

ELLORA'S CAVE PRESENTS

ELLORA'S CAVE *Quickies*

MERCIFUL
ANGEL

LACEY THORN

An Ellora's Cave Romantica Publication



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Merciful Angel

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MERCIFUL ANGEL

Lacey Thorn

This book is dedicated with love to the following people:

To Charlene Leatherman, whose wisdom and insight keeps me on my toes and helps me to grow as a writer

To Carol Lynne, my super-twin, thanks for your endless support and unwavering friendship

To my editor Helen, who unknowingly issued the challenge that led to this book. May you always keep me striving for improvement.

And last but never least, to my best friend, whose constant encouragement and praise is the best motivation to keep writing.

Trademarks Acknowledgement

The author acknowledges the trademarked status and trademark owners of the following wordmarks mentioned in this work of fiction:

KY Jelly: Johnson & Johnson Corporation

Levis: Levi Strauss & Co.

Loofah: Loofah S. A. Corporation

Smith & Wesson: Smith & Wesson Corporation.

Chapter One

Angelo Marquetti was bone-tired. He had spent the last thirty hours on a stake out that ended with the arrest of several well-known city officials for drug trafficking charges. The case had been in the works for ten long months with Angel working undercover for the last six. Now it was finally over and it wasn't too soon for him. Tonight all he wanted was a hot shower, a cold beer and a soft bed, all three of which were awaiting him just down the hall in his apartment. He had been tempted to join his partner and a few of the other cops for a few beers at one of the local bars frequented by his peers and filled with women who were always willing to serve them in any and every way they desired. Tomorrow he probably would go since he hadn't had sex in longer than he cared to think about due to the time he had spent undercover.

He was three feet from his door when the first scream ripped through the air and he heard running feet inside the apartment across from his. Angel reached beneath his leather jacket and pulled his 9mm Smith & Wesson from the shoulder holster he wore. By the time the second scream came, followed by scuffling noises, he was ready. With one solid kick of his size thirteen boots the apartment door splintered and flew open. Angel filled the doorway with his six-foot-four frame, gun steady in his hand as his steel grey eyes took in the shocking sight before him.

A goddess stood on the dining room table wrapped in nothing but a damp blue towel that she clutched together over the most impressive breasts Angel had ever seen. She had to be at least a D-cup. He could see the softness of her thighs and the shadow of her cleft as the towel shimmied with every movement she made. Her long blonde hair hung down her back in waves reaching to the lush ass barely hidden from him. The thought of all that silky hair draping over him, his chest, his stomach, his cock as she

sucked him with those plump lips of hers had him swelling hot and hard in his snug jeans.

He didn't see anything or anyone else in the apartment but her big blue eyes were wide with fear. "Get it," she screamed pointing toward the floor. "Kill it!"

Angel looked around again before turning back to her and arching his brow at her. "Get what?" he asked, his patience straining.

The woman was looking at the floor. "Where did it go? Where?" She still sounded panicked.

"Look, I don't see anything," Angel stated as he moved over to the table and offered her his hand to help her down. "Let me help you down and maybe you can tell me what you're doing up there." His eyes were level with her stomach and a quick glance up had him noticing the dusky peach nipple that was just peeking over the towel. It took everything in him not to take it into his mouth and suck and bite it like he wanted to. The woman seemed oblivious to her state of undress and his reaction to it.

"I'm Cara Michaels," she said, her eyes still glued to the floor, "and I'm not getting down until it's gone."

"Until what's gone?" Angel asked, still eyeing her nipple.

"That big black spider," she uttered.

"A spider," Angel stated incredulously. "All the screaming, you up on the table in a towel, because of a little spider."

Cara glanced down at her body and finally noticed just how uncovered she was. She snatched the towel up and pulled it tight, covering that gorgeous nipple but showing him hints of the promised land. "I...I'm really sorry if I..." her blue eyes went even wider as she locked onto the gun held loosely at his side and the busted door of her apartment. She began to slowly edge away from him and he almost laughed, his lips actually twitched.

“Hold on, honey,” his voice oozed over her like melted chocolate and she gasped when he placed one big hand over the back of her thigh, stopping her from backing up any further. “You’re going to fall off that table if you keep moving. Let me help you down.” He lifted her easily, her size ten frame not seeming to bother him in the least.

When Cara was on her feet in front of him she realized just how big a man he was. He towered over her, dwarfing her five-foot-four-inch frame. He was tall and muscular, easily the biggest man she had ever encountered and as she looked him up and down she could feel her pulse start to race. He was sheer masculine beauty. His face was strong and rugged, not pretty boy glamour. His eyes were a fierce piercing grey that contrasted well with his olive complexion and shoulder-length black hair. His shoulders were nearly as wide as her doorways and he appeared to have muscles on his muscles. One particular muscle caught her eye as her straying gaze collided with the worn crotch of his snug jeans and the straining erection snaking down his thigh.

His cock was long, reaching easily to the middle of his covered thighs, and if looks weren’t deceiving as thick as her wrist. She licked her lips and heard his harsh groan as his cock seemed to pulse and jump.

“Honey, if you don’t want to get seriously fucked you better move your eyes,” he grunted out.

She snapped her gaze up and away and noticed the detective shield clipped onto his belt before skittering on to his eyes. He snagged her with his gaze and refused to release her. She dipped her tongue out to wet her bottom lip again and his hands snaked out and grabbed her arms hauling her flush against him. “I told you not to do that anymore,” his voice was harsh and low pulsing with need. “You want me to put you on your back on this table and fuck you hard, honey? Because I’m real close to doing just that. It’s been a long, long time.”

Cara was fine with that. She was a good girl, always doing what she was supposed to, and her safe little self had never had a man like this. She wanted him badly and without even thinking about it she licked her lips again.

“Drop the towel,” Angel ordered her, “drop it now.”

She moved her hands up to his shoulders and the too-small towel easily slid off her body and landed in a puddle on their feet. He lifted her again and sat her down on the table, shoving her legs wide and moving between them.

“Lean back on your arms, Cara,” he snapped out, “and thrust those pretty peach nipples up at me.” Cara did as he said willing to give him anything just to experience a moment like this, a man like him, just once in her life.

“What...” she licked her lips again and he glared down at her, “What’s your name, detective?”

“Angelo,” he muttered as he bent down to her breasts, “Detective Angelo Marquetti but most people call me Angel.” He latched onto the plump peach nipple of her left breast, nipping it with his teeth before sucking it into his mouth with harsh, greedy pulls.

She cried out, leaning her head back and thrusting her breasts higher, offering him more of her bounty. “What are you going to do to me, Angel?” she whispered.

“Whatever I want,” Angel spoke around her nipple refusing to let it go. “You’re at my mercy now and I’m not feeling very merciful.” He snaked an arm around her waist, helping to support her while he used the other to thrust her legs wider before pushing his fingers through the soaked lips of her sex. “Yeah...you like this don’t ya honey? You like being dominated. That’s real good, honey, ‘cause that’s the way I like it as well. You’re going to do just what I tell you to and I’m going to feed this creamy little pussy of yours all the cock it can handle.” He thrust two big fingers, penetrating her tight sheath and making her cry out at the invasion. “Nice and tight,” he told her, “just the way I like my pussy.” He thrust his fingers forcefully again, stretching her and making her burn for what he wanted.

He released her nipple with a loud pop and stepped back from her, letting his eyes take in the pleasing picture that she made. He kept his fingers buried in her pussy, his big hand keeping her from shielding her glistening sex from his perusal. Her face was

flushed, her nipples tight peaks that tingled and ached for him. For the first time in her life she wasn't self-conscious about her nude body. She could tell that he liked the fullness of her breasts, her wide hips and lush thighs.

"I'm going to take my fingers out now," he informed her, "and you're going to stay just like you are. Keep those breasts high and your thighs wide or you'll make me very angry, honey." He pulled his fingers from her slick passage and brought them up to his mouth, inhaling deeply before sucking them both clean of her juices. Surprisingly, he didn't scare her in the least. He might like his sex rough, might like to dominate, but somehow she just knew without a doubt that he wouldn't hurt her. Not physically. And he was definitely calling to her inner bad girl, who was at this moment screaming to come out and play.

He turned from her, heading back to the broken door, and she was startled by the incredible feeling of pain that ripped through her at the thought of him leaving. He only shut the door though, forcing it back into place before turning and easily shoving the catch-all table she kept beside the door over in front of it. It wasn't much of a deterrent if someone wanted to get inside but it was all he seemed to need to make him ready to continue.

He turned back to her and took his leather jacket off, stopping and dropping it in a chair. His gun and harness followed, with his badge and then he pulled his shirt over his head, showing her the rippled muscles of his well-defined abs and the thick mat of black hair across his chest. He pulled his wallet from his back pocket, opened it and removed several foil packets, placing them in his front pocket before dropping the wallet as well. His belt hit the chair next and then he was heading back to the table and her popping the top button on his jeans as he walked.

She licked her lips again and he told her, "When I get done fucking that sweet pussy, honey, you're going to use that tongue to lick me clean. Then I'm going to fuck that pretty mouth until you suck me dry." He moved back between her thighs and

shoved two fingers back in to her dripping channel. "Then I'm going to fuck you again."

He moved closer until her breasts were flush against his chest, her nipples buried in the lush mat of ebony hair there. He bent and nipped her earlobe, telling her in a soft whisper what he wanted her to say. "I want you to beg me for it. Beg me for what you want, honey."

She blinked up at him and cried out when his fingers slammed deep again. "I want you," she whispered back, happy to say whatever he wanted as long as he put that big, looking cock inside her soon.

"Not good enough, honey," he shook his head at her. "Tell me exactly what you want. Beg me to fuck your pussy."

She blinked rapidly up at him, startled, deliriously excited and stammered out, "Fuck me, please."

"This ain't no tea party honey. Say what I want to hear," he demanded. "Say 'Fuck my pussy.'"

She took a determined breath and blurted out, "Fuck my pussy." Nothing was going to prevent her from having kinky, wild, down-and-dirty sex with this Adonis.

She was rewarded with the slow rasp of his zipper being lowered and she knew he was pulling his cock out of his pants. She glanced down and gulped a breath of pure admiration and maybe a tiny tinge of fear as she took in the incredible sight of him. He had to be at least ten inches long and every bit as thick as her wrist.

"You're not a virgin, are you, honey?" he asked her and she shook her head no with her gaze still fixed on his pulsing cock.

"That's a good thing," Angel said unapologetically. "Cause I like to fuck hard and fast. You're going to take it as rough as I want to give it," he looked at her waiting for her nod of agreement before continuing. "Just a few rules to our game, honey. If you don't want this say so now. I'll walk away and that will be the end of it. But if you want to play this game with me then there are a few things that you have to know up front.

Don't tell me no. In the heat of the moment it makes me wild, especially when your body is screaming yes. I won't hurt you ever but I will give you more pleasure than you've ever known in your life. Don't ask me to stop, not when we both know it's not what you really want. Beg for it harder, beg for it faster, beg me to shove it deeper but don't beg me for mercy because I won't give you any."

He reached into his pocket and brought a condom out, deftly opening it and sheathing his straining length. He placed the purpled head of his cock against her entrance and eased it nice and slowly just inside before moving his hands and bracing them on the table against her knees, ensuring that she remained spread wide. "Now beg me for it," he ordered, snaring her in his deep grey eyes, teasing her with a chance to fulfill a lifetimes worth of fantasies. "Beg me for my cock."

"Please," she whispered, wanting this moment, this man, more than her next breath. "Please give it to me."

He pushed a little farther into her tight pussy before stopping and telling her more instructions. "Beg for it hard, honey. Beg me to fuck you hard."

"Yes, yes," Cara cried out, crazy for that first hard thrust of his hard cock. "Fuck me hard. Fuck me hard."

With a harsh groan Angel slammed his cock home, hitting her cervix as he forced her to accept every inch he had for her. She screamed as the muscles in her pussy began to burn, struggling to accommodate his wide girth. He pulled back and slammed roughly inside her again. "Every inch of me," he said as he set up a pounding rhythm that had her bucking and screaming beneath him. "No mercy."

"Oh God," she keened as a powerful orgasm ripped through her womb, "Oh God, yes!"

He continued fucking her, entering her with violent thrusts of his hips, forcing her to orgasm after orgasm until she was shaking with them. "No more," Cara begged, curious to see just what his reaction would be, just how far he would take it. "Please, I can't take anymore."

He plunged into her, surging faster now as he shook his head at her. "I told you not to beg me to stop. I warned you, honey. It just makes me crazy, makes me want to show you just how much more you can and will take. Show you how much you'll enjoy every minute of it." He was shoving his cock so deep that it felt like he was actually reaching into her stomach, so hard that it was all she could do to stay braced up on her arms. It would be so easy to fall to her back and let him have her, but she wanted to sit up, wanted to see his face close to hers while he fucked her. He forced her into another orgasm and she crumpled to her back on the table, no longer fighting to stay up. He pulled her further down until she could feel the cheeks of her ass just barely hanging over the edge of the table. He hooked his elbows beneath her knees and forced her legs higher and wider, never once slowing the forceful pounding of his cock.

Cara screamed, no longer caring what he thought as she begged for mercy, begged for him to stop, knowing full well just how much better it would make this moment for them both, until her voice was as strained and weak as her body. Only when she was quiet and soft beneath him once again did he throw his head back and cry out his own release, spilling into the tip of the condom with harsh spurts as he buried himself to the balls inside her tight pussy and stayed there.

"You still with me, Cara Michaels?" Angelo asked her softly the air filled with the harsh sounds of them trying to catch their breaths.

"I'm still here, detective," Cara panted out.

"Good," he stated matter-of-factly as he pulled out of her and moved toward her open kitchen to dispose of the used condom, zipping his spent cock back up inside his jeans but leaving the button undone. He opened the fridge and with a quick look snagged a couple of bottles of water before heading back to the table and Cara. "'Cause that was just round one, honey."

Holy shit! Cara thought, gingerly sitting up and taking the offered bottle of water from him. Detective Angelo Marquetti was the best treat a single girl could ever hope for and Cara planned to thoroughly indulge herself.

Chapter Two

“Feel like another shower?” Angel asked Cara as he eased her gently from her perch atop the table to her feet keeping his arm around her. “I know that I could sure use one.”

“Right this way, detective,” Cara murmured as she led the way down the hall to the bathroom. She pushed the door open and walked into the big room. She opened the closet just inside the door and removed two big, lush towels for them to use before crossing to the shower and opening the glass door to start the water. It shocked her how comfortable she felt walking around naked in front of Angel. She was not a woman who was normally comfortable around men.

She turned back to Angel and caught her breath at the sheer beauty of the man. He stood before her in nothing but his zipped jeans, the rest of his clothes still discarded on the chair in the front room. He still wore his boots and his gun was back in his hand so he must have grabbed it from the chair when she had led the way to the bathroom. Even as she stared, he reached over the top of the shower and placed his gun on the top edge of the cubicle in easy reach.

“Really think you need that weapon in here?” she asked him softly.

Angel gave her a smoldering look and tugged her body flush against him before answering. “I’ve got a different weapon in mind to use on you,” he told her.

Cara tugged away from him and sat gingerly on the closed lid of the toilet, placing her face at the exact level of his bulging Levis. “Do you remember what you told me earlier, detective? About what you had planned for me?”

Angel’s eyes narrowed as he watched her lick her lush lips again while she kept her eyes glued to his straining erection. “Yeah, I remember,” he replied softly, his eyes darkening with passion.

“Do you still want me to lick you clean? To suck you dry?” she licked her lips again, wanting just that, dying for the taste of him, of her on him. She darted a look up into his eyes. “Do you, detective?”

Angel could tell that she wanted him. He could easily read the desire in her eyes. She wanted him to tell her to clean him with her tongue, to suck him, and he was more than willing to give her what she wanted. “Yeah, honey,” he said. “I want you to use your teeth to ease my zipper down.” She leaned forward and rubbed her cheek against his straining flesh before grasping his zipper gently between her teeth and tugging it gently down.

“Slow and easy, honey,” Angel encouraged her, “slow and easy.”

Finally the zipper was completely opened and, with a nudge on the material, his cock sprang out, full and heavy. Angel used his hands to shove the material wider, freeing his cock and balls from the denim. He groaned deep in his throat when she nuzzled him again. “I want you to use your tongue on me, honey. Is that what you want to do?”

Cara smiled up at him before easing her face back so that his cock pulsed mere inches from her mouth. She blew softly on the head, her warm breath exciting him. She looked up at him and ran her tongue all along her lips until they gleamed wet with the saliva she used to moisten them. His eyes darkened and his cock pulsed, the tiny slit in the top filling with a drop of his cum.

Her smile was wicked and he knew that he had released a demon. She flicked her tongue out and touched nothing but the drop of fluid, tasting it with her tongue and then running back along her lips so that she could savor it. Her gaze never left his, drawing him into the pleasure she was feeling and giving. She moaned and sucked her bottom lip into her mouth, nibbling at his essence.

“You taste so good,” she told him and darted her tongue back out to slip along the opening again. “I want more.”

She moved her tongue away and the next thing he knew he felt soft laps on his balls. Her tongue was wet and hot and the moans she issued from her throat with each taste notched the excitement level higher. When his balls felt like they were going to burst she moved up to the base of his shaft. She opened her mouth and sucked the tight skin into her mouth, flicking her tongue out to taste him. She moved higher, sliding her tongue all around his girth so that no spot was left untouched by the roaming wonder of her tongue. Finally all that was left was the purpled, plum-shaped head and Angel was dying to feel the glide of her tongue on him there.

Cara pulled back though. She looked up into his eyes again and brought her palm up to her mouth and bathed it in her saliva before wrapping it as far around him as she could and moving up and down his long length, squeezing her hand tighter when she reached the taunt flesh just below the head. Her tongue flicked out and she caught more of his pre-cum, drawing it into her mouth and never looking away from him. He could see her pleasure, see that she wanted more, expected something from him and finally it dawned on him what she was waiting for. Cara wanted him to tell her what to do. This beautiful goddess was waiting for him to demand that she suck him into the tight wet heat of her mouth.

“No more teasing,” he groaned and cupped her head in his palms. Her eyes flared with excitement and he knew that this was what she wanted. He gently guided her head forward so that his cock tapped against her now closed lips. “Open wide, honey,” he demanded, trying to exude the roughness she seemed to crave into his voice. “Open wide and suck my cock.”

With a moan of intense need, Cara opened wide and took the head into her mouth, sucking hard at it and making him groan with pleasure. She wanted more, needed more. He was so big, so long that she couldn't take all of him the way she wanted to. Instead she kept one hand wrapped around his shaft and used the other to cradle the tight sac of his balls. She started a rhythm, moving her mouth up and down, taking more and more of his shaft into her mouth and using her hand to stimulate what she

couldn't. She felt the swollen head at her throat and relaxed as best she could before pushing it deeper into the back of her throat. His harsh groan was all the signal she required to know that he was enjoying everything that she was doing. She swallowed several times with him in her throat, the harsh contractions squeezing and milking him before she eased off him and licked all along the large head. She took him into her throat again and swallowed then used the fierce suction of her mouth on his shaft and gently squeezing his balls.

Angel came with a harsh cry. She felt him trying to pull out of her mouth, willing to spare her so intimate an act, but she wanted it, every drop of it. She sucked greedily on him, swallowing the hot jets of cum that pulsed from his slit into her mouth and down her throat. She moaned, the sound vibrating along his shaft and causing another thick stream of seed to erupt. She pulled her mouth back until just the head was still inside and stroked her tongue over him, greedy for any drops she might have missed.

"Enough," Angel cried, pulling his cock from her mouth with a loud pop as she suckled on him. "Enough, honey."

He looked down at her with wonder in his eyes and a small flutter of something else somewhere close to his heart. Her mouth was red and swollen from her ministrations and her cheeks were flushed with the pleasure she felt. Her eyes were dark with passion and it stunned him to see just how turned on she was by the act of giving him the best blowjob he had ever had in his life. He could smell the sweet fragrance of her arousal and his mouth grew moist with a need he had never really experienced before. Oh, Angel had eaten pussy before and the women had always found pleasure in the act. But it had always been given more out of obligation than a desire of his. This time was different. This woman was different. He didn't know what tomorrow would bring but he did know that before another moment passed he needed to taste her on his tongue, to feel the pulse of her channel as he thrust it inside her.

“Your turn, honey,” he murmured as he lifted her from her perch and settled her on the edge of the counter, dropping to his knees so that his mouth was level with the soft pink folds of her glistening sex. “Or should I say my turn,” he moaned.

Angel leaned forward and took a shuddering breath, filling his lungs with the hot, spicy scent of her arousal. With a gentle lap he ran his tongue along the inner folds of her labia, tasting the musky dew that shimmered there. Up and over the hood of her clit he ran his tongue, exploring every contour of her sex. Cara was making small husky moans as if she were afraid if she yelled too loudly he would stop and leave her wanting. Angel had no desire to stop. His only desire was to get a richer, fuller, deeper taste of the woman spread like a sensual buffet before him.

He moved his hands from where he had them wrapped around her knees, no longer feeling a need to keep her open wide. No, she would do that for him now. He moved his hands slowly up her inner thighs, caressing her with his fingertips and palms until he reached the swollen folds of her pussy. With two big fingers he rimmed the opening of her cunt, teasing her with just the intent of penetration. He kept his tongue busy slicking all along the inner folds, over and around her clit but never quite brushing it.

Cara was on fire. No man had ever made her burn like this before. No man had ever worshipped her with his mouth, tongue, teeth and fingers. It was everything she had ever dreamed of and more than she could have ever imagined. She cried out, the sound echoing in the steamy bathroom, when Angel stopped licking and blew a hot stream of air directly on her clit.

The lusty moan that issued from Cara’s lips released Angel from the spell he found himself under. With a moan of his own, he leaned forward and took her pulsing clit between his teeth and sucked greedily on it. Her cry pierced the air again and he plunged two fingers deep inside her convulsing channel. She was coming, coating his fingers with her creamy juices. He sucked and tugged at her clit and continued fucking her with his fingers while she broke into continuing waves of orgasm.

“Yes,” Cara panted, “God, yes! Oh, God, yes!”

Angel released her clit and fingers only to curl his tongue and thrust it inside her pussy, demanding more. He slipped his juice-coated fingers back to her anus and lubed her small pink pucker then pushed one thick digit inside until he was buried to the first knuckle. Cara’s sheath pulsed and squeezed around his tongue as she came again, coating his tongue, lips and face with the sweet evidence of her pleasure.

Angel eased his mouth away from her, placing soft kisses and small licks as she fought to control her breathing and return to earth. “Before this night is over,” Angel murmured, moving his finger gently in her ass, “I’ll take you here, too.” He looked up and locked eyes with her letting her see clearly the truth of his claim, the surety of his intent to bury his cock in the tight hot depths of her snug little ass. “Does that excite you Cara?”

“Yes,” she breathed, wanting nothing more at that moment than to feel him there, stretching and burning the tissues that his finger stroked. “Yes, I want that.”

His smile was pure masculine carnality. He eased his finger out of her and helped her back to her feet before dipping his face down and kissing her thoroughly, his tongue invading and sharing her taste with her. She had never tasted herself and she enjoyed the mixture of her essence on his tongue while she could still taste him on hers. It was a heady aphrodisiac and she wanted to bottle it so that she could enjoy it whenever she wanted when she was alone once again.

“I hope the water is still hot,” he whispered in her ear.

“I’ll keep you warm,” she promised quietly before taking his hand and leading him to the beveled glass doors already white with steam. They stepped inside and under the spray of the warm shower. She reached for the big blue loofah and the shea body wash, squirting a large dollop and working it in to the loofah before turning to the big man behind her. “May I?” she asked, holding the loofah out so he understood her question.

Angel braced his arms wide, one on the shower door and the other on the shower wall, placing his body in position for her. “Be my guest, honey,” he agreed.

Cara started on his chest sprinkled with black hair that spread across it and ran in a straight line down his belly to his thick cock. She used the loofah with one hand and used her other hand to massage his flesh, running her fingers through the hair and teasing him with the brush of her nails. He was Michelangelo's David come to life in her shower. She found his pebbled nipples and scraped them delicately with her nails, reveling in the sound of his harsh breath and the clenching of his muscles. His body was hers to explore and learn and she planned to enjoy every moment of it.

She finished with his chest and, instead of moving down to his belly, moved to his arms and the soft tufts of hair that grew underneath. His muscles bulged with the way he braced himself in the shower, revealing powerful shoulders and bulging biceps. She ran the loofah slowly over every inch, soaping his taut skin with one hand then trailing her fingers of the other after it teasingly. When both arms were thoroughly washed she moved down to his washboard stomach and the dark sprinkle of hair that awaited her there.

Not content to view such perfection from so far away, Cara dropped to her knees before him, placing her lips just at the growing bulge of his awakening cock. She smiled up into his eyes as she ran the loofah over his stomach and sides then down onto the hard contours of his thighs and hips. She let her breath fan out over his burgeoning erection and enjoyed the flair of desire that shot into his eyes. He wanted her again.

She ran the loofah down over his legs and to his feet only glancing away from his eyes when she had to. They both knew that it was a dangerous game she was playing and they both knew what it would lead to. Cara was counting on the promise she read in his eyes, a promise to take, to ravage, to plunder. She was anticipating it more than he could possibly know.

"Turn around for me," she ordered Angel huskily.

He turned slowly, keeping eye contact until the last possible moment. He was just as glorious from the back as he was from the front. Taut buttocks, wide shoulders, muscular back that tapered into a trim waist. God the man was pure Adonis and for

now, for this one moment in time, he was hers. She coasted the loofah up his calves and the backs of his thighs, skimmed over his buttocks and, standing, went to work on the perfection of his back.

This time she made sure to lean in close enough that her nipples rubbed softly against his back leaving trails in the soap she coated his flesh with. She could see the muscles in his arms straining as he fought to let her continue her play. She squatted down so that she could see the firm globes of his buttocks. She lovingly ran the loofah over them, her other hand rubbing in small circles over the sensitive bundle of nerves just at the base of his spine and before she could stop herself she leaned in and gave him a nip with her teeth.

“Son of a bitch,” Angel muttered, turning swiftly without thinking of where she was. His cock smacked softly against her cheek and they both drew a sharp breath at the contact.

“I’d be happy to wash this for you,” Cara murmured squeezing the soap out of the loofah into her hands and taking him between her now soapy palms. Slowly, she glided her hands up and down his length swirling them around and around to ensure no part was left untouched. When she reached the purpled crown she gently glided her thumb up and over, swiping the drops of pre-cum away before stroking back down and playing with his balls. She was only trying to clean them, of course.

Angel’s head was thrown back in ecstasy. Where had this goddess been all of his life? When had she moved across the hall from him? He could only pray that she wasn’t viewing him as a one night stand because he planned on enjoying her for a good long while. He cried out and jerked back when her curious fingers stroked back along the taut skin beneath his balls and glanced across his anus.

Reaching down, he jerked her up and against his chest. Her full breasts felt glorious against him and the feel of her soft belly nuzzling his erection was pure bliss. Angel took her mouth in a hungry kiss, delving deep into the recesses with his tongue,

invading and conquering. When he finally released her they were both breathless with want, with need, with anticipation.

“My turn now, honey,” Angel told her and gently took the loofah and squirted a small amount of soap on it. “Now turn around and let me take care of this gorgeous body.”

Cara smiled softly up at him before turning and bracing her arms in a perfect replica of his previous stance. “I’m all yours, Angel” she glanced back over her shoulder at him before adding, “I’m at your mercy.” Her wicked smile assured him that she knew he would show her none.

Cara closed her eyes as she felt him run the loofah softly over her shoulders and down her arm to her wrist. He lifted her hand and washed each finger separately, sparing no minute detail in his attentiveness. He was slow and thorough and every stroke along her skin fanned the flames of her desire higher and higher. She could feel the sheen of arousal coating her thighs, the swell of her pussy as she fought against the desire to rub her legs together.

When he had finished with both arms and hands, Angel ran the loofah slowly down her spine, stopping only when he reached the twin dimples that graced the small of her back. Up and down he went, swirling the loofah in widening circles with each journey along her supple skin. He could see the quiver in her arms, the twitching of her thighs and he knew she was fighting her body’s insistent need for more. His grin was feral as he knelt behind her and ran the soap all around the backs of her thighs and calves, placing his mouth so that his hot breath would fan across the bottom of her rounded cheeks. She was all lush perfection. Pink and exquisite. He could smell the rich musk of her hunger and his cock bobbed in agreement.

Instead of having her turn around, he ran the loofah between her legs and pulled her back against him so that his head rested against her hip and his hands had free range over her. He leisurely soaped the front of her legs, starting at the top of her foot

and working his way inch by mesmerizing inch up to her thighs. He ran his hand lightly over her sex, a slow, sensual drag of fingers through her downy curls, and moved on to her stomach.

Cara moaned and tried to arch forward but Angel had shifted behind her so that his chest was firm against her buttocks and one strong arm was holding her tightly back against him. The other hand was torturing her as he caressed her skin with the soapy loofah, creating a burning need deep within her that only he could appease. She wanted him. Now. Here. Hard and fast until they both drowned in pleasure.

As if he could read her mind Angel stood behind her, the loofah making ever tighter circles around her aching breasts, drawing closer and closer to the aching tips. Cara leaned her head back against him and moaned with need. "Please, Angel," she cried.

His husky laughter washed over her as he leaned down to whisper in her ear. "Not yet, honey. There's still more left to wash."

This was payback. She knew it and didn't care as long as he moved his hands where she wanted them. At this point all it would take would be a slight touch, a soft brush of his fingers or the feel of his hot breath and she would shatter.

Angel knew what she wanted, knew that it would take very little to send her over but he wasn't ready for the intensity of the moment to end. He wanted to draw the pleasure out for both of them, to push them toward something richer and more fulfilling than either of them had experienced before. At least he hadn't and he hoped that it would be the same for her.

He bent his knees so that his pulsing erection rubbed along the crease of her buttocks, nestling between them and drawing a groan from his lips at the pure pleasure of touching her there. The loofah dropped to the floor, no longer needed or wanted in this sensual, sexual play at washing. Angel cupped her full breasts in his hands and glided his thumbs over the turgid points of her nipples.

Cara moved her hands down and braced them on the hard contours of his thighs, arching her back and pushing more of her willing flesh into his hands. He rewarded her with a gentle squeeze, followed by a sharp pinch that had her gasping for air. Without thought she rubbed her buttocks back against him giving his cock a squeeze where it rested between her butt cheeks.

“Fuck,” Angel muttered and moved his hand from her breast to her hip where he gave her a firm tap with his fingers. The sting was incredible, erotic beyond belief and she arched further into him but his fingers tightened and held her still. “Not yet, honey. Not yet.”

“Yes,” Cara demanded. “Now. I can’t wait any longer.”

There was that husky chuckle again at her ear. “You can and will. Trust me, honey,” Angel encouraged her. “It will be worth it.” He nipped playfully at her earlobe and Cara moaned with pleasure.

Angel’s hand slid from her hip around to the curl-softened mound of her sex. He pressed his hard palm against her flesh and rubbed it firmly while using his fingers to explore the puffed lips of her pussy. He rubbed gently over the swollen folds but didn’t part them, didn’t touch even softly her screaming clit. She was at the point of crying and begging, too consumed with need and hunger to care, when he spoke again in her ear.

“We’re going to move forward now, honey, more into the spray of water,” Angel murmured. “And I want you to reach up and take that showerhead down and hold it in your hand.” Angel nuzzled the hollow where neck met shoulder and nipped playfully before asking, “Can you do that for me, Cara?”

“Yes,” she moaned, blindly reaching for the sprayer and easing it down into her hand.

Angel reached around her and turned the dial on the sprayer so that the water came out in short hard pulses. “Now, I want you to use your hand to hold the sprayer on your pussy, honey. Aim it right for this sweet little button right here.” His finger finally

crushed the bud of her clit and Cara cried out at the sheer pleasure that engulfed her. "Right here," he reminded her, "while I watch."

He took one of Cara's hands off of his thigh and placed it beneath his on her swollen sex. "We're going to play together, honey. We're going to make this pussy happy." He took her fingers and glided them through her slick folds before sliding them back up to her aching clit. He rubbed gently over it using her thumb under his to exert the perfect amount of pressure. "Don't forget the water, honey," he whispered.

He left her fingers there on her clit while he moved his back along her folds again until he reached the slick entrance of her pussy. He rimmed the opening several times before slowly sinking two big fingers inside. Cara cried her pleasure, thrumming her thumb across her clit faster and faster as the jets of water played over her flesh. His fingers pressed more firmly inside her and she spread her legs wider to accommodate the fit of his hand. His erection was hot and hard against her back and Angel was sucking and biting at her neck and shoulders.

It was enough, more than enough, to catapult her into a mind-numbing orgasm that rocked through her in seemingly endless waves. Angel's other hand moved away and she didn't realize what he intended until the warm water turned icy, the pulses against her exposed cunt like fire that ignited her orgasm into an inferno. Cara screamed and bucked against him but he held her there, forcing her to experience the intensity of the moment in full before reaching once more and turning the water off.

She shuddered with aftershocks, gasping for breath while Angel stepped from the shower and grabbed one of the towels. After drying off he reached back in for her, wrapped the towel around her and lifted her out and into his strong arms then, bracing her with his legs, he reached up for his gun. She closed her eyes and snuggled her head against his chest. It felt so right to be here, in his arms feeling so well loved and sated.

Angel was thinking the exact same thing as he held her close to his chest. She felt perfect in his arms, her body lush and full like a woman's should be, her blue eyes closed with pleasure, her long blonde hair hanging in wet disarray over his arm. Now if

she could just handle the next few things he wanted to do to her, share with her, he might just be able to fall completely in love with her.

He headed to the bedroom, or at least what would have been his bedroom if they were in his apartment. Everything was pretty much the same, layout-wise, and he wasn't disappointed when he pushed the door open and revealed a very feminine room decorated in soft shades of peach and rose. In the center of the room sat her bed which thankfully was a queen, not as big as his king but better than a full. The best part of the bed was the large posts that stood at all four corners. Yes, this bed was perfect for what he had in mind.

He laid her softly on the bed, placed his gun atop the small bedside table and then unwrapped the towel, enjoying the view of her softened nipples and dewy flesh. He couldn't resist the need to lean down and lick several drops of water from the valley between her breasts and was fascinated as her nipples puckered and hardened into tight buds. He took one of the delicious morsels in his mouth and sucked greedily on it. He loved the way she tasted, the way she smelled, her eager and willing response to all he wanted.

"Do you have any scarves honey?" he asked quietly around her nipple. "Anything we can use as ties?"

"Ties?" she asked her eyes still closed in pleasure. "What are we going to need ties for?"

"Do you have any ties?" Angel asked moving to her other nipple and treating it to the same intense pleasure.

"Yes, the bottom drawer of my dresser is full of scarves and ties," she moaned.

"Good," Angel nipped her nipple and eased away. "I didn't want to have to use my cuffs on you this first time. He moved away and bent down to open her bottom drawer and sift through the contents. When he turned with four long silk scarves in his hands her eyes were huge and her gaze was flitting from his face to his hands as he made his way back to her.

“What are you planning to do, detective?” she asked eyeing him.

“I’m going to show you just what it means to be at Angel’s mercy honey,” he stopped at the side of the bed and looked down into her eyes. “I want you to crawl onto the center of the bed, Cara, and lie on your stomach for me. Then I want you to spread your arms and legs as wide as you can for me, reaching as far toward the bed posts as you can.” He bent down and gave her a soft kiss on the lips. “Will you do that for me? Will you trust me?”

Cara looked up into the grey embers of his eyes, almost silver now with need and desire, and felt secure that he wouldn’t hurt her. Not physically anyway. Mentally, maybe. Emotionally, definitely. When he walked away from their encounter it would devastate her. She was willing to do whatever he wanted, whatever he asked of her to keep that moment from happening.

“I’ve never been tied up before,” she whispered but eased herself back to the center of the bed and stretched out on her stomach. “What do you plan to do to me?”

“Anything,” he told her his eyes hot with lust and something more, “everything.” He moved to the left side of the bed and, with a complicated knot, tied one end of the scarf to the post. He knelt down and took her wrist in his hand, bringing it to his mouth and kissing it softly before he wrapped the other end of the scarf around her wrist and secured it. He moved to the other side of the bed and used the same method so that both of her arms were now securely tied to the top posts. There was a little bit of play in the length, enough to brace her arms next to her shoulders and push up an inch or so. But she wouldn’t be able to stop him from doing anything he wanted to do.

He must have sensed her sudden fear and insecurity. Angel grabbed both pillows from the top of the bed and sat down beside her. He leaned close and kissed her, his tongue rubbing erotically against hers until she was stretching toward him, consumed with the need for more, oblivious to everything else. He pulled slowly away, nipping her lips several times before breaking the kiss completely.

“Brace your knees and lift your hips for me,” he told her and she obeyed without thought. He eased the pillows under her hips, lifting her pelvis up higher. One big hand stroked along her buttocks as he helped her balance and get comfortable in this position. “I won’t hurt you Cara, but I want you to pick a word out for me.”

She gave him a puzzled look.

“The word will be your safe word so pick something that you wouldn’t normally say,” he spoke softly as moved down to the foot of the bed and took one slim ankle in his hands. “That way if anything scares you and you want to stop, you just say the safe word and I’ll know that you don’t feel like trying anything else with me.”

“O-okay,” Cara tried to speak as he ran his tongue along the inside of her ankle and kissed the heel before securing her with the scarf.

He stood up then and moved to secure the scarf to the post, making sure that he left enough slack so that she wouldn’t be hurt. “Know this though, honey. When you say the safe word it all stops,” he met her eyes with his so that there would be no misunderstanding between them. “I’ll untie you and go to my apartment. So be real sure that you want things to end.”

“Okay,” Cara answered, although she had no intention of stopping him from doing anything. It was enough for her that he was giving her an out should she want it.

He moved to the other foot and began to secure it as well. “What’s the word, Cara?”

She was eyeing the long thick length of his cock when she replied, “Ahab.”

At the sound of a full-blown laugh issuing from Angel’s mouth Cara’s eyes flew up and clashed with his. “It’s big honey,” he smiled down at her, “but it’s not Moby Dick.”

Cara flushed red with embarrassment. She hadn’t expected him to make the connection, at least not yet anyway.

“Ahab it is,” Angel replied after securing the last scarf to the post and standing to face her. His gaze was filled with appreciation and lust as it ran over her from head to toe and back up again. “Do you have any condoms here? Any type of lubricant?”

She closed her eyes and moaned as she remembered him saying he was going to fuck her ass next. She'd tried it once before but it hadn't felt right, probably because neither she nor her partner at the time had really known what they were doing. Angel looked like he would know exactly what to do. "Bedside table. Top drawer."

Angel moved to the table she indicated with her finger and opened the drawer. He turned to look at her and there was no missing the huge grin that covered his face. "Well, well, well. Look at all the goodies we have in here." He pulled an unopened box of condoms out and ripped it open tearing off three packets and laying them beside her hip on the bed before setting the box on top of the table. Next he pulled out the large tube of KY Jelly she kept there. He grinned widely as he added it to the bed with the condoms. Lastly he pulled out her purple jelly dildo. It was small, only about six inches long and maybe two around, but it did the trick when she needed it. Angel tossed that on the bed as well.

"Ready to play some more, honey?" he asked quietly and joined her on the bed, moving easily into the space between her spread legs and leaning over her so that his cock was hot and hard along her thigh, his chest pressed to her back, his mouth at her ear. "Oh, honey, are we going to play?" he crooned and nipped her earlobe with his teeth.

Chapter Three

Angel was hot, hard and ready but he needed to get Cara back to that point as well. He wanted to make this as good for her as he knew it was going to be for him. Already she was turning her head, offering him the long column of flesh to nibble and suck and he didn't disappoint her. His lips left a hot, wet trail from her earlobe down to her shoulder and back up, moving across her cheek to possess her mouth. He slipped one big hand under her to fondle her lush breasts, pinching and pulling at the tight bud of her nipple.

Cara moaned and thrashed beneath him. She had an idea of what he wanted, what he planned, and she was dying to experience it with him. She had never been tied down before, had never trusted anyone enough for it and even though she and Angel had only just met there was something about him that had her trusting him. He called to a primal place inside her, releasing a wanton she had never known existed.

Angel pulled away from their kiss and nipped down to her shoulder and down the long length of her spine. He loved the feel and taste of her flesh, so soft and supple under his mouth and hands. When he reached the curve of her hip he pulled back and looked at her. She called to the dominant beast in him with her current position, tied down with on her stomach with that perfectly plump ass high in the air for him, the creamy folds of her juicy cunt peeking at him. He wanted nothing more than to ram his raging cock deep, fucking her with hard, greedy strokes until neither of them could move. And he would. Really soon.

He knelt between her spread thighs and licked along the crease of her ass, stopping and rimming the pink pucker of her anus before moving lower and stabbing his tongue into her pussy. Christ, she tasted exquisite, like the finest ambrosia, and he hungered for more. He kept his tongue in constant motion using only it to go back and forth

between her sweet pussy and her tight anus lubing her with her own juices and his saliva.

Cara moaned and cried out at his tongue play. She wanted him and didn't care at the moment where he took her. Ass. Pussy. Hell, she'd even suck his big cock right now and come. She was on fire and only Angel could take care of it.

"Please," Cara moaned, "I can't take much more."

Angel grunted and reached for the dildo he had placed on the bed. He thrust two of his fingers into her pussy and coated them with her slick juices before pulling them out and replacing them with a shallow thrust of the jelly cock. He placed the fingers at her anus and gently eased inside her to the first knuckle of both fingers and stretched her.

"Fuck honey, you're so damn tight," Angel muttered. "Have you ever had a cock here before?"

"Yes," Cara groaned and Angel felt a spark of anger at the thought of her enjoying this with someone other than him. "But I didn't like it."

Angel removed his fingers from her snug ass and reached for the tube of lubricant while still softly fucking her cunt with only about three inches of the dildo. He moved the tube to her ass and placed more lube on her anus. "You'll enjoy this with me." Angel ran his fingers through the lube until both they and her anus were well coated. "I promise that you'll enjoy every moment of it."

"Yes," Cara agreed. "Now Angel, do it now."

Angel gave a husky chuckle at her willing response. "You're not ready yet honey. But you will be soon," he promised.

He eased two fingers all the way into her ass and held them there for a long moment, letting her adjust to this new invasion and all the sensations that came with it. Then slowly he widened them, scissoring his fingers and stretching the tight tissue.

"You feel so good, honey," Angel spoke softly while working his fingers in and out of her, stretching and preparing her for his cock. "I can't wait to stick my cock up this

tight little ass and fuck you. Fuck, I want to jack off and watch my cream coat these cheeks and run down to your anus.”

“Fuck me,” Cara cried. Although she would love him to come on her sometime, right now she wanted, no needed, his cock inside her. “Fuck me now, Angel.”

“Oh, I’m going to,” he said.

Cara cried out and arched as high as her bonds would allow when as one Angel filled her pussy with the entire length of the dildo and added a third finger to the ones in her ass, pumping into her in a rhythm that had her cresting with an orgasm almost immediately.

Angel continued to fuck her, pushing her orgasm higher with the continued manipulation, loving the feel of her spasming ass around his fingers. When he felt her start to ease back down onto the bed and pillows cradling her hips he slowed the dildo and his fingers to a soft slow penetration. Finally she lay still beneath him, her body soft and pliant from the intensity of her orgasm. This was the moment he had been waiting for.

He pulled his fingers and the dildo out of her and dropped the jelly cock down and grabbed a condom and donned it quickly. He picked the lube back up and squirted a liberal amount over himself using his hand to stroke his latex-covered erection until it was generously coated. He separated her cheeks and placed the swollen tip of his cock against the slick entrance to her ass and pushed inside with a slow, firm motion until he was fully-seated. They both groaned at the snug fit and Angel worried that he wouldn’t last more than two strokes.

Cara was full to the point of pain. Her ass was burning from the stretch of taut tissue struggling to accommodate his immense girth. It was painful but it was the sharp bite of erotic pain, not debilitating in the least. He eased back until only the head remained inside her and then slowly eased in again. She wanted more, wanted harder, faster strokes, and pushed her ass back against him in silent demand.

"I don't want to hurt you, honey," Angel grunted, his teeth gritted in an attempt to hold back his need to ravage and fuck. "Slow and easy for now, honey."

When he went to ease back in she slammed her hips back again, forcing him inside with a harsh plunge that had them both catching their breaths. "Fuck me, Angel!" she demanded. "I didn't ask for your mercy so don't give it to me. Or is that it? Should I beg you to stop, Angel? Should I beg you to pull out and let me go?"

Angel snarled and pulled out only to slam home once more making Cara scream with pleasure.

"Yes! Mercy, Angel," Cara cried out, egging him toward what she wanted, what she'd been waiting for. "Mercy."

He slammed his cock in and out of her tight heat holding her hip in one big hand and slipping the other one under her, finding the tight pearl of her clit and pinching and pulling at it. "No mercy, honey," he groaned between hard slamming thrusts. "No mercy for you."

Cara felt her orgasm rip through her womb and flow like hot lava through her body until every part of her was vibrating. "Angel," she yelled. "Oh, Angel. Yes, yes, yes!"

Angel felt the tight clasp of her ass squeeze in a death grip around him and with one final, deep plunge he joined her, spilling hot spurts of cum into the condom as she pulsed and spasmed around him. He stayed that way, still pulsing inside her as they both panted and struggled to fill their lungs with air. After a long moment he slowly pulled his softening cock out of her.

Cara was limp beneath him, her body a soft cushion. Angel rubbed his hand along her spine from tailbone up to her neck and gave her a slight squeeze. "You okay honey?" he asked.

"Umm..." Cara replied, too replete and happy to form a coherent thought, much less a simple word.

Angel grinned and eased off the bed, stopping only long enough to discard the used condom in the small wastebasket beside her dresser before moving to untie her

from the scarves, leaving the scarves attached to the posts. He stopped and rubbed each limb he released, kissing and fondling her wrists and ankles. When she was finally completely untied Angel slipped the pillows from under her hips and, tossing them to the floor, joined her on the bed, pulling her head to rest on his chest.

Cara snuggled close, loving the smell of him, of them, of sex and sweat that permeated the air.

"You should pack a bag, honey," Angel murmured holding her close to him.

"Pack a bag?" Cara asked.

"We can't stay here all night, honey," Angel stated. "I kicked your door in, if you don't remember. You can come stay with me until I get it fixed."

"You don't have to do that," Cara assured him, feeling insecure now that the heat was over. What would he expect? How did you act after a one night stand with a virtual stranger?

Angel grasped her chin and lifted it up so that she had to look at him. "This isn't over between us, Cara," he told her softly. "Not unless that's what you want."

"No," she whispered, "I don't want it to be over."

Angel smiled then and his eyes sparkled. "Good, 'cause I don't think I'll ever get enough of you, honey. I want you like I've never wanted anything or anyone."

"I feel the same way," Cara agreed and pushed up his chest to align her mouth with his. "I could very easily fall in love with you, Angel," she admitted softly against his lips, surprising them both.

Angel kissed her tenderly, stroking his tongue softly along hers. Reluctantly he broke the kiss and looked into the blue orbs of her eyes. "I'm already falling for you, Cara," he told her, his eyes reflecting his words. "Be merciful with me, honey. I've never felt like this before."

Cara grinned so happy she could burst with it. "I'll show you mercy, Angel," she assured him. "I'll give you a taste of Angel's mercy."

They both laughed and snuggled closer knowing that no matter what happened from this point on they would face it together.

About the Author

Lacey Thorn spends her days in small-town Indiana, the proud mother of three. When she is not busy with one of them she can be found typing away on her computer keyboard or burying her nose in a good book. Like every woman, she knows just how chaotic life can be and how appealing that great escape can look. So toss aside the stress and tension of the never ending “to do” list. For now sit back, relax, and enjoy the ride with Lacey as she helps you to unlace and unleash the woman inside.

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

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