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Desire's
Tryst *DREAM*
KEZIAH HILL

Desire's Dream

By

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Chapter One

Ruth Cavanaugh gasped and sat bolt upright in bed. Her heart pounded, and her pussy clenched.

The sheets were twisted around her legs and trickles of sweat slid down between her breasts. Her nipples were tight, sharp points, aching to be touched.

What was that all about? Normally she couldn't remember her dreams, but this one was burned into her brain, each detail in distinct, blazing, color. The smooth golden sheen to his skin, the hard, sculpted muscles of his chest and—*oh Lord*—that long, rigid cock. His hands had moved all over her, brushing her breasts then sliding down her belly to stroke the top of her thighs.

She closed her eyes, remembering the delicious push of his fingers as they slid into her, finding every secret place and sensitive fold. He'd teased and tickled her, smearing her juice around her clit until she'd begged for release.

The dream was so *clear*. She could still see him bend his head and take her clit into his mouth while she ran her hand through his coal-black curls, pushing his head closer, trying to get his mouth harder against her. She'd screamed out her want, demanding he thrust into her.

Ruth remembered everything.

Why, oh why did he have to be the last man on earth she'd ever want to fuck?

Jake Fitzgerald. Cold, ruthless and arrogant. That she could cope with. But what got her hackles up every time she met him was the

sense he could see right into her mind with those glittering, turquoise eyes. As if his ruthless businessman persona was just a mask and his real self was much more dangerous. Much more powerful. She wanted to slap his knowing face every time she met him.

She staggered to the bathroom and threw water on her face. Her reflection in the mirror showed dark shadows under her blue eyes. She was paler than usual. Great. Just the look she needed to meet him. Wan and fragile. He'd take one look at her and go in for the kill.

She turned on the shower, hoping the water would energize her. It usually did. A wacky astrologer once told her water was important to earth signs like her. Something about nurturing.

She closed her eyes again, letting the water run over her tender, heated breasts. She didn't need nurturing; she needed a good, hard fuck. Preferably from someone much more lust worthy than Jake Fitzgerald. He might be her best friend Lucy's brother-in-law, but that didn't mean she had to like him.

A vision of his head between her legs flashed into her mind. Her pussy pulsed. She could swear his tongue still lapped at her clit. She resisted the urge to move her fingers down to ease her aching need, instead dragging her mind to the day ahead. Dreams could wait. After all, everyone knew they were never about what was really wanted. They were illusions, meaningless fragments. The way the brain processed the events of the day.

She had to get herself together. However much she disliked and distrusted him, Jake Fitzgerald was now a potential client.

After she turned off the water and dried herself, she looked again in the mirror. The shadows were gone. If only they'd take a hike from the rest of her life.

Ruth flung the towel over the shower rail and stalked back to her bedroom, her stomach clenching with irritation and something else. Something she didn't want to think about. That damn dream.

She'd decided sex and love together were not for her after her last disastrous foray into intimacy with Steve the Wonder Jerk. Men didn't seem able to cope with women who broke the fluffy, girly mold of sweetness and light. At almost six feet, she knew her strong, fit body was nowhere near sweet and girly. More like tough and capable. It didn't stop men from wanting her—quite the opposite in fact—but it was because they saw her as a challenge. Get the tough bitch in bed

and see who was boss.

It always became a battle of wills to see who'd come out on top. She was tired of the whole messy, undignified battle. She liked sex, she even liked playing power games, but that didn't mean she was willing to be Little Miss Submissive all the time. And certainly not in the rest of her life. On her knees with her lover's cock down her throat didn't translate to drop everything and do his laundry. Once Steve the Wonder Jerk thought he'd dominated her in bed, he assumed he could continue to tell her what to do in all aspects of her life. Just thinking about him made her blood boil.

And didn't he play the offended Master when she suggested a few power games of her own! Her ten years on the police force came in handy when he tried to hit her. She had him out on the sidewalk at one in the morning, naked, clutching his clothes, and a shiner already forming around his eye before he could take a second swing.

All in all, she was better off without relationships. She just had to figure out how to get her sexual needs met.

Which made her think about her dream. So okay, she could acknowledge Jack Fitzgerald was most women's idea of the ideal man, she could even acknowledge he was sexy as all hell, but that didn't mean he deserved a place in her bed.

Not that he'd ever given her any indication he was interested. Every time they met at social events, he went out of his way to avoid her, just as she tried to avoid him. A chemical antipathy swirled between them. She could always sense him in the room even before she saw him. The hair on the back of her neck stood up, and she'd shake herself like a cat stroked the wrong way. He was the type of man who wanted to dominate. She'd had enough of that.

Sometimes, though, they'd lock eyes across a sea of people, and she'd shudder, resisting the pull of his remarkable eyes. In that single moment her skin would flush with heat, and she'd have to stop herself from moving toward him. Then he'd smile, and fury would fill her. She'd scowl, then he'd scowl. Quickly, they'd both turn away from each other, she feeling relief, he feeling—God knows. Probably the same.

She pulled on a soft black T-shirt and black trousers, then twisted her long, dark hair into a tight French role. Black Doc Martins, black-framed Elvis Costello glasses and red lipstick completed her

outfit. Some ruby studs for her ears. With her black leather jacket, she was going for Secret Service chic. Or the hands-off-I'm-a-dyke look. As the CEO of a small but growing security firm, both looks worked for her clients. They wanted someone tough but classy.

Ruth sat at her kitchen table and shook some cereal into a bowl. As she ate, she read through her file on Jake Fitzgerald, supplemented by what she knew of him from Lucy. He made his first million as a builder and developer, then started using his money to invest in a range of companies he then took over. At thirty-five he was extremely rich, successful in virtually every business venture, and always had some gorgeous, silicon-enhanced beauty on his arm. She sneered.

But she wasn't about to look a gift horse in the mouth. His secretary had called her to make a business appointment. Something about ensuring his property was well protected. Ruth was surprised, assuming he'd use the services of one of the huge, multinational security firms.

She closed the file then pushed it into her briefcase. Slipping into her jacket, she checked the mirror and smiled. Time to meet her new client. She would be pleasant and professional. Silly dreams had no place in her life.

Chapter Two

Jake Fitzgerald gazed out the window of his office and recalled his dream. The woman's husky voice had been full of passion and demand. He awoke bathed in sweat, his hand around his cock, pumping and squeezing. He came with a forceful spurt, panting like he'd run a marathon.

Often he remembered his dreams and wrote down the more interesting ones. This one had been incredible. Full, dramatic color. She'd tasted and smelled of apricots, and her long, pale legs were supple and lithe under him. Exquisite, tight nipples filled his mouth. She'd shuddered in his arms as his lips swept down the curve of her breasts, and cried out when he took her clit into his mouth.

The dream had seemed so real. Her pulse against his lips had been enough to send him over the edge. He'd looked up at her as she arched her back, pressing her pussy harder against him. Her curtain of black hair covered her face, but when she'd turned her head in passion, he'd recognized her. Ruth Cavanaugh.

He wasn't surprised. In fact, he was amazed she hadn't haunted his dreams long before this. Infuriating, prickly, gorgeous Ruth Cavanaugh. Even her name irritated him. It conjured up images of repressed librarians not long, lean, walking sin.

She had a chip the size of Ayres Rock on her shoulder, and she hated men. He'd always assumed she was a lesbian until Lucy disabused him of that idea, scolding him for his stereotypical thoughts just because Ruth wasn't interested in him. It was more than that though. She seemed to tense up and scowl every time he was around. He didn't know what she had against him, but what ever it was it

made him uncomfortable. He stayed out of her way. And he was tired of complicated women.

What was it with them anyway? They all assumed he was some kind of dominating, sexual plaything who wanted to tie them up and spank them. He wasn't adverse to a little sexual play and quite liked power games, but in the end he wanted some give and take. He didn't want to do all the work. Lately his sexual fantasies involved lying in bed with the weekend papers while an intelligent, funny woman stroked him while muttering sweet nothings in his ear about the news of the day. He was pathetic. Although his dream of Ruth, thankfully, was a little more exciting.

But he knew Ruth Cavanaugh, unlike other women, would need to dominate and control in bed. He smiled, thinking how sexy she'd look with her black-framed glasses on and nothing else, ordering him to his knees. He'd be happy to oblige. Then after a delicious interlude tasting and licking her plump, juicy cunt, he'd have her on her back, her wrists tightly bound above her head while he thrust into her hard and fast. She might want to be in control, but he wouldn't let her get away with that all the time.

He sighed. A fantasy just like his dream.

Ruth had the wrong idea about him. Most women did. But whatever idea she had, she didn't like.

He shrugged. First and foremost, however, he was a businessman and, from his research, she was the best in her field. It annoyed him that it should be so, but he'd learned that he didn't have to like the people he did business with, he only had to respect their ability to get the job done. From everything he'd heard about Ruth, she was competent, professional and, with a small but growing company, hungry enough to pay close attention to his needs. Which, given his property holdings, were considerable.

He'd found the big security firms sloppy and complacent. He wasn't about to risk his family's personal safety through incompetence.

Clearing his mind of his nocturnal adventures, he bent to read the resume of Ruth Cavanaugh. She had an impressive record. Several multinational clients had used her services and recommended her without reservation.

His desk phone rang, heralding her arrival. He moved to the center of the room, preferring to meet people directly instead of behind

a desk.

The door opened, and he smiled in wry satisfaction. Typical Ruth. No sweetness and light there. As always, she was dressed in black, as if to hide something. She was never successful. Not with him anyway. Sex radiated from her like a glowing sun, leaving his pulse hammering and his hands twitching with the need to touch her. He could never decide on the color of her eyes. They could be dark blue or brown. But her intense stare scorched like a brand across his skin.

She possessed a stillness that reduced him to the awkwardness of a teenager. He ground his teeth. He didn't like that feeling.

"Thanks for coming, Ruth. Could we have some coffee, Louise?" He turned to his secretary who acknowledged his request with a brief nod and a piercing glance at Ruth. Good old Louise. Nothing got past her.

He held out his hand to Ruth, and she grasped it firmly. A tingle of energy slid up his arm, making him squeeze her hand harder than he'd intended. He heard her gasp, but he held on, unable to take his gaze from her face.

Her hand was smooth and soft, but strong. An immediate image came to him of her holding his cock, squeezing and pumping as she lowered her mouth to take him in, her dark curtain of hair falling across his thighs.

He let go of her abruptly.

"Let's sit over here," he said, turning to a low couch. Cold sweat broke out at the back of his neck. This was going to be harder than he thought.

He sat opposite her, a coffee table between them, and shifted in his seat, conscious of his own strange behavior.

Get a grip, Fitzgerald. She's here to do a job.

"I believe Louise told you something of my problem when she made the appointment with you."

"Yes," she said. "But she didn't go into any details."

Distracted by her low, husky voice, he rubbed a hand over his face and mentally shook himself.

The door opened, and Louise appeared with a tray. As cups and coffee were organized, he studied Ruth. Her dark clothes couldn't hide her round, generous body. She was no fashionable stick figure. She undid her jacket, and he caught a glimpse of the slight curve of one

nipple underneath the thin material of her T-shirt. His cock went hard.

She was like a coiled spring waiting for the best time to explode, watching him with wary suspicion, which she was trying hard to control. He was sure when she did explode, it would be at her time and for her pleasure.

Pleasure? Where did that come from?

For God's sake. Stop!

Okay, so she was mind blowingly sexy and, from the state of certain parts of his body, he was definitely responding. But this was neither the time nor place. He gathered his thoughts, trying to concentrate on the matter at hand.

"I'm sure you know I have a lot of property. Most of it is looked after by the companies I own, but there are several sites that I take personal responsibility for. Lately I've been less than impressed with the performance of the security companies I've hired. They are sloppy."

She raised her eyebrows, and he fought to squash his irritation. No doubt she thought him a hard taskmaster.

"In what way sloppy?" she asked in her dripping-with-sex voice. It was the same voice that in his dream demanded he fuck her, thrust into her, make her come now, *don't stop!* Oh, God, he was really losing it.

"They've been less than concerned about a few instances of break-ins, and a couple of vandalism attempts. The latest one was an attempted break at my mother's house. They were slow to respond and weren't very interested."

She frowned and opened her briefcase to retrieve a notebook and pen. "That does sound sloppy. They must know someone with your net worth needs tight security. What else?"

He relaxed. She was taking this seriously. He outlined other problems while she took notes and asked relevant questions. Gone was any hostility. She exuded calm professionalism. He was a little disappointed. Ruth was at her sexy best when she was annoyed with him.

"I'd like you to come out to Rose House and set up a new system. I'll be moving in when the house is finished, so I'd like the security system set up before then."

She nodded. "I'll get my staff on it."

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He frowned. "You won't be organizing it yourself?"

She bristled. "My staff is comprised of competent professionals. They do good work."

"That's not what I asked. If I take on your company, I want your personal attention. I don't want to deal with anyone else. Otherwise, it's no deal."

He delighted in the fury sparking within her eyes.

"That's fine," she said, her voice tight. "I'll make sure I'm available."

"I'll meet you at Rose House tomorrow morning at ten. We'll go over the grounds."

She gave a stiff nod, avoiding his gaze, and tapped her fingers against the handle of her briefcase. Her whole body looked ready to spring. Not at him. More likely out the door. Something had spooked her. Her pulse beat fast at the base of her long, luscious neck.

Oh, God, he was in trouble. He didn't know how he was going to stand without her noticing his rigid cock. Just think of something else. Profit and loss sheets. Anything.

"Well, if that's all," she said as she stood up, "I'd better be on my way." She seemed to want to get out quickly. He scrambled to his feet as she walked to the door.

"Ruth," he said.

She stopped, and he almost slammed into her. She flinched as he stood next to her, a look of panic in her eyes. What was she scared of?

He placed his hand on her arm, experiencing again the shock of contact with her body. "Is there something wrong?"

"No. No, I'm fine," she said.

He looked into her eyes, wanting to fall into those dark indigo depths. Standing so close to her, he could smell apricots on her skin and the intoxicating muskiness of her arousal.

So that's it.

A bolt of pure, delighted lust slammed through him.

But she was frightened. Angry with it, and still scared. He frowned. Women were not usually frightened of him. He never gave them any reason to be.

"I'm glad you've agreed to work with me, Ruth," he said. "I've got a lot of confidence in your ability."

He said the words and meant them. He could tell from just this

brief professional contact, and what he knew of her, that she was good at her job. For some reason he needed her to know he thought highly of her professional skills, regardless of how much she irritated, confused and enraged him.

And he wanted her. Wanted her? *Craved* her. All he could think of was peeling off all her black clothes and running his hands over every inch of her creamy, round curves. He knew she would be soft but strong. Could yield but demand.

He stared at her, lost in a vision of her across his bed, with her dark hair splayed out and her body arching toward him. Somehow what was happening between them felt destined, as if his dream was the precursor of all to come.

Whoa. Slow down boyo. You'll be setting up house and buying furniture if you don't watch it. Get real! She hates you.

She looked into his eyes. Tentative at first, her smile transformed her serious, prickly persona into something unexpectedly delicate and sweet, a little vulnerable and uncertain. His hands itched with the need to cup her face. He wanted to press his lips to her mouth and taste her. She was a devastating mix of strength and vulnerability. Something within him wanted to reach for her as if she were a lifeline and he was drowning.

"I'll see you tomorrow."

"Sure," she said, shutting off that glimpse of some other person. "Until then."

* * * * *

Ruth stumbled out of the building and pulled air into her lungs. After the door had opened and she saw Jake Fitzgerald standing there, looking tall, hard and dangerous, she'd been unable to breathe. Her dream came slamming back into her mind, and she'd hardly been able to focus on his words. Instead she'd stared at his hands, wanting them on her, in her.

She made her way to the little café around the corner from his building and ordered a latte and a glass of water. Sitting at a table in the sun, she forced herself to think clearly about the meeting and what she was getting into.

That stupid dream affected every reaction, every sense she had

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of him. Chemical antipathy had turned into incendiary lust. Maybe she'd always lusted after him and didn't know it. Didn't *want* to know. Craving his strong, glorious body didn't change the fact that he was going to be demanding and arrogant.

But she couldn't mistake his raw, masculine pull on her psyche. It unfurled deep inside her like a dark, exotic bloom.

He mesmerized her.

She stirred her coffee, oblivious to the noise and chaos of the busy café. All she could focus on was Jake Fitzgerald.

Ruth worried he'd seen into the deepest, darkest recesses of her soul with those extraordinary eyes. They were green and then blue, shifting and changing like the Mediterranean sea as he talked. He'd stared at her through their whole meeting as if he wanted to bow before her or fuck her senseless. There was wildness in those eyes, a sense that whatever dream she had, whatever fantasy, he could see it and make it happen. He terrified her.

Her nipples had hardened and her pussy opened and grew moist as she listened to him talk. It was all she could do to take in the details of the job. She'd wanted to run from the office before she begged him to do anything he wanted with her.

It was going to be dangerous working for him. She would have to use every self-protective barrier she had to keep him at a distance. Men like that could bind women to them with dreams and promises that trapped and wounded. In the end they were no different from other men. They still needed to possess and control. She would be careful. No way would she fall into his trap.

Chapter Three

Ruth drove her car up the curving, formal driveway and came to a halt in front of the massive, two-story Victorian mansion. She turned off the ignition and sat, staring at it, annoyance in every part of her body. The morning appointment had changed at the last minute to an evening appointment. Some crisis in Jake's business dealings, his secretary had explained. She'd been apologetic and offered to send a car to pick her up, but Ruth declined. She had a dinner date with her friends. A date she'd been looking forward to all week. A night out with the girls full of gossip and fun was something she needed. She couldn't remember the last time she'd let her hair down and ditched her tough, work persona.

She'd dressed for the occasion in a short, flirty skirt with a light, off-the-shoulder cashmere sweater. She knew she looked feminine and soft with her hair loosely pinned up and dangly earrings on. At the last moment, she'd grabbed a dark overcoat and buttoned it up. If she had to go to a business meeting first, she still wanted to look professional. It had nothing to do with feeling less than in control without her usual black uniform.

Without a doubt the house was beautiful. Whoever he'd hired for the restoration had done a fine job. Green lawns and gardens in full flower surrounded the building, and the wrought iron and wood trim was painted in heritage colors. French doors opened onto wide verandas on both floors. It looked comfortable and a little staid. Not the kind of house she expected Jake Fitzgerald to live in.

She got out of her car and stood staring at the house, trying to ignore the coil of apprehension sliding down her spine. So Jake

Fitzgerald disturbed her. She worked for him, nothing else. She would do her job in her usual efficient, steady way. She'd set up the security system then go back to avoiding him. He might want her personal attention for this part of the job, but there was no need for anything more.

She certainly didn't have to sleep with him. And if he was interested in her, which she doubted, he didn't strike her as a man who would persist when told his attentions were unwelcome.

The only trouble with that plan was whether she could say no. She wasn't sure she wanted to. Since their meeting, she couldn't stop thinking about him. For some reason she would bring to mind the way he looked as he stood close to her in his office, and then the scene would transform into her dream. He would look up at her with eyes full of turquoise passion.

It was just a fantasy on her part.

A fantasy he could make come true, a devilish voice whispered in her ear.

No. She was not into sleeping with her clients, and she wasn't going to start now.

You're a coward, the voice said. It would be more than that, wouldn't it?

Firmly shutting a mental door on that needling voice, she climbed the steps to the veranda and knocked on the door.

She waited, listening to a banging, shuffling sound. The door partially opened to reveal Jake in paint-splattered jeans and a torn T-shirt, struggling to pull a drop cloth away from the opening. His cheeks were flushed. He looked harassed.

And sweaty and gorgeous.

"Oh, it's you. Sorry, I lost track of the time. Could you help me with this? I just need to get it away from the door."

Whatever she'd been expecting, it wasn't this. She bent down and pushed the heavy canvas while Jake pulled at it. Finally, it slid down the hallway, and the front door opened wide.

"Thanks," he said. "I'm just touching up some of the woodwork."

"You do the maintenance around here?" she asked, unable to conceal the surprise in her voice.

"Yeah. It's silly I know, but I enjoy it. It keeps me connected to

practical things. My days of building are over, but working with my hands is good for me. I do my best thinking when I'm sanding." He straightened up and smiled at her, his eyes scanning her from head to toe. "You look different."

"I'm on my way out to dinner. So could we could get going with the tour? I don't want to be late."

"Yes, sure. Sorry. This way."

He seemed flustered and uncertain, which increased her anxiety. She'd never seen him like this—like a boy with a big toy he wanted to show off.

He took her through the whole house, up to the bedrooms, to the attic, and down into the kitchen and sitting rooms. By the end of the tour, she'd made copious notes and knew why he wanted to live there. It was a house full of life, sun and color. Someone had built it with love, and Jake had restored it with passion.

"This is your personal project, isn't it?" she asked, smiling with pleasure as they stood in the hallway, gazing at the row of late nineteenth-century photographs on the wall. All the people in the images sat or stood, stiff and buttoned up in their best clothes. Which made her realize how hot she was wearing her coat. She undid a couple of buttons as she peered at the photographs.

"Yes, it is," he said, running his hand down a wall as if touching an old friend. "I started out as a builder and carpenter. As soon as I saw this house, I knew I wanted to work on it myself. It was strange. It seem to call to me." A lick of heat slid across her skin, leaving her breathless. She wanted his stroke against her skin.

He turned to her and frowned. "Come in here to the lounge and take off the stupid coat. You must be boiling."

His order immediately infuriated her, partly because he was right. "It's okay I'm fine."

"You're not. Give it here." He stood behind her, took hold of her collar, and pulled. She slipped out of the hot wool with relief and turned to see him holding the coat and staring at her.

"What? What's wrong?"

He shook himself and hung her coat on the coat rack. "Nothing. I've just never seen you in anything other than black. Color suits you."

She glanced down at her cream silk skirt. It had a pattern of red roses across the hem that matched her sweater. Her pulse started to

pound as his gaze rested like a caress on every part of her body.

"Let's talk about the security plan. Then I have to go."

"You're nervous, aren't you? What is it about me that makes you want to run?"

"I don't want to run. I just want to get my job done," she said.

"You're nervous."

"No, I'm not." If she had been, she wasn't now. She gritted her teeth against the irritation bubbling through her and prepared to make her escape.

"Look, come and sit down. I don't know what's going through your head about me, but lets just ignore that for the minute. Come into the lounge and tell me what you think I should do."

She followed him into a large, comfortable room full of tasteful, understated furniture. The overall design complimented the period of the house without being formal and pretentious. It looked like a room people had lived in and enjoyed. Low couches stood near the wide French windows, and a beautiful antique inlay table glowed in the early evening sun. Two huge mirrors were placed at each end of the room, giving an effect of space and light. Ruth sat on a winged easy chair and tried to look professional and serious, ignoring her pounding heart and the heat between her legs.

Even if he is attracted to me, he must be having second thoughts now. What more could I do to look like a complete jerk?

"So, what do you think?"

What did she think? That he was the most beguiling, confusing man she'd ever met. That just when she'd convinced herself he was cold and arrogant, he turned into charming and boyish. That sitting across from him, watching his muscles flex as he lifted his arm to push his dark hair from his forehead, made her want to cross to him, throw herself in his lap, and run her tongue along the length of his neck? That the deep, hard pulse in her pussy told her she wanted him inside her, pushing, thrusting, easing that wild need.

She opened her mouth and told him he needed an up-to-date, back-to-base security system with sensors in the garden and fence so intruders were less likely to get to the house.

He nodded and listened, asking appropriate, thoughtful questions. She wanted to scream. She had to get out of there, away from him.

"If that's all, I must be off. I'll call your secretary and organize access to the house."

"You're doing it again."

"Doing what?"

"Running from me. What is it about me that spooks you? Ever since we met, you can hardly be in the same room with me. Why is that? What have I ever done to you?"

The pulse in Ruth's pussy spread across her skin. "I don't know what you mean. You don't spook me. You irritate me maybe, but you don't spook me." She hoped he believed her.

"Why do I irritate you?" he asked with what looked like genuine curiosity.

She took a deep breath and debated what to tell him. Maybe honesty was the best policy.

"You look at me sometimes as if you know everything about me and could bend me to your will. I don't like that."

His jaw dropped. "I don't have that kind of power over you. I can't make you do what you don't want to do. Why would I want to?"

Why, indeed. *Because you can; you know you can.*

And that was it. That was what she feared. That she'd lose herself in him. If she was honest, she'd always had that fear with every man she'd been with. But there was something about Jake Fitzgerald that pulled her, that made her wonder about taking the risk.

She stared at him, battling the compulsion, the need to touch him and find out what his smooth golden skin would taste like. She wanted her body against his, to have his strong arms around her.

Panic skidded through her as she realized the need to reach for him was almost irresistible. She gathered herself together and stood up, desperate to get away from him. "I need to go." She moved past him and out to the hallway.

"Wait."

She turned to him as he came after her.

"I hate this," he said. "This isn't what I wanted to happen."

"What do you mean?" she asked, avoiding his eyes.

"You know what I mean," he said, stepping close to her.

She closed her eyes as he backed her into the wall, and then jumped when he gently stroked her face.

"I'd never hurt you."

Hot, mindless panic spread like a brushfire through her body as he lowered his lips to her mouth in an achingly soft kiss. She'd expected wild, searing and demanding. That she could deal with. But this was something else. Something she'd never experienced or understood. Sweetness with desire. He pressed closer to her, enfolding her in his strong, warm arms. Even as he slid his tongue into her mouth to taste and tease her, she felt it as a caress and a benediction, as if he wanted to worship and treasure her.

Everything inside her clamored to say yes, this is how it should be, this is what I want. But when his hand shifted to cup her breast, running his fingertip across her hard nipple, something wild and uncontrolled spread through her.

"Stop," she managed to squeak as he gently kneaded her breast. She closed her eyes as a low moan escaped from her throat. When he pressed his mouth against the fast-beating pulse in her neck, she wanted to slide down the wall.

"Please..." she whispered.

"What?" he said, his arms tightening around her.

"Please let me go."

"Is that what you really want?" His mouth was on the slope of her breast as he pulled the sweater down, exposing her black, lace bra.

"Yes," she said, pushing herself against him, the hard length of his erection hot against her. "Yes."

He raised his head again and took her mouth in a sudden, blistering kiss that sent a wave of heat slamming through her body. She grasped his head and pressed her mouth hard against him, spearing her fingers through his black curls. He tasted of dark passion and delight. She wanted to lose herself forever in his hold and have his mouth on her, all over her.

As if hearing her silent scream, he lowered his mouth to her breast, sucking her nipple hard through the silk. She cried out, the sharp tug of need in her pussy throbbing for release.

"Okay, I'll let you go," he whispered. "Just let me do this for you. Then I'll let you go."

He slid to his knees in front of her and pushed up her skirt.

"God, you are so beautiful," he said, rubbing his hand against her mound. The thin silk was wet with her arousal and slid against her clit, tormenting her. She wanted no barriers between her skin and his,

and she reached down to push aside her panties.

"Yes, that's it," he muttered.

Helpless, she leaned against the wall, holding herself open as he buried his face between her legs, his tongue searching and finding her pulsing clit. He pushed her legs farther apart with his shoulders and held her buttocks as he feasted on her. His mouth and tongue were hot and relentless, sucking and licking her until she thought she would lose her mind. She heard herself muttering his name over and over as she pushed herself against his mouth, moving her hips convulsively, trying to get more contact, more of him.

When he slid two fingers into her aching pussy, she cried out and exploded into a thousand tiny fragments of searing heat and light. She arched her back and thrust herself harder against his mouth. He caught her as she fell, her legs unable to hold her up.

Through a haze of satisfaction, she felt herself being carried to the lounge. She wanted to nestle against Jake's chest and shut out the rest of the world. He lowered her onto the couch and stood looking down at her. As she tried to get her mind working again, she realized she was sprawled across the couch with her skirt hiked up to her waist.

My god, it didn't take long. I went down like a pack of cards!

She struggled to sit up and push down her skirt, the heat of a blush stinging her cheeks. She was an idiot.

"Don't do that," he said. "You're so beautiful. You taste earthy, all musky and sweet." He sat next to her, held her face in his hands, and kissed her. She could taste herself on his lips. A spear of lust spiked through her.

This is crazy. I can't do this.

She pulled away from him, needing to get her mind back into gear.

"You're embarrassed."

"You could say that," she said, avoiding his eyes, trying to get off the couch.

"Don't be. I think we've done this before."

She whipped her gaze back to his. "What do you mean?"

"I dreamed of you last night. You taste exactly the same. All that black hair," he said, pulling the clip from her hair. It fell like a curtain around her shoulders. He bunched it in his hands and pressed his mouth against her throat.

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She closed her eyes as liquid fire pounded through her veins.

No! This is madness!

She pushed against him and stood up.

"I don't know what you're talking about. I need to go. This shouldn't have happened."

He held onto her wrist and looked up at her. "Ruth, it was going to happen as soon as you walked through my office door. I knew that, and I think you did, too." He stood and gazed into her eyes as he pulled her into his arms. "There's something between us..."

"No! There's nothing between us. You've employed me to do a job, and that's all I'm going to do." She tried to pull away.

"There's much more between us. My goddess," he muttered as he held her, trailing hot, nibbling kisses down her throat. He pulled down her sweater and bra in one sweeping motion and then covered her breast with his mouth, biting gently on her nipple.

She moaned, unsure if it was protest or submission. Arching her back over his arm, she pushed her breast into his mouth and opened her legs, allowing his fingers to slide under her panties. He slipped two into her, and she moved against him, pumping her hips, trying to get him farther in.

"Jake," she gasped. "Yes, oh my god!"

She moaned in protest as he pulled his fingers away from her.

"Hush," he said. "Wait."

He stripped off her panties and skirt, then sat back on the couch, pulling her onto his lap, facing him. She was lost, some part of her brain realized as he eased off her sweater and bra. But she was beyond caring, beyond anything other than needing him inside her.

His gaze alone made her breasts ache with want. When he ran his thumbs against her sensitive nipples, her pussy quivered with demand.

"Just like my dream," he muttered. "Sweet like apricots."

He cupped one breast in his hand and bent to flick his tongue against the tip. A low, keening moan came from deep within her throat as he drew her breast into his mouth and sucked hard. He squeezed and rolled her other nipple in his fingers, and she begged him for something, anything.

"Jake, yes, please, *more...*"

All she could think of was having him inside her, pushing and

thrusting into her.

His mouth still on her breast, he shifted his hands to the bulge in his jeans. He unzipped himself, and his cock sprang free, long and hard. She gasped, seeing it exactly as it was in her dream. She held him and moved her hand up and down the satiny hardness, craving him, needing him inside her. But she needed all of him. Hunger for his skin next to hers made her pull at his T-shirt. He ripped it off, letting her hands roam over his chest, tracing his warm, golden muscles and flat, brown nipples. She dipped her head, licked one, and heard his quick indrawn breath.

He leaned his head back against the couch and moaned, his eyes closed as she continued to pump him. Something deep within her gloried at the power she held in her hand, the pleasure she was giving him. She wanted to see him come, see the evidence of his pleasure spurt from him, but he grabbed her wrist as a drop of moisture appeared at the tip of his cock.

"No. I need to be in you." Dismay swept across his face. "I don't have any protection."

"I do." She scrambled for her purse and pulled out a condom with shaking hands. He grinned with delight, ripped it open, and covered himself.

"Ruth," he muttered. "Now."

She lifted herself and eased down onto him, the long, hot hardness sliding into her core.

"Oh, yes," she said through gritted teeth as she moved up and down in a slow, sinuous rhythm. "That's it. Like that."

He cupped her buttocks as she moved on him, thrusting up, following her pace. His fingers pressed into her and sent a thread of something urgent deep inside her. Placing her hands on the top of the couch beside his head, she moved more quickly, and he pushed her up and down on his cock. She closed her eyes and arched her back, pushing her breast farther into his mouth as the wild, relentless pressure built in her cunt.

Urgent moans and gasps that she couldn't stop came from her mouth. She opened her eyes and looked down at Jake. His turquoise gaze was on her, burning into her mind, her soul. She thought he could see everything about her, every secret she had, and she didn't care. All she wanted was his hardness in her and his golden skin against her.

She raised her head and, in the mirror in front of her, saw the endless reflection of their coupling in the mirror behind her. His glistening cock slid in and out of her, pushing her over the edge. Then his hand moved between them, and his broad thumb pressed against her clit. She screamed, something she'd never heard before. She pushed herself down onto him time and again as her pussy clutched around him.

Ruth collapsed against him while he held her tightly, continuing to thrust hard into her. Her bones felt like liquid, she could hardly move, but still he thrust into her. There was something about her total satiation, her inability to move while he was on the verge of his own explosion, that deeply satisfied her. As if she was a goddess waiting for her tribute.

He pistoned into her, and she lifted her head to stare into his eyes as he came. It was like staring into the eyes of a ferocious warrior.

"Ruth. Ruth," he groaned. "You're mine now."

She heard his muttered words through her haze of boneless pleasure. A thread of panic slid through her belly. She didn't belong to anyone. She couldn't. She'd worked hard to control her life after the disaster with Steve, and she would never give that up. Men thought they owned women the way they owned dogs. There was no way she was going to let that happen to her.

She struggled to free herself from Jake's tight embrace.

"Let me go now. I have to go." She pulled herself off him and moved quickly to the other side of the couch, searching for her clothes as she went.

He stared at her as he zipped himself up.

"So that's it? You can leave without a backward glance? Ruth, don't do this. You know this was more than just a quick fuck to scratch an itch. Something strong and new happened between us. Don't deny it. I could see it in you, hear it in your cries. That's what my dream was all about."

"No! There was no dream. I don't dream...." She shook her head. "I just need to go," she said, striding past him. He caught her wrist.

"Wait. You had your own, didn't you? Was it me? Was I the one with his mouth on you, tasting you and making you scream for more? It was me, wasn't it?"

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She stared at him, desperation seeping through her soul.

"I can't do this Jake. It's too much. I can't belong to you. I can't belong to anyone." She pulled her arm free and ran out the front door. As she closed the car door, she thought she heard a thin whisper on the wind.

"Then I'll have to belong to you, my goddess."

Chapter Four

Ruth threw herself into her work, shutting the door on any thoughts of Jake Fitzgerald and his house of sun and life. She was largely successful during the day, only occasionally drifting off to daydream about his hands and mouth on her and his hot, hard cock inside her. But at night she was tormented by the same full-color, graphic dream she had the day before she met him. Each night when she went to sleep, the dream continued from where it stopped the night before. They made love every possible way they could in the house of fantasies.

He pulled her to the antique table, where he turned her and bent her over, pushing her legs apart. The cool, polished wood was heaven against her hot, tight breasts. She stretched her arms in front of her and almost screamed when his hands grasped buttocks and pushed her open, his tongue and fingers in her pussy, licking and playing.

She heard the rip of foil, and dark, pooling heat twisted in her belly. He was going to fuck her, face down across this table. She knew she should be appalled, but all she could think of was finally having that glorious cock inside her. Her pussy throbbed with anticipation. She turned her head and saw their reflection in the huge mirror on the wall. Jake was naked, and his rigid cock was right at the entrance of her cunt.

She raised herself on her arms and lifted her ass, tipping it up to welcome him. Closing her eyes, she groaned deep in her throat as he eased into her tight, slippery core. His cock was hot and vibrant and alive. A sense of completeness, a joy so deep swept through her, bringing tears to her eyes. This is right, a voice deep inside her said. This is true.

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He moved slowly at first, sliding his hands up and down her back and reaching down to squeeze her nipples. He murmured her name and ran his tongue down her spine, nipping and kissing and laughing in breathless delight when she tightened her muscles around him.

"Ruth, yes. Like that!" he cried and thrust harder and faster, holding her hips to piston into her, moving, moving, his balls slapping against her as she pushed back, finding his rhythm. The head of his cock found that deep, sensitive part of her pussy. The pressure of release built and built inside her, and she lay down again on the table, slipping her arm under her to reach her clit.

When he slid a finger into the tight circle of her ass, a burst of glorious, blinding color and light exploded through her as she screamed out her pleasure. Her pussy spasmed around him, and he went rigid with one last thrust. With a ferocious cry, he collapsed onto her, cupping her breasts in his hands.

She would wake up drenched in sweat, rubbing her clit. But it was more than just sex, which was why it disturbed her so. She could tell he adored her, wanted to cherish and nurture her. She'd never experienced that with any of her lovers. Always sex was a competition to see who could win. But in her dream, Jake held and soothed her, enclosing her in safety as well as pushing her into the wildness she wanted. She loved that dream, craved to be looked after as she disintegrated in passion, but in the morning she was frightened and panicky at the thought of relying on anyone to give her that much pleasure. She couldn't believe the Jake Fitzgerald she knew was like that.

It's a dream, that's all it is. It's not real. It can't be real.

She would drag herself to work and put thoughts of Jake out of her mind, which wasn't as hard as she thought. Now that she had him as a client, several other companies had contacted her. She was busy doing assessments, setting up systems, and hiring more staff. That didn't stop dark rings from appearing under her eyes. Lucy noticed and, over iced tea at their favorite café overlooking Clovelly Beach, asked her what was wrong.

Ruth ducked her head. "Nothing. I'm not sleeping too well."

"Why? What are you worried about?"

Ruth shrugged. "I'm expanding the business. While that's going

well, it's a lot to organize and a big responsibility."

"So taking on Jake as a client has worked well for you."

Ruth avoided her eyes and took a deep breath. "Yeah."

"How's it going between the two of you? You've never really hit it off, which I've always been curious about. In some ways Jake's the ideal man for you."

Ruth shifted in her chair and tried to sound nonchalant. "What do you mean?"

"He's a tough, take-no-prisoners kind of guy, but with a softer, thoughtful side that he only lets those close to him see. He likes women."

"Yeah, from the social pages I can see that." She curled her lip and gulped her tea.

"No, I mean he really *likes* women. Doesn't see them as appendages. Although I'm not sure they see him that way, poor baby." She laughed and shook her head. "He's always complaining they want him to play the big, bad, tough guy. When you do that for much of the day at work, I guess it's the last thing you want in bed." She peered over her glass at Ruth, a look of wide-eyed innocence in her eyes.

"He told you, didn't he?"

"He may have mentioned something. Now settle down," she said as Ruth slammed down her tea and scowled. "It was just in the context of trying to find out more about you. He said you met with him at Rose House."

Ruth nodded, and her whole body shivered, remembering that day and the taste and touch of Jake inside her. That was real, not some dream.

"Something happen, didn't it?"

Ruth ran her hands through her hair, trying to keep at bay the memory of his strong, capable hands holding her breasts, his fingers teasing her nipples. "What ever happened between us has no future. I can't be with someone who wants to own me."

"Own you? That doesn't sound like Jake. Are you sure?"

Ruth turned to her, her stomach twisting with confusion. "He seems to think we're made for each other, that we're destined to be together."

"Ah, that dreamy Pisces stuff. He can go overboard sometimes," she said, laughing. "Although, by your reaction, there may be

something in it. Are you sure he isn't right? And would that be such a bad thing? He's a good man, Ruth. It also helps that he looks like a god and, from what I've heard, is fantastic in bed." She smiled. "I see you've confirmed that, if your blush is any indication. Good on you."

Ruth closed her eyes, trying to get control of her rapidly escalating heartbeat. "But he told me I belonged to him," she whispered. "I can't be with some one who thinks that."

Lucy snorted. "Sounds like post-orgasmic enthusiasm to me. I used to tell my partners I was theirs until the end of time. It doesn't last long. Honey, don't take it too seriously. People say all sorts of things in the heat of the moment. Talk to him."

Ruth considered her doubtfully. She sighed. "The thing I hate more than anything else is being out of control. I'm not used to that."

Lucy gave her a sad smile. "Ruth, if you want to be close to someone, you have to be prepared to deal with that. It's whether you can trust them to hold you while you're disintegrating. And I don't mean just physically. I mean emotionally. It seems to me Jake's the ideal man for you. Unlike a lot of men, he's not scared of emotions."

Ruth stared out across the ocean, fighting the cold bleakness in her belly.

"But I am."

Chapter Five

Ruth couldn't put it off. She called his secretary to make an appointment to see him. He'd left increasingly irritated messages for her, claiming he wanted an update on the progress of the security systems. But she knew it wasn't only that. He wanted her. She could hear it in his voice. The voice that made a shaft of intense need spear through her body, leaving her breathless every time she heard it.

What's wrong with me? Here is a gorgeous, rich, emotionally available man who wants me, and I fall into a panic every time I talk to him.

Instead of a brief conversation with his secretary, she was put immediately through to Jake.

"You're a hard woman to get hold of."

She bristled at the implied criticism in his voice. "I've been busy setting up all your security systems. I finished the installation at your mother's house yesterday. Everything is ready and operating."

"So have dinner with me tonight and tell me about it."

"Ah, no. I don't think that would be a good idea. It would be better if I talk to you tomorrow at your office."

His sigh was full of frustration. "Okay, if that's the way you want to play it. I'll see you then." He hung up.

Ruth stood holding the phone, fighting a sense of desolation. The coldness in his voice chilled her to the bone.

It's better this way. He's a complication I can't handle.

* * * * *

Ruth sat in the foyer of Jake's office, growing increasingly

furious. What was it with this man? Another little power game to show who was in charge? An hour late. It was getting dark, and she wanted to go home, have a bath, something to eat, and veg out in front of some mindless television. Weariness filled every cell of her body after several days of hard, busy work.

She frowned as Louise came barreling out of Jake's office, looking pale and harassed.

"Oh, Ms. Cavanaugh, I'm so sorry. There's been an accident."

Ruth's heart pounded once, hard and sharp.

"Is Jake all right?"

"Yes. It isn't him. It was some workers on one of his building sites. Two are in hospital. We thought they wouldn't make it, but it looks like they're okay. He's been down at the site and at the hospital for most of the day."

Relief flooded her body, leaving her shaky. Just for a minute, the thought of him being hurt was like a spike in her gut.

"This is probably not a good time for him to see me then."

"No. No, he wants to see you. Please go in."

She walked into his office. It was dark now, and only a desk lamp lighted the room. The curtains were open, and Ruth could see into the offices of the skyscraper opposite. Some people were packing up, while others looked like they were in for the long haul. It was cave-like and oddly snug watching them from Jake's office.

Jake was slumped in his chair, weariness etched across his golden skin. He rubbed his hands across his face and smiled at her. She had an irresistible urge to move behind him and massage his shoulders, make his hard muscles relax under her stroke. Instead she sat opposite him.

"You look like hell. I'm sorry about the accident."

He stretched his arms above his head, and Ruth's pulse kicked up speed as she watch his muscles ripple under his shirt.

He slumped back in the chair. "I've had better days. But it's over now." He smiled at her again. "It's good to see you. I've missed you."

Pleasure swept through her at his words. Pleasure she ruthlessly suppressed. She would not fall for his charm. Maybe she had the wrong idea about him, maybe she was being unfair, but one look into those eyes and it was all she could do not to fall down in front of him, push his legs apart, and wrap herself around his waist. Needing him

that much terrified her. He would take everything she had and leave her with nothing.

Ignoring his words, she prepared to brief him about her work. But he stopped her in her tracks.

"You can't walk away from what happened between us."

She looked away, into the darkness outside the window. Desolation seeped through her. "I'm sorry, Jake. It shouldn't have happened. I don't want to hurt you."

"Why is something between us so impossible for you? Whoever hurt you in the past really did a good job of it."

She whipped her head back around. "Don't try and psychoanalyze me," she snapped. "You know nothing about my life."

"I know fear when I see it. Crippling fear. Fear that's stopping you from being happy and welcoming love into your life."

"Love? What happened between us isn't love."

"Maybe not yet. But you won't even entertain the possibility."

"People use love to justify bad behavior. I don't want to live my life like that."

"No, you want to live it safe and sound with no risk. You need more than that. We both need more than that. I've never wanted a woman in my life the way I want you. If I give up on you, I'll give up on myself. And I won't do that."

Tears stung her eyes. This was torture. She had to get out, away from Jake and his gaze that could see into her soul. If only he'd go back to cold and ruthless instead of staring at her with driving need and desire. And something else, something that looked suspiciously like concern and sadness.

He wasn't going to give up on her.

"I don't know what I want," she whispered.

He stood and moved around the desk. He bent, took her face in his hands, and kissed her gently. "Give it a chance, Ruth. Take a risk."

"I don't sleep with my clients."

She could hear the last-ditch desperation in her voice and wanted to cringe.

"There's more to this than you being concerned about your professional good name. Something about me frightens you." He squatted down in front of her. "What is it? I would never hurt you. Don't you know that?"

His smelled of sun and light and something else, something that was just him. Everything in her wanted to reach forward, cup his face in her hands, and bring his mouth to hers so she could surround herself with him. Instead she pushed back in her chair.

"You say that, and I'm sure you mean it, but it's not a risk I'm prepared to take. I need to go now."

She stood up and gasped as he stayed crouched in front of her, grabbed her hips, and pressed his face into her belly.

"I can't stop thinking about you. I try, but I keep remembering the taste of your beautiful pussy and how I knew I'd come home when I slid into you. It wasn't just sex, it was as if I'd found what I'd been looking for all my life. Don't walk away from this, Ruth."

She stared down at him as his hands move up her legs, under her skirt, to cup her buttocks. A moan escaped from her lips, and she couldn't stop from spearing her hands through his dark curls, wanting his lips on her skin. Dark, desperate joy speared through her as she watched him on his knees, begging her. Her cunt wept with need. No man had ever begged her.

"What do you want, Ruth? To be in control? You've been in control since we met. Don't you know that?"

He dragged down her panties, and she stepped out of them as if in a dream. His words stuck in a part of her brain, and her clit pulsed. She wondered what it would be like to have Jake at her command, to have him do everything she wanted.

He stood up and surrounded her with his arms, nibbling her neck as he eased her skirt down her legs.

"Tell me what you want. What fantasy do you have? I can make it happen."

She put her hands on his fly and undid his zipper, then pulled out his hard cock. "I want this," she said, her voice sounding guttural, almost feral. "And I want you to fuck me in front of all of them."

His eyes widened in shock as she swept her arm toward the window where two or three people were in the building opposite, still in their offices, tapping away at their computers.

"Can you do that? Can you do what I want?" she asked, thrilled at the demand in her voice.

Lust quickly replaced shock in Jake's eyes as he pulled her to the window.

"Oh yes, my goddess, I can do that."

She pulled off her top and unhooked her bra while watching him impatiently discard his clothes. Then he grabbed her.

Wild fever engulfed her as she his erection slid between her legs, against her clit. She held his buttocks and pressed herself against him, moving her hips back and forth, coating his cock with her wetness.

His arms surrounded her, and his mouth seized hers in a kiss so hard and relentless it took her to the verge of coming. She pulled away from him and turned to face the window, pressing her hands against the glass.

The whole muscled length of him pressed against her, his cock again slipping through the velvet moisture between her legs. She could see herself reflected in the windowpane, Jake behind her, thrusting his cock against her. She squeezed her legs closed, clenching her buttock muscles, and he gave a guttural moan. Watching the reflection, she moved her hands to her breasts and rolled her nipples in her fingers, pinching and pulling as the fire built in his eyes.

He moved a hand around to the front of her body and cupped her, pushing the tips of his fingers into her wetness. She cried out in delight as he found her clit and stroked the sides, up and down, not touching it directly. Then he pushed deeply inside her, touching her, touching all the need and craving in her hungry core.

She looked out at the other buildings. No one had noticed them but, as she watched, a woman turned to pick up a folder and looked up straight into Jake's office. Even from this distance, Ruth could see her body still and her eyes widen in shock. She turned her chair fully around to watch Jake push a third finger into Ruth and slide more wetness over her clit. Ruth pushed down onto his fingers as crazy, uncontrolled rapture surged through her.

"Is this what you want, Ruth? You want her to watch us, want her to watch me fuck you?"

"Yes," she hissed. "Yes."

He started stroking her clit then, hard and fast, with his cock still between her legs. Ruth kept her attention on the woman, willing her to watch, to not turn away. She tipped herself forward slightly so the head of his cock almost slid into her as he thrust between her legs.

She almost cried with disappointment when the woman stood

up and looked ready to leave her office. But then something hot and dark exploded inside Ruth when the woman inched up her skirt and slipped her panties down her legs, over her dark, thigh-high stockings. Then she undid her shirt and pulled her round, firm breasts out of her bra, leaving them framed by scarlet lace. She sat back in her chair and raised a leg over the armrest.

Ruth could see the woman's dark curls and gasped with pleasure when she pushed two fingers into her pussy. With her other hand she rolled and pinched her nipple. As Jake rubbed Ruth's clit harder and faster, she watched the woman do the same.

"Do you like that?" she asked Jake, hearing the fever in her own voice. "Do you like her cunt?"

"Yes," he whispered into her ear. "But not as much as yours. I have to be in you now. Right now."

She tipped over farther and groaned low in her throat as Jake thrust hard into her. All the time she kept her gaze on the woman, watching her frantically rub her clit.

Ruth pressed both hands against the window as Jake continued to work her clit and thrust into her. He surrounded her, hunched over her, and her body jerked with every thrust. Soon the glorious disintegration was upon her. She kept her eyes open as her body fell into burning, tingling, fragments, and she saw the woman throw back her head and convulse in her own climax.

Jake bent her over farther, holding her as he pumped into her. She was at his mercy with each glorious in and out of his cock. But somehow she knew she was safe. Anything could happen, but he would be with her, holding her, letting her do whatever she needed to do.

The woman continued to watch them as she lazily played with her wet curls. Jake withdrew from Ruth just before he came, and the woman laughed as semen splattered on the window. She stood, blew them a kiss, and left her office, still laughing.

Jake pulled Ruth over to the couch. She lay back, exhausted and satisfied, and he stretched himself over her and held her tightly. He was warm and strong, and she wrapped her legs around his, letting his cock nestle between her legs. Raising himself on his elbows, he looked into her eyes. She saw his adoration and his driving need for her and was astonished that she could inspire such depth of emotion.

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She wanted it. Wanted him. Wanted his wildness and his ability to hold and nurture her as she went with him to those wild places. Wanted his arrogant mask as well as his seductive dreaminess that hid his determination to have what was his. She belonged to him as much as he was now embedded in her soul. She would not give him up. Not now.

"One day soon we're going to make love in a bed," he said. "With sheets and pillows. We're going to fall asleep and wake up and make love again. And we're going to do that for a long, long time. You know that, don't you?"

"Is that what your dream told you?" she asked, wriggling under him as his cock hardened and lengthened.

He laughed. "I don't need a dream to tell me what will happen. I just pay attention to what's in my heart. That's where you are, my goddess. And that's where you'll stay."

She smiled and ran her hands down his back as he slid into her. Running her tongue over his shoulder, she nipped him.

"I like your dreams. Don't stop having them."

"Ah, but why would I need to when I have my dream in my arms?"

He moved slow and deep within in her, taking her with him to their dream of the future.

The End

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Author Bio

Keziah Hill writes erotica for the body, mind and soul—sometimes romantic and dreamy, sometime dark and edgy. She lives in the Blue Mountains west of Sydney, Australia and tends her wild garden when she's not staring at her computer screen.