

# ***SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION***

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## Chapter One

"Tell me your deepest, darkest fantasies."

The words were breathed in a husky, sultry tone against Maddy's ear. Warm breath caressed her neck, raising the fine hairs at her nape and sending chills coursing down her spine.

She didn't have to turn around, knowing instantly to whom that deep sexy baritone voice belonged. How she would love to provide explicit graphic details of her most intimate fantasies for him. Or better yet, maybe they could act them out.

"Come on. Tell me, babe. What is it? Being bound to the bed, or maybe oiled up on a Slip N' Slide? Do you dream of sweet lovemaking, or hard fucking? One lover or several?"

Icy shivers prickled along her skin. Just the sound of his voice, his erotic words, had her nipples puckered and pressing against the bodice of her little black dress. She had worn it in hopes of catching his eye. Not that he would ever notice Maddy as a woman. His buddy, sure. A woman, never. His words were all in jest as usual, right?

"How much have you had to drink tonight, Jake?" she questioned, then gasped as he licked a hot wet path along the ultrasensitive skin behind her ear.

"Stop it, Jake!" Maddy squealed in protest. Of course, stopping him was the last thing she wanted to do. But giving in meant risking both heart and soul. She couldn't stand the thought of being rejected by this man, the only one who really mattered.

Jake Cruise had been her best friend and neighbor since college. They had shared everything. Well, almost everything. She couldn't share her true desires with him, could she? As if he'd ever want to have sex with her. He was such a tease.

Maddy gave herself a mental shake. What was she thinking? Of course she couldn't. It would ruin their friendship. Probably freak him out to hear her dark, forbidden passions.

"Come on, Maddy. Tell me," he pleaded.

"I don't have dark fantasies, Jake. You know I'm a good girl."

*Yeah, right! Liar, liar, pants on fire!*

If Jake didn't stop whispering in her ear, Maddy's panties just might catch on fire. Heat surged through her blood, pooling in her swollen labia. Her panties were soaked in her creamy juices. At least she was in the right place to have the fire put out if she went up in flames. Half the guys from the firehouse were scattered throughout the rowdy pub.

Man, the train of her naughty thoughts was out of control. If she were the devout good girl her parents wanted her to be, Maddy would be spending a lot of time in the

confessional, saying a lot of Hail Marys. It certainly was a good thing her dark thoughts were private. If anyone in her family knew the things that ran through her mind she'd be labeled a wicked bad girl. She was not a bad girl. She just had some bad thoughts once in a while, right?

*I am a good girl!*

Well, she'd been raised to be a good little Catholic girl. It was just her baser carnal desires that made her feel like a bad girl. Maddy had done everything she could to keep them suppressed. Good, intelligent girls just didn't think about the things that haunted her mind late at night, many of them involving Jake and a few of their closest friends dominating her sexually.

Truth be told, Maddy had been in lust with Jake since the first time she had laid eyes on him across their quiet street. Standing in his driveway, he'd been wearing only a pair of red swim trunks while washing his pride and joy, a shiny blue convertible Corvette. Jesus, the man made her sweat. He'd looked like a shiny-bronzed god standing there, caressed by golden rays of sunlight. He was perfect.

*If only I was his idea of a goddess!*

But she was so not his type. Jake went for the typical blonde Barbie doll types with large breasts, impossibly thin waists, long legs, and low IQs. Maddy was far, far removed from that image. Her hair was shoulder-length, fiery red and extremely curly. Her breasts, while pert and firm, barely filled out a C cup. She wore a curvy size fourteen, considered her legs to be only average, and held a PhD. Although she knew men thought her to be pretty, she could never measure up to one of the beauties that usually captured Jake's attention.

"Come on, Red. You can tell your ol' friend Jake."

*I want you, Jake. I fantasize about you all night, every damn night. Hard, fast, and dangerously wild fucking. I want you to take control, and lavish me with more pleasure than I can handle.*

Sure, that would go over well. Not! She could never tell him her true desires and fantasies. Not when Jake continually tried to set her up with boring, nerdy, three-piece suit desk jockeys. How could she ever make him understand that was not what she wanted or needed?

No, she didn't want some boring average guy, with a boring average job, and absolutely no sex appeal. There had to be chemistry. Heck, she wanted to see sparks fly. To feel the electric jolts of lightning that surged through her body every time Jake casually laid a hand on her arm. Like they did every time she was near the totally hot, adventurous bad boy currently whispering in her ear. God, if only he were truly attempting to seduce her.

Now that really was a fantasy. Jake liked to joke and pal around with Maddy. He treated her like a little sister. Actually, more like one of the guys. They went to action movies together, hung out having wings and beer with the other guys from the

firehouse, and participated in extreme sports. She had even gone to a strip club with the guys once. Now that had been embarrassing.

"Do you dream of a big, hard cock sliding in and out of your slick heat?" he asked in a husky tone. "Or maybe it is dual penetration that gets you wet. Maybe you want to be forced onto your knees and made to take my cock past those pouty lips, right here in the pub with everyone watching." His voice became raspy, filled with need, driving her to the edge of reason.

*Oh God, yes! Please!*

She wanted to scream out that answer, drop to her knees and part her lips. To just once take a chance, be a little bit wicked. Or maybe even a lot wicked. Experience the fervor of unleashed animalistic lusts.

Maddy bit back a moan as one of her favorite fantasies came to mind. She was trapped in her bedroom, calling out for help. Panic set in when she'd awoken to a fire. Then she heard his sultry voice from the other side of the door. Jake chopped through the wood with rhythmic swings of a sharp axe, talking soothingly the whole time.

When she could finally see him, sweat glistened on his bronze, muscular flesh. Each movement set rippling muscles moving sinuously beneath his slick skin. Mmm...his yellow turnout pants were slung low over narrow hips, red suspenders over broad, bare shoulders. Smears of dirt here and there on that muscular chest, dark hair spread like a lush pelt over the wide expanse of gloriously male hard body.

A five o'clock shadow darkened his square jaw and firm upper lip. God, those were the most kissable lips, pleasantly plump but not overly so. The pale white flesh of the scar slashing across his right cheek only enhanced his rakish bad boy looks, giving his face character. While no one would ever call Jake a pretty boy, he definitely was rugged and sexy as all get out.

*"It's okay, babe. I'm here now,"* he would reassure.

His jet-black hair always appeared slightly mussed up, the silky strands hanging over one sapphire blue eye, cascading down onto his shoulders. The smoldering look of desire in those gorgeous eyes as she slowly moved to his side put a seductive sway into her curvy hips and made her burn. If the room weren't already on fire, that look in his eyes alone would certainly spark some flames. She would look past his shoulder and see the other guys, similarly half turned out, standing in the doorway.

Okay, so no firefighter would respond to an emergency bare-chested, wearing only half his gear, but hey, this was a fantasy after all. And in Maddy's wet dreams they always showed up just in time – hot, horny, and half dressed.

Of course, she was no wilting daisy that needed rescuing. Maddy considered herself to be a tough broad, totally capable of taking care of herself in almost any situation. Not in her fantasy though.

Placing both hands on his magnificently sculpted pecs, Maddy would slowly slide the suspenders down sinewy arms, letting her fingertips graze over every curve and sinew. Then she would drop to her knees, sliding her hands over rippling abs to pull his

pants down. Jake would stand before her in the body-hugging boxer briefs he favored, pants pooled around his boots. The formfitting underwear did nothing to hide the impressive package so wonderfully displayed along his hip.

She was always wearing a silky hunter green chemise in these heated visions. With an impressive display of strength, Jake would tear the thin garment in his haste to uncover the feminine wonders that lay beneath. Then several pairs of large, thick-fingered hands would touch and tease every fevered inch of flesh as they all pleased her.

"Tell me what you're thinking that's getting you so hot and bothered. What's bringing that sexy little smile to your gorgeous lips, raising your heart rate?"

Damn her pale, freckled, redhead's complexion. Maddy could feel a bright red flush burning on her cheeks and neck. The heated embarrassment of being caught fantasizing spread all the way down to her breasts. She felt flushed all over. A deer caught in the hot, bright glare of oncoming headlights.

They really needed to turn down the air conditioner in this place. With a great effort of will she was barely able to restrain the need to fan herself with her hand.

This time his lips moved enticingly against the shell of her ear as he leaned in close. The musky scent of her arousal rose heavily in the heated air surrounding them. She prayed that he would not notice, but knew she was not going to be that lucky. Jake was currently nuzzling her hair and down her neck, only stopping when he reached the thin strap of her dress. For a brief moment Maddy thought she felt the wet heat of his tongue on her shoulder, but she must be mistaken.

He leaned back, intense blue eyes meeting hers in the mirror behind the bar, piercing the outer calm she struggled to project. She looked over her shoulder, mesmerized as the pink tip of his tongue peeked out between those sensual lips, then traced a wet path over the comely curves. Maddy spotted several of their friends closely watching every move they made.

"Jake!"

Twisting around on the barstool, planting both hands against the solid wall of his chest, she shoved at him. He stood statue still. "You are such a pest. Why don't you go bother someone else?" She made a show of looking around the crowded bar. "Where's this week's Barbie doll gone off to anyway?"

His penetrating gaze never left her face. "Candy prefers the ritzy clubs downtown. Said she wouldn't be caught dead hanging out in a dive like this." A little shrug of indifference briefly drew up his broad shoulders.

That figured. A local joint like O'Rourke's Pub certainly was not Candy's style. It was the favorite hangout of the local cops and firefighters. Amazing how it suited Maddy so well. Sweet, bleached blonde airheads just didn't fit in at the rowdy pub.

She wanted to laugh out loud over that thought. Why were women who were not very intelligent always referred to as sweet? And why were all Jake's women named after foods and drinks anyway? The most recent names flashed through her mind.

Brandy, Brie, Cherry, Ginger, Sherry. And Maddy's personal all-time favorite, Honey. Why any parent would name their daughter Honey was beyond her. That is, unless they wanted her to grow up to become a stripper.

"Come on, Red. Tell me what turns you on."

*Y O U! You turn me on, Jake.*

Her annoying friend was just not letting up tonight. Okay, time for a subject change. "I wonder if Candy's gone off to join the other female foods," Maddy giggled. "Ambrosia, Cookie, Peaches, Melba ..." She broke into a fit of hysterical laughter which made her eyes water as she doubled over. "You...you must be...so hungry...all the time," she gasped out between fits of laughter.

Two of the guys standing closest to them heard her joke. Luke guffawed and Tom slapped his thigh before howling with laughter. The look on Jake's face just made her laugh harder. He seemed genuinely offended, even hurt. Well, it served him right.

"Making fun of the girls I date is not going to make me forget the topic, Maddy," he chastised.

Damn, busted. Leave it to Jake not to be distracted by her antics. "Jake Cruise, I would not tell you my fantasies, even if I did have any."

A serious, worried look crossed his face. God, how she loved that face. She was tempted to reach out and smooth the dark locks of hair away from his forehead, then gently soothe the deep lines furrowed there with her fingertips. Something always stopped her though. Regardless of all they had shared, there had never been anything sexual between them. No matter how much she'd always wanted him, Jake never had been and never would be hers.

"Come on. Good little Catholic girls usually have the wildest fantasies. If you won't tell then I'll guess. And if I get it right...if I turn you on...well, then we go home and act it out."

Maddy nearly choked on her mouthful of beer. That would have been great. It would have aspirated down into her lungs and brought on a major coughing fit. Knowing Jake, he'd try to do the Heimlich maneuver on her or something.

Of course, Jake knew exactly how to get under Maddy's skin. Growing up the youngest of six children, the only girl, she'd been teased and tormented beyond belief. Her brothers were all so rough and tumble, into one-upping each other. Being the baby of the group, the only girl, she'd always had to prove herself. Go one step further than her brothers, show she was tougher.

It had been obvious in the wild stunts she was willing to participate in with the guys. All they had to do was make an offhand comment that a woman wouldn't be able to do something, and she had to prove them wrong. The guys all knew what a dare did to her. Regardless that she understood the psychology involved, dares were something Maddy could not walk away from. It went right back to trying to fit in with her brothers, prove that she was good enough to hang around with them. If he dared her now she was doomed.

“Come on, babe. What’s the chance I’ll get it right?”

“Yeah, like you could possibly understand what an intelligent, sophisticated woman desires. You’ve been hanging out with the food bimbos a little too long, Jake. There is no way you’d figure out what I fantasize about.”

Okay, that was probably pushing too far. Now he was bound to say the one thing that would put steel into her spine and force her hand. And she really had it coming after her taunting words. Why did she push him on this?

“I dare you. What’s the chance of me getting it right, slim to none?”

He gently pushed her knees apart and moved to stand between her legs, nice and close. Too damn close. The scent of sandalwood and testosterone-ridden male heat made her nostrils flare.

Ooooooh, what a brat. He knew exactly what those words did to her. It didn’t matter that she was a well-educated intellectual woman with her doctorate in psychology. Challenge her, make it a dare, and there was no way she could resist. Especially when she figured the odds were in her favor. Heck, just thinking about the guys he’d set her up with over the years boosted her confidence. Jake didn’t truly know what she wanted. No way!

## Chapter Two

The luck of the Irish had failed Maddy. That was how she now found herself being driven home to act out the most outrageous fantasy with her best friend. She sat on the passenger side of Jake's Vette, clutching her purse over her now panty-free mound.

*Crap, crap, crap, and double crap!* She was supposed to be smarter than this. Yeah, like her high IQ, PhD, and Mensa membership did her any good in this situation. How the hell was she supposed to have fantasy sex for one night with Jake, and then ever be able to look him in the eye again?

*Come on, Miss Smarty Pants. Figure a way out of this hole you dug for yourself, and fast.* Okay, time to put on the thinking cap. In about two minutes they would be home, and Jake was expecting to fulfill one very erotic fantasy.

Instead of working on a solution, Maddy kept replaying their conversation over and over again in her mind. Jake's deep raspy voice softly speaking close to her ear, his hot breath kicking up her internal temperature. The way he looked deep into her eyes, but it seemed more as if he was looking straight into her very soul.

*"I know what you want, Maddy. What you need,"* he'd cockily stated. *"And I am the one man who can give it to you, because it's what I want, what I need, too."* The look in his eyes had turned hungry, feral. *"Don't you worry about a thing, babe. I'm going to make it so good for you."*

Then he proceeded to reach into the deepest, darkest recesses of her soul and draw out every secret longing, every hidden desire. She felt as if he'd waltzed straight into her dreams, capturing her most intimate longings.

*"You dream about dark, wild fucking. You want to be tied up, outside. Somewhere off the beaten path, yet public. You want to be stripped naked, body and soul, out where anyone could walk by and maybe even join in the fun. To submit yourself completely, turning over all responsibility for your pleasure to another."*

*"I will drive you so wild with my fingers, lips, and tongue that you'll be screaming my name. You will beg me to stop, and plead for me to finish you off with the very next breath. I'll keep you hanging on edge until you entrust me with everything."*

*"You're wrong, Jake,"* she had lied. *"I don't want any of that."*

If he didn't know her so well, Maddy could have pulled off the lie that she had not been turned on by his fantasy scenario. But the jerk had held her wrist the whole time, felt the changes in her pulse. He'd even measured the increase in her respiratory rate as her breathing became fast and shallow. And there was no hiding the heat rising from between her legs. Not when he stood wedged so closely between her thighs.

She had nearly melted into a puddle at his feet. Leaning close, his fingers had casually brushed over one painfully swollen nipple. Maddy had not been able to suppress her needy moan. The fingers of his other hand settled down on her knee, and then trailed a scorching path up her thigh. And if that wasn't enough, Jake had really shocked her with his next words.

*"Are you wet for me, Maddy?"* The heat pouring off his big body had nearly branded her skin. *"I can smell your sweet scent, babe."*

She had sputtered and gasped like one of his brainless food bimbos. *"Jake Cruise, you are a rude, arrogant prick,"* she'd declared, voice full of righteous indignation.

He'd just laughed. *"I'm sorry, Red. I must have misunderstood. Did you just say you want to see my enormous, amazing dick? If you said anything else you've just earned a spanking."*

A spanking? That idea certainly had potential. She had always wondered how it would feel. Would the initial sting transition into a slow burn? Would it make Jake as hot as the idea made her?

When he had finally stopped laughing, Jake continued to drive her absolutely out of her mind. The hand that had rested at the hem of her short dress, dangerously close to the apex of her legs, began to move upwards once again. The material slid salaciously over her thighs, leaving way too much leg bare.

*"There's only one way to prove whether you were turned on or not. I'll have to check if your panties are dry."*

Maddy had nearly fainted right then and there. Although she'd never been one prone to syncopal episodes before, Jake was really getting to her. *"No way, no how,"* she'd said, slapping his wandering hand away.

He just laughed at her again. *"Okay. Then go to the bathroom, slip off your panties, and bring them back to me."*

*"When hell freezes over, Jake."*

Her spine had stiffened, there was no way she'd give him her panties. Not just because she'd creamed them either. Then he'd hit her in her stubborn pride, striking a fatal blow.

*"Okay, babe. I'm sorry. Should have known you couldn't take the heat, follow through on the dare you accepted. It was a little too much for you. Never mind."*

And then he'd struck the final nail into her coffin.

*"I've got this friend that's more your speed. Greg's a junior accountant with an up-and-coming career. I'll set you guys up for a date sometime next week. He is real stand-up good guy. Someone just perfect for you."*

Maddy knew he was playing her, but now her back was against the wall and she came out swinging.

*"Fine, I'll prove to you it didn't turn me on."*

*"Good. Run on over to the ladies' room like a good little girl and bring me back my prize."*

It had been a command, not a request. And what other choice had she had? It was either let him slide his hand all the way up under her dress in front of everyone, or go to the bathroom and take off her panties in private. Just the thought of putting her wet panties into his hand sent a fresh gush of juices over her pussy lips.

As they'd left the pub, Maddy had felt like all eyes were on them and everyone knew exactly what they were about to do. They'd made the rounds, saying goodnight to their friends. Luke had hugged her tightly and whispered in her ear. *"If you need rescuing from that rogue, just call me, honey. I'll come and save you. Whisk you away somewhere safe and warm."*

Now where the hell had that come from? Did he know something she didn't?

\* \* \* \* \*

Jake couldn't hold back the wide grin that spread across his face every time he surreptitiously looked at Maddy from the corner of his eye. For once he'd finally gotten to the confident, intelligent, tough as nails woman who'd been making him crazy for longer than he could remember. Broken past her proper little façade.

He'd figured out some time ago that if he was ever going to get to Maddy, he'd have to use what he knew about her, push her past her barriers.

She was so nervous that she couldn't sit still. Each time she wiggled her butt against the leather seat a little more of her thigh was revealed, driving him to distraction. She held a white-knuckle grip on her purse while he casually rubbed her silky, wet ivory panties against his cheek, and under his nose. Hell, he primarily did it because he could tell it was making her nuts, taking her out of her comfort zone.

He couldn't wait to get her naked, spread open the soft folds of her pussy and taste her sweet cream. His cock was harder than the steel pole in the firehouse just from the scent of her arousal permeating the air, saturating the scrap of material. He never would have imagined her wearing such sexy, lace-trimmed panties.

Thankfully it had taken her awhile in the bathroom to work up enough courage to bring them to him. During that time Jake had made arrangements with two of their friends. Together they would make this a night that Dr. Madailein Flannagan would never forget. But first he needed to gather some supplies.

Pulling up into his driveway, Jake shut off the engine and turned toward Maddy. She just continued to stare out the windshield, refusing to look at him. Her nervousness almost made him want to let her off the hook. Almost, but no dice. Not when he finally had her just where he wanted her.

Damn, how he loved everything about Maddy. He would have had her long before now if she weren't so far out of his league. Smart good girls like her deserved a hell of a lot more than someone like him. Facts are facts. Jake only had a high school diploma and firefighter certification.

So he'd held himself back all this time, marking time dating the silly flavors of the week. He just couldn't wait any more. He had to have Maddy, put his mark on her. And there was no turning back now. He had every intention of making her his. If she would have him, he would treat her like a princess, give her anything she desired. There was nothing he wouldn't do to ensure her happiness.

"Look at me, babe," he ordered.

She complied with a reluctant, deliberate turn of her head, staring somewhere in the vicinity of his chin.

"Up here, babe." He waited for her to finally look him in the eye before continuing. If she was going to submit to him, she had to learn to do as told.

"I'm going inside to pick up a few things." He gave her a stern look. "Don't even think about moving out of that seat. If you're not sitting right there when I come back out I'll have no choice but to spank that luscious ass of yours."

"You wouldn't dare," Maddy gasped, and dropped her gaze once again.

Jake took her chin in his hand, bringing her eyes back to his own. "Don't doubt me, Madailein. Have you ever known me to not follow through on something I've said? Think about it. And as a little precaution I'll be setting the car alarm. It will go off if you open the door."

Her gorgeous hazel eyes widened in surprise. The pupils were so dilated Jake could barely make out much of their normally warm green color. "Stay put, babe," he warned, never breaking eye contact.

Jake hit the garage door remote then climbed out of the low-slung sports car. Once inside the house, he grabbed a small nylon duffel bag from the bedroom and tossed in various items. Back in the garage he rummaged around for some rope. He glanced surreptitiously over at the car. Maddy still sat exactly where he'd left her, fidgeting uncomfortably. Good, let her sweat.

Just thinking about what he had planned made his cock press painfully against his jeans. He'd waited so long to finally pin her down. There was no way he would let her wiggle out of making good on the dare. Sure he felt a little bit guilty seeing how nervous she had become, but that was not going to change his plans.

Maddy was the kind of woman whom he could picture being his perfect life partner. Her easygoing, adventurous personality complemented him so well. They loved to do all the same things, rock climbing, rappelling, skydiving, both water and snow skiing. Heck, there wasn't anything she was afraid to try. And she usually excelled at all physical challenges.

Fiercely independent and dominating in her work as a therapist, she projected strength and power. Yet deep inside he saw her need to turn over control during sex, the need to submit her body and needs to the right partner.

And what a body. The exact things she hated about herself were the features that Jake loved. Nothing felt better than one of those springy red curls wrapped around his

finger. Mmm...and all those glorious curves. Nothing would please him more than to lose several hours just tracing each and every contour.

The diets she was always on made him want to scream. For a woman so confident in every other area of her life, Jake didn't understand why she was so insecure about that gorgeous body. Hell, last year Maddy had nearly starved herself on some crazy cabbage soup diet to lose only ten pounds.

The alarm chirped as he deactivated it, suppressing a smile at her having submitted in this small way. "Good girl," he praised when he climbed back into the car. "Now we're going to have some fun."

Panic shone in Maddy's wide-eyed, somewhat glassy gaze. Jake silently cursed himself. He was being a bastard, but there was no turning back. He needed her too much. Hell, he'd needed her for way too long. Now that he had her in his grasp there was no way he was letting her slip free.

He had to give her credit. She remained quiet during the short trip to nearby Kinsey Park, finally speaking when the car was parked in the deepest shadows of the empty lot, the engine turned off.

"Jake, I can't do this."

With a deep sigh he took her hand, giving it a gentle squeeze. "Yes you can, babe. I'll be with you the whole time. All you have to do is relax and enjoy. Give yourself over to my care."

"But, Jake..."

"Shh, Maddy. No more talking unless I ask you a question, or give you permission first. I'm in charge now. You just follow my instructions. Trying something new can't hurt you. If you don't like something that I do, you have permission to tell me and I'll stop. I won't do it again unless you ask me to.

"Your job tonight is to just let go. Turn over care for your body and pleasure to me. I know you trust me, otherwise you would never have jumped out of a plane with nothing but me and a piece of nylon to get you safely back on the ground."

Jake held his breath. He half expected her to fight him on this, show her steely backbone and stubborn pride. Damn, if she turned him down now he'd fucking die. He'd never wanted a woman so much before. His desire for Maddy was like a burning ache deep within his soul that only she could relieve. But he'd walk away if she didn't trust him, since trust was so essential in any relationship.

For several moments she just sat there, deep in thought. He began to worry that she would back out of their deal until she nodded her head.

"I trust you, Jake."

With just those four simple words he felt like the luckiest man alive. He wanted to shout and throw his fist up in the air in triumph. Instead, he just nodded back. She was his now. His to love and care for. His to pleasure and dominate.

"Good. Come on, let's go."

Jake slung the bag over his shoulder. He carried a flashlight in one hand, the other he kept around Maddy's waist for support. Walking over the rough terrain of the dark runners' path in four-inch fuck-me heels made her somewhat unsteady. Before long they reached a small clearing, never seeing another soul along the way. No one used the park at night, which was exactly what made it perfect.

Four areas in the park were set up to perform different exercise activities. The idea was to run along the four-mile trail and stop to perform the exercises in each clearing along the way. The one where they stood now suited Jake's purposes just fine.

Guiding Maddy to the middle of the clearing, he dropped the bag at the base of the chin-up bar. It had a wooden frame with a metal pole across the top and was just what he needed. He'd fantasized about tying Maddy up here every morning during his workout. The frame featured several sets of holes bored into the wood along its length allowing users to adjust for height differences.

It was a warm night, so he knew that Maddy's shivering was not due to the temperature. Pulling her up against his chest, Jake tried to soothe her nerves. "It's okay, babe. We'll take things slow. Just relax."

She came to him willingly, leaning into the shelter and warmth of his body. With slow motions, Jake stroked his hands over her back and the silky skin of her bare arms. Just like a little kitten she snuggled up against him, rubbing her cheek against his chest.

*Damn!* It was sheer heaven to finally hold her close as something other than just a friend.

After several minutes, Jake cupped her beautiful face in his big hands. Lowering his head slowly, he held her eyes with his own until they were too close to focus. At first he just brushed his lips over the warm fullness of her mouth. Then he used his tongue to trace the generous curves before sliding along the seam, seeking entrance.

Maddy's lips parted on a sigh. What started out as an easy, tender discovery quickly built into burning passion. Jake wanted to holler with joy as he felt Maddy give herself over to his kiss. Their tongues twirled and tasted while their lips sucked each other deeper. It felt so good to finally taste what he had endlessly longed for.

*Damn!* It was even better than anything he'd imagined.

While she let him take the lead, Maddy was in no way passive. She sucked on his tongue, inviting him for a deeper tasting. God, did she taste good. Her mouth was hot, warm, wet, and very receptive to his advances. He could taste the dark amber beer they had drunk earlier. Underneath that were the deep, sensual flavors of warm summer sunshine and willing woman.

"God, babe. We've wasted so much time waiting." The heat steadily built between them. Soon they were sealed together from shoulder to knee, but it still wasn't close enough. Her firm breasts were pressed into his chest, the soft flesh of her belly cradling his throbbing cock. Intense warmth radiated from every curve of her soft body. If he didn't get inside her heat soon he just might die.

Their hands were everywhere, exploring, inciting need. They still had way too many clothes on, but not for long. Pulling himself back was the most difficult thing he'd ever done, but hell if he'd do this half-assed. He wanted the joy of seeing Maddy subjugate herself before him. Her acquiescence to both their needs was a beautiful gift that he wanted to fully enjoy.

"Strip for me," he demanded.

He saw the defiance in the tight set of her shoulders, the deep furrowed lines across her forehead. This would be a turning point for them. Either she would submit to his demands, or they would not be able to continue.

"Do it. Now," he ordered in a tone that left no room for discussion.

A multitude of emotions played across her sweet face in a matter of seconds. He waited without breathing as she came to a decision at this important stage in the game.

Maddy's hand shook as she reached around for the zipper at her nape. She lowered it with slow, deliberate movements, her eyes downcast. Hesitating for only a moment, she shrugged her creamy shoulders, letting the straps slide down her arms.

"Look at me, babe." The words came out slightly harsh. Maddy's slightly timid green eyes jerked upward to meet his own intense gaze.

"Continue," he said, giving her a slight nod.

While Jake was not truly into the Dom/sub lifestyle, he would expect her to comply with his wishes concerning their newly developing sexual relationship without hesitation. Soon enough she'd learn that compliance would lead to the fulfillment of pleasure beyond her wildest dreams when they played this way.

Maddy could be as fiercely independent as she wanted outside of the bedroom, or park as it were. Hell, he applauded her self-reliance out in the world, but he would be top dog in everything sexual.

## Chapter Three

With a provocative wiggle of her curvy hips, Maddy pushed the dark material over her pearly, freckled flesh, allowing it to pool around her ankles. Good Lord, the woman had no idea how her inherent sensuality literally radiated from every beautiful inch of supple flesh. It was her utter unawareness of both her intoxicating sensuality and feminine allure that attracted Jake. She was nothing like the vain, self-absorbed women he tended to date.

With her dress lying pooled at her feet, Jake stood back to drink in the glorious sight of her voluptuous curves. Pearly white skin was dotted with scattered freckles. He wanted to taste each and every delectable spot. Her breasts stood firm and proud, nipples pebbled beneath the lacy white strapless bra that matched the panties in his pocket. Nothing fake there.

There was just enough moonlight for him to see each peak and valley of Maddy's gorgeous body. His eyes were unerringly drawn to the dark red triangle of curly hair at the apex of her thighs.

"You are so beautiful, Maddy. Absolutely perfect," he said with a growl. "I'm going to tease and taste every inch of opalescent skin as you melt in my mouth."

"Jake!"

"It's okay, babe. I'm right here. Take off the bra, now." He could not suppress a moan when her full, gorgeous breasts were revealed through slow, sensual movements. Jake felt like he'd die of thirst if he didn't drink from her sweet flesh soon.

Moving forward he captured a distended, pretty coral-colored nipple between his lips, licking and sucking. At the same time he pinched and twirled the other firm bud between his fingers. The soft sounds of unbridled pleasure bubbling up from the back of Maddy's throat were nearly his undoing.

*Damn!* His erection was becoming almost painful. Jake wanted to thrust into her intense heat, make himself a permanent part of Maddy.

No. He would not rush this. Tonight would be a night neither of them would ever forget. He would raise her desire for him to an all-consuming level, binding them together.

He lavished each breast with equal attention, kneaded the firm globes while sucking the elongated coral peaks into his mouth. Pressing both breasts together, Jake sucked and licked both nipples simultaneously.

Maddy's head dropped back between her shoulders as she cried out her pleasure to the moon. The sight of her graceful neck extended and allowing unfettered access was too big a lure. Jake worked his way up, stopping to tease the hollow at the base of her

throat. As his tongue tasted the salty-sweet skin he could feel the frantic pace of her wildly accelerated pulse.

Her devilish little hands began to roam his body, pushing his shirt off his shoulders after working the buttons free. When her wandering fingers found the bulge in his jeans she teased his throbbing erection mercilessly. His cock jerked against the barrier of his jeans, desiring a more intimate caress.

The scent of her arousal was killing him. No more waiting. He had to taste the sweet juices coating the swollen lips of her pussy, *now!* As he dropped to his knees, Jake pressed her legs wider apart with his shoulders. Using his thumbs, he gently spread apart her luscious pink lips before deeply breathing in her scent. The soft, swollen folds glistened with her juices.

"Damn, babe. You are so wet."

She cried out and grabbed onto his shoulders for support as his tongue slid over her tender lips. He licked, teased and tasted everywhere but the one place she wanted him most. His mumbled moans of male appreciation sent tremors through her body making her shake with the combined pleasure and need for more.

"Jake, please," she gasped.

"Mmm. I could drink in your hot juices all night, babe," he praised just before slipping a finger into her drenched pussy. The walls tightened on the digit while her strong pelvic muscles contracted, drawing him deeper. He added a second finger at the same time his lips closed around her pulsing clit. Jake continued to suck and lap at the little bundle of nerves while finger-fucking Maddy as she convulsed in an explosive orgasm.

"Oh my god!" The sensations exploding through her body were beyond description. Jake had ignited a blazing fire that expanded out through every fiber of her being. Maddy let the intense feelings overtake her body and mind. She remained encapsulated in her own little world of heavenly pleasure for what could have been hours or just a few minutes.

When her awareness finally settled back to the clearing she was shocked to find herself totally immobilized, tied to the chin-up bar by several lengths of soft cotton rope. The rope was looped through the holes in the wood frame, securing her ankles and spreading her legs wide. Her arms were stretched high above her head, leaving her exposed, helpless.

*Sweet Jesus!* She hadn't even realized that they had moved and now she found herself captured. The good girl was screaming inside her head. *This is bad. Naked, tied up in a public place, Jake in control of the situation.*

Maddy whipped her head around wildly, hair flying over her face. Where the hell was Jake, anyway? *Dear Lord, please tell me he didn't leave me here, trussed up and completely defenseless, raw and laid bare.*

She felt like a newborn babe, stripped bare down to her very soul, jumbled emotions spiraling out of control. It felt like everything that happened in her life prior

to this moment was meaningless, null and void. Reality and what was important to her had changed between one heartbeat and the next.

Maddy struggled not to panic. She had to use her brain if she were to survive this crazy situation. Relaxing her shoulders she craned her neck as far backward as possible, searching for any signs of her captor. If she ever managed to get free that man would face her wrath. How dare he rearrange her very existence then disappear.

Finally catching sight of him several feet away over her left shoulder, Maddy let out a sigh of relief, but the feeling was quickly overridden by anger. The arrogant prick was talking on his cell phone. How could any call be so important as to interrupt what was happening between them?

"Jake Cruise," she sternly growled. "If you don't untie me right now..."

"Just settle down, babe," he casually called back.

After mumbling a few more words into the cell phone he slowly walked over to inspect his handiwork. Maddy struggled for a few moments against her bonds until he whispered in her ear from somewhere behind her back. Her whole body tensed as his velvety voice caressed her shoulder.

"You look breathtaking with the moonlight casting a silvery glow over your bare skin." His fingers trailed from her shoulder and down her spine, creating wild shivers through her heated flesh. "Just relax, feel, enjoy."

When his fingers reached the bottom of her spine, Jake traced along her waistline. The muscles in her abdomen contracted as his butterfly soft touch stroked over the soft little swell.

"I want to see you truly let go, Maddy. Just let instinct take over," he breathed against her neck. His devilish fingers traced the outer curve of her breasts before teasing her now supersensitive nipples. The way her breasts fit so perfectly within his large warm hands registered in some distant part of her mind. She felt complete, a sense of everything coming together flawlessly.

The good girl continued to scream at her, trying to make her feel shame and guilt. Yet every touch, every seductive word only increased her feelings of rightness. Submitting to Jake's touch was the most wonderful, beautiful thing she'd ever done.

His warm, firm lips and hot, wet tongue slid down her neck leaving behind a fiery path. "You need to let go of your pious beliefs and open up to your darker side. Allow yourself to experience what you truly desire."

Maddy wasn't sure if she could do that. Yet here she was—restrained, naked and open, right out where anyone could stumble upon them. It was sinful, wanton. Shockingly, just thinking about what she'd already allowed Jake to do brought a fresh flood of hot juices sliding down her vaginal walls, spreading over swollen folds. There was no way something that felt so right could be wrong.

The devilish man kissed, licked, and nipped a path down her back. After a particularly hard bite on her left ass cheek, he soothed the pain away with a gentle lick.

She cried out sharply as his tongue delved into the crevice between her cheeks. Jake's hands massaged and spread her ass wide for his loving. Slowly, heatedly the downward path continued. Then he did the most unexpectedly taboo thing. The wicked man ran his hot tongue in a circle around her puckered anus.

"Oh my god!" she screamed. "Jake, what the hell are you doing?"

She'd lost control of her breathing, gasping and panting in an effort to draw in much-needed oxygen. Her breasts jiggled wildly as Maddy struggled against the sensations rioting through her body, and continued to fight the battle being waged in her mind.

Before she could protest further, his sinful tongue plunged into the small, tight hole. Maddy did not have enough breath left to scream this time. Every muscle and tendon tightened, then relaxed under his expert ministrations. One hand remained massaging her ass as two fingers from the other one slipped into the slick heat of her pussy.

All her vast capabilities for thought left as Maddy became a mindless mass of nerve endings. The battle of good versus bad died in that instant. Her entire world narrowed down to the sensations that started in her pelvis and shot quickly through the rest of her ravished body. Totally unaware, she pleaded mindlessly for more of everything—harder, faster, and deeper.

\* \* \* \* \*

Jake lost count of how many times Maddy reached orgasm. His ears had begun to ring from her unbridled pleasure-filled cries. All his adult life he'd dreamed of finding such a passionate woman who would respond so openly to his lovemaking. Although he had suspected Maddy held dark, lustful desires similar to his own, he had never imagined they would connect on such a soul-deep level.

Grabbing a tube of lubricant from his duffel bag, Jake began working a finger into her tight back channel. The near volcanic heat he discovered there drove him to the brink of his control. Tight muscles along the narrow channel spasmed against the digit.

He circled her clit with the fingers of the other hand while adding a second finger to her tight ass. Her needy little moans and whimpers nearly had his cock bursting out of the confining jeans he wore. There was no way he could take them off before he had Maddy ready without losing any remaining thin semblance of control.

Scissoring his fingers, Jake stretched her tight channel, preparing her to take his cock. God, she had the most perfect ass. The firm globes were perfectly rounded, soft skin and firm muscle.

Suddenly, Maddy stiffened, every muscle in her body tensing.

"Oh god, Jake. I hear someone..."

Her words died in her throat when Luke and Tom made their way into the clearing, stopping short at their first glimpse of her stretched out in the moonlight.

"Holy fucking shit," one of them gasped.

"Gawd damn," the other huskily groaned.

Maddy struggled against her bonds futilely. The two men slowly moved forward taking in the glorious sight. Jake barely paused in his preparations. If he didn't get his cock in her soon he just might blow his wad in his pants, or explode from the painful erection.

"You are so beautiful, honey," Luke praised. "We're gonna make you feel so good."

Tom tripped over an exposed tree root and nearly face planted. He couldn't take his eyes off her long enough to watch where he was walking. All four of them burst out in riotous laughter, breaking the tension that hung heavily in the crisp night air.

Strangled cries bubbled up from Maddy's throat as Jake added a third finger to those invading her ass. "About time you boys showed up," he growled from between clenched teeth. His jaw was fast becoming sore due to his efforts to hold back.

"Holy shit! The three of you planned this," Maddy cried.

The uncharacteristic cursing, rather than the accusation, had the three men pausing. Luke was the first one composed enough to respond.

"You say no, and we walk away, Maddy." Sincerity was clear in his chocolate brown eyes, along with his deep desire that she not ask that of him.

For several breathless moments the men waited for her response. Looking into Tom's and Luke's hopeful eyes, she realized that they would turn away if she did not agree. Her gaze swept over the two rugged firefighters waiting before her. Luke with his short, sandy blond hair and dark puppy-dog eyes. Tom with his perpetually tousled brown hair and smoky gray eyes. Both were incredibly muscular and fit. Handsome, trusted friends whom she had often fantasized about.

That's what it all came down to in the end. They were trusted friends whom she had desired as long as she'd known them. None of them would intentionally hurt her. They were offering intense pleasure beyond anything she could imagine.

Maddy let her eyes wander appreciatively over the two hunks waiting patiently for her response. Luke was a few inches taller than Tom, who had the stockier build of the pair. Both men had incredible bodies, and were unselfconsciously sporting large bulges between their legs.

Mentally, Maddy slapped a hand over the good girl's mouth, shutting up her constant ranting. There was no way she could pass up such a generous, once-in-a-lifetime offer to achieve untold satisfaction. They would indulge her in every pleasure of the flesh, and there would be no recriminations.

Meeting each man's intense gaze first, Maddy responded to her friends the only way she could. "Please, don't go. I want this, all three of you."

Luke boldly walked right up to her, cupping her face in his hands and seized her mouth in a deep kiss. Jake slowly resumed his preparations. Tom stood mesmerized for several moments before beginning to strip out of his clothes.

Jake couldn't take any more. The sound of his zipper seemed impossibly loud in the quiet night. He barely allowed his fingers to make contact while generously coating his dick with lubricant. He was so close to the edge that it was not going to take much to throw him over.

Luke worked on removing his clothes, never taking his mouth from Maddy's for long. Tom moved in close and began tending to her swollen, achy breasts. When he sucked a diamond-hard nipple deeply into his mouth, Maddy moaned into Luke's kiss.

Being as gentle as he could tolerate, Jake pressed the head of his cock against her tight little rosebud. Tom moved back and forth between her nipples as Luke dropped to his knees and began tongue-fucking her.

The multiple stimulations had Maddy jerking and writhing against her bonds. One forceful movement impaled two inches of his straining cock into the intense heat of her tight channel.

"Ah, fuck," he cursed. "Maddy, babe, you've got to hold still."

She was unable to articulate actual words, mumbling pure nonsense. When Luke's teeth closed gently against her clit she exploded, hips bucking wildly, impaling another three inches of Jake's throbbing cock.

Jake gasped for every breath, his chest laboring hard as he struggled to hold back his climax. Maddy slammed back against him wildly, sheathing him balls-deep and snapping his control. With a wild roar he began fucking her spasming channel hard and deep, fast and mindless.

Luke stood, quickly donning a condom and burying his cock in her slick heat with one hard thrust. Incredible sensations from the added tightness and friction against his shaft sent him soaring, triggering Jake's climax. He couldn't move as her pelvic muscles clamped down tight, holding him captive. The soft, full cheeks of her ass flexed and rippled with the powerful spasms surging through her gorgeous body.

After filling her tight channel with his hot cum he could only wait for her body to release him. When finally free, Jake fell to his knees. He'd never experienced anything so earth-shattering before. Maddy had sucked him dry.

Lying back in the grass, Jake watched as Tom stepped into place behind Maddy, put on a condom, and lubed up his straining cock. Her ass was well lubed and open from Jake, so Tom was able to slide into her ass nice and easy.

Maddy's cries and whimpers filled the night. Watching their two friends fuck Maddy senseless was having a distinct effect on Jake. Never would he have imagined becoming hard again so soon after such a powerful climax. Yet that is exactly what was happening.

He rose on shaky legs, moving to her side. Gently capturing her chin, he turned her face toward him. "Damn, babe. You look so sexy. Your beautiful face is shining with passion while they fuck you. Every luscious inch of your skin is slick with desire. Feel them, Maddy! Their big cocks slamming in and out of your heat, filling you up to bursting."

Jake could not imagine a more beautiful sight. He had never seen anything so compelling in his life. The image of Maddy consumed with passion, body and soul bare for all to see. He kissed her deeply, drinking in her lusty response until she once again shattered, pulling the two men along with her for the tumultuous ride.

She came hard, her glorious body trembling with overwhelming pleasure as her screams echoed around the clearing. Pumping his cock in his hand, Jake came again watching the woman he loved succumb to such blissful ecstasy.

Once they all recovered, he had every intention of staking his claim, binding Maddy to him. While it had been an amazing experience to watch her complete and total surrender to the blazing desires of her body, it would never happen again. She belonged to him now, and no other man would ever touch her again.

As the other men fell away from her, Maddy collapsed bonelessly, held up only by the rope securing her to the wooden frame. The three men worked her free of her bonds and gently lay her down on a blanket where they tended to her needs. They put her dress on, sans undergarments, and Jake pocketed her bra. Then he carried her satiated body the entire one-mile walk back to his car.

## Chapter Four

The heavenly aromas of coffee and bacon penetrated through deep layers of sleep, gently waking Maddy. For a few minutes she tried to drift back down, but the various persistent aches in her muscles demanded attention. It felt like she'd spent an entire day rock climbing.

As her mind began to focus she felt a warm, solid heat pressed against her back, and she snuggled in deeper. She'd just started to drift contentedly back down to sleep when thick fingers plucked at her nipple, bringing the flattened nub to life. Maddy's eyes popped open wide as the realization that she was in bed with someone filtered through her sleep-fogged brain. From the feel of the body she was held firmly against it was a big somebody with a rather large erection.

Blinking rapidly against the sudden influx of bright light, she struggled to figure out where the hell she was. The unfamiliar masculine surroundings eventually took shape and substance. Heavy, dark wood furniture and hunter green bedding. Posters depicting extreme sports hanging on tan walls.

*OHMYGOD, OHMYGOD, OHMYGOD!*

She was in Jake Cruise's bedroom, lying in his bed. That must mean the man playing with her nipple, sending lightning-hot sensations straight down to her already dampening pussy must be...

"Wake up, sleepyhead, while your breakfast is still hot," he mumbled against her ear, then his devilish tongue began tracing an intricate pattern along her neck. Tremors of anticipation and remembered bliss coursed through her tired body. His fingers absently toyed with a fat spiral of her sleep-mussed hair.

Events from the night before came back in little bits and pieces. A hot blush spread over Maddy's cheeks as she remembered hanging completely naked from the chin-up bar in Kinsey Park while Luke, Tom, and Jake tortured her in such delightful and decadent ways.

However, the most amazing thing Maddy remembered was the tender, loving way Jake had treated her. That and the way those gorgeous sapphire eyes had gazed at her with such love and possession.

The thought of him regretting what had passed between them was more than she could bear. Add in a strong dose of guilt over what she'd allowed them to do, and her whole body stiffened. This could only turn out badly.

*Okay, mind, start functioning.*

She'd never been good at the awkward morning-after episodes. Heck, she'd never faced a morning after with a friend before. How did one handle something like this without ruining a friendship? Probably best to just face the music.

Maddy rolled over to face Jake, praying that it was only the two of them. Facing Luke and Tom at the same time would be difficult. Doing so naked with morning breath was not something she wanted to contemplate. The breath froze in her throat as she caught sight of her bronzed god. Her lover. There was no doubt that she loved him to the point of distraction. Always had.

His glorious jet-black hair was still rumpled from sleep, sticking up in clumps. Golden rays of late morning sun made the silky strands shine. She knew that they would feel cool sliding through her fingers. Maddy drank in the sight of his rugged, hard features as her fingers traced the path of the white scar over his right cheek. God, how she loved his handsome face.

"'Bout time you came back to the land of the living. I was beginning to worry," he said, favoring her with a devastating smile.

His intense, penetrating blue gaze reached straight into her heart. How was she supposed to go back to just being friends? Of course, the answer was obvious. She couldn't. Her heart belonged to Jake. There was no turning back. She had given him everything last night.

"Damn, babe. You look like a deer caught in headlights. Relax, Maddy. Everything's all right." One big hand traced soothing shapes over her back. If only she could just be casual about the situation, act like one of the cool, calm food bimbos. But that was not her. She was cursed by being practical, serious, an overachieving intellectual.

"No. No, it's not! Everything has changed, Jake..." she blurted out.

He placed a finger against her lips, stopping her words. "Shhh. There is no reason to feel awkward around me, babe. Sure, things changed last night, but it was a change for the better."

Looking into his eyes she detected love, possessiveness, and desire. "You're mine now, Maddy. What happened last night will never happen again. No other man will ever touch you, make love to you. End of story," he growled.

*Thank you, God.*

While being pleased by the three handsome men had been incredible, Maddy was not sure she could handle such an intense experience again. Relief washed through her tensed muscles with the knowledge that she'd never be faced with such a situation again. Jake appeared to be staking a claim on her.

Cradling her head in his big hands, Jake tenderly kissed away her anxiety. God help her, but the man sure knew how to kiss. Her entire body heated in seconds, melting all resistance, along with her bones.

They really were perfect together. Did she dare hope this would turn into something more, something permanent? Sex had never been casual for Maddy. Deep

emotions were involved. She was so much better with books and knowledge than fickle emotions.

Their kisses turned fevered as passion once again took hold. This time Jake built their need slowly, carrying Maddy away on wave after wave of pure desire. She longed to feel his cock cradled deep within her pussy. To feel complete, one with this sexy man. No past experiences could have prepared her for how right it felt to be in his arms, to share his kiss.

When Jake finally ended the kiss he could hardly breathe. Maddy affected him in a way no other woman could. Setting his soul on fire, she made him dream of things he'd never wanted, marriage and children. Never before had he fucked a woman without a condom. With Maddy everything was different. He could not stand the thought of even such a thin barrier coming between them.

The love shining in the depths of her sparkling eyes filled him with emotions that were fresh and new. Things he'd never experienced before. How he loved this woman. Her easy intelligence, sharp wit, adventurous spirit, and beautiful soul. There was no way he would allow her to close him out now.

Without a word, Jake rose from the bed. He extended a hand, drawing Maddy to his side. He wanted to take care of her, and that would start right now with feeding her breakfast.

Initially she protested leaving the bedroom naked, but Jake quickly quashed her reluctance by letting her know there was no way he would allow that luscious body to be hidden from him. They walked silently, fingers intertwined, into the small kitchen.

After seating her at the table, Jake piled the food onto plates. He'd made crisp bacon, three-cheese and portobello mushroom omelets, fresh fruit, and wheat toast. After setting the food on the table he poured two large mugs of the strong coffee he preferred.

Their conversation was light and casual, just as it had always been between them. Neither felt obligated to fill in the gaps with senseless chatter. They were comfortable enough together that silence was not bothersome.

Watching Maddy enjoy the meal he'd prepared brought him great joy. She was not one of those women who picked at only low-fat foods without really eating. Maddy enjoyed good food, and ate with an obvious pleasure, which was refreshing.

Just watching her pouty lips move as she chewed, and the fork slid in and out of her mouth had his cock hardening. When her pink tongue peeked out to gather up an errant drop of food from the corner of her mouth he couldn't help groaning. He could imagine nothing better than seeing those ripe lips close over the head of his straining cock. That pink tongue swirling around the length of his shaft.

Those sweet green eyes peeking at him over the top of her coffee mug held a question. Well, he certainly had an answer for the little siren.

The chair scraped against the tile floor as Jake rose. He moved slowly around the table, keeping her gaze pinned to his own, silently communicating his desires. As he moved, he took his hard and ready cock into his hand, pumping the shaft in a slow, steady motion.

Maddy swallowed hard when he stopped before her. To her credit, her gaze never faltered. She continued to watch the intense need playing across his expressive eyes.

"Down on your knees, babe," he commanded.

After only a brief hesitation, Maddy gracefully slid from the chair, kneeling before him. There was no doubt she knew what he wanted. That sweet little tongue peeked out, then slid over her sumptuous rosy lips, leaving them glistening. Her breath came out with a slow hiss as her gaze swept down his body, fixing on the erection only inches from her lovely mouth.

Slender fingers wrapped around his shaft as she took over, pumping in the same rhythm he had established. Jake felt like he'd died and gone to heaven when the warmth of her tongue flicked over the pearly drop of come which had leaked from the slit. She took his length between those pouty lips, the warm perfection of her mouth enveloping him, and his knees nearly gave out.

Jake stared down at her sweet, round face to find a look of unadulterated delight. Her small moans vibrated against his sensitive flesh as she devoured him like a special treat. Those beautiful eyes were so dilated with passion that he could barely discern the normal warm green color. It was all too much, felt too good.

His need for Maddy increased tenfold as she drove him to the brink of insanity. With a rough growl, Jake pulled back from the sweet depths of her talented mouth. A whimper of displeasure left her lips as she tried to recapture his cock. Taking hold of her arms, he pulled her to her feet.

One sweep of his arm cleared the table. His swift motions startled a squeal out of Maddy as he grasped her hips and lifted her, and plopped her unceremoniously down where their breakfast had been only moments before.

Balancing her on the edge of the table, knees draped over his forearms, Jake buried his cock balls-deep in one long, gentle motion. They both held their breath for several heartbeats, reveling in the completeness of their joining. The fit was perfect in every way.

Maddy became lost as Jake set a slow pace, nearly pulling free with each withdrawal, filling her completely with each advance. The slow glide of friction over her sensitive inner walls felt magical. She knew in that moment there would never be another man for her. Jake was the missing half of her soul. The connection between them deepened as they slowly made love.

The pace built gradually as they moved together toward the pinnacle of pleasure. Her muscles protested each withdrawal by tightening around his cock, pulling him deeper. She needed more. She needed his heart, his love, binding them together as surely as their bodies were bound.

"Jake," she gasped.

Her breathing was ragged, and she found herself barely able to form words. "Stop," Maddy cried.

Jake stilled, a look of concern crossing his hard features.

"Shit, babe," he panted. "Don't make me stop now. I don't know if I can."

"Please. Just hold still for a minute." Using her muscular legs, Maddy held him locked deeply within her body. "I have to ask, have to know." The words were difficult to speak when he'd made her so breathless.

"What? What is it, Maddy?"

The loving tenderness in his eyes as Jake stroked a hand over her cheek made her falter yet again. She knew she'd just have to say this quick, get it over with. "Jake. I need you."

The strained emotions in her voice brought a look of concern to his face. "I'm right here, babe."

She placed a finger over his lips to quiet him, and Jake sucked the tip into the warmth of his mouth. His tongue swirled over her finger as he sucked it in and out, imitating the act he wanted to complete.

"I can't just fuck you, Jake. I need more. I need your love, always," she quickly blurted out.

Great, now he looked confused. This was not going well. Maddy figured she might as well just say what she meant and get it over with.

"Jake, will you marry me?"

Shock turned his eyes a cold, lifeless shade for a moment. Then it was Maddy's turn to be shocked as he burst out in joyous laughter.

"Damn it, babe. I'm supposed to ask that question on bended knee, ring in hand. Now what the hell are we supposed to tell our grandkids when they ask about how I proposed? I sure can't tell them I was buried balls-deep inside you on the kitchen table, and that you asked me." His eyes darkened, desire quickly returning. "Have no doubt, Madailein Flannagan. We are most certainly making love. And just as soon as we are finished here, I'll be making you Mrs. Jake Cruise."

Each word was punctuated by a hard, deep thrust, filling her completely. Her heart swelled with happiness. The only response Maddy could manage was to tighten her muscles around him, pulling him even deeper, and a breathless, "Yes."



## About the Author

Nicole Austin lives on the sheltered Gulf Coast of Florida, where inspiration can be readily found sitting under a big shade umbrella on the beach while sipping cold margaritas. A voracious reader, she never goes anywhere without a book. All those delicious romances combined with a vivid imagination naturally created steamy fantasies and characters in her mind.

Discovering Ellora's Cave paved the path to freeing them as well as manifesting an intoxicating passion for romantica. The positive response of family and friends to her stories propelled Nicole into an incredible world where fantasy comes boldly to life. Now she stays busy working as a certified CT scan technologist, finishing her third college degree, reading, writing, and keeping up with family. Oh yeah, and did we mention all the hard work involved with research? Well, that's the fun job—certainly a labor of love.

Nicole welcomes mail from readers. You can write to her c/o Ellora's Cave Publishing at 1056 Home Avenue, Akron OH 44310-3502.

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