

ELLORA'S CAVE PRESENTS

Desiree Holt  
Cupid's Shaft

ELLORA'S CAVE  
*Quickies*  
Valentine  
Vixens

An Ellora's Cave Romantica Publication



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Cupid's Shaft

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# *CUPID'S SHAFT*

**Desiree Holt**



## *Dedication*

*To Linda, whose skills kept me honest, and to Delilah Devlin for being my inspiration.*

## Chapter One



Jessie Rawlins didn't know which depressed her the most—the unexpected snowstorm that raged outside her little cabin, the calendar that reminded her another Valentine's Day would be here tomorrow and she still hadn't found a man to send her heart and senses into orbit, or the fact that she was turning into a sex-starved maniac. Snow had not been predicted when she decided to escape the holiday festivities and all the couples sucking face everywhere. But here she was, snowbound. How trite. Even her cell phone wasn't working.

She looked around the cabin. Her hideaway. Her present to herself when she received a huge commission on a house sale. Real estate was damn hard work and she felt she'd more than earned the bucks. It was really just one big room, with a four-poster bed on one wall, a conversation grouping around the stone fireplace where a fire now blazed, a tiny kitchen and a small bathroom. But it was all hers and a great place to get away from things.

She kicked at the gym bag on the floor by the couch, cursing her luck and raining curses down on every woman who'd be locked in sexual bliss on February 14. Everyone but her.

Not that she wasn't willing, mind you. She just couldn't seem to find a man as adventurous in sex as she was. Strike that. As she wanted to be. She'd given up looking for love. She'd just be happy to find a man who could ring her chimes. But every man she'd met in the past three years had turned out to be a dud in one way or another. Or else they were always dumping her for leggy blondes with size two figures. She'd never even gotten to the point of hauling out her toys yet. Except for herself.

Jessie sighed. Her third Valentine's Day alone with her bag of sex toys, most of which hadn't been outside their wrappers. Oh, she'd given what she called her Purple Pleaser a good workout, a brand-new vibrator with tiny rabbit-like ears that clamped onto her clit and easily drove her over the edge. And the waterproof mini-vibrator was great, especially in the shower. But she wanted to use all the others. Not by herself, either. And she wanted to find someone she really trusted who'd help her use the handcuffs.

What was wrong with her, anyway? Every man she started a relationship with eventually left her behind and the next thing she knew they were sporting Miss Size Two with a long sweep of blonde hair and legs that went all the way to the sky. Her mother had always told her good things came in small packages, but when it came to height apparently no one else believed it.

She looked at herself in the full-length mirror opposite the bed and very slowly removed her tee shirt and jeans, then her bra and thong. She turned from side to side, examining herself. Not bad, she thought. Thighs a little too heavy, maybe, ass a little fuller than she liked and her breasts not what you'd call pert. But all in all, she didn't think it was a body to turn up your nose at.

She ran her hands over breasts, testing their weight, then massaging her nipples between thumb and forefinger. As always, tiny frissons of pleasure raced down her spine and into her pussy. Moving her hands lower, she pressed them against her flat stomach—the result of constant hard work—and onto her naked, freshly waxed cunt. Moving her feet farther apart, she let the tip of one finger crush her clit and immediately felt the wetness gather inside her cunt.

Her eyes took on a glazed look as she separated the labia, scraping them gently with her fingernails and slid two slender fingers into her slit. Yes, she was right. Nice and juicy. With a familiar rhythm she began to stroke up and down, her breathing faster, the pulse deep in her vagina setting up its needy throbbing.

She was about ready to grab the Purple Pleaser from the gym bag when a sharp rap on the door scared her out of her reverie. She jerked, almost impaled herself on her fingers and nearly fell back on her ass.

Who the hell was that? In this snowstorm? When she turned her head she saw a face peering in the large window and nearly fainted.

Her first thought was not that he might be a killer or a rapist, but that he'd seen her naked playing with herself. She grabbed her robe, which lay across the foot of her bed, shoved her arms into the sleeves and belted it tight around her waist. She took a deep breath to calm her racing heart and searched for some kind of weapon.

How crazy was she to be up here alone with no protection? No, how crazy was it for someone else to show up in the isolated spot?

Just then he rapped on the window again and shouted at her.

"I'm harmless, I swear it. Please open the door."

Jessie grabbed the poker from the fireplace, held it tight in her fist and opened the heavy wooden door.

\* \* \* \* \*

Riley Malone thought for sure he was having a heart attack. For one thing, he should be back in Florida where it was warm, not up here in the godforsaken wilds of Maine. But the fight with his business partner in the hotel in Boston had been the final straw in a rapidly disintegrating relationship. He'd offered to sell out his share and Curt had jumped at it. Good riddance. He could start another construction company. Building was going on in all fifty states.

Then, of course, there was Veronica the bitch. Too bad that she bought tickets for a Valentine cruise without telling him. When he told her he couldn't get back in time to make it, she blistered the telephone line with a string of curses that would have made a longshoreman blush and hung up on him. Okay. Good riddance to her, too. He was tired of her selfish whining and demanding. And it would have been nice if just once in

bed she'd asked him what he wanted. Veronica definitely was focused on her own pleasure, on her own terms, at times barely tolerating some of the things he wanted to do.

So he got in the damn SUV he'd rented at the airport and started driving. Just heading north. He had no idea how he even got where he was. And then the damn truck broke down in the middle of the damn snowstorm. Hiking to the only light he could see about killed him and the last thing he expected to see was a naked woman—a mouthwatering naked woman, with a slick, hairless pussy—pleasuring herself in front of a mirror.

He banged on the window again. If she didn't open the door pretty soon, he'd freeze his damn balls off and then it wouldn't matter who he went to bed with.

He watched her pull on a robe—too bad, she was an eyeful—and then pick up the fireplace poker. Jesus, was she going to brain him with it? As she walked slowly toward the door he stamped his feet and banged his hands together to stimulate circulation.

Finally the door creaked open and she eyed him through a narrow opening.

"What do you want?"

"For one thing I want to get out of this damn snowstorm before I turn into an ice statue. I promise not to rape or kill you if you just let me go stand in front of the fireplace."

She frowned at him.

*Come on, lady. Don't take all day to make up your mind.*

"A-All right. You can come in." She opened the door wide enough for him to step inside.

"Thank you." His throat felt frozen. "You're an angel of mercy." He pushed past her and planted himself immediately in front of the fireplace. Pulling off his jacket and gloves, he held his hands out to the warmth. "God, I was beginning to think I'd never get warm again."



"What are you doing in this storm?" She kept her distance, still holding the poker.

"That's a long, unpleasant story, which I won't bore you with."

"You have to be out of your mind to go out driving in weather like this, Mr...Mr..."

"Riley Morgan." He glanced at her over his shoulder. "And I swear you can put the poker down. I'm too cold to do anything but shiver."

\* \* \* \* \*

Jessie was trying very hard to keep her mind on business and be wary of the stranger, but she was sure the Fates sent him as her Valentine's Day present. He was well over six feet tall, with slightly shaggy dark blond hair, a broad-shouldered, lean-hipped body that his jeans and shirt did little to hide and when he looked at her she almost melted into his chocolate brown eyes.

*Cool it, Jessie. You know nothing about this guy.*

Except that he was gorgeous and almost made her come just by standing near her.

"So. In case I die of hypothermia, were you planning to tell me your name? I told you mine."

She stared at him.

"Your name. You do have one, don't you?"

"Um, yes. It's Jessie. Jessie Rawlins."

"Well, Jessie Rawlins, if you're the last thing I see before I expire, you're a wonderful vision to take with me."

She suddenly realized he was doing his best not to shiver.

"Your clothes are soaked. How far did you walk, anyway?"

"However far away that thing you call a road is." He began rubbing his hands up and down his arms. "My rental car crapped out on me and I don't think there's such a thing as a cell phone signal in this part of the world."

"No. I'm sorry. And the regular phone service is out, too."

She couldn't stop staring at him. If anyone was going to rape her, she'd choose him. With a sigh, she laid the poker on the coffee table. "You should get out of those wet clothes before you catch pneumonia."

The corners of his mouth turned up in a grin. "Well, that would be a great idea, if I had something else to put on." His grin turned wicked. "Of course, I could always sit around naked. Like you were doing when I banged on the window."

Jessie felt herself blush over every inch of her body. "I don't think we need to discuss that."

"Why not, sugar?" His gaze raked over her. "That was one fine body you were, um, whatever you were doing."

"I'm quite aware of my flaws, if you don't mind, so you can keep the phony compliments." She hurried into the bathroom and pulled two huge towels from a shelf, then handed them to Riley. "Here. Take a hot shower, then wrap yourself in these. They should cover you nicely. And we can pull the blanket off the bed, too. I'll dry your clothes by the fire."

"Why, thank you, Jessie. You make a great hostess." He winked at her as he headed for the bathroom.

In a minute his wet clothes came flying out. Jessie pulled a chair up close to the fire and draped them over the back. Then she paced. While the shower ran. When it stopped. While she heard faint movements behind the door.

Then suddenly he was next to her, smelling of soap and maleness, one of the towels slung low on his hips. She felt liquid flood her pussy and she hoped it wouldn't drip down her legs and embarrass her. At least any more than she'd done already.

"Thanks for the shower. It really helped."

"No problem." She moved to the tiny kitchen area. Standing next to him was dangerous. "Would you like something to drink? Coffee?" She yanked open the door to the fridge. "I have some wine if you'd rather."

"Wine?" Golden lights flashed in his eyes. "Were you planning to drink yourself into a stupor?"

"I...That is...Tomorrow is Valentine's Day. I was planning a little celebration."

Riley looked around. "So where's the lucky guy? I don't want to cramp his style."

She shook her head. "No lucky guy. Just me."

He raised his eyebrows. "You're celebrating by yourself?"

Jessie shrugged. "I'm beginning to think that's the best way."

He looked at the heart-shaped chocolate cake on the counter. "A cake and everything? Come on, Jessie. Someone was supposed to join you, right?"

She bit her lip and looked away. "No one. How pathetic is that? I seemed to get dumped just before every Valentine's Day." She twisted her lips in a bitter smile. "Saves them buying presents, I guess."

His eyes took on an amazed look. "I can't believe this. Who in their right mind wouldn't want to spend Valentine's Day with you?"

She clenched her fists. "In case your eyeballs are still frozen so you can't see straight, you may not have noticed I don't exactly look like every man's dream walking." She swallowed. "One guy was even kind enough to tell me if I grew four inches and had my thighs sculpted he'd give me another go." Her voice rose in indignation. "Another go! He's lucky I didn't cut off his balls."

"Well, that's pretty sad. And a terrible commentary on the male population, because they've got it all wrong. You certainly make my hormones march in triple time. Listen, maybe we could... Ow!" He started toward her and stubbed his bare toe on her loaded gym bag. "What the hell?"

"Don't open that," she yelled, as he lifted it and pulled it open.

Riley's jaw dropped. "My God, are these what I think they are?" He looked up at her—a sensuous look in his eyes that blazed with heat. "Well, well, well. This really is

some kind of Valentine's party you're planning. But this kind of party really should be shared with someone."

"Give me that."

She tried to grab it from him, but he held it just out of her reach.

"Uh, uh, uh."

She lost her balance and stumbled against his body. He wrapped his arm around her and she found herself looking into those chocolate eyes. Then he bent his head and kissed her.

At first it was just a brush of his lips against hers, a soft nibble on her bottom lip, a flick of his tongue on the tender inner flesh. But it sent a tiny shiver down her spine, she opened her mouth on a sigh and his tongue swept inside like a marauding flame. He licked the hot, dark interior, sucking her tongue and twisting it with his own. His arms tightened around her, pulling her against his body, his swelling cock pressing into the softness of her belly.

At the very moment she was sure she'd run out of breath and her legs would collapse he lifted his head, his eyes dark, his nostrils slightly flared.

"So, Jessie." His voice was husky. "Here we are, with nothing to do until the storm passes. Why not let me help you celebrate Valentine's Day?"

*This is crazy. I don't even know him. But wild sex with a gorgeous stranger beats every other Valentine's Day I've had.*

With a sigh she melted into him. "A-All right."

He put his mouth close to her ear. "We could try out some of those toys you've been carrying around for however long. Would you like that?"

She felt herself grow hot all over and her skin felt too tight. "Y-Yes."

*Oh, yes, please. I want to do everything with you.*

His hand slid under her short robe, which really didn't cover all that much of her and she felt his fingers between her thighs, stroking her mound, slipping into her slit

and touching her clit, then dipping lower into the opening of her cunt as she widened her stance.

"Oh, yes," he breathed. "I knew it when I saw you through the window. You are hot, sugar. And wet. We are going to have some happy fun and games." He kissed her again, then slapped her ass. "How about getting us some of that wine and bringing it over to that tempting bed?"

"Okay." She was so hot just from his touch she wasn't sure she could walk, but she managed to get out the wine and glasses.

Riley lay back on the bed propped against the pillows, the towel tossed aside. Golden hair dusted his arms and legs, matted thickly on his chest and arched down to form a darker nest of curls around the root of the most gorgeous cock she'd ever seen. It was thick and ridged, with dark veins tracing its length. The head was smooth and purple, the slit perfectly centered. Her mouth watered just looking at it.

He caught her expression and a corner of his mouth tilted up. He wrapped one hand lightly around the shaft and began stroking it lightly. "You can touch it if you want, Jessie. It's all right. I'd like for you to touch it."

She set the wine and glasses down on the nightstand and reached out to rub her fingers over the darkening head. Her mouth went dry as she felt the hot silken skin.

Riley moved his hand and placed it over hers. "Come on, Jessie. Just play with it a little." He chuckled. "Not much. I don't want to lose it too soon. But come on. I like the feel of your hand on it."

He moved her hand up and down, his body straining with the effort at control. When she leaned over and licked her tongue across the head, twirling her tongue in the slit, he pushed her away.

She snapped her head back as if he'd slapped her.

"Jessie, Jessie, Jessie." He drew her back and reached up to caress her cheek. "Did you think I don't like that? You are so wrong. I want to slide my cock down your throat with those sweet little lips wrapped around it. I want to watch you suck me and feel

your hands on my balls. But you make me so damn hot just looking at you, sugar, I can't let you do it yet or I'll be done before you are. Okay?" He held her face so she had to look at him. "Okay?" he asked again.

She nodded. "Okay."

He tilted her chin up toward him. "You know, I consider myself one lucky bastard to get stranded near your cabin. One very lucky bastard."

Jessie felt a blush stain her cheeks. "Thanks."

"And just in case you're wondering," he told her in a soft voice, "this is turning out to be one of the best nights of my life." He leaned back again. "Now how about bringing me that bag of goodies and getting up on this big bed with me?"

"Okay." She put the wine bottle and glasses on the night table, picked up the bag and climbed up beside him.

He opened the bag and pulled out her Purple Pleaser and her small vibrator and laid them beside him on the bed. Then he took out two butt plugs and the tickler that she'd been dreaming about using along with the little case of metal orgasm balls. These he laid out on the nightstand with a slim tube of lube and a bottle of oil.

"I sure hope you've got something in here besides these toys because I'm totally unprepared for... Ah. Well, well, well!" He held up the giant-size box of condoms she'd bought and his eyes lit with mischief. "Were you expecting the army here, Jessie?"

Her cheeks heated again. "I couldn't decide what to get and the sales clerk said this was a good variety."

"No kidding!" He winked as he read the outside of the box. "A variety of flavors? Ribbed for your pleasure? Pick your color? Jessie, you take my breath away. If we use all of these I'll need more than wine to give me strength."

She spread her hands out, palms upward. "I just..."

He lifted one hand and kissed the inside of her wrist. His eyes darkened. "I can't wait to stick my cock in you with one of these, then lick the flavor afterwards. Yes,

ma'am, that will be one sweet treat." He ran his fingertips lightly over the upper slope of her breasts. "I promise you, Jessie, this will be a night for both of us to remember."

"Thank you." She blew out a breath and filled the wineglasses, handing one to Riley.

"To Valentine's Day," he said and touched his glass to hers.

## **Chapter Two**



Riley could hardly believe it all. From a certain conviction that he was going to freeze to death in white hell he was now lying naked with a woman who made his cock throb and his balls ache. He set his half-empty glass down, leaned over and ran his gaze over her body from top to bottom.

Excellent!

Thighs a man could sink his hands into, rosy-tipped breasts just begging to be suckled and a cunt so slick and smooth it made him ache.

He felt the tenseness in her body and smiled to himself. His little Jessie might be adventurous but he'd bet a lot of it was still in her head. His heart skipped at the thought he might be the first to help her act out her fantasies.

Pulling her close to him, he treated himself to another one of those drugging kisses that had made his cock stand up and beg. He took his time, sliding his lips away from her mouth, down her jawline and to the soft spot on her neck just behind her ear. He could almost feel her melt against him.

When he cupped one of her breasts she unconsciously arched into his touch and he bent his mouth to the dusky rose nipple. The minute he drew it into his mouth and suckled it, laving it with his tongue, little cries escaped her lips and she rolled toward him.

God, this woman was responsive. Riley was sure he'd died and gone to heaven.

He took his time, suckling one breast while rolling the nipple of the other between thumb and forefinger, pinching and soothing, biting and caressing. With her nipples hardened into tight points and her breasts flushed from his ministrations, he kissed his



way down to her navel, lapping at the indentation with his tongue. Then he homed in on that gorgeous naked pussy that was drawing him like flies to honey.

He pressed his lips against the smooth skin, letting the tip of his tongue move back and forth in tiny sweeps. "I loved watching you through the window, sugar. You don't know how hot I got just seeing you pleasure yourself."

"Did you?" Jessie's voice was faint and her body moved restlessly against his.

"Would you do it for me again? We'll use one of your toys you're already comfortable with and I'll help. Okay?"

She just nodded, still rubbing her body against his, so aroused she was using her own hands to pinch and roll her nipples and pull on them. Riley had had far more than his share of women, but no one like Jessie. He was used to women who performed sex as if they were being graded. Jessie just wanted to do it! Holy mother. He'd have to be careful not to come just from watching her.

Riley shifted and knelt between her legs, bending them so her feet were planted flat on the mattress. He placed his hands on the insides of her thighs, brushing the tender skin with his knuckles and delighting in the quiver he elicited. Gently he pushed against them. "Spread your thighs for me, sugar. Real wide, now. Let me see every inch of that sweet little cunt."

With a shyness he found appealing she let him press her thighs wide open and he moved so his shoulders kept them apart. With his thumbs he spread her labia so he could see all the sweet, wet flesh inside.

"Beautiful," he breathed and leaned down to lick her from clit to ass. "And delicious."

He began lapping at her in earnest, stiffening his tongue to plunge it deep into her vagina and touch the tip to every bit of the silken sheath. God, her nectar was sweet. Tongue-fucking her was almost as good as sticking his cock in her – which he planned to do as many times as he could get it up.

“Time to give the Purple Pleaser a ride. Come on, sugar. I’ve always wanted to see a woman use one of these and watch her pussy while she came.”

Jessie took the vibrator from him and slid it slowly down her stomach until she reached the top of her mound. Then, sighing, she slid two fingers down her slit and into her vagina and followed it with the Pleaser. When the vibrator slipped easily into her waiting wet sheath until all that was visible was the base, Riley had to grit his teeth to keep from coming right then.

And when Jessie took the tiny ears between two fingertips and placed them to hug her clit, he almost went over the edge. Taking a deep, deep breath to get himself under control, he reached between her legs. “All right, sugar, let’s see if he lives up to his publicity. Okay?”

“Mmmm,” she moaned, thrusting her pelvis at him.

God, she was a hot little thing. And so fucking responsive he could hardly believe it. This was better than any wet dream he’d ever had. Whoever the dipshits were who’d crossed Jessie Rawlins off their list obviously had their brains stuffed in their ass. This was turning into the best Valentine’s Day he’d ever had.

He turned the base of the Pleaser and it began to vibrate. As the ears stimulated Jessie’s clit juices began to drip from her pussy at once.

Riley was fascinated. He couldn’t take his eyes away from the awesome sight. Jessie thrashed and arched and moaned, while liquid poured out of her rosy vaginal lips around the Pleaser. He pressed the tip of one finger beneath the vibrator and spread some of the juices down toward her ass, lightly scraping his fingernail over the sensitive skin separating her two holes. When he pushed just the very tip of his finger against her tempting puckered anus, she pulled on his hair and began coming in great, quivering spasms.

The walls of her cunt sucked on the vibrator and she flooded around it crying out. Out of curiosity he turned the dial at the base to full on and he thought Jessie would

bounce off the bed. She rode the Pleaser for all she was worth until finally the last quiver died away and she fell back against the pillows.

Riley slid the vibrator out and tossed it to the side, slipping two fingers inside her cunt to feel the last of the tiny aftershocks in her quaking vaginal walls. Her breathing was unsteady and the tempting scent of her sex filled his nose. When he removed his fingers he touched them to his mouth, licking them clean, then bent and ran his tongue over the length of her slit once more. She jerked at the touch, then fell back again.

"You taste like a ripe plum, Jessie. So very, very good. I'm gonna taste a lot more of that tonight, sugar. Count on it."

\* \* \* \* \*

Jessie waited for her heartbeat to slow down, wiping the thin sheen of perspiration from her forehead with the back of her hand. The Pleaser had never taken her for a ride like that before. Just having Riley eat her first, then do it to her with the vibrator intensified the sensations. She couldn't imagine anything taking her higher than that.

Then she looked at Riley, sitting up on the edge of the bed, a wicked grin on his face, his lips shiny with her cream.

"How about a toast to orgasms?" He handed her a full wineglass and touched it with his again.

"I'll drink to that." She gulped at the wine like it was water.

"Hey, hey." He took the glass from her and brushed his lips against her forehead. "Don't get drunk and pass out on me. You're the best Valentine treat I've ever had. I want to spend every minute bringing you more pleasure than you've ever known." He cupped one breast, his thumb reaching to rub the plump nipple. "Jessie, if I'd ordered a Valentine's Day present, I couldn't have gotten one better than you."

"Really?" Her eyes looked at him, the uncertainty as plain as a neon sign.

"Really." He rolled her against him and kissed her, his tongue sweeping through her mouth and smoothing his hands over her body. He touched her every place—her

collarbone, her breasts, her nipples, her navel, the indentation of her hips, her thighs, her naked pussy, her well-lubricated slit, every place his hands could find her. Just simple caresses, but they set her skin on fire and made her suck harder on his tongue.

"I want to touch you, too." Her hand itched to wrap around that great cock, to sift through the darkening curls that surrounded the thick root, to caress the tip and stick her tongue in the slit at the head.

She reached for him, but he pushed her hand away.

"Later. I'm so hot right now, sugar, I'd embarrass myself."

"But I want to."

He kissed her and she tasted herself on his lips, an erotic sensation that made her pussy begin to ache again.

"Later. I promise. But I have other things in mind first."

She raised an eyebrow. "Like what? Do we have an order in which to do things?"

He picked up the smaller of the butt plugs from the table and began pulling away the plastic wrapping. "I'd sure like to slip this into that sweet ass of yours, sugar. Any reason why you haven't used it before now?"

"I, um, didn't want to do it by myself." She felt herself blush again. God, she never blushed. This man was making her feel shy and bold at the same time.

His eyes widened. "And no one wanted to help you?"

"It wasn't just that." She turned her face away from him.

Riley took her jaw and with great tenderness turned her so she had to look at him. "What was it, Jessie? Tell me. I need to know."

She wet her lips and swallowed. Hard. "I didn't trust them."

His eyebrows almost disappeared in his hairline. "And you trust me? You just met me. Why give me that kind of control over you?"

She stared right into his eyes. "Do you believe in instant connections, Riley? I mean, the kind where two people know they're meant to be together, even if it's just for one night?"

Riley leaned toward her and her heart stuttered. Had she been too forward? Was she scaring him in the midst of the best sex she was ever going to have? She bit her lip, watching him.

"You know," he said slowly, "I've been wondering how to say the same thing myself, Jessie. I just didn't want to come out with all this stuff and spoil what we were enjoying."

"Okay, then. Whatever the feeling, it's there and because of it I trust you. To do anything to me. You may never want to see me again after this, but for tonight everything goes." She grinned, a shy curve of her lips. "So let's get going here."

Riley kissed her on her mouth, trailed kisses all the way down her body to her pussy, sucking briefly on her clit, then chuckled. "All right, sugar. Turn over, you sweet thing."

He rolled her onto her stomach and traced the cleft of her ass with his hand. "You need to be ready for this, Jessie. If you've never done this before it could burn. We've gotta get you ready."

"Ready?" Her voice was muffled by the pillow. "What do you mean?"

"Get up on your hands and knees, sugar. Come on."

She did as he asked, arching her back and pushing her ass out at him. "Like this?"

"Just like that." His voice was deep with lust as he spread the cheeks of her ass and exposed the tiny rosette of her anus. "Do you know how gorgeous your ass is?"

"Gorgeous?" she squeaked.

"Mm-hmm. I think it's probably the finest ass in the entire country. And I'm the lucky guy who gets to fuck it tonight. Jessie, you honor me."

She dropped her head. "I hate my ass. It's too big and ugly."

"Don't say that, sugar. I can tell you with definite authority that you put everyone else's to shame. It's perfect." He placed a gentle kiss on each quivering globe. "So let's see if we can pleasure that beautiful ass. I can tell you want this, don't you? Tell me, Jessie. Tell me what you want."

"Yes, I want this. I want you to fuck my ass with the plug. I want you to stick it in me and make me burn." God, she couldn't believe she was saying this but if he didn't stick that plug in her soon she'd have to figure out how to do it herself. She was consumed by a dark hunger, stimulated by the erotic images racing through her brain.

Do it, she wanted to scream. Just damn do it.

She wiggled her ass for emphasis.

"All right, then."

Suddenly she felt a stinging slap on the cheeks of her butt, shocking her and making her jerk. But the bite was one of pleasure, not pain and she felt streaks of heat rush to her pussy.

"Like that, Jessie?" His voice was soft and seductive. His hand was rubbing up and down in the cleft of her ass. "Say it. Say you want me to spank you."

"Yes." She could hardly get the word out. The heat was fading and she wanted it back.

*Is this really me?*

"Yes what, sugar?"

"Yes, spank me." She nearly screamed at him. She wanted that sting again that she felt all the way through her cunt.

She had never had the least desire to indulge in this with any of her pitifully few lovers, but she'd told Riley she trusted whatever he did and she meant it. Not only did she trust this, she wanted more. Faster. Harder.

"Okay, Jessie, here it comes."

He spanked her again and again, light slaps that intensified the pleasure she was feeling. They came in no particular rhythm and she shoved her ass back at him each time, silently begging for the next one. When he moved his hand lower and began spanking the lips of her cunt she felt herself creaming again.

Riley dipped his fingers in her cunt and spread some of the juices around. "Oh, yes," he crooned. "You want this. I love spanking such a responsive woman. And, babe, you definitely are one. Okay, sugar. Ready for the next step?"

"If you won't stop spanking me."

*God, what was happening to her?*

He laughed, low and sensually. She felt him move and then the cool feeling of gel squeezed into her rectum, cooling the hot tissues.

"My cock is so hard right now I think if I bent it I'd break it. I can't wait to stick my fingers in that tight little asshole, sugar. God, I could just eat it up. You know?"

His words incited a feeling of dark lust that curled up from her belly and raced through her. She felt Riley massage the lube around her puckered opening, then slowly sliding first one, then two fingers inside her tight asshole.

"Tell me how that feels, Jessie." His voice was thick with desire.

"It feels good." She licked her dry lips. "Very good."

"Good? It ought to feel better than that."

"Great. It feels great." She wiggled her ass at him, pushing back against his invading fingers.

*Don't stop, don't stop, don't stop.*

He laughed and began to scissor his fingers, stretching her, while his other hand began to massage her clit. She felt the pulse beat deep in her vagina and a hot need grew within her. When he pulled out his fingers she almost cried.

"No," she wailed. "More."

"Oh, sugar. You're definitely going to get more right this minute."

Then she felt the tip of the butt plug pressing against her anus, easing in one little bit at a time. It stretched her and burned and made her hotter than she'd ever been. The only thing that would have made her feel better was Riley's cock in there.

"You doing okay, Jessie?" He smoothed a hand down her spine and over her ass cheeks. "Because I'm doing better than great here. Touching you, playing with this totally gorgeous ass, is making me so hot I'm surprised I haven't set the bed on fire. You are one very sexy and desirable package, Ms. Jessie Rawlins." He leaned over and nipped lightly at each cheek of her ass, then licked each place he'd nibbled. "So. You doing all right?"

"Yes. Fine. More, please."

"Okay, then. I'm gonna fuck you with this and finger-fuck that slick naked cunt at the same time. Want a few more spankings first?"

"Yes." She was wound so tight she could hardly get the word out.

Riley laughed out loud. "You're a real little treasure, sugar, you know that?"

She felt the slaps again and this time he alternated between her ass and her cunt. The stinging bites on the lips of her pussy were pushing her closer and closer to the edge and she wanted to tumble over so badly.

"Please, Riley," she begged.

"I aim to please." His voice was soft but strained with his self-imposed control.

He shifted to kneel behind her, spreading her thighs wide with his knees. Jessie leaned her head down on her forearms and waited for him to start.

He began sliding the plug in and out, fucking her ass with it as if it were a cock. At the same time he reached down and slipped two fingers inside her cunt, moving them in and out with the same rhythm as the plug.

"Mmm, more, more, more," she chanted, pushing her ass back at him, taking the plug deeper and deeper.



"You okay, Jessie?" His fingers worked in and out of her pussy. "Not too much for you? Tell me if I hurt you."

She shook her head. "No, no, no. More, Riley, more, more," she chanted.

He fucked her ass harder and he slid a third finger into her vagina, stretching and teasing. She pushed and arched and moaned, reaching for that elusive pinnacle that shimmered just out of reach. She'd never felt this hot before, never wanted to come so badly.

"Please, please, please," she begged.

He shoved the plug hard once more just as he pinched her clit and she came, flooding his hand, her cunt walls gripping his fingers, her rectum clenching around the plug. She shivered and shook and cried out until finally the spasms slowed down and she began drawing in great gulps of air.

At last she felt Riley ease the plug from her ass and replace it with two of his fingers, teasing the hot tissues.

"That good, sugar?"

She nodded, unable to speak, then fell forward on the pillows. Riley stroked her back, planting kisses on her spine, the nape of her neck, her ass, her thighs, until she turned over and, looked at him.

"You're damn good, Riley Malone."

He caressed her cheek and brushed the strands of hair from her damp forehead. "You make it easy to be good, Jessie Rawlins. I want to do lustful things with you that haven't even been thought of yet." He leaned back against the pillows, poured more wine then pulled her against him, cradling her with his arm. "You know, I don't think I remember the last time I enjoyed a Valentine's Day this much."

"Surely you have plenty of women to celebrate with. In case you haven't noticed, you're a damn fine-looking man."

“Why, thank you, ma’am. And you’re a damn fine-looking woman.” He kissed the top of her head.

She swatted at his chest. “You didn’t answer my question.”

“About other women? Think about it, Jessie. If I had one that really interested me, would I be driving around Maine in a snowstorm and lying here fucking your brains out?”

Not quite the answer she wanted, but it would do for the moment.

## Chapter Three



She wanted his cock. The look in her eyes said it all. And he wanted her to have it. They'd finished the bottle of wine and she padded to the fridge to get another. He loved watching her ass jiggle as she walked and her breasts bounce as she came back toward him. She was so squeezable he wanted to put his hands all over her and never stop.

When she bent over the nightstand beside him to refill the glasses, he palmed one of her breasts, shifted his head and sucked the entire nipple and areola into his mouth. The sharp hiss of air as she drew in a breath told him just how much this affected her. Slipping his hand between her legs, he rubbed two fingers up and down her slit, smiling to himself at the wetness he encountered.

Hot! Ms. Jessie Rawlins was hotter than a pistol, hotter than any woman he could remember taking to bed. A list regrettably longer than he wished. But maybe Fate had delivered him here to find the one woman who could shorten that list in the future to one.

He grabbed her and pulled her over his body to the bed, then curled her up against him. "I can't stop touching you," he murmured in her ear.

"Just to assure yourself someone could really have a body this ugly?" The words were obviously meant as a joke but her voice was hard.

Riley tightened his arm around her. "Damn it, Jessie, who's been bringing you down? Don't do this to yourself. You're such a plump little angel I could eat you all up."

"Yeah, see, that's it. Plump."

He put his mouth right next to her ear and licked every bit of it before he spoke. "I walked away from a skinny blonde with long legs because my cock didn't even twitch

anymore when I looked at her. You, on the other hand, are going to give me a case of terminal hardness. I love your body, Jessie. Every wonderful inch of it. And I'm going to worship it until we both pass out."

He held her in place with the arm curled beneath her and with his free hand began stroking the crack of her ass. He gently nudged her top leg forward to give him greater access.

"Riley, you don't have to—"

"Shut up, Jessie. Let me enjoy myself. God, you don't know what a beautiful sight it was to see that plug in the tiny little asshole and to fuck it in and out. See you clench around it. Does it feel good when I stick my finger in here, Jessie? Not too sore?"

"Um, no, not really. It burns a little, but it's almost a good burn. You know?"

"Let's make it feel a little better and then I've got a treat for you. For me. For both of us."

He made her lie flat on her stomach, then took the small bottle of oil he'd put on the table. Spreading her ass cheeks, he dribbled a few drops right on her puckered hole and with his finger began massaging it into her tunnel and around the edges.

It sure felt good to him. That hot, tight, wet opening beckoned like the devil's temptation. He slid his hand up and down in a steady rhythm, stopping now and then to prod with the tip of his finger or his thumb. Just the thought of plunging into that tight dark hole almost made him come lying there. When he smoothed a hand down over Jessie's naked cunt again liquid coated his hand.

*Yup. Still horny. Still wet. Okay, Jessie girl, time to get serious.*

\* \* \* \* \*

She didn't want to move, but when he shifted that gorgeous cock bobbed into her view and her eyes nearly crossed. She hadn't slept with that many men, but those she did bragged about their anatomy *ad nauseum*. They should see Riley Morgan's erection. They'd hide in a closet.

Tentatively she slipped a hand out from beneath her body and reach for his hot shaft that was right next to her. She closed her hand around it, loving the feel of the silky skin against the hard, heated core it covered. Riley's magnificent body jerked once, then held still and his hand came around to cover hers.

"Let me tell you, sugar, we have a tempting dilemma here. I can't decide what I want to do first—stick my cock in your cunt, fuck you in the ass, or have you suck me off." He drew in a ragged breath. "See, here's the problem. I don't think I'm gonna last too long this first time and that's very rare for me. Only you make me so hot I don't know how much control I'll have."

"So?" She looked up at him from under her lashes.

"So the other thing is, I'm not one of those guys who can take his own pleasure while the woman gets nothing."

"But I'd be getting—"

"Ssh." He put a finger to her lips. "So here's what we're gonna do." He lay down on the bed and pulled her to her knees next to him, separating her thighs to give him access to her cunt and her ass. "I want you to suck me off, Jessie, just like you're dying to do. I want to feel that sweet little mouth on mine and that hot tongue licking my balls. But I'm not just gonna lie here."

"You're not?" She couldn't seem to focus her thoughts.

"Uh-uh." He held up his left hand and she saw the tiny vibrator with the tickler attached. "You haven't used this yet either and I'm told it makes a lady go off like a bottle rocket. Shall we find out?"

She nodded, unable to speak and bent over to take his cock into her mouth.

*Oh, God, he tastes delicious. But can I get him all in my mouth?*

Holding it at the root, she began sliding her hand and mouth up and down, licking the soft skin, swirling her tongue around the head, then dragging him deep again. His body jerked in response and then he settled down. She could feel the tension in his

muscles as he worked to keep himself still. One hand came up to move her head and help her set the rhythm he liked, then he simply lay still while she sucked and licked him to her heart's content.

Just as she pulled her mouth all the way off the shaft to probe the tiny slit in the head, she felt Riley's hands push her legs apart again and in an instant the little tickler was buzzing against her clit, a touch so light it almost wasn't there but just enough to make her crave more. She tried to lower herself onto it but Riley would have none of it.

"Uh-uh," he rasped. "You do your job and I'll do mine."

The tickler was everywhere—her clit, along her slit, into the tiny hole, the sensitive skin near her rectum, the opening of the rectum itself. Inside her anus.

She cupped Riley's balls in her left hand while her other kept its grasp on his cock and went to work in earnest. Up and down, round and round, up and down again, tickling his balls, raking them with her fingernails. When she began to feel his balls draw up she threw herself into her efforts. Riley dropped the tickler, grabbed her head with both hands and pumped for all he was worth.

She felt the spasms in her hand, sucked harder and then the first splash hit the back of her throat. She pumped and sucked and swallowed as Riley cried out and thrust his hips toward her again and again and his cum spurted down her throat.

When she was sure he was done, she drew on him one last time with her lips, licked the head and released her hold on him.

He was lying with his eyes closed, his chest heaving, but he reached out for her and pulled her close to his body. She curled up against him.

"Jessie, are you sure you aren't my Valentine's present and not the other way around? Hot damn. You make giving a blowjob an artistic performance."

"No," she giggled. "I think you're mine. This is the best Valentine's Day I've ever had. I just want you to know that. Cupid must have shot his arrow straight into my body."

"Sugar, it's not half over."

"Would you like some more wine? I never refilled our glasses. Other things, um, got in the way."

He smiled and kissed her cheek. "Oh, yes, but not in the glass."

She frowned at him. "You want to drink from the bottle?"

"No, sugar, something much better."

"What...?"

He knelt in front of her, holding the bottle and pulled her legs wide, draping them over his shoulders so she was practically resting on her neck.

"Comfy?"

"Uh-uh. What's going on?"

"You'll see. Okay, sugar, reach down and pull those cunt lips as wide apart as you can get them."

When she complied, he took the bottle and inserted the neck right at the opening of her vagina and tilted it slightly. She squealed as the first trickle of cold liquid hit her hot flesh, but then she arched toward it and rubbed herself until he stopped.

"Now I'm gonna take a drink." He winked at her, moved the bottle and bent his head.

When she felt his mouth over her cunt opening, sucking out the wine, electricity zinged through her. She began rubbing her clit faster and faster as he sucked harder and harder. His hands gripped her ass, holding her firmly in place as he drank and drank and drank. The more he sucked at her, the harder she rubbed.

When her orgasm hit she tried to hunch and ride it but he was relentless in his grip, so she just lay with her legs in the air and her cunt wide open while he slid his tongue into her and licked up every drop.

"My God." He sat back with a dazed look on his face. "Jessie, you should wear a sign that says Dangerous."

A shaky giggle burst from her lips. "Ditto for you."

He lay down beside her and pulled her against him. "You know why I call you sugar? Because you're the sweetest woman I've ever met. And you know sugar can be addictive. I could easily get addicted to you, Jessie." He stroked her hair. "But right now I could use a little nap. How about you?"

"Mmm. I could go for that."

Riley pulled the covers over them, tucked her into his shoulder and closed his eyes. They were both asleep before they realized it.



## Chapter Four



He watched her come awake slowly, a faint hint of bewilderment in her eyes as she tried to place him, then the darkening of desire as everything came back to her.

"Hi." She smiled.

"Hi, yourself." He brushed his lips against her temple. "I loved watching you sleep, Jessie. Your body's all soft and relaxed and fits just right against me. I could watch you for hours and never get tired of it."

"You sure know all the right things to say, Riley."

He kissed her again. "And every one of them's true, sugar."

She tried to sit up, then frowned when she realized she was handcuffed to the headboard. He'd found the pretty leather cuffs lined with pink fleece in the goody bag and just had to try them.

"Is it okay?" He tried to keep the anxiety out of his voice, not wanting to push her beyond where she was willing to go.

"I-I've always had a fantasy about being tied up. A-And ravished." She blushed again.

Riley smiled. She looked so damn cute when she blushed. Even her breasts turned red. He was struck with a sudden desire to wrap her up, put her in his pocket and take her home.

*Whoa, boy! Careful of that. This is just good hot sex when you're stranded by a snowstorm. Oh yeah? Then why am I having all these wild thoughts about holding on to her? What about when we leave here. What if I never see her again?*

He deliberately pushed the thoughts away and went back to business.

"You didn't get your fair share on the last go-round, Jessie and I mean to remedy that. I'm gonna make you come and come and come, until you think you can't come any more. I want that pussy good and swollen before I stick my cock in it so it grips tight around it. And then while you're still coming from that, I'm gonna pull out and shove it in your ass and make you come even harder." He studied her eyes. "Okay? This all okay with you?"

"Yes." She licked her lips. "Anything. Whatever you want to do."

"All right, then." He lay down next to her and captured her mouth, stroking the inside with his tongue, sucking at her lips, while his hand moved down to her breast and began pulling at the nipple. He fucked her mouth with his tongue, then slipped it out to lick her jawline and the line of her neck. Very gently he bit the soft flesh behind her ear and was rewarded with a gasp.

His mouth followed his hand to her breast, pulling one into the hot wetness of his mouth, grazing it with his teeth, while his hand tormented the other one. Jessie twisted and turned, her cuffed hands stretching out her body and giving him better access to those soft, plump breasts.

When her breasts were hot and wet from his mouth, her nipples hard and stiff, he trailed his tongue along her belly to the top of her waxed pussy. Gripping her thighs and holding them apart, he licked her slit from end to end, then twirled his tongue around her clit. When he nipped it gently, her hips rose off the bed.

"God, you taste so sweet. You have the sweetest cunt in the world, Jessie. I could eat it forever." He rocked back on his heels. "Let's give that tickler a better chance this time."

Her breath was coming in short gasps as he pushed both knees back to her chest with one forearm, slipped the tickler back on his finger and slid it into her cunt.

*Man, he thought, talk about responsive.*

Even after their nap, she was so hot from the previous teasing he'd barely touched her when her whole body began its preparation for her orgasm. Riley moved the tickler

out and began circling it around her labia, up and down and around, then sliding it back into the heated channel of her vagina. She arched at him and pleaded as he held her just at the edge, tormenting her.

"Damn it," she screamed at him. "Now."

He slid the tickler inside her one last time, leaned down and bit her clit and shoved one finger up her ass. She came with monumental shudders that shook her entire body and her liquid flooded his hand. He bent and lapped it, catching it with his tongue and licking every inch of her cunt.

When the spasms finally subsided he lowered her legs and moved up to kiss her. But he had no intention of giving her respite. Even as his mouth devoured hers, his fingers were already busy at her cunt, stroking, teasing, rubbing. He paid homage to her breasts while he pinched and tickled her clit, fucking her with his fingers until she began to moan again.

"If you think that's good, sugar, just wait a minute."

He was busy at the little table and when he turned back to her he pulled her legs back to her chest again. He sucked in his breath as he took in her rosy vaginal tissues wrapped around his fingers, the sweet curve of her ass and that tight little hole nestled between her ass cheeks.

Jessie was beginning to moan again and try to suck his fingers in with her pelvis muscles. Squeezing an inch of the lube right on her asshole, he moistened the puckered rosette, then plunged his finger inside in one deep thrust. Now he was finger-fucking both holes and Jessie was squealing and crying out and pulling against the handcuffs.

When she tried to make him lower his arms he chuckled.

"Uh-uh, sugar. You're gonna come big this time and I want to see every drop and spasm. Come on, Jessie." His voice softened. "I can feel it in your body. It's building, isn't it? God, do you know how tight your asshole is? I can't wait to get my cock in there and feel you tight around me. Just like my fingers, Jessie."

He added another finger in her anus and began scissoring them, stretching her out, and rasping his fingertips against the heated walls. And all the time his other hand moved relentlessly in and out of her cunt, his thumb twirling her engorged clit.

She was so ready. He could tell.

"Come for me, Jessie. Come now."

He slid his fingers out of her ass and smacked her, a pleasurable sting that made her eyes fly open and her body jerk.

"I know you like that. Spanking turns you on. Come on, sugar. Let me have it."

He slapped her ass again and again, his fingers moving faster and faster in and out of her cunt and then without warning she tipped over the edge and began to shake all over, her body rocking, her cream pouring into his hand. He kept up the spankings until the last shudder died away.

His cock hardened painfully as he spread her swollen cunt lips wide and admired the view. Her inner walls still pulsed gently with aftershocks and her breathing was uneven.

"Almost there, sugar." He grinned up at her.

\* \* \* \* \*

Jessie twisted her hands in the cuffs. They didn't hurt because the fleece lining made them soft against her wrists. And there was something so darkly exciting about being helpless with this oh-so masculine man.

But she feared she was nearing her limit. Each orgasm had taken that much more out of her and now he was hinting at more.

"I can't, Riley." Would he be mad? No, he didn't seem like the type. But man, she just couldn't go again. Not right now. And he hadn't even stuck his cock in her yet.

"Sure you can, sugar. We just need those pretty little cunt lips a little more swollen, a little tighter and that ass a little more relaxed." He crawled up to her and kissed her,

another of those curl-your-toes kisses where he used his tongue in her mouth like a dick. "Then we have the grand finale."

"I don't think I can," she repeated.

In answer to her he threw her legs over his shoulder, lifted her ass up in both hands and stuck his tongue as far into her cunt as he could get it.

She didn't think she had one last quiver left in her, but as he cleverly lapped the inside of her pussy, scraping the walls with the tip of his tongue, alternately stroking and pinching her supersensitive clit, the hot coil deep inside her began unwinding again.

He sucked and lapped at her, fucked her with his fingers and when she was ready to scream, picked up the tickler and slid it high up in her pussy, its little engine running full tilt.

She came with his hands holding her ass and his mouth drinking her juices as they poured out of her. Finally he eased her back down to the bed. When he kissed her, she could taste herself on his mouth again and that started to make her hot all over again. She was sure she was going to die of sexual overindulgence.

He leaned over her, stared into her eyes and said, "Okay, Jessie, here comes the main course."

"Riley, I don't think..."

"Right. Don't think."

And then he kissed her as if he'd never let her go, took time to nip at all the sensitive places and suckle and bite at her breasts. When he reached her tempting naked pussy, he laved every inch of it with his tongue.

"Stay just like that, sugar," he said, his voice thick with desire. He reached for the box of condoms and pulled one out. "Red and ridged with a strawberry flavor. This ought to do it."

He opened the condom and rolled it onto his throbbing erection. Then he opened her labia wide and slid his cock into her.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Oh, Sweet Jesus. He really had died and gone to heaven. The hot, wet, swollen walls hugged his cock like a second skin. Damn, how would he ever, ever walk away from this?*

Then he stopped thinking and began stroking in and out of her, rubbing her clit, filling her cunt, moving in a steady rhythm as her eyes glazed and her breath hitched. In and out, in and out. He leaned forward to release the handcuffs and moved her hands down her body.

"Hold your tits, Jessie. Do it for me." In and out, in and out. "Yeah, like that. Roll your nipples and pull on them. Pretend those are my hands."

The more he pumped, the wilder her eyes grew, the heavier her breathing, her hips thrusting in time with his. He could see in her eyes and feel in her body how the ridges on the condom were stimulating the hot walls of her vagina. She was getting ready to come, her body twisting the way it always did, her cunt clutching him tighter and tighter. His cock ached and his balls burned but he wanted her to come first.

And then she did, gushing and gasping and screaming his name and before she finished he pulled out and thrust into her ass, burning those tender tissue with the pain that was pleasure. As he shot his cum he felt his body shake and shudder and he hollered her name over and over again.

## Chapter Five



Riley had no idea how long they slept, only that his body had been so exhausted he was limper than a noodle. He turned over to find the bed empty next to him.

"If we all stayed in bed all day, nothing would get done," she said.

Jessie was standing in the tiny kitchen area, clad only in a long tee shirt and pulling mugs out of a cupboard. The fragrance of coffee floated on the air and stirred his taste buds.

"Coffee's about ready."

"Will it go with that strawberry flavor I'm dying to lick from your cunt?" He walked over to her, stark naked and wrapped her in his arms, then slid his hand under the shirt to her ass, probing the cleft with his fingertips. She bit her lip and winced slightly. "Still sore back here, sugar? I didn't mean to be so rough with you, but Jesus, Jessie, you make me lose my mind." He kissed her cheeks and her forehead. "No problem. Later on I'll make it feel better."

"Later on?" She stopped mixing and stared up at him.

"Well," he peered out the window, "it's stopped snowing but I don't imagine any plows will get to us for a while. Especially since it's still dark out there. And I'm not ready for coffee yet." He nuzzled his cheek against her head.

"Listen, Riley..."

"Uh-oh. I don't think I'm gonna like what's coming."

Jessie poured the coffee and smoothed her hands against her tee shirt. "I just wanted to say...that is...I mean... Thank you for making my Valentine's Day very special but I don't want you to feel an obligation here."

"Obligation." He could see the tension in her body and hear the tremor in her voice as she prepared herself for the big kiss-off. Jesus. Some really shitty men had handled this bundle of temptation very badly. The strangest thing was, under any other circumstance in the world he'd be doing just what she expected.

But Jessie was special. Fate had obviously dumped them together for a purpose and he wasn't about to tempt Fate. Whatever this was, he didn't want to let go of it.

He lifted her to the counter and spread her legs. "You're too sore right now for any more activity, but just let me touch you, Jessie, let me make those sparks fly in your body and then tell me you want me to walk away."

He slid the palm of his hand across that sweet naked pussy, then slid two fingers into a cunt already moistening for him.

She tried to push at him. "This is just sex, Riley."

"No." He shook his head. "It isn't. I've had plenty of 'just sex' and this is far more than that. Come on, Jessie. Admit it. Maybe it started out as a game, two horny people snowed in, but if you don't agree it's a lot more than that you're lying to yourself."

She tried to lean away from him. "Listen, Riley, w-we had great sex and I got to use my toys and...and...and that's all. And now we go back to our regular lives."

"Our regular lives." He gritted his teeth. "Are you married?" She shook her head. "Have kids? Other obligations?" Again a shake of the head. "Good. Me neither. Glad we got that out of the way."

"B-But we don't even know anything about each other. I don't even know where you live," she wailed.

"And that would make a difference in how we feel?" He gripped her shoulders. "Tell me, Jessie. If I told you I lived in Bumfuck, Idaho, would you just say, oh, too bad and walk away? I didn't think so. Neither would I. Those are just logistics and those I can deal with. But here's the real question." He drew in a deep breath and let it out slowly. "Do you want to walk away from this and whatever it is that came out of nowhere and hit us both?"



He thought he'd have a heart attack waiting for her to answer him.

"No," she said at last. "No, I don't."

He relaxed. "Good. Then how about slicing into that chocolate cake over there? If it will make you feel better we can play Twenty Questions while we eat."

On legs not quite steady, Jessie piled everything onto a tray and carried it over to the bed. When she removed the plastic cover from the cake, Riley took the point of the knife and carved "Riley and Jessie" in the frosting. Jessie looked up at him sitting cross-legged across from her on the rumpled bedding. She was half hopeful, half fearful.

"Most people don't become as intimate in a lifetime as we did in one night." His voice was slow and soft. "Give us a chance, Jessie. Okay? I told you before. I won't hurt you."

She swallowed all her objections and smiled. "All right. Let's see what happens when the snow stops and the sun comes out."

They ate the cake and drank more wine and talked about themselves, just as Riley had said they would. Then they curled up again and slept until the sun shining in the window woke them.

\* \* \* \* \*

Jessie scrambled eggs and buttered bread for toast while Riley showered. Moving automatically through her preparations she conducted an argument with herself.

*Don't be a dope, Jessie. He's just feeding you a line.*

*No, no, he's not. I could tell. He wanted to know all about me.*

*Yeah, that's what you said all the other times.*

*This time is different. And even if it's not, I don't want to walk away just in case.*

*Idiot.*

"Still thinking?"

She hadn't heard him come out of the bathroom and the honeyed sound of his voice washed over her like syrup.

"No, I'm giving it up. It gets me in too much trouble."

"Good." He stood beside her with his hands on her shoulders and gave her one of those kisses that made her want to lie down and spread her legs for him at once. "I'll do all the thinking for both of us."

"It looks like the snow's stopped. Someone will be digging us out before too long. I guess you'll be glad to get out of here."

Riley took the bowl out of her hands and tilted her head up, forcing her to look at him. "I'll be glad to get out of here if you're coming with me. Otherwise I'll be staying until you're ready to leave."

"But..."

"No more buts, Jessie. As much as we talked last night we know more about each other than most people learn in a lifetime. I told you I can go anywhere I want right now. I can start a new business anyplace. I can go back to the city with you or we can try someplace new for both of us. But I'm not walking out of your life and I refuse to let you walk out of mine."

"Oh, Riley, what if we get back to the real world and you decide—"

He touched his fingers to her lips. "Ssh. Not gonna happen. This is for keeps. I got stranded here for a reason and now I know what it is. This is real, sugar. I know it and you know it." He took her hand. "Come over here to the bed. I've got a present to show you."

"A present? For me? Where did you get it?"

"Part of it I had and part of it I borrowed from your...stuff...but the decoration I found in your bathroom."

"Huh?"

He stripped away her robe and laid her on the edge of the bed, legs apart. Then he yanked off the towel he'd wrapped around himself and pointed. His cock was fully aroused, enormous and throbbing, and he'd rolled a white condom over it, one covered with tiny bumps.

Jessie looked at it and burst out laughing. He'd taken her red lipstick and drawn a straight line to the head, with short lines denoting the tip of an arrow.

"Cupid's shaft." He grinned. "Open up, Jessie. It's going straight to your heart."

She opened her cunt lips with her fingers and Riley plunged inside, smiling so hard she thought his face would split. Then she saw his jaw clench and lines of strain deepen his face as he stroked harder and harder.

Jessie crossed her ankles behind him and thrust up at him, moving in rhythm with his strokes. Their eyes were locked together as he took her right up the spiral. And just as they came in a shattering climax, he shouted, "Happy Valentine's Day, Jessie."

"Happy Valentine's Day," she whispered when she could speak again. "Thank you, Cupid, for the best gift of all."

## About the Author

I always wonder what readers really want to know when I write one of these things. Getting to this point in my career has been an interesting journey. I've managed rock and roll bands and organized concerts. Been the only female on the sports staff of a university newspaper. Immersed myself in Nashville peddling a country singer. Lived in five different states. Married two very interesting but totally different men.

I think I must have lived in Texas in another life, because the minute I set foot on Texas soil I knew I was home. Living in Texas Hill Country gives me inspiration for more stories than I'll probably ever be able to tell, what with all the sexy cowboys who surround me and the gorgeous scenery that provides a great setting.

Each day is a new adventure for me, as my characters come to life on the pages of my current work in progress. I'm absolutely compulsive about it when I'm writing and thank all the gods and goddesses that I have such a terrific husband who encourages my writing and puts up with my obsession. As a multi-published author, I love to hear from my readers. Their input keeps my mind fresh and always hunting for new ideas.

Desiree welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and email address on her author bio page at [www.ellorascave.com](http://www.ellorascave.com).

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