



PHAZE

# HEAT SHEET

*Smuggler*

KATE BURNS

*Halfpipe Romance*

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A Phaze Snuggler HeatSheet by

*Kate Burns*

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*One*

"Snowboarding? Have you lost your mind, Molly?" The voice was scandalized—and loud—and she held the slim silver cell phone away from her ear and winced.

*Lost my mind? Maybe.*

"I don't *think* so but really, who can ever tell when they lose something like that?" Molly asked, grinning. She parted the row of basic black clothing in her tiny city apartment closet, searching for something even remotely snow-ish. "What the hell do you wear to go snowboarding, anyway?"

"Full body armor. That is, if you don't want to come home in a full-body cast," said Kaylee. "How would I know what to wear to slide down a hill on a board? I haven't done it before, either—remember? And honestly, it's one of those things that, along with a full-body waxing, skydiving and taking Chinese cooking lessons, I plan to never attempt. So really, what do I care what anyone wears to go snow-sliding."

"Snowboarding. How hard can it be?" Molly maneuvered a winter white wool sweater out from behind a stack of nearly-identical black silk turtlenecks. The white sweater had been a gift from her aunt two Christmases ago but had been worn only once since she was allergic to wool and the damn thing made her itchy. But still...it *was* snowboard-ish. Sort of.

"Hard. It can be hard."

"That's what I'm hoping for," said Molly, putting the white sweater on the small pile of items that she intended to take along on the first romantic getaway with Seth. "Hard. Very hard. So hard that Seth won't even want to go near the snow, he'll be so busy making hot, steamy love with me. Snow? Who needs snow? All we need is each other, Kaylee. Nothing more."

"Still, what if he wants to go snowboarding, even if it's only once, for an hour. What'll you do then?"

"Oh, don't be such a pain in the butt! Don't you remember that time during our sophomore year when we spent spring break at the beach?"

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"So?"

"Boogie boarding? Really, how much different could it be on the snow?"

Molly examined, and discarded, a pair of outrageously expensive designer jeans.

*They make my ass look like I'm wearing an inflatable raft.*

"You're kidding, right? That time in Daytona we rented that board and you sucked at boogie boarding. Or have you forgotten that little fact?"

Molly scowled at the phone before she answered. "Sucked? I didn't exactly suck, thank you very much. Damn, you're supposed to be my best friend, remember? You're not being very friendly about this, let me tell you."

There was silence from the phone for a long moment before Kaylee spoke. Her voice was calm and measured, as if she was speaking to a child or a mental patient. "It's because I'm your best friend that I can say these things. And really, saying you sucked was an understatement. You trashed that boogie board so badly that we had to pay for it when we tried to return it, remember? And you didn't manage to stay standing on the thing once. Not once! So listen, Moll, I don't think snowboarding is going to be your thing, either."

*Seth is my thing—or at least he's going to be after this weekend. So I'm going snowboarding, no matter what anyone says. But first, I've got to go shopping.*

\* \* \* \*

The Friday night traffic leaving the City was normal. Which meant that it was bumper-to-bumper horrific, keeping Seth's SUV idling more than driving. Their nerves were frayed when they finally got over the bridges and past the worst of the congestion but the fast-moving lanes of the Thruway eased their tension somewhat.

"This is better, isn't it?" asked Seth, reaching across the console to squeeze Molly's thigh. His hands were big, like everything about him.

Everything that she could see, that was. There were certain areas of his body that she'd yet to explore during the two months they'd been dating. Of course she'd had fleeting brushes with his more intimate areas...when he kissed her good-night, for instance, and pressed close to her before leaving her—frustrated—on her doorstep. But to actually know how big his...um, *male workings* was? That was something Molly hoped to find out soon. Very soon.

But everything about Seth that she could see so far had made her wild with desire. Big hands, broad shoulders and muscles in all the right places was only the beginning with him. His face, beneath a thatch of thick, wavy black hair, was strong and sculpted with nearly-navy blue eyes. He reminded Molly of all of those late-night gladiator movies where every man in them looked like a Roman god.

"Much better," Molly agreed. "We should be there soon, don't you think?"

"I do. I've never been there before. I've only seen the slopes of Telluride. But Mark, the guy from work I was telling you about, said that it's just off the exit. He said that we can't miss it. So yeah, I'm thinking we should be there soon. Early enough, I'm hoping, for us to take a romantic soak in the whirlpool together. How does that sound?" Seth asked, his voice as smooth as melting butter on a stack of golden pancakes.

Molly felt her nipples tighten beneath the grey sweater. Her crotch tingled as shivers of excitement flashed along her spine, putting heat in her most sensitive spots instantly. She pressed her pussy against the soft leather seat and imagined the erotic time they'd be having soon in the bubbly depths of the tub.

*I can't wait to feel your hands on my body, Seth. I've been dreaming for weeks of how you'll take me, how I'll ride your big, hard cock until we both come, our bodies tangled and sweaty and hot. Yeah, being naked in a whirlpool with you is a great way to begin the weekend. Maybe I'll conveniently drop the soap...I'm driving myself insane wondering how it's going to feel to have my hands—and my lips—wrapped around your shaft.*

Molly consulted the road map and they got off at the exit. They found, in the twilight gloom, the secondary road that, according to the directions they'd gotten, would lead them directly to the ski lodge. It was a twisty, no-shouldered, gravel-spraying, streetlight-less, bumpy road with hairpin turns and breath-stealing drop offs that felt endless.

By the time they checked into the lodge they were both exhausted and there wasn't even a mention of the whirlpool. Seth took a fast shower while Molly unpacked, regaining some of his romantic intentions beneath the shower spray. As she passed him on her way to the bathroom, he stopped her and, with one hand holding the white towel he'd wrapped around his waist and the other hand on the small of her back, he pulled her close and kissed her. It was a long, tender kiss. Seth's

tongue slid easily into her mouth and he teased her expertly without using anything but his tongue and lips.

*This is it. We're finally going to do it. It's about time...I was beginning to wonder if you were even attracted to me, Seth. I was beginning to wonder—who cares what I was wondering. What's happening now is the only thing matters. And it all feels so damn good.*

Molly felt the moistness grow within her soft folds and moaned against his mouth. His hand slid beneath her sweater, pushing aside the lacy bra she wore. He stroked her nipples until they were hard peaks before he rolled them gently between his fingertips.

"So perfect, Molly. I knew your tits would be perfect," he murmured as he pressed his hips against hers. She felt his erection, throbbing against her jeans, and crushed her hips to his.

*Oh, I've got to touch it. I can't wait to feel it for myself.*

Her hand seemed to have a will of its own as it snaked between them. She reached for his cock, cupping it over the towel, and squeezed. She could feel that he was long and thick—just the way she liked cocks to be. As they kissed she massaged his penis, rubbing the towel against his shaft before working her fingers down to the fat tip. When she reached it and applied pressure, Seth groaned, a low, animalistic sound that made her already-hot blood boil.

"I don't know how much of that I can take, Moll," he whispered, his voice hoarse. "It's been a long day and I'm tired and you're turning me on so much that I don't know how long I can stand you stroking my rod like that. I want you—I've wanted you for so long—but if you don't stop that soon, I'm going to embarrass myself and shoot my load in your hand. We wouldn't want that, would we?"

Seth grinned as he nipped her lip gently before stroking the spot with his tongue. His fingers were still on her nipples and he gave one a fast squeeze before he pulled his hand out of her sweater, gave her butt a light tap and said, "Shower, why don't you? It'll relax you and I'll be waiting here when you come out. Believe me, I feel like a new man after a few minutes beneath the massaging shower head. I bet it does the same for you. Sound good?"

Molly nodded. "Sounds great. Be right out."

"Be right here," he said, heading for the king-size bed.

But ten minutes later, when Molly emerged from the shower, Seth was asleep. Fast asleep. And he had all of the covers wrapped around his still-nude body.

*Damn, this can't be happening. I thought I was finally going to feel that hard cock inside me but you're sleeping? Come on, Seth, how long can I wait? Don't you want this as much as I do?*

Lying beside him on the soft, warm bed, she ran her hand over his muscular back, hoping that he'd roll over. But the sleeping form merely reached out and pulled her close to his body, sheltering her with his arm as his presence heated her from within.

*Tomorrow, Seth. Tomorrow I want to see some action. I wonder...is there some reason you're not having sex with me? I know you're attracted to me—I could feel your hard-on just a little while ago, and I've felt it other times, too. But—no, it couldn't be...could it? Is there some sort of sexual issue that you're trying to conceal? Is that it?*

*Something kinky, maybe? Or some sort of problem you have?*

*Are you a premature ejaculator? Or worse, one of those up-down-up-down guys who can't keep it stiff long enough to do the job? I've heard of those...please, not that. Anything but that.*

When Molly finally succumbed to the weariness of her body her sleep was restless. Dreams of cocks, both erect and flaccid, filled her mind. The dreams wouldn't have been so bad had the voice not been present in every one. The voice that sounded eerily like Seth's voice. The voice that said, over and over, *"But it was hard for a little while! Isn't that enough?"*



## *Two*

Breakfast at the inn was exactly the type of affair that Molly had pictured in her mind.

There was a crackling fire in the wide-enough-for-small-car sized fireplace on one side of the dining room while the opposite wall was an uninterrupted length of floor-to-ceiling glass. Outside, people in stylish ski gear laughed and talked as they carried skis, poles and boards toward the slopes.

Wood smoke, faint and earthy, mingled in the air along with other, more common, scents. Cinnamon, maple syrup, apples and mouth-watering hints of French toast, bacon and home fries wafted past her as she paused in the wide doorway at the edge of the large room. Her eyes scanned the tables, searching for Seth's luxurious ebony hair.

The room was crowded but she found him easily. He was the only man in the room who made her heart skip a beat and her stomach lurch, all in an instant.

"Good morning, early riser," she said, sitting down at the rustic pine table beside him. "You were...up early, weren't you?"

Seth grinned, a dazzling smile that made her thankful that she was seated. It was a mischievous look that never failed to make her legs wobbly.

"I was, as you so tactfully put it, *up* early. But you, my dear, were definitely out-down for the count, really. You were so adorably cute, sleeping all curled up on your side of the bed, that I didn't have the heart to wake you," Seth said as he raised his coffee mug to his lips. "Besides, I pooped out on you last night, didn't I? So really, I figured you deserved a chance to sleep in."

*Yeah, you pooped out all right. But we're going to fix that—one way or another I'm going to find out how you are in the sack, Seth. Today.*

A waitress brought a second mug and a fresh pot of coffee to the table, took Molly's breakfast order and was gone with barely an interruption to the conversation. Molly poured herself a mug of steaming coffee, refilled Seth's mug without asking him and set the pot back on the

table. She stirred cream from a small pitcher into her coffee before she took a long, eye-opening swallow.

"Thanks," she said, putting the mug on the table, "I guess I was pretty tired. The trip was—"

"Hellacious," said Seth. He shook his head and a lock of hair fell over his eye. She reached across the table and pushed it back into place. Seth caught her hand before she could pull it back and stroked her palm slowly as he smiled at her. The touch of his fingertips on the sensitive skin on her hand brought goose bumps to her arms and sent delicious tingling sparks shooting down her spine. "You look very pretty today, Molly. I like that white sweater, it's very...um, attractive on you." As he spoke, his blue eyes dropped to her breasts and looked pointedly at them. Instantly she felt her nipples spring to attention and press against the wool.

*Pretty with a price, though. This damn thing is so scratchy. It feels like some kind of ancient torture ritual on my nipples. God, I hope I don't rub them raw! If he keeps looking at me like that I'll have hard nipples forever, and with this damn wooly thing feeling like sandpaper against them they'll be worn down as surely as pebbles on the beach. The bed, that's the ticket...I'll entice him back to the room, we'll tear our clothes off and spend the day in bed. He can rub his tongue across my nipples and we'll forget about the damn sweater.*

*But first, breakfast. Ooh! Doesn't that look good?*

Molly reclaimed her hand from Seth and used it to pour syrup over the enormous stack of golden pancakes the waitress deposited in front of her. She dropped her napkin into her lap, picked up her knife and fork and raised an eyebrow at Seth.

"They look fabulous, don't they? Would you like a taste?" she asked.

With a lock-loosening shake of his head, Seth smiled. "No, thanks. I've already eaten. One more taste might make me explode," he said. He watched Molly begin to eat before he continued. "If it's okay with you, I'm going to go get our equipment in order. That way we'll be able to hit the slopes as soon as you're done eating."

Choking on a mouthful of food, she gasped, "Equipment?"

Seth frowned and waited for her to stop choking. Then he said, "Sure. I didn't see any equipment with your luggage so I figure I'd better rent some for you. What size are you?"

"Excuse me?"

"Your feet? What size boot do you wear?"

*Damn. He's really going to make me go through with this snowboarding stuff. Boot? Size? Is that the same as the size I buy at a boutique when I get a new pair of evening sandals? Hmm?*

"Um, I guess I'm a seven," Molly said. "But don't you think it would be...um, kind of interesting if we spent some time in the suite? It is, well, our first weekend alone and I was kind of hoping that we'd get to know each other a little more...intimately." Molly looked up at him from beneath what she hoped were alluringly-fluttering eyelashes. She smiled, a small, sexy smile that was intended to make his large, sexy body respond.

He responded. He threw back his head and laughed out loud, the sound as full and rich as any she'd ever heard. When he looked at her he shook his head and smiled. It was a smile made her think of a little boy who's just been introduced to Santa Claus, the Easter Bunny and the Tooth Fairy all at once. He looked like a man who had won the lottery.

*Ah, so I've convinced you to forget the snow and concentrate on the hotter pleasures of winter fun. Good.*

Rising, Seth shook his head a final time. He came around to her side of the table, bent to kiss her on the temple and said, "I promise you, Molly, that there'll be plenty of time later for us to become intimately—*very intimately*—acquainted. But now, I want to see how you move on the snow. Meet you outside, darling."

*Damn. Move on the snow?*

\* \* \* \*

Sunlight sparkled across the snow-covered hills. Dressed in a navy vest and sky-blue cable knit sweater, Seth looked like a model for an exotic race car or an expensive brand of wine. Molly felt a thrill of pleasure race through her veins at the sight of him.

*All right, a quick slide down the snow and then we're back to that huge bed. Sliding over each other—that's definitely more my style. Besides, this damn sweater is scratchier than hell—I feel like I've got a parade of ants in search of a picnic on my skin.*

"I got you step-in bindings, so getting in and out will be a breeze," said Seth. He placed a grey and pink snowboard on the snow in front of her and put a second, longer one, beside it. His was navy blue, an almost exact match to the shade of his eyes. Molly wondered if he'd planned it that way. "So, are you ready?"

*Step-in bindings? So I probably just step into them, right?*

"Whenever you are," Molly said. She watched while he pressed his boots into the bindings, toe first. She heard a snapping noise as Seth's feet became attached to his board. Against the advice of the voice that was screaming inside her head for her to confess her non-snowboarder status, she pressed the toe of her left boot into the little metal bar and felt a snap as her boot connected to the board. She pressed the other boot into place and looked up at Seth, who was smiling at her as if she'd just solved one of the mysteries of the ages single-handedly.

*I knew this whole thing had to be pretty damn easy. Really, it's just snow and a little, bitty sliding board. I'll just keep my boots snapped in and slide down the hill. Then we'll slide into bed and I'll let Seth's huge, hot cock slide into my—*

"Good, you ride regular," Seth said. "I wondered."

*Regular? As opposed to high test?*

"Oh sure, I'm a regular rider all right," she said with a wave of her gloved hand.

"Want to ride out front? Or do you want to take the tail?" Seth asked.

*Oh, I'll take your tail any time, Seth. Any time at all.*

"Um, tail, I think."

"Sounds good. Well, see you at the bottom!"

As Molly watched Seth go flying down the hill, snow spraying out behind his body in a brilliant, flashing plume, she felt as if she'd eaten rocks instead of pancakes for breakfast. And as she tried to back away from the top of the hill, she fell and found out that the snow wasn't as soft as she'd expected it to be. When she attempted to remove her feet from the snowboard, she realized that stepping in to the bindings was infinitely easier than stepping out of them.

Resisting the urge to scream, she sat in the snow and stared at the navy blue figure that had become a speck in the distance.

*What the hell was I thinking when I agreed to do this? And why couldn't you be like every other guy I've met, only interested in getting inside my pants? Why the hell do you have to be interested in me as a person, in what I think and how I feel? And why oh why do you have to insist, Seth, on sharing adventures and having fun with me? All of this fun might just kill me—before I find out just how wonderful you look without your clothes on!*

\* \* \* \*

"Why didn't you just tell me that you didn't know how to ride? We

could have gone somewhere else for the weekend," said Seth.

When he'd returned to the top of the hill, he'd found her sitting on a bench beneath a tree. A woman and her four-year-old daughter had taken pity on Molly, removing her snowboard for her and helping her to her feet. She'd watched as the pair slid down the hill, the child giggling as she went.

"Well, I went boogie boarding once in Florida, so I thought for sure this was something like that," Molly said, shrugging her shoulders. The sweater felt like it was biting her skin every time she moved.

"And how was that? Were you a natural boogie board rider?"

With an embarrassed grimace, she shook her head. "Actually, I sort of sucked at it. All that water, and sand and well...it wasn't as easy to stay up as I thought it would be."

Chuckling, Seth reached for her hands and pulled her close to his body, wrapping a heavily-muscled arm around her shoulders. He brought his mouth down to hers and kissed her, a sweet, tender kiss that made Molly feel like a puddle of molten lava. She felt a definite quivering begin between her legs and her nipples became erect against the scratchy sweater but she didn't pay any attention to their itchiness. She was too busy pressing herself against Seth's strong, hard body.

*Now this is the kind of sport that I could get used to. Oh, Seth you feel so damn good. I want you—more than I can begin to say. I want you beside me, naked and with a hard-on like the one I held last night. Only this time, when I get my hands on your cock I'm not going to let go. No, I'm going to wrap my hands around you and hold on—you won't be getting away from me again.*

Opening one eye, she scanned the area. They were alone. Everyone else was either sliding down the hill or making their way to the top. For a few minutes, at least, they had the top of the hill to themselves.

She closed her eye and tugged off one glove. Then she dropped her bare hand to Seth's crotch and pressed against his pants. His arousal made finding his penis a no-brainer and she applied pressure to the long, hard shaft. Moaning, Seth pressed himself against her hand and shifted slightly, giving her a better grasp on his cock. She stroked him through the denim and felt the heat coming off him in waves that felt as if they could handily melt all of the snow on the hill.

*No problem getting it up. This thing is so hard it could poke holes in your jeans. No, getting aroused isn't the issue.*

"Molly, you're driving me crazy. You know that, don't you?" Seth

groaned and pulled his mouth from hers. His lips looked pink and swollen and his eyes were intense pools of blue that made her feel as if he could see right into her heart. With a gentle movement of his hips, Seth slid his cock across her hand, grinning wickedly. "And if you keep doing that I might just be tempted to take you behind that tree and have my way with you." He nodded toward an enormous pine tree a few feet behind them.

"We could go back to the inn and continue this there," she said sweetly, squeezing the tip of his cock between her fingertips.

Seth considered her words for several heartbeats before he shook his head. They heard the sound of approaching voices and she removed her hand from him.

"No, I'm going to teach you how to ride the board," Seth said, giving her a fast kiss. "As soon as I can stand up, that is."

\* \* \* \*

"I've got to hand it to you, Molly, you were a good sport today," said Seth. He dropped his vest onto a chair and turned to the fireplace in their suite. He touched a match to the kindling, adjusted the fire screen and watched the logs catch fire before he stood up. "Anyone else would have quit after the first few falls, but you were just so damn determined to go down the hill on your feet. I have never seen anyone fall as much as you did."

"Thanks. I feel so much better now," she said from a spot just inside the doorway. "I wanted to go down just once without falling—just once."

"Well, darling, you did." Crossing the room, he pulled her into his arms and kissed her. Then he helped her out of her ski jacket, taking care not to disturb the soft cast the ski doctor had put on her sprained wrist. "That last ride down was a great one."

"Until I hit the damn bump I was fine," she said, scowling. "Who the hell put a bump in the middle of a slope, anyway?"

Seth led her to an armchair and helped her out of her boots.

"It wasn't a bump, actually. You hit one of the tracks from the pipe dragon, that's what it was," he said, pulling off her thick socks and rubbing her feet between his large hands. "Most people don't usually ride over on the edges where the pipe dragon goes, so the tracks aren't generally a concern."

Waves of pleasure shot up from Molly's toes toward her center, filling her with heat and letting her forget the bumps and bruises that covered her body.

"Pipe dragon?"

"That's right," Seth said, grinning. "The machine that grooms the walls of the halfpipe."

"Halfpipe?" Molly snorted.

He laughed as he nodded. "That's right, darling. Halfpipes and pipe dragons. Maybe you'd like to take a nice, warm bath while I order in some dinner. Then later on, if you're up to it, we can discuss pipe dragons and halfpipes in more detail. Maybe I'll even show you my, um, pipe dragon."

"I like that idea—very much. Yeah, I've been waiting to meet your pipe dragon." She rose and headed for the bathroom. "I'll be out in a little while. Keep your dragon ready, all right?"

"Don't worry, my dragon has been ready since the moment we met."

*And it looks like I'm finally going to see how it works. I can't wait to ride your pipe dragon, Seth. Maybe this whole lack-of-sex thing has only been a muddled set of circumstances. There might not be any kind of cock problem at all. It could have only been timing, plain and simple.*

*Well now the timing's perfect. A bubbly bath, some of that expensive perfume in a few strategic spots and we'll spend the rest of this weekend all over each other.*

Seth heard the water running in the tub as he ordered from the room service menu. When he hung up the phone he lit some candles and put a romantic jazz CD on the stereo. He listened for sounds of splashing but didn't hear any.

Instead, Molly came to the doorway wearing only a towel. Her hair was dry and it was obvious that she hadn't gotten to soak in the tub.

"I think we should call the ski doctor," she said quietly.

"What's wrong, Molly? Is it your wrist? Does it hurt?" Seth was at her side in two long strides, staring down into her face with a look of intense concern.

"No, it's not my wrist. It's this," Molly said, dropping the towel to her waist.

Her breasts were covered with big, red hives.

## *Three*

Molly brushed her hand across her face, felt the warmth left behind by the sunlight's kiss. Stretching, she shuddered as the soft cotton of Seth's tee shirt brushed her nipples, teasing them into stiff points and sending pulses of delight through her body.

*Mmm, Seth's shirt smells like him....strong and sexy. His shirt...how come I'm wearing his shirt?*

Memory. It can wash over someone so forcefully that they feel as if they've been slammed by an iceball in the back of the head. Molly shuddered as the cold froze her from the inside.

*Damn. The spots. I'm wearing his shirt because it was soft against the spots. And he's...somewhere. Where did Seth sleep?*

Her eyes caught the crumpled quilts in a heap on the loveseat by the fire. She couldn't imagine his long, hard body finding any rest on something that small but he must have tried to sleep there, because the far side of the bed was completely unwrinkled and she was definitely—sadly—alone.

*Some romantic weekend this turned out to be.*

The door opened and Seth came into the room, take-out bags and containers of coffee in his hands. Pushing the door closed with his back, he smiled.

"Hey, you're awake," he said, crossing the room. He stood beside the bed and grinned down at her before he set the bags on the night table. "How do you feel? Are you warm enough? I started the fire before I left—I didn't want you to be chilly when you woke up. So, how are you doing this morning? The spots—are they gone?"

"Yes, I'm warm, thanks. And the fire is beautiful—one of the first sounds I heard was the fire popping and it was wonderful. Makes me wish I had one in my apartment, actually. And I feel better—much better—than last night, thanks. My wrist," she held up her arm and grinned at the cast, "feels fine, really. And my spots...well, I haven't looked yet, but I feel better."

He flung his jacket onto a chair near the bed, sat down on the edge



of the bed and kicked off his snowy boots. Then he reached for the coffee containers, removed the lids and handed one to Molly.

"Thought you might need a cup," he said. "And breakfast, too. Hungry?"

His eyes sparkled with reflected firelight. Molly's heart lurched and she was suddenly conscious of her disheveled state. She realized she'd finally managed to lure Seth into bed and she wore his clothes, hadn't brushed her teeth and her hair—who knew what her hair looked like? Her hand went to her head and felt the fuzzy halo of curls.

*Great. I look like a scouring pad.*

"Mmm, don't do that," he said. He reached to still her hand as she attempted to tame her bedhead. "I like it like that—wild and unrestrained, with the curls sweeping your shoulders. Very sexy."

Molly took a long drink from her cup before she spoke. "Listen, Seth...I'm sorry about the weekend. I know you went through a lot of time and trouble, not to mention expense, and I made a mess of things. I just wanted to say that I'm sorry for—"

Seth cut her off with his lips. They were smooth and tender and made her forget everything she planned to say. All she could think about was the heat that threatened to consume her. When he raised his mouth from hers and looked into her eyes she felt a jolt pass between them. He took her coffee cup and set it on the small table beside the bed, beside his own cup.

"I'm having a wonderful weekend, so please, don't apologize for anything," Seth said. He planted his hand on the bed beside her hip and leaned across her body as he spoke. "Aside from your wrist and your spots, which we could have done without, everything has been great. I'm hoping that next time we go away you'll trust me enough to tell me if you need lessons in something or if you'd prefer to go somewhere else. But you know, I think the trust thing will grow between us, don't you?"

*Next time?*

"The only thing I would have changed if I could have changed something would be that damn loveseat," he said, pointing at the offending piece of furniture. "My back feels like a corkscrew. That thing might look nice but it's no place for a grown man to sleep."

"No room to stretch out?"

Grinning, he said, "Exactly. No room for a man to stretch out anything, as a matter of fact. Everything was sort of squashed—all night long."

"That's not good," Molly teased.

Seth retrieved their coffee cups and they finished the last of the brew. He cocked his head toward the bags and raised an eyebrow in her direction.

"Are you hungry? I got breakfast."

"Breakfast in bed?"

"Mm hmm. I'm not going to let you out of bed—too many things happen when you get out of bed. And too many things *don't happen*. So I thought that maybe, if your spots were better, we could spend today watching the fire burn. From the bed. We don't have to leave for the city until this evening, so we've got all day to, uh, watch the fire. What do you say?"

*I'm going to make your fire burn so brightly we may need to call the fire department.*

"Sounds heavenly, Seth. So, when does the fire-watching begin? And no, I'm not hungry just yet, thanks." Molly nodded, eyeing the bags beside her. "At least not for breakfast," she added.

He kissed her, a press of lips that made no secret of the passions that had been pushed aside for far too long. Then he pressed her shoulders back against the soft nest of pillows and reached for the edge of the shirt she was wearing.

"Fire watching begins after we take a look at your spots. As much as I hate to say it, if they're still big and red we'll have to phone the doctor. He said he could come back this morning and give you something stronger if they haven't cleared up, remember?"

"I don't need him. The only strong thing I need is you," she insisted.

With a chuckle he lifted the shirt from her body, exposing her. He scanned her skin and grinned. "No spots."

"Told you."

Seth placed his hands on her breasts, palming the soft, silky skin. His thumbs brushed across her nipples, bringing the rosy tips to peaks instantly. He rolled them between his fingertips, watching his hands on her body as the slipperiness between her legs grew.

When his mouth touched her body she shuddered, a tremor that had been building inside her since the instant they met. Molly pressed her skin to his lips, holding his head to her breasts as he pulled her nipples between his lips and swirled his tongue over the sensitive tips.

With a groan, Seth dragged his mouth from her body. He looked into her face and shrugged. "One of us has too many clothes on, darling."

Molly leaned over and bit his bottom lip, a small, sexy nip that brought a grin to his face. "Fix it, then. It's nice and warm in this bed. You shouldn't need any clothes at all."

With every item of clothing that he dropped to the floor she felt her heartbeat quicken. His body was a study in rippling planes and bulging muscles. Molly's eyes focused on every exposed bit of flesh with rapt fascination, the way he had done when he removed her clothing.

Seth was hard when he dropped his boxer shorts. His erection was as long and thick as she'd imagined. The tip, pink and perfectly round, just begged to be kissed. Her eyes never left his body as he lay down on the bed beside her, nestling beneath the satiny bed coverings with a sexy grin.

"That's better," he said. "So, where were we?"

"Right here," Molly said, turning to press her body against his. As they kissed, she felt Seth's fingers slide beneath the edge of her panties and pull them down. She kicked them off and pushed them away.

A shiver ran through her as she felt his cock press against her abdomen. It throbbed hotly, an insistent pulse that was a distinct presence between them.

*I can't wait to feel your cock inside me. I can't wait to feel you come with me, Seth. I've waited too damn long for this moment. We both have.*

Pulling her leg over his hip, he found her slippery slit with his fingers and began to stroke her. There was no hiding Molly's desire—her pussy was slick and her clit was a hard spot beneath his massaging fingertips. Seth slid a finger inside her pussy and she contracted her muscles around his skin, holding him tight as he sent her closer to her release with every stroke.

Molly reached for his cock and wrapped her fingers around it, cradling it softly for a long moment before she gave it a fast, firm squeeze. Seth gasped, moaned and pressed himself closer as she began to slide her fingers along his shaft. She tugged on the tender cap, fondling its firm silkiness with her thumb. A drop of wetness appeared on him and she massaged it into his skin as his fingers grew more frenzied between her legs.

They were both close and they knew it. They'd waited too long to be able to wait much longer.

*If you don't put it inside me soon I think I'll scream. I want you—I want to feel your big hard cock inside my aching pussy—now.*

Seth's voice rasped against her ear. "Oh, Molly. I want to kiss you

everywhere, feel you kiss me...but I don't think I can wait. Not now. I—oh, yes, that feels so good, so damn good. I want you. I want you so much..."

"Then have me, Seth. Don't wait..."

He lay back against the mattress and pulled her on top of him. Straddling his body, Molly rose onto her knees and positioned herself above his turgid organ. When she slid onto him they both moaned, long, quivering sounds that filled the room as they began to move against each other.

Their thrusts became frenzied immediately. Molly felt her climax grip her as she pressed her clit to his hard shaft. She arched her spine and threw her head back as her climax gripped her body. As she felt the last spasms of her release she felt the first warm, wet spurts as Seth's cock shuddered inside her. Gripping him tightly, she looked into his eyes as they shared the sensations of his orgasm.

Seth pressed his cock deeply into Molly's body as his final splash of pleasure left his body. He gently rolled her over onto her back, keeping his cock inside her and covering her body with his own. He brushed a lock of hair from her face, smoothing it into place tenderly. He pressed his lips to hers and their kiss was soft and sweet—and filled with promises yet unspoken.

Reaching down to stroke one of her erect nipples, Seth grinned and said, "We should have started the weekend like that, instead of waiting until almost the end. We probably wouldn't have bothered with snowboarding if we had done this first, don't you think?"

Molly traced his chiseled jaw with her fingers. "I know I wouldn't have been interested in the snow if we'd tried this first."

*All the things I wondered—they were just crap. You're amazing, Seth. I could get used to doing this with you. All the time.*

Seth's cock was still erect and he began to slowly shift his hips, sliding within her seductively. Instinctively she moved against his body, her pussy beginning to quiver as his hardness stroked her.

"This has got snowboarding beat all to hell," Seth said. He pulled himself slowly from her wetness until only the tip of his cock remained inside her. "But hey, do you want to give riding the slopes another try? Because if you do—ooh! I guess you don't." He thrust himself into her, snugging the base of his penis against her clit and pressing gently. "Some muscles you've got there, Moll. I have to say I'm impressed and please, don't stop squeezing me like that. It feels amazing."

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Molly massaged his cock and felt him grow even harder.

*I've only begun to impress you, honey. Believe me, this is one sport that I won't break anything while playing. At least not anything that belongs to me.*

"I definitely *don't* want to go snowboarding again," Molly said. "At least not this weekend, anyway. Maybe another time...I still haven't seen your pipe dragon up close yet, you know."

With a wicked grin Seth nipped her earlobe as their hips found a rhythm.

"That can be arranged anytime, Molly. My pipe dragon is always open to your...inspection."

## *About the Author*

Kate Burns loves few things as much as she loves writing. She always knew she wanted to be a writer but circumstances kept her from pursuing her first love until a few years ago. That's when she tossed in the towel on her "conventional" job and moved back to Martha's Vineyard and began to write full time. Since then she's sold a modest number of books using her real name.

Writing erotic romance is a new venture for Kate—one that she's having a lot of fun exploring. It promises to keep her occupied for a long time to come. When she's not busy writing Kate enjoys painting and cooking. She spends a lot of time boating with her boyfriend, a tall, handsome man who is the inspiration for all of her leading men. Kate Burns is a happy woman—and it shows in her writing.