



Release Me

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**Release Me**

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## **Dedication**

To my husband for all of his love and support. And to my three kids for being so understanding while Mom spent all her time on the computer! Finally, to Shelli for believing in me and helping me to tighten up this story. You rock!

## Chapter One

"Did I tell you I'm taking control of my orgasms?" Sommer stuffed the last of her blueberry muffin into her mouth. "I'm so tired of counting on someone else, I decided to take action and make them happen myself."

"Honey, you're preaching to the choir. It's about time you take control of your own body," Noura said.

Sommer pressed the phone between her ear and shoulder. Her friend and coworker was right. She'd been telling Sommer that for years, but she'd been so repressed she thought she had no other choice but to count on a man to give her mind blowing orgasms. The problem? Most men she'd been with hadn't given her *any* mind blowing orgasms. No multiple orgasms, no *feeling like she was going to die* orgasms, nothing. Oh, sometimes a pleasant washing over sort of feeling would happen. But nothing that rocked her world.

"I bought a vibrator online," she confessed in a hushed whisper, not wanting anyone to hear her. Not that anyone was in her office, but talking about it made her uncomfortable. "Ordered it online. It came yesterday."

"So did *you* come yesterday?" Noura asked.

Sommer giggled. Yes, she had. A few times. She'd been so sensitive down there by the end of her vibrator breaking in session that it had taken her forever just to pee. But she didn't need to share the dirty details. "I did."

"Well, vibrators are great, but you need to find yourself a real man. Some big, strapping guy who'll take you on your desk at work. Someone you don't care about, a delicious man you just want to have

sex with. Get a few of those potential orgasms out of your system, only with a warm body versus a battery operated machine."

"Oh, yeah. But just who the heck can I find around here to ravish me on my desk?" Sommer shivered as she remembered a handsome man she'd seen in the elevator a few days ago. Tall and broad shouldered, with dark hair and a nice ass. She'd been unable to look at him straight on, but from what she could tell by her glimpse of his profile he had high cheekbones, perfectly sculpted lips, and beautiful eyes. *Dreamy*.

Noura snorted, so loudly Sommer had to hold the phone away from her ear. "There's no one at work who would even qualify as *Ravish on the Desk* material. Please. Although there are probably some interesting prospects in the building. We should go on a hunt some day soon."

"Great. So what do we say when we spot a hunky one? 'Hey, could you come back to my office and have wild monkey sex with me? I'm trying to regain control of my orgasms.'" Sommer giggled again. "I don't think so."

"We're not going to be blatant, Sommer. Come on! But it doesn't hurt to see who's closest to us. You never know. We could find some hot man for you to do in no time."

Sommer thought of Mr. Hot Man in the Elevator and twirled the phone cord around her index finger. He was probably a client of one of the businesses in the building. A one shot deal. She'd most likely never see him again. "I think I'm better off with my vibrator for now."

"A vibrator doesn't have hands, a mouth, or a tongue," Noura said. "A vibrator can only satisfy you for so long."

"Yeah, yeah, tell me about it," Sommer muttered as she started composing an email to a client. Nothing happened. She moved the mouse across the screen. Nothing. Typed furiously on the keyboard. Nada. Crap.

"It's true, you can get vibrated for only so long, and then it's going to become an addiction and no guy will ever be able to satisfy you—"

"Shit!" Sommer banged her fists on her now useless keyboard. "Look, Noura, I gotta go. My computer just died on me again." She disconnected and hit the button that quick-dialed the receptionist. She had a huge project due in two days and she was barely halfway

finished. She did not need her computer to fritz out on her now. "Hey, Joanie. You got the number for that IT place on the fourth floor? My computer just died."

"I'll call them for you," Joanie said. "Do you need them to come right away?"

"Definitely. It's an emergency. Thanks." Sommer hung up, then punched the keys on her keyboard to no avail. It was frozen solid, had been freezing on her for the past couple of weeks, but she'd always brushed it off, restarted the computer, and gone on her merry way. That probably wasn't the best way to handle a computer problem, but she never had the time to worry about it, always told herself she'd deal with it later. Big mistake.

Her phone rang and she snatched it up. "A tech is coming down to your office right now. Watch for him."

"Thanks, Joanie. I appreciate it."

While she waited, she decided to go through her stack of mail, something she'd been neglecting as of late. As a junior account executive for a small advertising firm, Sommer had been swamped with various projects the senior executive had dumped on her. She didn't mind. She loved her work and was dedicated. With no boyfriend take up her time, she spent lots of late nights at the office. She figured all this hard work would eventually pay off, so why not put in as much time as she could before life got in the way?

Boring, boring, boring, she thought as she shuffled through the envelopes. If anyone had anything important to say, they sent it via email, and since she couldn't open her email program, she was stuck. Maybe she could grab one of the laptops the advertising team shared and work from that, although her important information was stored on her actual computer. Hopefully, if the global freezing hadn't wiped it out.

She was so stupid for not backing up her files. Very important files, she reminded herself. Suddenly the Garbage song started playing her head. "Stupid Girl—"

A soft knock sounded on her office door and Sommer glanced up. She sucked in a breath, practically choking on the air she inhaled. As if her imagination had conjured him up, there stood the very man she'd been lusting after—the man from the elevator. In the flesh.

Unable to speak, she cleared her throat, coughed, and waved

him in.

"You're having trouble with your computer?" he asked.

Aha. He was from the IT company. A computer geek. He blinked at her from behind his glasses and she sucked in too much air yet again. He had the most beautiful eyes she'd ever seen. Long, black lashes surrounded irises that wavered between green and blue. The thin wire rimmed glasses he wore only accentuated their intensity, their masculine beauty. Suddenly hypnotized, she gazed into them.

"Your computer, Miss Daniels?" he asked politely, looking at her as if she'd lost her marbles.

She nodded and sat up straighter in her chair. Trying to be serious and businesslike, when she wanted nothing more but to throw herself at his feet and beg him to touch her. "Yes, it keeps freezing up and shutting itself down. I don't know what's wrong with it."

"Let me take a look at it," he said, walking over to her so he stood next to her chair. "Is it under your desk?"

Sommer looked up at him. The sudden image of him beneath her desk, touching her bare legs, filled her thoughts and she blinked—and tried to banish the naughty thoughts. He smiled at her and just like that, she felt her panties grow wet.

"Your tower. Is it under your desk?" He sounded as if he were talking to an imbecile.

"Oh, yes. Of course it is." She laughed nervously. "I'm sorry. I'm a little slow on the uptake this afternoon. I have a huge deadline at the end of the week and computer problems are the last thing I need right now."

"Well, let me get under there, Miss Daniels, and I'll take a look at it."

Still sitting with her delectable legs crossed and her short skirt hitched up to reveal a lengthy expanse of thigh, Sommer pushed away from the desk.

Ted Maxwell licked his lips in anticipation. He normally wasn't a leg man; he preferred a nice ass to grab hold of and squeeze. But legs like hers demanded attention and imagination. Yes, indeed, he could see himself grabbing her slender ankles, running his hands up her shapely calves to the inside of her thighs, then pushing them open so he could tongue her pussy with long, slow licks . . .

Shit. He needed to focus, to fix this sexy woman's computer and

get the hell out of her office. Why did frickin' Stan have to call in sick today? Ted cursed his employee for about the 70th time since this morning. He hadn't made a repair call like this for months. Hell, he didn't have to. He spent all his time in the office. He couldn't remember the last time he'd been out in the field.

He tried to power up her computer, but it wouldn't even turn on. Not good. He shook his head and muttered an oath.

"Do you think you'll be able to fix it this afternoon?" Sommer asked in her sweet voice.

Ted grunted. "Do you have another computer you can work on while I try to repair this one?"

She sighed, the sound washing over him and making his dick stand at attention. He could imagine her sighing just like that right before he kissed her. Touched her. Entered her from behind, on top, whatever. "I have a laptop, but the information I need for my project is saved on this computer."

"You don't back it up?" He came out from underneath her desk but still sat on the floor, facing her—and abruptly realized his face was level with her crossed legs. *Her crotch*. He willed her to uncross and cross her legs, a la the movie "Basic Instinct", so he could catch a glimpse of panties, or no panties. Either one would please him just fine.

Miss Daniels bit down on her lip, drawing his gaze to the sweet fullness of it. Her lips were plump, ripe. Kissable. She shook her head. "Not as often as I should, it seems."

"Everyone learns that lesson when something like this happens." He reached back under the desk, unplugged all the cords and dragged out the tower. "I'll take this back to my office and see what I can do with it."

"Oh, that would be wonderful." She smiled at him, and he felt as if he'd been punched in the gut. Damn, she was beautiful. Big brown eyes, full lips, smooth skin. Her brown hair was pulled back in a severe ponytail that he longed to undo, to watch all that hair fall around her sweet face. "I'll be working late tonight, so please don't hesitate to call if you fix it before the evening is over."

"No problem." Oh, he longed to call her all right. Just not in the way she was expecting. He had other computers to worry about and other emergency repairs to make, and considering he was down a man for the day, he was running way behind. But that wasn't going to stop



him from working on Miss Sommer Daniels' computer the minute he got back to the office.

Other clients, be damned.

## Chapter Two

Sommer was exhausted. Her eyes hurt after staring at the laptop for so long. It was well past seven o'clock, and the offices were deserted except for her. The quiet and lack of distractions allowed her to concentrate. She'd basically had to start over on her project from scratch, trying to recall what she had done so far, although she knew she wasn't remembering everything. But she'd come up with some new ideas that were even better than her original plan. So maybe it wasn't such a bad thing that her computer had decided to freak out on her.

In addition to her new ideas was the fact that she'd met the hot IT guy. He was so gorgeous, she thought as her toes curled inside her shoes. He'd called her a few minutes ago, and his deep, delicious voice had informed her that he'd already repaired her computer. Now she anxiously awaited his arrival and smoothed a hand over her already smooth hair, having just touched up her lipstick. He probably wouldn't even notice her, was probably some sort of nerd who was only into his computers. At least, that's what she told herself.

He appeared in her doorway and she experienced an odd sense

of déjà vu. Only this time, he had her computer tucked under one muscular arm and his shirtsleeves were rolled up, revealing tanned forearms sprinkled with dark hair. Surprising, considering he was a desk jockey. The first couple of buttons of his shirt were undone, and his hair was a bit rumpled. *Sexy*, she thought as he walked towards her with long, purposeful strides. *Very sexy*.

"Here you go, Miss Daniels," he said, setting the tower on top of her desk.

"Thank you," she breathed, a little heady from his intoxicating nearness. He smelled good, he felt good—and he hadn't even touched her. *Yet*.

She bit back the urge to giggle. "Please, call me Sommer."

"All right...Sommer." Her name sounded wonderful passing from his lips. Her heart started to beat faster. "May I get under your desk to put this back where it belongs?"

"Of course." She pushed away from the desk in her wheeled chair, allowing him the room to crawl beneath it. His khaki pants strained across his butt as he went down on all fours and she sat there entranced, staring at it. Admiring it. She could imagine herself touching it. She clenched her hands in her lap to restrain herself.

She sat there, her heart rate accelerating, and breathed in his scent, her ankles crossed beneath the chair, her knees apart, not even realizing she wasn't sitting in a ladylike position in her skirt until he came up on his knees in front of her desk and looked directly between her legs—right at her crotch. She knew he could most likely see her baby blue satin panties. Her breath hitched in her throat, and she realized she couldn't move even if she tried.

Those beautiful eyes lifted slowly, meeting hers, and the unadulterated lust she saw reflected in them made her want to spread her legs wider. "You're all set, Miss Daniels. Oh, I mean...Sommer."

She licked her lips, and his gaze followed the movement of her tongue. She tensed involuntarily at him watching her. Sommer had never been so aware of a man's reaction. "Thank you—um, I never did get your name."

Oh, she sounded tacky, but she knew he'd never told her. And she desperately wanted to know the name of the man who was about to ravish her. Hopefully.

His eyes caressed her crotch again, and then he glanced up. "My

name is Ted."

*Rhymes with bed.* Oh, God, she had the sudden image of grabbing him by the ends of his hair and shoving his head between her legs while she sprawled naked on her bed. She wanted to feel his lips and tongue and teeth at her very center.

"Nice to meet you, Ted," she managed to say.

His eyes never left hers as one big warm hand came up to cup her knee, his long fingers caressing her skin. She gulped, closed her eyes for a moment, and then opened them to find his head bent, pressing a soft kiss to the inside of her knee. His lips lingered, his hand slipping down to close around her ankle and she sighed.

What was happening to her? What was happening between the two of them? The right thing would be to push him away, to tell him to stop, and kick him out of her office.

But his lips felt so good on her skin and his hands were big and warm—she could only imagine how they would feel touching her all over. She realized she didn't care about doing the right thing. She wanted to do *him* instead.

"Nice to meet you too, Sommer," he said against her knee, kissing it again. His other hand grasped her right ankle and he simultaneously smoothed both hands up her legs, over her calves to rest at her knees, spreading them slightly.

His eyes met hers, questioning, looking for her invitation. She gave it with a slight nod of her head, her lips trembling, her entire body quaking as his hands slid up her thighs, beneath her skirt. She widened her legs as much as she could in her chair and licked her lips. He groaned out loud.

"I imagined doing this earlier when I was under your desk," he admitted, his voice husky. His fingers grazed her sensitive skin.

"I imagined you doing this to me earlier," she admitted, watching him. His fingers crept higher on her leg, then higher still, until they brushed the front of her panties. She gasped, and her stomach tightened.

His eyes met hers. "Then I guess we both want the same thing?"

Sommer pressed her lips together, and nodded. Ted tugged at the waistband of her panties and she lifted her hips, allowing him to slip them off. He pulled them down her legs, over her knees, down her calves, and finally off her ankles. He held the scrap of pale blue lace

and satin to his face and breathed deeply, inhaling her scent. Then he shoved the garment into his pocket. "A memento for later."

She could only imagine what he would do with her panties. Her entire body throbbed at the thought of it. Unbelievable—she was sitting in her chair at her desk with a man's head between her legs, after he'd just smelled her panties and shoved them into his pocket. He took off his glasses and set them on top of her desk. Then he turned to her, his fingers creeping up her leg to her naked pussy, and sliding just in between her lips, barely touching her.

"Oh, my God," she whispered, closing her eyes.

"You like that?" he asked, his fingers going deeper.

She nodded, squirming in her chair and tilting her hips toward him so his fingers could slide even deeper inside her.

He yanked up her skirt with one hand so it bunched at her hips and pulled her chair closer. Now she was only inches from his face. *His mouth.*

He thrust his fingers in and out, and she glanced down at herself, watching those fingers glistening with her juices. She wanted to come at the sight of it.

"Spread yourself with your fingers," he commanded.

"What?" Her voice shook, her entire body shaking in anticipation of the orgasm that built within her as she watched his fingers move.

He looked up, his blue green eyes blazing straight through her, and whispered, "Spread yourself open for me, Sommer."

She reached down and did as he asked, using the tips of her fingers to hold herself open, exposing herself completely to him, her clit throbbing for his touch. "Like this?" she asked. She'd never done anything like it before.

"Just like that," he murmured as his lips latched onto her clit, sucking, his fingers still thrusting inside of her. He licked at her fingers, sucking them deep into his mouth before returning to her clit. That was all it took. The waves of her orgasm took over in an instant, and she tensed against his face, her butt practically sliding out of the chair. His hands came up to grasp her buttocks, holding her to him, his mouth continuing its ministrations as she came, shuddering against him.

She slumped in the chair, amazed at what had just happened.

Less than one minute of him going down on her and she'd come like she'd never come before in her life. She'd definitely taken control of her orgasm tonight, she thought dazedly. Well, with some assistance.

Ted pressed kisses to the inside of her thighs, his lips gentle and his hands still cupping her buttocks. Sommer glanced down at him, watching his lips press against the soft flesh of her inner thigh and she realized she wanted him again. Wanted to feel him take her. Against her desk. Just like Noura had described.

"You're amazing," he murmured against her skin, his hot breath making her tremble with need all over again.

"So are you," she said, and he looked up at her, his beautiful gaze meeting hers. "I bet we'd be even more amazing...together."

His eyes glowed like blue-green fire, and he stood up, grabbing her by the shoulders and pulling her up with him. His fingers went to her shirt and started unbuttoning it. She did the same for him, revealing the broad expanse of his chest. A light amount of dark hair swirled between his pectoral muscles, and her mouth went dry at the sight of it. She spread her hands over his hot flesh, ran them over his flat stomach, her fingers following the trail of dark hair that led down to the waistband of his pants and beyond. She started to undo the button.

He yanked her shirt out of her skirt and hurriedly undid it, pushing it down and off of her arms. She stood before him in her plain beige bra, wishing she had on something sexier, anything but the practical piece of lingerie she wore so often, but he didn't seem to care. He reached around and undid the clasp and her breasts sprang free, her dusky nipples hard and begging for his touch.

"Turn around," he murmured, and she did so, with shivers racing up her spine. She heard him push off his pants and let them drop to the floor, heard the tiny rip of a packet being opened and she imagined him slipping on the condom, wishing she could do it. She desperately wanted to get her hands on him.

Sommer turned her head to look over her shoulder and caught a glimpse of his erect penis. *Oh, my.* She'd never had one so—*big*. She licked her lips in anticipation and he caught her, his eyes as hungry as she felt.

"Bend over the desk," he ordered. His voice was smooth as silk. She did so, gripping the farthest edge of the desk with trembling

fingers. His hands smoothed over her bare ass, his leg moving between hers to spread her wider for him. And then his big cock was probing her body, seeking entry. She wiggled her ass at him and he gripped her hips. Then he plunged deep inside her.

Sommer wanted to scream at the sensation. He slid in and out of her slowly, going deeper with each move. She closed her eyes and bit down on her lower lip, trying to control herself.

"Say something, Sommer," he whispered, gently pulling at her shoulders so she lifted up and braced her hands on the desk. He increased his pace. "You know you want to."

Oh, she did—but she'd never felt comfortable saying anything during sex. A little moan here, a little sigh there, but that was it. She was too self-conscious.

His hands came up to cup her breasts, his fingers playing with her nipples, and she threw her head back with a long sigh. His thrusts quickened and her fingers curled around the front of the desk. She'd never done it this way before. The men she'd been with in the past were rather unimaginative, usually preferring sex in the standard positions. Certainly not standing up with him entering her from behind, in her office after hours. No, this situation was unusual to say the least.

He pinched one nipple, and she gasped. It hurt and yet felt wonderful at the same time. "Talk to me, Miss Daniels. Does this feel good?"

Sommer nodded, gasping again as he pinched her other nipple. "Yes."

"How about this?" He pulled his cock nearly all the way out of her before surging inside of her again. "Does that feel good?"

"Oh, yes," she whispered, another orgasm heading her way. She'd had no idea she was multi-orgasmic until now. Good to know.

"You feel good," he whispered in her ear, his hands sliding up to grasp her shoulders from behind. "Your skin's so soft, your pussy's so tight—I want to come." He thrust hard inside of her as if to make his point. "Right now."

She bit down on her lip and nodded, encouraging him. "Please. Faster."

"Like this?"

Oh, yes. Just like that. His rhythm was quick as lightning, and

she moved with him as much as her position allowed. She was going to come, really she was. She could feel it, she was right there, right on the edge, ooooooh—

Sommer moaned as her orgasm overtook her. Still shivering, she felt Ted surge inside of her as he came, shouting her name. She collapsed on top of the desk, pressing her naked chest to its flat surface, her breath coming in funny little hitches. He was still inside her, his hands smoothing over her bare butt and she swore her pussy started to tingle when he touched her. Good Lord. Could the man make her come again? He'd probably have to carry her out on a stretcher if he tried.

Ted slipped out of her, and the sound of the condom coming off and the thud of it hitting the trash can rang in her ears. She suddenly felt dirty and very, very naked. This should never have happened. Her face red, she searched for her clothes, yanked her skirt back down, and slipped on her bra, fumbling with the clasp.

Ted scrambled to get dressed as well. He turned his head, and caught her looking at him. He raised an eyebrow. "Regrets?"

Her expression must have said it all, because Ted chuckled and shook his head. "I don't regret it," he said. "And I don't think you should, either."

"This has never happened to me before—Ted." She shook her head and met his eyes. "You don't look like a Ted at all. Is Theodore your real name?"

He grimaced and ran a hand through his dark hair, causing a stray lock to flop over his forehead. She yearned to push it back, but held herself in check.

"Yeah."

Sommer nodded with a smile. "Theodore it is, then. You look much more like a Theodore than a Ted."

"Do I?" He blew out a loud breath. "Well, okay. If the woman I just had mind blowing sex with wants to call me Theodore, I'm not going to protest."

"Really? It was mind blowing for you, too?"

"Yeah, it definitely was." He paused. "When can I see you again?"

This was awkward. What did a woman say to a guy, practically a stranger, who screwed her brains out and then wanted to see her again? He probably thought she was loose and would give it up

whenever he wanted it. And when it came to him, he would be right. After that incredible explosion otherwise known as sex, she would give it to him whenever he wanted it. But they couldn't continue this, since it would go nowhere. Fast. "I don't know if that's a good idea."

Ted quirked his lips, nodded, and pushed away from the desk. "Sure, I understand. Thanks for the mind blowing fuck, Miss Daniels. I'll see you later."

Sommer flinched at his choice of words. "Thank you for fixing my computer, Theodore," she called as he walked out of her office, the sound of her voice echoing in the silence. He'd sounded mad, almost upset. Had she hurt his feelings? He had to know that what had just happened couldn't be considered serious. It certainly didn't warrant another get together between them. Better to just end it now and enjoy it for what it was, and phrase it what he called it—the most amazing *fuck* of her life.

Somehow, that didn't make her feel any better.



## Chapter Three

Ted sat at his receptionist's desk and stared at the list of phone numbers she had tacked up on her small bulletin board. Every business in the building was on it, including sexy Miss Daniels' advertising agency. It would be so easy to pick up the phone, dial the number, and ask for her. He could whisper something into the receiver and hope she'd respond in kind.

*Ah, shit.* He couldn't stop thinking about her. How delicious she tasted, how her tight pussy had clenched around him. How buttoned up and prim she looked, but with one touch of his hand on her knee, she'd become a wanton woman. He wanted to experience that again. Wanted to mess up that nice, neat little facade she had going until she gasped his name when the orgasm he gave her shook her to the very core of her being.

She didn't seem to know who he was, which he found refreshing. He was so tired of women chasing after him because he'd done something successful with his life, had a little money, and the potential to make even more. He felt like every woman he came across was on the prowl, looking for a way inside of his heart or more likely, into his pocket. He had a feeling Sommer thought he was just some anonymous employee from the IT place. Certainly not the owner of the company. Just some random guy she happened to let slide his hands up her thighs.

God, she was hot. One look at those blue panties, and he'd been a goner. She'd left her legs spread open so he could look his fill, and that had pushed him right over the edge, although he had a feeling she hadn't done it on purpose. Just the sight of her, though, made him do

something he'd never done before. Touch a woman he barely knew in a most intimate place, and the way she'd responded —

"Hello, Theodore."

Her soft voice wafted over him, and he wondered for a moment if he'd conjured her up in his imagination. But no. There stood Miss Sommer Daniels in the flesh, right in front of the desk. Her hair was up in its usual no nonsense style, revealing her long neck. She wore a sleeveless black jacket, its buttons straining from the press of her luscious breasts. The matching skirt she wore was short, revealing her long, long legs, and her feet were ensconced in some sort of strappy sandals that made him long to suck her toes. He didn't even get off on sucking toes. Hell, she aroused him in ways he'd never experienced before.

"Miss Daniels. Fancy meeting you here." He tried to keep his tone light and unaffected, but he was thrilled she'd showed up at his office — looking for him.

She glanced around and came to lean her arms on the raised desktop. That put her chest in line with his vision, her breasts plumped by her positioning, and revealing a hint of cleavage. He wanted to lean over and run his tongue along that tantalizing view, to tear open her jacket to see if she wore the same sensible bra she'd had on yesterday.

"Is this your normal desk?" she asked with a teasing smile.

He shook his head. "No, just looking something up." *Your phone number.*

She did one more perusal of the office. "Where is everyone?"

"Out to lunch."

"Why aren't you?"

He shrugged. "Brought my own."

"When will they be back?"

He glanced at the clock, then at her. Sommer's cheeks were flushed, her eyes wide. She was completely turned on. Oh, yeah.

"Around one."

"Well, it's your lucky day, then." Sommer nodded and licked her lips. "Because I decided I'd bring you lunch."

"Really?" He cocked an eyebrow and watched her slowly come around the desk. "What, exactly, did you bring for me to eat, Miss Daniels?"

"Me," she whispered, her fingers moving to the front of her

jacket, unbuttoning one. Two. All the buttons. Revealing her full breasts, barely restrained by her pale pink lace bra. It was much more revealing than yesterday's lingerie. His mouth went dry at the sight of her.

"And what do you plan on having for lunch?" He could barely get the question out, what with the way she was looking at him, walking toward him like she was going to gobble him up. He had a feeling he already knew the answer.

"You," she said, crouching down so that she was at crotch level. She reached out and brushed her fingers over the fly of his khaki pants. His cock strained against the fabric. She smiled wickedly. "Take off your pants."

God, she looked hot kneeling in front of him, her jacket open, her breasts moving in tandem with her fast breathing, straining against the confines of the thin lace of her bra. He wasted no time shucking off his pants, boxers, shoes, and socks, so he sat in the chair fully naked from the waist down. Her eyes widened at the sight of his larger than life cock—truly, he'd never been this hard before—and she lifted her gaze to his.

"I know this probably sounds cliché, but I've never done anything like this before...to go down on a complete stranger during my lunch hour," she admitted, licking her lips. Her fingers found his stiff erection.

He closed his eyes, savoring the sensation of her slim fingers wrapped so neatly around him. "Neither have I."

Sommer smiled and slid her hand slowly up and down. "I can't stop thinking about you."

"I can't stop thinking about you, either." Oh, God, her hand had slipped down to his balls, cupping them briefly before moving back up to his eager cock. He breathed a sigh of relief when she started stroking him again.

"You helped me take control of my orgasms," she murmured, her thumb sliding up and over the head, smearing the little drop of semen that had collected at the tip. He groaned and dropped his head back against the chair.

What the hell was she talking about? "I helped you do what?"

She smiled and came up further on her knees, resting her hands on his thighs as she gazed up into his face. "You helped me gain

control of my orgasms. Or at least, you gave me a couple of great orgasms. You're helping me release my inner vixen."

He'd gladly help her release the inner vixen even more. "Glad I could be of service, Miss Daniels."

"Now it's my turn to be of service to you," she whispered, and then bent her head so her mouth hovered above his dick. "I locked the front door."

"Thank God." He groaned, just waiting for that delectable mouth of hers to take him inside. He clenched his thighs in anticipation, and reached out and pulled the pins from the back of her head. Her thick brown hair fell all around her, to the middle of her back and around her face like a curtain. A surprised gasp escaped her lips and she glanced up at him, her eyes big.

"You're so beautiful." Why didn't she wear her hair down more often? Of course, if she did he'd be even more tempted to jump her bones, and he didn't know if that was possible.

She bent back down and wrapped her lips around the head of his cock, sucking him gently before sliding down the entire length of him. His fingers curled into her hair, holding her as she bobbed up and down, her tongue swirling, her slim hand coming up to grasp the base of his cock. She was good at this, he thought, watching her glistening lips slide up and down on him, her hair falling like a thick curtain around him. Too good. He felt like he could shoot off like a rocket in her mouth. He smoothed back her hair so he could see her better and she stopped, her eyes meeting his.

"Do you like it?" she asked.

Hardly able to speak, he nodded. No other woman had ever asked if he liked it. They just assumed he did—which was true, of course.

"You taste good." Her tongue darted out to lick him.

His hands clenched in her hair. "I want to be inside you."

"I want to make you come this way."

"No." Ted shook his head. "I want to come inside you."

Her entire mouth wrapped around his head, sucking hard, her tongue swirling. "I want you to come in my mouth," she whispered around him.

*Fuck.* No way. If he listened to her much more, let her do what she was doing so well, he would definitely come in her mouth whether

he wanted to or not. And he didn't want to. Not this time. He sat up, grabbed her shoulders, and pulled her off him. "Miss Daniels, you're awfully bossy."

"And you're awfully pushy." She stood, her lips still slick from sucking him, her nipples like hard little points straining against the lace of her bra. He stood also, reached out and cupped her breasts in his hands.

"Let's go into my office," he whispered, his thumbs moving over her nipples.

She followed him into the room, gasping with delight when she looked around. A skeptical eyebrow went up.

"This is *your* office?" she asked as he shut the door.

He'd forgotten she thought he was some lowly IT geek, not the owner of the company. He wondered if that was part of his appeal. Doing a little slumming. "My boss' office," he lied, immediately feeling bad. He didn't want to lie, but hell, this was just a fling. What did he have to lose? And why was he trying to convince himself it wasn't a problem?

"Nice," she murmured. "Now, Mr. Pushy, where were we?"

"Well, I was right here." He curved his hands around her breasts again, dipping his fingers beneath the lace to touch her warm, welcoming flesh. She closed her eyes and surged against him. "I was going here next."

He slid one hand down to grasp at the hem of her skirt, yanking it up to seek out her pussy. He found it all right, completely naked beneath her clothing. His dick jerked as he caressed her.

"You're not wearing any underwear, Miss Daniels," he admonished, sliding one finger into her.

She gasped as he pushed his finger deep inside. "I told you I couldn't stop thinking about you."

"So that means you don't wear panties when you think about me?" He added a second finger and she slumped against the wall to brace herself.

"I was hoping I'd see you again." Her voice trembled and her eyes shuttered closed. She was about to slip over the edge. He withdrew his fingers and led her toward the desk.

"Lie down," he commanded.

Sommer glanced at the desk, and then at him. "You want me to

lie down on your boss' desk?"

"He's not in today. He won't notice. I'll tell the cleaning lady to take special care tonight, and wipe away all of the evidence." He grinned at her. More like making a pleasant memory for him to have every time he sat down behind his desk. Of Miss Sommer Daniels sprawled on top of it while he fucked her senseless.

She perched on top of the desk in a delicate fashion, as if she were afraid she might break it. She gazed up at him, her big brown eyes wide and full of want, and he reached out and cupped her cheek with his palm.

"Take off your jacket," he said quietly and she did so, slipping it off of her arms and tossing it on the floor.

"Now, lie back on the desk."

Sommer went back, but didn't lie flat; she propped herself on her elbows instead. Offering herself to him like a feast for the gods, her breasts trembling beneath her sexy bra, her skirt hiked up so far he swore he could see her naked pussy. He could smell her musky aroused scent, saw the look of raw passion flash in her eyes and he pushed up her skirt so it bunched around her waist, revealing her naked self to him.

Ted couldn't resist. He had to taste her again. He bent his head and snaked his tongue along her pussy, probing further to taste her drenched folds. She bucked beneath him, clutching his head with both hands and he slid his hands beneath her, his fingers tickling along the seam of her ass. She came immediately, gyrating against his face as she moaned, spreading her legs farther apart as his lips attacked her clit, nibbling, sucking, riding out her orgasm with her.

"Oh, my God." Her body started to relax, the tremors subsiding. Her hands relaxed their grip in his hair, and her fingers started to stroke it.

"You're very responsive, Miss Daniels." He kissed her inner thigh.

"It's because you're very good, Theodore." She released another gasp as he moved up to her breasts and drew one nipple into his mouth, lace bra and all.

"You also taste so very good, Miss Daniels." He laved her other breast with his lips and tongue.

"How come I can come in your mouth and you can't come in

mine?" she asked, breathless as he unclipped the front of her bra so her breasts sprang free.

He pushed her breasts together, smoothing his hands over the full round globes before he dipped his head and took her nipple into his mouth again. "Because once I come, I'm done. At least for a few minutes. And we don't want that to happen, do we? Not during our lunch hour."

"Oh no," she whispered, her voice small as his hand slid down her body to stroke her fiery pussy.

"Do you want me to fuck you, Miss Daniels?" He pushed his fingers in and out of her, mimicking what he planned to have his cock do in a matter of moments.

She nodded, and threw her head back. "Oh, yes. And please, call me Sommer."

"Well, then, Sommer, I want you to ask me to fuck you. Only then will I do so." He had possessed the common sense to drag his clothes and shoes into the office when they came into the room, and he reached for his pants, pulling out his wallet to grab the condom he always kept inside—which he had replaced last night. He tore at the packet, sheathed himself quickly, and then probed her glistening entry, rubbing his cock back and forth across her pink folds.

"Please. I want to feel you inside me, Theodore," she said, reaching for him with hungry hands.

He pulled away from her, smiling. "No, that won't work. I said you had to ask me to fuck you, Sommer. Say it."

"Theodore—" She met his gaze, her eyes steady as she whispered, "I want you to fuck me. Please. I'm begging you."

Ted thrust inside her at her words, pulling her hips up so her ass was perched on the edge of the desk. He slid his cock in and out of her slowly, felt the sweat gather on his brow, and watched his dick pump inside her. God, the image of it was doing him in, making him want to come already. He clenched his jaw, closed his eyes, and tried to slow down but Sommer wouldn't allow it.

"Faster, Ted. Please." Her voice was soft, seductive, and she wiggled her hips, letting herself fall back against the desk.

He couldn't hold back any longer at her sweet words. He clutched at her hips, drove himself deep inside of her, and called out her name, his orgasm taking him to new heights. He closed his eyes

and saw stars. Shit, he opened his eyes and saw stars. What the hell was this woman doing to him?

Ted slumped against her for a moment and then withdrew, standing up straight and disposing of the condom in the garbage can underneath the desk. Sommer sat up, pushed her hair out of her eyes, and clasped her bra back together. He noticed she wouldn't look him in the eye. This after the sex shuffling around still made her uncomfortable, he could tell.

"I - I don't know what's happening to me," she murmured, hopping off the desk and yanking her skirt back into place. She reached down, picked up her jacket, and slipped it on. Then she finally looked at him. "I don't normally act like this—have sex with a complete stranger on a desk, at your work. You probably think I'm a total slut."

"No." He shook his head, grabbed his boxers, and slipped them on. "I think you're a beautiful woman who happens to be just as turned on by me as I am by you. I don't think you're a slut. Far from it."

Her cheeks flushed a pretty pink and she smoothed her hair away from her face. "This is crazy."

"It's also pretty freakin' awesome." He pulled on his pants and ran a hand through his hair. "I want to see you again."

Sommer shook her head. "I don't know if that would be a good idea."

He trailed a finger down her bare arm and noticed the shiver that shook her body when he touched her. "I want to take you to dinner."

"Really?" He couldn't help but notice her pleased tone.

Ted nodded, his finger lingering on her skin. He felt like he couldn't touch her enough. Couldn't get enough of her. "What are you doing tomorrow tonight?"

She bit her bottom lip, and he wished he could bite it, too. *Later*, he told himself. Her gaze met his. "I don't know if I can wait till tomorrow to see you again."

"Ah, Miss Daniels. I love a woman who can speak her mind." He had a feel that took a lot for her to admit. "How about tonight, then? I could take you out to dinner, and then back to your place where I can fuck you all night long."

"You like to say the word *fuck* to shock me, don't you?" she



asked, breathless.

"I like to hear you say the word *fuck*, Miss Daniels. Sommer," he corrected himself when she leveled a look at him. "It's very erotic."

"What time for dinner tonight?"

"Seven?"

She nodded. "I can hardly wait." She gave him directions to her house, which he took as a good sign. At least she trusted him enough to tell him where she lived. Then she used her best uptight, formal tone with him. "Good afternoon, Theodore."

"Good afternoon, Miss Daniels."

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Oh my God, oh my God, oh my God! What the hell was wrong with her? She had actually gone to the man's workplace and offered herself up to him like some sort of cheap—whore! She'd given him a blow job and let him take her on his boss' desk. His tongue had buried itself deep inside her again. The man could bring her to an easy orgasm like no other. No wonder she was chasing him like a woman desperate. She *was* desperate. For his touch. For his tongue. For his big throbbing—

Sommer shook her head, exited the elevator, and hurried back to her office. Her hair was still down; the pins that had held it up were long gone after Ted had pulled them out. She had a hair band somewhere inside her purse. She didn't want anyone to see her like this. She needed to fix herself up, make herself presentable again.

She dived behind her desk for her purse, found what she was looking for, and smoothed her hair back into a neat ponytail. She found a hand mirror and opened it up, checking her face.

Oh good Lord. Her eyes were sparkling, her cheeks and chest flushed. Her lips were swollen, which was funny, considering he hadn't even kissed her. Still, she looked like she'd just been thoroughly...fucked.

She snapped the mirror closed and shoved it back into her purse, then buried her face in her hands. She was acting completely out of character. Totally out of control. Hard to believe she'd met the man only yesterday. She felt like he had branded her. As if he had ruined her for any other man. He had her thinking in terms she didn't

normally think about or use. When had she ever said the word *fuck* to a man she was about to have sex with? Maybe she'd been missing out all these years.

The phone rang at her elbow and startled her. She picked it up, automatically answering in her usual manner. "Sommer Daniels."

"Miss Sommer Daniels?"

Her fingers curled tight around the receiver. "Didn't I just see you?"

He chuckled, the sound seeming to reach across the line and grab her. "Yes, you did. I just had to call and tell you how spectacular I think you are."

She sighed, closed her eyes, and rested her forehead in her hands. "Look, Theodore, I don't know if this is right. I'm starting to have second thoughts. I, uh, I think we should cancel tonight's date."

"Now, Sommer, that's no way to act. If we're going to call it off, then we should at least send each other off fondly. Don't you think?"

"Maybe." Memories of his head between her legs, his tongue thrusting and circling inside of her flooded her mind, making her squirm in her chair.

"But I don't want to call it off, and I don't think you want to either. Not yet," he said, his words oozing over her like liquid fire. "I haven't done nearly everything I want to do to you, Miss Daniels."

"Oh, really?" She cleared her throat. "And what exactly do you want to do to me?" Now *why* had she asked that?

Dead silence.

Had he hung up? Her hand began to sweat. And then he spoke, his rich voice filling her head with images. "Well, this may sound rather dull, but I would really like to fuck you in a bed, your bed, all night long, so I can take my time with you. So I can know your body, your secrets. What you like and what you don't."

"Must you always use the word *fuck* in reference to what happens between us?" She tried to sound disgusted, but she wasn't. More like secretly turned on.

"I use the word *fuck*, Miss Daniels, because I know it gets a rise out of you. It's fun to get you all hot and bothered, if you know what I mean."

Sommer sighed. He was driving her crazy on purpose. "I don't know, Theodore. This probably isn't the right thing to do."

"Can you do something for me?" he interrupted.

"Yes." As she waited for his request, she squirmed in her chair.

"I want you to reach under your skirt and touch yourself.

Imagine that it's my fingers inside you." His voice was rough.

She went still, no more squirming in her seat. "You're kidding, right?"

"No, I'm not. I want you to touch yourself, Miss Daniels. And tell me what it feels like."

She couldn't help herself. She reached down, her hand creeping under her skirt, to touch her naked flesh. She grazed herself, surprised at how hot and wet she was, then again not that surprised at all.

"Are you wet?" he asked.

"Yes," she breathed, sliding her finger in just a little bit.

"Because you're thinking of me?"

"Yes-s-s," she hissed, closing her eyes. She really needed to get a grip on herself.

"Good. I'll see you tonight at seven." A loud click sounded in her ear.

## Chapter Four

Sommer opened the door to find Ted standing on her doorstep, looking far better than any man should. His jeans were molded to his muscular legs, and his white button up shirt was untucked, with the sleeves rolled up. A lock of dark hair hung over his forehead and she was again tempted to push it back. His glasses were gone, those gorgeous eyes of his appraising her, drinking her in. She realized she didn't want to go to dinner. She didn't want to leave the house. She wanted to grab his hand, yank him inside, and drag him to her bedroom instead.

"Miss Daniels," he said with a smile, and she sucked in a breath at the sight of it. Her knees felt like they could melt.

"Theodore." Sommer nodded at him politely. She realized she loved it when he called her Miss Daniels. Made her feel like a naughty schoolteacher.

He stuck his hands in his pockets. "You know, no one calls me Theodore except my Aunt Betty."

"Your Aunt Betty and *me*," she corrected.

He chuckled. "Everyone who knows me and loves me calls me Teddy."

"Well, I don't really know you and I certainly don't love you, so Theodore will have to do for now." She paused, arched a brow at him. "Would you like to come in for a minute? Before we go to dinner?"

"I would love to come in, Miss Daniels."

She held the door open and Ted walked in, stopping in the entryway to survey her home. He smiled over his shoulder at her. "Very nice."

"Thank you," she said as she shut the door.

"You've done quite well for yourself, Miss Daniels."

"Please." She walked over so she stood beside him, and ran her hand over his broad shoulder. "How many times do I have to remind you? Call me Sommer."

"I always seem to forget that...Sommer. For whatever reason, you're just *Miss Daniels* to me."

"Except when you're in the throes of an orgasm. I've noticed you don't call me Miss Daniels then." She smiled wickedly.

His eyes turned at least two shades darker, as they seemed to do when he was turned on. "You're right. It doesn't seem proper yelling out *Miss Daniels* when I'm inside of you."

Mmm. His words conjured up all sorts of images, things she wouldn't mind trying. With him. Mr. *My Name is Ted and It Rhymes with Bed*. She really needed to get her mind out of the gutter. "Would you like something to drink?"

He shook his head, reached out, and pulled her to him, until her body was flush against his. "What I would like, is *you*."

Sommer braced her hands on his chest, pushed her pelvis against his, and could feel his already erect cock nudge against her. She gazed up into his eyes and took a deep breath. "We need to do something first before we...you know."

"Before we what?" He was the picture of innocence. "Before we fuck each other's brains out?"

Goodness. Just hearing the word *fuck* come from his beautiful lips made her feel all wet and wanting. "Yes, before we...fuck each other's brains out. Something needs to be done."

He smiled and tightened his arms around her. "I really like it when you say *fuck*, Miss Daniels."

"I know you do." She slapped at his chest, trying to stay on task. "Look, I want you to know this has been bothering me since we've started this...thing."

"What's been bothering you since we've started fucking each other's brains out?"

He was so very bad. She enjoyed every bit of it. "You've never actually kissed me, you know. Something's wrong with that. My friend said it's because you're probably a bad kisser, or you have bad breath, or it's that whole *Pretty Woman* thing, where you won't kiss a woman

unless you're emotionally involved. Is that what it is?"

The smile still on his face, he shook his head. "I have no idea what you're talking about. To be honest, I just haven't gotten around to it."

"You haven't gotten around to it?" Who didn't get around to kissing? Kissing was her favorite part of sex. Or at least, it used to be. Now fantastic orgasms brought on by Ted and his masterful mouth, his masterful fingers, his masterful—oh, she didn't even want to think about *it* at the moment—were her favorite part of sex. Although kissing was still a close second. Now if only Ted would kiss her.

His hand came up and he traced her lips with his finger. "The first time, I was too busy with my head between your legs and fucking you from behind. The second time, you were too busy giving me a blowjob and then I was fucking you on the desk. That's why I wanted to take you out to dinner. So we could do this normally, and I could end up kissing you good night. Among other things."

"What if I don't want to do this normally?" The man could slay her, just like that, with his words. And the images those words conjured up. Like his head buried between her legs. Oh, she could go for that again. Any time.

"Oh, you definitely want to do this normally. You want me to kiss you, don't you?"

Starting to feel uncomfortable, she shrugged. She didn't want him to think she wanted something more serious out of this. She just wanted a fuck buddy like he did. Someone to help her reclaim ownership of her orgasms. And to have lots of them. He'd certainly fit the bill so far. "I just want you to kiss me. I don't want us to move in together or anything."

He chuckled again, the sound rumbling in his chest. "You're so cute when you're flustered, Miss Daniels. Did you know that?"

He'd just made her even more flustered. "I'm starting to think you're talking in circles to distract me from the task at hand, which is me trying to get you to kiss me. Is it that you just don't want to? Because if that's the case, then I think it would be best if you leave."

"Listen...Sommer. I definitely want to kiss you. I'm afraid that once we start kissing, though, I won't be able to stop. That I'll just go on kissing you all night long. And there goes our dinner reservation, because I'll be too busy kissing you, fucking you, and making you

come, over and over," he ended the last sentence with a whisper, his fingers dipping just inside her mouth and she drew them in, sucking on their tips. His eyes flashed blue-green fire.

"I like it when you talk dirty to me," she whispered, her tongue darting out to curl around his fingers. Her panties were drenched, her jeans cutting into her, and she had the sudden urge to kick them off. Forget dinner. She was hungry only for him.

"I like talking dirty to you, Miss Daniels. And I'm not one to normally do that." He groaned when she sucked on his fingers again.

She wanted to suck his cock so bad it took everything inside her to keep standing, to not drop to her knees, pull down his jeans, and take him inside her mouth. Good Lord, what was happening to her? She felt like a complete slut. It felt kinda good. But first things first. "Are you going to kiss me, or are you just going to stand there and let me suck your fingers?"

Ted removed his fingers and replaced them with his mouth, his lips meeting hers, brushing against them softly. Oh, no, she thought as her hands slid up his chest to circle his neck. There was nothing wrong with the way he kissed. Nothing at all.

His mouth was warm, his lips full and so, so soft. His tongue darted out, circled around the sensitive inner flesh of her lips, and then thrust into her mouth, meeting and dancing with hers. His hands came up to clutch at the back of her head, slanting it to the side so he could search her mouth more thoroughly. She groaned against his lips and ground herself against him, thrilled at the sensation of his hard penis pressing into her. Even through the barriers of fabric she could feel it, imagine what it looked like, how large and eager and ready it would be when it finally sprang free from his restrictive clothing. Oh God, she wanted him right here, right now, in her entryway, wherever. Dinner could wait.

Sommer's hands drifted down to the waistband of his jeans, and she tugged on his belt. Her mouth never left his as she undid the buckle and pulled it from the loops of his jeans, throwing it onto the floor. She unbuttoned the jeans, unzipped his fly, and slid her hand inside, rubbing against the soft cotton of his underwear, feeling the hot length of him beneath it.

He lifted his mouth, a naughty smirk on his face. "What are you doing, Miss Daniels?"

"Trying to touch you, Theodore," she whispered, her hand delving under the fabric of his boxers to curl around his cock. She shot him a triumphant smile when she made contact.

"Did my kissing skills pass muster? Or are you ready to kick me out?" His hands were suddenly at her breasts, his fingers brushing against them, and her nipples hardened beneath his touch.

"Oh, yes. You're an excellent kisser, Theodore. I can't wait to indulge in more." She ran her thumb across the head of his penis, felt the moisture there, and her mouth watered. Literally. She couldn't wait to taste him.

"So why are you stopping?" His voice was tight, as if he were trying to keep himself under control. She trembled at the sound of it. It excited her that she could make him feel so out of control, could make him want her as badly as she wanted him. It filled her with a heady rush of feminine power.

"Because I want to taste you here." She cupped his cock with her hand. "Instead," she finished, licking her lips in anticipation.

He groaned and closed his eyes for a moment, and when he opened them, they were sparkling. With desire, with want. For her. "Maybe we should move to your bedroom. I would really like to get you naked on a bed for once."

"You've never even had me fully naked, Theodore," she said, smiling at him.

With one swift move he picked her up and she gasped, her arms automatically going around his neck. "I'll remedy that. Where's the bedroom?"

"Third door on the right," she murmured, marveling at his strength, at his sure strides as he carried her down the hall. He was like a fantasy come to life. No man had ever carried her *anywhere* before, at least not since she'd been an adult.

He walked into her bedroom and deposited her at the foot of the bed, her body sliding down his until she landed on her feet. She gazed up at him, her hands at the waistband of his jeans again, and she slid them down until they landed in a heap at his feet. She bent, took off his shoes, and pulled off his jeans, throwing them behind her. Then she glanced up at him and saw the heat in his eyes and the reverent way he looked at her. Like no other man had ever looked at her before. It took her breath away.



"Come here," he said, offering her his hands, and she took them, allowing him to pull her into a standing position. "You wore your hair down."

She looked down at their linked hands, marveling at how big his were compared to hers. "You seemed to like how I looked with my hair down."

"I did—I do." His hand moved to cup her chin, tilting her face up to look at him. "Feels a little different. Us, together, in a bedroom. No worries of someone walking in and seeing us. No desk to press you up against."

"It does." It felt more real, more serious. Everything that happened between them before had been illicit, like a fantasy. Now, having him standing with her in her bedroom, well, it made her nervous. "You're at a distinct disadvantage, though, Theodore. Since I'm fully clothed and you're missing your pants."

Ted chuckled, his thumb brushing her jaw line. "I am at that. Though I don't know if I would call that a disadvantage."

"Maybe I could help you take off your shirt, and then you can help me take off my clothes," she said, her eyes never leaving his. "Couldn't if they tried. "Then we'd be even."

He nodded. "I'm all about being even."

Sommer rested her hands on his chest and tugged the buttons of his shirt out of their holes one by one. Her fingers caressed warm bare skin as more of it was revealed, until his shirt hung open. She slid her hands up his chest to his shoulders, sliding the shirt down his arms until it fell in a heap behind him.

He had a beautiful body, like some sort of Greek god. Broad, endless shoulders, well-muscled, delicious pecs, a flat washboard stomach. The man had a six pack, for the love of God. Sommer didn't normally find penises all that attractive, but the sight of his thick cock pointing straight at her made her breathless with want. She suddenly felt like she didn't measure up. Her body was too soft; her stomach and butt, a little too fleshy.

He reached for her, grabbing her by the waistband of her jeans and yanking her close to him, his fingers nimbly undoing the snap and slowly pulling down the zipper. She pressed her face into his bare shoulder and closed her eyes as his hands slipped around to the back of her jeans and pushed them over her ass, his fingers lingering, toying

with her silk panties.

"You have the softest skin," he murmured against her ear, kissing it once as he'd pushed her jeans down as far as he could reach.

Sommer shimmied out of them, kicking them off her feet. "I'm fat."

"What?" He moved away from her. "What are you talking about?"

She trailed her fingers over his flat stomach, watching the muscles ripple beneath her touch. "You must work out like a madman and eat right to get the body you have. You're *beautiful*. I'm packing ten extra pounds because I can't resist snacking on cookies after dinner."

"Sommer." He shook her by the shoulders and she looked up at him. "You are definitely *not* fat. You're gorgeous." He pressed a kiss to her forehead. "And sexy." His lips moved down to her cheek, his tongue darting out to lick her skin. "Amazing." His lips hovered above hers. "Unbelievable."

Their mouths met in a passionate kiss, their tongues meshing, his hands sliding down to pull and tug at her shirt. She lifted her arms and broke away from his kiss, allowing him to yank off her shirt. Then their mouths met again, hungry, craving each other as if neither one of them could ever get enough.

## Chapter Five

Sommer *couldn't* get enough. She shivered as Ted's fingers unhooked her bra, sliding it down her arms. She threw it off and

groaned against his mouth as his hands cupped her breasts, his thumbs brushing over her distended nipples. Her pussy grew wet with wanting him, ready for him to slide inside of her. To take her.

"Lie down on the bed," he murmured against her mouth.

She licked at his lips, lapping at him. "Why?"

"Because I want to kiss you all over, that's why." He gently pushed at her shoulders and she let herself fall back on the bed, propping herself on her elbows to watch him. "You should know better than to ask questions, Miss Daniels. You know you're always going to do what I want you to do."

"Awfully cocky, aren't we, Theodore?"

"Only because I know how much you enjoy my cock, Miss Daniels." With a wicked grin he laid down next to her on his side, propping himself on one elbow, trailing his other hand over her breasts.

She closed her eyes against the sensations his fingers brought up inside her. She was ready to come and he hadn't even really touched her yet. "Please. If we're going to do this, you have to call me *Sommer*."

"Only if you call me Teddy." He dipped his head to lick at her nipple.

She didn't really know him, and she certainly couldn't love him. People didn't fall in love after two days of intense sex. At least, not in the real world. *Teddy* seemed too intimate, too personal a nickname to call him. Of course, she didn't want to hear *Miss Daniels* all night long as he had his way with her, either. She realized she needed to make a compromise.

"Okay...Teddy," she whispered, lying back as he moved over her, his mouth hovering above her breasts.

"Thank you...Sommer." His mouth enveloped a nipple, sucking, his tongue swirling, and she felt the pull of his lips all the way to her womb. Her hands automatically went into his hair, tugging at the ends just like she had imagined yesterday, holding him to her. His hands came around to squeeze both her breasts, his mouth feasting on them, his fingers stroking. She spread her legs beneath him, feeling his weight settle on her, his long, thick cock probing at her, and she wished she could feel him, no barriers, just his hot, hard flesh sliding inside of her.

Where had that come from? Like she could forget condoms.

Not. She had no idea where this guy's dick had been. She wasn't about to have unprotected sex, even though she was on the pill. It was too risky. Too stupid.

"I want to make you come with my mouth," he whispered against her nipple, licking it and then blowing on it.

She shivered. "Only if I get to make *you* come with my mouth." How she could even have a coherent thought in her head right now, she didn't know.

He lifted his head and smiled up at her. "Deal. We have all night, you know."

"I don't like it when men stay overnight, when they sleep in my bed. It's too personal." Especially hot sexy men she didn't know well. They made her too nervous, and she worried she'd think there was something real involved if she fell asleep in his arms. She liked the fact she could be so brutally honest with him, no pussy footing around. It was refreshing.

"Trust me. There will be no sleeping in this bed tonight between the two of us. I am going to fuck." He slid down so his mouth was at her belly button, and his tongue swirled inside it. "You." He slid down further, his mouth blazing a trail right to the motherland. "All night." He teased her wet curls with his tongue. "Long."

A soft groan escaped from her throat as he dived right in, his mouth sucking her clit, his tongue licking her folds before moving back to her clit. His fingers followed, sliding inside her, two at a time, pumping in and out as if they were his cock. She wished.

"Do you like that, Sommer?" he murmured against her sensitive flesh.

"Oh, yes." She nodded her head, realized he couldn't see her, and looked down at him. His eyes met hers and his mouth moved over her mound. She trembled, never before seeing such a sexy sight. He moved away from her pussy, his long tongue coming out to lick her from one end to the other, his eyes never leaving her face.

She shook with need, the tremors starting to build, her climax ready to crash over her.

He latched his mouth full on her, sucking her as hard as he could and she came, a keening cry escaping her lips, her head arching back, her hands frantically gripping the comforter beneath her. Her legs tightened around his head, holding onto him for dear life while he

milked her orgasm, his fingers starting to slow, his mouth becoming gentle on her still trembling folds. He lapped at her, his tongue so soft, and it felt so good. She ran her hand over his hair and smiled weakly at him.

"You can stop now," she murmured.

He shook his head, his tongue still gently searching her delicate skin. "I don't want to."

"But I already came," she protested, the last word dying on her lips as new sensations washed over her.

"You're going to come again. Only this time, it's going to be different."

He completely removed his fingers from her body, nuzzling her pussy with his nose and lips and sucking on her clit for the briefest moment before moving on, his tongue lapping at her slowly. She shifted beneath him, spread her legs wider, and he grabbed one leg, draping it over his shoulder. Then he did the same with the other one. His hands slid underneath her, his fingers gripping her naked butt as he held her to him.

His tongue was so gentle. She could barely feel it as he moved against her. His hands cradled her butt, lifting her, pressing her against his mouth, but not too hard. He kissed her pussy over and over, his lips moving over her, his tongue darting out to lick at her. She pushed her pussy against his face shamelessly, lost in the delicious feeling of his mouth making love to her.

That's exactly what he was doing to her, she thought as she closed her eyes and thrust her fingers into his hair. His mouth moved with exquisite slowness, so patiently, drawing out her pleasure until she felt as if she were being pulled tight from end to end. Her knees clamped close to his head and he stopped. She opened her eyes to see him watching her, one finger teasing her entry, sliding against her slowly.

"Relax, Sommer," he whispered, and she wondered if she would ever tire of hearing her name pass from his lips. "Let it happen."

He continued his ministrations and she lay back down, grabbing a pillow to prop up her head. She closed her eyes, concentrating on his mouth and tongue. his finger, which was ringing her entry, even his teeth nibbling at her folds. She didn't think it would happen, didn't think it could happen, but it did. The mother of all orgasms built up

inside her, threatening to take over, and she bit down on her lower lip, wanting to prolong the build up. But she couldn't. It overtook her as his tongue lapped at her. He thrust one finger inside her before withdrawing completely. She cried out as she climaxed, and he continued to lick her.

"Oh, Teddy," she whispered feeling as if she were floating away on a cloud, her belly trembling as she convulsed again and again.

Her orgasm subsided and he finally stopped, moving up so that he faced her. She could smell her musky arousal on his face but she didn't care. She kissed him with everything she had, wanting him to know how utterly amazing it had been. Like nothing she had ever experienced before.

"That was unbelievable," she whispered against his lips.

"You're unbelievable," he whispered back. "Did you like that?"

"I loved it. You're quite skilled, Theodore. Oh, I mean...Teddy."

"Only for you, Sommer."

She wondered if what he'd just said was a line, or if he was being truthful. "I want to feel you inside me."

"I have a brand new box of condoms." He kissed her. "In my car."

Sommer smiled against his mouth. "I have a brand new box of condoms in my nightstand."

"I picked mine up at the local 7-11. The guy wished me luck with scoring tonight. I told him I didn't need luck, that you were a sure thing. Where'd you get yours?" His hands smoothed up her belly to circle around her breasts.

She surged against his hands, and giggled. He was so very, very bad. "I went to the grocery store, bought some milk, fruit, cookies, and condoms. Oh, and a magazine."

"You tried to sneak them in?" He plucked at her nipples.

"Yes." She moaned as he dipped his head and sucked on her nipple.

She tasted so good he couldn't get over it. Like warm sunshine and salty, tangy sweetness. Her hands slid into his hair, clutching his head to her and he felt something come over him. Some sort of unrecognizable emotion he didn't understand. Didn't want to understand. All he wanted was her. Sommer.

He'd never done what he did to her to another woman before.

After the first earth-shattering orgasm, he'd been consumed with giving her another one, with gentling her, trying to show her just how beautiful she was to him. He'd always been about fast and quick, easy and simple when it came to sex. With Sommer, it felt complicated, a good kind of complicated. Like he wanted to do things, share things with her he'd never done.

Where the hell had that come from? Maybe he should just fuck her and get it over with. Throw his clothes back on and get the hell out of there. Far away from the too tempting woman and the weird emotions she made him feel. He just wanted sex, pure and simple, as did she. He didn't need anything else to confuse matters.

But then her slim hands moved down to rub his ass, pushing gently so that his cock nudged her warm wet pussy, and he was a goner. Done for. Couldn't imagine leaving the bed or the woman in it if he tried. *Shit.*

"What are we waiting for, then?" She smoothed her hands over his butt, her fingers lingering, and he gazed down into her eyes.

"Where are those condoms?"

She waved at the nightstand and he pulled it open, grabbing the brand new box. He tore it open, ripped open a foil square, and moved away from her, sheathing himself quickly.

"I want to be on top," she whispered.

Ted smiled. He'd give her anything she wanted. "Your wish is my command."

He rolled over so she lay on top of him, her legs straddling his hips. She sat up and rubbed herself against him, not letting him enter her. Just teasing him with her wet pussy and her deliberate movements. He watched, saw her glistening pink folds rub against his throbbing, more than ready cock, and he groaned.

"You're killing me," he murmured, and she smiled, the wench. She adjusted herself, and then sank down onto him in one fluid movement, taking him in to the hilt. He closed his eyes, rested his hands on her hips, and she sat there, waiting.

"You're so big," she murmured and he opened his eyes to watch her. Her head was thrown back, her eyes closed, her hands resting on his chest. "You feel so good. I like the way you feel, so full inside me."

She was going to make him explode just by her words. She felt good, too. Amazing. So tight, so wet, her pussy contracting around his

throbbing cock. He shifted his hips, thrusting himself deeper and she moaned, rotating her head to the side. She was beautiful—and all his.

“You’re going to make me come,” he said through clenched teeth, his hips thrusting. “And we just started.”

Sommer’s eyes opened and she smiled at him, the sight of it nearly taking his breath away. “We have all night. So I’m not worried.” She bent over him, her face hovering above his and he sucked on the pink nipple that waved in his face. She gasped in ecstasy. “I like it when you come, Teddy. I like to hear you yell my name.”

Ah, he was in serious trouble. He watched her as she moved up and down his shaft, watched as she threw her head back to release a low groan from deep within her. He matched her thrust for thrust but he also felt lazy, enjoying the view he had before him. Her full breasts shook with each movement, her pretty pink nipples in tight peaks. Her hair was a tumbling dark brown mass around her head, and the delicious sight of her pussy lips sliding up and down on his cock—it was too much to take. He grasped her hips, pumping inside her once, twice, three times until he stopped, clenched tight as his orgasm overtook him.

She came too, he realized as her pussy contracted around him, the shivers trembling deep inside her body as she cried out, calling his name on a long sigh. He pushed himself into a sitting position, kept himself inside of her and cradled her in his arms, holding her tight in his lap, his dick still throbbing deep inside her. She wrapped her arms around his head with her legs curled around his waist, and pressed his face to her breasts. They held each other like that, in silence. Only the sound of their harsh breathing filled the room, their hearts crashing against their chests in the same frantic rhythm, their bodies sticking together from the sheen of sweat that coated them.

“Sommer,” he whispered against her breasts, licking at the salty sweetness of her skin.

She was silent as she held him, pressing tiny kisses to his forehead, her lips lingering. Touching the deepest part of him. What had started out as a night of mindless fucking had turned into something far more emotional than he’d bargained for, and it had all happened so quickly. He wasn’t quite sure what to do about it, or where to go next.

“Are you hungry?” Her lips moved against his forehead.



He nodded, for once losing his voice. Overwhelmed by the sudden wealth of emotion he possessed, he didn't know what to say.

"I'm sure our dinner reservation is long gone. Maybe we could order something in," she suggested, her fingers stroking his hair. She wiggled her sweet ass in his lap.

Ted felt his cock grow hard again inside of her, and he moved so he could study her. She smiled down at him, looking every bit like a satisfied woman. Her hair was damp with sweat and curled around her temples, and her eyes glowed with satisfaction, all because of him. The power of that realization shook him deeply.

"I'm sort of domestically challenged, so I really have nothing to eat here, besides milk, fruit, and cookies." Her smile grew, but her brow furrowed when he didn't answer her. She placed a slim hand on his cheek. "Are you all right?"

He had to shake himself from the trance she'd woven around him. Ted nodded and pressed a lingering, open-mouthed kiss to her lips. She didn't pull away; her entire body seemed to sway toward him and her tongue darted out to trace his lips. "I'm fine," he said, just before he wrapped his tongue around hers.

They couldn't stop touching and kissing each other. His hands smoothed up her back, his mouth sliding down to rain kisses across her chest. She clutched him to her, pressing his face into her tantalizing cleavage. He couldn't stop this if he tried, he realized. He wanted her again. Already.

"Let's order something to eat later," she murmured, thrusting her hips slowly.

"Great suggestion," he said on a moan. "I need a new condom."



## Chapter Six

Sommer stared unseeingly at her computer monitor and let a long sigh escape. Then she glanced at the clock in the lower right corner of the screen for the eighty-millionth time, and realized that only three minutes had passed since the last time she'd checked it.

She propped her elbows on the desk and rested her forehead in her hands, closed her eyes and tried to block out thoughts of Ted. Teddy. Theodore...what? Hell, she had no idea. Three days of terrifically hot sex and she was half in love with a man whose last name she didn't even know. How embarrassing was that?

He had stayed with her all night long on Friday night, and had stayed true to his promise. He never once fell asleep. She he never did either—meaning she had the most sex she'd ever had in her life. Equaling the most orgasms she'd ever experienced in one night. He'd left her at sunrise, looking adorably rumpled and completely satisfied and she realized she didn't want him to go. She wanted him to stay, so she could fix him breakfast and maybe they could shower together before they collapsed in her bed and slept all day long.

But no. She chickened out and let him go, watching the street long after he pulled away in his car. Then she'd sagged back into her house, made herself a lonely breakfast of coffee, toast, and orange slices before jumping in the shower to wash her tender body. And tender it had been, deliciously beat up after a long night of intense lovemaking. Hot sex that had suddenly turned to what she could only describe as lovemaking early in the night. For whatever reason, one she still couldn't quite figure out, his touch had turned gentle and his kisses sweet, the expression on his face unreadable. All dirty talk had

disappeared. The word *fuck* had dropped from his vocabulary, and she'd been blindsided. Even though it made her nervous, she had also enjoyed it immensely.

After sleeping away the entire day, she'd been awakened by a soft knock on her door, and had found a very sexy man—Ted—standing on her doorstep with a pizza box in one hand and a bottle of wine in the other. The wine they opened up right away, drinking it from each other's bodies until they couldn't take it anymore and had hot, frenzied sex on the kitchen counter. The pizza, well—lucky for them, they didn't mind cold pizza.

They had enjoyed another crazy night of outrageous sex, and then he'd left in the early morning, telling her he wouldn't be able to call or see her for a couple of days. A fact which had filled her with disappointment. But at least he'd been honest, telling her up front that he couldn't see her. And he told her he definitely wanted to see her again when he was available.

"What is wrong with you?" Noura strode into the office, her expression full of concern as she sat down across from Sommer. "I've watched you stare at that monitor for the last five minutes and you haven't moved. Are you all right?"

Sommer looked at her friend. "No, I'm not. I think I'm in love."

"Oh, honey, not with Mr. Orgasm Man." Noura ticked in sympathy. "You can't be in love with him. He's just a fling. Nothing serious."

"I think I want it to be serious," Sommer said. She really did. And she thought he wanted it to be serious, too.

"Sommer, you're projecting all of your pent up sexual frustration from the past on this man because he can make you come like no other. That's all it is. You just think you love him because of what he does to you. Or *for* you." Noura paused with a smile on her face. "So tell me, did you two have hot passionate sex all weekend, or what?"

Sommer shook her head. "I don't want to talk about it."

Noura frowned. "What do you mean you don't want to talk about it? You always talk about it!"

"Not this time. Let's just say it was really wonderful, and leave it at that."

"What's going on with you? You're not being your normal

self.”

“I told you, I think I’m half in love with him. Seriously. And it’s not all orgasms and hot sex. He’s really nice, interesting, and sweet. Smart. We talked a lot this weekend, and well, I think he’s perfect for me.” Sommer pressed her lips together, trying to suppress the goofy little smile she knew was on her face but having a hard time of it. “And I think I’m perfect for him.”

“Well then, I guess you should tell him, if you feel that strongly about it,” Noura encouraged. “If he’s as into you as you are him, I’m sure he’ll be more than receptive.”

A knock sounded on Sommer’s door, and both women turned to see a giant floral arrangement seem to walk in by itself, although Sommer spotted Joanie’s head hiding among the flowers.

“For a Miss Sommer Daniels,” Joanie said, setting the vase on Sommer’s desk with a flourish. “Beautiful. Someone must really like you.”

Noura shook her head and watched Sommer pluck the card from its tiny plastic holder. “I can only guess who they’re from.”

Sommer realized her hands were actually shaking as she tore open the envelope. ‘I miss you’, the card read, and Sommer smiled. She missed him, too.

Which was ridiculous considering she barely knew him and he seemed interested in only having hot, outrageous sex with her. He probably just missed her...oh goodness, she couldn’t even think the word. Let alone say it aloud.

“I’ll leave you alone so you can sit and savor the flowers from your mystery lover. Bye.” Noura walked out of her office, flashing a little wave.

Sommer had been distracted before the flowers and note came, and now it seemed her entire day was shot. She waited, hoping he would call and unsure of when he would be coming back, and finally she couldn’t take it anymore. By 4:30 p.m., she picked up the phone and dialed his work number.

“Maxwell Technologies.” The receptionist said in her smooth voice.

“Is—Ted in?” Sommer gripped the receiver, her nerves fluttering in her stomach.

“You mean Mr. Maxwell? No, he won’t be in until tomorrow

morning. He's been away at a conference in San Francisco," the receptionist answered, and Sommer heard her fingers flying over a keyboard. "Would you like to leave a message?"

Mr. Maxwell? Who was this woman talking about? "I'm not looking for Mr. Maxwell. I'm looking for Ted—Teddy."

Sommer swore she could hear a smile on the receptionist's face through the telephone lines. "Yes, Theodore Maxwell, the owner of the company. Otherwise known as Ted, or even Teddy. I can leave a message for him, ma'am, if you'd like him to contact you tomorrow."

"No, that's all right. Thank you." Sommer slowly dropped the phone back into its slot, her mind going numb with shock. He was the *owner* of Maxwell Technologies, not some lowly IT service geek? Maxwell Tech had a small chain of businesses all over Southern California, meaning he had to be a mini mogul! And he'd never once mentioned it to her. He'd lied by omission. Hell, he'd straight lied to her face when he took her into that office and had sex with her on top of *his* desk. Not his boss' desk.

She closed her eyes and dropped her forehead into her hands. *What a fool. An idiot!* He must have laughed about her to all his friends, telling them about the stupid chick that had no idea who he was, what he did, or what he owned. He'd had fun toying with a bimbo who'd do him at any possible opportunity. A silly woman who needed his help taking control of her orgasms. What *did* he think of her?

Well, he thought enough of her to send her a very beautiful, very expensive arrangement of flowers. Of course, the flowers could have been part of his plan to keep getting into her pants. A nice little secret fling that involved sex on various desks and in her apartment while he went about conquering the computer world. He'd certainly never invited her to his house. He had to live in a mansion! Though from what she'd seen, he didn't appear to be a show off. No, his clothes, while he looked good in anything, didn't appear to be overly expensive. His car, while nice, hadn't been a Mercedes or BMW. He drove a Nissan, for crying out loud! So why was he posing as someone he wasn't?

Sommer picked up the phone and dialed Noura's extension. "I'm having sex with the owner of the IT company," she said when her friend answered.

Dead silence. Then Noura burst into laughter. "You're having

sex with Teddy Maxwell? You've got to be kidding me!"

Jealously unfurled into a living, breathing being inside of Sommer's stomach. "How the hell do you know Teddy Maxwell?"

"I've met him a few times, here in the building. All the ladies gossip about him, how hot he is, but he never seems to have a girlfriend. He isn't even much of a flirt. Though he doesn't have to be. He can bring a woman to her knees with one look from those gorgeous eyes." Noura squealed. "And he's the one you've been having sex with? Oh my gawd! He's dead sexy."

Yes, he was dead sexy. And he could definitely bring a mortal woman to her knees with those gorgeous eyes. Heaven knew he'd done it to her. But he was also a liar and a sneak. "He lied to me, Noura. He never told me he owned the damn company."

"Maybe he's got some hang up about women only wanting him for his money. I don't know. You have to admit you liked the fact that you were getting it on with a computer geek. Now that you know he's the CEO, doesn't that make it even more exciting?"

"No, it just proves he can't be trusted because he lies." Sommer sighed. "I never want to see him again."

"You're being ridiculous. But I am the one who warned you about taking this too seriously, so maybe you should heed your own words. But if you get rid of those flowers, I want them! They have no significant meaning to me. I can stare at them all day and not even think about the jerk."

"I'm keeping the flowers, Noura. I may be dumping the man, but I am definitely keeping the flowers."

## Chapter Seven

Ted felt keyed up, anxious, and full of anticipation. All over a woman.

He pulled up in front of Sommer's house and killed the engine. He sat in the car for at least two minutes in silence, staring at the steering wheel. He'd been stuck at a conference that until a week ago he'd been excited about, in one of his favorite cities in the entire world, and he'd been unable to think of anything else but her. The silken feel of her hair, the sound of her sweet voice, the touch of her hands—she'd come to him in his dreams and he woke up drenched with sweat and a raging hard on. He'd never felt like this before—ever. It scared the hell out of him.

But it didn't scare him enough to stop him from rushing right over to her house the minute his plane landed. It didn't stop him from sending her a bouquet of flowers to let her know just how much she'd invaded his thoughts. He'd never sent a woman flowers. Just never thought it necessary. Yet he had the feeling that if he could, he'd send Sommer flowers every day for the rest of her life.

Where had all these thoughts come from? Why did he feel so strongly for her? He didn't really know her, although they'd talked for hours the weekend before he left. The weekend he realized he wasn't just having sex with her, but was trying to express his emotions with his hands and mouth and everything else involved.

Fuck, he had it bad. Really bad. If he didn't know any better, he'd say he was in love with Miss Sommer Daniels.

With a new resolve that came out of nowhere, he jumped out of his car and bounded up the sidewalk to her door, knocking lightly. It



was past ten o'clock on a Wednesday evening; he wondered if she was asleep.

It took a few minutes but her door finally swung open, and he felt his cock strain against the fly of his jeans at the sight of her. Sleepy eyed and disheveled, with a thin cotton robe wrapped around her sweet little body, she looked beautiful. He wondered idly what she had on underneath the robe.

Ted felt the foolish smile spread across his face before he could stop it. He'd never been happier to see anyone. Not ever. "Miss Daniels."

"Theodore, what are doing here?" Her eyes cleared and he swore he saw something—anger?—flash in them.

"I came to see you. I couldn't wait until tomorrow." He took a step toward her and she opened the door wider, but moved away from him.

"I wish you had called," she murmured, standing halfway behind the door, almost using it as a shield.

"Sorry. I wanted it to be a surprise." He crossed the threshold and reached for her, but she shifted away, and his arms fell limply at his sides. "What's wrong?"

She looked away, her expression uncomfortable and a little angry. Her head turned, her big brown eyes met his and he realized he was in trouble.

"You lied to me."

"Huh?" He had no idea what she was talking about.

Sommer sighed and shut the door with a loud slam. "You lied to me, Mr. Ted Maxwell, otherwise known as the *owner* of Maxwell Tech. You led me to believe you were just some regular IT guy coming to fix my computer."

Ah, shit. He had known this would come back to bite him in the ass. "I *was* just some IT guy coming to fix your computer, at least that day. One of my employees called in sick and we were swamped. I should've told you sooner. I'm sorry."

"Yes, you should've told me sooner. Do you know how foolish I felt when I called your work earlier today, asking for you? When I found out you own the place, the receptionist practically laughed at my confusion. I was mortified!"

Ted stepped toward her, but she danced away from him. "I

didn't mean for that to happen. I didn't want you to find out this way."

"I don't understand why you didn't tell me who you were. Were you ashamed of me or something, just wanting to keep our little fling on the down low so no one would have to know?"

That was the farthest thing from the truth. "Do you even know how good it felt for once to have a woman interested in me just for *me*, not because of my name or what I own?"

Her eyes met his and widened in confusion. "What are you talking about?"

He ran a hand through his hair in frustration. "I don't date anymore. I'm sick of the fact that every time I meet a woman, she only cares about how many stores I'm going to open or how much money I have in my bank account. It sucks. It really sucks. And then I met you, and you had no idea who I was, and our attraction for each other was undeniable. So I just—went for it."

She blushed, a faint pink tingeing her cheeks. "Well, now I feel really stupid. Do you think so little of me that you thought I would become just as money hungry as the rest of them once you revealed who you were?"

Did the woman just not get it? "We've only known each other for a week. I haven't had a chance to tell you who I really am, let alone bring our relationship out in public."

"We don't have a 'relationship.' We had a nice little fling, but I think it's best that we end it. We can't start a relationship built on lies." She lifted her chin, tightened her lips, and crossed her arms in front of her. "You shouldn't have come over. Please leave."

"You don't want me to leave." She didn't, and he knew it. He could see passion flash in her eyes at his statement, and he noticed the way her nipples tightened into hard points beneath the fabric of her robe. Her chin lifted a little higher.

"I definitely want you to leave."

He shook his head and started walking toward her, noticing the way her body trembled. She didn't move, didn't make a sound. "No." He reached out and touched her cheek with gentle fingers. "You don't."

Sommer closed her eyes, her eyelashes casting shadows across her golden skin and his fingers moved to caress the contours of her ripe mouth. Her lips parted at his touch, her tongue darting out to lick

the inside of her lips and her delicate tongue scraped his fingers. His cock ready to burst, he nearly groaned out loud.

"I'm supposed to be mad at you," she whispered, her eyes opening to stare longingly into his. "You lied to me. Sex on your boss' desk—that was *your* desk."

He stepped even closer to her, his body almost touching hers. "I'm sorry. I planned on telling you, I swear."

She laughed, the sound of it borderline hysterical. "You must think I'm an idiot."

He shook his head, not touching her even though he was dying inside. "I think you're the most wonderful woman I've ever met."

The laughter died on her lips. "Oh, God, what's happening between us?" She sounded as scared and confused as he felt.

"I don't know." His hand slid along the side of her face into her hair, cradling the back of her head. He drew her close, until his mouth hovered above hers. "You're all I've thought about since I've been out of town."

"I haven't been able to think of anything else either," she admitted, and he heard her breath catch in her throat when he brushed his lips against hers. God, she tasted so sweet he wanted nothing more than to consume her. To push her up against the wall and take her with everything he had, all the pent up emotion and lust that had been building inside him since he last saw her. But he held back, knowing she was angry. Understanding he could make one wrong move and it would be over. He'd die if she kicked him out. If anything, he at least wanted one last chance to show her how he felt.

Ted stared into her eyes, watched them darken in color and grow hazy with want. "I'll never lie to you again, Miss Daniels."

She smiled against his lips. "I really, really wish you would call me Sommer."

"All right...Sommer." He shifted against her and let his erect cock brush against the front of her robe. Her hips pressed towards him in invitation. He felt triumphant. "Did you like the flowers I sent you?"

She nodded, a little gasp escaping her when he trailed his tongue along the plump fullness of her lower lip. "They were beautiful."

"No, *you're* beautiful." His tongue slipped inside her mouth, licking at her, and her tongue darted out to meet his. He retreated from

her and saw frustration glimmer in her eyes. "I've never sent a woman flowers before."

Wonder replaced her frustration. "I don't believe you."

He shrugged and pressed a kiss to her cheek, inhaling her sweet floral scent. She was driving him fucking crazy. "With the exception of my mother, no, I've never sent another woman flowers before."

Her hands came up to press against his chest, her fingers curling into his shirt. "When do you send your mother flowers?"

Why did she ask that question? "I don't know. Her birthday, Mother's Day, and sometimes on Valentine's Day. Special events."

Her hands came up to cup his cheeks, and she stared into his eyes, a slight smile curving her lips. "That's the sweetest thing I've ever heard." And then she kissed him.

He groaned and crushed her to him, their mouths open, their tongues dancing together, and his cock twitched impatiently. He yearned for her slim fingers to close around him, her hot lips suck him, and her wet pussy to take him in. He was ready to burst, to come like he'd never come before, and he'd barely touched her yet.

His hands slipped underneath her short robe and the cotton nightgown she wore to grip her bare ass, kneading, pulling at her full cheeks. He dipped his fingers into her hot pussy, his fingers sliding easily into her wetness, and he kissed her harder, wanting her naked and panting for him.

"Let's go to your bedroom," he growled into her ear, his fingers stroking her delicate skin.

"Take me to the living room," she said on a sigh. "I want to fuck you on the couch."

Amused, he yanked away from her. "Did my little Miss Daniels just use the word *fuck* without prompting?"

She nodded and leaned into him as his fingers continued to probe her juicy pussy. "I want you to fuck me so bad I can taste it."

Ted pulled his fingers from her and licked her juices off of them. "I can taste it already."

Just seeing him lick his fingers after having them deep inside her made her want to come—which only pissed her off, considering she should be mad at him. The man had lied to her, or at least lied by omission—which wasn't the best way to start a relationship.

Oh, who was she kidding? They didn't have a relationship.

They just had great sex. So great he was all she could think about, and apparently it affected him the same way. She wasn't in love with him, no matter what she'd told Noura. She'd talked herself right out of the love stuff once she found out what he did to her.

But seeing Teddy again, having him standing right in front of her, touching her, kissing her, and slipping his fingers inside her — well. She couldn't help but be affected by him. Affected by his words about the women of his past. It touched her heart. Made her want him, even though she was angry with him. Her anger slipped away second by second, though, to be replaced with a wanting, a yearning for him so deep she was afraid it could never be satisfied.

Hence her use of the word *fuck*; if she termed their time together what it really was, what it should be then she couldn't attach any other emotions to it. *Fuck* made everything seem more harsh and gritty. Real. Not all flowery and romantic.

Romance was for fools.

Then he had to go and open his mouth.

"I'd rather make love to you on the couch, on your bed, against the wall, wherever you want it to happen," he murmured, kissing her, his lips moving over hers lazily, causing her to ache inside. "I want to take my time with you. To touch you, to lick you everywhere."

She let a trembling breath escape and shoot straight into his mouth, and he kissed her, his mouth so gentle, his tongue licking the corner of her lips. His hands slid down her front and tugged on the sash of her robe.

"Pick me up and carry me to the couch," she commanded, trying her best to act like she had before, when they had sex on the desks. When everything between them was a lot simpler, a lot less complicated.

His hands came around to her backside and he hauled her up, her legs automatically wrapping around his waist, her arms sliding around his neck. He gripped her ass and carried her into the living room, his mouth never leaving hers as he sunk onto the couch, still holding her so that she straddled him. She ground herself against him, felt the hard ridge of his cock beneath his pants and she groaned.

Sommer yanked off the T-shirt he wore quickly, her hands smoothing over his beautifully muscled chest. She would never tire of looking at that, she thought as she leaned into him and pressed her lips

to its center, his heartbeat fluttering wildly beneath her lips. She slid down, her mouth blazing a hot wet trail over his stomach, her tongue tracing the thin line of dark hairs that disappeared beneath the waistband of his jeans and her hands came up, tugging open his fly.

"I'm supposed to be mad at you," she whispered.

His beautiful eyes blazed into her, straight through her, and he shook his head, a slight frown tipping his mouth downward. "I'm sorry, Sommer. I never wanted to hurt you. You have to know that."

She did. She didn't know why, but she believed him, believed the sincerity in his eyes, and in his voice. Her gaze never left his as she lowered his zipper, ran her fingers teasingly down his cock, and felt it leap at her touch. He licked his lips, slid his hands into her hair, cradling her head, waiting for her next move with an expectant glint in his eyes. She slipped her hand inside the opening of his boxers and released his cock, watched it spring to life as if it were happy to see her. Which it probably was. Lord knew she was happy to see it.

His eyes were still watching her as she darted her tongue out to taste him. Still watching her as she slid her tongue all the way down the length of him, then back up. Boring into hers as she took him completely into her mouth, sucking hard, taking him deep inside. Finally he shut his eyes and threw his head back against the edge of the couch as she sucked him, her hand coming up to alternately cup his balls and slide around the base of his shaft.

She moaned as she tasted the tangy pre-come leaking from him. It slid down her throat and he lifted his head, staring at her.

"You have to stop," he said, barely able to choke out the words.

Sommer sucked hard on the head of his cock, and he growled with an almost animal-like ferocity. "Why?" she asked innocently, licking his shaft like a Popsicle.

"Because." He pushed his jeans and boxers off in one fell swoop, causing her to back away. He gripped her by the shoulders and lifted her so she settled onto his lap, her dripping wet pussy pressed against his throbbing cock. She suddenly understood his urgency, wanted him buried so deep inside her she wouldn't know where she ended or where he began.

"Because why?" His breath was hot and sweet against her lips, and she swore his fingers trembled when they skimmed over her cheeks.

"Because I want to be inside you." He thrust against her, meant it as a tease for what was to come but slipped deep inside her instead.

She stilled, closing her eyes as the delicious feeling of his hot hard flesh pulsed within her, condom free. Oh, he felt so good. No barriers, just him inside her. Like he belonged there.

"God, I'm sorry, Sommer." She opened her eyes to find him watching her, his eyes full of apologies. And passion. And something else she couldn't quite figure out. "Grab my wallet, it's in my jeans. There's a condom in there."

"I'm on the pill," she whispered, pressing a kiss to his lips.

He returned the kiss, murmuring into her mouth, "I'm clean, I swear it."

"I believe you." She pulled away slightly and his hands cradled her cheeks for a moment before sliding down to caress her breasts, his fingers tugging on her nipples. "You feel so good inside me I wouldn't want you to stop anyway."

Ted didn't answer her. He just kissed her again, his mouth almost frantic against hers as she started to move, sliding up and down his cock. He threw his head back against the couch and gripped her hips, arching his back so he could control his movements within her. She grasped his shoulders as an anchor and allowed herself to tilt back, taking him deeper, closing her eyes as exquisite sensations washed over her.

"You're so tight," he said as he thrust inside her, filling her completely. "I've missed you so much, Sommer."

Oh, God, who was she kidding? She was so in love with him and she couldn't deny it. Not to herself, and maybe not even to him. She'd never been a believer in love at first sight, but something had passed between them the moment they'd first laid eyes on each other, and it only seemed to grow stronger every time they were together. Until it nearly overwhelmed her.

"Love me, Teddy," she whispered, not even conscious she was saying it. "Please."

His thrusts grew faster as both of them panted, their bodies slick with sweat. Then he came with a shout, his semen spilling inside her, flooding her, pushing her right into her own climax. She shuddered around him, the tremors racking her body and she gasped, trying to find her breath and gain control but unable to do so.

They sat on the couch, wrapped around each other, silent with the exception of their heavy breathing as it slowly started to even out. She kissed his forehead, felt his cock move inside her and she realized she never wanted this to end. She could imagine herself with this man forever.

"I'm trying," he whispered against her neck, then he kissed it, his lips hot against her flushed skin.

Sommer pulled away to gaze at him, and noticed his eyes were full of dazed passion. "You're trying to what?"

"I'm trying to love you, Miss Daniels," he whispered, pressing a lingering kiss to her mouth.

She smiled against his lips. "*Trying* to love me, Theodore?"

Ted nodded, kissing her again, his tongue sliding across the seam of her lips. She sighed with longing, her tongue moving to meet his.

"I think I *am* in love with you, Miss Daniels."

Those were the sweetest words she could ever hear. Tears stung her eyes as she pressed her forehead to his. "Please."

She kissed the tip of his nose, overwhelmed by the emotions that filled her. "If you're going to tell me you love me, call me *Sommer*."



## **Author Bio**

Karen Erickson has been telling stories for as long as she can remember. She started handwriting terrible romance novels about her favorite 80's bands when she was in high school and continued writing off and on, until a year ago when she decided to get serious about becoming published. She loves to write steamy romances, and when she's not doing that she's chasing after her three kids with her husband. She lives in central California.

Also Available at Cobblestone Press, LLC

**Diary of Dreams by Madison Layle**

*Dear Diary,*

*Writer's block is the pits! Technical writing shouldn't be this hard. It's not as if anyone reads instruction manuals anyway. Maybe I should try writing romance novels.*

*Then again, maybe not. What do I know about romance? Other than it's only found in fiction, and all the heroines are beautiful women with perfect breasts and hip-length hair? I mean, where are all the sexy heroes when the damsel in distress looks like a drowned rat?*

Dorothy Wagner set her small, leather-bound diary aside and glared once more at the blank page on her computer screen. The blinking cursor mocked her. She punched the monitor's off button. Enough work for tonight.

Swiveling in her plush office chair, she yanked the towel off her head and dried her short locks. Catching sight of her reflection in the full-length mirror on the closet door, she groaned.

"I'm going to need at least twenty-four hours and a miracle to look presentable again."

She glanced past her latest happily-ever-after paperback du jour and read the illuminated red numerals of the clock on the nightstand.

"Great! I'm going to be late." She scrambled for the tiny bathroom. Why hadn't she canceled her regular movie night with

Peggy? It wasn't as if the latest blockbuster with its Hollywood heartthrob wouldn't be playing in theatres for the next several months.

She dressed quickly, hopping out of her fuzzy Garfield house slippers and stepping into a pair of plain brown hiking boots. At least, they were supposed to be used for hiking. But who had time for that? Yanking the drier out of its holder, she turned it on, the warm air whipping her hair into a frenzy. Oh, what was the point? It was raining anyway. She slammed a baseball cap on her head seconds before a familiar car horn blared outside. She snatched her house keys off the counter and ran for the door.

\* \* \* \* \*

The rain beating against the window woke Sloan Michaels from the latest dream that plagued his nights. He was surprised he'd been able to doze at all. When the dreams came, he seldom managed a full night's sleep and had to nap whenever he could. They were like premonitions, at least in part. The challenge was determining which parts would actually happen.

The first time he'd had one, he was twelve and dreamed of a freakish hail storm. He warned his mother to park her car on a lower level of the parking garage at her office, but she just smiled and told him not to worry about it. Dreams weren't reality, she'd said. They were just dreams. She parked on the top level, as was her habit. The storm hit that afternoon.

Since then, he'd been able to use his paranormal talents to help solve a few crimes and was now on a first-name basis with the police chief. He agreed to help when he could on the condition of complete anonymity, but it wasn't long before rumors got out. Now when he walked into the police station, some people gave him odd looks.

He tried to deal with the stares, but when word reached those in his old neighborhood, things got out of hand. Either folks shied away from him, thinking him nuts, or they showed up on his doorstep at all hours asking to have their palm read or whether he could channel some lost loved one. That's when he decided to move, and vowed to keep his abilities on a need-to-know basis.

Sloan checked the clock by his bed. It wasn't that late. And he was wide awake. Might as well continue unpacking.

"This dream is different," he said aloud, wanting to fill the room with sounds other than the downpour's constant pounding. The storm probably explained the sensations of rain he'd experienced in the dream.

He pulled out a dresser drawer, stuffed some T-shirts into it, and let his mind wander back to the scenes he could remember. One contained a woman seated at a computer screen, her fingers poised over the keyboard. Another featured a hand reaching for keys in a puddle. It was a man's hand. Then the same woman suddenly stood before him, soaking wet, her face deep in shadow. He wished he could've seen her face. Yet the entire picture rarely came to him in a single dream. It was usually unveiled like pieces of a puzzle. Dream after dream. Until they haunted him.

Sometimes the dreams were good. He'd known about his sister's twins before she and her husband even knew they were expecting. But sometimes the outcome was bad. Especially when the dreams involved strangers, and he didn't know the woman in this dream. Would she be involved in a car accident tonight? Was that why he'd seen those keys?

Was the Good Samaritan who picked up the keys a kidnapper? A rapist? A killer?

This dream confused him. Normally, viewing them was like watching snippets of home movies, as if someone else had filmed the events to show him later. This time, however, it felt as if he were the cameraman. As if it had been his hand that had picked up the keys. But that couldn't possibly be right.

Rubbing his chin, he realized he hadn't shaved. Where was his shaving kit? A quick look around his new apartment made him realize he'd left it in the car. He glanced at the rain-splattered window and heard thunder rumble. Well, he'd certainly picked a rainy day to move. He could wait until the storm stopped, but then what were umbrellas for? He grabbed his and headed for the door.

\* \* \* \* \*

"That was a great flick, don't you think?" Peggy asked. "Hey, Dori. You in there?"

"Huh? Oh, yeah." Dori flashed her friend an apologetic smile

and pushed her glasses back up her nose. "I guess my mind's just a little...I don't know."

"Daydreaming about that handsome new tenant in your apartment building?" Peggy gave her a smirk.

"Who?"

"The new guy who moved into 204 this morning. You haven't seen him?" Peggy fanned her face and sighed dramatically. "You really need to get away from that computer some time, you know?"

"Yeah, sure." Dori peered through the flapping wipers at the dark streets ahead, and then turned a sly glance at her friend. As the resident gossip of Heartland Valley Apartments, Peggy knew everyone and their grandmothers, too. By the tapping of her florescent pink polished nails on the wheel, Dori knew her friend was itching to tell her about the new neighbor. "So what's his name?"

"Sloan. Isn't that just dreamy?" Peggy wiggled her finely arched eyebrows.

"You'd think Rumpelstiltskin was dreamy if it meant the chance for you to play matchmaker."

"I would not!"

"Probably call him 'Rumpy' for short," Dori said, fighting back the chuckles that threatened to erupt.

Peggy bit her lip and tried to remain serious. "Only if he had a great rump."

"Peggy!" Giggles filled the car's interior. "You are so bad."

"Hey, a great ass is one of my top five requirements. Besides, you can't blame me if I'm good at helping friends find their soul mates."

"Chuck and Dinah were not soul mates."

"Yeah, well, that was just one tiny mistake. Not enough to make me give up trying." Peggy pressed the brake, and the car skidded to a stop at a red light. "Give me some time, and I'll have you out of that shell you call an apartment. Being cooped up in there day in and day out isn't good for you. You need to get out more."

"I do get out. I went to see a movie tonight with you — and in a thunderstorm, no less."

"Not with me, you dolt. On a date. A real date. When's the last time you went to Cowboys for Ladies Night?" Peggy asked, shifting the gears of her Volkswagen Bug. One would think by the way she

drove that she thought the car was a Ferrari.

"I don't have any desire to meet the boozers at that bar," she said, putting her hand on the dash as Peggy pulled around a Chevy hatchback. Burping men with beer-bellies did not appeal to Dori. She wanted a fun, sensual romance with an insatiable, sexy guy.

"They aren't all boozers, and if you'd come once in a while you'd know that. Seriously, Dori. When's the last time you got laid?"

Dori grabbed the "oh, shit" handle above the door and hung on with a death grip while refusing to look at Peggy. The woman had a knack for being embarrassingly blunt.

"Uh huh," Peggy said, as if Dori had answered her question. "That's what I thought. I hope you're at least getting your jollies with that vibe I gave you last year."

"Peggy!"

"What? Oh." Peggy stomped the brake and whipped into the parking lot of the apartment complex. The Chevy behind them blared its horn.

Not about to admit she had on more than one occasion enjoyed the gift—something she never would've been brave enough to buy for herself—Dori changed the subject. "I don't know why I ever agree to let you drive. It'd be safer if I took the bus and met you at the theater instead."

"You know you love it," Peggy said. "See ya later, if you can leave your cocoon long enough to enjoy some sunshine."

Dori grinned. It would probably still be raining tomorrow. She flung open the door and made a mad dash for her apartment building.

As she ran, water splattered, and the wind whipped off her cap. Her hand went to her head, trying to catch it, but she forgot she was holding her keys. They fell into a puddle with a plunk. Stifling a curse, she retrieved her sippy cap and turned to dive in after her keys.

A hand was already pulling them out. The arm attached to that hand was dry, as if the rain wouldn't dare dampen the tanned skin draped over those sinewy muscles.

Dori wiped droplets of water from her lashes and followed that arm up past a well-toned shoulder to an amused grin on the face of a man who needed a shave. But not on her account. Some men could get away with a five o'clock shadow. This guy certainly could.

He held an umbrella in his free hand and, without permission or

much thought, she ducked under it, not that it would help. She was already drenched. "Thanks."

His amused look warmed to something she couldn't read. He looked at her as if he knew all her secrets. Realizing she stood alone in a darkened parking lot with a total stranger and that he had her keys, she felt the sudden urge to shiver.

Instead, she hugged herself and took a half step away from him. The rain from the umbrella's edge poured down her back. She was still way too close, but she didn't move any farther.

*Show no fear.* The cool, steady drip of rain down her spine did little to help shore up her backbone. The man was so tall. And solid. And handsome.

Dori raised her chin and held out her hand. "My keys, please?"