked at the sprawling ranch house with its bright red door, and wondered if she'd just blown it with the only man she ever had true feelings for. She was tempted to go back and apologize to him and his mother when her cab arrived. Mira was still too close to the surface and she had a mouth on her this morning. She'd be better served to leave and talk with him later, preferably after his mother was gone. She climbed inside the cab and let out an exasperated sigh.

"Where to, lady?" the cab driver drawled over his shoulder.

Gwen gave him directions to her house and slumped down in the seat. She passively watched as the lavish homes of Darrin's neighborhood passed by her window. *Am I trying to kid myself into thinking I would fit into his life? How will he ever fit into mine? How comfortable would he be walking into the Adult Film Industry Awards ceremony with me? Would he be proud of me, if and when I win another award for my products?* These and thousands of other questions filled her head on the drive.

The cab driver stopped in front of her house and waited for her to exit the car. "Thanks," she muttered, handing him a wad of cash and more than likely,

overtipping him. All she was concerned with was locking herself away in the private sanctuary of her home.

The phone was ringing when she entered the kitchen. "Hello?"

"Gwen, it's Belinda. Where have you been all weekend? I've been worried sick! You haven't answered your cell phone and I've left probably fifteen messages on your machine."

Gwen dropped her overnight bag and sat down at the table. "I spent the weekend with Darrin. I just walked in the door. My cell phone never rang." She rummaged around in her purse until she found the contraption. "Sorry, Beli, the battery died. I'll put it on the charger right now."

"You spent the entire weekend with him? You tramp! Did you let Mira out to play with him? Has she converted him to the erotic side of sexual pleasure yet?"

Gwen thought about her answer before she spoke. "Mira didn't come out until his mother showed up this morning. Oh, Beli, I can't believe I still have feelings for this guy after all these years."

"His mother? This is too weird to discuss over the phone. I'm on my way over."

"Bring some mocha chocolate chip ice cream."

"That serious, huh?"

"Yeah, dammit. That serious."

"I'll see you in about thirty minutes."

"Thanks, Beli."

"Whenever you need me, love. You know that. I'll see you soon."

Gwen hung up the receiver, grabbed her bag and headed upstairs to sort her laundry. So much for the private sanctuary of her quiet home.

She came downstairs a few minutes later dressed in flannel pajama pants and a black tank top, with a load of laundry under one arm. When she looked up and saw Darrin in her doorway, she let out a yelp.

“What are you doing here?” she asked when her heart started beating normally again.

“I wanted to apologize to you for my mother’s behavior and to find out why you left the way you did. You, um, didn’t sound like yourself.”

“I don’t like being backed into a corner.” She shrugged her shoulders. “Your mother backed me into one. I hope my defense didn’t embarrass you too much.”

Darrin laughed and ran his hand through his thick, wavy hair. “You didn’t embarrass me, Gwen. You devastated me. It almost killed me to watch you walk away. My dad wanted to know what kind of idiot he’d raised. He ripped on me for not going after you.

“I’m sorry, Darrin. I know it was awkward and I shouldn’t—”

“I don’t want an apology, I want an explanation. You run hot one minute and cold the next. We’ve had sexual experiences together I’ve never had with anyone else. Gwen, I think I—”

“Hey, Gwen, whose Jeep? Oh, hi,” Belinda said, coming up behind them.

Gwen smiled at Belinda. “Belinda, you remember Darrin, don’t you?”

"I just met him Friday. Yes, Gwen, I remember him. How are you today?"

"I'm confused for starters, um, never mind. Oh, Belinda, I wanted to thank you."

Belinda gave him a puzzled look. "For what?"

"You kidnapped Gwen and brought her to the bar with you. For that, my thanks."

Belinda's smile widened as she gave Gwen an intense stare. "You're welcome. Let me pass before the ice cream melts."

Darrin turned back to Gwen, bent down and kissed her cheek. "Are we still on for dinner tomorrow night?"

Gwen nodded, unable to swallow the lump in her throat and speak.

Darrin gave her a smile that melted her from the inside out. "We'll finish our talk then," he said, as his eyes caressed over her one last time.

"Bye," she managed to croak.

Belinda thumped her on the back of the head. "Ow! What the hell was that for?"

"Why didn't you tell me he was here?" she hissed.

"Because he wasn't when you called," Gwen hissed back.

"Oh." Belinda looked around. "You get your laundry started. I want to hear all about this torrid weekend of yours. Then I can tell you about Kyle."

"Go in and get us a couple of spoons. I'll meet you in the living room in a couple of minutes."

"Roger that," Belinda said over her shoulder while she walked into the kitchen.

Gwen loaded the washing machine and leaned against the wall of the laundry room. *He was about to tell me he loves me before Belinda walked up on us.* She sighed and made her way into the house. *If I'm so set on being alone, why do I want to hear him say it so bad?*

Gwen shuffled in to find Belinda curled up on the couch waiting for her. She had the container of ice cream on the coffee table and two spoons. "All right, spill. You were on cloud nine Friday night and now you look like someone stole your teddy bear."

Gwen flopped down on the couch next to her friend and took the spoon she offered. "Darrin Wells and I spent a wild, sex-filled week together in Mexico during college. I slipped out of his room early one morning and never talked to him again. I didn't even know his last name. I had no idea he lived in Phoenix. His friend, Kyle, just so happened to talk him into going out on Friday night to the same place we happened to be."

"Sounds like fate played a big role in this," Belinda interrupted.

"Yeah, to me too," Gwen responded between mouthfuls of ice cream. "Anyway, we went back to his place and let's just say we picked up where we left off."

"You had sex *all* weekend long?"

"Not *just* sex, Beli. We had lunch, we shopped, talked, went swimming, talked some more..."

"Oh my, Gwen, you're in love with him."

"I don't think I ever stopped."

"Is that why it didn't work with what's-his-name?"

Gwen nodded as she ate more ice cream. "Trey didn't want Gwen, he wanted Mira's name and what she could do for his career."

"Trey Billingham, male model and adult film actor, I remember the creep. I heard he's now doing gay porn."

Gwen shrugged. "It wouldn't surprise me. I'm all for sexual expression and a healthy sexual appetite but I couldn't handle him doing me while another guy was doing him."

Belinda's eyes popped. "No way! He wanted you to three-way with another guy? But for his pleasure? Oh wow. You didn't, did you?"

Gwen furrowed her brows and shook her head no. "I moved him out after that and told myself I'd never let anyone get close to me again."

Belinda shook her spoon at Gwen. "Darrin is not like Trey. He's hot, has his own money and totally adores you. I could see it when he looked at you. Did you tell him about Mira?"

Again, Gwen shook her head no. "I didn't know how to approach the subject."

"What you mean is you didn't want to tell him. You're afraid he's going to cast you aside because you're low class. Well, you're not. I've never met anyone who works harder or has made more of herself than you have. Fantasies in Form is one of the largest adult toy companies in the world, and it all started from a college project your professor failed you on. You're a legend. *E!* has called umpteen times to get a behind-the-scenes scoop on you, er, Mira. You could afford to live in a mansion overlooking this entire city, yet you live in a quiet downtown neighborhood in a house

that's over fifty years old. You've got over twenty-five full-time employees and roughly seven part-timers. Include your salary and mine, that's thirty-four livelihoods to take care of, not to mention their families. Don't ever let me hear you say you're not good enough for a man because his family's got money. Shit, you've probably got more than he does."

Gwen tossed her spoon on the coffee table. "I think I'm gonna be sick. We ate the whole thing, Belinda."

"Nah, you'll be fine. It's time to switch your laundry. I'm done ragging on you about Darrin." She wiggled her eyebrows up and down. "I listened to you rant, now it's my turn. You can listen to me rave about Kyle."

"I'll be back in a minute," Gwen said, as she rose from the couch. She looked over her shoulder at her friend. "Belinda, I haven't seen you this excited about a guy since, well, the last one."

Belinda scoffed. "He was a total loser. Unfortunately, it took me six weeks to figure that out. No, Kyle's nothing like that creepy felon, Spider Fremont."

Gwen thought of Spider. He was tall, great body, tough, very raw around the edges, with long, dirty dreadlocks, no job and no future. "You know he's supposed to get out in about seven years, right?"

Belinda smiled and unfolded her legs before she bounded off the couch. "I don't want to talk about him. He's in the past. I'm looking at the present and wondering what the future has in store for me."

"The future, huh? Hold that thought; I'll be right back." Gwen scampered off to the laundry room with a smile on her face. She was happy for Belinda. The girl deserved

someone who would make her happy for a change. Belinda constantly took in strays. She was sure she could change them and turn these guys into something worthwhile. Unfortunately, her plans backfired more often than not. If this Kyle was anything like Darrin, well, Belinda was about to be knocked off her feet. She smiled again as she closed the lid of the washing machine. *Yes, Beli deserves to have someone take care of her for a change.*

Gwen wandered back through the kitchen into the living room. Belinda was back on the couch having thrown away the empty ice cream container and now worked on a box of cookies.

"You're gonna get fat," Gwen proclaimed, as she sat down beside her friend.

"No I won't, my metabolism is off the charts. I'll look like this till I'm thirty." Belinda looked down at herself and then at Gwen and giggled. "Not sure if that's a blessing or a curse."

"So tell me about Kyle."

Gwen watched the dreamy haze cloud over Beli's eyes and a rosy pink glow tint her usually pale cheeks. *Yep, Beli was definitely smitten.*

"Well, you saw us on the dance floor together, right?"

Gwen nodded in response.

"Okay, after the two of you left, he joined Kendra and I while the band played. Oh, I have to add, Kendra has it bad for Nick, the brooding bass player dressed all in black. Anyway, back to Kyle, he was so sweet, Gwen. He asked me about my work, bought a couple of rounds, danced with both Kendra and I and stayed until closing. Kendra wanted to stay so she could spend some more time with Nick. I

digress, back to Kyle, he walked me to the limo and asked me if he could give me a goodnight kiss.”

“Did you?”

“I laid one on him he’ll not soon forget.”

Gwen laughed until her sides ached and tears formed in her eyes.

“He gave me his card right after he got there. Guess he didn’t want me to forget his name or something, I dunno. But before we said goodnight, he handed me two more. One had his home number written on the back and he asked me to write my numbers on the other one so he could call me.”

“So did he call?”

“Yes! He called me yesterday. We went out to dinner last night at this really nice little Thai place. I didn’t even know I liked Thai food.”

“What do you like about him, Belinda?”

“Oh, I don’t know. He’s hot, for a businessman. But it’s his personality that piques my curiosity. I think he likes my assertiveness. I also find him sexy; he’s got what I like to call bedroom eyes.”

“Do you think he’s into domination?”

“I dunno yet, but wouldn’t that be cool if he was? I’ve always toyed with the idea of being a dominatrix. I kind of like the idea of being Kyle’s mistress.”

“Slow down, missy. I know you dabble in things I don’t care to get into but, going from just meeting him to his mistress is a little fast, don’t you think?”

“I’ll have to find out,” she said with a wicked smile playing at her lips.

“Just be careful, Belinda. Oh, before I forget, you need to pick me up in the morning. My car’s still at Fantasies.”

Belinda waved her hand in acknowledgement, obviously very involved with her personal plans of bondage and Kyle. Gwen watched in amazement as she paced the room muttering quietly. The phone rang and saved her from watching Belinda wear holes in her rug. “Hello?”

“Hi, Gwen.”

“Hi, Darrin.”

“You recognize my voice, that’s a good sign. I was just checking. I wanted to make sure you didn’t give me phony numbers.”

“Considering my past, I deserved that comment, but I wouldn’t do that to you.”

“I’m just a little paranoid, is all.”

“The cell phone and email are real, too.”

“I didn’t give you mine. Do you have a pen handy?”

She jotted down the numbers he rattled off. “Darrin, I’m glad you called.”

“I’ll see you tomorrow night.”

“Until then,” she whispered before she hung up the phone. She turned when she felt someone staring at her and saw Belinda standing in the doorway of the kitchen.

“What?” she snapped.

“Gwen’s in love,” she sang over and over again, dancing around the living room.

“You’re acting very childish.”

“Oh, and you’re not?” Belinda retorted.

“He called to make sure the numbers I gave him were real.”

Belinda stopped dancing. “That had to smart a little, didn’t it?”

“I can’t say I blame him. I did sneak out on him in Mexico.”

“That was a long time ago and you were really young then. You’re allowed to make stupid mistakes when you’re young. That’s why they call it the years of misguided youth.”

Gwen looked around her house. “I really need to get busy on my chores. Monday morning is going to be here before too much longer.”

“I love you dearly, but when you mention housework, it’s time for me to leave. I’ll swing by in the morning for you. Be ready, I don’t want to be late. I can’t wait to check the mail.”

“Thanks for coming by, Beli,” Gwen said, hugging her friend as she walked out the door. Once Belinda was gone, Gwen started load number three of her laundry. *What did Belinda mean by the mail comment?* Then realization hit, The Perfect Package ad was in this weekend’s paper. They were bound to be flooded with responses for the next week. Her sore and aching muscles twinged as she carried a load of clean laundry up the stairs. The last thing she wanted was another cock. Darrin was more than enough to satisfy her lusty appetite.

So call him back and have him come over.

“No, don’t think about him now.”

Would that be so bad? came Mira’s lusty response.

“Arrghhh!” she screamed. “You are me and I am you. Stop this nonsense and quit putting these wicked thoughts in my head. I have things to do and can’t help it if you want

to think only with your twat. It's my body. You are nothing more than a figment of my imagination, a character. I made you up!"

If that's what you want to believe.

Chapter 11

True to her word, Belinda was there to pick Gwen up on Monday morning and give her a ride to the office. They drove without speaking for a few minutes as Gwen stared out the window.

“Gwen, are you alright?”

“I didn’t sleep much last night. I started working on the package line and the next thing I knew, it was two in the morning.”

“You look a little peaked today.”

“Is that a polite way to say I look like shit?”

“Your words, not mine.”

“Sorry, Beli, I don’t mean to come across so bitchy.”

“It’s Darrin, isn’t it?”

Gwen nodded. “I’m afraid, Beli.”

“Afraid of what, him?”

“Of commitment, of opening myself up to Darrin, afraid to let someone walk all over my heart.”

“I once read a very powerful phrase on a shirt. No, don’t laugh, it really has a lot of depth to it. It said, ‘Live to Love, Those who don’t love are already three parts dead.’ I find that to be a very true statement.”

Gwen pondered Belinda’s words and found herself thrumming her fingers in her lap. In deep she was, and not

at all sure how far it was to the surface. "I'm not dead, Belinda."

"Then give love a chance. What's the worst thing that could happen?"

"He could not love me back."

"I've seen the way he looks at you. No one holds that kind of torch for nine flippin' years without being at least a little bit in love."

"You may have a point there. I'll tell him tonight at dinner."

"Good idea, honesty is the best policy."

"I haven't lied to him, Belinda."

"Intentional secrets are just as bad. Where are you meeting for dinner?"

"The Rattlesnake Den, I figured it was the closest thing to the office with decent food."

"The Rattlesnake Den is a nice place. I was going to set up your interviews there. I know how you are about holding meetings in your office."

Gwen shrugged her shoulders and smiled. "What can I say, I like my privacy. Thanks, Belinda, for everything."

Belinda took her eyes off the road for a second to give Gwen a confused look. "What are you thanking me for?"

"For being the most wonderful assistant any woman could ask for; for being a really good friend and understanding that even though I am your friend, I'm also your boss. Thank you for coming over yesterday with ice cream to listen to me whine about man issues while you float in the bliss of newfound lust."

"Oh that, you're welcome. Is now a good time to ask for a vacation?"

Gwen laughed, Belinda really did help brighten her spirit. “We’ll talk about that after The Perfect Package is in production. You know, you’re not forceful enough to be a dominatrix.”

Belinda gave her an evil grin. “You’re not the only one with an alter ego. Vivian doesn’t come out in public; she’s more of a behind-closed-doors person.”

“Vivian, huh? You’ve mentioned her before. What did Spider think of Vivian?”

“Vivian didn’t want to play with Spider. She didn’t like him.”

“We sound like a couple of nut jobs, talking about our alter egos like they’re real people.”

Belinda gave Gwen a serious stare as she parked her car. “Vivian is as much a part of me as Mira is a part of you. You choose to let Mira come out and have all the fun while Gwen works tirelessly in her office or at home. I’m closer with Vivian than that. She’s more of an extension than an alter ego.”

Gwen climbed out of the car and made her way into the office. She headed for her office while Belinda went in search of coffee. Gwen was at her desk checking emails when Belinda came in with a mountain of mail.

“What’s all this?”

“This is just the first pile. I’ve got two more just like it on my desk. They’re responses to the ad, Gwen. We get to ogle naked men all day!”

Gwen smiled at Belinda’s obvious excitement. Soon, she found herself giggling. She couldn’t help it; Belinda’s bubbly exuberance was infectious. She spun around in her

chair and sent her heels flying. “Go get the rest of ’em and pull up a chunk of carpet, Belinda. We’ve got work to do!”

Belinda let out a whoop, “Woo-hoo! I’ll be back in a sec. Don’t start without me.”

Gwen pushed the sleeves of her silk blouse up to her elbows. She grabbed the pile of mail and tossed it on the floor. Next, she filled the largest coffee mug she had in her possession and set it on the table within arms’ distance. She pulled the necessary items from her desk: notebooks, pens, letter openers and a couple of hi-liter markers. She hiked her skirt and was squatting on the floor when Belinda came in with another pile of envelopes.

“Oh good, you’re one step ahead of me. I’ll be right back with the rest of them.”

“How’s Kendra this morning?”

“She’s fine, has this dazed and dreamy look in her eye but she’s gonna live.”

Gwen thought of Belinda’s earlier quote, *‘Those who don’t love are already three parts dead.’* “Call her up here, will you?”

Belinda gave Gwen a hurt look. “Why? I thought you wanted me to help you with this project.”

Gwen gave her a comforting smile. “Belinda, someone needs to cover your desk while you’re in here with me. If you don’t answer the phone, it rings in on my desk. How are we supposed to get anything done today if we’re on the phone?”

Belinda visibly brightened again. “Okay, I got it now. Scared for a second, but I got it.” She wandered around Gwen’s desk and called Kendra on her extension. A couple of minutes later, she hung up the phone. “All set, she knows

she's not to disturb us unless it's life, death or fire. I'm deathly afraid of fire." She followed Gwen's suit and kicked off her shoes before she sat cross-legged next to her. "What's your plan of attack?" she said, as she waved her arms at the mountain of mail between them.

"I'm thinking three separate piles. Pile one will be *thanks but no thanks*, and go in the shredder. Pile two will be *possibilities*, and pile three will be the *ohmigods*."

Belinda rolled back in a fit of laughter. "I love it. Hand me a letter opener and let's get started. I'd like to run another idea past you while we work."

"What's on your mind, Belinda?"

"Kendra is on my mind. Did you see her on the dance floor Friday night? She's a stunning creature, Gwen. I think she'd be great as the female counterpart for the Perfect Package model."

"Not a bad idea, Belinda. She's loaded with sex appeal and what's so funny about it is the fact she doesn't even know it. Talk to her and see if she'd be interested. If she is, we'll set her up for a photo shoot."

They settled into a rhythm and worked on the mountain of mail as a team. The hours flew by as Gwen and Belinda sorted through tons of pictures. They found some to be hilarious while others, disturbing. Gwen paid close attention to which piles grew the largest. "Beli, have you noticed the *thanks but no thanks* pile is the biggest?"

"Yeah," she responded and scratched her head. "Do you think we're being too critical? I've looked at so many cocks, my brain is fried. How are we supposed to pick one out of all of this?"

Gwen shook her head in a negative manner. "This is just the first day. These are the guys who saw the paper or internet ad first thing Saturday morning and raced to the mailbox. Tomorrow's mail bag is going to be even bigger."

"You do have some nice candidates to pick from out of today's pile. There's five in the *ohmigod* pile and twenty-two in the *possibilities*."

Gwen glanced at her watch. "Call these five and set up fifteen to thirty minute interviews with them for this afternoon and evening at The Rattlesnake Den. Make sure the last appointment is no later than seven. I'm meeting Darrin for dinner at eight."

"Got it, if she hasn't eaten already, I'm gonna grab Kendra and go out for lunch. I need some outside air."

"You did great today, Belinda. I'd never have been able to make it this far without you."

The tiny blonde blushed, started to say something and decided against it because she shut her mouth and walked out the door.

Gwen stretched her cramped legs and walked around her office to get the blood flowing again. Once the pins and needles left her limbs, she meandered behind the black velvet curtain into her makeshift studio apartment. She rummaged in the refrigerator and pulled out a container of yogurt and a bottle of water. She was just sitting down to eat when her cell phone chimed she had a text message. She flipped open the phone and smiled when she saw Darrin's message.

*Thnkng bout u. Dinr still a go? In mtngs all morn. C U 2nite
@ 8. DW*

Her heart thumped in her chest and her palms dampened. He was thinking about her enough to send her a message when he should be working. She replied to his message. *Snake Den @ 8. C U L8r. GP*

Belinda came in just as she sent her reply. "I got a hold of four of the five. You have appointments every half hour starting at five thirty. Here's the list."

Gwen took the neatly typed page from Belinda's hand. "Bret Charlton, he held promise, didn't he? Edward Wells, Wells must be a common name because that's Darrin's last name, too." She scanned the page and tapped her finger on the six thirty appointment. "Now, this is the one I'm looking forward to meeting, Romeo Angelini. Not only is he hung like a mule, he is one stunning hunk of man."

"Gwen, wipe the drool off your face." Belinda giggled.

"I don't want to sleep with the guy, Belinda. I'm looking at the bigger picture here, no pun intended. This guy isn't afraid to be in front of a camera and he exudes raw physical maleness. He's sent in professionally done shots, Beli. He'd make a great model for the package line, not to mention *be* the package line."

"He works at a high-end car dealership in Scottsdale. He said he'd be there by six thirty no problem."

"Excellent, take Kendra to lunch and don't rush back. Enjoy a nice long break. I don't want either one of you back here for two hours. Got it?"

Belinda's grin spread from ear to ear. "Are you serious?"

Gwen gave her the look, her trademark glare with one raised eyebrow and her head cocked just so.

“Oh wow, I just got the look. You are serious. Okay, we’re outta here.”

Gwen ate her lunch at her desk and responded to the emails she’d flagged important earlier that morning and then dove into the rest of the piles on her desk. The afternoon flew by just as fast if not faster than the morning did. Before she knew it, Belinda was knocking at her door to let her know it was quitting time and she needed to head over to The Rattlesnake Den. “Thanks again, Belinda. I’ll see you tomorrow.” She waved to the blonde as they left the office together. She climbed behind the wheel of her BMW and made her way the four blocks to the restaurant through downtown traffic.

She stopped at the hostess station when she walked in the door. “Hi, Stuart, Belinda said you’ve reserved a booth for me in the back.”

“That we did, Ms. Minx. She also gave me a list of the people you are expecting. She wouldn’t give me any details, though. What are you and the tiny blonde terror up to this time?”

Gwen laughed. “Stuart, darling, you know a lady never reveals her secrets. If she did, you men would be one step closer and you know how we love a good game of chase.”

The aging host gave her a charming smile, which caused his eyes to sparkle lively. “There’s no way a man can ever truly figure a woman out, Ms. Minx. The way I see it, as soon as we do, you go and change on us. I’ve been with my Stacie for over twenty years and the only thing that’s stayed constant between us has been change. I love her with all my heart and soul, but I’ll never figure out what goes on in that pretty head of hers.”

Gwen wagged her finger at him. “And you never will, my good man, you never will.”

“Allow me to show you to your table. I’ll send your appointments back as they arrive.”

“Thank you, Stuart,” she said, as she followed him through the crowded bar area and into the more secluded dining area.

“A booth tucked back in the corner, just as requested. Can I get you anything while you’re waiting?”

“A big glass of ice water would be wonderful.”

“Just let us know if you need anything else while you’re waiting.”

Gwen slid into the booth facing the entry so she could scrutinize her applicants before they reached her table. She reached into her briefcase and pulled out the bio page and picture of her first appointment, Bret Charlton. He was one of the few who’d sent in pics with his face visible. He wasn’t overly handsome, yet he did have a certain sex appeal. She placed the picture back in her briefcase before someone saw what she was looking at. Work related or not, it wasn’t every day a woman poured over eight-by-ten color glossy photos of erect cocks in public. She scanned her man list again, trying to memorize their names. Gwen smiled as she rattled the names off in her head, Bret Charlton, James Slater, Romeo Angelini and Edward Wells. Once she made it through the initial interview process, she would settle down and have a quiet dinner with Darrin.

She couldn’t explain the warm glow that enveloped her every time she thought of Darrin. A wicked little smile played about her lips as she daydreamed about him. She

adored the way his pulse hammered at the base of his neck when she kissed him just so. Her thoughts were interrupted when Stuart appeared at her side.

“Ms. Minx, Mr. Charlton is here to see you.”

Gwen looked up to see the two men standing at her table. She smiled graciously. “Thank you, Stuart,” she said and then turned her gaze on applicant number one. “Bret Charlton, I’m glad you could make it on such short notice. Please, take a seat. Would you like something before we get started?”

Bret slid into the booth across from her and shook his head no. “I’m not surprised you called me. You took one look at my picture and decided I’m your guy. I was a little surprised you wanted to meet in a public place, though. I figured you’d want to try it out firsthand, you know, to make sure?”

His cocky arrogance set Gwen and Mira both on edge, yet she smiled and poured on the charm. “Mr. Charlton, I’m afraid there’s been some misunderstanding. This is an interview. You are one of many candidates my staff and I are considering for our campaign. I’m sorry if you assumed I’d want to crawl under this table and suck you off, or if you were expecting a fuckfest. I’d like to thank you for your time and if we become desperate enough for a wannabe porn actor, I’ll give you a call. Good night, Mr. Charlton.”

“That’s it? I drove all the way down here and you’re telling me no?”

“Mr. Charlton, I really hate to draw attention to myself, but if you plan on making a scene, I can assure you I

won't have a problem getting you thrown out of here on your ass."

He snorted and gave her a nasty glare. "Your loss, babe." He stormed out of the restaurant.

Gwen shook her head and crossed a red line through Bret Charlton's name. "One creep down and I don't know how many more to go."

She jumped when her cell phone rang. "Hello?"

"Gwen, it's Belinda, how's it going so far?"

"Bret Charlton is a sleazy creep. I'm waiting for, uh, James Slater. He's next on the list."

"I remember that one, no face pic but his bio said blonde hair and blue eyes."

"Belinda, I'll call you back later tonight or maybe I'll keep you in suspense until tomorrow morning, but don't call me again unless it's a life or death emergency, understood?"

"Yes," came the pouty grumble. "I'll wait for you to call me back, bye."

Gwen chuckled as she hung up with Belinda. The girl was astounding as an assistant and friend but there were times she pouted and carried on like a child.

Gwen watched as Stuart guided yet another candidate across the room toward her. *Attractive, nice little arrogant swagger, but not too much, he's got a sexy smile. Now wait until he opens his mouth before you jump the gun.*

Once again, Stuart left her with applicant number two. This time the interview went a lot better. He was nice, polite and handled himself like a professional. Gwen asked him a ton of questions and appreciated his honest and frank answers. She liked him and offered him a second interview

and photo shoot. She was perplexed when he visibly paled at her mention of a photographer. "Is there something wrong, James?"

"I-I-I didn't expect to have to-to-to, um, get hard, in front of other people. I'm a private person. I don't know if I can perform, in-in public. I wasn't expecting a photo shoot."

Gwen rolled her eyes but once again plastered a sweet smile on her face. "Mr. Slater, the ad clearly states well-endowed male model. I'm sorry for the confusion. I thank you for your time. Good night, Mr. Slater."

Stuart brought applicant number three in and Gwen knew she'd found her model. He was beautiful. His tall frame filled the room and she was sure he'd turned every female head in the joint by the time they'd reached her table. He wore his dark brown hair long, way past his shoulders but it was his eyes that captivated. They were a golden hazel in color and hinted at a vast knowledge of sexually wicked things. Belinda would call them bedroom eyes.

"You must be Romeo, please sit down."

"Ms. Minx, it is a pleasure to meet you. My given name is Jack Rinaldi, but my stage name is Romeo Angelini. Just as your given name is not Mira Minx."

Gwen smiled and extended her hand across the table. "You are absolutely right, Jack. Would you prefer me to call you Jack or Romeo?"

"Jack will be fine, Ms. Minx. I understand you're seeking a model for a new phallus. Any chance you'll need a cover model, as well? By the way, my sincere thanks for the

Wild Hare. My wife thinks you're a goddess for creating such a wonderful device."

Gwen smiled again, this time more genuine. "Flattery will get you everywhere." She laughed. "Please tell her she's more than welcome. It is one of my greatest joys to create something to be used for pleasure, especially sexual pleasure."

They chatted for another fifteen minutes while he showed her his portfolio. She was impressed and not a little surprised when she recognized him as a centerfold spread in a prominently named magazine, with and without clothing. She'd seen enough, so Gwen offered him a second interview and photo shoot. Jack gave her a dazzling smile and accepted her proposal. They parted ways after exchanging business cards and Gwen promising her assistant would be in contact with him soon to make the necessary arrangements.

She leaned back against the soft leather of the booth and sighed. She still had one more interview and knew she was obligated to go through with it, even though in her mind, she'd already found *The Perfect Package*.

Gwen looked up when she heard a man clear his throat and stared straight into the angry face of one Darrin Wells.

Chapter 12

Darrin slid into the booth across from her. He was so angry, he was afraid if he touched her now he'd break her pretty little neck. "So, Mira," he sneered, "did you find your *perfect package*? Or do you still have more appointments to scan first?"

Gwen lifted her chin and stared back at him. "As a matter of fact, I do have one more appointment tonight, then I was going to have a nice dinner with you and tell you all about Mira Minx."

"Well, let me save you some time. You may not believe this, but I'm your next appointment. Darrin Edward Wells, at your service, you've already seen the goods and tried them out. So, do I get the job?"

Her jaw dropped and then the anger flared, her emerald green eyes narrowed sharply. She scowled at him. "I don't mix business with pleasure. If you want to be the model for my product line, then we won't continue to see each other."

Darrin snorted again. "You've got a lot of nerve, lady. You run out on me nine years ago and disappear into thin air. We bump into each other again and I thought we were headed in the right direction, toward something real and

long-lasting. I didn't know we were building our foundation on lies."

"I never lied to you!" she tried to defend herself.

"No? Lies of omission are still lies. I now understand your vast knowledge of sex toys. That Wild Hare thing, you designed it, didn't you?"

She nodded her head. "Yes, I did."

"Were you that lonely and desperate you decided to make your own toys to fuck?"

"It didn't seem to bother you the other night when you had your dick in my ass." She shook her head and continued. "I've heard more vile things come out of other people's mouths than that, and I've been called a lot worse names, but for some reason, Darrin, your comments hurt a helluva lot deeper."

His eyes narrowed and a tic started in his jaw. "What, the reigning queen of the sex toy industry can't handle a little criticism? Come on, Mira, I'd imagine you'd have tougher skin than that. I'm sure you get ridiculed all the time for your line of work."

"You have no idea what you're talking about. I thought you loved me, Darrin. Why won't you listen and let me explain?"

He slammed his hands down on the table and leaned in close to her face. "Dammit, woman, I *am* in love with you, but I can't stand to be lied to!"

"I never lied to you, Darrin, nor do I have any intention of losing my business to pacify your male ego."

His mouth formed in a grim line as he stood up straight. "Then we have nothing more to say. Maybe we'll bump into each other again in another nine years." He

watched as Gwen bowed her head and stared into her lap. *Fine.* “Amazing, you don’t even have the guts to look me in the eye. Then again, maybe we won’t. Goodbye, whoever you are.”

* * * *

Gwen continued to stare at her folded hands long after Darrin stormed out of The Rattlesnake Den. She held her tears in check until she made it into the safety of her car. She drove home as the tears streamed down her face. *He said he loves me, but his actions proved differently. I’ve waited so long to hear those words from him and now he’s gone.* Gwen parked her car in the driveway and mechanically went through the motions of making it into the house. After she dumped her bags on the table, she headed straight up to bed; she didn’t even bother to remove her clothes.

Gwen awoke the next morning and felt as if she’d been hit by a car. Her body ached, her face was swollen and blotchy and she was pretty sure she’d ruined the silk blouse she’d slept in. Unfortunately, she didn’t have the luxury of climbing under the covers to hibernate in self-misery all day. She had one of the most prestigious and largest adult novelty toy companies to run, Darrin Wells be damned.

She forced herself into the shower and allowed the hot steamy water to beat down on her sore muscles. “Ow,” she muttered, “I must have tossed and turned all night long.”

Once she finished her shower and got ready for work, she made her way downstairs. Gwen grabbed her keys and bags off the table where she’d dumped them the night before and set off for the office.

Belinda waited to bombard her with questions as she entered the office. “Well? How’d it go? Do we have a

perfect package? I waited all night expecting you to call, but you didn't. Hey, what's with the long face? Gwen, what's the matter?"

Gwen stopped and turned her bloodshot eyes on Belinda. "I had the night from hell. If you give me a few minutes of alone time, I'll update you later. Please, Belinda, I know you mean well, but just leave me be."

She knew she'd been hard on the girl and should immediately apologize but couldn't bring herself to open the door and face her.

Coward! Mira screamed at her. You wallow in self-pity and take it out on the wrong people! Are you going to let a man ruin all that we've created? Our products replace men. Use Romeo, create The Perfect Package, forge Fantasies' reputation in stone and forget about this clown, Darrin.

Gwen sighed as she slumped into her chair and then got up again and paced. Mira made her crazy. Hell, she was crazy for thinking she could pretend to be two people. *Didn't they lock people up for having split personalities?* She wanted coffee, strong, black and in large quantities.

A quiet knock at the door pulled her back to reality. "Come in, Belinda," she called from her kitchenette.

"Gwen, are you sure you're okay?"

Gwen kicked off her high heels and walked barefoot across the floor. "No, Beli, I'm not okay. You're never going to believe this, but my seven o'clock appointment, the one who sent the picture of his cock but not of his face, can I get a drum roll please? Was none other than Mr. Darrin Edward Wells."

"No way, your Darrin? Oh wow, what did he say?"

“A few vile things before he walked out of my life, but the evening wasn’t a total wash. One out of the four interviews was very promising.”

“Let me guess, it’s Romeo. Do you think Romeo’s his real name?”

“No, it’s Jack. But if he wants to go by Romeo, he’s Romeo. Here’s his contact information. I want to set him up with the photographer as soon as possible.”

“He’s agreed to a photo shoot already?”

“Beli, this guy’s incredible, by the time we’re done with him, he’s going to be every woman’s epitome of ‘The Perfect Package’ just you wait, my dear. Just you wait.”

“Gwen, what about Darrin? You love him, don’t you?”

Gwen stilled and gazed down at her trembling hands. “Yes, Beli, I do, but I don’t know how to let him in. I’ve relied on myself for so long, I don’t know if I can let go enough and, and I don’t know. I’m confused!” She stood up and paced the office again. “Mira’s screaming in my head that we don’t need him and to get back to work. My heart is breaking, and I want to go find him. I want to make him listen to me. I lost him a long time ago. I really don’t want to lose him again. Then on the other hand, if he can’t accept who I am and what I do, I don’t want him around.”

“I can help you find him. That is, if you really want to?”

“Yes, Belinda, I really think I do, even if it’s only to explain.”

“I just happen to have a love slave who is Darrin’s best friend.”

“Love slave? Did you try out your new handcuffs on him?”

Belinda smiled wickedly. “Mistress Vivian does not wish to reveal her secrets, and they are not handcuffs, they’re shackles.”

Gwen held up her hands. “Gwen Parker doesn’t want to know.”

Belinda licked her lips. “Good girl,” she purred.

“That’s just wrong on so many levels, Beli.”

Belinda giggled. “I’ll call Kyle in a bit. You need to work on your internal issues with Mira. If you two can’t come to terms, then one of you has to go. It’s your body and mind, Gwen. Don’t let your imagination take over your life.”

“I’m going to call him and see if he’ll even acknowledge me. If that doesn’t work then I may need Kyle to intervene.”

“Let me know; I’m here to help. You’re not just my boss, Gwen, you’re also my friend.” She shook her blonde head. “You have to remember you’re not alone.”

Gwen stood quietly as Belinda exited the room. She scratched her head and shook out her wild red mop of hair. She frowned and wondered what to do next. This was so unlike her, she was always detail oriented and focused on her work. Gwen let out a sigh and crossed the short distance to her desk. “Nothing worthwhile comes easy. If it’s easy, it’s not worthwhile.” With that being said, she sat down and dove into the pile of financial statements and budget forecasts she’d put off for the past few days.

Gwen stood up and stretched after what seemed an eternity pouring over Fantasies’ books. She wandered into the kitchenette and pulled a bottle of water from her refrigerator. Her stomach rumbled, reminding her she’d

missed dinner last night and breakfast this morning. "I need to get out of here for awhile."

* * * *

Darrin scowled at his computer monitor. He had two proposals to work on, yet he stared at a blank screen. *Gwen Parker is Mira fucking Minx! The woman I spent nine years pining for makes dildos.* He stood up and paced his office. *Is that such a bad thing? She started her own company from the ground up and runs it by herself.* He shrugged his shoulders. He'd been tempted to call her and then decided against it a dozen times. He didn't want to hear any more of her lies. *She didn't really lie to you, asshole!* He realized he wasn't going to get any work done in the office and decided to get outside, maybe clear his head.

He stopped at his receptionist's desk and gave her instructions to forward the proposals to another staff member. Then he tossed his black leather jacket over his shoulder and walked out the front door.

The spring day was pleasantly cool yet the sun blazed brightly in the sky. Darrin squinted against the bright light. He rummaged around in his coat pocket and pulled out his sunglasses. He was tempted to walk but decided some windshield time would be good for thinking. He slid behind the wheel of his BMW and headed for the highway. He didn't have a specific destination in mind. He just hopped on the interstate and followed it south out of town.

Two hours later, he sat in front of a fast food restaurant in Tucson, Arizona and knew he needed to get away for more than a couple of hours. He'd figured out he needed to purge Gwen from his system and move on with his life. The

only place he knew to do that was the same place it all started nine years ago...San Lucas, Mexico.

* * * *

Gwen stood on the sidewalk outside of Darrin's office building and watched the hustle and bustle of the city go by around her. Her chest was heavy and she wanted to cry. He'd left without telling anyone where he was going or when he planned to return. Defeated and no longer hungry, she turned around and walked back to her car. She decided to call it a day and went home to wallow in her own personally made misery.

* * * *

"He couldn't have vanished into thin air, Gwen," Belinda ranted.

"He's gone, Beli. Either he didn't tell his receptionist where he was going or she wouldn't divulge the information to me. All I know is he wasn't at the office and he wasn't home when I stopped by last night."

"He's being very petty, if you ask me."

"I didn't," Gwen growled.

"Sensitive today, huh? I don't see how this can all be your fault." Belinda paced the room and held up her fingers to count off her reasons. "One, you split on him when you were young and in college, sowing your wild oats, so to speak. Two, you neglected to tell him you were Mira Minx or Mira's you, depending on whose attitude is stronger at the moment. But, Mr. Wells isn't completely innocent or the victim here either. If he'd acted like a reasonable man and allowed you to tell your side of the story, all of this could have been resolved. Instead he snuck around and eavesdropped on your business meeting, and it's obvious to

me, he only heard what he wanted to before he disregarded the rest.”

“When did you learn so much about the human psyche?”

Belinda shook her head and frowned a little. “It’s human nature; he reacted naturally and with his gut. The first line of defense when someone you’re close to hurts you is to retaliate and hurt them deeper.”

“Belinda, I didn’t do anything to intentionally hurt him. Why in the world was he answering my ad anyway?”

Belinda giggled and leaned over the desk. “He lost a bet to Kyle. Kyle’s an ad exec at the newspaper. He saw the ad when I placed it last Friday. He snatched a copy of it and made a wager with Darrin.” She shrugged her shoulders. “Darrin lost.”

“A bet? I can’t believe this. My life has been turned upside down because I didn’t tell him I was Mira and because he lost a friggin’ bet? Call Kyle, I need to find Darrin. This whole fiasco can be fixed if we open the lines of communication. If I can get him to listen to me and then listen to him in turn, we can do one of two things. One, get back together and see what the future holds for us or two, we part ways forever. But I for one need closure. I can’t stand this emotional roller coaster ride any longer. I want answers, now.”

“You got it, boss,” Belinda said, as she walked out the office door.

Gwen paced her office yet again, the not knowing was driving her crazy. Mira surfaced to confuse her thoughts even more.

You’re going to allow him to run your life, aren’t you?

No, I'm not!

*Oh, but you are, my sweet, I've always been the stronger one.
We don't need him, Gwen.*

Yes, I do. I-we, love him, Mira.

You love him with your heart. I love him with your body.

"Stop it. I've had enough of this. I am in control. You are a character I made up to hide behind. I'm done hiding. From this moment forward, there is no more Mira Minx. I don't need you. Gwen Parker is the brains, beauty and brawn of this company. You are nothing more than a figurehead. You are expendable and now terminated. Find another head to haunt, Mira. I'm done with you."

Nothing, no sarcastic comeback, nothing at all, Mira was silent. Gwen breathed a heavy sigh of relief and gazed out the window of her office. She turned when Belinda came rushing in, flushed and slightly out of breath.

"I got Kyle to come clean. I won't tell you what I bartered with, but let's just say I'll be out of town next weekend."

"Beli, where is he?" Gwen demanded.

"Mexico, he hopped a flight yesterday afternoon. Kyle said something about private bungalows on Playa del something, I don't know."

Gwen's eyes widened. "Playa del Amor."

"Yeah, that's it! You know the place?"

Gwen nodded. "How ironic of him to return to the place it all started nine years ago."

"Oh, I understand now. I, um, have flight information if you're at all interested."

"Yes, Beli, I'm very interested. I know what I want and I'm not afraid to go after it."

“How soon do you want to leave?”

“How soon can you get me on a flight?”

“I’m on it; go home and pack. I’ll fax your itinerary to the house.” She came up and hugged Gwen. “Good luck, I have a feeling you’re gonna need it.”

Gwen’s stomach was tied in knots and her palms were sticky as she drove home, yet she was determined to see this through to the bitter end if that’s what it came down to. Once she arrived at home, she threw together an overnight bag and personal essentials. True to her word, Belinda faxed Gwen’s itinerary and boarding pass. Gwen laughed at Belinda’s rough sketch of a stick figure giving her the thumbs up sign. She tucked the papers inside her purse, looked around the house one last time and pulled the door closed behind her.

Four and a half hours later, her plane touched down in Mexico. Her stomach churned, reminding her once again she hadn’t eaten since yesterday. Once she claimed her luggage and made it through customs, she headed straight for the hotel shuttle. Gwen ran out the door in time to watch the shuttle drive off without her. “Brilliant!”

“Senora, de next bus come soon; you no wait too long.”

She turned around to see who spoke to her. She saw a young Hispanic man standing under the awning not far from the shuttle pick up area. “Gracias.” She nodded to him before he wandered back to the bench he had been waiting at.

The blazing sun beat down on her head. Gwen shifted her bag to the other shoulder and squirmed as a rivulet of sweat ran down between her breasts. She was hot, hungry

and wearing really uncomfortable shoes. If she hadn't been in such a hurry, she'd have changed into more comfortable clothing. Silently she prayed for the shuttle to hurry up and arrive.

Five minutes later, the shuttle pulled up in front of her. Gwen stepped away from the curb and allowed the departing passengers to exit the vehicle. She looked close at every dark-haired man who stepped foot off the van; the last thing she wanted was for Darrin to slip out from under her nose and head back to the States. Once the van was empty, she was allowed to climb aboard. The air-conditioning brought instant relief. She couldn't believe it was already this hot in April.

The driver smiled and bobbed his head at her, "We'll be leaving soon, Senora. Please, sit and enjoy the cool air-conditioning while we wait."

Gwen smiled in response; she didn't want to tell the man she wasn't moving from this seat unless the van caught fire. Air-conditioning or not, this was her mode of transportation to the Baja Coastal Hotel. From there, she would take a water taxi to Playa del Amor, and find Darrin.

She didn't have long to wait. True to his word, the driver jumped in the driver's seat a couple of minutes later. He cocked his head so he could see her in his rearview mirror.

"So what brings you to Cabo, pretty lady?"

"I'm chasing after a man."

"Oh-ho, is he down here with another woman? You plan to catch him with his dirty hands, eh?"

"No, nothing like that, we had a big fight and he came down here to get away from me."

“So, if you know this, then why follow him?”

“I let him go a long time ago. I don’t want to let him go again.”

“What if he don’t feel de same way ’bout you?”

“I’m willing to take that chance.”

“I tink you a brave lady, comin’ down here and chasin’ after your man. Good luck to you, Senorita. You didn’t correct me before.”

“No, I didn’t.” Gwen shrugged her shoulders and stared at the passing scenery. She giggled, it didn’t look much different than the desert landscape outside of Phoenix.

“Here we are, Senorita. I hope you enjoy your stay at the Baja Coastal Hotel.”

Gwen reached into her bag and gave the driver a hefty tip. “Thank you, for the conversation and a pleasant drive.”

Gwen slid her sunglasses up and perched them on top of her head. She glanced at her watch and wondered if she would be able to make it across the water this afternoon. Once she stepped inside the hotel, she was swamped with memories. Her heart clenched in her chest, making it hard to breathe. Gwen straightened her back and took a deep breath. *You’ve made it this far, don’t chicken out now. If you want him, you have to go after him on your own.*

She shook out her hair, swung her bag over her shoulder and strutted through the hotel lobby and out the set of glass doors that led to the beach. About one hundred yards away, she found what she was looking for, water taxi service. She smiled and kicked off her heels before sinking in the sand. The next thing she knew, the sea spray misted

her face as she zipped across the water to her final destination.

The boatman pulled up to the dock, and the boat was instantly grabbed by dockhands to ensure she made it safely to shore. Once again, she tipped heavily and flashed the driver a bright smile. The dockhands ushered her in the direction of the hotel lobby so she could check in. She didn't know a lot of Spanish but understood enough *pelo rojo* and *pecho grande*, key phrases to know they were discussing her red hair and boobs. She chuckled and flashed them a wink and a saucy smile before she sauntered into the hotel.

Gwen sailed through the check-in process, thanks to Belinda arranging everything in advance. *I need to remember to give that girl a raise and a vacation.* The young woman behind the desk gave her the room key and instructions to find her bungalow. Gwen nodded and accepted the paperwork. "Can you tell me which bungalow Mr. Darrin Wells is in?"

"Mr. Wells has asked not to be disturbed. If you'd like, I can leave a message for him on the phone in his room."

"No, I was hoping to surprise him. I'm sure I'll find him on the beach or perhaps at dinner tonight."

The young woman smiled. "He spends most of his time on the beach. I'm sure you can find him there. Please enjoy your stay."

"Thank you," Gwen replied as she left the counter. She stepped outside and followed the path to bungalow number twelve. Once she deposited her belongings and changed her clothing to more appropriate beachwear, she followed the sound of the surf.

Her breath caught in her throat. There in front of her was the most stunning picture she could ever have imagined. Darrin sat alone on the sandy beach. He watched the waves crash against the rocks just off the point, and in the background stood the majestic, rocky formation known as Land's End.

Chapter 13

The closer Gwen got to Darrin, the more apprehensive she became. *He looks so sad and angry, and I know it's all because of me.* "Darrin," she softly called out between the crashing of the waves.

His head popped up when he heard his name. His eyes darkened as he glared at her. "What are you doing here?"

"I want to talk to you."

"We have nothing to say to each other."

"I think we do, especially since I owe you an explanation."

"I don't want to hear any more of your lies. Leave me alone."

"I've never lied to you!" she cried out.

Darrin stood and brushed the sand off his shorts. He turned and gave her a disgusted look before he walked past her.

"Darrin, don't walk away from me, please."

His response was to walk on by.

Think, Gwen, think! You've got to stop him and now. She ran after him and tackled him at the knees, sending them both pitching forward into the sand.

"Get off me, you crazy bitch!"

Gwen scrambled and with a strength that amazed her, managed to pin him down and sit on his chest. “No, not until you hear me out. If you want to walk after I’ve said what I came all the way down here to say, then I’ll let you go and never bother you again.”

Darrin stopped his futile struggles and looked into her eyes. “Fine, speak.”

“First of all, I ran away from you nine years ago because I didn’t think I was good enough for you. Oh, I was perfectly good enough for you to sleep around with but I came from the south side of the tracks and you, well, you lived in the first-class dining car. I fell in love with you and knew I had to let you go in order to make something worthwhile of myself. Shortly after spring break, I had to turn in a business proposal to one of my professors. I came up with the idea of Fantasies in Form. My professor failed me and my project because of the graphic nature of my products. It devastated me. I dropped out of college and crawled back home, but I couldn’t get the idea out of my head. I was really onto something and needed to see it through. So, after that, I began haunting adult boutiques and surfing the Internet for product information. Believe it or not, there’s not a lot of quality merchandise out there, so I went back to designing. I started my company with six thousand dollars and a computer in my one bedroom apartment on the west side of town. I subcontracted a manufacturing firm and had them bring to life my first demo pieces. I went door to door and even as far as Los Angeles to find interested buyers. I struggled for eight months before I finally got my foot in the door of an independent shop. The proprietor loved my work, and

from there, everything started falling into place. I run an honest business, Darrin. Yes, I design and create sex toys, dildos, as you so callously call them, and for years I've hidden behind a fake persona known as Mira Minx. Mira was my escape hatch. When doors got slammed in my face, Mira would pick me up by my boot straps and send me on to the next place. Soon, she began to take over, because I let her. But I've got to tell you, she did a great job. She's outrageous, bold and never backs down from anything, where I prefer to remain in the shadows. I don't let people in too close because I don't want them to like Mira more than they do me."

"Are you going to let me up yet?"

Gwen slipped off his chest and sat cross-legged in the sand.

Darrin sat up, flexed his arms and stretched. "You were cutting the circulation off in my arms," he said, as he sat down in the sand beside her. "Continue with your story, Gwen."

"Fantasies in Form has become one of the largest privately-owned adult novelty companies in the world. I don't take that lightly. I'm very proud of my organization and what my staff and I have accomplished in a relatively short time span. The best part about it is we did it all purely for sexual pleasure.

"When I saw you in the bar the other night, I didn't know what to think. Then you came on all hot and heavy and I was thrilled and terrified at the same time. You asked me to spend the weekend with you; I agreed because I wanted to be with you. I brought you to my home and right away you saw through my flimsy defense, and that scared

me. I thought if I spent some more time with you, I'd overcome these internal issues I face on a daily basis.

"When your parents arrived, I panicked. When I panic, Mira steps up. She loves a confrontation and I saw your mother as a potential confrontation. Once again, my own personal fears took hold of my rational thinking side. I'm sure your mother is a wonderful lady, Darrin. I know your father is a charming and very sweet man, but your mother terrified me. Please don't laugh. This is hard enough for me to get through."

She continued after he stopped chuckling. "Monday night at The Rattlesnake Den was horrible. Belinda scheduled four appointments all right in a row. I didn't recognize the name and I couldn't see your face in the picture you sent. I would never have put you in a position like that had I known it was you. I also found out why you answered my ad. What was the bet you lost?"

"I guessed the wrong color and type of panties our waitress was wearing at dinner with Kyle on Friday night. I suppose I could have told you about the bet, but I honestly didn't think I'd get called. When Ms. Swanson called and asked about the appointment, I almost declined. I didn't because I wanted to see the woman behind that Wild Hare thing you loved so much."

Gwen nodded and shrugged her shoulders. "I've received letters from women telling me they've never experienced anything like it. I also have awards for the most innovative product lines three years running. There's no doubt in my mind you could and would be a great model for the package line, Darrin."

"You can't be serious!"

“You didn’t let me finish. I love you, Darrin Edward Wells. I’ve placed my fragile heart in the sand at your feet. I’m an extremely selfish person and have no intention of sharing you with anyone, even if it is in plastic replica.”

“What about Mira?”

“Mira has been banished. I’m sure she’ll try and pop in now and again, but that’s an issue for another time.”

Darrin stood and pulled her to her feet with him. He grasped her hand and led her down the beach to a secluded alcove only visible to the wide blue ocean. Then he pulled her into his arms and kissed her hard.

Gwen wrapped her arms tight around his neck and pressed her breasts against his bare chest. She pulled him as close as she could and moaned when he thrust his hard cock against her belly. When Darrin pulled his lips from hers, Gwen opened her eyes and met his smoky black stare.

“I’ve loved you since the first time I saw you. I came back here year after year with the hopes of finding you again. I’m not a demanding man, Gwen. I only ask for a few things, open honesty and your love among them.”

She ran her hand across his cheek. “You’ll have both. But I ask for a couple of things in return.” She slid her hand down his body, to caress his cock through his swim trunks. “The first is your love.” She squeezed his shaft. “The second, don’t judge me by what I do.” She ran her hand up the hard length of him and squeezed the tip of his cock. “And third, allow me access to this beautiful hunk of cock at least three or four times a week.”

Darrin untied the neck strap of her bikini top, exposing her breasts to his hands. He grazed the hard nipples with his

thumbs as he smiled at her upturned face. "Only three or four times a week? Darlin', we've done that in a day."

Gwen shimmied out of her bottoms and stood naked before him. "The day's almost over. We need to get busy."

Darrin turned her away from him and bent her toward the rocks. He slid one and then two fingers in to probe her sex. She heard the Velcro give and the rustling sound of swimwear being removed, then his other hand was on her waist. She felt the head of his cock slide between her wet folds. She arched her back and groaned, "Yessss."

Darrin continued with a slow, rhythmic pace. He leaned over her shoulder, and pinched her nipples as he whispered in her ear, "The perfect package, huh?"

"Oh god yes," she cried out as he buried himself deep.

"Not so loud, Gwen, someone might hear us."

She flipped her hair out of the way so she could see him over her shoulder. "Baby, you do know what Playa del Amor means, don't you? They don't call this Lover's Beach for nothin'."

Gwen felt Mira surface and tried to tamp her down.

Don't fret, my sweet, I've come to say goodbye. If you ever need me again, you know where to find me. You're strong, Gwendolyn Jane Parker, strong enough to make it on your own. You don't need me anymore. Adios, nina precioso!

Goodbye, Mira.

Gwen ground back against Darrin's forward thrusts. She could tell from his ragged breathing, he was close. So she reached down between her legs and stroked his cock while he slammed in and out of her. She discovered if she held her arm just so, she could make her wrist rub against her clit at the same time.

“Gwen,” Darrin growled, “I’m going to explode if you keep that up much longer.”

Gwen’s orgasm was close too. “Just a little longer, baby,” she panted between thrusts. The pressure built and the heat intensified, melting her from the inside out. “Oh yes,” she moaned. “Do it, Darrin. Do it, now!”

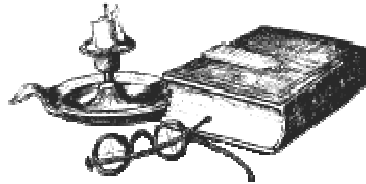
Darrin thrust hard a couple more times before he erupted deep inside her creamy sheath. “I haven’t had sex on the beach in a really long time,” he said when he could finally speak again.

Gwen refastened her swimsuit and kissed him full on the lips. “Well then, it’s been entirely too long.”

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Kayla Janz is a mother, wife, and business owner as well as an author. Her love of romance novels sparked an interest in writing and grew from there. *The Perfect Package* is her third published piece and the first of this series. She has many, many more stories waiting in the wings. Kayla loves to hear from her fans. You can email her at Kayla@KaylaJanz.com or visit her website at: www.KaylaJanz.com

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