



BLIND DATE
MADNESS

EVE POWERS

Authors note:

Dear Reader: I hope you enjoy my six book MADNESS series, BLIND DATE MADNESS is book two. This is my debut into the publishing world and I am so happy it's received some very positive reviews from all of you. I do hope you enjoy Steven and Melissa's story.

They simply had to have a story of their own . . .

BLIND DATE MADNESS

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BLIND DATE MADNESS – EVE POWERS**Book Two**

Melissa Waters knew perfectly well that what she was doing was sheer and utter madness.

She didn't know her blind date, had never seen him before in her life, and yet if her last blind date was any indication; she was desperate for some loving and her friends from apartment 3A insisted that she must get it tonight.

Her date would be here in a half hour, and yet Patty and Natalie were still in *her* apartment instead of theirs, spreading and lighting candles all over her bedroom, living room, and dining room. They were spraying sea mist all over the place, dimming the lights, and helping Melissa pick out her sheerest, sexiest lingerie and high-heels. Standing in the middle of Melissa's over-crowded closet, Natalie and Patty gave her a face.

"Really, Mel, is this all you have?" Natalie held a teeny tiny white Cosabella thong between two fingers and looked at it in disgust. "This is your sexiest lingerie?"

"I'm sorry but I'm not a lingerie person," she insisted. "I told you I shouldn't even be doing this."

"Nonsense," Patty said, taking her shoulders firmly and looking her square in the eye. "You need this, Mel. And so does Steven."

Melissa stared worriedly at the thong. "I'm really not sure about this. Isn't this a little desperate? He's going to think I'm a whore!"

"Men love whores, Mel!"

"Besides, he's going to be so glad to be getting laid that he'll probably just up and fall in love with you."

"But he just broke up with his ex of almost fourteen years," Melissa countered with a frown.

"Exactly. Now he's looking for a replacement." Natalie quickly opened and closed her drawers, clearly looking for something sexy, which Mel knew she would never find.

Melissa shook her head. "I could never be a replacement for Jane Farley."

“Why in the world not?” Patty asked with all dignity. “You’ve got nice red hair, green eyes that match Steven’s, and a nice little body.”

“Well we all know I’m not exactly a blonde model type,” Melissa said pointedly, glancing down at her chest which was a bit on the flat side. “And I’m more into books than...kick-boxing. I tried her classes once and couldn’t keep up for five minutes.”

“Well, William didn’t seem to care about that when he tore your clothes off to ravage you,” Natalie said from the corner, her head stuck half-way into her shoe shelves. She was probably looking for sexy high heels, which she wouldn’t find there either.

“Nats, really,” Patty said, sighing profoundly as she turned to glare at Natalie. “Do you need to remind poor Mel here how William left her naked and aching to be fucked because she wasn’t Jane?”

Natalie looked at Patty in surprise while she held a pair of two-inch heels in her hands. “Well that’s precisely why we’re making sure she gets fucked tonight, isn’t it? Is this the tallest shoes you have, Mel? A short person like you?”

Mel nodded absently. “But maybe I don’t want to get fucked all that much,” she insisted.

“Nonsense,” Natalie said as she thrust the heels at her chest. “Now put these on, and put the little thong on, and let me see what else we can find here.” She dove into the hangars, her head disappearing between the thick wool coats, a slim jean-clad booted leg lifting backwards in her efforts.

“You find something else there, Nats, and I’ll get her a drink!” Patty patted Melissa’s cheek twice and gave her a smile. “You’ll thank us later, Mel.”

Melissa locked herself into the bathroom with shaky hands. Her date expected to take her out to dinner to some fancy place tonight – at this moment he had no idea that there was something entirely different in store for him tonight. It had in fact been Patty who had insisted, very determinedly, that Melissa would be staying at her place and having Steven Mackentire’s *dick* for dinner.

Melissa quickly removed her conservative black jacket and skirt and slid the silky thong up her legs (it was white, sheer, and nearly non-existent) then slipped her feet into the silver strappy two-inch heels. Natalie had better find her a nice sexy dress to cover her

body because she surely would not meet her blind date tonight looking like this! Or would she?

This was madness, really it was. Why did she even let them talk her into this in the first place?

Melissa stared at herself in the mirror and frowned as she scrutinized her features. Patty had put red lipstick on her lips and it made her mouth look plump and large. “It’ll make him think of a nice, long blowjob,” she’d said with a wink. Next, Natalie had played ‘hair-stylist’ and had thrust her fiery red hair up high on her head in a wild, careless pony tail. “And that’ll make him think of sinking his hands into your hair and his head elsewhere!” Natalie had said proudly. Next, Patty and Natalie had exchanged high-fives.

Mel thought her hair did look a little interesting. The ‘do’ made her look a bit taller, and, perhaps a bit sexier, but it didn’t really go with her conservative persona at all. Melissa was usually quite reserved, and, well, if she ever fantasized about anything, she usually kept it to herself and made an effort not to think about it again. She *was* very creative, she had to admit, and usually thought about things that would be extremely, positively embarrassing to talk about. But red lips with wild red hair and the mini-thong and the silver heels were so overwhelming she was almost sure that as soon as her friends left she would quickly change back into who she really was.

A knock on the bathroom door made her tense.

“Let us see you, Mel!” Patty’s muffled voice came through the doorway. Melissa opened the door then briskly palmed her breasts in an attempt at modesty.

Their silence said everything she needed to know.

She grabbed the bathroom door to close it again.

“Wait!” Patty said, holding a hand up to stop her. “Drink this.” She handed a glass with an amber colored liquid.

“And let’s add this,” Natalie said with a smile, wrapping a soft, white feather boa around her neck.

“This was from my school play years ago, where did you even get this?”

“In a box, way on top,” Natalie said, smiling widely. “Next to the porn videos.”

Melissa gave her a wan smile. “Very funny, Natalie.”

“What’s wrong with having porn videos, I do,” Patty said, looking from one to the other.

“All right, you know what, I’m sorry but I can’t do this,” Melissa said, looking down at her ridiculous ensemble. “I look ludicrous, really I do.”

“You look hot, Mel!” Patty said. “Just drink that thing and you’ll feel glorious within minutes.”

Melissa shook her head. “Your friend Steven is –“

The doorbell rang.

“Here.” Natalie pursed her lips.

Melissa’s eyes widened.

She opened her mouth to speak but Patty placed a finger on her lips to silence her. “I’ll get the door. Now you drink that thing right now or I’m not speaking to you again.”

Feeling her heart race to a thousand beats a second, Melissa looked down at the glass and drained it in one long, burning, stinging gulp. Natalie patted her shoulders. “You just need to feel comfortable in your own skin, Mel, otherwise it won’t work. You need to walk like you think you’re the hottest thing in this planet.”

“Which I’m not,” Melissa said sternly.

“Yeah but to him you will be, at least while he fucks you,” she reassured.

Patty burst into the room bubbling in excitement, her eyes sparkling. “He’s here, Mel! Okay, get this, I told him you were late from work and still needed to get dressed to go to dinner, and he could wait for you in the living room. The plan is you go get something from the kitchen so he accidentally sees you like this, and you act as if you didn’t know he was here already, and then he then gets super horny, and you fuck, and have his dick for dinner, end of story.”

“What if he *doesn’t* get super horny and we don’t fuck? I’ll just feel even more embarrassed than I already do!”

Natalie and Patty exchanged faces. “Look,” Patty said. “If this doesn’t work, then we’ll call Alex and he’ll gladly do all three of us in a half hour.”

Natalie’s shoulders rose in a half-shrug at the same time she nodded. “It’s a good plan.”

Melissa opened her mouth to speak just as Patty covered her mouth for the tenth time that evening. “We’ll call you tomorrow for the gory details,” Patty said with a nod, and then they both headed for the door. “And get your butt out here.”

They disappeared before Melissa could even protest, and before thinking too hard about what she was going to do – which was just plain crazy! – Melissa drew in a deep breath, and strode out into the living room as if she were the hottest thing walking on this earth, just as Natalie had said.

She noticed him far earlier than he noticed her, and she was able to openly gawk at him for a moment.

Her blind date was despicably, thoroughly, unfairly gorgeous.

He was standing with his hands clasped behind his back and leaning on his heels, his eyes lazily surveying her neat, cozy, perfectly organized apartment, from the taupe colored walls to the white wooden doors and the perfectly balanced artwork wall where she’d framed all the magazine covers she’d designed. He’d hung a dark black coat over the back of a sofa. He was dressed in dark black slacks and a sleek button shirt that thoroughly enhanced his muscular arms and broad shoulders. His shirt was a vivid green color that also highlighted a pair of awesome, killer eyes that looked like slits but in the candle-lit darkness shone brilliantly. She was awed at the hard, masculine features of his face. His forehead was wide and intelligent, his chin strong, and his nose sleek and beautiful. She suddenly realized very quickly that he was taller than her friends had let on (taller than her by at least a whole head), he was much more handsome than she could even have imagined, and Melissa didn’t need sex – what she needed was a therapist.

“Oh, my, Steven? I didn’t know you were already here,” she said, feigning surprise as she walked, or more accurately, swayed her hips across the living room towards him, the feather boa tickling her bare breasts and neck.

He shifted in his stance, turned to her voice, and fairly gaped when he saw her. She almost envisioned herself lifting a finger to close his slightly ajar lower jaw.

“Well what time is it anyway?” she continued, frowning just a bit.

He cleared his throat. “It’s eight already. I’m sorry, Melissa, I thought Patty told you she let me in, I hope I’m not intruding?” His eyes ran down her body, and she wasn’t sure if the gleam in them was laughter or appreciation.

“Oh, not at all, I was just getting something to drink. Would you like some?”

“Sure, I’ll have whatever you’re having,” he said, nodding politely.

Melissa didn’t drink and therefore had no idea what she would be having. “Milk?” she thought of asking, but instead rummaged through her kitchen counter for any traces of what Patty may have given her a few moments ago. She found a bottle, ‘Cuervo’ tequila. No wonder it had burned so. She poured it in two glasses, feeling his eyes steady on her as he slowly came to stand behind her. His eyes settled on her buns and for some reason she was so nervous she had to bite her lower lip to keep from chattering. She was the sort of person who talked nonsense when she was nervous and she refused to make a spectacle of herself tonight with him.

His eyes were ruthless as they scrutinized her behind in slow appreciation, and she was acutely aware of not wearing anything except the tiny, sheer Cosabella thong. This really was ridiculous, but perhaps she had to give a little credit to her two friends, because their plan just might be working.

“I got home so late from work that I took a bath in the hot tub, then just lost track of time, I’m so sorry, Steven,” she said as she turned and handed him the glass, their eyes meeting, their gazes holding as they slowly each took a sip. “I hope we don’t lose the reservation? I think I’d better go change.”

She started to walk away but he halted her, his fingers curling around the top of her arm, triggering jolts of heat into her muscles.

“Wait,” he said in a low voice. Their eyes met for an eternity, and he studied her face, as if reading her. “You look so gorgeous like this, I’m wondering if I’d be stupid to take you out tonight?”

His voice was low and deep and *very* sensual. His thumb fleetingly caressed her arm. The heat seeped all over her body, flooding her senses at the mere thrill of his touch, his warm green gaze on her and his delicious masculine voice. “Whatever do you mean by that?” she said, batting her eye lashes.

“Well,” he set the cup down on the counter and cupped her other arm with his hand, his face inching closer to hers. “I mean that I’ve had three blind dates,” he ran his hands up and down her arms in a warm, tingling caress, “and none of them looked this

promising. Now for some reason, the last thing I want to do with you is sit in a restaurant.”

She couldn't even breathe, felt her cheeks burn in embarrassment. “Well what *do* you want to do?” she asked breathlessly, all innocence.

“Let's see,” he said as a hand tugged at the feather boa. She felt it slide across one breast and neck, softly tickling her skin as it did so, until he pulled it away completely and let it flutter to the floor.

“We can start with that,” he said, and then his hands gently settled on her breasts, the warmth of his palms almost burning her, his thumbs lightly flicking her nipples to erection. “And we can take it from here. What do you think, Melissa?”

Although the drink was making her feel giddy, she still had the sense to say, “I hope you don't think I'm usually this easy?”

His grin was slow and sure. “And I hope you don't think I'm usually this brazen,” he countered. Their breaths mingled as he brushed his lips lightly over hers.

“Shouldn't we get to know each other a little bit first?” she asked hesitantly. She would feel really, really bad if she slept with him before talking just a little bit.

“You can tell me all about yourself while I kiss you,” he said as his mouth lowered to her breasts. His chin nuzzled the mounds, and then his lips captured a nipple, suckling it into his mouth.

“O-okay,” she said, feeling dazed at the feeling. “Well I'm an advertising executive at a fashion magazine called *Starlets* and I...oooooh, that feels good...”

“Go on,” he whispered as he took her other nipple in his lips, drew it into his warm, wet mouth while teasing it with his tongue.

“And I have one sister, she lives in New York...uuuuh, suck it, ooof, that feels amazing... and I'm thirty years old and...currently....oh, gosh...ummm, currently single.”

“Thank God for that,” he said as he traced his tongue down her navel, past her belly button, only to travel lower. “Tell me more,” he urged. “What you like.”

“Well, let's see,” she licked her lips, her eyes closed as his tongue went further down. “I like books and reading and...I like...I like...Oh, god, I really like what you're doing. I like your hands on...on my body and I...I...oh, my, yes, please, oh, god, yes!”

His tongue flicked her sex, slowly, ever so slowly, as if just wanting to tease her, tempt her. She dove her hands into his dark black hair, clutched it tight. “Oh, Steven, wait, please...” She pulled him upwards. “Let’s go to my bed...I want to...touch you, too.”

He lifted her onto his arms and she gasped when he did so. He smiled down at her, his teeth startlingly white against the darkened candle-lit room.

“Hold on,” he said as he rapidly headed to her room, pausing only momentarily in confusion.

“There, the door at the far left, yes,” she said breathlessly. She’d never been carried before. She felt sort of like a princess from a fairy tale.

He kicked the door open and flung her down on the bed, then briskly removed his shirt. She watched from the bed in a stupor as he slowly unzipped his slacks and removed both his slacks and underwear in one single, swift motion.

He was beautiful – his body a work of art, all taut planes and bulging muscles, his stomach hard and chiseled. Her eyes fell lower to his cock, tall and proud, blood rushing through it, making it look bright red with need. She couldn’t stand looking at it and not touching it, so she inched towards the edge of the bed and reached out gently to stroke it with her hands.

He moaned at the feel, let his head fall back as her fingers slowly curled around him and stroked up and down. She had eyes only for his magnificent, proud cock, and she licked her lips before she slowly slipped out her tongue to taste the tip, gently tracing the folds around it. The sound coming from low deep in his throat encouraged her. She took him whole into her mouth, sliding her tongue along his length, then around the tip, and moving her lips up and down his shaft. His hands came to rest on the back of her head, slowly caressed her hair as her hungry mouth possessed him. The distress in her legs was achingly painful. She was all but swamped in need for him, and the taste of him in her mouth was the strongest aphrodisiac she could have ever known. As if reading her mind, he grabbed fistfuls of her hair and pulled her head back gently. His eyes met hers.

“Lay down so I can fuck you like I want to,” he said softly.

His face was shadowed and he looked almost lethal, like a dangerous lover of the night. She lay back on the bed, resting on her elbows, as she watched him approach. He crawled on top of her, bracing on his arms and knees, until his face was a breath from

hers, and he slowly bent down to kiss her. She felt his cock poised at the opening of her pussy, felt the tip seeking the entrance. This was heaven, a dream come true, she thought as she kissed him back like a wanton, like the whore he probably thought she was.

There was a sound, a low, humming sound, and Steven stiffened, cocking his head sideways to listen. The sound came again, low and vibrating.

“Oh, shit,” he said, reaching towards the floor. He pulled out a Blackberry from the pocket of his slacks and read a text message with a frown. “Shit, I gotta go. Hospital emergency.”

She stared, sitting up on the bed, feeling breathless and madly frantic as she watched him fumble with his clothes, thrust his legs into his slacks, delve his arms into his green shirt.

This couldn't be!

“I'm sorry I'll...call you,” he said from the doorway just as he left.

“It was nice to meet you,” she fairly shouted before he closed the front door. Then she buried her face in her hands and gave a loud, desperate, “Uuuuurgh!”

* * *

“This is totally unacceptable Mel!” Natalie said over the phone the next day.

“I'm really pissed for you,” Patty said from the other receiver. Since they were roommates, they were both on the phone, each in a separate receiver, probably each locked up in their own room and still in their pajamas, since it was Saturday –Mel knew they always partied hard on Fridays.

Melissa was at her office, whirling side-ways in her plush leather swivel chair and staring blankly out the window, the latest edition of *Starlets* magazine lying untouched over her lap.

“It wasn't his fault – really, I mean it *did* work only we couldn't get to *that*.”

“That's it, I'm calling Alex!” Patty declared.

“No, Patty, please, seriously. I'm not that desperate. It's not like I can't do without it or anything...”

“It's not healthy, Mel,” Natalie insisted.

“I’m fine, really, please, let’s just see what happens.”

“Then let’s at least get coffee after work.”

“Coffee, yes, I can do that.”

“Good, see you at our Starbucks at six.”

When she got there, Patty and Natalie wore extra-long faces and they spent the better part of the afternoon shaking their heads in disappointment.

“Look, Mel, we’re worried about your situation, so Nats and I bought you a little something to cheer you up.”

“You shouldn’t have,” Melissa said excitedly as she opened the plain white cardboard box, her green eyes sparkling. Her smile froze in place when she stared at the contents. “A plastic cock?” She held it in her hands, it was huge, with veins and a mushroom head and balls and everything, and it was black and enormous.

“It’s a dildo. You can put it inside you when no one else will.” Patty winked at her.

Natalie nodded solemnly as she played with her straw, twirled it inside her glass. “I’ve got one, too, but mine’s electric.”

“I told her you’d probably be scared with the electric one so we just bought the standard for you, I hope it’s okay?” Patty asked, concerned.

“Yes it’s fine, please stop worrying about this, I’m perfectly okay.”

“Well at least swear to us you’ll use it tonight,” Natalie said.

“I’ll try,” Melissa conceded.

“No, you gotta swear. Pinky promise.” Natalie lifted her little finger.

“We’re not in first grade, Nats,” Patty said, grabbing her hand and lowering it in embarrassment, while she suspiciously glanced around with a frown, making sure no one saw. Only until satisfied, she turned back to Melissa. “But Nats is right, you gotta swear to us, Mel.”

“Sure, okay, I’ll use it tonight. I swear.”

When she got home her phone was ringing, so she dumped her purse and her friends’ present over the sofa and ran to the receiver. When she heard Steven’s voice on the other line, her heart fluttered up to her throat, making her almost unable to talk. He said he was on his way over. “Sure, I’m going to change very quickly but I’ll leave the

door open so you can come in and get comfortable. See you...shortly.” She hung up and ran to change, her cheeks flushed crimson red.

She flung about a dozen garments onto the air and down to the floor, feeling desperate and now realizing she had no adequate clothes for dating. She just couldn't settle on anything, all her clothes being too business-like, until she finally decided on a simple but very short black dress. Next she tried to give her hair that wild look Natalie had given it the night before, and when she didn't do a very good job of it, she let it fall past her shoulders in a waterfall. She slicked gloss on her lips, and when she heard faint noises out in her living room, her heart skipped a beat. *He's here.*

She walked into the living room with a big smile and nearly breathless in anticipation. Steven looked at her solemnly, and for a moment the expression on his face puzzled her. He looked serious, his hands behind his back, and although his posture was lazy as he stood there looking all gorgeous in jeans and a long-sleeved navy colored button shirt, the look in his eyes alarmed her.

“Hi,” she said breathlessly, stopping but mere feet away from him.

He lifted a long black thing in the air, wiggled it, his eyes sparkling. “Need some help with this?”

Her eyes widened in horror, her cheeks reddened in embarrassment, when she realized she'd left the dildo in her living room sofa in her rush to answer his phone call.

“Well, I, actually, that's not –“

“Yours?”

He took a step forward, then another, the plastic cock dangling in the air, his face unreadable.

She was very still, afraid to move and much less breathe, her eyes fixed on his. He stopped only a breath away from her, and she noticed his eyes had darkened, and his lids seemed heavy as he gazed down at her.

Slowly, he placed a hand on her hip, his touch burning her skin through the fabric of her dress. He gently inched it higher, and higher, until he'd completely bared her lower body and gathered all the fabric around her waist.

He wanted her, and that startling realization made her insides turn to lava.

She gasped when his hand slipped into the side string of her panties and she felt them helplessly fall to her ankles. His foggy green eyes were steady on hers all this time.

And then she watched, hypnotized, as he slowly ran the tip of the big black dildo down her navel, past her curls, and slipped it between her legs. It felt cold against her skin, but when she felt the tip of the dildo settle against the folds of her sex, it almost scalded her.

He rubbed her sex slowly with it, and she felt desire wash through her in a torrent. She bit her lip, embarrassed to let him see how she was very, extremely, turned on by this. He was watching his hand and the way the dildo disappeared between her legs. He rested his forehead on hers, their noses almost touching, as he slowly inserted the dildo's head inside her, his eyes watching in hunger. She whimpered in pleasure.

“You like that, don't you?” he whispered against her face.

He slid the dildo further inside her until it was completely entrapped by her muscles. She threw her head back in ecstasy, and when she did, he dipped his head and slid his tongue along her neck, then his lips. He snatched and pulled her skin with his teeth, tugged it, while he withdrew and dunk the cock inside her again.

“Planning to have fun all by yourself tonight without inviting me, were you?” he said hotly against her neck, then came to kiss her chin, until his lips met her own. She latched onto his lips as if her life depended on it, kissed him with fevered urgency, wrapped her arms around him and rocked her hips against the huge male plastic cock inside her.

“You sexy little slut,” he breathed as he flicked out his tongue to trace the contour her lips. She parted her mouth, allowing his tongue to brush lightly against the tip of hers before he closed his mouth on hers for a passionate, fervent kiss. She knotted her fingers into his hair and pulled him closer, deepening his kiss, feeling thirsty for him.

They stumbled towards the sofa, she fell onto her back and he fell with her, his mouth glued to hers, the plastic cock still penetrating her so deep and full.

“Let me see you,” he said as he pulled backwards, and she groaned when he pulled out the cock, only to use his hands to spread her legs wide apart. Then slowly, he inched his face close to her swollen, aching cunt. She could feel his gaze burn her sex as

he looked at it, his eyes clouded with desire as he moved the tip of the dildo to her entrance. She bucked in pleasure when she felt the dildo enter in one swift, precise stroke.

“You’re so tight and wet,” he whispered as he pulled out the plastic cock and bent down to taste her with his mouth.

She almost fell off the sofa at the contact of his tongue, greedy and sure, thrusting into her. He knew just how to move it, surely, precisely, caressing her in a way that made her buck and cry out in pleasure. Then he withdrew his tongue and used it to flick the sensitive nub on top in slow circular motions. He stroked it only with the tip of his tongue, slowly at first, then rapidly flicking it up and down, and while he did so, she felt the plastic cock inside her again, so huge, spreading her walls wide apart for entry, pushing, pushing, then withdrawing, only to push inside with more force, while his tongue drove her insane, drove her to the brink of ecstasy.

She was sweaty, feverish with sensations she had never ever felt, her hands clawing the fabric of the sofa as she moaned and moved her head sideways. “Steven,” she pleaded in a breath.

He came up and kissed her. He tasted of her, sweet and spicy, the thrusts of his tongue powerful in her mouth, mimicking the same sure movements of his hand with the dildo below.

“I want *you*,” she breathed against his face.

He set the dildo aside and jerked off his jeans within seconds, only too feverish to remove his shirt. He braced himself on his arms as he slowly thrust his big, pulsing erection inside her. She grabbed his hard buttocks and squeezed them, urging him closer.

He followed, ramming into her with fiery force, and slightly cocking his face backwards so he could look down at her as he did so. She stared up at him, her lids heavy with desire and want, her lips moist. And he, he looked like a savage, his face tight from the efforts, his breathing uneven and hot on her face, his eyes narrowed, his forehead creased as he fucked, and fucked, and fucked her. She clutched the muscles of his shoulders when she came, and he made a final thrust inside her and came along with her.

He fell on top of her, panting, and she closed her eyes in sheer relaxation, her arms limp on her side. He was the first to move, rising from the sofa so as not to crush

her any longer. She groaned in protest, snatched onto the lapel of his shirt to keep him from leaving, not opening her eyes.

“Where do you think you’re going?” she asked in a hoarse, throaty voice.

His lips settled over hers in a beautiful, lazy kiss. “Just got to make a phone call, I’ll be right back.”

She frowned but loosened her hold on him. Wow, was all she kept thinking. Wow, wow, wow. This man was completely amazing, exquisite lover material and then some. She sat up on the couch and began straightening her dress when he reappeared. He looked shy somehow, smiling at her sheepishly.

“Sorry, I just had to call and cancel a previous engagement.”

“Oh,” she said, her cheeks burning. Another woman? She thought with a pang. He stared at her silently and she hoped he did not notice her discomfiture.

It was an awkward moment.

“I was meeting some friends tonight, Alex and Frank and Natalie and...” He shrugged his big shoulders. “It’s Frank’s birthday.”

“Oh.” She nodded, and then smiled at him faintly. “Please, Steven, don’t let me keep you.”

“No, I just, would rather, stay with you.” He hesitated, for a moment looking almost like a vulnerable little boy. “Unless you want to go with me?”

She immediately shook her head. “Oh, I don’t think so . . .” When she noticed he looked slightly disappointed, she clasped her hands together. “You know what? Let’s go, Frank’s your friend, it’s his birthday, and I know Natalie and Patty from the third floor anyway, and I admit I’m just dying to meet the rest of your gang.”

His smile was dazzling. “Really, you’ll go with me?”

She nodded, and then looked down at her rumpled dress. “Just let me change but I promise it won’t take long.” Before he answered she was already heading towards her room and heard him call after her, “Just leave the feather thing here, if you don’t mind.”

She wore jeans and a thick Vince cashmere sweater, for she knew how Natalie and Patty dressed always in fashion, and did not want to feel older, even if she *was* their same age. They spoke about trivialities as they rode towards Frank’s apartment, when

what Melissa really wanted to discuss was what had just happened. Had it been amazing for him as well?

Steven kept stealing glances at her through the corner of his eye, as if he, too, wondered about where they had done, and probably about the effects it would have on them – and his concern made her heart skip.

It was odd, this feeling, Melissa had never felt it before. It was a strange, misplaced feeling of having no direction, of not knowing where you're standing, after being so intimate with someone you don't really know. It was confusing, to say the least. She felt vulnerable and unsure, for she didn't even have the slightest idea if she would even see him again after tonight. The thought of not seeing him again made her stomach clench.

When they arrived at Frank's building, he linked his fingers with hers as they took the elevator. The gesture made her feel warm all over.

Melissa hadn't dated much in her thirty years. When she was a teenager her family had lived in Palo Alto, for her father worked at Stanford University, and Melissa had kept to her books, and rarely went out with friends. When she went to college, she studied graphic design at Louisiana Tech University, and she was so concentrated in her studies, that Melissa also found few precious moments to socialize. When she graduated, Melissa found the job of her dreams here in Chicago. She loved designing, being creative and organizing her ideas. She also loved Chicago, although everyone around here said the weather was horribly cold during most the year – and it was, but the cold weather didn't offend Melissa in the slightest. In fact, there was nothing cozier during the weekends to her than lying on her bed with her extra plush down comforter, watching the rain pour down her windowpane, and having a hot coffee while reading a book. And when the sun came out, it was usually bright and shiny, and a gentle equalizer to the harsh Chicago wind.

The first thing that struck her as soon as they entered Frank's apartment was that Steven's friends were very noisy. She could hear their shouts even in the hallway before they entered.

And when they *did* enter, everyone jumped on them, including the birthday boy, Frank. He was a handsome bad boy with a devilish face and smile, and Melissa could tell

he was the kind of man who needed a good solid spanking from his girlfriend. Frank clearly liked to party. He was wearing a cropped jean jacket, a pair of tight leather pants, and white underwear briefs *over* his leather pants. The cotton briefs were embroidered with the words ‘Birthday Boy’ right over the groin area.

“Look what Nats brought me,” was the first thing he said, humping his hips in the air several times and glancing down to watch his groin as he did so.

“Well all I got for you is a happy birthday, man,” was all Steven said as he patted Frank’s back. Before Melissa even knew what happened, Steven had already been dragged towards the bar with the men, and she had been dragged to the living room with Patty, Natalie, and unfortunately, Jane Farley.

Her smile trembled as she met gazes with the tall, blonde, perfectly lean and beautiful Jane Farley.

“Mel, you know Jane, don’t you?” Natalie introduced.

Mel nodded shakily, and it was Jane who said, “We met at your apartment a few months ago, Patty. You all live in the same building, right?”

“Yes, we do,” Melissa said shakily. She should have worn her hair in a pony tail so that she would at least look less short. Being so close to Steven’s fourteen year ex-girlfriend was something she now realized she had not been prepared to handle. She was so beautiful Melissa’s boss would have hired her in an instant to pose for an ad campaign. Melissa didn’t even want to glance at Steven, as she feared if she caught him looking at Jane, she would feel extremely, extremely hurt. She shouldn’t be, since she had only just *met* Steven, but she knew she would.

Although Jane didn’t seem to have eyes for anyone except William. Her eyes were glued to him, as he stood at the bar across the room from her, and likewise, William wasn’t even listening to what the guys were saying, because he seemed to have eyes only for Jane. Once, Melissa even caught William silently wording ‘I love you’ from afar, making Jane blush and word it back to him with a smile, and it made Melissa stare at her feet, being a witness for such an intimate moment. It made her insides yearn for this sort of relationship, in some way, as she saw them, so in love.

Melissa was very careful not to look at Steven for the following minutes, but Natalie and Patty's eyes were like tennis balls from one end of the court to another, studying both of them closely.

“So, Mel, did you enjoy our present?” Patty said, lighting a cigarette.

Melissa nodded quickly, not wanting to talk about this here, of course, so she briskly said, “Yes, thank you.”

Natalie's eyes rounded. “You used it already? You sure didn't waste any time! Was it good?”

Jane looked at both of them quizzically, then at Melissa, a smile on her face. “May I ask what this is about?”

“No,” Melissa said glumly, shrinking back against the couch.

“We gave Mel a dildo,” Natalie said with a serious nod.

Jane coughed the liquid she'd been drinking – nearly spilling it, her eyes watering as she forcefully held it back in her mouth.

“Natalie,” Patty said with a scowl. “Jane does *not* want to talk about dildos, not when there's William.”

Melissa couldn't have been more grateful with the interruption that followed.

“How about a game, ladies,” said a gorgeous blonde, blue-eyed angel as he came towards them. He paused behind the sofa, rested his hands on the back of it, his stretched arms looking taut, lean and muscled. He was the embodiment of everything beautiful in a man, so she knew he could only be the ‘famous’ Alex Fontana. She now realized she'd already seen his face about a thousand times in underwear commercials.

And yet, Melissa had to admit that to her, Steven was even more handsome. Steven's nose had character, his hawk-like eyes were devilishly seductive, and his lips were sensual and firm. This blonde angel was too beautiful, too perfect.

The other men followed Alex, and within seconds they all began gathering around the living room, suddenly reducing the place to half its size.

Steven came to sit beside her and wrapped his arm around her shoulders, pulling her close to his side. It made her insides warm like a boiler, this suggestive, possessive gesture of his. She turned to his profile and smiled shyly. He grinned at her, his green eyes sparkling, and then he softly kissed her forehead.

“You okay?” he whispered in concern. She nodded shyly, loving him for asking.

“Okay, game time,” Frank said, standing before them all, arms spread. “Any suggestions?”

Jane had already settled in William’s lap, his arms around her waist, when he lifted his hand as if a student were calling a teacher and said, “What about Monopoly?”

Everybody stared at him in silence, and then hooted with laughter in unison.

“You’re such a wimp, William, find yourself another party,” Alex said, kicking his foot.

“What’s wrong with Monopoly?” Jane asked with a frown.

“What’s wrong with Monopoly is that you can’t strip!” Gary said, walking with his whiskey in hand, pinky finger in the air, as he took a seat on the carpet with flair. “I say we play strip poker.”

Frank shook his head seriously. “I don’t think so, Gary.”

“Why in the world not?” Gary asked, blinking up at him.

“Because no one actually wants to see you naked, Gary,” Patty said seriously. “Last time you lost on purpose just to strip!”

There was more laughter.

“Well I’m sure I know what Steven wants,” Alex said, his eyes sparkling. “He wants to play doctor with Mel.”

There was another silence, this one deadly, until they all hooted with laughter again, and Melissa felt her cheeks go bright red. Steven shook his head, scowling at his friends. “Grow up, you guys,” he chastised.

Natalie pouted her lips with a frown. “But Steven’s not a gynecologist,” she said in puzzlement.

“He *will* be tonight!” someone shouted.

And more laughter.

“I know, I’ve got just the thing,” Patty said, her eyes wide as she slowly met each and everyone’s gaze. She paused in suspense for a long moment before continuing. “Why don’t we all get naked and just go wild and have a long, delicious orgy.”

There was a long silence.

Patty blinked at them all, yet even Alex seemed shocked at the idea.

“I second that,” Gary said finally with a nod.

“Yeah but where will *you* be putting it, lover boy?” Frank asked, scowling.

Gary smiled, his drink half-way up to his mouth. “Anywhere you want me to, lover,” he retorted.

Everyone laughed.

Melissa couldn't help smiling at their antics. They were at each other's throats the whole night and yet one could instantly see how much they cared about each other. At one point during the evening Jane came to Steven, cupped his ear and said something that only he could hear and Steven nodded. She smiled at him, a gorgeous smile, really, and kissed him on the cheek. Melissa felt her insides drop, for some reason which was not explicable, since she hardly knew Steven. Of course Steven would be still in love with her. It hadn't been even a month from their break-up, and they *had* been together for fourteen years. But it still clenched at Mel's insides like a penance.

She was silent as Steven drove her back to her apartment.

“Sorry about my friends, they're a little immature sometimes,” he said, his forehead creased with worry.

She smiled. It was a sincere smile, but it didn't reach her worried eyes. “Oh, no, I had fun, really. Thanks for inviting me.”

“I'll take you to your room.”

“No, really, this is fine,” she said. “Thank you, Steven, I had a wonderful time.”

He looked puzzled, or disappointed, she wasn't sure which. It was a look that crossed his face, but she had no idea how to interpret it. He recovered immediately, however, feigning a smile and saying, “Goodnight.”

Melissa had barely changed into her polka-dot pajamas when there was a knock on the door. When she opened it the breath wheezed out of her lungs.

“Steven?”

“I'm sorry, Melissa. May I come in?”

“Umm, sure,” she said, taking a step back. She closed the door behind him. For a moment she stood there, waiting in silence in the darkened room as he stared at her with an unreadable expression on his face for what seemed like an eternity.

“Did something happen?” she asked, her gaze searching his strained features.

“Only I forgot something,” he said, his voice hot and husky. Suddenly he pulled her into his arms, and kissed her. He kissed her like a starved, crazed, positively sick madman, and she kissed him back in just the same way.

Before they knew it they were stumbling towards her bedroom, not breaking the kiss, and when they reached her room, their clothing flew into the air and onto the floor in a frenzy.

When they were both naked, their mouths were starved, latching onto any body part that came into view, licking and kissing, their hands caressing violently, ardently so. He grabbed her shoulders and forced her around, then threw her down on the bed just before he fell on top of her. His enormous cock rubbed against her buttocks while his hands cupped and tightly squeezed her breasts and his lips and tongue ravaged her earlobe, his hot harsh breath burning her ear.

“You’re so sexy,” he whispered hotly against her ear just as his cock slid against her crevice, searching for an entrance. “So wet for me.”

“Steven,” was all she could say between her moans and her groans and her whimpers of pleasure.

“I spent all night thinking of all the things I wanted to do to you.” His hot wet tongue continued to assault her earlobe, sending tingling sensations through her body in shock waves. “I *do* want to play doctor with you, Mel.”

“Oh, Steven, yes,” she begged. “I beg you.”

“Beg me what?”

“I beg you to fuck me, please!” He made her feel feverish, and so hot and horny, like a wanton, like a whore, like a harlot, a hussy, and a slut. But she didn’t care, she wanted him so.

“Where’s the feather thing, Mel?”

“In the closet...why?”

“Don’t move.”

Melissa didn’t have to wait long. Within seconds he’d returned, and she felt the tickling feathers travel up her legs, past the crevice of her buttocks, and over her spine and back.

“Turn around, beautiful.”

She turned around, her breasts rising with each breath she took. He looked dangerous, his eyes glinting in the darkness. He took both her wrists and placed them over her head. He held them firmly in one hand while he wrapped the feather boa around them, binding them together, and then tied the other end of the boa to the center floral medallion of her wrought iron head board.

“Now I’m going to examine my patient,” he breathed, inching back to look at her.

Melissa felt dizzy with want. Lying here, tied to her bed and completely at his mercy. The heat was unbearable, her skin felt damp in sweat and burning for his touch.

“Tell me, what hurts you, baby, so that the doctor can fix it?” he whispered softly, his hands running down the insides of her arms.

His body was magnificent. He had muscles everywhere, in his abs, arms, shoulders, and pecs. His skin was taut, firm, and glistening with a thin sheen of sweat. His face was strained in desire, and his gaze was lusty as he gazed down at her. No one had ever looked at her this way. And just the way he looked at her made her sex clench in need for him even more. It was blinding, furious, devouring desire that she felt.

“Please,” was all she could say.

“Let me just do a quick examination,” he said as he turned her around so that he could have access to her buttocks. Before she knew it he slapped one buttock sharply. She yelped.

“Does that hurt?”

She bit her lip because this was turning her on like he’d never, ever know. She could feel a flood in her sex, spilling in a waterfall of need for him.

“More,” she said.

He slapped her other buttock, his hand stinging her flesh.

“Does that hurt?”

“Please, more.”

He spread her buttocks apart and she felt a finger trail a path down her crevice, only to halt in the entrance of her little ass.

“Let’s check the temperature, make sure there’s no fever,” he said as he slid his finger surely, without pause, into her ass.

She had never been so horny in her entire life in this very planet. She moaned at his intrusion in her ass, moaned in need, and in extremely hot arousal. She already felt so tight, so very near the edge at this sweet yet painful torment. She moved her hip against the mattress, rubbed wantonly against it, and at the same time he mimicked the move with his finger in her ass.

“Everything looks good so far,” came his hot, heady voice.

“Steven I can’t bear it,” she urged, closing her eyes in desire.

“Turn around so I can finish my check up, baby,” he ordered. “I’d hardly be a good doctor if I weren’t very thorough, now would I?”

She turned and looked at him, her cheeks flushed, her chest panting. He looked like a primitive Indian god performing a sacred ritual on a sacrificial virgin. She hoped the Indian god possessed the virgin now, now before he killed her.

“What kind of doctor *are* you?” Melissa asked breathlessly.

“Your kind, baby,” he whispered as he spread her legs apart, his eyes glued on hers as he slowly lowered his lips to her aching, swamped sex.

His tongue delved, tasted her, and she watched him close his eyes and cock his head sideways to savor her completely. Her hands fisted on the feather boa, her fingers furiously grabbing and tugging its feathers while Steven tortured her with his masterful tongue.

“Steven, please,” she breathed as she arched her back and rocked her hips against his face in desperation. “I hurt so much. I need you. I ache.”

Braced on his arms and legs, he moved until he lowered his face to hers. “Where do you ache, baby? I’ll make it better.” His breath was hot against her face, he smelled of tequila and woman and she lifted her head to kiss him like the starved hussy that she was. He pulled back, his face fierce. “Where is it that you’re hurting?”

“There,” she breathed.

“Where there? Tell the doctor, baby,” he insisted, his cock poised at her entrance and ready to strike.

“In my pussy,” she gasped just as he thrust inside her. He filled her completely. He withdrew and she groaned in protest, only to feel him thrust inside her once again. He was so powerful, his muscles bending her softer ones to his will, his aching hardness

filling her completely and pushing slowly to and fro inside her vagina only one, two, three more times, until they exploded, shuddered together, as one. Long seconds afterwards, he fell limp against her, his chest panting.

Melissa closed her eyes and inhaled his scent. He smelled of soap, sweat, and sex. Her lips twitched in a satisfied smile. Oh, my god, she couldn't even believe what she'd just done.

He stirred, came up on his elbows to look down at her.

“Want me to untie you?” he said with a grin. He didn't wait for her answer, she felt the boa ease around her wrists and flutter past her head.

He looked down at her with a serious expression. His eyes were gentle on her face as they studied her in the most tender of ways. “You're the sexiest thing I've ever seen, Melissa.”

Melissa knew she should be embarrassed with him, for how she'd acted and what they'd done. But she was not. She was deliriously happy, felt soft and relaxed and cared for. And now, naked in his arms, with his chest brushing against her breasts and his stomach flat on hers, she felt there was nothing more perfect than this. She brushed a lock of dark black hair from his forehead, cupping one of his cheeks with her hand.

“And you're the sexiest doctor I've ever seen,” she whispered, her eyes sparkling. “I'm glad you make house calls, doc.”

He feigned a frown. “Only to my favorite patients, I hope you don't think I'm this easy with everyone?”

“What do you *really* do?” she asked. He dropped beside her on the bed and hauled her to his side. She quickly snuggled up against his chest.

“I'm a cardiologist.”

“Hmmm.” Melissa smiled to herself. Would it be convenient, to loose her little heart to a cardiologist? Because if she did, then who would make the pain go away if the cardiologist turned her little heart away and hurt it?

* * *

Melissa had previously thought that nothing compared to a lazy Sunday morning. She was wrong.

Because now she knew that nothing could compare to a lazy Sunday morning with a drop-dead gorgeous man on the bed besides her.

And what they did last night. Oh, my. Melissa had never even imagined doing such despicable, sexy things with a man. She guessed not even Patty and Natalie could think of those wicked, naughty ways to fuck. And it had been so good, so fun, so right, so deliciously, painfully erotic. She felt addicted. She wanted more, needed more. More Steven, more of this.

She woke before he did and it was just perfect, because she was able to make a momentary escape the bathroom and put on a silk robe, brush her hair, gloss her lips, add a little blush to her pale cheeks, and come back to bed. It was raining outside, the drops clinging and sweeping down the glass in rivulets.

She was barely snuggling beside his sleeping form when she heard the doorbell. She jumped to her feet, stumbling slightly when her toe caught in a bed sheet. She yanked it free and rushed towards the door. She pulled it open with a scowl. “What are you doing here?”

Patty and Natalie were in their baby doll peejays and they each had their own pink coffee mug in hand.

“Good morning to you, too,” Patty said as she strolled inside, settled herself onto the couch. “Now tell us everything, all the gory details.”

Natalie followed, plopping down onto the sofa besides Patty, settling her plush slippers up on the coffee table. “Did he fuck you?”

“You guys shouldn’t even be here at this hour,” she whispered furiously.

Patty and Natalie turned to each other with a knowing look. “Clearly she hasn’t been fucked yet,” one of them said dryly.

“Oops, I thought I felt something,” Natalie said, jerking the big plastic dildo from beneath her bottom. Her eyes lit in recognition. “Why hello there old friend,” she told the dildo with a smile.

“Give me that.” Patty grabbed it from her, dipped the tip of the dildo into her coffee, and sucked it as it came out dripping in milk. And it was this same way that Steven found them as he groggily walked out of the bedroom in boxer shorts, hair mussed, looking gorgeous with a day’s beard stub, his eyes narrowed against the sunlight.

“Nice cock, Patty,” Steven said with a smile.

Patty took it out of her mouth and turned to Melissa, wide-eyed. Natalie couldn't even seem to find her words. As it was, Steven forgot about them completely, because he was now riveted, his full attention, on Mel. She was looking at him with a besotted look in her eyes as he walked towards her.

“Hi, beautiful,” he whispered as he came to stand behind her, wrapped his arms around her waist, and rested his chin on the top of her head. He rocked her gently and as they both stared at Patty and Natalie, who were sitting mute on the couch.

“We'd better go,” Natalie said, then lifted her coffee. “Just needed some sugar,” she told Steven.

“And this!” Patty told him seriously and, dildo in hand, they strode outside.

They left in an instant, and when they did, Melissa turned in Steven's arms, linked her hands behind his neck, her gaze soft on his face. “Hi there, doc,” she said in a whisper.

He smiled and kissed her. This was a delicious, soft, sensual, morning kiss. He pulled away only for a second. “When I woke up and didn't see you, I was afraid I might have dreamt last night.”

Her smile was wide and beautiful. “It was very real to me.”

“Hmm, I aim to please,” he said, grazing his lips against hers. “And how is my patient this morning?”

“I'm getting a slight, strange pressure between the legs . . . is this normal doctor?” she asked, blinking up at him in feigned innocence.

He looked dead serious, his hand already slipping below her silk robe. “We definitely need to check on that.”

And he did.

He gave her regular, daily check-ups for over a month, with the occasional hospital emergency interruption, but it didn't matter because he always came back to her. He always came back to make sweet, passionate love to her in the most creative, delicious ways. Melissa couldn't have been happier, healthier, and . . . more in love.

Patty and Natalie were furious that she didn't pass on ‘the gory details’ of their sex life. “We know you're fucking him, Mel, we can hear you all the way down to our

floor!” they said one afternoon. But Melissa wouldn’t share her intimacies with anyone, except with Steven. He knew everything about her, things she hadn’t even known about herself, except one, and that was the secret inside her heart. The doctor had no idea what truly ailed her. But it didn’t matter, since there was no medicine to cure her for that anyway. Except maybe more of this, more of his kisses.

And more, much more, of Steven Mackentire.

* * *

The room was pitch black that night. The only sounds in the room was the soft rustling of the bed sheets as Steven slowly moved his hips against hers, and her low, deep moans of pleasure. He was kissing her, his lips possessive on hers, his tongue caressing every nook in her mouth with the utmost tenderness.

Her fingers kneaded the muscles in his back as she urged him closer, though his chest was already pressed firmly to hers, her breasts flattened against his weight, and his throbbing member was sheathed deep inside her. There was no way to get closer, but they tried, pressing harder, pressing closer. His hips moved with hers in unison, they blended in a gentle rhythm, until neither of them knew for sure where one body ended and the other began.

His love making was so gentle that night that it blew the air out of her lungs completely, sent her senses into a sweet, aching oblivion, where she knew nothing but his big, warm hands, his wet, slick tongue, his hard body against hers. And him, inside her.

“Is this good for you...?” Steven asked in a husky voice against her ear as he dove deep into her very being.

This was not good. This was perfect. *He* was perfect. His hard body pressed against her soft one, melding into one like clay, was more than perfect. But she couldn’t speak, could barely catch her breath, so she merely dug her fingers into his back, arching her hips higher for him, so he could take her completely. Possess her. Ravage her. Claim her. For she was his, body and soul.

Until his phone vibrated, the forever-intruding Blackberry.

Steven paused and cursed under his breath before he flung the sheets aside and reached for his coat. Melissa stared at the ceiling, panting, shivering in heat and desire.

“Yeah?” she heard him say. “Jane, what’s wrong?” There was a short silence. “I’ll be right there.”

He was dressing in an instant, and Melissa could barely make sense of this. Her heart rammed against her chest and her brain raced in a futile effort to sort out her confusion.

He was running to Jane.

“Baby, I’m so sorry,” he said as he bent over and kissed her forehead. “I have to go.”

And just like that he left her. Sweaty. Panting. Naked. And alone.

All so he could run back to his precious Jane Farley.

Melissa’s chin trembled, and she yanked the pillow behind her head and flung it against her closet door with a fury as a lone tear spilled down her cheek. Damn him. He’d been using her all this time, for his private amusement, as his sexual diversion. True, Melissa had used him to her own private amusing and sexual diversion at first . . . but by the third time they’d been together she’d already realized she cared about him, deeply so. And all this time, Melissa had been deluding herself, with that creative, totally unrealistic brain of hers, thinking he was beginning to care for her, only to realize now that his heart had still been Jane’s all this time. While he’d made love to her, kissed her, he’d been making love to Jane.

Melissa couldn’t bear it.

She buried her face in her hands and cried, cried until there were no more tears to cry, and until she fell asleep knowing she had to stop this, because the only person getting hurt in this ‘sex game’ she’d started was herself.

He woke her up at dawn. She felt him slip into the bed beside her, wrap his arms around her waist and bend down to nuzzle her neck. She stiffened, pushed his hand away, and turned to scowl at him.

“What are you doing here?” she hissed.

His eyes widened, as if he were surprised by her words. “The same thing I’ve been doing for the past month,” he said in a low, cautious voice. His eyes were steady on hers, wary.

She rose from the bed and planted her hands on her hips, even though she was still naked and it probably looked like a ridiculous pose, she didn’t care.

“Steven, we should stop this right now.”

He sat up on the bed, his eyes glinting, as if this were very amusing to him. “What, may I ask, should we stop right now, Mel?” He crossed his arms across his chest and studied her with a half smile.

“This. Us!” She thrust her hands up in the air, her breasts jerking slightly at the move. “Clearly you’re only looking at this as a diversion, and well, I admit I did think it was a diversion of sorts for me as well. But lately I’ve . . .” She stopped and glowered at the outrageous, wide smile he wore on his face. The bastard was finding this funny. “I know this seems very funny to you but it’s not funny to me at all. So please just get dressed and leave.” She signaled towards the closed bedroom door.

“I don’t think it’s funny at all. In fact I’m very . . . excited with this jealous tantrum of yours.”

She gritted her teeth. “I’ve never been one to throw tantrums and I am not jealous either. It is just blatantly clear to me that while you have your dick here, you have your heart somewhere else, and I refuse to dock a ship in my port with no bloody captain!”

“Now where did you get that from, Mel?” He leaned back and flashed his pearly white teeth.

“From one of my books! Now get out, Steven!”

He rose from the bed and instead of heading for the door, he walked very slowly towards her. Early morning light stole through the drapes, just lightly, but enough so she could see him fully and her heart began to pound in her chest when she realized he was walking towards her like a starved predator, about to make a kill. He had a huge erection aiming high and his eyes were gleaming, almost lethal in the way they looked at her. She felt as if she were his lunch.

“I’m not going anywhere, Melissa.”

He was only a foot away from her and if he so much as cleared the distance between them, she was afraid her resolve would vanish. So she pleaded with him. “Please, don’t do this, just leave . . . go back to . . . Jane.” She swallowed after the last word, since it stuck in her throat.

“You think I’m in love with Jane?”

“I don’t think, Steven, I know so!”

“And how is that so, Mel?”

“Because with just a crook of her pinky and you ran to her like a . . . like a love-struck fool!”

His fingers encircled her arms and he slowly pulled her against him, until his face was an inch from her own. She held her breath, her eyes on his. “Yes, I might be a fool in love, but it’s not Jane who’s making me like this,” he said hotly. “It’s you, Mel.”

“Do you honestly expect me to believe that you no longer care for *Jane*?”

“No. I care for Jane all right. We went together for fourteen years, and I care for her a lot.” He paused, his eyes falling to her lips, then back to her eyes. Her eyeballs strained from the effort to hold back her tears. She would not cry, she would not cry, she would not cry, she chanted in her brain. “Only after we broke up, I realized what I felt for her was not love...not like William’s love for her...and certainly not like I feel for you, Mel.”

“You don’t need to say this, Steven—“ she begged.

“Yes, I do. I loved Jane since we were kids, Mel. It was another kind of love. I guess we were probably together out of habit. Our sex life was almost nil and there were no sparks between us at all. I swear to you that breaking up with her was the best thing that’s ever happened to me. If it weren’t for that I would never have met . . . you. And I’m so crazy about you, Mel.” He bent to kiss her but she took a step backwards, eyeing him warily.

“Then why did you run to her and leave me here like a . . . like a . . .”

“Love-struck fool?” he baited.

She fell for it. “Yes!”

He bent forward, brushed his lips to hers. “Can we talk about this tomorrow? I want to kiss you now.”

She pushed at his chest with a palm up, halting him. “No, we need to talk about this right now, Steven.”

He sighed, and there was a moment’s silence were all she could hear was the pounding of her heart beat. “Alex is in the hospital.”

Melissa’s eyes widened. “Oh, my God, why?”

“Because some poor bastard caught him sleeping with his wife and kicked the shit out of him.”

“And is he all right?”

“He will be, but he’s pretty knocked up. Broken ribs, broken nose. He’s damned worried about his pretty boy face.” He chuckled, the rumbling sound vibrating beneath her palm. “He’ll make it.”

He cupped her cheeks with warm, sure hands, doctor’s hands, and kissed her softly on the lips. “How about us? Will we make it, Mel?”

“It all depends.”

“On what?”

“On you, Steven.”

“Hmmm, well I do recommend daily check-ups,” he said as he bent down to nuzzle her neck. “You should be looked over by your cardiologist.”

“Oh?”

“Hmm, hmm. It’s only fair, if he’s letting you have your way with him, then he should at least have his way with you, too . . . Now let’s see, where did we leave off?” He lowered her down on the bed and settled his weight on top of her, his eyes filled with love and lust as he gazed upon her beautiful, flushed face. “Ah, yes, now I remember,” he whispered as he bent down to kiss her, and take up where they’d left off.

THE END