

*Rosette*

THE PIRATE

and

THE PUSSYCAT

Paisley  
Scott

Scarlet Rose





# The Pirate and the Pussycat

By

Paisley Scott

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The Pirate and the Pussycat

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## **Dedication**

To my wonderful husband, Brandon, and all my girls at  
RWU!

### **What people are saying...**

*"The Pirate and the Pussycat* is a definite keeper for this reader! Paisley Scott's characters bring humor, unexpected plot twists and unbelievable heat to every page...and did I mention the heat? The sheer sexual chemistry between the hero and heroine will knock your socks off! Kudos to this talented, up-and-coming author—I can't wait for her next release."—Shelby Reed

## The Pirate and the Pussycat

“Come on, Celia! We’re gonna be late, late, late for a very important date!” Marilyn’s chipper voice sang up the stairs.

Celia picked up her pace. She touched up the dark eyeliner rimming her cornflower-blue eyes and slipped the mask over her long blonde hair, fitting it over her head and around her eyes. Snug, but not too tight. Stepping back, she gazed at the unfamiliar image of her reflection staring back at her.

Tonight, she was a seductive cat woman.

Not in a million years would anyone have guessed high school science teacher Cecilia Thomas lay beneath the tight-fitting costume of shiny black latex. The pants were actually shorts and hugged her thighs and ass like a second skin. The halter top had a plunging neckline and two leather straps that crossed over her flat stomach, while elbow-length gloves covered her hands and most of her arms. Her thigh-high boots boasted five-inch spiked heels, bringing her height to a full six feet.

She turned and looked at her reflection from the side. She had to admit, she did look sexy in these clothes. A thrill raced through her. Truth be told, it was kind of empowering to look like this and know that no one knew who she was. She could do or say anything she wanted.

After a few last minute touch-ups, she descended the stairs. Smiling up at her, their arms looped around each other in a comfortable embrace, was a heavily made-up Alice and a hunky *White Rabbit*.

Marilyn curved her hands and scratched the air. “*Rawr*, girlfriend. You look hot!”

Celia posed at the stair landing, then giggled and walked up to them. “So, you guys are absolutely *sure* you want to do this?”

White Rabbit flopped a furry arm across both

women's shoulders and ushered them toward the front door. "This is going to be a kickass Halloween party, Ce-Ce. I swear, you'll be on your hands and knees thanking us by the end of the night." He stopped and twitched his prosthetic pink nose. "Damn. Just the thought of you on your hands and knees with us makes my horny rabbit instincts wanna jump into action."

Celia grinned and pushed his arm away. "Calm down, Winston. You're a happily married Leporid."

He gave her a classic, silent-movie knuckle-biting gasp. "Noooo! Please, no teacher-talk! I can't take the pain!"

"It's just the scientific family name for rabbits and hares, funnyman."

He grinned. "Ce-Ce, with a body as rockin' as yours, you gotta know you give all them sophomores in your biology class little woodies, right?"

Marilyn giggled and whapped her husband on the shoulder with her box of chocolates labeled *Eat Me!*

Two white paws rose in defense. "All right, all right. Whatever you teach those impressionable young men is your business."

Celia looped the leather cat-o'-nine-tails around her shiny belt. "Whatever you talk about while you and Jack are coaching your football team is between you guys. I'm on a *need-to-know* basis, and I sincerely do not need to know what sort of locker talk you're privy to."

Marilyn flounced her light blue mini-dress and turned her Mary Jane shoes inward, striking the pose of a pouty little girl. "Nobody fantasizes about a boring ol' bank teller."

White Rabbit grabbed her and pulled her to him, rubbing his hips against her suggestively. "You'd be surprised, babe. I've heard a hell of a lot of wicked stories involving sexy tellers. Especially ones that look like you."

Marilyn squealed in delight as he nibbled her neck. "You man-beast! Let's go before we embarrass the poor kitty."

Celia turned and fidgeted with her home alarm system. "You're not embarrassing me," she lied. Sure she was embarrassed, but mostly she was jealous. She wished she could have as intimate a relationship. Winston and



Marilyn had been married for nearly seven years, and they were still as lusty for one another as a couple of college kids.

She could only imagine what it would be like to be worshipped by a man. To have her breasts caressed and fondled and kissed; to roll over in bed and find more than just an empty pillow and a vibrator; to ride the thick cock of a strong man who knew how to please a woman. Her pussy tightened at the train of delicious thoughts.

God, she needed to get laid.

They drove to the ritzy part of town and pulled in front of *Le Maison des Loups*, The House of Wolves. Perched on a rolling hilltop, the house was a huge mass of engraved stone and Greek architecture. Gargoyle-like wolf heads were carved into each column and around every window and door. There were even twin wolf images staring sightlessly from the front gate.

The owner, Devlin Wolfe, had quite a reputation for being a philanthropist, but no one really knew him or what he looked like. And folks like him had enough money that society actually bent to their whims instead of the other way around. When he asked to be left alone, they honestly left him alone, and he repaid the favor by donating generously to various charities and efforts. This year he was hosting the *Halloween Ball* to benefit local shelters. The bank where Marilyn worked bought tickets in bulk since the Wolfes were longtime patrons, which is how the three of them landed at this fancy shindig in the first place.

"Damn, do you think this is real marble?" Winston whispered as they entered the foyer.

"No. I think it's actually vinyl." Marilyn nodded and lowered her voice. "Probably to match the vinyl siding they have outside."

Winston's fuzzy white eyebrows lifted. "That was siding?"

Winding her arm around his back, Marilyn patted him softly on his fluffy butt. "You're lucky you're so cute, baby."

Celia smothered a laugh as they wound their way through the crowd toward the voluptuous vampire leaning against an elegant desk in the center of the oval entry

hall. She was giving out numbers and pointing toward different rooms adjacent to this one. As they approached, she handed Celia a number.

Seven. A flutter skittered through her as she looked at the piece of paper in her hand. *Lucky number seven*. Though she had no clue what the number signified, Celia teetered on giddy that she'd been given her favorite number. Silly as it was to even *have* a lucky number. Clearing her head of such nonsense, she asked, "What do we do with this?"

The vampire grinned, baring perfectly white fangs against her blood-red lipstick. "That's who you'll be partnered with. It's a charity ball, after all. All the women get a number."

"What if we're otherwise...committed?" Marilyn asked, nodding toward Winston.

Elvira shrugged and pointed toward the fishbowl on the desk beside her. "You can put the number back and stay with Harvey there, or you can see what's behind door number two. It's up to you, sweetie."

"I better not." With a sigh, Marilyn dropped the number back into the bowl and grabbed the elbow of her six-foot tall rabbit. "We're off to explore. Have fun with your charity case, Celia," she said, blowing a cloud of kisses as they glided into the first room on the right.

All the rooms branched off the center hall. Where should she go? Which room? Above each of the double doors were signs. The room Marilyn and Winston had entered was marked *Anything Goes*. Another room bore the title *Renaissance Festival*, and yet another said *Space Opera*.

She tapped the number against her chin. It was a themed masquerade party. Interesting. She'd never admit to any of her adult friends nowadays, but as a kid she loved role-playing games. She hated when her friends outgrew the fun and she had to leave it behind. But now, *tonight*, she'd be able to relive it—if only for a few hours.

The leather whip slapped softly against her thigh as she headed toward the room called *The Jolly Roger*. Anyone who knew her knew she was a sucker for adventure on the high seas.

Entering the room was like boarding a ship. A long

wooden plank led up to the second floor, which held a small crowd of *yarr*-ing buccaneers. There was a crow's nest in the center with a wide expanse of ropes rigged to it.

*Man, this is so cool!*

"Ahoy there!" a voice boomed from above.

Looking up, Celia spotted a man dressed like a pirate captain—or at least the sort of pirate captain she'd always fantasized about. A white, ruffled shirt open to his waist adorned his muscular chest. His pants were tight and black, leaving little to the imagination. The bright red silk sash tied around his waist only accentuated his manly bulge. A pair of high boots cuffed at the top rounded out his outfit.

He slid down the ropes and drew his cutlass as he approached. "What business have you aboard my ship, wench?"

Wearing a bandana around his head and a Zorro-type mask across his eyes, his face was a mystery. His voice was smooth, like perfectly aged brandy, and his body was to-die-for. His tanned forearms, visible through the lightweight shirt, were strong and sinewy, the dark hair covering them lightened to a golden shade by the sun. Her gaze wandered across the scarlet sash at his waist and lingered a moment, appreciating the way his upper torso slimmed, then flared at his legs. Damn, he had nice thighs. Encased in the tight-fitting pants, the muscles bunched and relaxed with each movement. Her mind wandered, conjuring images of how his body would look without clothes. Her breath caught. He would be magnificent.

"What's the matter? Cat got your tongue, kitty?" he asked, trailing the blunt side of his cutlass against her bare arm.

She shivered as the cool steel slid across her skin. The feel of it was dangerous and alluring at the same time. *This is role-playing, Celia. You can do this.*

"S-sir, I need passage on your ship."

"Women are not allowed." His amber gaze raked her from head to toe.

She cleared her throat, exorcising the nervousness. "But sir, I have already stowed away." She indicated their

surroundings. "The next port isn't for miles. Please. As a gentleman, you *must* help me."

He sheathed his sword. "Madam, I assure you I am no gentleman." His eyes darkened rakishly. He straightened and held out a hand. "Pray, what number have you?"

"Seven." She gave him the slip of paper.

"Ah yes. Lucky number seven." A dark eyebrow arched thoughtfully above his mask as he glanced at the note. "This guarantees you safe passage upon my vessel." He slipped the paper into his pocket. "Come now, wench, before the crew sees you."

Celia followed him below the *deck* and into a lavishly decorated cabin. There was a huge round bed situated against the back of the make-believe ship. A night scene embellished the windows behind the bed, complete with a full moon reflected against the inky darkness of the night sea. It was so realistic. So far, she was loving this game.

He leaned down to her. "What are you called?" His voice was low and husky against her ear.

Shivers ran up her spine. It was hard to stay focused. His warm breath blew across her skin, caressing her. "Y-you may call me Kitty."

"Kitty," he purred, a small grin lifting his mouth. "I am Captain Rolfe." He closed the doors behind them and turned the heavy iron key in the lock. Withdrawing the key, he handed it to her. "Keep this safe." He sauntered over to the small bar against the side wall. "Would you like a drink? Wine? Rum? Brandy?"

*Yo ho ho and a bottle of...* "Rum, please?" She slipped the key into her boot.

He glanced over his shoulder. "Whatever you want...*Kitty*."

A thrill skipped down her spine. From the gleam in his topaz eyes, to the glint of white teeth against his tanned skin, the man absolutely oozed sexiness. A pirate hadn't looked so yummy since Johnny Depp sailed the Caribbean.

Drinks in hand, he walked to her. "Did I mention I, too, am a seven?" He raised his glass and clinked it against hers in a toast.

"Oh?" She took a long pull of the rum, welcoming the

warmth as it tumbled down her throat. "What a lucky coincidence."

Above his mask, a dark eyebrow arched. "And do you know what our having matching numbers means, lovely Kitty?"

The endearment caressed her skin, fluttered down her tummy and pooled hotly between her thighs. Good God, what was he doing to her? She shook her head. "Not exactly." It was getting hard to breathe in the suddenly small room.

"Allow me to explain. As the female, you are basically in charge of our...time together. You have the key. You set the pace. You are in charge of *everything*. The rules are yours to make..." A slow, wicked grin curved his lips. "...or break."

"What do you mean, our *time together*?" She wasn't scared, but more *intrigued* by the idea of how this might play out. Titillated, her breasts grew heavy, pressing against the tight latex of her costume. "Do you mean...sex?"

He reached out and trailed his thumb along her jaw. "You are in charge. Whatever you desire."

Her senses ignited at his touch while his velvet voice curled around her like a living thing, vibrating through her. "Yes." She rubbed her cheek against his hand.

"Yes what?"

"Yes to the sex part." She licked her lips and planted an open-mouth kiss against the palm of his hand. "That is what I desire, sir." She let her gloves drop to the floor.

He pulled her to him and kissed her hard and deep. His tongue swirled in her mouth, mating hotly with hers. Firm, strong hands slid up her naked midriff to settle on her breasts.

The five inches of added height from her boots made kissing him absolutely perfect. She arched against his hand, hoping the costume would magically evaporate so his fingers could explore more. And those sexy lips. He even tasted tropical, like coconut and Captain Morgan rum.

She unbuttoned the last two buttons on his shirt and pushed it open completely, leaving it gaping in front. Her lips began a slow journey down the side of his jaw, down

his neck and across his chest. She blazed a trail of hot kisses across his hard, bronze chest and the washboard abs of his stomach. He was delicious and rock-solid. Sliding her hands down to the sash still knotted at his waist, she fumbled blindly until she got it untied. Next, she unlaced the cotton pants and dipped her fingers inside to explore what lay within.

Catching his shallow groan in her mouth, she smiled to herself as her fingers wound around his turgid length. He was hot and hard, yet smooth and silky. She squeezed slightly, and he groaned again. God, this was going to be good.

Pulling back, Celia ordered, "Take off your pants."

Again, the brow rose. "Just my pants?"

She ran the tip of her nail over her still-tingling lips. "For now."

He hooked both thumbs into his waistband and pushed the material down past his knees, finally kicking them and his boots aside. The black briefs he wore were trimmed in red and displayed a skull and crossbones on the fly.

Celia closed the short distance between them and rubbed his crotch. She purred, "Permission to hoist the Jolly Roger, Captain Rolfe."

His sharp intake of breath was all the answer she needed.

She slipped her hand inside again and stroked him. Role-playing had never been so fun. She jumped full-on into the part of sex kitten. "You want me to suck it, don't you?" She squeezed, excited by her own bravado. "You want my lips around this big, beautiful cock? Is that what you want?" She flicked her tongue against his mouth quickly. "Is it?"

Rolfe's jaw clenched, and she heard him draw a deep breath. His willpower was commendable because he didn't answer her question. Instead, he asked, "Is it what you want, Kitty? You are my captain tonight. You are in charge."

Ooh, she liked the sound of that. Her mouth lingered softly against his lips this time, letting her mouth get used to the firmness of his. She nipped his lower lip. "Then yes. It's what I want. I want to taste you. Now."

Celia yanked down his briefs and knelt in front of him. His cock was magnificent—long and thick, just like she liked them. She put him in her mouth and sucked greedily, then pulled back and whirled her tongue around the fleshy tip.

Rolfe groaned and grabbed her masked head. “That feels...wonderful, my lady.”

She was impressed he could stay in character while she gave him head. Taking more of him into her mouth, she sucked her way down the length of him and deep-throated his entire cock. She set the rhythm, bobbing her mouth up and down his long erection.

The sound of his panting echoed loudly in the small room. He held her tighter as he thrust into her mouth. “I’m close, m’lady. So...close. Permission to—” His jaw clenched, and she knew he was trying to rein in his response. He gave up with “Fuck me, I’m coming.” Grabbing her hair, he thrust deeply and came in wet, salty spurts, filling her eager mouth.

When his body finally finished shuddering, he leaned his head back and blew out a satisfied breath. “Allow me a moment to...regain my thoughts, my lady.”

Celia wiped her lips and smiled. “I hope that adequately paid for my passage, Captain Rolfe.” She grabbed her drink, savoring the taste of buccaneer mixed with pirate rum.

“It did indeed, my lady.” He rolled his shoulders beneath the still-open shirt he wore.

In her opinion, the disheveled appearance only made him that much sexier. The sight of him made her legs wobble like jelly. She took another swig of her drink and sat on the edge of the bed.

“I thank you for that, Kitty. Never have I encountered such a rush of pleasure in so short a time. It was exquisite.”

Beneath her mask, her skin warmed. “I was happy to oblige, sir.”

Glorious in his nudity, he sauntered to where she was on the bed. “Now, my kitten, it is my turn to pleasure you.”

Her body tingled at the mere thought of him doing just that. “I thought I was in charge.”

"You are. I'm merely your servant, here to satisfy any and all desires." He bent and kissed her breasts where they peeked over the top of her halter. "Do you desire this?"

*What a silly question*, she thought dumbly, reaching behind her to unhook her top. The latex fell away, freeing her breasts to his attentive mouth. His silk mask tickled her bare skin as his lips found her nipple and began suckling, and all rational thought went south. "Ooh, that's nice."

The seductive magic of this man and the potent rum had a euphoric effect. Whatever inhibitions she might have clung to disappeared at the excitement of his lips worshipping her body. So deep into pleasure mode, she didn't notice he'd stripped off her shorts and had her lying back against the pillows of the bed. He nipped at her breasts and then kissed them, dragging his warm tongue erotically across each excited nipple. It felt so wonderful. She never wanted it to stop.

But it did stop, and Celia reached for him, trying to pull him back. The bandana he'd worn around his head came off in her hand, revealing thick, brown hair beneath. "Please," she begged. "Don't stop."

His quiet laugh blew across the sensitive skin of her lower tummy. "I won't, sweetheart."

Dipping his head, he kissed his way down past her navel, then across the top of her shaved pussy.

Celia sucked in a ragged breath and clenched her fingers in his hair. Eagerly, she spread her legs and pulled him against her pussy. At the first flick of his tongue inside her, she bit her lip to keep from crying out. But when his tongue found her clit, she couldn't keep her pleasure contained. She bucked her hips, meeting his mouth each time he thrust his tongue inside her. He teased her, tormenting her sweetly until she was on the brink of bliss, then pulled back and started over again. Her clit was hot and throbbing at the same time. Streaks of fire raced through her belly. Her body wouldn't be denied, and she held him still with her thighs and hands. "Lick my cunt, Rolfe. Ooh, yeah. Like that. Just like—"

Warm waves of pleasure flowed through her as his tongue dove into her pussy again and again. She



tightened her thighs around his head, arching off the bed as her orgasm exploded in a blinding rush. "Ah! Ah! God!" Her fingers tangled tighter in his hair as she held him against her.

Rolfe continued to suck her clit as she came. Time and again, she rode the waves of ecstasy as his mouth worked its magic on her.

After a few moments, the world righted itself and Celia released the death-grip she had on him. Instinctively, she smoothed her hands over his head. "Sorry. I didn't mean to pull your hair like that."

He grinned. "I didn't mind in the least, Kitty." He slid up the bed until he lay beside her. "There's only one problem."

Raising herself on one arm, she faced him. "What's that?"

Rolfe took her free hand and placed it on his hard cock. "The sounds you made while being pleased excited the hell out of me, my lady." His voice was low and husky.

"Well, we'll have to do something about that, won't we?" She pushed him on his back and straddled his hips as he tore open a foil packet and sheathed himself. Her thigh-high boots were still on, and her body hummed hotter as they continued acting out this sexy fantasy.

Leveraging herself on his chest, she eased down until her pussy touched the head of his penis. She sat up straighter, undulating her hips, little by little, until the entire length of his thick cock filled her. She savored the feel of him within her, stretching her inner walls so deliciously. She clenched her muscles to test the pleasure gauge.

*It was off the charts.*

Groaning, her pirate lover grabbed her waist and thrust strongly beneath her.

"Damn, you're good," she said, loving the way he filled her so completely.

"I aim to please, wench," he growled, plunging deeper.

Celia arched her back and played with her breasts as she rode him. Below her, in his mask and open shirt, he looked like a dangerously sexy swashbuckler straight out of a fantasy. Still in her cat woman mask and spiked-heel

boots, the thought of how they must look turned her on even more.

She stuck her middle finger into her mouth and sucked on it, watching him as he watched her. She kept time perfectly between sucking and riding his cock. Slowly, she withdrew her finger and trailed it across her swollen bottom lip, then lower to swirl it around her hardened nipple. She dipped lower still and rubbed her clit, moaning as she found the sweet spot.

As his cock moved inside her, her finger matched the tempo. Nothing had ever felt as good as this. *Nothing*. The familiar warmth spread like wildfire through her muscles, and she wished she could hold on to the lovely feeling, but it was fast and furious and carried her over the edge in a rush of pure pleasure.

"You're...so...fucking...sexy." He slammed into her with each word. When she cried out in orgasm, he anchored her hips and buried himself to the hilt, joining her in an explosion of carnal delight.

Collapsing onto him, the sound of music vaguely penetrated Celia's mind. She raised herself off Rolfe's chest and listened. "What's that noise?"

"Sounds like the Stones—*Satisfaction*, I think."

She grinned. Satisfaction was something she'd definitely gotten with Rolfe. "But this is a pirate ship. The Rolling Stones haven't even been born yet." She giggled. "Well, most of them anyway."

He chuckled. "True. But there is a ball going on out there, after all. With dancing, eating, partying. That sort of thing."

Celia traced the fullness of his lower lip. "I feel very naughty."

"As well you should. You're a very naughty wench indeed." Rolfe nipped her finger playfully.

"Shall we join the Stones on the deck, captain?"

An electronic chirp vibrated through the room.

Rolfe rolled them to their sides and leaned over to nibble her ear. The chirping came again. He groaned and swung his legs off the bed. "Give me a moment, would you?"

Celia watched him walk away. He looked delicious in his sexy pirate outfit with the open shirt barely hitting his

naked waist. She bit her lip as she gazed at his firm, bare ass. Damn, the man was yummy. Her pussy tingled just looking at him.

Rolfe hit a small button against the wall at the bar. "This better be good," he said into the wall-mounted microphone.

"Sir, I'm terribly sorry to disturb you, but there was a fire in the kitchen."

"Was or is a fire?"

"Was, sir."

"Anyone hurt?"

"No, but there is some scorching and the fire department did come out to look at it."

"And you're telling this to me...why?"

"I thought you would want to know, sir, in case the media arrived."

"If everyone is okay and the house is still standing, Basil, then the media can wait."

"Oh," said the disembodied voice. "Then I'm terribly sorry to disturb you. I apologize. Please enjoy the rest of the evening, Master Wolfe."

Rolfe turned back to the bed. "Sorry about that." He slid onto the mattress beside her again. "Now, where were we?"

Celia sat up, her mouth suddenly dry. "Mr. Wolfe? As in Devlin Wolfe?"

He paused for a moment. Instead of responding to her question, he asked, "Would it matter if I was?"

"Well, no, it wouldn't matter," she admitted. "But it's kind of a shock to learn you've just slept with the richest guy in town. Someone more mysterious than Batman." She raised an eyebrow. "And look at the lucky coincidence of us being paired up. Do you realize how many women would have killed for the chance to be in my shoes tonight?"

He slid his hand down her leg and over her boots. "Damn sexy shoes they are, too."

His touch sent warm thrills shooting through her veins. "I'm serious," she said, trying to remain focused.

"What if I told you it wasn't a coincidence?"

She frowned, confused. "I'd say you're kidding me. Why would you pair up with me? You could have anyone

you want.”

“Because you’re real.” He reached out and pulled off her mask. “You’re not after riches or power.” She felt her hair tumble down her shoulders in thick waves. “I trust you.” Combing his hands through her curls, he let it fall through his fingers. “You’re beautiful, Cecelia, and you don’t even realize it. I’ve wanted you since the first day I met you.”

How did he know her name? “What do you mean you’ve wanted me since the first day? You just met me for the first time tonight, Devlin.”

“You know me, Celia.” He removed his mask and let it fall to the bed behind him.

Celia gasped. The man beside her wasn’t Devlin Wolfe. It was Jack Howell, assistant football coach at the high school. “Jack!” Truthfully, she’d been attracted to Winston’s assistant coach the few times she’d been around him. But this had to be some sort of elaborate practical joke he and Winston had dreamed up.

“Am I being *Punk’d*?” she asked, looking around for hidden cameras. Oh, God. If this got on television, life as she knew it would come to a screeching halt. What had she gotten herself into?

“Celia, I’m serious. I *am* Devlin Wolfe. Winston and I went to school together years ago. I sometimes use an alias when I do extracurricular things like helping out a high school football team because I value my privacy.” He shook his head. “It’s a stupid image thing. Jack Howell’s a name I’ve used for years because of the whole Wolf-Howl connection.”

“I can’t believe this.” Why hadn’t Winston or Marilyn said anything to her? Surely they knew Devlin had this night planned—didn’t they? “I’m...I’m shocked to say the least.”

“But are you angry?” He rubbed his hand lightly across her belly. “I swear I didn’t mean to upset you. I just wanted to get to know you in a different environment than at school. Hell, even at school, I’ve rarely had the chance to talk with you. I wanted more. Does that make sense?”

She was actually pretty damn flattered by the whole thing. “I honestly wouldn’t have cared what your name

was after tonight. The sex was better than incredible. And I had a wonderful time role-playing with you. Whoever you want to be, Devlin, Jack or Rolfe, I don't mind, as long as I can have one of them in bed. Deal?"

He bent and touched his lips to hers. "Anything you want. Just name it." He deepened the kiss, tasting her, teasing her. A groan tore from him as he pulled back to catch his breath.

It was a delicious and wicked mating of tongues that made her pussy wetter with each stroke. Celia fell back against the pillows and tugged him down with her. "Kiss me again."

Grinning, he rolled on top of her and straddled her hips. "With pleasure, my lady."