



Lust Thy  
Neighbor

Karen Mandeville

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By

**Karen Mandeville**

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Triskelion Publishing  
15327 W. Becker Lane  
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## **Dedication**

If you learn anything from this book—it should be to lock the doors!  
Seriously—to those who helped make this novella what it is—I'm eternally grateful for your assistance. Special mention must go to my 'patient like a Saint' editor—Louise!  
To my readers—thank you again, please enjoy...

Karen M

## Chapter One

For two years now Lori had lived at Number Fifteen, and in that time she had seen a lot of neighbors come and go. Some she wished would stay; others she wanted to help get their crappy furniture out of the house and get them on their merry way. She sighed as she watched the removals truck pull into the driveway next to hers.

"Please let this one be a decent neighbor," she said out loud as she held the curtain back further to get a better look. "Hmm, no car; must be coming later." She let the curtain drop across the window, idly thumbing the page of her book as she moved across the room to the sofa. Once at chapter three, Lori lost herself in a world of debauchery and scandal for the afternoon before the ding-dong of the doorbell brought her back to the present.

The balls of her feet padded lightly over cool floorboards as she moved towards the door. Through the clear panel of glass she could see a man. A tall man in scruffy, faded jeans and a dirty shirt, his back to her door. He turned to her and smiled when she opened the door. Broad shoulders that could have easily have filled the doorframe were the first thing she appreciated before lifting her gaze higher.

"Hello...I'm Parker. I'm your new neighbor. I just wanted to introduce myself and hope the trucks aren't going to be a bother," he said, a grin tilting the corner of his mouth, making it the most attractive smirk she had ever seen. Abstractedly returning his smile, she forced herself to stop staring at his seductive grin and dragged her eyes upwards to see gorgeous green eyes. It was with effort that she looked at his dark hair. Although it hung in his face, it was not too long to be annoying. Struck silent, she was mesmerized by his fingers running through the strands to push it from his face. His striking eyes were a perfect match for his fair skin. It was her habit to notice stature first, eyes second and then how it all worked together on people. "So...are the trucks bothering you?"

Lori shook her head slightly as his question finally registered. "Oh...sorry. No, the trucks are not a problem at all. She pushed open the screen door and stepped out onto the porch. For someone who had helped move boxes he didn't smell like a workman. "Hi...I'm Lori. I've lived here for a while, so if you need to know anything all you have to do is ask. Are you from around here?"

"No, not from around here. I moved here for work purposes," he began before letting out a snort of laughter. "It took me ages to find my house. Like literally, driving round and round, along all the wrong streets. Had to swallow my pride and finally ask someone for directions. Found it in a matter of seconds then."

She liked his honesty. She liked looking at him even better.

"People are pretty friendly around here. But yeah, the trucks are no problem at all. Do you have power yet? If you or the men need a cup of coffee..."

"Oh, thanks for the offer. They are looking for something that's brown and has a lot of bubbles in it, but thanks anyway." The smile he gave had her heart skipping a beat. "I think I'm going to like it here. Everyone is so nice and friendly. Well...I'd better get back to it if I want a bed to sleep in tonight—" He stopped dead in the middle of his sentence. The unwitting double meaning his comment made had her laughing.

"Yeah...I know what that's like. Don't let me hold you up. I'll have to have you over for a welcome dinner—" It was her turn to stop mid-sentence. She'd only just met the guy and she was asking him over for dinner? He looked innocent enough, but don't they all?

"So I guess I'll be seeing you."

"I hope so," he said as he set off down the stairs, pushing his hair away from his face again.

Broad shoulders swaying as they and their owner moved away from her, she couldn't stop her eyes from lowering and staring at his hips before finally resting on his tight, cute ass. Reluctantly, she moved back inside and retreated to her book, smiling to herself.

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*She's beautiful. Her eyes are gorgeous.*

They were the most striking blue eyes he'd ever seen. Although he could willingly lose himself in those eyes, it didn't prevent him from looking at the whole front-on package. He couldn't help but notice the way her shirt stretched just a little tightly across her chest, her breasts jiggling ever-so-slightly as she moved towards him. He liked the way they bounced in time with the movement of her hair.

At the thought of her hair, his hand twitched. He wanted to feel its silky softness, to run his fingers through her long strands as he brushed it off her face. And then there was that exotic scent swirling around her, like a mist but only lighter. She smelled of vanilla and something else he couldn't put a name to, something sweet, something uniquely her. The intoxicatingly sweet scent put him at ease.

When she smiled, something deep inside of him contracted. A flash of pearly-white teeth transformed her face from pretty to stunning. *Some people just shouldn't smile, but she is definitely not one of them.* His mind started wandering, mentally undressing her, visualizing her glorious hair spread over his pillow as she smiled only for him, her mesmerizing gaze holding him captive as he began to make love to her.

He couldn't prevent the thought from entering his mind before he began scolding himself. *Don't think like that. What are you doing?* He cursed silently under his breath, willing himself not to look back at her. *Don't even think about getting attached again till you have your shit sorted, Parker. Besides, she might already have a boyfriend for all you know.*

By the time he'd reached the mail box he'd already told himself how pretty she was three times, ignored his own advice and toyed with the idea of getting her to show him around town.

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The most unladylike snort escaped her as she lost count how many times she must have read the same paragraph, finally giving up all pretence of reading. She threw the book down and moved to the window, holding her breath as she leered at her new neighbor, enjoying the play of muscles as he unloaded a heavy-looking chair out of the back of the truck. His arms looked strong, the biceps flexing in effort, highlighting the contours of toned muscle. A gentle sigh escaped her when he disappeared inside his house.

She moved back behind the curtain to avoid being seen as the door swung open and he reappeared. The last thing she wanted was to be seen as the nosey neighbor. Reaching for her phone, she punched in the numbers without looking and moved it to her ear.

"Kath. You will never guess what happened. Major eye-candy moving into the house

next to me—no wedding band—not giving off any gay signals. I know!” She giggled at Kath’s comment as she flicked her hair behind her shoulders. “He came over and introduced himself. I’m not sure if he has a partner; it wasn’t one of the questions I fired off at him. He seems too nice not to have a partner though,” she said looking at her nails before gasping at Kath’s next lot of questions. “No! No weird, psychopath signals either. She nodded as she listened to her friend’s comments. “But you know what? I didn’t even realize I was saying it till it was out of my mouth. Yeah. We haven’t set a date! It was more a casual question. Yeah. He’s carrying in a bedside table now. Yes. I know...how tragic is that? I’m standing here hiding behind the curtain—oh shit!”

Instinctively spinning around, she pressed her back to the wall and held her breath. The only sounds she could hear was the beating of her heart in her eardrums and Kath calling her name down the phone line. She slowly brought the phone back to her ear, whispering, “I think he just saw me. His bedroom is opposite my lounge room window. I can’t move now. What if he sees me? Hold on!” Crouched to the floor, she crawled on her hands and knees towards her bedroom door. “Oh shit, oh shit, oh shit.” Heart pounding, she shook her head at the thought of being caught. She could hear Kath calling impatiently down the phone line yet again and moved the phone quickly back to her ear. “Sorry...I had to move. Oh shit, I hope he didn’t see me looking. I know. I wasn’t spying. I’m in my room now. No. No. It’s alright—”

A gentle rapping at her front door cut off what she was saying, freezing her to the spot as the sound echoed through her house. “I have to go,” she said quietly before she pressed the button on the phone, tossing it on the lounge as she walked past and opened the door. Her stomach felt like it had jumped to her throat when she saw Parker again. *Busted* was the only thought running through her head.

“I was thinking...since I’ve got no food in the house, maybe you could show me a bit of the town and then we can grab something to eat,” he said without preamble. “I mean, you can tell me which places to go and what to avoid. I’ll be done unpacking at about seven.”

Relieved that she hadn’t been caught spying, Lori nodded. “Seven is fine.” She was thankful he wasn’t yelling abuse at her for leering at him through the window.

## Chapter Two

With her heels clicking on the floorboards, she rushed to the door with two minutes to spare. Her hair whisped off her face from the breeze as she pulled open the door to see him for the third time today.

"Well, I feel underdressed." He looked her up and down before looking ruefully at himself. He was still in his dirty jeans and grubby shirt. Lori had changed into a simple but chic, black wraparound dress that crossed over between her breasts. She pushed her hair over her shoulder, tilted her head to one side and looked at him critically.

"Give me three seconds to change my shoes." She backed away from the door, doing a hop as she pulled off her shoes. The pumps went flying across the floor and she slipped her feet into a pair of flip-flops. Despite the chic but casual look, the flip-flops complimented the relaxed mood. "Sorry...didn't know what sort of dinner you were thinking. I like to be prepared for everything," she called out to him.

"Well, I'm not up for anything fancy. I have to go to work and attend dinners in a suit, so I certainly don't want to be doing that on my days off," Parker joked as she returned to the door.

"Sure thing. I can understand that." She pulled the door closed and stood beside him, smiling at him. The smell of his aftershave assaulted her nostrils in a pleasant way. At least he made an effort to freshen up. "So what do you feel like?"

By the time the pizza was placed before them, they had discovered they had a lot in common. They liked most of the same movies, a lot of the same places and had a similar taste in music and food. Parker was the CEO of the local media company and Lori worked for the local city council as a personal assistant.

"It's a great job. The only real overtime I have to put in is when we have a function and all the bigwigs are there," she said in between bites of her meal. "I wouldn't want to be doing overtime all the time, but every now and then is good. Besides, I get all the perks of a government job and heaps of flexibility. It's certainly not a hard job."

Parker went on to reveal he'd moved to the city after ending his engagement with his fiancée, looking thoughtfully into his wineglass before he raised his eyes and looked candidly at Lori. "She says we are still friends but I just can't deal with that. Either be with me or not. Towards the end though, she wanted me to be more than friends when it suited her, but I wasn't up for the games she was interested in playing."

"Sounds very mature." The effect of her sage nod was almost ruined when she was asked about her significant other, the question causing her to nearly choke on her drink. "Wow...you move quickly, don't you? Straight for the jugular. No, there hasn't been anyone permanent for quite a while. Why? You know someone?" She giggled at her comment, stopping abruptly when she realized she was the only one laughing. Embarrassed, she took another sip of her drink as the silence squeezed into their conversation.

"Hey, I really appreciate you coming to dinner tonight. It would have been baked beans out of the tin otherwise." Lori thought it was sweet how Parker tried to keep the

conversation from stalling, but then he went and did something she didn't expect, making her forget for a moment that she thought him sweet. He reached over the table and placed his hand on top of hers, his warm touch resting there for what felt like a long time. She didn't know what to make of the gesture.

"That's quite alright, it's good to get out and meet new people and I don't mean in a 'get out and meet people' sense either."

"Yeah, the last relationship kinda did it for me for a while," he said quietly. Lori looked down to his hand resting on hers.

*So this touchy gesture means nothing.* She shook herself mentally, dislodging the tinge of—disappointment?—as she asked him if he felt like dessert. "There's a great place just around the corner. Once you've eaten there three times, you are officially a local." Lori smiled as she pulled her hand back and wiped the corners of her mouth. She wasn't looking for a relationship either, but that wasn't going to stop her from looking.

Ice cream trickled down the back of her hand as she licked the cone quickly. "This is the best ice cream you are ever going to taste," she mumbled around the mouthful as she took another bite.

"You're right, this is damned good. Give me a bit of yours."

"No." She pulled her arm away from him. "You might have cooties."

"I have never had cooties," he shot back with a laugh. "Come on." He reached for her hand and pulled it towards him.

"No!" As she tried to pull her hand away, his strong hand holding her tight, she helplessly watched strong masculine lips slowly close around the top of her ice cream only to stop short, leaving her ice cream alone.

"Nah, you're right. It's pretty gross for a stranger to come up and take a big bite of your ice cream. It's okay." He laughed.

"There's always the bit on my hand." She laughed as she put the cone in her other hand, never dreaming he would take it and bring it to his lips. Although surprised when she felt his lips part, the tip of his tongue feathering over her skin, she didn't flinch. *What is up with that? Who does that if they aren't interested in you?*

"Hmm...you are right, that is lovely." Without another word he lowered her hand and turned his attention back to his own ice cream. She didn't know what to think of his gesture; she didn't want to be the first to pull her hand away but she didn't want to keep holding his. He glanced up at her to see her surprise still on her face and said, "Sorry, I didn't mean to make you feel uneasy."

"That's okay." She laughed. She didn't sound jittery, did she? "I just can't remember if any guy had done that to my hand before...um, I mean...ever."

"You didn't want me to taste your ice cream cone, so I did the next best thing. I have been with you all night; I know where your hands have been. As I said, I hope I didn't make nervous."

"Not at all. So...you planning to hold my hand all night, or just for now?"

"Oh, sorry." He let go of her hand and she smiled. She thought his actions were cute but he was giving off mixed signals.

"Well...I have to get home. I have a busy day tomorrow and I would imagine you have



enough unpacking to keep you occupied for a long time."

Lori folded her arms across her chest as they neared their houses. "Well...hey, thanks for tonight. It beats sitting at home with the cat, popcorn and a tragic late night movie." No sooner had she uttered the words she wished them back in her mouth. She didn't want to sound like such a lonely loser.

He reached for her hand again and brought it to his mouth, his gaze never wavering from hers as he did so. She watched in amazement. She'd never had the back of her hand kissed. It was so *vintage*.

"Don't want your hand to go without a goodnight kiss." Parker laughed. "Well, I mean, it did let me get to first base." The pair of them laughed in the street before he let go of her hand. "Thank you for a great night. We will have to do it again soon."

"For sure." Unsure of what to make of all his mixed signals, she fumbled in her bag for her keys.

He set off towards his home, calling over his shoulder as he went, "Thank you for a lovely evening."

"No...thank you," she whispered to herself.

## Chapter Three

Every time she had rustled up enough courage to ask him out on a proper date, she reminded herself he had baggage from his old relationship. She was not good with other people's baggage. Despite that fact, she continued to enjoy his company. There was comfort in knowing she could be his friend without the worry of something more developing, but despite this newfound friendship she secretly paid attention to all of his little mannerisms. Every time she and Kath caught up, the conversation would end up being about Parker.

"You do so fantasize about him," Kath had teased. "I don't care what you say. I know you too well. You might not want him in the real world, but when it's just you and your toys, I bet you think about him being inside you instead of one of your mechanical men!"

Although Kath knew the truth, Lori never dared admit it. The first time she realized her growing obsession was when she was enjoying a session by herself, fantasizing about Parker pressing his body against hers. She had to force herself to stop her mind from progressing any further.

As the days and weeks went by, she resigned herself to the fact nothing ever was going to happen between her and Parker.

"You know what you need to do?" Kath began.

"No... Please, tell me. What do I need to do?" Her voice was heavy with sarcasm, though her friend chose to ignore it.

"If you truly want to ask him out, you need to sit down and write down all the pros and cons of going out with him. And then you need to write a little note of what you would like to say."

What Kath had said made sense, though there was no way she was ever going to admit to it. Lori knew if she admitted to this, Kath would be hailing herself as the female Dr. Phil – then there'd be no shutting her up. "Yeah...well, not so much the pros and cons but more of what I would like to say to him. Just so he understands what I am saying mind you, otherwise I will be a stammering mess."

"You do what you have to do to get through it," was the reply uttered in tones that reminded her of the wise master in the movie *Karate Kid*.

Later that night, following Kath's advice, Lori sat with balls of scrunched paper strewn around her. Frustrated, she threw her pen across the room before scrambling to retrieve it.

She read her last attempt: *I have to write this down otherwise I will forget where I am up to and then I'll start babbling. I have never been the confident one in taking the first step, but I am going to be the adult and ask you out on a date.*

Disgusted with herself, she screwed up her face and shook her head before clutching her stomach, the flutter of butterflies churning her insides. She let out a long sigh in an attempt to collect her thoughts. She was going to do it. If she didn't go ahead with it now then she never would.

There was no going back; she was going to be the adult and ask him out. She braced herself, taking a deep breath before she took the first step. Almost overcome with

nervousness, she thought she was going to pass out. The feeling that she was making a grave mistake tried to rise up to strangle her and she forced herself to push it further down into the pit of her stomach.

"Obviously there is an attraction there," she told herself. "Maybe he's been summoning the courage to do the same thing."

By the time she stopped talking to herself she had arrived at Parker's back door, her hands balled into anxious fists. White knuckles reluctantly loosened their clenched muscles as the effort to knock on his door seemed to be an incredible feat. Just as she was about to rap on the door, a woman's laughter drifted from inside. Lori's fingers splayed out in surprise as she brought her ear to the door. Crouched before the doorknob as the woman's laughter got louder, her heart beat in her throat as she contemplated diving in the bushes if the door handle moved. Parker's laugh sounded over the woman's and she moved her head to look through the keyhole. The only thing she could make out was the back of Parker's dark trousers.

*At least her hand is not on his butt. Do I interrupt? Do I stay and watch? Do I go home?*

"Do you want to try that move again? It's not that hard to get into position, but it's more about maintaining it for the full fun of it," she heard the woman say.

*What the hell?* She scuttled across the porch and jumped clear of the four stairs, landing safely on the ground. Had it been a different situation she probably would have laughed at her commando effort, but she was desperate to know who this woman was and what kind of position she was trying to get Parker into.

She rounded the corner of the house and peered through the small window, slapping at her ankles as small ants scuttled to protect their nest. "Shit!" she gasped, trying to keep her voice low. "Friggin' ants."

Forced to find another viewing point, she sighed when she saw both of them move into the lounge room. Her view of the room was clear, the nearby bushes screening her from possible detection. She became mesmerized when she saw Parker pushing the sofa back against the wall. Lori couldn't help but admire the woman's legs. They were long, lean and a golden tan. They were the kind of legs she had dreamed about. Her hair was a brown mane of luxurious-looking locks that hung down to her thin waist. She could feel the green-eyed monster taking over her rational self, her fingers unconsciously curled into claws as she watched.

"We need a lot of room to do what we will be doing." Not only was the woman sex on legs, her voice matched the image. Her vixen laugh made Lori see red.

"Bitch!" Lori muttered under her breath. When Parker's hand moved to the woman's waist, pulling her in close, Lori had to turn her head, not wanting to see what happened next.

"Yes, you have to hold tight for this one. Are you ready?" His low, sexy tone was clear before music blared from his stereo, blotting out whatever else he was saying. She felt sick to her stomach, felt like such a fool. The only silver lining in this moment was the fact she hadn't asked him out. She'd kept her dignity intact. And if she told herself this often enough, she might actually begin to believe it.

She went home in a daze, instinctively walking to the blinds in her lounge room and pulling them closed without looking at his house. Numb, she reached for the phone.

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"Okay, I have to take a break; I'm not as fit as I used to be." Parker anchored his hands

at his waist, leaning forward slightly as he huffed, the perspiration from his brow trickling down his face and onto the floor. "This dance competition is really going to put some people through their paces."

Josefin returned to his side, handing him a glass of water. "So tell me more about this woman who seems to have caught your attention. Your sister and I are keen to see you settle down."

"Who said anything about settling down?" Grateful for the water, he thirstily drank it down until the glass was empty. "Besides, I don't even know if she's interested in me that way."

From the moment his sister brought Josefin home to meet the family, they got along like the best of friends. He was the first to embrace her, telling her he was so happy his sister had found someone to love her and make her as happy as she did. Their personalities were so similar it wasn't long before he became her advisor for certain work-related incidents, while she reciprocated, giving him advice on relationships.

Josefin laughed. "Everyone gets to a point in their life where they just want to settle down. They don't want to be on the single side any more. Shall we mention Natalie? Angela? Rachel? The women you said you were ready to settle down with but they just didn't work out? So who is she? How'd you meet her? When are you going to make a move?"

Knowing his sister-in-law's brash behavior too well, Parker didn't have any intention of letting her know the woman he lusting over lived next door. "She lives close by...and that's all the information you're going to get right now."

"Well, you don't want to leave it too late," she advised, taking the empty glass from him. "Take too long and she might think you are not interested. You will have done your dash then."

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"Kath...I'm too late. He's with another woman." As she spoke Lori vaguely recognized the monotone voice as her own.

"What?" Kath yelped. The sound of noisy chewing traveling down the phone line abruptly ended. "How do you know?"

"I bit the bullet and went over there to ask him out when I heard them laughing. I saw them together. They looked very cozy. I was standing outside...looking through the lounge room window."

"You were outside his window?" Kath shrieked. "What else did you see?"

"She's gorgeous—legs that just keep on going—she's stunning." Lori's shoulders slumped in misery. "I don't know why, but I feel...miserable. I didn't even get a chance with this one."

"Well, shit happens. It totally sucks this happened to you, but hey, there's always a silver lining. Look at it this way, you could have gone on for weeks thinking you were in with a chance," Kath said. Although Lori knew her best friend was trying to be sensitive about her word choice, she could have cheerfully throttled her had she been standing right there instead yapping at the end of the telephone line. "Don't let it get you down. You can still look."

"I don't want to look at something that's off the market," she whined. She couldn't stop a desperate feeling from washing over her. "I feel so...pathetic! I feel like such a tool."

"Well don't; you are not a tool," Kath said. "Are you okay? Do you want me to ring

you in the morning?"

"No, I'll be right. Thanks for listening. I'm sorry I hassled you so late at night."

"Anytime and you know that," she said. "Chin up."

The next time Lori saw Parker was on her way to the trash can at the front of her house. Quickly disposing of her trash, she turned on her heel.

"Hey, haven't seen you in ages stranger," he began with a smile. She could feel herself begin to melt at the sight of his dimples, so she forced herself to look away.

"Umm, yeah. I have been really busy with...stuff." Uncomfortable, she looked at the trash, the road, houses. Anything but him.

"Oh, we should see if we can catch up," he said, not noticing her reluctance to talk to him. "I've been busy too."

"Yeah, I know," she said under her breath.

"What?"

"Oh nothing. I will have to see, I'm still pretty booked up with what I have to do."

"Oh, okay." He sounded hurt, but she was sure it was just her imagination.

"Talk to you later, okay?" She set off briskly for her house, anxious to get away.

"Umm, Lori?" Although she heard Parker call out to her, she didn't stop walking. "Lori?" She heard him run after her so turned around and waited. "Lori? Is there something wrong?"

'Yes, I saw you with that whore!' was on the tip of her tongue but she managed to control her anger and jealousy. Just. "No, there is nothing wrong."

"Coz you would tell me if there was anything the matter?"

"Sure." She looked at him blandly. "So what have you been up to that is keeping you so busy?"

"Oh just work...helping friends out."

"Sounds like you are very busy. I'll let you go." She turned on her heel and headed up her stairs, leaving Parker in her wake.

"I was going to ask if you are free on Wednesday night," he called out. "My work is having a function and I thought, since I haven't seen you in a while, that you would like to come with me."

Lori had to hold herself back from asking about his brunette bitch and why he wasn't taking her. "Wednesday?"

"Yeah, I know it's in the middle of the week but it's the only night we could get the people we needed together. I'd really like you to come. There will be free food and alcohol," he said coaxingly. "Come on Lori. It will be fun. You can get all dressed up."

She couldn't stop her mind from ticking over. *Has he broken up with that woman?* "Sure. Yeah, I'll go. But I'm not just going for the free food and wine, okay?"

"Excellent, I will have a car pick you up at six then. You are going to have the best time."

## Chapter Four

"This is your second chance," Kath began as she zipped up the back of Lori's dress, tugging it for emphasis. "You have to do it. You're mad if you don't."

"I think I'm mad because I am doing it." Lori adjusted her dress straps over her shoulders as she once again questioned her sanity.

"If he turns you down after seeing you in this little number, then he is clearly gay."

"You have to stop saying comments like that Kath. Just because a man says no doesn't automatically mean he is gay."

"Or he has issues..."

"Stop! Everyone has issues." Lori giggled at the mock expression of outrage on her friend's face. "I am just going to play it by ear and have a glass or three of wine. If we happen to end up in a work closet, so be it." Kath rolled her eyes at the lame attempt at humor.

A car horn sounded from her driveway and they both turned to look at the front door. "That's my car," she said unnecessarily as she reached for her purse and ran a nervous hand down the front of her dress. "How do I look?"

"Stunning...as always."

"Thanks so much for your help and support." A brief hug later, proffered jacket in hand, she took a deep fortifying breath before turning to the front door once again.

"So if I don't hear from you tonight, I'll assume you either got lucky, or you picked up someone else and got lucky."

"I will play it by ear." She walked to the door, her hand lightly grasping the handle before she turned around to look at her friend one last time that night and winked. "If you don't hear from me at all tonight, it will be a very good thing."

As Lori walked into the room, three trays of champagne were thrust in her direction. She smiled as she took one glass and scanned the room for Parker, noticing that just about every male had turned in her direction.

"Hey, there you are," a familiar voice came from behind. Her heart skipped a beat and she slowly turned around to look at him. He was even more handsome in a suit. "What time did you get here?"

"I literally just walked through the door." She couldn't help but smile. She knew Parker had given her the once over and judging by the smile on his face, he liked what he saw.

"You look great."

"So do you." Tongue-tied, she took a big sip of her champagne to drown the butterflies in her stomach. Her heart did a flip and the butterflies threatened to come back to life when he placed his hand on the small of her back, gently guiding her around the room.

"The people I want to introduce you to are not here yet," he said as he moved in close to speak softly in her ear.

"Who do you want me to meet? And why do you want me to meet them?" Surprised and mildly confused at the same time, she took another gulp from her glass. Within moments she was motioning the waiter for another glass.

"Just some people... I'm sorry, I am being very rude. I've already said it but I must say it again, you are looking very lovely tonight." He leaned in close and she soon realized he was leaning over to get himself an appetizer.

"Thank you, you look very smart yourself," she said, adjusting her stance to allow him more room.

"I think I look boring." He looked around the room again. "Like I'm all innocent or something. Sometimes I can't believe my own thoughts. Very guilty thoughts."

Lori was intrigued. "Oh yeah, what kind of guilty thoughts?"

"Oh...just thoughts," he hedged. "I think I've said too much."

"I don't think you've said enough."

"I think I've said enough for now otherwise I'm going to make an ass out of myself. You don't want me to do that, do you? I know I certainly don't." He drained his glass and her eyes were automatically drawn to his throat, mesmerized by the play of strong muscles as he swallowed. "Oh look, here they are. Come and meet them Lori."

The important people Parker introduced her to were actors from one of the media group's hit shows. Lori was never the kind of person to gush over someone just because they were on television, but she was pleased to meet them nonetheless. Although she wanted to show support for Parker, she wanted to finish their conversation more, though she did well to hide her impatience.

Lori began to feel light-headed as a result of drinking too much champagne too quickly, reaching for yet another canapé as she mused about the fact that being tipsy had relaxed her for the first time that night.

"How're you feeling? Your cheeks are all flushed." He laughed as she tried to maintain her balance, sheepishly giggling with him.

"I know; I haven't had champagne in ages. I will admit to being a little nervous about tonight, though." She stuffed the canapé into her mouth only to realize that when she tried to shut her mouth it was too much. Embarrassed, she thrust her glass in Parker's direction for him to hold while she covered her mouth with her other hand.

"Oh that's attractive," he said dryly as he handed her a napkin.

"Shut up," she mumbled, lifting her head up to prevent the food from falling out of her mouth. "I didn't realize my mouth was so small. Either that or that canapé was too big."

She quickly chewed and swallowed before retrieving her glass to wash it down. Water would have been preferable, just to break up the alcohol, but there was none in sight.

"Can I get you something else?" He put his hand on her shoulder, another gesture she was uncertain about.

"I just want to have some water. Or some fresh air." Lori let loose another giggle. "I can feel my cheeks flushing more."

"We can step out here," Parker said as he took her by the hand and led her to a side balcony. "Smoking is not allowed in there, so I'm surprised everyone is not out here."

The rush of cool air was refreshing and instantly made her feel better. It also helped make her see things more clearly.

"This is so much better." She took a deep appreciative breath. "Thanks."

"That's alright. I can't have you passing out—" Parker moved closer "—that would be too funny."

"Sorry, there will be no passing out tonight." The silence between them built again, her standing there with her back to the guardrail, Parker not saying anything despite the cheeky smirk tilting one side of his mouth. "What?"

"Nothing. I was just going to tell you not to move." He lifted his hand to her head as he spoke and she felt his fingers gently move through her hair. She couldn't help but close her eyes, his touch relaxed her. "I just gotta get this bug out."

Lori's light green eyes flew open as the word bug registered. "*What!*" She yelped as she tried to move forward, his hands in her hair the only thing holding her back. "Get it out! Get it out!" she squealed as she scrabbled with her hands up to flick the rogue critter from her hair.

"Just stand still," he instructed through a laugh. "I've got it. Stop moving and I'll be able to get it out."

"Get it out now!" Lori begged as she shook her head.

"Just be calm, it's only a little bug. It's not going to eat your head." He pulled gently on a strand of her hair.

"Just get it out."

"Okay, I've got it." She turned to look at his hand. It was a tiny bug, but a bug nonetheless. "After all that fuss it's just a ladybug. Look."

"Well it can go do its business elsewhere, just not in my hair."

Parker set it down on the guardrail and they both silently watched it scurry away before turning their attention back to each other. Both Lori's hands were resting lightly on Parker's waist while his hand was on her shoulder. They were in the midst of a warm and comfortable embrace. She looked down to her shoes before leaning forward into his personal space and lifting her head again.

"I suppose I should thank you for saving me from the beast," she said with a laugh, her voice low and husky. *Now or never Lori.* She wanted—needed to kiss him. They were in the perfect place. She inched towards him, tightening her grip around his waist. She watched his face for any indication that she should stop and then moved her attention to his lips, quickly licking hers in anticipation.

"Lori..." He breathed her name just as she shut her eyes on finding his lips in the beginnings of a kiss. "We shouldn't." It was then it registered that his tone sounded stilted and slightly offended.

Frozen in mortification for only a moment, she released her grip and stepped back, fighting hard to appear composed. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to make you feel uncomfortable. I just thought... You were very touchy feely tonight and I thought..."

"I'm sorry if I gave you any mixed signals. I just didn't want you to feel nervous." His hand was still resting on her shoulder, the warm feeling adding to the confusion of her chaotic emotions. "I don't think we should do this tonight, not this way."

A familiar wave of foolishness washed over her again. "I'm sorry," she murmured. "You probably already have a partner. I'm sorry Parker. I didn't mean to unsettle you."

"Unsettle me? You unsettled me the first day I met you. What I'm trying to say is that we have both come from difficult relationships. I don't know about you, but I don't want to rush into anything. I like you very much but—"

"But nothing," Lori interrupted, moving free of his touch. "You don't have to explain



anything. I understand." She set her glass down on a small corner table adorned with only an ashtray and adjusted her dress strap. "Actually, I think I've had enough excitement for tonight. I think I'll go home now. Thank you for a great evening."

"No, I don't want you to leave Lori." He closed the distance between them again, stepping in front of her.

"No, it's okay. I don't want you to feel uncomfortable at your own event. Really, it's fine." Words tumbled out one after the other in a rush to make her polite excuses. "Thank you again. It's best if I go now before I continue to make a fool out of myself."

There was no way she would allow Parker to stop her. She sidestepped him and walked quickly back into the main room. A drinks waiter moved towards her and she smiled, shaking her head in mute refusal. She focused on the front door and didn't stop moving until she was through it. Once at the top of the stairs, she stopped to collect her thoughts.

Hindsight was a wonderful thing and as she took herself to task for going ahead with the kiss, she couldn't believe she had misread his actions. She just didn't understand how she got it so wrong. She felt sick, embarrassed, mortified. As she looked around her for a taxi to get her home, the driver of the car that brought her here threw his cigarette to the ground.

"Are you ready to go? I thought the evening was supposed to go on for a good while yet."

"Yeah, I'm ready to go." She heard Parker call her name as she set off towards the driver. "Can we go right now? As quickly as possible, please."

Lori didn't look back. She never looked back, didn't believe in looking back. She might regret a little what she did, but at least she knew where she stood.

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Parker felt cemented to the ground, his mind reeling at the unexpected turn of events. *What the hell just happened?* Dazed, shaking his head, he reentered the room, automatically scanning the room for her. He saw her wending her way through the crowd toward the exit and followed her, grinning and murmuring inane apologies to various colleagues who tried to get his attention as he tried to unobtrusively catch up with her. When he saw her standing at the top of the staircase, the tight feeling across his chest began to subside. He would be able to catch her after all, and finally explain everything.

Just as he reached the top of the staircase, he saw her flee towards the car he had sent for her. He called out to her but she didn't turn around. Whether she ignored him or just didn't hear, he wasn't sure though he hoped desperately that it was the latter. He stood there as he watched her leave and for a long time afterwards, his chest once again feeling constricted, his heart heavy.

"There you are Parker, I've been looking everywhere for you. Come over here, I got someone I want you to meet," a work colleague said to him, guiding him back into the party.

## Chapter Five

Lori made it her business to avoid Parker for the next three weeks. She couldn't avoid seeing him in the mornings as they left for work, so she'd give him a vague wave and keep moving. At the beginning of the third week, she was caught by surprise when he met her at her clothesline. She was grateful it was her sheets and towels day, not her clothes and underwear wash day.

"Hi," he said, sidestepping her sheet.

"Jesus...don't sneak up on people!" She instinctively stepped back in fright. "Hi. What are you doing here?"

"Well, you seem to be avoiding me." The look he gave her was a mixture of curiosity and desire, but she was now sure her interpretation of it was wrong. "I thought we could get over that."

"I have been very busy." Not wanting to look at him as she lied, she reached for more clothes pegs. "You know what I do for a job. I've been very busy and by the way, you can come and visit me. Why do I always have to go and visit you?"

"If you have been busy, that's alright then. As long as you are not ignoring me." Uninvited, he helped her hang out a sheet.

"I'm not ignoring you." Lori knew damned well that's exactly what she was doing. She felt uneasy around him, more embarrassed than anything else. For days she had been secretly watching out for the brunette beauty to come and go from his house, but she'd not seen nor heard of her since that first time. "As I just said, I have been busy."

"Busy doing what?"

"Work, catching up with people. Just general stuff, washing." She reached for more clothes pegs.

"Alright, so what are you doing tonight? You wanna watch a movie?"

"Tonight? I'm busy. I'll let you know when I'm available, okay?" Lori said, hanging out her towels.

"Oh sure, okay then." He sounded put out. "Do you know of anyone who would loan me some gardening tools? I want to do some different things out on my garden, but I want to try the tools before I buy them."

"I have some tools. You can borrow them if you like." Frantically searching her mind for a way to end their awkward conversation without having to invite him inside her home, she hung the last pillowcase on the line. "But I have to run out and grab a few things from the store first. Can I get that organized and then find the key for you? It's a bit of a hunt for the right key, that's all."

"Yeah, I'm not in any rush. That would be great. Thanks." He put his hand on her shoulder. Although her body welcomed the contact, she felt extremely uncomfortable. She just looked at his hand and then to him as he pulled away. "Whenever you are ready."

"I'm ready now." Lori picked up the basket and looked at him only to find him looking at her with a smirk on his face.

"Ready for what?"

"To go shopping. What did you think I was ready for?" The basket gripped tightly, a physically barrier between the two of them, she was desperate now to get away from him. She was fine with the fact he didn't want her. She was fine with the fact he still wanted to be her friend. She was not fine with his inability to stop sending mixed signals. *Get a grip Lori.* "I'll get the keys for you when I get back. I'll be about an hour."

"Okay, that sounds great." Dry-mouthed, awkward, she watched him push his hair out of his face before turning on her heel and retreated into the sanctuary of her home.

As Lori lugged the groceries up her stairs and twisted her key in the lock, she heard Parker call her name. She bumped the door open with her butt as he ran up the stairs towards her.

"Hi there," he said as she struggled with her bags. "Here, give me those." There wasn't time to refuse before they were lifted out of her hands. "How are you?"

Defeated, she sighed and shut the door by kicking out with her foot. "Things are tired." She pushed her hair back off her face. "It's been a long week."

"Sorry about before. I mean if it sounded like I was giving you the third degree about avoiding me. It's just I haven't seen much of you since the party." Parker smiled, putting her groceries on the kitchen countertop. "I was beginning to think you might have been seeing someone."

"Ha!" Lori scoffed. "No. No prospects of a relationship on the horizon...anyway, how are you? Do you want those keys now?" She dropped her handbag on the floor and turned to the pantry to find the keys. "Give me a minute to find them."

"That would be great," Parker began before she tossed one set to him. "Cool, thanks for that," he said as he caught them mid-flight. "Are you okay? You look really tired."

"I am." She shrugged her sore shoulders up to her ears before letting them drop. Wearily she closed her eyes, opening them slowly when she felt Parker's hands on her hips. He turned her around so her back was to him.

"Have a seat." He moved his hands to her shoulders, kneading her muscles with strong fingers. Her head start to swim as the tension flowed out of her muscles. "Jeez, what has you so tense?"

"Just work." She felt like she was floating away. "I haven't had much me time. I was thinking of taking a long hot shower and then it's an early night to bed."

"No problems. I will get out of your hair so you can start your night of pampering." His hands moved along her spine. "But first I will just give you a quick massage. It will make you feel better." His knuckles, fingers and hands moved along her back, making her feel like she a quivering mass of jelly.

"God that feels so good," she groaned in appreciation. "You could make a lot of money from those hands. You ever thought about doing massage as a side hobby?"

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Parker laughed as he ran his knuckles down the sides of her spine, taking note of her soft skin as he held her tight around the nape of her neck.

"No. I wouldn't know how much to charge and besides, people would think something extra comes with it." *Although I'd certainly be happy and prepared to give you the extra.*

He slid one hand down over the clasp of her bra to her lower back. "Just breathe deep

and slow. It will help take out the tension. If there are any sore spots, just wriggle your fingers," he said in a relaxing tone. His hand worked back up to her shoulders where he alternated between harder and lighter strokes. His fingers became hotter with each stroke. "You sure are tense."

Thoughts of letting his hands work over her shoulders and down to her breasts entered his mind. He could visualize his hot fingers fondling her flesh, tweaking the tense points. He saw himself bringing his mouth close to her ear while he played, nuzzling the tension in her shoulders away with his lips as they pressed gently against her warm skin.

Her gentle moan encouraged him to continue as his fingers splayed at the nape of her neck and into her hair. Drawing his fingers together, he felt her melt under his touch. Spreading his fingers wide and pushing harder against her, she moaned again, louder this time. He wondered if that was the kind of noise she made when she was aroused, being made love to.

His erotic thoughts splintered into tiny shards at the sound of her giggle. "Sorry, what?" Reality came crashing around him.

"I said, you might have been a masseuse in a former life," she snickered, "Coz you are damn good at it. You keep going and I'll be nothing but a pile of goo on the floor. Some women would pay a fortune for that kind of service. And they'd pay for the 'extra' bits too."

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Lori couldn't help but laugh as the image of him as a male prostitute floated across her mind. Something didn't sit right with her mental image and she pulled herself away from his hands. "Okay, I'll get going then. Thanks again for this. You take it easy."

"That's the plan." She slid off her chair and turned to face him, feeling awkward once again. "Use whatever you wish and bring it back whenever you're ready. It's not as if I don't know where you live if I have to track it down."

"Thanks again." When the sound of the door clicked closed after Parker saw himself out, Lori turned and collected her shoes off the floor before walking through the lounge room to her bedroom.

She dropped her shoes to the floor as she listened to his heavy boots receding down the stairs. *Finally, some time to myself. I know what I need...a long hot shower.*

Her body reacted to the coolness of the bathroom as she adjusted the temperature of the water before stepping in. Her skin prickled before she moved under the hot spray. A warm hazy feeling washed over her as the water felt like tiny needles against her skin. Another relaxing feeling started to wash over her; it was the feeling she had been trying to suppress. A feeling she now had time and privacy to let loose. She rolled the soap between her hands and massaged her breasts. Her nipples ached to be pinched and throbbed when she did. Lori spread her feet and pushed her hips back, placing her arms against the shower wall.

The stream of hot water rushed over and down to another area in need of attention, mixing with her slick juices.

There hadn't been any time to play for a long time and it was starting to get the better of her. She would start to daydream, which always led to sexual fantasies. The need to have sex grew with each passing day and since that wasn't on the cards, masturbation was the second best thing. She couldn't stop her mind wandering to Parker from their earlier encounter that day. She was preoccupied with his lips. In her dream, his full lips were everywhere. She

shuddered at the thought of his lips tracing along her neck and across her collarbone.

*Oh that feels so good.* Heat spread between her legs. *Do I do it here or get out? Umm, better save water and make sure the batteries still work.* Decision made, she turned off the faucet and patted herself dry, wrapping another towel around herself before heading towards the bedside table in her bedroom. *Now I am gonna be really pissed off if the batteries have died.* She looked into the drawer where her selection of toys resided. *Hmm, which one?* She looked down at the clit tickler, duo balls and a few other things of various shapes, sizes and colors before deciding on the ever-faithful mini vibe.

"Don't fail me now," she prayed out loud as she twisted the base, bringing it to life. "Ooh." A strong, healthy humming was coming from the small piece of machinery that had brought her so much pleasure in the past and she expected to continue the tradition right now.

Lori wasted no time in getting onto her bed. She made no effort to hold onto the towel, letting it fall from her body as she spread her legs. Arching her back, she propped herself up with one elbow while the other hand made its way down to her pussy. As she ran the pulsing vibrator over her labia she discovered just how wet she was. Her free hand reached for her nipple and pinched it as she widened her legs further. She pushed the vibrator against her clit hard. Her head rolled backwards as a moan escaped her lips and she pushed her hips forward to meet her faithful friend. The tingling that started low in her spine now spread down her legs.

As she held her humming mate in place, juices covered her fingers. Her hand lightly skimmed her body from her breast down to her vagina and she inserted two fingers.

The moment was so strong she could smell herself. A sweet, sexy, musky smell. Her juices trickled down between her ass cheeks as she ran her fuck-machine harder and faster, thrusting her hips towards it. She could feel herself starting to lose control. "Oh..."

"Fuck," she hissed as she looked down to her muff, which was making a wet clicking sound. "Oh, fuck I need this," she panted out loud. Her pussy took over any coherent thought and pulsed out of control. Lori's whole body shook as she matched its smooth vibrations. Her inner muscles clenched around her fingers as she lay flat on her back and rubbed her clit with her vibrator.

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With nothing better to do, Parker decided to get to work in his garden after all. He moved to the back of Lori's house and dug into his pocket, looking for the borrowed key. When the key didn't match the lock he swore under his breath, briefly toying with the idea for leaving it till another day. Going around the corner to Lori's front door, he stopped and thought of her being in the shower.

"Well, she did say I could come back and swap the keys," he said out loud before he lightly climbed the stairs. He looked through the clear glass paneling of her door; there was no sign of her. He kicked off his dirty boots as his big hand closed over the handle and turned. It opened easily.

"Hello?" he cooed quietly. "Lori?" Hearing no response, he moved inside and closed the door behind him gently. He crept to the pantry before calling out to her again. *She must be in the bathroom. I can swap the key and get out without her even knowing.* Despite not wanting to disturb her, he called her name again. This time when he called, he heard muffled moans coming from another room. Parker held his breath and cocked his head to listen again.

More moans. His eyes went wide at the thought of what she could be doing. His socks muffling the noise of his footsteps, he moved silently towards her voice when he heard her swearing. He called her name again gently as he passed through the lounge room and looked towards her bedroom. His heart skipped a beat when he caught sight of the display before him. Something in his head told him to leave but his feet were planted firmly to the floor.

## Chapter Six

She moaned as she felt herself on the brink of coming again.

This time she wanted the feeling to last and clenched her inner muscles to hold the vibrator inside. She turned the knob on her vibrator so it pulsated through her. Her body broke out into a sweat as both hands worked feverishly. She arched her back as her whole body tensed, pushing her hips towards her hands. The unceasing vibrations from her fuck-mate sent her into a shuddering frenzy. As another wave of orgasm ran through her body, she gasped for air, bucking her hips and digging her nails into the mattress. She couldn't take it anymore. The walls of her pussy were still involuntarily twitching when she turned off her buzzing buddy.

Lori wished she could keep her fingers there forever, wished it were a man making her feel this good. She lay back basking in her euphoric glow of self-satisfaction, trying to catch her breath, when a feeling of being watched ran through her body. Her eyes shot open as she jerked her head in the direction of the door.

She let out a blood-curdling scream when she saw Parker leaning against the doorframe with his arms folded. As quick as a flash she leapt off the bed and grabbed the first thing she could get her hands on to try cover her body.

"Oh no," he said without moving. "Don't stop."

"What the fuck do you think you are doing? How long have you been there?" She looked down and realized the wrap she had grabbed to cover herself was actually see-through, inadvertently giving him a sequel to the floorshow. "Oh my God..." She reached over and reefed the top blanket off the bed, sending the vibrator flying only to land on the floor between the two of them. They both stared at her fuck-friend for what felt to be the longest time. There was no time for embarrassment, anger quickly overriding shame. "How long have you been there?" she demanded again.

"Long enough to make me very jealous of that vibrator," he said, dragging his eyes away from the vibrator to look at her. "Look I'm sorry if I startled you, but my God...you are divine."

A wave of embarrassment initially washed over her but was quickly replaced with anger. "How long have you been standing there?" she demanded again before spitting, "*get out.*" He just stood there grinning. "Get the fuck out!"

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"All I was doing was watching." He wished she would drop the blanket. He wanted to see her delicious body again. "There's nothing to be embarrassed about; I thought it was hot. Fucking hot actually."

"Well, I'm glad you got something out of it because any good feelings I was having have been shot to shit now." Lori clutched the blanket higher to her throat. "I can't believe this. You are so wrong to do that. Stop standing there and get out! How did you even get in here?"

Parker looked to the front door and then back at her. His eyes glazed over slightly as he tried to look straight through the blanket. "I'll go...but I thought that was one of the fucking

hottest things I have ever seen.”

“Well I wasn’t doing it for you! Please leave...please.”

“You know you are the first girl to beg me to leave. I think that’s why I want you so much.” The thought of doing what her mechanical friend had done to her had him feeling hot and heavy. “From the first moment I saw you, I wanted to taste you. To be near you and smell you...this” —he made a sweeping gesture with his hand— “has only strengthened that desire.”

“That’s not what you said at the party,” Lori said quietly.

“I know and you don’t know how much I regret those words.” He shifted his weight uncomfortably on his feet.

“So what you really mean is now that it’s practically on a plate for you, you think you can come and claim some? That’s so not going to happen.”

“No. I’m not thinking like that at all.” He came quickly to his own defense. “All I’m trying to say is if I could replay that night, it would have certainly ended very differently to what it actually did. There is no way you would have been using that vibrator alone today.”

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They stood looking at each other in silence. She could feel her face flush from embarrassment, slightly lifting her chin in mute defiance as she wordlessly let him know he was the one who should be embarrassed.

“So...are we going to stand here for the rest of the evening or are you going to get out like I keep asking,” she said quietly since yelling hadn’t worked. *Damn you. If I was going to seduce you, it certainly wouldn’t be like this.*

“Let me get you your gown first. You’re right, I shouldn’t have intruded,” he said ineptly as he moved towards her wardrobe. “But please don’t be embarrassed. You certainly have nothing to be embarrassed about.”

She eyed him suspiciously as she stood there with only the blanket between them. “Hmm...” He held out her dressing gown for her, a wicked gleam in his eyes as he breathed loudly through his nose. “I can smell you.”

*Why did he have to speak?* In between her thighs she was moist and slippery again, the mere sound of his deep voice sending her juices flowing. *Should I be bold?*

Lori let the blanket drop as she took the gown from his hands. She stared into his eyes as she tossed the gown to her left, not giving a damn where it landed. A smirk spread across his face as she placed her hands on her hips and thrust out her chest defiantly. As his eyes lowered, she snuck a peek at his trousers and could see a distinct outline of his growing erection.

“Christ you’re hot.” He slowly eyed her body from top to toe.

“Well?” she questioned impatiently. “If you’re not going to fuck me, get out.”

He took one long step forward. He stood so close she could feel the heat coming off in waves from his body. She leaned forward and pressed her breasts against him, looking up at him as she did so. He took no time in putting his hands on her back, pulling her into his body, his engorged penis pressing against her. Ever so slowly he lowered his head, his lips tentatively touching hers before deepening into something mind-shatteringly erotic. Her lips automatically parted to allow his tongue to enter, savoring the silken glide for a brief moment before encouraging her tongue to duel with his.



A familiar tingling feeling crept into the small of her back, where his hands held her firmly against him. She reached up one hand to curl around the nape of his neck, holding him firmly as the kiss deepened even more.

Her other hand roamed under his shirt, around to his back. She pressed her nails into his skin while his hand made its way around to her breast, rolling her nipple between two fingers just as she had done moments before. *Two can play at that game.* She raked her nails down his back to grab his ass.

"God, I have wanted you. For too many hours I've thought about what it would be like to kiss you. Smell you. Hold you. Taste you. Be in you." The vibrations of his voice as he kissed her along her neck added to the intensity of feeling his caresses were engendering.

"Hmm, me too." She pulled him in closer, finding his mouth once again, putting everything she had into the kiss yet at the same time yearning for his mouth to explore every inch of her body. He broke away from her kiss and lifted his head, taking a deep breath before looking back into her eyes. It was obvious he had something he wanted to say. *I'm naked and now he wants to talk?*

"The first day I saw you...you looked so dreamy when you opened the door and I looked like a total slob. I was surprised you looked at me twice. You were so kind to show me around and I acted like a jackass. I like a girl who does what she does and makes no apologies for it. I think that's why you get me extra worked up."

"Parker? Shut up and fuck me." Lori pulled him back in for another kiss before turning away to sit on the edge of the bed again. "Now is the not the time to talk."

She pulled his shirt open from the bottom. Every button popped off before she started to work on the buckle to his pants.

"Hey, hey – slow down."

*First talking...now instructions?* "Do you or do you not want to do this?"

"Hell yeah."

"Well shut up and let me have your dick." Finally unzipping his pants, she let them drop to the floor. She was delighted with what she saw. Not only did he dress commando, he was circumcised, long and pink. "Oh, you maintain. Good boy." With a mischievous glint in her eye she looked up at him, giving his balls a healthy tug.

"You like trimmed?"

"Oh yeah. I like that a lot." Head lowered, she moved her tongue towards his balls, licking one side before shifting her head to lick from underneath. In between the way he was sucking air into his lungs and his convulsive twitches, she would say he was enjoying her technique. Gently sucking along the vein under his penis to its tip, his murmurs got louder until the head was nestled in between her lips and over her tongue. As he ran his hand over her long hair, she pulled back to look up at him. There he was looking back at her...watching her as she took him deeper into her mouth.

"I have had dreams of you doing this to me," he said hoarsely as he sucked air quickly into his lungs. She liked knowing he was completely and utterly in her hands, despite still feeling humiliated about the events leading up to this now happy encounter. She moaned, the simple action generating soft vibrations that fluttered against the length of him. He gently gripped her shoulders and pushed her back, his penis popping out of her mouth. He ran his fingers through her hair and leaned down, kissing her hard on the lips. "I could let you do

that forever but I want to be in you. I wanna taste you."

"I want you in me too." She pulled him on top of her as he helped her move further on to the bed. Parker propped himself up as if he was about to do a push up, using his legs to spread hers. A shiver ran over her as he pressed his sweaty body against her; his skin felt like it was on fire. She didn't want the kiss to end but was content to let him pay attention to her nipple.

His hands held both her breasts, squeezing them roughly but painlessly as he moved further along her body. Fire and ice burned in the wake of a trail left by his tongue, indelibly marking a path down to her opening. He wrapped one arm around her thigh, pushing it high and wide.

"Hmm, I'm going to enjoy this," he said, smug anticipation coloring his face as he passed his hand over her apex in one languid stroke. "You're so wet." He spread her labium with two fingers.

"I know." She instinctively pushed against his fingers, demanding he put them in her.

"How many would you like?" Without waiting for an answer he smoothly slipped two fingers deep inside her. She moaned as she gripped his fingers with her muscles. "Ooh."

He laughed gently at her groan of appreciation. "Can you do that when my cock's inside you?" His fingers wriggled inside, his thumb working her tiny nub, creating more juices. "I wanna see you come like you did with that vibrator." He took his fingers out, his eyes darkened with desire as he raised his honey-coated fingers to her mouth, her tongue darting out to taste herself as she sucked his fingers clean.

"Then get in me." She craned her neck, grinning down at him as she watched him reposition himself between her legs, running his tongue over her clit. She could feel herself starting to tingle all over as he sucked and nibbled on her clit while his fingers worked up a froth inside her sweet lips.

"Oh God...I need to fuck you," he said as he pulled his fingers out again.

"I need you too." She grabbed hold of his head and pulled him up to meet her mouth. Once again she tasted herself, increasing her desire and impatience to feel him inside. She pushed him on his back, bringing her legs either side of him as she looked down at his engorged phallus. It stood to attention, glistening with pre-cum. She placed one hand on his chest to maintain her balance while she carefully guided the head into her, savoring the moment when it pushed through her folds. She'd been aching for that first long, deep thrust of a hot cock. She sighed blissfully as she lowered herself further, taking all of him inside her. She could feel his balls nuzzling her opening. He reached up for her breasts as she completely straddled him, sighing as he did so.

"You are so tight," he gritted between clenched teeth as she worked at finding a rhythm.

"And you have a great dick." She rode him, up and down, round and round, while he looked up at her, alternating between slow and quick. She could feel his erection rubbing against the front wall of her vagina and positioned herself, arching backwards, to aim for her G-spot. "Oh yeah...there." Impatiently waiting for him to thrust up into her, she conversely whimpered for him to slow down as his deep and slow thrusts brought to life the familiar and welcome tingle growing deep inside. She moaned brokenly as she reached down to her clit. With her other hand she reached forward and held the side of his face. Her hair hung low

over her face and tickled her breasts. She saw Parker smile as he watched her fingers play with her fuck button. Lori leaned forward and pushed down on him, trapping him inside her. Without warning she reached down and tugged gently on his balls, fondling them before resting her hands flat against the bed head and pushing down harder to savor the sensation of him being so deep inside her.

She spread her legs wider as she rocked her hips, moving up and down his length, taking in as much of him as was possible before sitting up and flexing her pelvic floor muscles. It felt like she was milking his penis as her muscles contracted and released. The more she did it, the more she wanted to keep doing it. The sensation of another orgasm was brewing, the tingling within her growing.

Lori snaked her hand along his chest to find his mouth, running her fingers lightly over his full lips before opening her eyes to look directly into his. She opened her mouth but not a sound came out. Parker caressed her arms, slowly moving upwards till he reached her shoulders and then pulled her gently towards him, her breasts pressed firmly against his chest before they once again joined in a kiss.

He wrapped his arms around her in a tight embrace and then moved his hand to cup her buttock as his tongue moved into her mouth. This kiss was different. The first one was full of desire and lust, now it was full of passion and caring.

With every pulsing throb she clenched his penis against her G-spot. The throbs became stronger and stronger until she couldn't control them anymore. She shuddered in orgasm as her muscles contracted and gripped his cock hard.

"Fuck," he groaned as he grabbed hold of her shoulders and thrust hard into her, causing her to cry out, "Don't stop."

She felt his shaft pulse in sync with her pussy as waves of euphoria washed over them both. Their screams were in unison as sweat glistened over both their bodies, both gasping to catch their breath.

"Oh my God," was all he could say. "That was fan-fucking-tastic." Slowly reaching forward, she steadied herself by placing both hands on the mattress above his shoulders. As she gradually inched herself off his still-hard penis, he leaned up and kissed one of her breasts. "You're all sweaty," he teased, running his tongue playfully over her nipple.

"Yeah, so are you." Lori's arms trembled as she supported her body to move completely off him and lay down on the bed next to him. A million thoughts clogged her blissful mind.

She looked over her other shoulder while he stared at the ceiling. For the next few moments, they listened to each other trying to catch their breaths.

## Chapter Seven

Lori's eyes were closed until she felt the mattress move. She turned her head and looked at Parker who was propped up on his side, facing her.

"Can I just say –?" he began after taking a long deep breath.

"No you can't...because when you start you can't finish," she interrupted with a laugh, closing her eyes against the anticipated pain. She didn't want to hear a rejection or the pronounced end of a great moment. "Just shut up Parker."

"Ha, ha. First of all, that was one of the best times I've ever had. Secondly –"

"Okay, you can stop now." She opened her eyes again and rolled onto her stomach.

"Secondly, I am so glad you are the way you are. You're a take charge girl." He traced his fingers over the small of her back and down over her ass cheeks. "And thirdly..."

*Oh jeez.* She rolled back over and kissed him to shut him up, the kiss lasting long enough until a familiar tingling began again. "I need a shower."

"Wait—I have something to say. I have been trying to work up the courage to ask you out, but you seemed kind of distant whenever I approached the subject about partners and stuff, so I thought it would be best if I didn't mention anything."

Lori couldn't believe what she was hearing. He turned her down at the party but really he was waiting for her to make the first move? She was confused.

"When did I say that? I was going to ask *you* out, but then I saw you with that woman in a bit of a compromising position. I thought I'd left my run a bit too late and then there was the whole party thing."

"What woman? Josefin? Good God, no. That's my sister's partner. She's a dancer and was having trouble getting one of her moves right. She wanted practice in holding her frame." Parker sniggered in amusement, rolling onto his back. "Exactly what was the compromising position you saw me in?"

"Well...I saw you holding her like you were about to plant a big juicy kiss on her lips." She propped herself on her elbow to better look at him.

"Oh really? Just because it looked like I was going to didn't mean I did." He laughed again. "Show me how I looked."

"You just want me to kiss you again." Lori flicked his bare chest with the back of her hand. "You looked like this." She cupped his face and turned it towards her, slowly inching her mouth towards his. Caught in his gaze like a deer caught in headlights, she stopped when she could feel his breath on her lips, feathering her fingertips along his jaw line. "You look so dreamy."

She pressed her lips against his, her tongue gently but firmly pushing for entrance into his mouth. He returned her passionate kiss, pulling her against his body. As she relaxed into his arms, she lifted her leg and wrapped it around his hips, wriggling against him. "God you are sexy."

"*You* are sexy," Parker moaned, his hand cupping her breast. "You are just like I fantasized about."

"Really?"

"Really. Since the first time I saw you I have been trying to summon the courage to ask you out on a date, but when the subject of past relationships came up, you didn't sound all that interested in starting another one. I know I have my share of baggage. I was just trying to be careful about picking my moment. How could I have such a hot neighbor and not think about doing naughty things?"

Lori couldn't hide her laughter as he trailed his lips along her collarbone down to her nipple. "Like what naughty things?"

She waited for an answer that finally came when he pulled his tongue away from her erect nipple. "It's much more fun to show you rather than tell you about them."

"Okay, but can I shower first? It's so hot and I hate being sweaty. I mean, I like getting sweaty but I hate staying sweaty. Then you can show me all you like." Laughing as she wiggled free of his clutches, she pushed herself off the bed and reached for her robe.

"Great idea. I think I'll join you," he said as he followed her out of the bedroom.

"It will be too cold with two people fighting for the water," Lori protested as Parker took her by the hand.

"Come on," he cajoled. "I'll wash your back if you wash mine."

She'd missed that sense of being wanted. Why was she fighting it? *Just get in the shower with him.* "Okay, but I'm warning you. I like my showers to be steaming hot. If the water's too hot for you then you'll have to leave." Gracefully reaching her arms up, inadvertently showcasing her feminine curve, she twisted her hair up and held it in place with a clip.

"Oh, I expect it to be hot." He turned on the tap and then reached down between her legs. A sigh that sounded like glee hummed deep in his chest as he ran his fingers over her still-damp curls. "Hmm, wet and warm...the way I like it."

She wanted to let his fingers linger there, but the sound of rushing water was too inviting as she placed both her hands on his shoulders, pushing him into the shower until his back was against the shower wall. Her body held him in place as her hands slid over him, the running water making his body slick. Their kiss becoming increasingly passionate, Parker moaned into her mouth when she reached down and rolled his balls in her cupped hand. The force of their kiss was beginning to hurt, conversely increasing their pleasure.

Lori felt his hand press against her opening, his two fingers working deep inside. Propping up one of her legs against the shower wall, he held her close with his free hand. Gently stroking his penis up and down, she continued to fondle his heavy balls, raking her fingernails lightly over his ass cheeks as he thrust his fingers into her over and over again.

"My God, you're so hot." In one swift movement he plunged deep into her, the feel of his penetration causing a visceral sensation.

"And you're so hard," she groaned, sucking on his neck. With one free hand she reached over for the bar of soap and rubbed it over his chest, the movement making him pull out. She lowered her leg and turned around, rubbing her shoulders and back against the soapy lather. Each movement she made she could feel his shaft poke and prod the middle of her back. Turning the cake of soap around and around in her hands until they were frothy, she began massaging her breasts, sliding her hands down to the juncture at her thighs before gliding them back. His hands gripped her hips as he rubbed his penis over the small of her back before changing direction, rubbing it up and down, squeezing it between her ass cheeks.

He ran his tongue along her neck, intermittently branding her with short hot kisses.

Her head rolled backwards, resting on his shoulder, as she grabbed his hand and placed it at her opening.

"There's room for your fingers too, you know," he said before he started to suck on her neck, using his free hand to massage her slick breast, pinching her nipple. She curled her fingers around his and pushed her hips forward slightly. Together they entered her molten core. She didn't want any teasing. She wanted that deep feeling again. A sigh escaped her as he wriggled his fingers again. "I could stay like this forever."

"And I could let you," she said, alternating her thrusts to his. Her skin was on fire. The hot water combined with her own rising body heat was more than she could stand. She pulled her fingers out of herself and opened the shower door, bending over. The cooler air was a needed relief. She wanted to pass out from passionate sex, not from a too high temperature.

"Are you okay?"

"Don't stop. I just have to catch my breath." She placed her hands on the cool tiles and pushed her hips up more, trying to give him a subtle hint. Hot water bounced off her hips as she felt her heart racing. The twinge of desire was once again getting too much to bear when she felt a slippery wetness rush over her clit. He was kissing her, running his tongue over her clit while his fingers still penetrated her, and doing it so well. Lori looked down at his penis standing tall and proud. She reached out her hand, giving it a long stroke, discovering when she touched it, his tongue worked harder. She wriggled against his face feeling her vagina swell again.

She leaned forward and braced herself against the basin. Quickly wiping a circle on the mirror to get rid of the fog steaming the surface so she could watch all the action, she felt him pawing to get inside her again. He braced himself with one hand on her shoulders while the other worked to spread her lips. After placing the tip just past her lips he quickly grasped her hips with both hands. She had to fight to keep her eyes open as they cried out in unison at the first thrust.

Lori grinned at the look on Parker's face when the tip of his penis collided with the opening of her cervix. His eyes were half-closed and the tip of his tongue was dancing over his lips with each thrust. As if he could sense her watching him, Parker opened his eyes and looked directly into hers through the reflection, a sexy smirk lifting the corners of his lips as he changed the momentum of his thrust. She reached back and put her hand on his hip to set the tempo she liked. His hips rocked hard against her buttocks, over and over and over again, giving her no alternative other than to lift her leg. Her knee slid over the countertop as his fingers found her clit again. She cried out again as she moved against his fingers, turning her head to meet his mouth.

"Fuck me hard."

"Say that again," Parker hissed in her ear.

"Fuck me hard," she repeated, begged, gasping for breath.

Parker moved his mouth to the back of her neck, gently nipping the nape. "Louder."

"*Fuck me hard now!*" Lori lowered her foot to the floor, the action squeezing his penis between her wet lips. She clenched her muscles, narrowing the space. Within seconds she could feel every nerve lose control.

The sound of Parker's grunts getting longer and more frequent urged her on, using her

arms to push herself onto his cock as it rammed in and out of her, her cries of ecstasy getting louder. He sucked gently on her shoulder as she shuddered, her fingers coursing through his hair, holding his head in place as she rode her tremors. As she arched her back Parker took hold of her breast in his hands. Lori brought her own hands over the top of his. "You have to stop or I am going to pass out," she pleaded, trying to catch her breath.

"But you wanted me to fuck you harder," he whispered in her ear as his thrusts once again quickened. Her whole body shook as he moved in and out, harder and longer. A low murmur turned into an ear-piercing squeal as she came again. He grunted, pushing in as far as he could and she pushed back to take as much of him as possible. His fingers dug into her flesh as his cum shot through this cock and into her.

Her muscles clenched around his penis like a hand as his thrusts became jagged before finally stopping. He pulled himself free, his breathing ragged as she turned around and rested her buttocks against the countertop to steady herself.

"Come here." Her arms out wide, Parker shook his head as he staggered forward. She wrapped her arms around his shoulders, planting a kiss on his neck. "That was unreal."

"I need a break before I can show you any of my other ideas." Breathing heavily, his hands trailed along her back and into her damp hair while he turned his face into her neck.

"It's going to take me days to uncross my eyes from that one." Lori laughed weakly as she waited for her heart beat to return to normal before moving away from the basin. She reached for a towel and with unsteady hands, wrapped it around his waist. His shaft was slowly becoming flaccid as she tucked the towel over itself. She grabbed herself another towel and pressed it to her chest to sop up the water and sweat. "So much for a shower to get clean." She pulled on her big robe and tied the cord around her waist before she stepped out into her hallway. "Where would you like to rest?"

"Would on top of you be out of the question?" Parker flicked water from his hair before taking her by the hand and leading her to the sofa in the lounge room. Thankfully the seat was deep enough for the pair of them to lie next to each other. He turned onto his side as Lori sat on the edge.

"Come here." He held his arm up for her to join him. "I still can't believe this has happened. If I can wake up with you in my arms then I will know this is not a dream." She rolled her body down next to his, snuggling into the nook of his arm and body. She traced her fingernails gently over his side and down his back as she embraced him. Parker reached to the top of the sofa and pulled the throw rug over the pair of them. His hand rested on the small of her back.

"Kiss me." She tilted her head to his expectantly. He moved forward, placing a tender kiss on her lips before pulling his head back to allow her room to lean her head against his neck.

"Parker?" She shut her eyes as she relaxed into his body. "I would like to ask you something, but I think I will wait until we recoup from this."

"Okay..." His voice rumbled, low and sexy, in her ear. "You can ask me now."

"Nah, it can wait."

"No, you can't do that. Ask me now," he insisted.

"It's nothing, just an idea I had."

"And what is this idea?"

She hesitated, not sure how he would react, what he would think. "You know how you said before you were going to ask me out on a date? Well...I was going to ask you out for one. Come to think of it, I've never really been taken out on a date—yeah, I know...tragic—but just once, I would like to be taken out for dinner. You know; the whole dressing up deal. The more I talk about it, the more I feel like a tool." Lori buried herself further into his body, nervously laughing to hide her shame.

"Really?" Parker rested his chin on her head. "I find it hard to believe you have never gone out on a date."

"No, I didn't say that." Lori lifted her head to look into gorgeous green eyes. "The times I have gone out, it's just ended up that way. There is a difference. I have never been asked out on a date, as in 'will you have dinner with me?'"

"Yes."

She pulled away from him a little in confusion. "Did you say yes as in you understand what I'm saying, or yes you will go out to dinner with me?"

"Yes."

She grinned as she playfully dug her nails into his back.

"Argh!" he laughed. "I meant I would ask you out on a date. But first can we sleep now?"

"Yes." Happy and content, Lori snuggled in close again.

"Was that a yes to sleeping now or to dinner?"

"Yes."



## Chapter Eight

Lori rolled onto her back as Parker moved his arm. "Sorry hon, my arm has gone to sleep."

"Sorry," she mumbled before falling asleep again, only to be woken by the touch of his lips on her neck. A smile spread across her face. "Hmm, that's a nice way to wake up."

"There's an even nicer way," he whispered suggestively into her ear, pressing his hips forward. She sighed as his erection pressed against her buttocks, reaching behind her to wrap her hand around it, languorously sliding it up and down the long hard shaft. "I love how your hand feels."

"And I love how it feels," she said unabashedly. "You do have a gorgeous dick."

His laughter rumbled in her ear, deep and sexy. "Say that again."

"You have a gorgeous dick."

"Hmm...one more time."

"You have a gorgeous dick," she enunciated as she tightened her grip on his penis working her hand up and down the shaft before fondling his balls. Within minutes she could feel his pre-cum coating her fingers, the sound of Parker's breath getting quicker and moans becoming shorter exciting her. As he ran his hand over her stomach towards her breasts her skin tingled. She turned her head to let his lips find her neck.

"God you feel good doing that!" Parker moaned. "You make me feel so hot."

Lori clenched and loosened her hand around his shaft as the underside vein started to pulse. A second later, as Parker moaned loudly, she felt his ejaculation on her thigh and on the small of her back.

"Fuck you are fantastic." He cupped the side of her face and maneuvered it gently towards him till they were face to face and he was able to kiss her deeply.

Even after coming, the passion of his kiss didn't subside.

"God your kiss is just so..." She peeled herself away from him and walked to the bathroom to clean herself. When she returned, she was knotting the tie of her silky robe around her slim waist.

"So what?"

"I was going to say heavenly but it sounded—I don't know. I didn't want to sound like a right tool." Lori laughed a little self-consciously.

Parker rose from the sofa, standing before her without a stitch on. "So when do you want to do this date?"

"You have to ask me properly for it to be real!" she shot back as she threw his pants at him.

"Aw...is this your way of saying that I have to go?" Deftly catching his jeans, he pulled them on over long muscular legs.

"No, I'm not giving you a hint. Do you like to strut around with nothing on?"

"Sometimes," he said with a smile. He adjusted the waistband, hanging low over lean hips, showcasing his six-pack before doing up the zipper. Lori smiled as she saw his burgeoning erection push against the fabric. "You know, the more you look at it the longer it's

going to stay that way," he teased, a mischievous twinkle in his eyes.

"Sorry, I can't help it," she laughed. "Would you like something to eat?"

"Hmm, yeah I could go for that."

"Well, what do you feel like eating?"

"You." Lori felt her cheeks flush. She was not used to a man being so upfront and honest about his desires. Her smile widened as she pulled open the front of her robe to expose herself to him.

"Here you go then," she invited as she lifted one leg onto the bed. Her labium was delicate and tender from their sport in the shower, but as small whiskers brushed over them she focused on the sensations spiraling in her body. As his tongue explored inside her, her fingers snaked down across her belly and through his hair, a slow moan building deep inside her chest. Her head too heavy to keep upright, she let it drop back as his mouth clamped over her clit, sucking it into his mouth. Tingles pulsed throughout her body as he flicked the tiny nub with his tongue. Her leg, feeling as though it was going to crumple beneath her, was lowered, effectively trapping his head. "Oh God, I feel like I'm going to fall over."

She almost wished she hadn't said anything when Parker pulled his head back. "Here, sit here." His hand patted the edge of her bed and she wasted no time in moving. He grabbed her knees and pulled them apart, replacing his head where it was only moments ago.

Her hands slid over the bedspread, slowly lowering her body until she was lying down. He slipped his arm under her leg so her knee rested on his shoulder. She writhed against his hand as it gently tugged the top of her opening, allowing him to push his tongue in further.

"So much for going on a date before we do anything like this again," he snickered as he inserted two fingers into her moist heat, making her squeal in delight. "You like that, don't you?"

"Yes..." She brought her knee to her chest. "You do that so well."

Her body started to shake and as she struggled to get her breath, she arched her back and called out his name. She squeezed her hand between his shoulder and her leg to push him away. "You have to stop," she panted. "Or I am going to pass out."

He pulled his mouth away, looking up at her with a smug smile before quickly dipping his head to suck on her clit again. Lori squealed and jumped further onto the bed. She tried to bring her legs together but his head was in the way. She squealed again but this time her attempt to escape was half-hearted as the familiar waves of a rising orgasm washed over her. "You have to stop," she cried out, wriggling against him. As the climax took over her body she turned over in an attempt to get away. She got to her knees, crying out, frozen into immobility as she felt his face there again. She flicked her hair over her shoulder and forced herself to look back at him. Parker was also on his knees with his hand on the small of her back to hold her in place. Somehow he had managed to strip bare again without her knowing. She arched her back to grant him further access. Never before had a man been able to give her multiple orgasms.

He spread her butt cheeks and when she couldn't take any more, she crawled towards the pillows and grabbed the bed head, letting out another high-pitched squeal. She never squealed. She reached for his hand and pulled him towards her. She couldn't take any more. Turning around, she looked at him through half-closed eyes.

She pressed her back against the bed head before Parker moved into her arms. He

spread her legs as her mouth found his, tasting herself on his lips and tongue. She brought her knees together around his hips as he thrust into her. The tip of his penis reached her uterus in one fluid motion. She squealed again, shuddering and forcing herself to focus on her breathing when she felt herself starting to come again.

"Fuck me," was all she could say as he pushed into her. Parker groaned not quite in unison with her as he rocked into her harder and harder. She kissed him with the intensity and passion that was swamping her body. Her tongue dueled with his as she rocked against him. Sweat trickled down her spine. The weight and momentum of his body pressed her against the bed head hard as he climaxed. He grunted loudly as his forehead rested on her shoulder, slowing to a gentle rocking. Content, Lori ran her fingers through his hair.

"I like how you do that with your hands." Slowly disentangling himself from her, he took her hand and moved her towards the rest of the bed. "Come here."

"I just need to move slowly," she snickered. "I don't think my legs will carry me."

"Well, I'm not going to let you get far." He patted the mattress next to him in invitation. She slid along the mattress until she was lying on her stomach next to him, looking at his face. His eyes were glassy, his expression blissful. "No more until I take you on that date, I promise."

"Deal. So when are we going?"

"What are you doing tomorrow?"

"Tomorrow sounds marvelous." She yawned sleepily.

"What are you thinking about?"

"Oh, nothing...just when it rains it pours, that's all," she snickered. "I've been so long without a man and now I've had you – how many times tonight?"

"Four," Parker supplied quickly. "And I'm hoping there is plenty more where that came from."

"Oh yeah..."

## Chapter Nine

Lori woke to find her naked body covered with a blanket. She blinked before lifting her head off the mattress, looking to her left and then her right. She was alone. As she slowly sat up, she wiped the side of her mouth with the back of her hand.

"Parker?" she called, her voice husky from sleep. She listened for any noise from the bathroom. "Parker?" She crawled off the bed, pulling the blanket around her bust and under her arms. She walked to the bathroom to confirm he was not there and then walked through her lounge room. "Parker?" she called, her voice louder as she walked through the kitchen in the hope of finding him. "Hello? Where the hell is he?" Confused, walking around in wide circle, she spotted a folded piece of paper on her dining table. She flicked it with her finger before reading her name on the folded side.

It read:

*Morning beautiful,  
You looked so peaceful this morning that I didn't want to wake you. I thought it was best to leave or I would not be able to stick to my promise about no play before our date. I shall return at 7pm. Dress like you did the first time you took me out to dinner, wear whatever shoes you want and I will give you the best date of your life.*

*I shall see you tonight.*

*Parker.*

*P.S. Bring your appetite.*

As she ran her fingers through her long hair Lori wasn't sure which appetite Parker was referring to. She couldn't stop smiling, catching sight of her reflection on the oven door. She looked blissful, happy despite the small bags under her eyes. Impatient for the evening to come around, she forced herself to try to forget about him and their impending date. Lightly running through to her bedroom, she scooped up the phone and dialed Kath's number.

"Hello there," she said in a sexy, low voice before bursting into laughter.

"Lori?" There was a level of doubt in Kath's tone.

"Oh...my...God, you will not believe what I have been doing for the last twenty-four hours." She brought her knees up to her chest, grinning from ear to ear as she made herself comfortable on the bed.

"You got laid!"

"Yep. How can you tell?"

"Oh my God! C'mon...spill. How was it? Was it what you expected? Was he any good? Did he do anything weird?"

"Weird? Why would he do anything weird? And no, he did not. Oh Kath, I can't even begin to tell you how good it was. It just went on and on and on." She sighed at the memory.

"I'm so happy for you. Is he still there?"

"He's not here now but he did leave me a note though, saying I have to be ready for a date tonight."

"A date? Ohh, that's so sweet," Kath gushed.

"I know. It was just so lovely."

"So, I'm assuming you are keen to see him again. It's not one of those one-nighters, is it? A pash and dash kind of set up?"

"No, not on my part at least anyway. I'd like to see more of him." Lori looked around the room as she spoke. Everything appeared to be brighter.

"So, tell me more about this date."

"I have no idea where he is taking me but he told me to get dressed up. I couldn't care really where we are going. I'd be happy with anything as long as he is there. It's going to be hard to keep my hands off him. So, enough about me...what have you been up to?"

Lori rubbed her perfume stick over her wrists and under her earlobes, walking to the mirror as nervousness churned her stomach. *Stay calm, take things as they come. Just relax and enjoy the evening.* She flicked her hair up with her hands and twisted her head from side to side, looking critically at her reflection before letting her hair drop back down to her shoulders. She was gently wiping away excess lipstick at the corner of her mouth when she heard a knock at the door. Her heart felt like it had jumped into her throat and she pressed her lips together nervously before forcing herself to relax. A deep fortifying breath and a last look in the mirror, she grabbed her purse, half scurrying towards the door. She didn't want to appear too eager but at the same time not too blasé. She couldn't stop smiling as she pulled the door open.

Everything she had told herself about remaining calm and relaxed flew out the window the minute she saw him standing there. If she thought he looked sexy in jeans and a dirty shirt and drop-dead gorgeous in a suit, she couldn't begin think of any words that came close to adequately describing him in a dinner suit. It took every ounce of willpower to prevent herself from jumping into his arms.

"Well, hello there," Parker drawled, his gaze traveling from the top of her head to the tips of her toes and back again.

"Well, hello there yourself." His aftershave smelt heavenly. Securely locking the door behind her, she stood there expectantly, her nerves beginning to get the better of her.

"You look..." Parker began as he moved his hand around her waist, his green eyes locking onto hers.

"I look what?" Lori said when it appeared he wasn't going to finish what he started to say. Fearful there would be awkwardness between them, she moved in closer to give him a hug. She liked how she felt in his arms. Safe. Secure. Loved. She kissed him on the cheek.

"I was going to say you look tasty but I couldn't decide if it was appropriate. After all, this is just a date—our *first* date. I *do* have a promise to keep." Parker laughed as he hugged her tight, squeezing her hand. "But damn you look good. I don't know if I'm going to be able to keep my hands off you."

Lori laughed as she cupped his face with her hands and kissed his lips. "Whoa! Don't do that or we are going to end up back in your bed and we can't do that. I promised you a date and a date we shall have."

"Oh really? So that will be our test." She laughed as she moved lightly down the stairs. "We shall see who can last the longest." She held out her hand for Parker to take.

"And the first one to fold?" He lightly grasped her hand and gave it a gentle squeeze.

"Is the last to come I guess," she said, giving his hand a healthy squeeze in return.

"So you put out on the first date, do you?" he laughed, bringing the back of her hand to his lips.

"Possibly... You will have to wait until the end of the date to find out though, won't you?" Lori's spine tingled as his lips lightly caressed the back of her hand. The last thing she wanted right now was a test to see how long she could last without ripping his clothes off and having her wicked way with him, despite how sweet his intentions for their date were. "So...where are we going?"

"Okay, first we are going to go for a drink and then dinner. I thought perhaps we could go to the movies after." His hand rested lightly on the curve of her hip as he guided her to the road.

"Sounds great." Looking around her for a car and not seeing one, she asked, "Umm, how are we going to get there?"

"It's a lovely evening for a walk."

She pulled away a little and started to laugh, hoping a car would pull up at any moment. When he didn't return her amusement, she stopped laughing. "You're serious, aren't you? Walk? In these shoes? I can barely stand now let alone walk."

"It's not that far." His expression was secretive as he laughed. "If you prefer, I could carry you. Up over the shoulder?"

"Oh, that's so gallant of you."

"It's not far, I promise you." He extended his hand to her.

"Should I run back in and change my shoes? I'm warning you now; I will not be in the mood for anything if my feet are killing me."

"No, you don't have to change your shoes." He took hold of her hand, his thumb gently tracing circles in her palm. "You will be able to take your shoes off soon."

"Okay...now I'm a little nervous but let's just go."

Once again he put his arm around her, resting his hand on her hip as they walked along the path away from her house. Lori stopped next to the letterbox, looking up and down the road. "Which way?"

"This way." He gently increased the pressure of his hand on her hip, steering her in the right direction. "It's not far now."

Too busy wondering if he could feel she wasn't wearing any panties under her dress, she didn't take note of what he was saying. Determined to look her sexy best for Parker meant no panty-line. No panty-line meant her knickers stayed in the drawer. She wrapped her arm around his waist and linked her finger through his belt loop, maintaining her balance as she teetered along on her heels when he told her to stop. "We are here."

Confused, she looked at Parker to his house and back again. "We are? We are having dinner here?"

"Sort of." He set off towards his front door. "It's all a bit of a surprise. Just go with it."

A smile spread across her face. "Okay." *I can do that; just go with the flow.* "I'm already having a great time." She couldn't remember the last time someone had planned a whole evening just for her. Touched by his thoughtfulness, she let her finger fall free from his belt loop as he walked slightly ahead of her. He moved his free hand into his pocket and pulled out a set of keys. "I thought we were going on a date? Bringing me back to your place for sex first does not count as a date."

Parker laughed as he opened the door. "Well I can't say I haven't been thinking about it, but it will happen—I hope. Just not yet anyway. We have a few other things to do first."

She heard herself gasp when she walked into his lounge room. The room was glowing with candles, the ambience warm and inviting.

"Wow."

"You can take your shoes off now if you like." He closed the door quietly behind him. "I thought we could have dinner here and then for the movie afterwards, I have a room I have converted into a home cinema."

"You have been busy." Lori loosened the strap around her ankle, letting the shoe fall with a loud bang onto the wooden floorboard. "Oops, sorry." She placed the other shoe gently next to its mate.

"Don't worry about it. These floors have handled worse I'm sure."

He lightly clasped her hand, gently ushering her further into the room. Standing only inches away from his statuesque body, her gaze was drawn to his eyes like a moth to the light. "I'm so short without my shoes on," she said inanely.

"But I can still get access to every inch of you from where I am standing." He smiled, drawing her into his arms. "I'm gonna make you lose that bet."

"Ha!" she scoffed, pressing her chest against his, holding him tightly before kissing him deeply. "We will see who comes last! Now, what are we going to do first?"

"Would you like a drink? Red? White? Spirits?" She smiled as he pulled away; she could swear she felt his growing erection when she moved against him. Their bet was as good as won.

"Umm, white would be great." She followed him into the lounge room, continuing to smile when she saw a huge bunch of flowers sitting on the side table. "God, I haven't been inside this house...like forever. I remember the old lady who owned it when I moved in next door. She used to invite me over for tea and scones but the place always reeked of cats, so I avoided going over as often as I could. I felt bad but the smell just made me want to gag. She moved out to go to a retirement home; the next people who lived here had a bratty kid, then there were others renting the place before it went on the market...and then there's you. I'm glad you moved in next door."

"Yeah, the neighborhood needed a romance to liven its otherwise dull existence." Parker pulled the cork free from the bottle and handed her wine to her before taking a sip from his own glass. "I have a few more ideas about what I want to do with the place, but it will take time. What I have planned now is eat first and then we can have dessert while watching a movie. Is this alright with you?"

"Sounds wonderful." Savoring the taste of the fruity wine, something inside her just clicked. For the first time she felt truly at ease. "I am going to go with the flow tonight; everything seems great."

"Alright, you make yourself comfortable while I get the first course ready." Parker set his drink down, holding out his elbow for her to take as he inclined his head. "If you will come with me."

Lori held on to the top of her glass as she walked towards him, sliding her hand into the crook of his elbow as he led her to a set of sliding doors. The doors made a soft squeaking noise as they rolled open.

## Chapter Ten

Her eyes rounded in surprise and she started to laugh her appreciation. The dining table was covered with plates and different dishes. Candles glowed softly from the side tables, chandeliers and centerpiece. It was the most beautiful room she had ever seen. Every detail screamed seduction.

"I can't believe you did all this," Lori laughed, stepping into the dimly lit room. "It looks amazing."

She walked to the side table and played with one of the candles. "The effort you have gone to..." Parker silently moved to her side and she snaked her arms up around his neck, pulling him in close. "Thank you."

She inched her lips towards his but stopped short. "I am going to make you very happy; you have gone to a lot of trouble for this. I almost feel bad for trying to tease you now."

"So don't tease me," he quipped, moving his head for a kiss as he wrapped his arms around her. Lori was too quick, pulling her head back at the last moment.

"So much for our promise. I thought we were going to try and abstain for the duration of our date." She lowered her head, flirtatiously peeking at him through her lashes. "You know it will only make the end result all the more sweeter."

"Yeah...I know." He lowered his head to hers, his breath feathering her cheeks as he sought her lips for a kiss. "Not that there was anything wrong with our last effort."

"There certainly was not." With a smirk tilting the corner of her mouth, Lori lifted her head, her lips freshly moistened and parted provocatively. "Kiss me."

"If I do, I might not be able to stop. Besides, I think I can smell our entree burning." Parker stepped back, holding her at arm's length.

"Entrees? Well I am being spoiled." She crossed her arms over her chest as she watched Parker walk out of the room. "It smells delish, whatever it is," she called after him.

"We have a couple of courses so I hope you brought your appetite," he called from the kitchen. "Everything else is out there; I've just got to grab the entree."

"I sure did." Lori smiled, letting hot candle wax drip onto her finger. "That's not all I brought."

"What?"

"Oh, nothing. Is there anything you want me to do? Anything I can help you with?"

"Yes," he said as he reentered the room. "You can sit." He put the plates on the table and then pulled out her chair. "Madam...?"

"Why thank you." She sat at the small but ample table for the pair of them. "This is just amazing."

"Well, I think you are pretty amazing and I would like to see more of you," he said conversationally, taking his own seat. "Thank you for coming with me tonight. It's one thing to be asked out on a date, but it's another to have an acceptance."

Lori pushed out her chair, bringing her hand up to the back of his head, holding him in place as she kissed him before settling back into her chair. "Thank you."



"God you taste good. Kiss me again."

Once again she leaned forward, this time giving him a more passionate kiss. Her tongue whipped over his as he pulled her chair around the table corner. He held onto her chin, kissing her back with the same amount of enthusiasm. When the kiss broke she couldn't help but smile as she straightened her back. His eyes were transfixed on her breasts as they moved up and down with each breath she took.

"What are you looking at?"

"You," she said, cupping his face with both her hands. She coiled her leg around his as she moved forward to kiss him again, the sensation of her lips against his feeling so right. As she deepened the kiss she tried to restrain herself from taking off her clothes and stripping him bare. "I'm ready to eat."

"Well, the food is here to be eaten." He looked at the table.

"I didn't say I was hungry for food." She brought her mouth down on his for another kiss as she let her hand drop to his knee, flexing her fingernails against the soft material. When she felt his strong hands on the back of her knees, moving along the underside of her thighs towards her buttocks, her kiss became more fervent. His tongue made its way into her mouth, retracting quickly when his hands fluttered at the lack of material where her knickers should have been.

"Surprised?" She knew full well what he was going to say.

"I like." Parker pulled her hips towards him and she felt her knees buckle as she sat on his thigh. "Sit on my lap."

Lori moved her leg around his body in response to his command. Even though she was dressed she felt naked with her legs opened wide to him. As his hands moved under her dress, caressing her naked thighs, her skin prickled, heightening the eroticism of it all. She unbuttoned the top of his shirt and rubbed her chest against his.

"What would you like to eat? We can't let all this food go to waste." Without waiting for an answer she twisted around and picked up a fork with food, slowly bringing it to his lips. Their gaze locked onto each other, he flicked out his tongue before closing his mouth over the fork, taking the food.

"Your turn." Obediently she opened her mouth as he guided the fork for her. She savored the taste, not quite able to believe her luck. Not only was Parker sexy, generous and a great cook, he was available. He wasn't gay or baggage-ridden and he wanted to spend more time with her.

"This is delicious," she said, covering her mouth as she spoke.

"You taste better." He moved her hand out of the way and kissed her quickly, then wriggled the chair around so they were sitting side-on to the table and had ready access to the food. "What would you like now?"

"Umm, the one in the big dish looks damned good and those potatoes...one of my favorite foods actually." She reached for her own fork, accidentally slopping her finger in the sauce. Embarrassed, she brought her finger quickly to her lips to suck away all evidence of her clumsiness.

"Stop," Parker said quickly. "I wanna watch you suck on your finger...slowly." Lori looked directly into his eyes as she traced her finger over her bottom lip before moving it into her mouth, sucking on it with an exaggerated pout. Pulling it out slowly, her tongue whipped

along the edge of her finger, seeking any remaining sauce. "Damn that's sexy," he groaned, his eyes darkening with desire.

Before she knew what was happening, he grabbed hold of her hand and put her finger into his mouth. When he pulled her finger out and started licking it, her tongue mimicked his actions, increasing the intensity of their foreplay. She didn't realize she was circling her hips gently until he dropped her hand, murmuring, "This wasn't exactly what I had in mind for dinner, but I'm not complaining."

"If you would like me to get off you, just say the word." Lori started to think she had become too heavy for his legs.

"No...I'd like you to get off, but not off my lap." Parker laughed at his witticism as he dug his spoon into a decadent-looking cheesecake. "You are going to love this. Cheesecake is my specialty."

"Where did you learn to cook?" Her eyes practically bulged out of her head. Normally she was conscious of her calorie intake, but when it came to cheesecake, she was always up for seconds.

"Well, when I was younger and being the only boy with four sisters—" Parker began.

"Four sisters? Wow. What's it like at family functions?"

"It's great. Because I'm the only boy I get favored quite a bit, not that I'm complaining," he laughed. "But when we were younger, back in the day of double standards, they would do their cooking and say because I was a boy I wouldn't be able to cook better than them. I had something to prove."

"And you did." She eyed the fork hungrily. "You did it very well. Now stop teasing me with that cheesecake and give it to me."

"Say that again."

"Give it to me," was the saucy response.

"One more time," he taunted, moving the fork away.

"Give me that cheesecake now!" Lori pulled on his shirt as she reached for the fork, grabbing the piece in her fingers and stuffing it into her mouth. "Ohh," she moaned after tasting it.

"I love it when you moan." Parker loaded the fork with another mouthful, holding it up to her mouth. "Do it again."

Lori opened her mouth to take the next bite. And then another. And another. Each mouthful was better than the last. Each moan more rapturous.

"You have to stop; I can't take any more." She looked mournfully at the last small piece, knowing she shouldn't have it despite wanting to. "You have it."

"I have the rest of the slab in the kitchen to eat. I want to see you enjoy it." He loaded the fork again. "Besides, I'm waiting to eat something else. It's something I've wanted ever since I left you in bed." He fed her the last of the cheesecake as his other hand moved under her dress, gently rubbing her slick opening. Once the fork was empty, he discarded it only to slip the strap of her dress off her shoulder. He continued pulling it down until her lacy bra was fully exposed.

"Damn you are sexy." Without another word he moved the plates to one side and lifted her off his lap, seating her on the edge of the table. "I want you to be comfortable."

"I'm very comfortable with you," Lori said as he pulled her dress off. She didn't bother

trying to cover her body from him; his lips had been over every inch of her so it was a little late for modesty. Besides, the candlelight would hide any flaws, making her look perfect. "I think you are a little overdressed now, don't you think?"

She smiled mischievously, completely naked except for her bra as she watched Parker unbutton his shirt and ease down his pants. She stared at his black boxer shorts before returning her gaze to look him directly in the eyes.

"Don't I get full access yet?"

"Not yet. I have to keep my promise," he reminded her. "We aren't even halfway through our date and already we can't wait to have sex. Not that I'm complaining, of course."

"Well, now you have put me on the table, what are you going to do next?" Her eyes strayed to his boxers and the distinct bulge. "What movie did you have in mind? I'm telling you right now I will not help you make a movie, if that's what you had in mind." There was an edge of warning underneath her laughter.

"No, I didn't." Parker laughed as he moved towards her, taking her in his arms. "But now you've mentioned it..."

"Well, you can stop right there coz it ain't never gonna happen," Lori snickered, clearly getting the message through.

"It's alright. I'm very good at holding mental pictures anyway." His hands soothing her back, he lowered his head and found her mouth for a kiss. She opened her legs, wrapping them around his hips as she leaned back on her elbows so Parker would be the one doing the kissing.

Although she wanted him she was still mindful of their bet. She leaned further back into his hands. "We'd better start this movie or I am going to be a lost cause."

"Alright. Can we take some of this food? We might get a bit peckish." Lori sighed as he pulled away.

"Sure, grab whatever you like. Just let me go and get the movie started and then I'll come back and help you." Lori smiled as he backed away from her and into the doorframe.

"Watch where you are going honey—" She stopped short when she realized she had called him honey.

"I just can't believe I'm walking away from a gorgeous woman," he said, rubbing the elbow that had connected with the wall.

"We both know you will have me eventually," she said. "This is kinda funny though. My first date and I'm already practically naked." She couldn't stop herself from giggling at the situation. Content and happy, she turned around to collect a plate of food. She was licking her fingers when she felt a hot breath on her neck. Parker was standing close behind her.

"Jesus," she yelped as he grabbed her by the wrists and pushed her forward against the table. "Parker?"

"I can't help it," he groaned. "You win."

She pushed away from the table on to his hips, feeling his hardness resting in the cleft of her buttocks. Immediately she stopped struggling and waited for him to make his next move. When she began to turn her head, she felt his breath hot on her shoulder again.

"Don't move."

Parker pressed his naked torso against her back, his hands sliding up her arms and over her shoulders. He feathered his fingertips along her back to her bra clip. When it was undone,

he smoothed the straps off her back, moving it down her arms and letting it drop onto the table. His hands moved to lightly clasp her waist. His penis felt rock hard and hot against her skin. She tingled all over in anticipation of having it inside her.

"I need to have you now," she whispered.

"Not yet." He pushed his hips up and down against her. "Spread your legs...just a little."

Lori obeyed. She inched her bare foot across the boards to allow a little room between the top of her thighs.

"Good. That's perfect."

She glanced over her shoulder as she felt his hips move away. In an instant, his cock was nestled between her thighs, poking through to the front of her opening. It was an unfamiliar but pleasant sensation. He wasn't inside her, but her labia suctioned around his erection as he pushed it forward and pulled it back.

"I like this." She pressed her legs together to heighten the sensation.

"It's gonna get better," Parker moaned in her ear. "You are so wet."

Lori let her head drop back onto Parker's shoulder as he brought his lips to her neck. "You make me wet," she confessed, anchoring her hand to the back of his head.

"I love how you feel on my dick." His lips vibrated against her neck as he spoke.

She tried to focus on the chandelier as the tip of his cock rubbed against her clit, but her body demanded her attention as sensation competed with sensation. Slowly trailing her fingers down to rub against her sensitive spot, she felt more than heard the change in Parker's breathing.

"It drives me wild when you touch yourself." He cupped her breast, pinching her nipple gently with his thumb and forefinger as she gently rubbed her nub. "I can feel your hand there with the tip of my dick."

Her fingers abandoning her masturbation, they gently found the head. "You're covered in me." She turned her head in invitation for a kiss. "Can you feel me?" She held herself still as Parker brought his hips forward and stopped. Her cunny was gently pulsing as he held himself in place.

"I can," he breathed. "I can't wait. I have to have you now." Without giving her a chance to reply, he released her breast and brought his arm around her waist. He gently lifted her off her feet and carried her to the cinema room. As his dick fell from her grip she reached around and grabbed it again. "I like how you just reach out and take it. Most girls wouldn't."

"I'm not most girls," she shot back as he placed her down gently. Another room filled with candles. The floor was carpeted, a large soft-looking sofa placed centrally against one of the walls. The last thing on either of their minds was a movie.

"You certainly are not." He plunged his tongue into the warm recess of her mouth, immediately deepening the kiss. "I don't want any other girl," he breathed against her lips.

"I don't think I want any other guy either." She dropped to her knees licking her lips, looking up to make sure he was watching her. With just the tip of her tongue she circled the head of his cock with small flicks. Her hand slid along the shaft to cup his balls, smiling when she heard a low sigh escape Parker's lips. "I taste good," she teased, taking more of him into her mouth.

"That feels so good," he groaned. "Keep doing what you are doing."

Lori writhed forward on her knees, moving to the underside of his cock to nuzzle into his balls. Parker threaded his hand through her soft hair as she teabagged him.

"As much as I love what you are doing...I have to be inside you," he said in a hurried tone. She dropped him from her mouth and swiveled to sit on her bottom, bending her knees and leaning back on elbows that sank into the soft, long, shag pile.

"I'm waiting." Wordlessly inviting him again by spreading her legs wider, a smirk tilted corner of her mouth as her eyes twinkled. He quickly squatted between her legs, taking hold of her knees.

"You are so wet your lips are glistening." He gently pushed her knees wider apart, content just to rest on his heels as he looked his fill. "Hmm, what to do first? Fuck you? Eat you? Finger you?"

"They all sound like great options to me," Lori said, wriggling her hips as she put her fingers around her clit again.

"Nope...decision made." His rod pointed directly at her. "I'm gonna fuck you and fuck you good."

Before she had time to move Parker was leaning over her, his body pressed against hers as he kissed her. "Bring your legs up," he instructed.

As soon as Lori brought her knees up to his ribs, he pushed his hips against her and his penis slipped easily inside. Having her legs up allowed him to fill her completely and she cried out at the fullness. Short ragged thrusts brought her quickly to the brink of an orgasm and listening to Parker's soft grunts get quicker and louder pushed her even further. "God you feel so good."

Lori couldn't hold herself back any longer. Her legs locked around his ribs as her cunny quivered. Parker let out three loud gasps before he flexed his hips for the last time and she kissed him hard on the lips as she felt his cum shoot inside her. He rested his bodyweight on his elbows, gently cupping her face with both hands. She clenched her legs tighter as she felt him move away.

"No...I want you to stay inside me. Just for a little bit longer."

Parker smiled as he kissed her deeply and passionately again. "Okay." He rested his head beside her so he was looking at her profile. "Would you like to watch the movie now?"

"What's the movie? On second thoughts, I think I'd prefer to just lie here for a while until I get my energy back."

"We could do that," Parker agreed. "When you decide you're feeling more energetic, I do have a spa bath."

"Parker...?"

"Hmm?" he replied laconically, idly tracing circles above her breasts.

"You know what? If I were to have any date, this would have to be exactly the way I would have wanted it." Turning her head, her tongue gently tickled the corner of his mouth until it opened, giving access to the warmth inside. She kissed him deeply before pulling away to rest her forehead against his. "Now...where is that spa?"