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Hallow's Eve Hunk

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HALLOW'S EVE HUNK

M.A. Ellis

Dedication

To my buddy Lisa, who can wield a riding crop with great aplomb. You're an inspiration, woman! Seriously, it's an honor to call you my friend.

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Chapter One

Darth Vader had the smallest penis Vicky had ever seen but that didn't stop Thumbelina from going down on him like there was no tomorrow. His Light Saber beat a steady rhythm against the wall as he thrust in and out, one black-gloved hand buried in the golden-haired wig, urging the fairy princess deeper.

Vicky shook her head as she walked around them on her way to the bathroom.

"All the Stormtroopers on the Death Star won't save your ass if you put a hole in Bobby's wall," Vicky said before shutting the door and leaning against it.

The pounding increased until suddenly...ah, blessed silence. What a total disaster the night had turned out to be and it was far from over. She pushed away from the door and looked at her reflection above the sink.

"Mirror, mirror on the wall, who's the biggest ass of all?" Why you are, Victoria, for allowing your cousin and Billie his bimbo bride to coerce you into attending Halloween Lifestyles of the Rich and Debauched. Who would have thought Bobby, director of the area's largest medical center, and his numerous well-heeled friends were practitioners of partner swaps and daisy chains? After what she'd seen downstairs, she'd never be able to eat Reddi-Wip again. Thanksgiving was officially shot to hell.

When he had mentioned hosting a Halloween party, her initial reaction had been one of excitement. She'd always embraced Halloween, loved dressing up and looked forward to all the werewolf and vampire movies that accompanied the holiday. The promise of attractive single men attending Bobby's party made this year's festivities all the better. Four of them had approached her downstairs. And then made it quite clear they wanted to welcome her to town by playing a friendly game of doctor. *En masse*.

Gee, some girls might want to get a proctology probe, a three finger vaginal exam and an all-encompassing breast check in tandem but that was a little over the top. Even

for her. The ears, nose and throat doc definitely wanted to swab for strep but Vicky was pretty certain he wasn't planning on using a giant Q-tip for *that*.

She looked at her reflection, grimacing at the splattering of faux freckles across her nose. She grabbed a washcloth and rubbed them off. Thank god she had refused to wear the Elvira costume Billie had picked out for her. She'd opted for fresh-faced equestrian, a sort of *National Velvet* with curves, which turned out to be just as big a mistake. She gazed down at the expanse of cleavage and worked the buttons of her pristine white shirt closed.

"Vic? You in there?"

"You rat bastard," Vicky swore, turning around and pulling the door open.

"Come, on. Don't be such a prude," Bobby said, his gray eyes narrowing beneath the feathered mask he wore. "There are some very eligible men down there who want to get to know you better."

"You little shit," she whispered, hitting him hard in the chest with both hands. "I'm not sure when you became king of the pervs. Thanks a lot for including me in your sick pastimes. What kind of welcome home is this?"

"A pretty nice one for somebody who gives her family the old 'fuck you' as she's leaving town, only to roll back a decade later like nothing's happened."

"Oh, so this is some sort of punishment?" Vicky raised her voice. "Because I had the balls to leave and you had to stay. It's not my fault you screwed the most fertile member of the junior class, Bobby. I'm surprised that didn't work out for you, Casanova."

"You should talk. Rumor has it your march through Atlanta rivaled Sherman's, sweetheart. He chose fire—you used your cunt. I hear both were pretty damn hot and achieved the desired result."

She stared him down. Word got around a small town and she certainly remembered how gossip weaved the truth into something dark and ugly. She never thought Bobby, who had been like a brother to her while they were growing up, would

be the first one to wage the attack. She wasn't about to defend herself to anyone, especially him.

"You know what, Bobby? Go down to the buffet line, get one of those big rubber dildos you have strewn around for party favors and go screw yourself," Vicky said calmly, shouldering him out of her way. "You don't know a damn thing."

"I know you want to start over. Open a shop. Those people downstairs are your target audience. I can help you."

God, it was tempting to accept his assistance. She knew there was a market in Grand Harbor for her skills. She had honed her craft for years. Her work had been showcased in numerous magazines. Southern Living had done a four-page spread earlier in the year. That was before the proverbial shit had hit the fan.

"All you have to do is play nice for a change," Bobby said.

"I don't need you or your twisted cronies," she said, rushing down the staircase, pausing at the front door to look up at him. "I quit playing games long ago."

Andy shifted on the barstool and systematically peeled the label off his empty beer bottle. "Can I get another one, Pat?"

The bartender nodded and Andy spun around, surveying the crowd. *The Rusty Angler* was lucky to have a couple dozen patrons each night. This was exactly why Andy liked it, that and the fact it was directly around the corner from his apartment. Apparently a holiday weekend didn't improve business. The place was far from hopping.

There were several couples in costume but the bulk of the customers were dressed like Andy—in blue jeans and tees, refusing to succumb to ghoulish attire. A handful of off-duty state troopers were playing pool. He watched the shooter glance toward the door then totally muff an easy shot. The quick echo of shoes against composition tile caught Andy's attention.

A beauty was striding toward the bar. Her tall boots beat a steady path directly toward him and his mouth went dry. God, she was *hot*. Tight, buff-colored knit pants encased very fit legs. Her white shirt was buttoned clear to her neck but her breasts bounced teasingly with each step. Her lips were compressed in a thin line and as she came closer he admitted she looked more like an avenging angel than a mere sexy mortal.

One of the cops said something and she stopped and turned. Andy tried to concentrate on what they were saying but the way the fabric hugged the curves of her ass had his mind reeling and his fingers tingling. The sharp crack of leather hitting leather when she whacked the riding crop down against her boot brought his mind and his cock to attention. She closed the distance and stopped one seat away before tossing the crop onto the bar.

"I'd like a double shot of Jack Daniels, please." Her voice was soft and polite, a direct contrast to her demeanor.

Andy turned in his seat and watched her pull at her leather gloves. She had a delicate silhouette, high cheekbones. She kept her head forward and he couldn't discern the color of her eyes. Deep auburn hair was pulled back in a fancy braid, a silky black bow holding it together at the ends. The shell of her ear was perfect and without thought he leaned forward. *Just one little lick*.

"If you're about to make some lame-ass comment about me riding you, save it, buster. I've totally had enough for one night." She didn't look at him, just picked up the glass, threw the shot back and succumbed to that little shiver that good bourbon prompts.

Andy chuckled and reached for his beer. She'd had enough, huh? As tight as she was wound, he doubted it. With the assumption he was like everyone else, she had thrown down the gauntlet. It would be ungentlemanly not to accept the challenge and prove her wrong.

Vicky had still been wired from her flight from Bobby's when she'd found the neighborhood bar. The fact it wasn't a dive was a plus but she was so cold from walking that it wouldn't have mattered. She'd dodged the guys at the pool table, having tolerated enough innuendo for one night, making that fact verbally clear to them and the attractive man beside her.

His soft, sexy laugh sent a frisson of heat through her. *Don't be so hasty, Victoria*. *Better decide just what it is you've had enough of.* She watched his reflection in the mirror behind the bar. He raised the beer and tilted his head back, arching an eyebrow in acknowledgment. She felt her cheeks flame and blamed it on the distilling skills of those fine folks from Tennessee.

In the muted lighting she could see he was more than simply attractive. Broad shoulders, dark eyes, close-cropped honey-colored hair, long fingers that traced a tiny circle round and round and round over a spot on the flare of his beer bottle. Her breasts swelled and when he wrapped his hand full around the bottle she nearly groaned.

"I'd like to think I can be a bit more imaginative than simply asking to mount you," he said, his voice deep and husky.

Vicky didn't answer but met his gaze in the mirror.

"It's Halloween," he smiled, teeth straight and white against his tanned skin. "Isn't this the night when imaginations are allowed to run wild?"

C'mon, Vicky, say something. Be witty. Show him your sex drive is immune to that voice. He turned and slid onto the stool next to her and her heartbeat kicked as one well-developed forearm moved across the edge of the polished bar. If she leaned forward just a little, she could all but place her aching breast in his palm. Her nipples tightened and a jolt of desire shot directly to her pussy. She crossed her legs in an attempt to stop the pulsing and sucked in her breath when his other hand grabbed her knee and slowly rotated her around.

Lord! He was gorgeous, his face all strong angles, and his eyes? Heaven help her. They were deep brown with tiny golden flecks. And they were boring into her with something more than simple interest. His fingers suddenly caressed the underside of her knee and she couldn't contain her gasp.

"What're you imagining right now, sugar?" he asked, his thumb rubbing a half circle back and forth against the top of her kneecap.

Moisture pooled with unexpected urgency between her thighs. *Libido be damned, Vic. Tell him what those eyes remind you of. Go for a good, long-standing fantasy. Like he said, it's Halloween. Go wild and maybe one of the things to go bump in the night will be your butt against his thighs.* The thought that he might be some sort of psycho madman crossed her mind. Could he be any worse than the crazies she had just run away from? He dipped his thumb to the inside of her knee and she said breathily, "Vampire."

"Vampire?" he repeated, brows furrowed.

"Your eyes are so different. They're beautiful," she added quickly. "Mesmerizing. I'm thinking if I stare into them too long they'll begin to change. Glow red."

"Mmm. Devil's eyes. I like that," he crooned, moving closer. "Then what happens?"

Her heart was drumming in her ears. The hand against the bar brushed lazily up her arm, leaving a tingling trail. His fingers danced along the side of her neck and those bewitching eyes bore into hers harder, waiting for an answer.

"I don't know."

"You don't?" he asked, his gaze drifting to her lips. She should have ordered a beer, her mouth felt as if it were on fire.

She pulled her lips together to moisten them and both his hands, the one on her neck and the one holding her knee, flexed. She shook her head in answer.

"I can feel your pulse against my palm," he whispered, his thumb tracing down the front of her throat before dipping beneath the fabric of her shirt to rest in the hollow. He brought his lips close to her ear. "I can smell your apprehension. Your excitement."

God, he's good at this. Or maybe he's serious. She was so damn wet she wouldn't doubt his words.

"You hoped you'd meet me tonight. You wore that high collar on purpose, thought it would protect you. You knew I'd want to taste you." His warm breath tickled her ear and she shivered with delight. "But you know it won't stop me. There are other places I can sink my teeth into you."

He eased himself back, just far enough to look at her chest, and her nipples contracted, their tight centers pressing uncomfortably against the lace of her bra.

"Your skin's like ivory. But I'll bet it's paler under that shirt, so pale I'll be able to see those tiny turquoise veins running from here," he rotated his thumb, the roughness teasing her collarbone, "all the way down to each perfect little bud. I'll have to decide which side I'll take. Maybe I'll let you choose. Let you guide me to one of those soft pillows, hold my head while I lick the spot over and over, making you hot before I place my sharp teeth against your flesh—"

"Stop," she whispered, gripping his steely biceps and uncrossing her legs. She was ready to come. Just like that. Maybe the earlier visit to Orgy Central had subliminally whetted her somewhat dormant sexual appetite but he had to stop.

"Ah, but I can't sugar," he said softly, leaning forward until his lips teased her earlobe. "You know all the tales. Once my teeth break that sweet skin, I'm going to want to sink something else into you."

"Shit, Henderson," a disgusted voice sounded behind Vicky. She recognized it as one of the pool players and stiffened. "Open lewdness is a third degree misdemeanor. Get a freakin' room, already."

She tried to turn but his fingers held her still. He ignored the man, met her eyes and gave her a sinful smile. Her breath caught and in that second she knew if he were indeed some supernatural creature she'd have given him her soul and anything else he asked for.

"How 'bout it?" he pushed the stool back and rose. "Feel like following me over to the dark side?"

Andy's dick leaped for joy when she nodded—at least as much as it could behind the suddenly tight zipper of his jeans. He'd done a little sexual role playing before but never with a total stranger. Never in public. Never with anyone so spectacular. He threw a twenty on the bar, grabbed her hand and headed toward the door. He was not letting this opportunity slide by. No way. He pulled his leather jacket off a peg and held it open. She looked up at him as she slid her arms inside and he sucked in his breath.

God*damn* she was beautiful. Her soft blue eyes were half closed and when she placed her hands against his chest, they were trembling. All he could think of was how she'd look spread out before him. If she got this hot from a little fantasy talk, who knew where things would end up once they were skin to skin. He closed his eyes as her hands brushed over his nipples, images swirling through his mind. *Oh, yeah. Aren't there are all sorts of things a vampire can do with his will-bending powers?*

"Wait," he said, easing her hands away.

He rushed to the bar and grabbed her gloves and crop, ignoring the catcalls from the commonwealth's finest on his way back to the door. He wrapped his arm around her shoulder and ushered her into the night.

Typically October, the temperature had dropped while they were inside, yet he barely felt the cold. He was hot and hard and they made it as far as the corner before he backed her up against the brick wall of Rex's Pharmacy.

"One kiss," he said, lowering his lips. He brushed back and forth before settling to gently suck her lower lip. She tasted like Jack and vanilla and when the tip of her tongue met his, fire shot straight to his balls. He pushed his thigh between her legs and ground lightly, lifting her to her toes. She wiggled against him and he pulled his mouth away.

"You're so hot. If you were wearing a dress I'd take you right here," he admitted, shocking himself with the truth of the statement.

"Guess I should have gone for Elvira after all," she replied, grabbing his shoulders to inch higher until they were nearly eye to eye. "Get me wherever we're going quickly, before I do something totally inappropriate in the middle of this sidewalk."

"Like shimmy out of those britches and wrap your legs around me?"

"No," she said with a catlike grin, fingers creeping over his chest toward his crotch. "Like sliding down and tasting every inch of that vampiric erection," she whispered, rubbing her thumb against his navel.

"Whose fantasy is it now?" he said with a throaty chuckle, backing away quickly.

Her laughter drifted on the breeze as Andy entwined their fingers and forced her into an easy jog. In less than a minute they stood before the large metal door of the old warehouse.

"Keys," he said, pointing to the top pocket of his coat. He could fish them out himself but that would bring his fingers way too close to her breast and the only place that would lead was to him pulling her into the foyer and driving into her on the stairs. *Definitely not a stairwell fuck for her, Andrew.*

He took the keys, opened the door and motioned her in, pulling the heavy metal closed behind him until it clicked.

"Stairs or elevator?"

"You're kidding?" she asked, breathless. "Since you're not using your powers and whisking us skyward—elevator," she said, pushing the up arrow.

Shit. He was actually hoping she'd pick the stairs. That would give him time to gather some control. He'd read enough sci-fi to know Dracula never came in his pants. The doors opened and they stepped inside the metal cab. He stuck his key into the panel, turned it and pressed the button for his floor before pulling her backward into his embrace.

"It's going to be a slow ride," he said, placing a feathery kiss below her ear.

"God, I hope so," she sighed, pushing her ass against him.

He grinned, nipped her neck playfully. When was the last time he'd run across a woman who was sexy *and* lighthearted? The local girls had turned more serious with each passing year, telling him what they thought he wanted to hear. The tourists weren't interested in conversation. They wanted a non-trust-fund stud with an adequate cock for a little weekend sex. And their actions were never authentic, not like those of the woman before him who had just dropped her head to the side to give him better access to the column of her throat.

"We're not going to go at it in here," he said, swirling his tongue around at the base of her neck.

"We're not?" Her tone was disappointed but as she looked over her shoulder he saw her smile before it drifted into a luscious pout.

Uh-oh, Andy. Get a grip, moron. It's a game, remember? His finger replaced his tongue and he twisted the damp hairs tightly and then pulled free, leaving a little ringlet.

"I want you," she said, turning in his arms. She shrugged the jacket down to her elbows, pressing her breasts close but not quite touching him.

Her nipples were hard, straining against the fabric of her shirt and his hands grasped her small waist as the elevator stopped and jostled all those soft curves against him.

"I've man-eep-ulated your vants and needs," he said, wagging his eyebrows while they waited for the doors to open.

"You don't have to pretend anymore," she giggled.

"Are you shitting me?" he asked seriously. "I haven't been this hard since the Miss Hawaiian Tropic bus had a flat outside my university's gates." The doors slid open and he walked her backward into his apartment. "I think my dick's received some sort of preternatural power and I'm milking it for all it's worth, sugar. Well actually, *you'll* be milking it for all it's worth. We're gonna go at it all night long and if I turn to dust in the morning, I'll meet the sun with a smile on my face."

Vicky was about to laugh but the elevator door opened directly into his apartment and then whished shut, plunging them into darkness, and the mood rapidly changed. She could hear their varied breathing and neither was steady. She had a second to consider she might truly be the loose woman her cousin accused her of being, and for once, she didn't care. The man in front of her was warm and funny and sexy as all getout. His fingers moved to the placket of her shirt, trailing between her breasts and then over her stomach until he reached the high waist of her pants. One by one he pushed the shirt buttons free, working his way upward. His fingers pushed the stiff cotton aside, the brief contact ratcheting her want a little tighter.

Her eyes adjusted and she watched his dark form, saw his head drift downward. She'd almost grabbed it and pulled it to the valley between her breasts as he'd suggested at the bar, certain that's where he was headed anyway.

She wasn't prepared when his mouth latched onto the side of her neck, running a heated path up, down, back and front, never breaking contact even when he found the spot—the one that had her throaty moan echoing through the room. He sucked gently, then licked, opened his mouth wide and licked some more.

Vicky shook her arms and his coat hit the floor. She was burning up, a fever running from the top of her head to her toes. She pressed against him and he bent her backward at the waist, one hand supporting her head, silently refusing to release her as the whole series of caresses started anew. Over and over, the pace slow and steady until she swore she could feel every nerve in her body charged in delight. She shifted her legs, imagining that same sucking and licking across the swollen nub that lay neglected and throbbing between her thighs.

He straightened, kept her secure with suction, teeth and lips, then moved behind her and began again. The sensation was completely different, more intense. He ran his hands up and down her sides and then his fingers hooked the lace of her bra and pulled the flimsy cups down to expose her fully. His thumbs brushed provocatively against the

outer fullness of her breasts before creeping slowly to her nipples. He rubbed, barely touching the underside of each distended tip, and she groaned loudly.

"Please," she begged, only to be rewarded with a long, slow pinch that had her whimpering and her pussy silently pleading for more.

"So eager," he said against her neck, one hand drifting downward.

Vicky rose up on her toes to get him to where she was hurting.

His fingers drifted the final inches and cupped her sex. "You're soaked clear through, sugar."

He shifted his hand and she gave up thinking of a response. The heel of his hand moved just above her pubic bone, rotating back and forth lightly. When the thick part at the base of his thumb pressed over her clit her hips started moving on their own accord.

"Mmmm. That's it," he hummed against her ear. "Show me what you like."

She groaned and pressed harder against him. In seconds the tension was building, stretching her nerves taut as heat poured through her body. She rubbed against his hand, not caring what he might think of her wanton display. Release was eluding her and she dropped her head to her chest.

He nipped her earlobe and his warm breath caressed her. "Come on, baby."

"Unh. Oh...oooh," she panted, switching to a rocking motion. "I can't. I can't get there."

"Yes you can. I'll help. You just say when."

"When," she demanded. "When. When!"

His other hand shifted from her breast and gripped the hand already wedged between her thighs. The extra pressure rocked her, pushed her upward and completely over the edge. She flung her head back against his shoulder and screamed, covering his hands with hers as the darkness exploded in an array of blinding light.

Chapter Two

Do vampires do it doggie style? Andy sure as fuck hoped they did because with her little tremors still vibrating against his palm all he wanted to do was bend her over, rip off her pants and bury his dick deep inside. He looked across the living room at the opening to the bedroom. When the hell did it get so far away?

"Oh. God. Oh. *Shit,*" her awestruck gasps interrupted his thoughts. "It feels like..." She started rotating her hips again and grabbed his forearms.

Screw it. They weren't going to make it to the bedroom. He ignored her whimper as he pulled his hands away and forcefully tugged at the waistband of her pants. They wouldn't budge.

"There's a zipper," she pushed at his hands.

"Get it," he ground out, unsnapping his jeans with one hand, reaching for his wallet with the other. He pulled the condom out, tossed the wallet aside then worked his zipper down the exact second hers slid free. The synchronicity of it all should have boggled his mind – would have scored a perfect ten if disrobing was an Olympic sport.

The fact that she had worked the tight pants over her hips and down her legs as far as the boots would allow had the blood pulsing to his cock and pounding in his ears. He toed off his shoes, shucked jeans and boxer briefs in one quick motion, ripped open the packet and covered his dick. He pushed her shirt up and his mouth went dry. Her pale ass seemed to glow like an inverted heart in the darkness of the room and he squeezed the globes gently, then a bit harder when her muscles tightened under his hands.

"There," he rasped, picking her up and walking a few steps before placing her hands on the narrow table behind the sofa. Using his foot he pushed her feet as wide as they would go. "Hurry," she pleaded, lowering her elbows.

He grabbed his cock, stroked it one time from tip to base, making sure they were both protected. He spread her cheeks, dipped his thumbs and stroked her wetness. Her pussy was drenched, so hot it burned and he tried to concentrate. *Nice and slow, Andrew.* His fingers felt cool against her moist heat as he spread her inner folds and slid his cock slowly downward, pressing only the head into her tightness. Then he did something he was sure no vampire would ever do. He closed his eyes and prayed for strength.

Vicky's fear that the second wave of orgasmic delight might have dissolved during the frantic rush to get out of their clothes was dispelled the second he touched her. Strong fingers gripped her ass, their heat branding her, kneading the flesh before his thumbs pulled her cheeks apart then moved lower. They brushed her swollen labia once before delving to open her and she bit her lip.

Then she felt the heat of his broad cock head as he moved into her. She held her breath, waiting for him to fill her with his length but he stood completely motionless behind her, his fingers still stretching her silky lips. Heartbeat after heartbeat, the silence stretched to the point where time seemed to stand still. It was the most erotic thing she had ever experienced. It was anticipation, tenfold, a seductive lesson in expectance. But patience had never been one of her virtues.

"What are you waiting for?" she asked, pushing back onto his erection. "Impale me, Vlad."

She heard his curse, thought he actually might have laughed but then his hands found her hips and he started to move in shallow strokes and she was suddenly glad he'd taken his time. He was bigger than she'd imagined and worked himself carefully in and out, a little deeper each time until waves of desire tightened her belly, her breasts, her very core.

"Faster," she said, reaching back to place a hand on his hip.

"I don't want to hurt you," he groaned.

"You won't." It was probably a lie but she didn't care.

"You're so damn tiny," he said, covering her back with the warmth of his chest as he changed motion.

She gripped the edge of the table, the tug in her pussy so strong it caused her to set a pace of her own.

"Jesus, sugar. Can you let me lead?" he asked, nibbling a path to her shoulder. He punctuated each tiny bite with a hard thrust that had her fingers digging into the edge of the table for support.

"Sorry. It's just," her breath caught as he secured her with one arm around her belly and began pounding in earnest. "Oh, god. It feels too good," she cried as his sac slapped teasingly against her.

"Never too good," he said, his finger zeroing in on her clit, flicking each time his balls swung away.

It was too much. His cock, his lips. His balls, his teeth. He worked her until swirls of light danced behind her eyelids. She felt his cock grow as she began to crest.

"I can't believe. I'm gonna...again," she cried, as the light began to shatter.

"Ladies before vampires," he groaned, his release far outlasting her own.

Eventually, Andy found the wherewithal to ease out of her but refused to let go. He pulled the condom off, tossed it into the trash can beside the sofa and lowered them both to a seated position on the hardwood floor, her soft bottom resting provocatively across his thighs. *Un-fucking-believable*.

He felt around with his hand for the toe switch to the floor lamp and slid it on to a dim shine.

"Wow," she whispered, eyes still closed.

Her cheeks were tinged an adorable shade of pink, her mouth parted on a long, slow sigh. With a finger, he tipped her chin toward him and her eyes blinked open,

desire slowly clearing. She smiled seductively and wrapped her arms around his neck. He shifted, giving his dick a little room to maneuver once it got its second wind.

She rested her forehead against his and the corner of her eyes crinkled. "Your creature of the night is pretty impressive."

He laughed aloud, reaching for the heel of her boot and pulling until it slid off. "You think so?" he asked, removing the other boot.

"Mmm-hmm. Very talented," she purred, bringing her knees to her chest so he could remove her pants. He pushed the fabric down the inside of one silky calf, wrapping his hand behind her heel, tickling her arch as one leg came free. She squirmed against his lap, her damp pussy bathing his thighs, and the skin surrounding his balls rolled taut. He couldn't wait to see her, taste her. The tails of her shirt kept everything hidden but he could feel her heat and...*damn*! His dick seemed to be breaking all previous rates of recovery records.

He quickly untangled her other leg, snaked his hands up her arms and threaded his fingers through hers, where they rested against his neck.

"That was nothing." He grinned. "Wait until you meet my human servant."

She looked puzzled for a second and then nodded her head. "What's his name? Not Renfield, I hope."

"No. It's Andy."

"Andy?"

"Henderson."

"And this Andy Henderson?" she asked, moving their hands down to rest on his chest. "How's he different from you, Prince of Darkness?"

Andy tried to pull his hands free but she tightened her grip and stared into his eyes.

"Well, he's never taken a lady home without asking her name first." *Right. You haven't brought anyone here since you hooked up with that new waitress from the diner the night of Vinny's wedding.*

"So, he would have asked my name?" She leaned forward and kissed him softly on the lips.

"Definitely. What would you have told him?" he asked, wondering if she could feel his heart accelerate from just one kiss.

"Victoria. Wallis. Vicky." She smiled, her gaze drifting to his lips. "And once he knew my name, would he have done anything else differently?"

"He would have kissed you for more than two seconds before making you run a mini marathon because he couldn't wait to-"

"Fuck me," she interrupted.

He sucked in a breath as she swiveled and swung a leg over to straddle him and then moved quickly forward to keep his cock from springing up between them.

"Would he have let me grind against his hand because he made me so hot I couldn't wait to come?"

"No," Andy said, pulling his hands free because he had to touch her. He gripped her ass and hauled her lower body up against him. "He'd have made sure you were grinding against his mouth. All that sweet cream covering his tongue while he licked and licked and you came and came."

His dick was engorged, pressing proudly between her ass cheeks and the only thing keeping him from lifting her up, then down, was the fact he wanted to see what she'd say next.

"Then he would have had his way with me," she said, leaning back, resting her hands above his knees so she was propped at a seductive angle and still that motherloving shirt was in the way. "Hard and deep, just like you did?" she asked, eyes twinkling.

He dipped his hands under the tails of the shirt and inched his fingers upward into the crease of her thighs and shook his head. "No. It would have been deeper." He moved his fingers across the soft skin.

"Liar, liar. Penis on fire," she said, rotating her hips in a tiny circle as she sat up and eased first one breast and then the other back into her bra.

"No lie, sugar," he chuckled, his dick bumping against her as he narrowed his eyes and offered the truth. "I had a couple more inches left to bury in you."

He watched her eyes widen, her mouth forming a little "o" before she spoke again.

"Are those the only ways you two differ?"

"Not really," he said, pulling her hand away before she set him off. "He hates wearing black. He's not a fan of sleeping in confined spaces. And there's no way he could put up with those three brides of mine seducing every man in sight. He doesn't have a tolerance for infidelity."

"He sounds more than a little interesting."

"So, Victoria Wallis. You want to heave that pretty ass off me and meet Andy? I think he's more than a little anxious to assist you."

"I can believe that," she said, placing her hands lightly on his shoulders and scooting backward. "I think I feel his presence."

Andy watched Vicky slowly stand up, appreciating every inch of her long, toned legs. It took a great deal of willpower but he resisted the urge to lean forward and peek under her shirt to see if she was as perfect as he imagined. She offered her hand and he took it, surprised when she actually helped him to his feet. He used his toe and adjusted the brightness of the floor lamp.

"This is really nice," she said walking around the couch, surveying the room.

"My brother Tom did all the renovations. He lives on the opposite side of the building on the top floor." He watched her move, suddenly feeling a little bereft. God, he wanted her back in his arms, tight against him. And he wanted her out of that fucking shirt. Unbuttoned to her waist, the glimpses of cleavage and bare midriff were

driving him wild. She turned to study a print on the far wall and he stalked across the rug.

"I love the colors."

"You want something before I take you to bed?" he asked, bringing his body flush against hers. He tugged the ribbon from her braid, carefully un-wrapping the elastic band beneath it before flipping the bottom of her shirt aside and stepping into her. He slid his cock between her slightly parted thighs.

"I...um. I...

"Want a drink?" He moved slowly, lubing himself with her juice as he unplaited her hair. He delved into the silky mass and was rewarded with her low groan and negative shake of her head.

"Are you hungry?"

"Hell yes," she whispered, pressing back against him.

"What can I get you," he chuckled, continuing his slow teasing.

"If I were the queen of cheesiness, this is where I'd say I have a hankering for some salami, right?"

"Cheesy you are not, sugar," he said with a smile. He reluctantly pulled back and swung her into his arms. Her little squeal echoed in the tall room as he carried her into the open kitchen and stopped before the fridge.

"What are you doing?" she laughed. "Put me down."

"No way. Open the door and see what you want."

"I know what I want," she said, looking deeply into his eyes with enough desire that his balls buried themselves against the base of his cock.

"Grab me the Powerade, sugar. And whatever you need."

She grabbed the bottle and nothing else then pushed the door shut. He turned and headed toward the bedroom.

"Ooooh. Wait. Over there, human servant," she said pointing to the end of the counter. "I looove peanut butter. Put me down, Andy. Where are the spoons?"

He eased her to the floor and pulled open the silverware drawer. "Do you want some bread at least?"

She had already twisted the lid off and dug a heaping tablespoon out of the jar. Her mouth engulfed the spoon then pulled it away half empty.

"Want some?" she asked, offering the spoon to him. She was smacking her lips, trying to swallow, and he couldn't refuse. She went back for seconds and he opened the drink and took a long swallow, handed her the bottle and grinned like a fiend.

He was standing stark naked in his kitchen with the biggest boner known to man, eating peanut butter from the jar with the most beautiful woman he'd ever seen, watching dribbles of energy drink slip out the sides of her mouth, down her chin and into the valley of her breasts as she chugged away. Christ, this was too good to be true. *Happy Halloween, buddy!*

Vicky silently admitted it might not be the best food and beverage pairing but as far as protein and electrolyte replenishing went, it was genius. And if the way Andy was looking at her, as if he wanted nothing more than to devour her from head to toe for hours on end, was any indication of things to come, she'd need her energy. She felt the tiny drops of liquid sliding down her chest, watched his eyes darken as he followed their trail. *Oh, yeah. This was going to be goood.* He took the bottle out of her hand and backed her up against the counter.

"I've had it with this shirt," he said, grabbing a tail in each hand. He ripped the material open, buttons flying across the tile floor. A second later her breasts tumbled forward as her bra met a similar fate.

Vicky would have been shocked if his voice, deep with desire, hadn't washed over her like a soothing hand.

"You take my breath away, sugar."

Her breasts, full and ripe, rose on an intake of breath. His gaze roamed over her and she winced as her nipples tightened, then she eased her legs together against a rush of blazing desire. His tongue, hot and flat, reached out and licked away the moisture suspended in her cleavage. She waited for him to shift his mouth to one side, to take either of her breasts and shower it with attention and when he didn't she shifted her body.

"You want me to taste?" he asked, looking up at her through thick lashes.

"Yes," she whispered, disappointed when he stood and took a step back.

"Then I suggest we take it into the bedroom. I wasn't joking about wanting all night with you, Victoria. I'm harder than a schoolboy just looking at you." He reached down and grabbed his cock, stroking it lightly as she watched.

"Well, *Andrew*," she said, reluctantly drawing her eyes away and taking his free hand. She gave him a saucy wink. "Quit playing with yourself and let's go."

He turned on a lamp and whipped the down comforter off the bed and tossed it onto the floor. "We're doing this nice and slow. You deserve more than a quickie in the foyer."

"Promises, promises," she teased, crawling across the cool sheets and flopping back onto the pillows.

"That's the second time you've challenged me tonight," he said, moving beside her until his body warmed her entire length.

"You're clearly rising to meet it," she conceded, brushing her knuckles against his erection which was prodding into her hip.

"Where you're concerned? Always," he whispered, capturing her lips in a thorough and leisurely kiss. When he pulled away, her bottom lip was throbbing from the gentle assault.

"You're a great kisser," she said with a sigh. The tingling that started in her lips shot a course right to her nipples and she arched her back in a silent plea. He rained kisses along her throat, across the swell of one breast and she wrapped her fingers around his hard cock.

"Thank you. Your nipples are gorgeous. Such a nice little dusky shade of pink. So tight and hard, they're just begging for me. They are begging for me, aren't they Vicky?"

"God, yes," she said, stroking his length as his breath heated one puckered tip. She cried out when he finally took her into his mouth and her hand tightened around his shaft. He laved and nibbled and grazed, first one then the other, until her breathing turned shallow and her hand worked him rapidly.

"Stop that, sugar," he warned, grabbing her wrist firmly.

"Andy, please. I want you. Right now." She flexed her fingers and he pulled her hand away.

"I can't," he said, his lips splitting in a pained grin. "Not now."

"Why?" She whined like a child denied her favorite toy. *Please, please don't put it away. I promise to behave.*

"I'm about two pumps away from exploding and that's entirely your fault. So," he said, kissing his way over her flat stomach before tickling her navel with the tip of his tongue. "I'm going to have to find something else to concentrate on until I get a little more control."

Vicky watched him work his way down her torso, anticipation rocketing through each and every nerve. His fingers grazed along her hip bones before drifting downward to her inner thighs. He brushed the inside of her legs lightly then delved behind her knees. Ticklish there beyond all reason, she squirmed against the mattress, legs flailing until he grabbed one in each of his big hands and spread her wide.

She quit struggling, the pressure of his hands under her knees, his thumbs tracing invisible patterns on her soft skin all but stopping her heart. She was open to his hot gaze and he boldly stared, golden eyes drifting over every private crevice she possessed. She felt a rush of liquid ooze from her slit, roll toward her anus and she turned her head to one side and closed her eyes, certain he hadn't missed the effect he was having on her.

She felt his muscular shoulders work their way along the underside of each leg and held her breath. *Soon*. Any second now he'd touch the wild throbbing of her clit. Instead, he pressed his thumb just below the unbearable ache and with excruciating slowness slid downward against her wetness.

"You're so wet," he said, rubbing his cheek against one thigh and then the other like a cat scenting its territory. "Just for me," he added, easing his thumb into her pussy as his mouth covered the swollen flesh surrounding her clit.

Her hips arched off the bed. *Just for you...just for you...just for you.*

His lips held her with the lightest suction, pulling and releasing but never completely freeing her. Over and over and over, never actually touching her throbbing nub. Twice she imagined he nearly pulled her against his teeth and each time she felt another wave of wetness leak from her folds. Her hands slapped the mattress when his tongue finally brushed against her and then just as quickly it vanished.

"Make room for me, sugar," he said, replacing his thumb with first one long finger, then a second. "I want all of you this time."

All of him. She really wanted to roll that thought through her brain but his fingers were moving so slowly they demanded her undivided attention. He eased into her in a rhythm all his own, one that had her taking the stairs of desire two at a time. Every so often he worked in a little twist that had her lurching to the top but then he would pull back, resorting to those long, lazy strokes that forced tiny grunts from her parted lips every time he pushed high inside her. She felt added pressure, assumed he was about slip another finger in.

Her head and shoulders jerked off the mattress when his tongue joined his fingers, dipped into her pussy and then moved to lave between her folds. She stared down at his head and clenched her teeth.

"You taste like sugar, sugar," he met her gaze and winked and then quickly lowered his head and took her aching clit between his lips.

Vicky wanted to throw herself back on the sheets and moan in abandon but she couldn't pull her eyes away. He was well and truly devouring her, his mouth moving as if she were the sustenance of life and he couldn't get enough. She hadn't been the recipient of such an oral feast in...well...forever.

She bucked against him, suddenly remembering his earlier words about her coming against his lips. He pulled his fingers from her and she swore on a loud moan and then called his name beseechingly a moment later when he shifted his hands under her ass and angled her more firmly against his mouth. In some far recess of her mind a hidden voice demanded she realize how special this moment was. How truly special *he* was.

It took every ounce of willpower—something she sorely lacked even when she wasn't in the throes of a mind-blowing orgasm—for her to dig her fingers into his hair and tug him away before it was too late.

"Don't make me come without you, Andy," she pleaded with heavy breaths, meeting his surprised amber gaze.

Andy looked into her crystal blue eyes and his heart tumbled. Maybe he needed to do a little more cardio. *Maybe you need to admit she's doing a little more than rockin' your cock, pal.*

"Together," he said, quickly moving from between her thighs to the end of the bed. When his feet hit the carpet he grabbed her ankles and pulled her ass to the edge, rested her soles on the low, wooden footboard. Her pussy was gleaming from her own lube and his saliva and he rubbed his cock against her silky folds. A brief image of him spurting over her flat stomach was enough to propel his cock toward her welcoming warmth.

"Andy! Condom?"

"Shit." What the hell was wrong with him? He hurried to the nightstand, pulled the drawer open. What the fuck had he been thinking? He never went in bare. He rushed back to her spread thighs and quickly covered himself. "Sorry."

He pushed slowly into her tight heat and groaned. "You've put some sort of spell on me."

"It's Halloween, remember?" He watched her forehead wrinkle as he pressed higher, not stopping until he was snug against her.

"Are you okay?" he asked. There was an excellent chance he couldn't stop if she said she wasn't. The allure of her heat was more than his will could stand.

"Fine," she said at last. "That's so much deeper than before. Can you go slow?"

"Sure," he said in a strangled voice and she chuckled. "For shit's sake, Vicky, don't laugh. You have no idea what that does to my dick."

"Sorry." She propped up on her elbows and gave him a less than contrite look. "Kiss me, Andy."

He shook his head, smiled before their lips met. What the fuck is happening here?

She wrapped a hand around his neck and pulled him close. Her mouth was a delight and he sampled it fully as he rolled his hips slowly. She scooted closer to the edge of the mattress and he picked up the tempo. Her inner muscles formed around him like a new skin. One that was suddenly aflame.

She broke the kiss, closed her eyes for a second and then stared down at their joined bodies. Andy followed her line of vision, watched her pink lips surround his dick, draw him into her warmth and slowly release him. It was beyond seductive and his balls began to prickle. The warmth spreading up his shaft didn't bode well for extended play. Her muscles contracted around his cock and he gritted his teeth. "Harder," she said, fingers clutching the sheet.

He looked at her face, found her still staring at their joining as if in a trance and slowed to a near stop that brought her attention back to him.

"Harder?" he asked. She met his eyes and nodded.

"Harder. Now. Please!"

He shifted his feet farther back, widened his stance and placed his hands next to her elbows, leaning in until they were nearly touching, chest to breast. He stared at her eyes—so deep and trusting—and then he began the dance, gaining momentum with each thrust. He glanced down at the tempting sight of her rocking bosom but only for a moment. She was staring at him, eyes wide and filled with naked desire.

It felt too good. Damn it all, he couldn't remember wanting anything more than being inside her, rocking against her, hearing the little noises that were whispering from her mouth. Her cunt was on fire, spasming against him slowly at first and then with an urgency that matched each of his thrusts.

"Andy..." she panted, closing her eyes.

"Stay with me, sugar. This time," he pleaded grabbing her elbows, fighting to hold back his release. "Stay with me."

She opened her eyes and he knew the look of pain that twisted her features was a mirror of his own, a precursor to the pleasure about to overtake them both.

She dug her nails into his forearms. Their gazes locked and then mingled cries of release echoed through the room.

Chapter Three

In a perfect world Vicky could snuggle deeper into his embrace and smile at the events of the previous evening. But she'd learned long ago that nothing, least of all her world, was perfect. When she walked out Andy's door she'd leave with some great memories. She would get a cab back to Bobby's, have the driver wait until she went inside and got some cash to pay him. Maybe Andy hadn't realized she had showed up at the bar without a purse. If he had, she didn't want to think about what his opinion of her might be. Unlike other men she'd slept with, she actually cared what he thought. Now that the sexual euphoria had finally subsided, his off-handed brides-of-Dracula comment about untrustworthy women and infidelity wormed its way into her thoughts.

The hand cupping her breast flexed and she held her breath.

"Your heart's racing," he said groggily. "What's the matter?"

"Nothing." She wiggled back against him and felt his cock twitch, unable to believe he was ready again.

"Victoria," he said, rising up on one elbow as he rolled her onto her back. "Tell me."

She didn't want to look at him and focused on the tin ceiling, studying the intricate pattern as the first rays of dawn illuminated the room. His fingers left her breast and crept over her stomach until he was rubbing her pubic curls between his fingers.

"I'm not going to make love to you again until you tell me what's wrong."

Her eyes snapped to his. *He doesn't mean anything by that*. Her heart drummed against her ribs. *That was fucking*. *Nothing more, Vicky*. *Nothing*. *More*.

She looked up into his dark eyes and bit her lip. How much should she divulge? There was kindness reflected there and she watched the tiny creases at the corners of his

eyes deepen. God, maybe he'd find her tales amusing. Or maybe he'd find them and her truly pitiable. That would be worse.

"I came to the bar last night without a purse."

"Okaaay," he said puzzled.

"All my money is at my cousin's house. I'm staying with him and his wife."

His gaze drifted over her features and she tried to stay focused. Just one look and all she wanted to do was kiss him.

"He had a party last night but it turned out to be a little more kinky than I expected and I had to get out of there and I didn't think to grab my purse or a coat and..."

"And?" he asked, tracing her lips with one large finger.

She closed her eyes against the urge to suck him into her mouth and pressed on.

"I don't want you to think I'm the type of person who would purposely set out to have a guy pay my way and then jump into bed with him as a means of thanking him. You know how small this town is. It won't take long for my past to catch up with me, especially if my cousin has anything to say about it."

"And why would your cousin feel compelled to say anything about your past, which is something, might I point out, we all have?"

"I might have pissed him off last evening when I told him to shove a large sex toy up his ass." She felt the vibration of his silent laughter but couldn't smile.

"Some party. Look." He cupped her face and turned her head toward him, waiting until she opened her eyes and met his gaze. "I really don't give a flying fuck what other people have to say. I like to think I'm a pretty astute guy. I can draw my own conclusions where people are concerned. Now, tell me everything you think is going to have me running from this bed."

She searched his face for some sign he was teasing. Some indication that he didn't really care.

"The abridged version if possible," he added. "My dick gets hard just looking at your mouth. I want to be back inside you so bad it hurts."

Her pussy should have been exhausted from their all-nighter but it twisted all the same.

She so wanted to have a fresh start. *Not necessarily with him. Who are you kidding? You want him. Start, middle and end.* She took a deep breath and hoped when it was all said and done he wouldn't brand a big red "A" on her chest and tell her to get the hell out.

"I'm an interior designer. I left here ten years ago, went to school, worked hard, moved to Atlanta, became pretty successful."

"That's a real black mark in my book," he teased, leaning forward to kiss her.

"Andy," she stopped him, placing her hand against his lips. "This isn't as easy for me as you think but I want to tell you everything." It surprised her but she really did want to tell him all of it.

He immediately stopped and gave her his full attention.

"I've had more than a few relationships but they've never lasted long. I tend to scare men away, for some reason. I think it's because I really, really like sex."

"Thank you, Jesus," he whispered under his breath, looking skyward for a brief moment before returning his concentration to her and she fought back a smile.

"Or it might be the fact I generally tell people exactly what I think. Anyhow, I had a great business in Atlanta. My work was well known. It was featured in a national magazine, which was unbelievable from a personal standpoint. I was a pro at juggling a successful career and a not-so-successful personal life.

"I had a very influential client who hired me to design his mountain retreat. During the course of the job we became involved, which was a first for me. I broke one of my personal credos. I never date clients. Never. Long story short, he didn't mention a wife. If he had, believe me, there would have been no involvement whatsoever. No one had met her or even seemed to realize she existed. She was in Greece visiting family. She showed up one day out of the blue and threatened me. Threatened my business."

"Because you wouldn't cut off the affair?"

"No," she laughed bitterly. "She had no problem with my involvement with her husband. She was incensed that I didn't want to continue the relationship and include her. Within three weeks my phone quit ringing. Builders stopped recommending me. Clients I'd had for years snubbed me, which really hurt."

"What about the guy?"

She was a little surprised by that question and shrugged. "He basically told me to ditch the rose-colored glasses and grow up. He'd been looking for a diversion while she was away. They apparently have a very open relationship."

He was quiet for a long time and Vicky gnawed at her lip, waiting for him to say something.

"And your cousin's being a dickhead why?"

"His associates are the people I need to target if my business has a prayer of a chance of succeeding. I know my skills will appeal to the seasonal owners, the ones who redecorate nearly as often as I change my panties. But I need off-season clientele as well. He offered to help me but I had to refuse." She watched his eyebrow arch and decided to tell him why, knowing he was about to ask. "He wanted me to have sex with four of his friends. Preferably as a group."

Andy tried to push down the surge of rage that rolled through him. It wasn't Vicky's fault her cousin was a cocksucker. He hoped his voice was steadier than he felt. "Fuck four guys and he'd help you get your foot in the door?"

"Yep. That pretty much sums it up," she said softly.

"Come here," he said, rolling onto his back and opening his arms. She came to him with a heavy sigh and he wrapped one arm around her waist and buried the other in her silky hair, pulling it away from one temple to place a soft kiss there. "As of this minute you can forget about your shithead of a cousin. You don't need him. I know someone who's much more influential."

"You do?" she asked, rubbing her nose lightly against his nipple. The little gesture shot an unexpected stream of pure want to his groin.

"Yeah. My mom takes care of liaisons with interior designers for our business. She'd be more than happy to take a look at your portfolio."

"Your mom? What business?" He felt her entire body tense beside him and looked down to see her staring at him with a look of panic on her face.

"Henderson Building and Design. Quality builders since 1969."

She tried to struggle out of his grasp but he held tight.

"Oh, shit. Andy. Honestly, I didn't know."

"Calm down. I know you didn't. How could you?"

"I'm mortified," she admitted, burying her face in his shoulder.

"Why?"

"*Why?*" her incredulous reply was muffled against his flesh. "Because I picked you up at a bar, had earth-shattering sex with you, told you my current tale of woe and suddenly find out you're in the exact line of work that would prove quite beneficial for me."

"Technically, I picked you up," he said, hauling her on top of his body and taking her head in his hands. He brushed her hair away from her flushed face. "Lighten up, Vicky. Don't you believe things happen for a reason?"

He watched her gaze slip away and her eyes blink rapidly.

"I never used to either but I do now," he admitted, thinking how his brother Jason's romance with Marissa had materialized out of thin air and had him and his remaining siblings considering new and revised opinions on lust and love.

"Maybe it was all that Halloween mojo floatin' through the air. Or maybe it's the fact you're so freakin' irresistible. Either way, I don't have a single doubt we were destined to meet. And just for your own personal info, I don't make a regular habit of bringing strange women home. And I don't believe for a minute you're some prick tease who's looking for a one-night bang before you move on to bigger and better cocks. Ones that might be attached to guys who can help move your life and career forward."

"Andy..."

He skimmed his thumbs over her cheekbones and brought them to rest against her lips.

"Shhh. Let me help you. We'll get your stuff from your cousin's. Tom has a loft that's vacant on the second floor or you can talk to him about other apartments he has available. He's like Uncle Pennybags—he's got properties all over town. He'll give you a good deal." She looked at him and the moisture in the corners of her eyes welled. He swallowed against a sudden ache in his throat. "You'll let my mom see if she can help you. She's been asked bigger favors than this over the years."

"She's not going to think I'm some enterprising slut out to seduce her son as a means to an end?"

He gave her his sternest look and refused to answer.

"Sorry," she whispered.

"I'm pretty certain she won't make you participate in any gang bangs," he teased and was rewarded by her shaky smile.

"So your mom's not some master pimp, huh?"

"Not that I know of," he laughed. "Although, she might demand you engage in illicit behavior with one guy in return for her help.

"Just one?" she asked, her eyes clearing to a deep shade of blue as she shifted up his body. "Anyone I know?"

Hallow's Eve Hunk

His dick was trapped between them, tapping a somewhat restrained beat against her abdomen. He grabbed her ass and yanked her upward until her moist heat was pressed against him.

"Oh yeah, sugar. You two have met."

He was staring at her with an intensity that took Vicky's breath away and at the same time left her deeply worried. She generally needed the safety net of knowing she could walk away when things went bad. Right now, all she wanted to do was get as close to him as humanly possible. All her pre-set rules of hooking up had flown right out his fourth floor window. Everything they had shared seemed undeniably right. She'd known him less than twelve hours and trusted him more than any man she'd ever met. He was more than just some heart-stoppingly sexy hunk. She'd known that from the second he'd pushed her up against that brick wall and kissed her senseless.

"What's your choice of lubricant when you're polishing the ol' newel post, Mr. Henderson?" she asked, sliding off him to sit back on her heels.

"What?" he croaked.

She loved the way his jaw hung open in shock.

"Come on, Andy," she said, her gaze drifting down his body to his erection – proud and heavy against his abdomen. "If you're not bringing girls home then you have to be taking care of things yourself. No celibate could make love the way you do. That kind of control comes from taking matters into your own hand from time to time. Am I right or am I right?"

"Jesus!"

"Just tell me what you like and where it's at. I want to try something I've never done before." His eyes widened. She could tell his mind was racing.

"What do you have in mind?" he asked, shock replaced by something that made his eyes gleam. He stacked his hands under his head in such a purely masculine fashion she had to smile.

"Uh-uh-uh," she said, wagging her finger at him. "Tell me where it is. If I tell you what I'm thinking you might not be interested."

"Trust me, sugar. I'm interested. In anything. Everything," he said, giving her a sexy grin that almost had her forgetting her plans, and instead, climbing on top and riding him senseless.

"Where's the stash, big boy?"

"In the bathroom," he said, shifting his leg to brush against her hip.

She ignored the impulse to run her fingers straight to his cock.

"Top shelf of the medicine cabinet."

"Be back in a flash," she said, hopping off the bed and running to the bathroom. She closed the door and took care of a few personal issues before trying to straighten her mussed hair. She retrieved the big, square jar and opened the door.

"Petroleum jelly? I was thinking maybe some spicy-scented massage oil."

"Nah. Things would be over too quick." His eyes caressed her from head to toe and she hoped she could pull this off.

"Heaven forbid. It's pretty unfair I didn't get to taste you," Vicky said when she crawled back onto the bed. "And I only barely touched you before you made me stop."

"Never let it be said I was unfair," he said, spreading his arms wide. "I'm yours, sugar."

Vicky pushed that last statement aside and ran her finger over the crest of his cock before stroking him firmly. "Oooh. Like velvet stretched over steel."

She looked at his face. He wasn't smiling anymore. In fact, he actually looked like he was in pain.

"Did I do something you didn't like?"

"No," he ground out, nostrils flaring as he breathed in and out through his nose. He wrapped his hand around her wrist and gently disengaged her fingers. "This is borderline pathetic. One touch of your hand and I'm ready to fuckin' blow."

"Well then. It's a good thing I'm not planning on touching you with my hand anymore. Get up on your knees and turn around. Face the headboard."

His gaze narrowed and she thought he might refuse but then he rolled onto his knees and did as she asked.

"Thank you for obeying. I thought for I minute there I might have to go in search of that riding crop," she teased.

She watched his ass cheeks tightened and couldn't help but run a nail over the defined muscle, grinning at his small shiver.

"Remember this when it's my turn, Vicky. I know exactly where that crop is."

His voice had dropped to a seductive whisper and she shook her head to clear the graphic images his words induced. She sat down in front of him, propping all the pillows behind her back before sliding her legs between his spread knees. She twisted the lid off the jar and held it out to him.

"Make yourself nice and slippery."

He held her gaze, dipped two fingers into the jar. "You know this stuff is not latex's friend."

"I know. But I don't think I'm up to having you inside again so soon anyway." She offered him a tiny smile then whispered, "Newsflash, studly. You're pretty well hung."

"You should have told me you were sore."

"And what would you have done?" she asked, watching as he brought his fingers to his shaft.

"Kissed it. Licked it. Made it all better," he said in a husky voice, spreading the lube along his length with just his fingertips.

"Maybe you can do that later," she suggested, shifting her legs against the predicable rush of warmth his tone caused. "Rub it all around, Andy."

"Why don't you do it, sugar?"

"I don't want to get it on my hands."

"So that's how it is. I get to do the dirty work," he said, wrapping his fist around his erection, letting the warmth of his hand soften the jelly before he worked it around in long strokes.

"That's not dirty," she said, swallowing hard as she studied his light motion. His shaft shone when he pulled his hand away, the dark tip weeping a solitary drop of precum. "It's beautiful. Scoot up here."

She placed her hands on his thighs as he moved up her body. She loved the fine golden hair that covered his legs, remembering how it teased her bottom when she sat on his lap. She smoothed her hand over it and then moved to the crease of skin between his torso and his thighs. He stopped moving.

"A little bit more," she said, wrapping her hands around the back of his legs and urging him closer until his knees were pressed under her arms. She ran her hands over his ass, brushing between his cheeks lightly.

"What are we doing, Victoria?" She didn't miss the tinge of wonder in his voice or the way his muscles contracted and she smiled up at him.

"Well, Andrew," she said, pulling her hands from him to run her fingertips along the outside of her breasts. "You got to feel every dripping ounce of desire you wrung from me. I want to feel your desire too. Every drop of it."

He tried to think of a response but the mere sight of her cupping her breasts robbed him of speech. Her hands pushed the globes of warm flesh together to cradle the sides of his cock and he groaned loudly.

Hallow's Eve Hunk

"Jesus, that feels good," he admitted, unable to stay still. The sensation of his cock sliding against the hardness of her breast bone while being surrounded by her soft breasts was unbelievably sensual. He thought about asking if she was truly certain she wanted to do this but she chose that moment to press tighter around him and he gave up all rational thought. He pumped slowly against her, watching the way her index and middle fingers cradled her hard nipples. He was certain if she gave those tiny nubs a little squeeze he'd explode.

"Mmmm. I like this warm resistance when your cock rubs against me. So different than when you're inside me. And I can see how your cock head's swelling, getting darker. Do you like this or should I not hold you so tight?" She relaxed her grip and let her breasts fall a fraction away from him.

"Oh baby, I like it. Shit. Don't let up, sugar," he pleaded, leaning forward to grab the headboard with his un-lubed hand for support.

"Slow down and I'll make it tight again."

"Oh, yeah. Tighter would be perfect," he gasped.

"Andy? Have you done this before?"

"Never." His response was hoarse. He gritted his teeth and lessened his speed and she immediately applied the promised pressure. And then she shifted her grip so every time he thrust through her ample flesh one thumb brushed over his hyper-sensitized tip while the other one stroked down his shaft.

"You're so hard."

"Vicky. Dear god." He couldn't take any more and picked up speed. "This is so fuckin' good.

"Better than being inside me?"

"Sugar. No. Not even close. You gotta... Vicky. Please." He threw his head back, groaning as his balls rose higher, perspiration broke out on his chest, his back, his forehead.

"What do you want me to do?" she asked, her voice a mixture of awe and pure seduction. She pulled her thumb away and he almost cried.

"Tighter, baby. Tighter."

"God, Andy. I can feel everything. Your cock's so red it looks like it's ready to burst into flame."

"It might," he ground out. "Don't stop."

He felt her chest rise beneath him. A rush of cool air caressed his steaming cock on the next forward thrust as she blew against to swollen tip and his legs began to shake.

"Oh, fuck."

"Are you going to come for me, Andy?

"Christ, sugar," he panted, sweat dripping down his back. "I'm almost there. If you're not sure, let me back up now..." He looked down at his cock' plunging between her breasts, before meeting her hot gaze.

"I'm more than sure. Let me feel it, Andy. All of it."

He watched, gasping like a dying man, as he came. Watched her blue eyes close, and then she tilted her head back, moaning as each pearly path of warmth shot over her upper chest. Watched her never let her grip slacken until she had milked ever drop from him. Watched as she blinked her eyes open and gave him a satisfied grin as she let the weight of her breasts fall away from him.

His legs felt like rubber but he managed to hold his weight off her chest, and get his heart rate under control by taking slow, deep breaths.

"Let me get you a tissue," he said when he could finally speak.

"Not yet," she said, staring so intently at the end of his cock he looked down to see if something was wrong. She leaned forward and the tip of her tongue darted out, licking away a lone drop of cum that clung to the cleft. "Mmmm. Yummy."

"That's it," he said, heaving himself off her and flopping down onto the mattress. "You've officially blown my mind. I surrender. I give." "You sure do," she teased. "A lot."

"You asked for it," he shot back lightly, stretching over her to pull some tissues from the box on the nightstand. "I hope you liked that because my cock's probably gonna be useless for the next few hours."

"I *did* like it," she replied, reaching for the tissues.

He moved his hand out of her reach and then gently wiped her clean.

"What did you think?" she asked softly, threading her fingers through his hair.

"I think you're insane for even asking that question." He covered her lips in a gentle caress and on impulse kissed his way down her neck to the still-damp hollow of her throat. He nipped the skin and then quickly licked the bite, the remains of his salty taste a far cry from her musky sweetness and he grimaced.

"Not so yummy to you?" she asked.

"Not at all, sugar," he said, pulling her leg over his hip until she was half opened to him. He sat up and placed a wet kiss on the inside of her knee before kissing his way toward the apex of her thighs. "There has to be something around here that can get that taste out of my mouth."

She dropped her head back, a long sigh reverberating through the bedroom. It was the sweetest sound he'd ever heard and it brought a smile to his lips.

Chapter Four

Andy hummed as he whipped up a batch of pancake batter. He wished he had more to choose from but Vicky's options for breakfast in bed were sorely limited. Actually, if she didn't hurry up with her bath, it would be pancakes in the tub, which would work out fine since he was currently brainstorming inventive uses for leftover maple syrup.

He had showered quickly then run a hot bath while he moved around the living room and kitchen retrieving their discarded clothing. He'd tossed everything on a chair in the bedroom and slowly kissed her awake before pulling her from the bed and personally lowering her into the tub. He was pleased he'd surprised her and had sat on the closed lid of the toilet and watched as she sank into the bubbles. Her oohs and aahs sounded so orgasmic he'd been poised to join her when his stomach had rumbled loud enough to get both their attentions. That was how he'd found out she loved pancakes.

He searched the lower cabinets until he found the griddle pan and put it on the front burner and turned the element on. She said chocolate chip was her favorite but he knew he didn't have chocolate morsels lying around. He rummaged and found a packet of dried cranberries, ripped them open and tossed them into the batter. He liked them in oatmeal, why not pancakes? He carefully poured four dollops of batter on the hot pan. When he turned toward the sink a movement from the couch startled him.

"You're singing," Tom said, with a lopsided grin.

"What the fuck are you two doing here?" Andy looked from his oldest brother to his youngest brother. He'd never even heard them come in, let alone make themselves at home.

"You never sing," Sam said, puzzled.

"I'm not singing," he glanced at the bedroom door, happy he had closed it on his way out.

"Z.Z. Top, right?" Tom asked, leaning back and propping his ankle across his knee.

"It was humming, not singing."

"Pearl Necklace, if I'm not mistaken."

"That's a song? For real?" Sam looked at Tom then slowly turned his head and stared at Andy, eyes widening. "Dude! Did you get *laid*?"

"Can you please get the hell out of here? I've got a ton of shit to do today."

"Why are you making breakfast if you've got so much to do?" Sam asked, ever reasoning.

Andy didn't miss the way Sam leaned back and mirrored Tom's action but with the opposite leg. The kid adored his eldest brother. Tom was the only one who didn't think Sam's attraction to the computer was totally unhealthy.

"Most important meal of the day, asshole," Andy replied. "Please leave."

"We were supposed to meet you a half hour ago upstairs to go over the new purchase order software that Geekazoid here installed," Tom said, hitching a thumb in Sam's direction. "I guess that slipped your mind, Aunt Jemima."

Andy met his bemused look and frowned. With any luck Vicky was still in the bath. He'd give Tom some lame excuse, which he wouldn't believe but he'd pretend to and Sam would be none the wiser. They'd leave. There wouldn't be some awkward scene to totally fuck up whatever was going on with him and Vicky. He was ready to give it his best shot when he heard the creak of the bedroom door.

"Andy? I couldn't find my panties so I borrowed a pair of –"

She stopped on the threshold, finally realizing they weren't alone. His worn Minnesota baseball shirt came to her thighs. She'd picked his favorite pair of boxers, the ones that had three stick men surrounding a campfire on the front with the accompanying message *It's all fun and games until someone loses a wiener*. Her chestnut hair was tousled and her lips were still puffy from his kisses and if his brothers weren't present, he'd walk over and make love to her in the middle of the floor. He heard someone clear his throat and tried to focus.

"Your pancakes are burning, Auntie," Tom said and Andy rushed to the stove and flipped the charred circles into the trash.

"I'm so sorry," Vicky said, placing a hand against her chest. "I didn't know you had company."

Andy walked around the counter and was pleased, for purely selfish reasons, she hadn't gone screaming back into the bedroom. Once she was near, he didn't want her to leave. His brothers stood and he walked to her side, ran his hand up her spine and gave the back of her neck a little squeeze.

"Vicky, these are my brothers. Tom..."

"Hello Tom. It's very nice to meet you."

He watched Tom wrap his fingers around her outstretched hand, meet her eyes longer than seemed necessary, then give her an easy smile. Andy was encouraged. Tom wasn't easily swayed by the fairer sex. His brother loved women, he just didn't trust them.

"Likewise," Tom said, sliding a sidelong glance at Andy, which he was forced to ignore when his younger brother came closer.

"Hi. I'm Sam. But you can call me Sammy and if it sounds as hot as when you say that 'ee' sound like you did when you called Andy's name, I'll be in heaven."

Andy stared in disbelief. The kid would barely speak to girls his own age. *What the hell's he doing hitting on my girlfriend right in front of me?* Girlfriend? Okay. That sounded pretty damn good.

Vicky laughed and wrapped an arm around Andy's waist as she smiled at his sibling.

"Nice to meet you too, Sammeeee," she purred. "How was that?"

"Perfect," Sam sighed, placing a hand over his heart.

Tom punched Sam lightly in the arm and shook his head. "I'll give you a call later, man. Maybe we can look at that software tomorrow?"

"Tom," Vicky interrupted. "May I talk to you for a sec?"

Andy watched her lead his brother to the wall of windows and motioned Sam to follow him to the stove.

"Dude." Sam tapped him on the shoulder as he poured more batter on the pan. "She's smokin'."

"I know," he agreed, watching her arms move emphatically as she talked. Maybe he and his dick were the only ones noticing how enticingly her breasts jiggled.

"Minnesota didn't make the playoffs this year but holy shit. The twins are lookin' prit-ty good right now."

Andy whacked him on the arm with the spatula. "Keep your eyes above the strike zone, turdhead."

"That hurt. Geez. First Jason, now you. It's freakin' scary, dude."

"Relax," Andy said, flipping the circles before they burned again. "You've got years before you're afflicted."

"Not if I fall for some seriously fine Level Eight wood elf and run off to Vegas."

"You gotta' quit playing those computer games and meet some flesh and blood females, Sammy."

Tom walked to the elevator and Sam vaulted over an easy chair to join him. Vicky was nearly to his side when the elevator doors closed shut.

"I like them," she said wrapping her arms around him.

"Yeah. So do I," he said, looking backward and giving her a wink. "When they're not driving me crazy."

"Smells good enough to eat," she said, rubbing her nose against the back of his shoulder.

He shut the burner off, moved the pan and tossed the spatula aside. He pulled her into his arms and nuzzled her neck until she was squirming against him. "It sure does, sugar."

Epilogue

One month later

"You're pretty fast," Vicky said, gazing into Andy's half closed eyes.

"That's really not what a guy wants to hear when he's in a beautiful woman's bed, you know."

They were lying face-to-face, legs entwined, his hand resting protectively on her hip. She was so content she could barely stand it.

"Not that way," she smiled, leaning forward to teasingly nip his jaw. "Sometimes, you make love to me so slow I think I'm going to lose my mind. I was talking about the magic you've worked in a month's time."

"I didn't do anything. It was all you."

He brushed her hair behind her ear and Vicky turned and kissed the palm of his hand.

"You're so full of it, Andrew Henderson. You introduced me to Tom-"

"You took the initiative, in a pair of underwear and a threadbare T-shirt, to talk to him on your own. I keep trying to convince myself those fantastic breasts of yours didn't sway him into renting you this place at half price."

"Jealous?"

"Hell yes. Of every guy who looks your way."

"That's weird," she said. "I never notice anyone looking at me because the only man I see is you. And don't try to change the subject. You found me the office space."

"That was Marissa, not me. It made perfect sense to offer you the remainder of her lease since she's moved to a bigger place."

"She's a sweetie. But you definitely talked to your mom about me."

"That, I did do."

"See," she said, tracing the top of his stony pecs with one finger.

"But we didn't talk about your mad designer skills. Your past work did the convincing there. We talked about other stuff."

She looked into his eyes and furrowed her brow. "What kind of stuff?"

"Stuff I'm not sure you really want to hear right now."

Her heart started hammering in her chest and she stilled.

"Try me," she whispered.

"I asked if she thought it was wrong for someone to eat cranberry pancakes while their lover was going down on them in the middle of the kitchen."

"You did not," she said slapping his chest playfully. "And, if memory serves, I offered to share them with you."

"I had my mouth full at the time," he said, the corner of his lips rising as he hefted himself onto one elbow and looked down at her.

"Be serious." She moved her hand, resting her fingers over his heart.

"I asked her what she thought about wanting someone so badly you couldn't stand the hours you had to be apart."

Oh, goodness. Maybe she shouldn't have pressed him.

"I asked if she thought pure out-of-control physical attraction was enough to keep what seems like a good thing going."

"What did she say?" Vicky asked, not sure she wanted to hear that answer.

He chuckled and shook his head.

"She told me there was nothing like a good fuck. She said it. Just like that. She's picked up some great language from an all-male household over the years."

"I can't believe she said the f-word."

"She said if there wasn't some heart-to-heart involvement though, it was just sex."

"Just sex," Vicky whispered, looking at the ceiling, the design an exact copy of the one in Andy's bedroom. *You asked for this, Victoria*.

"Yeah. And then I asked her how she knew my dad was the right one. She told me she fell in love with him the day they met and when he finally talked her into his bed she knew for sure because the passion wasn't like anything else they'd ever experienced."

"Wow, that's unbelievable," Vicky said, eyes welling.

"It's disturbing to find out your parents went at it like jackrabbits."

She couldn't help but laugh and turned her head, trying to let the pillow catch the tear rolling from her eye. He caught her chin between his fingers and forced her to look at him.

"Vicky. My heart actually hurts when you're not with me."

He bent down and licked the other tear rolling down her cheek. "I love you."

Her heart was full, so saturated with emotion she thought it might actually implode.

"Andy," she whispered. To her horror it came out a sob.

"Don't cry, sugar. I understand if you're not at the same place. I just needed to tell you." She heard the hurt in his voice.

She couldn't see through her blurred vision but felt something drop onto her cheek. She blinked the tears away and rubbed her thumbs over his cheekbones, shocked when they came away damp.

"Oh, Andy," she rose and kissed him soundly. "You're such an ass."

"A good ass or a bad ass?" he asked raining kisses over her face.

"The best ass. The only ass I'll ever want. As long as your preternatural cock comes with it," she said with a watery laugh.

"So...everything comes back to those vampire fantasies, huh?" His lips curved into a mock frown.

"Hey. If it wasn't for my hidden lust for Dracula I would have never found you. My Hallow's Eve hunk."

"I guess I should be happy you weren't having wet dreams about circus clowns. Those big ass shoes and red rubber noses might have put a crimp in our lovemaking," he teased, wrapping a strand of her hair around his finger as his lips lowered for a leisurely kiss. "I'm glad you like Vlad. He's willing to rise anytime you want."

His wicked smile warmed every inch of her.

"Oh. I like Vlad a lot." She took his face in her hands and looked deeply into his golden brown eyes. "But I love you more."

About the Author

M.A. Ellis began writing erotic romance out of logistic necessity. She resides in northwest Pennsylvania where temperatures rival those of Ice Station Zebra a good portion of the year and any opportunity to have a few sparks ignite an inferno is heartily welcomed.

When not caressing the keyboard she hones her master baking skills, eagerly focusing on the realms of cheesecake and chocolate which, along with her husband and twenty-something twins, make her world revolve in an oh-so-pleasant manner.

She is a longtime member of Romance Writers of America and has previously published poetry in literary magazines. She welcomes feedback and would enjoy hearing from Ellora's Cave readers.

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