

ELLORA'S CAVE PRESENTS

ELLORA'S CAVE
Quickies

MELANI BLAZER

SEXTC

An Ellora's Cave Romantica Publication



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SeXTC

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X-treme titles differ from E-rated titles only in plot premise and storyline execution. Stories designated with the letter X tend to contain difficult or controversial subject matter not for the faint of heart.

SEXTC

Melani Blazer

Dedication

Thanks to Mr. B for your very interesting email. Inspiration comes from the darndest places. High fives to the BBs, thanks for your confidence that I could pull this off, for believing when I doubted.

As always, my love to S, because you are everything to me.

Chapter One

Saliva really is the best lubricant if you're doing it yourself. I close my eyes and as I stroke myself I think of a pair of pink pouty lips sliding over the head of my cock. When my hands are slick with saliva and come, they feel just like a lover's against my skin. God, I'm rock hard just thinking about taking it out and jacking off again...

"Kyla, you have *got* to read this!"

Kyla Wilhelm rolled her eyes but accepted the magazine her friend waved at her. "What?" Then she noticed the explicit color picture of a couple—naked on the page. "What *is* this?"

"It's a new magazine. Shel passed it on to me. It's last month's, but I am so getting a subscription. It has all kinds of cool articles, and the ads are all adult rated. Talk about everything you wanted to know about sex all in one place."

Theresa Morton dropped on the couch and kicked her feet up on the coffee table. Kyla sat in the recliner opposite her and read the headline. "Dr. Sex gets in touch with himself. You gotta be kidding me."

"God, no, read it. I swear I damn near got in touch with myself on the subway."

"Theresa!"

"Seriously. Shel said he writes an article in each issue from experiences and then does a 'Dear Dr. Sex' column in there too. It's a hoot."

"This is a legit magazine?" Kyla wasn't sure she was buying the fact this was available on the corner newsstand. Though, there were plenty of paper-covered magazines on those top shelves she didn't bother to pick up. She'd just assumed they were all men's masturbation aides. Lots of perfect-bodied young women in spread-eagle position. Not her cuppa tea.

And there were plenty of naked women with perfectly pointed breasts and expertly trimmed pussies on these glossy pages. But they were mostly in the ads. There were a few men too. Six-pack abs and rock-hard cocks.

"I saw that!"

Kyla bit her lips and raised her eyebrows. "I didn't do anything."

"You licked your lips."

"I'm only human. Did you see some of these guys? Hello!"

"No, I got the magazine to read the articles."

"Lying bitch." Kyla closed the magazine and started to toss it back at her roommate.

"No, keep it. Read it. Maybe you'll get horny and go get laid. What's it been, a month?"

"Twenty seven days. But I'm not exactly gonna jump in bed with some guy I don't even know, just for the sake of fucking."

"Twenty seven days," Theresa snorted. "Christ, you're counting."

"What part of 'I'm only human' didn't you hear? If you go more than twenty seven hours I hear about it."

"Or you mean you don't hear it."

"That too."

Their cracker box two-bedroom apartment had wafer-thin walls that allowed them to hear one another snore at night. If one of them was entertaining, the other knew exactly what was going on.

"Read it. I'm heading out. If you need extra batteries, there's some in the drawer under the microwave."

"You're funny," Kyla said. "But at least I can get off without you standing at the wall listening."

"Like I need to stand at the wall."

"Go. Go. I'm gonna read."

Kyla couldn't believe what she was reading. Ads for dildos and condoms and online sex stores selling clothing and any kind of sex paraphernalia she could think of, and a lot of things she didn't know existed. Lubes, cuffs, whips, edibles, toys, jewelry, videos. She gasped so many times flipping the pages she felt like an innocent schoolgirl sneaking her first peek at porn.

The articles blew her mind. The language was frank, the subjects uncensored. Working at a newspaper had made her sensitized to what words, what phrasing was allowed in the publishing world and here...in this little magazine, all those rules were being violated over and over.

She liked it.

She skipped the article comparing the performance of men of different races. She wanted to find the masturbation one Theresa had described to her. Just that one paragraph had turned her on. Damn, it was sexy to hear a man talk about sex like that.

In fact...

Tucking the magazine beneath her arm, she checked the front door to make sure her roomie had locked it behind her and then ducked into her bedroom. Before diving into the article—and her panties—she slipped out of her jeans, lit a few candles and grabbed her favorite massage oil.

I remember my first woody. My babysitter had a titty hard-on under her tight T-shirt. I did everything I could to brush against her breasts. I don't even remember what she looked like or what her name was, but her tits are imbedded in my mind forever. She sent me to bed at eleven and invited her boyfriend over. I watched and listened to them from my doorway. They fucked right there on the rug in the living room, while I rubbed my little adolescent cock until I came. Her tits were glorious, all full with pink tips that bounced as her boyfriend banged her.

Of course, that was only the beginning. After that, anytime I had a hard-on and could get my hands on it, I did.

Being in touch with myself made me a gentleman through those difficult teen years. If she said no, I went home. I never said no. While I preferred burying my cock deep within a warm,

tight virgin cunt, I had mastered jacking off almost to the point of the same satisfaction – without half the worries.

Kyla moaned and fingered her swollen clit through her cotton panties. Something about reading this...intimate confession had her majorly turned on. What would Dr. Sex do if he saw her there, leaned against the wooden headboard in her bra and panties, legs out in front of her, spread as if inviting a lover in? She moved her hand faster, harder, imagining an incredibly handsome man reaching into his boxer briefs to free his engorged cock.

Would he watch her as he rubbed it, smoothing over the top and sliding his fist down to the base, over and over? Her fingers encircled her clit and vibrated the ultra-sensitive nub until she moaned. Would that make him hot? Did men like watching women please themselves?

Her panties were damp against her as she turned the page and eyed the picture of a man wearing a hard hat, construction boots and one very impressive erection leaning against an open wall frame. His face was shadowed, which really just added to the intrigue. Damn, he was fine. Dr. Sex or not, that man could watch her anytime.

My favorite thing is jacking off in public. I never worry about getting caught – but I'll admit, that's part of the allure. I want you to see me, to watch me.

The magazine fell to the side as Kyla dragged her panties down her legs and rubbed both hands up her thighs. "Watch me," she whispered as she slid two fingers into her soaking wet cunt and continued to rub her clit with the other hand.

She always came fast when she masturbated, and this time was no exception. With the image of her fantasy man imbedded in her mind, she closed her eyes and let go of any control. She fucked herself with her fingers as hard as she could, arching to penetrate her pussy as deeply as possible. Her arousal fluid ran down her hand. She surrendered to the rush that drove her to the edge. No stopping now. In her head, she could almost hear his voice, deep and gravelly with arousal, urging her to go deeper, to go faster.

Pleasure exploded inside her, forcing her breath from her body in a muffled scream. She shuddered and bucked against her hand, gasping for air as the orgasm shook her body with powerful aftershocks.

“Watch that, Dr. Sex,” she whispered when her senses returned. While temporarily satiated, she had to disagree with the mysterious man who reached out from the pages of a magazine to turn her on. Masturbation only made her hungrier.

Chapter Two

I'll admit it. I'm not ashamed. Most men feel the same way – and lots of women do too – even if they won't admit it. I like watching people have sex. My favorite is watching two women. All those curves and skin, rubbing against one another. Right now I'm hard just thinking about two babes sucking on one another's tits. Watching a woman bury her face in another's cunt is nearly too much. So much sexier than watching a woman suck another man off. Women know how to touch other woman, and I wanna watch it happen...

Donovan Harper sighed and pushed his chair back from his desk. Eight hours at a day job, then he came home to this. Publishing a magazine was damn hard work. Not that he did it alone, but there was no office, no boardroom for corporate meetings. The majority of their correspondence was via email.

And despite the hoopla of being “Dr. Sex”, it was a lonely job. Truth was, he could go for a serious bout of sex right now and was not interested in playing do-it-yourself. He stretched and ran down his mental list of woman he knew would be ready and willing, and found none of them appealed to him right now.

Dr. Sex wasn't all he wrote himself to be. Most of his articles had some sense of truth, conjured up from fifteen or so years of sexual experiences, most of them during his college years. Back then he took advantage of all that free, willing pussy for the rush it gave him. Now he played mainly within a small elite group – men and woman whose attitude toward sex matched his – it was all for fun. The magazine had been started for them, and was now growing faster than they'd ever imagined.

He picked up the phone and dialed one of his cofounders of SeXTC. Chelsea Morgan's voice mail answered, all low and seductive, announcing she wasn't home. “Lucky her,” he muttered and hung up without leaving a message. They'd been lovers,

once, but did better as friends. While he didn't doubt she'd indulge him in releasing some sexual energy, he was really calling to see how the layout was looking. He knew the answer. They needed more.

"Shit." What everyone had warned him about was happening. He'd run out of things to write about. Only so much can be said about sex, they'd said. No way he'd believe that, but filling magazine pages required a lot of information—a lot of his ideas had been packed into the first few monthly issues.

He checked his email again, scanning the mail coming into Dr. Sex. A lot of the crap never made it to the magazine. He wasn't publishing true confessions here. Questions worked for his Ask Dr. Sex column, but there'd been a shortage of those this month too.

Then a name popped up. Kyla Wilhelm. Damn, he knew that name. He rubbed his eyes and leaned toward the monitor. "Kyla Wilhelm. Kyla. Where do I know you?"

Her email opened his eyes—wide, but it wasn't because he discovered why her name was familiar.

I can't believe I'm writing you. I'm a straight, single and very in touch with my body—in many ways, including the very graphic description you provided in your May issue of SeXTC. Your magazine was passed to me from a friend, but I'm definitely looking forward to seeing more of you. Reading your articles really turned me on. Any chance we'll see a photo of you?

The idea of ménage...or more...really gets me hot. Hopefully I'll be reading about that soon!

Jane Doe

"Jane Doe," Donovan laughed. "Kyla Wilhelm. So I turned you on, eh?" He wrote Mr. Sex to make it sound like he walked around with a perpetual woody, but right now he was feeling very much the part—hard-on and all.

Before he dashed off an email inviting her over for some research, he wrote her name on a piece of paper and pulled up his search engines in hopes of rediscovering this sexy stranger. Flat out, he wanted her. He loved a challenge.

Now there was an article he could handle writing.

Grinning, he leaned back, smoothed his palm over his aching cock and wished he had a woman as open as Kyla here to help him take care of business.

Fifteen frustrated minutes later, his hard-on had fizzled. Kyla Wilhelm hid herself well. Unlisted phone number, no profile connected with her email. Even a generic search turned up nothing.

He started a log. He would find her. And if she was as good as she promised – and he didn't mean looks, necessarily – he'd have her. And he might just be the man willing to entertain her idea of a ménage.

Tomorrow. Day job. Nothing like working for the newspaper. Fringe benefits were worth more than the pay on some days.

Chapter Three

Dear Dr. Sex, Regular one-on-one sex just doesn't do it for me anymore. How do you manage to keep on going and want more?

Dear Bored: What the fuck is wrong with you? Sadly, I don't know if you're male or female, but my first thought was...try going gay, see if that lights your fire. If not, rent porn, get some toys, invite a few friends over and try anything. Life without good sex? I'd hate to be you.

Kyla muffled a laugh and straightened. She could feel the eyes of the people sharing the crowded subway appraising her—and she didn't care. Nor did she care that the lady behind her apparently got nosy and huffed in her ear.

"Where'd you get that?" A young woman asked her. "Let me see the cover."

She lifted an eyebrow, then passed over the magazine. The woman did just what Kyla predicted, she turned it over, looked at the cover, then her eyes got totally wide. "Oh, there is another one. Where'd you get it? I can't find these anywhere."

"My roommate got it from a friend of hers."

"Wicked." She passed it back, then dug in her satchel and handed Kyla a business card. "If you can ask your friend where she got it and let me know, I'd be thrilled."

Kyla nodded, then it was her turn to get all wide-eyed. The woman she had guessed was a student, at most, intern, was actually the coproduction manager for one of the major television news affiliates.

"Sure," she said, belatedly. Why should she be surprised? Everyone had sex, and there was no law that only certain "types" of people were allowed to enjoy it. The young woman was single and attractive, and just because she had a job with an income that probably doubled Kyla's didn't mean she was less of a naughty girl.

Fact was, Kyla hadn't thought about it. Now she was thinking about it a lot. Did these men masturbate? Well, duh, they probably did, but how would they react if she asked them about it? What about the women? She damn near snorted picturing the uptight-looking librarian wannabe standing beside her, fondling herself. That woman would run screaming from a dildo or be afraid she'd be electrocuted sticking a vibrator inside her.

So, faced with her own new insight to sexuality and the general public, was she so very surprised her first thought was to email Dr. Sex and tell him?

Because he was a like-minded soul? A fellow perv who wasn't afraid to admit it? Or because he'd dreamed about her last night? Okay, the email she'd gotten this morning said he did. She wasn't so gullible to admit it, but he really wasn't a "real" person either. Whoever he was, he answered her email the same way he wrote his column, then adding that he'd read her email the night before and was so intrigued by her raw admission, he couldn't answer right away. Then he said he'd dreamt of her.

The subway stopped and the traffic thinned, enough for her to pull the folded piece of paper out of her pocket and read it again.

I fell asleep thinking of you. What kind of girl admits she was turned on by an article and masturbated to it? My kind of girl. I dreamed of you, of stripping your clothes from you and licking every inch of skin until you begged me to fuck you and make you come. I hadn't had a wet dream in years, but last night I imagined it was you there, sucking it all out of me. Of course, there were only two of us in my dream, but if you'd like to share your ménage fantasy, I can create a scenario that might turn you on more than simple masturbation.

Initially, it creeped her out. But after she read it again, she realized he was confessing his sexual experience rather than soliciting her. He offered her a story, not a date. And *that* intrigued her even more.

* * * * *

“Kyla,” Donovan muttered her name as he logged into the newspaper’s database. “I will find you.”

Or so he thought. He could create killer ads with his digitizing and photo editing abilities, but he stared at the “No search results found” error on the screen with disgust. “Meredith?” he called to the editor assistant as she walked by the cubicle.

“Yes, Don?”

He didn’t blame her for the curious look. He got it a lot around here. He’d been here a year, but knew nobody. He didn’t do lunch, attend anything but required meetings and didn’t socialize. Conversation was limited to what was needed to get the job done. Not because he was an ass, though he figured they said that about him. He just saved as much of his energy as possible for his true love—getting the magazine off the ground.

“I need to look up a name of someone. I plugged it in and it’s not coming up. I thought this was a pretty good database.”

“What’s the name?”

He showed her the scrap paper with Kyla’s name scribbled on it.

“Oh, that’s because you spelled it wrong. You missed the second ‘L’.”

He couldn’t digest it fast enough. “You *know* her?”

“Of course.” Meredith frowned and adjusted her glasses. “She’s one of our distribution clerks.”

Donovan swallowed hard. He felt instantly reduced to a horny teenager. Here? In this office? “Oh, well.” He tried to smile with complete composure. “That’s why I recognized her name. Never mind. But thanks.”

* * * * *

Kyla's hand trembled over the mouse. How could she be so stupid? She'd thought she'd been clever, albeit clichéd, using Jane Doe as her alias. Why hadn't she been smart enough to realize her email address was registered to her real name?

He'd found her. Hadn't been content to email her, alias to alias, but had searched her out and approached her without the mask she'd tried to hide behind.

And then to find that Dr. Sex, aka Donovan Harper, worked *here*, for the same newspaper she did. Was it really coincidental?

How could it *not* be? He hadn't given her the magazine. She'd emailed him, blindly.

She pressed her fingers to her temples and lowered her head until her chin nearly touched her chest.

"Kyla, you okay?" Dana, her team leader and friend, grabbed her shoulders and squeezed. "Why don't you take your lunch early and get some fresh air."

"I'm okay."

"You don't look okay."

Kyla swallowed and debated on how much she should tell Dana. Did she really want to mention the magazine and tie Donovan to it? But now she needed to know.

"Do you know Donovan..." She leaned forward, double-checked his last name, then closed the email. "Donovan Harper?"

"Oh, yeah, the hot art guy. Not sure what his deal is. He can create and edit graphics like nobody's business, but that's all anyone knows about him. Total recluse. Loner type. We all have been planning to kidnap him, cut his hair, and dress him in some tight-fitting jeans."

Kyla's heart dropped to the ground. *Hot art guy*. She'd heard about him. Hair too long, shirts worn a size too big and never ironed, tie always askew. Supposedly he had the sexiest bedroom eyes and lips you'd want kissing you all over. She clamped her legs together at the flood of sensation at the vortex of her thighs.

"Why?" Dana asked.

Kyla bit her lip. Shit. Damn. "He, um, emailed me."

"And?"

"Well, I um..." She wrung her hands, then smoothed her sweaty palms on the top of her trousers.

"Oh, Kyla, you *cannot* do this." Dana reached for her mouse, but Kyla slapped her hand away.

"Shit. Okay. I met him sorta online...elsewhere. I thought I was being incognito with a false name, and he didn't use his either, but I was a dumbass and left myself exposed by using my real email. He found me."

Dana whistled. But she didn't look mad or stare at her with a disapproving frown. Kyla almost wished she would have. Instead, she looked ready to go find Donovan and drag him to her cubicle.

"Don't even think about it," Kyla warned.

"Oh, no. But I want details. Sordid details, woman. I have a really good feeling that Donovan is the type of guy who gets what he wants."

Chapter Four

I touched the rose to her lips. She sighed, parting them, then licking them with the tip of her tongue. I got hard in an instant. She was nude, lying pale against burgundy silk sheets. The rose was pale pink, a perfect shade that matched the naked blush of her skin. Soon I'd spank her perfect bare ass, then touch the rose against the flushed flesh, teasing, tickling until she begged me to do what I wanted. Then I'd lower my mouth to her dripping wet cunt and lick up every ounce of her nectar until she blossomed under my touch, then I'd pound my cock inside her until she screamed my name. Soon. Not yet. Right now, the rose would make love to her skin...

"What's it say?" Dana rounded the corner just as Kyla had finished reading the note.

She clutched it to her chest, trying to stop the frantic beat of her heart and calm her breathing. "You scared me!" she accused, hoping to cover up the fact she'd been a little flustered *before* Dana had shown up.

"So? What's it say? It's from him, right?"

"Yes, and no, you can't see. Oh, God." She stood up, put the single blush colored rose back in the burgundy tissue and faced Dana.

"Damn. I want someone to send me a rose that makes me look like that."

Kyla concentrated on breathing and stared at her. She didn't know what to say. She couldn't think. Well, about anything other than mental picture Donovan's words had put in her head.

"His extension is four-seven-seven-six-two."

She blinked, then grabbed for a piece of paper and scribbled it down. Shit. What should she say? Could she do it? Would she? Why? Why not?

“Call him,” Dana stuck her head back around the cubicle corner and pointed. “Don’t make me go over there and tell him what you looked like reading his note.”

“Dana, no. No. Don’t.”

“You gonna call?”

“Yeah.”

Only because the regret would consume her if she didn’t. She was scared to death—more frightened of anything she’d ever done in her life. But her body was also still humming with the arousal he managed to spark in her without ever speaking to her, ever seeing her.

Before she lost her nerve, she picked up the phone and punched his extension.

He answered on the third ring. “Don.”

“Hi,” she said, but her voice was barely a whisper. She cleared her throat and tried again. “Um, hi.”

“You’re scared of me, aren’t you?”

She glanced down. One hand clutched the phone cord so tight, her knuckles were white. Her legs were tense, held tightly together as if he could possibly touch her through the phone line. Yet he did, just the sound of his voice, that little hint of laughter’s edge on his words has goose bumps racing down her back. “I can’t help but be. You’re already making me do things—and say things—I don’t normally do.”

“That’s the beauty of it. But you know we can’t talk here. Can we meet?”

She sucked in her lips and bit down. It kept her from whimpering. Meet. As in stand face-to-face. To see the lips that promised her heaven, the hands that would explore her—“Sure. Sure we should, after all, it’s been good so far.”

Kyla cupped her hand over the mouthpiece to let out the rest of the pent-up breath she’d been holding. *Dear God don’t make me regret this, please don’t let that have been the wrong answer...*

“I usually work ‘til four. You?”

“I can leave at four.” Yes, she was saying it. Yes, she was overcoming her nervousness with excitement. She was an adult. She went out with men regularly. This was no different.

“Where should we—”

She sat up straighter in her chair, interrupted his question boldly. “I’ll meet you at the front of the building. I’ll be the one with the rose.”

* * * * *

Donovan wondered if he should just leave now and come back at four to pick her up. He couldn’t concentrate. Women didn’t do this to him. Pussy wasn’t so powerful that it distracted him from doing his job. So what was it about Kyla Wilhelm that rocked his world?

Her voice sounded so innocent, at first, anyway. He expected that, understood it. They worked together, this wasn’t some online fantasy where they’d never meet. She was probably a bit embarrassed by what she’d revealed, maybe was afraid he’d peg her as some sleazy slut or something.

It could have happened. For the first time, he regretted not making friends at work. Not like he could walk up to the next cubicle, stick his head in and ask about her. He did continue his search of her, and found she graduated college a year before him, putting her in just the right age group. No photos, nothing. He wondered if she’d asked about him, and if so, what had she heard? Not enough to keep her from dialing him. Took her long enough, though. He’d sweated for damn near forty minutes wondering if the delivery made it to the right cubicle and if someone else had intercepted his note.

Of course, none of this worrying shit would make it into the Dr. Sex article. Dr. Sex was confident to the point of aggression and would have had no qualms about handing her the rose and explaining what he was going to do with it—no questions asked.

Life was made to be exaggerated. Sex included.

Donovan slipped out the side door. He was already running late, caught up in a last-minute ad change, and decided it'd be faster to avoid the lobby and other potential roadblocks.

He rounded the front of the building and spotted her sitting on the bench. She was turned away from him, and talking to a guy who leaned in much too close to her. Oh hell, who was he to feel even the least bit possessive? He hadn't so much as met her yet. But he was.

"Hey, Kyla, you ready?" Nodding to the man, who retreated to a decent distance, Donovan picked up the rose from beside Kyla and sat beside her. "Sorry I was late."

His heart thudded madly in his chest as she shifted to look at him. She was beautiful. Wide, expressive dark eyes dominated her petite features. Her gaze flitted over him quickly, then the corner of her luscious mouth lifted and she nodded.

That went straight to his cock. But he had to ask. "Did you have this guy in mind for that ménage fantasy of yours?"

She stiffened, then stammered through a goodbye to the man beside her, snagged the rose from Donovan and stood up. He immediately grabbed her elbow and led her down the sidewalk.

"I can't believe you said that."

"About the ménage? Why, was that a lie?"

"What if he would have heard you?"

He laughed. At least she didn't deny her fantasy. "He didn't hear me, he didn't get a woody."

"You looked."

"Just checking him out in case we had to get naked together. With you in the middle, of course."

Chapter Five

The more the merrier. I remember my first encounter with more than one partner. A hot as hell chick who was all tits and ass approached me in a fast-food restaurant and we exchanged email addresses and phone numbers. After a few weeks of exchanged innuendos and cybersex, she invited me to a hotel to join her and her lover.

There were moments of wondering if her lover was bisexual. I'd never had any urge to fool around with a man, but I was too excited to worry about it. I was up for it – if it felt right, I'd just go with it.

She was dressed in black leather...a contraption that lifted and pointed her tits without covering them and framed her shaved pussy. I had an instant hard-on that didn't falter at the sight of the naked man standing beside the bed. I rather enjoyed both of them that evening.

“Okay, so you've met me, now what?”

Donovan would not be deterred. Kyla was nervous. He could just imagine the throbbing of her pulse against her neck, especially right above her collarbone where he was dying to taste her. When he touched her back to guide her through a thick band of traffic on the sidewalk, she tensed. At least she didn't pull away.

“Well, sugar, if it were up to me, I'd take you home and you, me and this rose could get better acquainted.”

She stopped, heedless of the traffic around them. Her sultry, brown eyes widened and her mouth formed a perfect O.

He was seriously going to have to rearrange his cock or soon he wouldn't be able to walk. “C'mon,” he said with a laugh. “Can't believe I could actually shock you. But at least I'm honest.”

She started walking again, her natural gait causing her hips to sway. Holy hell, those snug fitting black pants that hugged her curves and left very little to his imagination. Shame her white blouse was loose. He could only faintly see the bounce of her breasts. God, what a vision she'd make naked.

"You scare me the way you're looking at me."

"Fine, then I'll take you for coffee and we can talk until you're not so scared. I'll even try to refrain from looking at you."

"Hmm."

"No coffee? Want something stronger?" He was not letting her get away.

"Oh no," she was quick to answer that one. "I want all my wits about me when I'm dealing with you."

There was definitely chemistry between them. She reacted to his touch and his words. He rarely was set off balance around women, and while he knew exactly what he wanted with Kyla, he wasn't sure how to get it.

"Well?" he prompted.

She sighed. "Don't make me regret this. I'll go with you to your place. But just 'cause I wanna talk – get to know you. I have a feeling our conversation isn't going to be one I want anyone overhearing."

"C'mon, shocking people is my specialty."

"You're not ashamed of anything, are you?"

He knew a challenge when he saw one. He also saw her relax, just a bit. Her smile was genuine and she didn't turn away when he met and held her gaze. "Nope. I am who I am."

She sucked in her bottom lips and bit down on it. Blood rushed to his groin. He wanted to do that to her.

"So, since we've established you're an honest man and you're not out to scare me – what do you want with me?"

“Dumb question.”

“Is that why you answered my email? You didn’t know anything about me. What did you have in mind then?”

“Sex. And if you were twice my age or married, then at least an interview for the magazine.”

“So I’m here for sex and maybe a story?”

“I’ll change your name in the article.” He reached for her hand and squeezed, then led her toward his apartment. “You intrigued me. I was impulsive, I’ll admit it, but finding you, meeting you – it’s all foreplay.” He traced his fingers up her arm and over her shoulder until they rested on her neck. He rubbed gently. “Then I saw you. I can’t say I’ve even thought about an article since I laid eyes on you.”

“Gonna do that later, depending on what base you get to?” She tilted her head and looked up at him, her eyes glittering with emotion. One brow arched in silent question.

He didn’t answer her question. Because he didn’t know. Time to question her. “So, why’d you email me in the first place?”

They were at the sidewalk that led to his apartment building. It’d be nice to have answers before he took her up there.

“Impulse. Probably the afterglow of the self-induced orgasm.”

Ah, hell. Good fucking thing they were so close to his place because his cock was ready to go – right now. He had to take a deep controlling breath before looking at her again. She stared straight ahead, but her cheeks were flaming and her throat undulated as she swallowed the realization of what she’d blurted out.

“You have any idea how that teases me?” He needed her. Now.

Grabbing her hand, he pulled her toward his building. “I live here.”

Kyla read the unasked question in his dark eyes. Why was she even thinking twice? There'd been no empty promises, no sinister indications. She'd actually been amused by the idea he'd write about their experience.

Still, she wasn't a one-night stand kind of girl. But if she were going to have one, why not with a guy who called himself Dr. Sex—and one who looked as delicious as Donovan did?

Mustering up as much courage and self confidence as she could, she batted her eyelashes and shifted her hips. "So why are we standing outside?"

His next movement was a blur. She could barely keep her feet under her as he tugged her up the stairs. Her purse hit the landing, cell phone, keys and change rolling all around their feet and she didn't care. He picked her up by the waist and pinned her to the door with his gloriously hard body.

Instinctively she wrapped her legs around his middle, reveling in the feel of his cock against her swollen pussy. His mouth plundered hers, skipping all the exploration and romantic kisses and going straight for unchecked desire. Good, she didn't want that with Donovan. This was animal attraction, pure chemistry at work and neither of them was about hiding behind anything else.

She fisted his hair and held his mouth to hers, kissing him back with the same intensity he gave. When he plunged his tongue into her mouth, she sucked it in, mimicking what she'd like to do to his cock. He answered by rubbing against her cunt, the pressure against her clit making her moan and wish there were no clothes between them.

It was all happening so crazy fast, and she didn't care. She tugged at his shirt, nipped at his jaw and tried to pull him closer—which of course wasn't possible in the position they were in.

"I could have you right here," he muttered as he traced a line down her neck, licking and kissing his way to her exposed collarbone. Good thing he held her up, because if he released her right now, she wasn't sure her legs would hold her up.

“People would see,” she responded, not amazed at the jolt of realization that coursed through her and landed in the juncture of her thighs. People watching her have sex. She barely held back a whimper thinking of it.

Donovan noticed. “Oh, I think you’d like that. You want people to see me pound my cock into you. To see me lapping at your pussy, suckling up all your juices. You’d like that a lot.”

He tugged on her bottom lip with his teeth and demonstrated what he’d do to her. “It’d make you so hot if people watched. What if I used a dildo and fucked your ass while I licked you. What if they watched and told me when to go faster and when to slow down?”

She writhed against him, needing him to make her come. Dear God, she was spiraling out of control with no hope of regaining it.

“Works better with your clothes off, Donovan,” a sexy redhead came up behind him and patted him on the ass. “Just dropping off the mail and ad copy.” She winked at Kyla.

Kyla wriggled, this time to get down. Donovan laughed. “Nice going, Chelsea. Scare her off.”

Emotion swirled around Kyla. She wasn’t sure what to think. Her face was hot, her body still on fire from Donovan’s attention. Who was this woman? She glanced up to see Chelsea pulling out *her* keys and opening the apartment. That was a bucket of ice water over her head if she ever felt one. Kyla gathered up her purse and was about ready to make a run for it when Chelsea turned around.

“Oh, don’t worry about me, dear. I’m happily married, though Donovan does come to play with us from time to time, don’t you?” She fluttered her eyelashes at him.

Way out of her league. Way. What was she thinking? No, she wasn’t thinking.

Donovan leaned down and whispered something to the redhead.

“Ohhhh!” she squealed. “A threesome? Now that I would be more than *willing* to help you with. She’s a beaut, isn’t she? And if you had her up against the door before you even made it in, she’s definitely a passionate one.”

Kyla’s knees shook, her mind processing the invitation that had just been issued. “I-I...”

“Never done one before? It’s okay, we’re good teachers.”

Before Kyla could react, she was once again grasped by the wrist and pulled into the apartment.

Chapter Six

Food absolutely has its place in the bedroom. A nice sized cucumber, pared smooth, makes a fabulous dildo. A carrot, when shaped correctly, is great for introducing anal play. But there's nothing better than strawberries rubbed up and down a lover's pussy. Strawberries and cream. I'm hungry for them just thinking about it. Chocolate drizzled on a lover and licked up with great care can be fun. Once I popped a piece of chocolate inside my lover's pussy and let it melt. Then I fucked her and made her lick the excess chocolate and her cream off my cock. Damn, that was sweet...

"C'mere, sweetheart. You are not allowed to be scared."

Kyla wasn't scared. She was excited. Nervous, unsure and practically hyperventilating at the idea of having this sexy woman *and* Donovan. "I'm...not."

"It's all about you. Don't you worry about a thing. We'll have you screaming for people you haven't met yet. Then maybe we'll bring them in and make them watch as we make you come some more."

Her knees about gave in. It was all she could do to stand there and watch as Chelsea's fingers reached for the front of her blouse and began unbuttoning. "Don, dear, why don't you get the bed set up and get out of your clothes. Got anything good in the fridge? You know I love food with my sex."

Donovan waggled his eyebrows at Kyla and disappeared around a half-wall.

"Don't be afraid. Have you ever kissed a woman before?"

Kyla shook her head. She'd fantasized about it. Imagined how it would be—and suddenly she was experiencing it—the soft lips against hers, the press of a woman's curves on her body. Chelsea wasn't as demanding as Donovan, but her kisses reignited

the flame that had turned to a low simmer, fanning them with delicate strokes of her tongue until Kyla thought she'd combust.

"Oh yeah," Chelsea said, licking her lips and looking Kyla up and down. "I'm gonna like this."

Kyla stood there while Chelsea undressed her. She tried to help, even tried to reach for the other woman, needing another kiss, or to reciprocate and help to remove her clothing, but she stopped her.

"Let me."

The cool air of the room was a welcome sensation against her heated flesh. As her shirt, then bra fell away, she felt lightheaded. Was this really happening to her? Donovan came back in the room and stepped behind her. His hands cupped her breasts, the light touch almost painful on the tight peaks. He rolled her nipples between his thumb and forefinger just as Chelsea's hands slid beneath the waistband and pulled down, taking her pants and panties to the floor. The motion left Kyla's damp pussy exposed to the air.

"Oh, damn you're wet." Chelsea breath feathered against her thighs, making her shiver.

Kyla bucked when Chelsea's finger slipped between her pussy lips and prodded her slit. When the woman slipped her fingers into her mouth and closed her eyes, Kyla was thankful for Donovan behind her to hold her up. At the rate she was going, she'd orgasm before the pair of them even got undressed.

The pressure on her nipples continued. Each tug, each point of pleasure-pain shot spikes of awareness straight to her cunt. Chelsea didn't touch her again, to her disappointment, but caressed Kyla's ankles as she helped her out of her clothes.

Donovan shed his clothes behind her, and they both watched Chelsea slip out of her sundress.

Kyla had never been this close to a naked woman—at least in a sexual sense. Chelsea had full, upturned breasts with rosy nipples. They were pierced, a small hoop

through each one and a chain running between them. Her navel was also pierced. A pair of chains trailed down between her thighs. Kyla stared, turned on by the erotic picture it made. She'd never felt such desire for a woman, but wanted to touch her, to explore her body and the decorations that adorned it.

Chelsea was probably used to the reaction. She smoothed her hand over her nipples, making the chain jingle lightly. Kyla licked her lips, nearly moaning as Donovan reached from behind her and touched her breasts, circling her nipples in the same pattern Chelsea used on herself.

The other woman's hand slid lower, over the chains that led to her pussy. Kyla whimpered, straining back against Donovan, moaning when her ass came in contact with his hard cock. She wriggled against him, wishing she could reach between her legs and position him at the opening of her pussy. What she wouldn't give to have him fuck her from behind as she watched this woman pleasure herself. Maybe she could kiss her again. Touch her breasts. Taste her breasts. Taste her —

Donovan's hand slid between her thighs and spread her pussy. With his thumb on the nub of her clit, he entered her with two fingers and vibrated them until she nearly fell with the force of her orgasm.

"Let me." Kyla heard the female voice, but the spasms that rocked her body stole her ability to know what was happening to her. Suddenly, a warm breath hit her cunt, then a hot, moist tongue laved over her clit.

She cried out, slave to the sensation that poured over her. Donovan held her upright as Chelsea's magic mouth pulled her right back to the edge of oblivion, then sent her sailing.

Her orgasm tore from her, shudders racking her body. "That's a girl," Donovan whispered. "Look down. Watch her. Watch her as she licks up all your sweet cream. I love the sight of a woman's face buried in another woman's cunt. God, is that hot."

Kyla couldn't speak. She wasn't sure she could feel anything but the pleasure that shocked her body. Before the waves of one orgasm left her body, Chelsea's tongue had her on the edge of another.

"My turn," Donovan said. "Let's go to the bed."

He picked Kyla up and carried her. "What do you want?" He asked her as he sat her down on the edge of the bed.

"You." She reached for his cock. He was huge, hard and proud. The tip glistened with pre-come. She bent to lick it off, but he stopped her.

"I want to see you lick Chelsea. Will you do that?"

Kyla's pussy spasmed at the thought. But she wanted Donovan buried inside her.

"While you fuck me?"

Donovan threw back his head and laughed, then lowered his head and caught Kyla's mouth in a kiss she felt all the way to her toes.

"What'd you have in mind?"

Kyla eyed Chelsea's body, flushed and perfect, then Donovan's, all hard planes and masculine sex. She would have both. Oh God. "You from behind." She pointed at Donovan with newly found confidence, then Chelsea. "You beneath me."

Donovan reached into a drawer and pulled out a foil packet as Kyla climbed onto the bed. Despite the scorching orgasms she'd just had, her body hummed with the need for more, more...and so much more.

"Are you game for a sixty-nine?" Chelsea asked, climbing onto the center of the bed beside Kyla and reaching for her breast. Her finger slid back and forth over the nipple. Kyla lifted her hand, then dropped it.

"Please. Touch me. Touch me the way you want to."

Kyla needed nothing more. She was aware of Donovan standing at the edge of the bed, watching. That just turned her on even more. Still, she was hesitant as she touched the soft skin. So like her own, so unlike the hard planes of a man. Chelsea tilted her

head back, closed her eyes and sighed as Kyla's fingers explored her breasts, lightly tracing the hoops piercing them.

"Tug. Just lightly. She loves that."

Kyla didn't turn toward Donovan, but listened to his command. Chelsea moaned and gasped. Moving on instinct, she leaned forward and took one of the rosy peaks into her mouth. Need slammed into her pussy once again. But she ignored it as she licked Chelsea's breast, amazed at the taste of the stainless nipple ring and sweetness of her skin mixing in her mouth. After she'd teased one, she latched on to the other. Chelsea's hands slid up into her hair and held her there.

"Do it," Donovan told her. "Make love to her."

Kyla couldn't stop. Desire was her master, and she was the willing slave. She pushed Chelsea until she lay back in the sea of thick blankets and then Kyla draped her body onto Chelsea's. With her tongue, she flicked the nipple until Chelsea whimpered and pushed her off. "Lower," she gasped.

Kyla was happy to oblige. Her body was on fire.

She felt the bed shift as Donovan crawled up behind her, but didn't look. Instead, she kissed and licked her way down the woman's flat stomach, stopping to tease the jeweled ring at her navel.

Kyla backed up and looked down. The thin silver chain led straight to Chelsea's pussy, connecting to small hoops there. Remembering the way she liked the slight tug on her breasts, Kyla shifted the chains.

Chelsea bucked up, giving Kyla a view of her bare cunt. It glistened with arousal and the musky smell fogged any thought. She lowered her head and pressed her mouth to the woman's clit.

Chelsea shuddered beneath her. Behind her, Donovan growled and gripped Kyla's hips, forcing her up onto her knees. She lapped at Chelsea's pussy as Donovan pressed two fingers into her, stretching her. She arched back against him, once more amazed at the dual sensations heightening every touch, every scent, sound and taste.

She took her mouth lower, fucking Chelsea with her tongue as Donovan entered her. She squeezed her eyes shut, determined to hold on to her sanity at the welcome invasion. Chelsea's cream flooded her face as she licked and sucked in time with Donovan's thrusts. Chelsea rolled her hips toward Kyla's mouth, rocking her clit against her tongue. "Faster," she cried as she reached up and held Kyla's head against her pussy. "Suck. Suck it. Oh God. Oh God."

Donovan leaned over and pinched Kyla's nipples as she fucked Chelsea with her tongue and sucked her clit. The fullness in her own pussy was almost to the breaking point, yet she pushed back against him, wanting him in her — all of him.

"Wait," Donovan gasped out. He lifted Chelsea's hand off Kyla's head. Kyla wasn't ready to stop. She wanted this woman to come — she wanted to make her come.

"Chelsea, turn around. I want you to lick Kyla as I fuck her. Sixty-nine her as I pound into her. Make her come when you do."

Donovan had stopped thrusting. Kyla felt him pulse deep inside her. She loved the feel of him, so full, so thick. He teased Kyla's breasts as Chelsea positioned herself beneath Kyla, her head between Kyla's spread knees, her pussy in line with Kyla's mouth.

The scent of sex made resuming the onslaught no problem. When Chelsea's tongue traced up her pussy with Donovan's cock sliding in and out, she nearly came. Her only salvation was concentrating on the pussy before her.

She liked the new angle. She used the flat of her tongue against Chelsea's clit, pushing and rubbing until Chelsea arched up against her mouth. She tasted her up and down, nearly to her puckered asshole, then pressing her tongue as far as she could into Chelsea's pussy.

"Here," Donovan said. He pressed something long and hard against Kyla's hand. She fisted it, realizing right away what it was. Donovan thrust into her slow and even while Chelsea licked and sucked her clit. When the warm mouth left her pussy and

Donovan moaned and clenched her hips tight, she could only imagine what Chelsea was doing to him.

But she had something for the woman who gave her pleasure. She propped herself on one arm and pressed the dildo against Chelsea's cunt. The woman gasped and shifted her hips, as if reaching for the rubber cock.

"Fuck her. Fuck her hard and fast, like I'm going to do to you."

Kyla obeyed, using her tongue to vibrate Chelsea's clit as she pushed the fake cock into her pussy. The woman writhed beneath her, but she moved with her, moving the dildo in and out of her at an increasing speed. Donovan sped up. Chelsea's mouth continued its onslaught on her clit and she fucked Chelsea with the dildo as hard and fast as she dared, pushing it deep within her and then nearly all the way back out before going in again.

Chelsea came first, her wail turning into a scream as she bucked and shook. Kyla fucked her until the spasms ended. Chelsea reached down then, pushing the dildo deep inside her. "Your turn," she said, her breath coming in gasps.

It didn't stop her from putting her mouth against Kyla's pussy and continuing the onslaught. With her free hands, she tugged at Kyla's nipples. Donovan continued to fuck her, harder and harder. She arched back against him, concentrating on the feel of his cock deep within her. That thick, heavy cock buried to the hilt. A beautiful sexy woman beneath her, eating her out as she was being fucked.

She ground her pussy back and down, loving the scrape of Chelsea's teeth against her clit, the feel of Donovan's balls slapping her thighs. Each stroke built the sensation higher. Each time he withdrew, she wanted to cry out at the loss, but then Chelsea's mouth would touch her intimately and cause her to shudder. Closer. Closer to the edge.

"Give me," Donovan said. He reached forward, fisted both her breasts and powered into her with a force she hadn't expected. It stole her breath, her ability to think. Chelsea replaced her tongue with her fingers, touching them everywhere, especially where her body joined with Donovan's. He did it again, nearly knocking her

down with the force of his thrust. The gasps she heard were foreign, the thunder in her head blurring everything but the pleasure radiating from her cunt. Again, he drove her higher, splintering her into pieces of light and sound. She heard the cry, didn't recognize it. Her body exploded into pleasure from somewhere inside. It spiraled through her, stealing everything.

Then Donovan roared. His fingers cut into her flesh, but it only enhanced the sensation. The throb between her legs quickened, then slowly abated.

Chapter Seven

Anal play. Do I love it? Hell fucking yeah! Give me a woman with a well shaped ass, let me bend her over and bury my cock in that tight hole. I like it even better when her pussy is filled too, be it another cock or a dildo. I even like anal play myself and have no qualms about taking it from another man in a group setting, especially if I've got a woman under me sixty-nine style with my cock in her mouth.

Chelsea was gone when Kyla came out of the bathroom. At Donovan's insistence, she'd showered and wrapped herself in one of Donovan's plush robes. Belatedly she wondered just how many woman had walked through that door and been treated to a piece of carnal heaven. Not that she believed he felt anything for her. Of course not, they'd technically only met a few hours before.

"Hey, gorgeous."

She graced him with a smile, hating the doubt she felt. Still, she wandered over to where he sat at the computer, toying with the lettering of an ad.

"Do you do everything?"

"In bed, you betcha. For the magazine, no way. I tinker with the ads if they need it and write my columns. We all proofread one another's stuff before they hit final copy editor."

"Is all the stuff you write true?"

He pushed his chair back and pulled her down on his lap. "It's never all true, but it's always true."

"So you'll write about what happened today."

"I'm sure I will." He pressed a kiss to her neck. "That was incredible. But only you and Chelsea will know. You won't be named, your description will never give you away."

She swallowed and nodded.

"Does that bother you?"

"Oh, no," she responded. "I figured that was the whole reason for it." She looked at the screen again, seeing how trivial sex was portrayed.

"Sex is the reason for sex, sugar. Now..." he pulled her face down to his and laid a kiss on her mouth. "Where's that rose?"

She closed her fist on that tiny wish that she could meet a man who found something more profound in the act of sex than the physical release. She should be glad she had found Donovan, who at least for today would provide her with some of the best sexual experiences of her life.

"Mmmm, I don't know," she answered, pulling back and looking into her eyes. His attention was fully on her and there was nothing but desire in his hooded gaze. He leaned in for a kiss, but she stopped him taking a moment to nibble on his lip. "Didn't Chelsea say something about food? I've worked up quite an appetite."

She swore the pronounced bulge beneath her ass twitched at her obvious hint.

"I've got something for you."

She laughed. "Are all men taught to say that?"

"I try not to lie, so I'll plead the fifth. But I really won't complain if you suck my cock."

The chair scraped the scarred wood floor as he pushed back even farther. Kyla intentionally pressed her ass against his cock as she stood up. He stood as well, unzipped his pants. His erection sprang free. Without hesitation, she wrapped her hand around it and worked her fist up and down the rock-hard shaft.

Donovan sighed and gave into the pleasure her hands gave him. But he couldn't help but think about the picture of her emerging from his bathroom. She was sexy as hell, her hair wet and slicked back, her face glowing from the hot water, but there was something different. Like that innocent he found so intriguing had been lost.

And here, pushing him back into the hardbacked chair and kneeling before him, a teasing grin on her face, was a woman who knew what to do to a man. As her lips closed over his cock, he lost track of what he was thinking about and gave in to sex.

He fisted his hands, holding himself back when all he really wanted to do was hold her by the hair and fuck her lovely mouth. The heat, her skilled tongue winding around the head of his cock, teasing the slit. When she sucked, he damn near came up off the chair and shot come down her throat.

She was a menace to his sanity and control. She used one fist, then two, then only her mouth while her hands roamed the rest of his sensitive groin. She nibbled her way down his cock until she reached his balls, then took them into her mouth one by one while her fingers teased his anus.

God, yes. He moved against her, loving the way she focused on pressing her finger to the puckered entrance and massaged it in time with the strokes of her other hand at his cock.

Kyla's teeth grazed over his skin, her breath hot against him. She paused, licking her lips, only to take the entire length of him into her mouth. The back of her throat constricted as she swallowed, tightening on him, forcing a deep moan from his own mouth. He grabbed her hair, holding her there as the wash of blinding pleasure blackened his world.

She continued, sucking and pulling until he was ready to come, then slowed and shifted. It was sexy, infuriating, mind-boggling and maddening. He wanted more. All of her.

"Try that again and I'll back you up against the wall and fuck your mouth myself."

She grinned, best she could with his cock shoved in her mouth.

“Oh, don’t taunt me.”

An eyebrow lifted and she pulled back, sucking hard. Her lips were so tight around his shaft. She teased, she tugged, she sucked until he was on the verge of erupting in her mouth. Then she’d relax and stroke him softly to the point he *was* ready to take matters into his own hands and paint her face white.

“Take it, Kyla. Suck me.” He couldn’t hold back. With his eyes closed, he tilted his head back and let go. Her fingers tightened around the base of his cock, milking him as she sucked hard at the tip. The power of his orgasm ripped the breath from him. He gripped at her hair, holding her there until the mind-numbing spasms faded. His body still jerked at the motion of her tongue prodding the slit in his cock, then licking every drop of come from the shaft. What sweet torture. What had he done to deserve this?

But when she stood up, her hair half dried and tousled on her shoulders, her lips swollen, her cheeks stained pink, he saw something else. A dark emotion flickered behind her half-closed eyes – and it twisted in his chest.

Bringing her here had been a mistake. It was too late now. He might have thought she was his kind – like Chelsea – all about physical pleasure, but now he saw the truth. Kyla still had a raw innocence, a level of emotion, a vulnerability that left her exposed.

He had to get her out of here.

“If I had a blue ribbon,” he started, winking. “I’d pin it on you for your performance tonight. You can really suck some dick.”

A shadow flitted across her face – so quickly he almost missed it. Still, her slumped shoulders and averted eyes told him the truth.

“You’re welcome to stay. If you’re still hungry, you can help yourself in my kitchen. I need to finish this ad and go over my articles for the next issue.”

Kyla had already started shaking her head. “It’s late. My roommate will worry I’m not home.”

Donovan nodded, forcing his face to hide his emotions. He figured she'd react that way. "I understand. You're welcome to come back anytime. I'd enjoy it."

"Thanks."

He winced. Never was easy to walk away from a one-night stand, even one that didn't last all night. But she had no room in his world. "My pleasure," he said, and meant it.

"One thing," she paused, looking from the door to him. "What's it take to get a subscription to your magazine? I'd really like to read about myself next month."

"Email me your address. I'll sign you up."

"Sure." He watched her pick up her purse and fish something out of the side pocket. When she faced him again, any hint of emotion was gone. Handing him the business card, she offered up an empty smile, as if he were nothing more than a stranger. "This woman wants a subscription. Wanna give her a call?"

Chapter Eight

Dear Dr. Sex, I walked in on my boyfriend cheating on me. His response? I should have joined in! I might have if it'd been prearranged, but to me it was still cheating. Now he blames me because our relationship has tanked. What's your opinion?

Dear Violated: You're right, he's wrong, now make him get on his knees and make it up to you. Or c'mon over and I'll take care of you.

"Where'd you go?" Theresa jumped up and practically ran at Kyla. "You didn't call."

The ride home had snapped Kyla out of her melancholy—probably by looking around at the people in the half-empty subway and wondered what they'd think if they knew where she'd been and what she'd done. At this point, she could hardly believe it herself.

Why she reacted the way she did at the end, she wasn't sure. Although she figured it had a lot to do with it being a very important night in her life—and technically it was another day in the office for Donovan. But why did that bother her?

"Earth to Kyla. Damn it girl, you've got an evil grin and a faraway look in your eye. You *have* to tell me what you've done!"

She took a deep breath and opened her mouth to start, then gestured Theresa to the sofa. "Better sit down. You're not gonna believe this."

Kyla launched into the story, skimping only a few details. Theresa's eyes had grown wide after the first mention of Dr. Sex and Kyla wasn't sure her friend blinked, or breathed, through the rest of the story.

"So you had a fling with the famous Dr. Sex." Theresa got up and paced the length of the living room. "And you're not cheering? No champagne or—"

"Dear God, Ther, he's just a man. A cock is a cock is a —"

"Don't even say that."

"Okay, he's a man with an above average cock and a very good idea of what to do with it. I hardly think it's something to crow about."

"I would."

"Probably." Kyla kicked her feet up on the coffee table and pushed her limp hair off her face. "But it was empty sex. The emptiest sex I've ever had."

"Sometimes the best kind is —"

"Please. He could have fucked a damn pumpkin and gotten the same results. Forgive me for being old-fashioned and enjoying a little emotion with my sex. I at least want the guy to recognize me and semi-sorta like me for *me*, before it's all about my pussy."

"Hopeless."

"Likely. Anyway. This whole story? Keep it between you and me. Last thing I need is for this all to show up in next month's magazine and everyone's looking at me."

Theresa snickered.

"I've got to do laundry, catch up on email and head to bed."

Her roommate's laugh followed her to the bedroom.

* * * * *

"Hey, Jim wants to pick up the ads, if possible, and meet your new girl."

Donovan regretted answering the phone. But with less than week until print, he had to stay focused on SeXTC and not just on sex. "Please, Chelsea, she's not my girl. And she's gone already. If Jim wants the ad, he can come get it — and my articles."

"Done already?"

“You know better. I always stay ahead of the game. The articles were done days ago. I’ve already started working on next months.” He lied, but he figured he could use tonight’s data to discuss the thrill of introducing someone to group sex for the first time.

“Jim’s on his way,” she said. He listened while she bid him goodbye, the sounds muffled with her hand over the receiver. “But he’s royally upset that you and I got a piece of her and he didn’t.”

“Sorry. I had to get this ad done.”

“Next time.”

“I don’t think there’ll be a next time.”

“What?” her voice ratcheted up a notch. “Shit, Don, she was perfect for you.”

Donovan sighed and leaned back in his chair. Chelsea, God love her, was everything to him and she’d just slipped into one of her favorite roles – mothering him. “Perfect for what? No offense, but I’m living in a world where lots of women are perfect for me. Especially if they’re pretty, sexy and horny.”

“Pig.”

“Have I ever lied to you?”

Chelsea sighed. He wanted to laugh, but having been there, done that, he didn’t. “You’re not getting younger, mister. You need to think about your future. About feeling, about caring.”

“I feel, I care.” He felt very ticked off and cared very much not to have this conversation.

“Sure you do. About us, about your family. About the magazine, your job—lots of things, which shows you’re damn capable of it. But since Amy did the number on you, you’ve treated women like they’re all a brainless, heartless pieces of ass.”

She was probably right, but he wasn’t going to fucking admit it. “You have no idea what you’re talking about.”

“No? Then you won’t mind giving me Kyla’s number. I’d like to invite her over this weekend.”

“That’s not really a good idea.”

“Oh? She was hot as hell, talented with that tongue and really into the sex. Jim was burning up at the thought he missed out of all that tender flesh. Of course, he’d like to introduce her to the handcuffs and—”

Talk about an inner war. If he argued, Chelsea would never take her claws out of the concept he should be with Kyla. But how the hell could he explain why Chelsea shouldn’t call her?

“Her number? Last name? Donovan, are you listening?”

“She’s not like us, Chelsea. If you need a ménage, invite someone who knows the game.”

“Not like us. Hello, who the hell am I talking to? I seem to remember you pounding her from behind without apology. She liked it—very much. She might not have a lot of experience, but she definitely was in with the program.”

“She had no idea what she was getting into.” Donovan gritted his teeth. He hated disagreeing with Chelsea, but this was one point he wasn’t going to let go of. Kyla had still had heart left. She carried hope, the chance to find love and happiness. While Chelsea and Jim were married, Donovan had never sensed there was anything between them other than good sex and the ability to live together. They often had other partners. He could never imagine Kyla regarding sex so lightly.

“I need to get this stuff printed and saved for Jim. We’ll talk about this another day.”

He hung up without waiting for her response and pulled his chair up to the keyboard again. Instead of accessing his document file, he went straight to email and found Kyla’s original email.

Reading it again, he imagined her chewing her bottom lip and hesitating over the keyboard as she chose her words, then closing her eyes before hitting send. Not that she was childish or weak—she was precious. He kept thinking innocent, but not sexually. Emotionally? Clearly she had never gone through the hell he'd dealt with or she'd guard her heart better.

He hit reply, cleared out her previous message and changed the subject line.

Chelsea would like to see you again. She and her husband want to invite you to a party this weekend. Before I send any personal information, I wanted your consent.

Donovan

He reread it, hated it, and hit send just as Jim let himself in the door.

"Tell your wife I emailed Kyla about your party."

"You mean she's not here?" Jim sat down in the throw-covered recliner and looked around. "I thought Chelsea was teasing. Here I was all in on a threesome for us. If you hadn't tired her out, that is."

"She left right after Chelsea did."

"Bummer. You coming Saturday night?"

Jim and Chelsea had a killer condo offering a dozen different places to have sex. He'd always enjoyed their parties, full of scantily clad woman, cocktails and no inhibitions whatsoever. He could *not* see Kyla in that environment.

"Don't know yet."

"Damn. Chels was right."

"About what?" Good God, the woman was a pain in the ass.

"Kyla."

“Oh, for crying out loud, Jim, the woman emailed me after reading a back issue of SeXTC and said she’d masturbated to the article. What did you think I would do? I found her and invited her over.”

“Defensive.” He lifted his hands up.

Donovan knew the whole discussion was a toxic waste. “Whatever. You’re here for the ad. Lemme print it and get you a CD copy.”

“It won’t hurt you to admit you actually liked Kyla as a person.”

“I didn’t say I didn’t.”

“We know.”

His email beeped, signaling an incoming message. Donovan paid it no mind, but Jim leaned over and then smiled back at him. “Your girlfriend’s calling.”

Donovan walked over to the computer and clicked on the email. One sentence. Three words that had no business affecting him, but did. Way too much.

Are you going?

“Guess that answers, that, eh?” Jim clapped his hands and stood up. “I’d best be going. I can imagine the two of you up all night cybersexing. I’m going to get this issue together then fuck my wife.”

Donovan sent Jim off with everything he needed and faced this monitor again. “If I go,” he said as he typed a response to Kyla. Damn. No. He couldn’t say what he wanted. Why would he deliberately talk about the woman he would fuck without regard? To hurt Kyla? To make her understand how crass and emotionless their world really was?

So if it was so bad, why was he in it?

Because love sucks.

And he was no way in love with Kyla after just meeting her, but...

Shit. But he could fall in love with her, if he just let himself. He'd seen enough to know the deadly potential.

What sounds better, he started his email again. A room full of horny stranger groping and propositioning you. Strange hands slipping over your body, up your skirt, pinching your breasts. The mouths of people you've never seen or talked to all over your body and strange men thrusting their cocks at you. Or, Donovan took a deep breath and typed the rest. Dinner with me?

He didn't sign it and hit send before he thought twice.

Shit.

What was he doing to himself?

Feeling. Living.

He stared at the monitor, waiting like a pussy-whipped man for a sliver of hope he hadn't just put his dick on the chopping block.

The screen flickered. Shit. Fucking spam. No, he didn't need to make his dick bigger or harder, he needed Kyla to say she'd rather go fuck nameless strangers than have dinner with him. Then he could resume his sex-centered life. Happily.

Another email popped up. From her.

Several words were misspelled, so he had to think she was typing without looking back, impulsively getting words on page and out before she censored herself.

I want to have dinner with you. Then have you for dessert. I want you to blindfold me and pretend you're all those different people, groping me, pressing their fingers in my pussy and sucking my breast. I want you to kiss me, deeply as you fuck me, facing me. I want to explore your body and have you do the same to me, with or without whipped cream, chocolate sauce or anything else.

But I have to ask. Why?

He rearranged his raging hard-on and gulped down the bottle of water he had beside his screen. Jesus Christ that woman was hot. He wanted to do those things to her *now*.

Kyla, I second everything you said and think we should do all of that at least twice. Why? Why don't we start with something simple, like I don't want to share you, and we'll go from there? Last thing I want to do is scare you away.

He hit send.

And waited. And waited. It was almost an hour later before he heard the knock, a soft, hesitant knock. He shivered as he realized who he wished was on the other side of that door.

"Hi," she said, lowering her eyes as he opened the door.

"You came back." He reached for her, cupping her cheeks and tilting her face back up toward his. Her eyes would show him the answers she might be too afraid to give. "Why?"

"I..." she swallowed and tugged her lower lip between her teeth. "Just kiss me. Why is it I'm always making the first move?"

He laughed even as he pressed his lips to hers. He grabbed her hands and tugged her toward him, until she was inside his apartment. Then he locked and bolted the door. "No interruption. And I'm serious about not sharing. You okay with that?"

"Mmmm, I could be."

"I'll convince you. You won't need anyone else. Promise."

"Show me."

He grinned and wondered how he'd almost let her get away. What the hell had he been thinking? While it was too soon to really know where this was going, he wasn't afraid to think about tomorrow, or next week.

"Give me that sexy mouth, and I'll show you exactly what I'm talking about."

She offered up her mouth and slid her hands up his chest, her fingers hot through the fabric of his shirt. Her minty breath was hot against his cheek as he nipped and kissed his way from her luscious mouth to the edge of her jaw. She shuddered when he licked the hollow beneath her ear. "Fuck this," he said and picked her up. He carried her to his bed and dropped her there.

"No, fuck me, Donovan."

"Listen to you. Here I was gonna be all romantic and slow and you're rushing things."

Kyla smiled lazily up at him from her reclined position on the bed. Her cheeks were flushed, her eyes twinkled. When she lifted her finger and crooked it at him, he forgot all about slow and sexy. He growled and launched himself toward her, lowering his body onto hers. Damn clothes in the way. They had to remember to lose those before they got this far. He was just too...eager to have her. He held his weight off her, pressing his hips into her just enough to feel her wriggle beneath him.

"Is it too forward to say I'm not sure I'll ever get enough of you?" He reached down and slid a hand beneath her T-shirt to caress her soft skin. He wanted to go up, explore her full breasts until she moaned, then venture south and slip his hands into her soft, well manicured curls. They'd be damp with her arousal.

"If you don't get rid of these clothes, we won't get any of each other."

Donovan rolled to his side and started to undress her. She shifted away, laughing, and quickly disposed of her clothes. "Well?" she teased. "You just gonna watch?"

"I..." he didn't know what he was going to say, but he couldn't get his mouth to cooperate. He reached up and fisted his shirt over his chest, amazed at the foreign feeling there.

"You want to say something?" All the shyness she displayed when he opened the door was gone. She lay back against his sheets, all pale skin and seductiveness.

"I'll make the first move on this one." He busied his hands pulling his shirt over his head and dropping his pants to the floor. "I want you. In my bed. In my life. Don't know how, don't know why but there's just...something."

He palmed her hips and lowered his mouth to kiss her stomach.

"Glad you said that. I didn't really come here for sex."

Donovan pulled back. "Kyla?"

"Make love to me. Tonight, tomorrow, next week... Not for your magazine articles, either."

He hadn't thought of SeXTC since she had walked through his door. "The magazine is about sex. I have a feeling we're gonna go a lot deeper than that before we're done."

"So? What are you waiting for?" Kyla grinned and pulled him down onto her for a deep, promising kiss.

For once in his life, he really, truly enjoyed foreplay. How she could change his view on things in one day, he didn't know, but he wasn't letting go, either. He wasn't lying when he told her he wanted to kiss every inch of her flesh. There was no rush to pound out an orgasm inside her, even when her arousal flooded his hand as he finger-fucked both her entrances.

By the time he climbed above her, ready to enter her—to claim her, he understood the one thing that had eluded him his entire life. Sex was a connection. Kyla pulled him toward her, her nails scraping his skin. Her need was his want. He pressed the tip of his cock against her swollen pussy lips.

"Donovan," she moaned. The sound of her name on his lips was incredible.

"Say it again. Say my name as I take you." He entered her, closing his eyes as her body clamped down on him, her heat surrounded him. He finally *got it*.

"Donovan," she whispered as she encircled his biceps and tugged him down.

"I'm heavy."

"You won't hurt me."

Her taut nipples grazed his chest. Her breath was hot on his shoulder as he built up speed. Each thrust of her hips sent him closer to the edge. When he could barely see, when Kyla's breath came in short gasps and her skin was damp with sweat, he lifted up on his arms.

"Look at me."

He focused on her eyes as he slid his cock in and out of her. Raw emotions exploded in his chest as her orgasm slammed into her. A ragged cry tore from her mouth, which he accepted from her with a deep kiss. Her nails tore into his shoulders as she held him there, their bodies joined. She shuddered beneath him, the force of her contractions sending him flying. He fisted the bedding as he held himself deep inside her and let the blinding sensation rock him.

Now *that* was what sex was supposed to be about.

"I'm glad I came back," Kyla said a few moments later. He'd thought she'd fallen asleep.

"Me too. Now we need to talk about the part where you don't leave, okay?"

"Works for me."

About the Author

Melani Blazer has a taste for the unusual. She loves books and movies that take her far from reality and test the edge of her beliefs. Which mirrors her writing. Instead of trying to curb her wacky imagination, she's been able to morph it into sexy stories of were-leopards and mortal angels and sinister ghost-cars. Ideas pop into her head in the weirdest places, but often choose to challenge her in the shower or in those waking hours just before dawn. If she can catch them, she builds them into worlds and stories.

She's been married nearly half her life (how can that be, when she's still 29?) to her high school sweetheart who supports her, challenges her, and provides all of the enterta—research needed to write emotionally charged tales of true love (and hot sex). They spend their time raising their caboodle of cats, their teenage daughter and one another's blood pressure. Oh, and they work on their own Hot Rod (a '71 Chevelle) together as well.

Melani welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and email address on her author bio page at www.ellorascave.com.

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