

ELLORA'S CAVE PRESENTS

Lap Dance

Sally Painter

Naughty
Nooners

An Ellora's Cave Romantica Publication



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Lap Dance

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LAP DANCE

Sally Painter

Chapter One

"That's it, now grind your hips," Cat Ramey's best friend coached her.

"Grind my hips? Are you crazy? I haven't even sat down in his lap, yet."

The man sitting in the chair laughed. It was a deep baritone sound that reminded her of warm sultry nights. She'd introduced herself after Pam had approached him to participate in their video.

She felt his stare moving over her and regretted letting Pam talk her into the provocative skimpy costume. Stiffening her spine, Cat met his dark gaze. Her pulse spiked.

"Get on with it, will you?" Pam whispered.

She turned to her best friend. "You have no idea how silly I feel, Pam. "I'm never going to be able to do this." She turned to leave.

"Dammit, Cat." Pam grabbed her by the forearm. "You want to win the contest or not?" Her friend dragged her over to the alcove near the bar, her brown eyes narrowing into an angry squint.

She'd hated that look ever since the first time she'd seen it in kindergarten.

"You've accomplished four of the challenges. This is the last one and you have to do a better job than anyone else to ensure you win. You have to put your heart into this. Pretend he's your boyfriend. I don't care what you have to do to make it real, but make it real."

She glanced back. The nightclub was loud. The dimly lit club was filled with brilliant, strobe light, colors flashing around them. "I can't do this. People are gathering around—"

"Yeah, it's a club where lap dances are done. Duh! Come on, you've come too far to give up now. Think about how much you want to go back to college. You can become the doctor you were going to be before your mom...well, you were a good daughter, Cat. You quit to take care of her. Now it's your time. Stay focused on the prize and what it means to you. You're going to win the car so you can get back to your classes. So suck it up and sit in that guy's lap."

"Grant," Cat said. "His name is Grant Evanston."

"Whatever, go lap dance your heart out just the way you practiced."

Stiffening her spine, Cat took a deep breath, before turning back to the handsome man still watching her. His blue eyes were like magnets and latched onto her gaze.

The crowd clapped when she returned and sexy Grant opened his arms wide in a greeting.

"Come on, Cat, I'll be good. I promise," he said, giving her a wicked grin.

She closed her eyes. This was the most humiliating challenge yet. She took a deep breath and opened her eyes to the knowing look moving over his handsome face.

"This is not personal," she said.

"Wanna bet?" he asked with a deep chuckle.

She shook her head and straddled him, letting her bare legs fall against his thighs. He released a deep groan.

Did he have to do that? Her heart pounded faster. She locked trembling hands behind his neck. Well, damn, his neck was like a thick piece of human steel. What did this guy do for a living? Or was he one of those body-builder types?

Her palms were clammy and the nightclub seemed to close in around her. The shouts and cheers were deafening as she rolled her head forward and let her long hair cover his face.

She couldn't think about how she was sitting on a stranger's lap about to grind her pussy into... She swallowed hard. Was that...oh yes...it certainly was an erection. She

lifted her head, peering at him through strands of curls. He shrugged and a slanted grin lifted one corner of his lips.

Oh, he had no shame or modesty. She closed her eyes, refusing to look at him again and started to grind against him. The last thing she wanted to see was that satisfied grin or the excitement dancing in his eyes.

She tried to imagine him as the dummy she and Pam had constructed in her apartment, but his hard cock pressing against the thin material of her costume shattered that vision.

He was real. Too real. And one of the sexiest men she'd ever seen. His dark face with even set eyes was perfect. She'd never met a man like him. Pam knew how a man with dark hair and blue eyes was a turn on for her. She didn't know whether to hate her friend or thank her.

She twisted against him and finally dared to open her eyes. The spectators crowded around them. Her heart pounded harder.

"Act sexy," Pam said, taking her role as videographer way too seriously. She frowned at her friend, squinting against the harsh light of the camera.

She could do this. She had to do it. Cat swallowed the rising lump in her throat. Yet, how could she act sexy when all she could think about were all these men watching her? She lifted her hips, trying to recall the moves she'd learned. She didn't dare look at him again lest she topple right off his lap in complete embarrassment.

"What made them select giving a lap dance for the final challenge?" His voice was low beneath the loud music and rank shouts coming from the crowd.

She leaned down to talk in his ear, pausing in her movements.

"Because no one in their right mind would humiliate themselves this way in public."

"You're going to be the winner," he chuckled and she lifted her head.

"Move those hips. No time for conversations," Pam yelled. "Just imagine being handed the keys to that new sports car." Pam's excitement only irritated Cat.

"Sports car, huh?" His condescending tone sent hot anger rushing through her.

Mister sexy Grant winked at her and Cat could have sworn his cock lifted slightly beneath his trousers. She focused on the routine, grinding and rolling her hips and desperately trying to ignore how good he felt against her.

"So all this for a little ole sports car?" he asked.

It sounded so shallow when he said it like that.

"You'll look really sexy in a sports car. I hope it's red." He shifted slightly and warm male hands gripped her by the waist.

"No touching," she said and shoved his hands from her.

"Sorry. I wasn't...I didn't mean..."

She forced a smile past the building frown. He had no idea who she was or her motives for doing this.

"The Extreme Challenge is sponsored by the Women of Charity Club. You do understand that right?" She moved to the music, undulating and swaying the way she'd practiced. Over the past week Pam had rented several videos and Cat had imitated all the moves until confident she could perform in public as the contest demanded.

"I'm more than happy to help with a worthwhile charity," he grinned. "I read online about the other challenges. Some of those looked distasteful. It's good they made the last one fun."

She tucked her lower lip beneath her teeth and turned on the look Pam had said would disarm her subject in case he distracted her with conversation.

His words choked off but his stare burned through her. Well, it shut him up, but now his arousal was the problem. He began to grind his hips and she stopped.

"I'm taping, but nothing's happening. We're running out of time. Get on with it," Pam shouted and the men behind her cheered.

Cat threw what she hoped was a withering look over her shoulder and squinted past the bright video light to her friend. They'd rented the professional camera just for this taping since some of the videos already posted on the website were poor quality. Pam said it would give them an advantage. Cat was only going to do this crazy stunt once so Pam better get it all.

"Wrap your legs around his waist...and...action," Pam said in her best director's voice. "Grind. Pump. Grind those hips."

"I'm getting a little tired of your directing." Cat lifted her legs around him to the back of the chair unable to lock her ankles. She stiffened. His cock was now pressing into her ass.

"Lean in. Lick his cheek. Make it spicy," Pam said.

Cat groaned.

"You have to do something spectacular to set you apart from all the other contestants. Kiss him!" Pam moved in closer, coming up beside them.

"I think being here in the first place is pretty spectacular." She threw over her shoulder.

"It certainly is for me," he panted. "Do you have a boyfriend?"

Her attention snapped to him.

"Less talk, more action. The dance has to last five minutes so get started," Pam interrupted.

"Your friend doesn't think this has started?" He lifted one eyebrow.

"W-What?" She moved in a mindless rhythm to the music. She'd practiced straddling a dining chair, but now that she was here, sitting in his lap, Cat found the undulating movements far more sensual and to her surprise – arousing.

She was no longer frightened. It was titillating. She rubbed her breasts against his broad chest, feeling sculpted planes beneath the crisp dress shirt. She had to remind herself he was doing her a favor and his arousal was only natural. It didn't mean he had feelings for her. They were strangers.

The thought sent a pang of sadness through her. Her nipples tingled and a delightful twinge jolted straight to her clit. An enchanted haze surrounded her. Grinding into his groin, she felt him grow harder. His breathing grew labored.

"Do the hair thing. I'll turn on the fan," Pam yelled above the music and a sudden rush of air fluttered around her.

Cat knew the routine and didn't need Pam constantly prompting her. She closed her eyes and moved with the music, loosening her hands around his neck to glide them down his chest.

He flinched under her touch and the air crackled between them. She was surprised how hot his flesh was beneath the thin shirt and for a brief moment imagined what it would be like to be with him. Her fingers itched to ease the buttons loose and press her hands against his naked chest.

The fantasy tugged her deeper and she gave over to the sultry seduction of the music and sensations streaking through her. Each movement was no longer part of the practiced routine. She was swept up in the moment. Rolling her head back, her hair fell past her shoulders and the fan's breeze snagged it, fluttering it around her in a reddish shimmer. That should be a great effect for the video. She jerked her head forward and let her tresses slash his face.

He groaned.

"Oh my god, that's so primal. Keep going!" Pam called out, but her voice was a faint whisper between his hard breathing and the music.

Cat ran her hands down his arms with fingertips gliding over bulging muscles his shirt couldn't hide. Licking her lips, she leaned backwards, allowing herself to unfold in front of him, resting her back on his thighs. Her ankles slipped against the back of the

chair and he grasped her thighs to keep her from sliding off his lap. Her heart slammed against her chest. Her flesh scorched under his large hands.

She paused to take a deep breath. The fog clouding her mind cleared and she realized she was about to lose control of the situation. Reality thundered in.

What was she doing? Her desperation to realize her dream to be a doctor had driven her to this insanity. Slowly, she sat up. Her heart slammed against her ribcage. This was insane!

Pam was saying something, but she couldn't understand her above the fan and the loud cheers. She shifted and set her feet down onto the floor. There, that was better. Weak-kneed, she straightened and flattened her hands on his shoulders. Every inch of him conveyed life...strength...sex.

She crouched down and then slowly rolled her hips in time with the music, rubbing her barely shielded pussy against his chest. His mouth opened and his tongue raked over his lower lip. Her breath caught in her chest when his stare moved from her face to her breasts. Cat knew the tight bustier made them appear ready to burst free of the sequined costume.

A small moan parted her lips and in spite of all attempts not to imagine him naked—she did. He groaned and grasped her ass, tugging her toward his face. She imagined letting his tongue slip around the panty line and slide between the fleshy mounds of her pussy. She'd then press against him and ease the growing ache between her legs. Wet heat rushed from her and the silk clung to her flesh.

"Kiss her! Kiss her!" Pam screamed.

She stared down at Grant. A small throaty sound vibrated in his chest. She swayed to the music, grinding her hips in a slow roll while stroking his cheek with the back of her hand.

"Come on, Cat, let him kiss you. Do something outrageous."

"I really want to kiss your pussy, Cat," he whispered in a deep sexy voice.

His words moved over her like an electrical shock followed by a dousing of cold water. The moment was ripped from her. This was wrong. She had lost her mind. Her breathing was sharp and fast. She stared at him and realized she hadn't followed the routine at all. Well, she didn't care. This dance was better. Spontaneous. Hot.

"Cut!" Pam said and walked over to her friend. "What are you doing? You need to let him kiss you...not there but on the lips. You have to do something as a grand climax." Pam balanced the heavy camera on her hip.

Ignoring her friend, Cat dismounted him.

"What are you doing, Cat?" he asked. Disappointment flashed across his eyes.

On wobbly legs, Cat started across the club, pushing past the onlookers.

"Come back, Cat! You can't just leave. We have to finish this," Pam called after her.

Chapter Two

Cat arrived home, exhausted and shaken from the experience. She'd become so caught up in needing to win the competition that she'd tossed all reason aside. Maybe tomorrow things wouldn't feel so strange. Still, she'd be too embarrassed to ever watch the video and knew Pam was probably rushing home to upload it onto the contest website. A knot churned in her stomach.

What did Grant think of her? She shook her head. Why did she care? Yet...something about him intrigued her. It was as though she'd been put under a spell of some kind.

She shed the costume and slipped on an oversized t-shirt. Maybe she could fall asleep and just forget all about it. She climbed underneath the covers and closed her eyes. His face flashed against the darkness of her eyelids. She couldn't get him out of her mind. The way he smelled of cologne and tobacco from the club's cigar room. His crisp shirt beneath her fingertips cloaked the hardest body she'd ever felt.

And that sexy grin. That knowing look in his eyes. A streak of excitement shot through her. She opened her eyes and stared across the room. What had possessed her tonight. A shadow fell into the room from outside and she shot up in bed. Impossible. She was on the third floor.

Shaking, she tossed back the covers and swung her legs over the side of the bed. Her feet sank into the plush carpet and she crept over to the window. Nothing. She peered through the window panes, trying to see along the ledge. This was silly.

She turned away. The shadow moved over the floor again and she spun around. A small yelp rushed past her lips for standing on the ledge was Grant.

"What the hell?" Her mind rejected what she saw. She must be dreaming. That was it. This was a dream.

"Open the window," he said.

No way was Grant outside her window much less speaking to her. No fucking way!

"Open the window, Cat," he said.

This was one of her most vivid dreams—ever. Her panic receded.

"I won't hurt you. Open the window, now."

Numb and as though in a trance, she did as he commanded and unlocked the window. She tugged it up and he reached inside. Cat found herself being lifted through the opening and gathered her in his arms,.

"I'm dreaming," she gasped as strong arms wrapped around her. Before she could speak, Cat found herself being lifted into the air. She looked down at the city lights beneath her. "Oh my god! We're flying!" Her mind rejected it. She gripped his broad shoulders and clung to him as he flew over the city. Grant had wings? She shook her head.

This was no dream. It felt too real.

"Stop! Take me back to my apartment," she screamed. She'd wake up in a moment and find herself in bed.

"I won't hurt you," he spoke in a deep voice. "I only want to please you."

That voice was enough to make her quiver in erotic expectancy. Heat rushed over her. Strong arms tightened around her. Cat clung to him as he pumped broad dark wings. They rose higher toward the canopy of stars. Cat squinted, willing the fantasy to end and reality to return. *Wake up!*

"How can this be?" she murmured.

They flew further away from the city toward a hillside mansion. The world spun around her.

"I'm spellbound and I've come to finish what you started tonight."

"But...you're flying."

"I know." He continued to fly toward the mansion. "This is my home."

"But...but...why didn't you just knock on my door?"

"Where's the romance in that?" he laughed.

"How can you fly? I mean you have wings. Feathers. Did you know you have wings?" she asked, knowing how silly that sounded.

"Only when I want them."

He lowered them into a courtyard and let her slide down his length until her bare feet touched the tiles, still warm from the day's sun.

"What...what are you?" she asked.

"Anything you want me to be, Cat."

"Can you give a straight answer?" she asked, looking around the grounds.

"Come." He held out his hand and she took it. "I've been waiting for a woman daring enough to do the very thing she feared. You are that woman, Cat. Tonight you did something that frightened you. I mean, you were trembling and yet you continued with it."

"I ran away."

"You didn't run, you walked. A very sexy walk."

"I don't understand. What do you want?"

"I want you to finish the lap dance, of course." His warm breath fell over her.

Delightful shivers raced to her pussy. She hugged herself against uncontrollable trembling. Shock. She must be in shock.

"You're a very talented dancer. I haven't had a lap dance like that in centuries," he said.

She stared at him, dropping her gaze to the ground, but retraced the path back to his groin. He was still wearing the dress shirt and slacks, but his wings had disappeared.

"Are you a...vampire?" Her heartbeat pounded in her ears.

He shook his head. "I'm a gargoyle." He grabbed her hand and led her toward the door.

"Ah...gargoyle? But I thought they were ugly. I mean. Well, it's just..."

"You can believe in a vampire easier than a gargoyle?" He opened the door and allowed her to enter first.

The entrance hall was massive and decorated in marble and wrought ironwork. Thick rugs, rich in color and design graced the floor.

"Is this your home?"

"Yes."

"Gargoyle? I mean, you're gargoyles? For real? Are you immortal like vampires?"

"Yes. I can appear as a human during the night but at daybreak I revert to my gargoyle form."

"So you can use wings whenever you like?"

"Come." He led her through a series of rooms ornately decorated with so many antiques she felt as though she were in a museum. If these were all original pieces then he must be very old.

He led her through arched doorways onto a terrace that overlooked the city below.

"Shall we finish your dance?" he asked and sat down in a patio chair.

"You're serious?"

"Very. For a gargoyle, once something is started it must be completed or we never rest."

"But...I mean, you do realize I was doing it for a contest."

"And it must be completed." He sat waiting. "Please."

She considered him and in spite of her denial. Cat wanted to finish it, too. She wanted to recapture the excitement she'd felt being with him.

"Okay. I owe you that much for being such a good sport tonight. I need music."

"Music," he said and snapped his fingers.

The grinding beat of drums was accompanied by instruments. She looked around for the speakers.

"I'm a magical being, Cat. I can do many things." The suggestive tone in his voice sent wet heat rushing between her legs. Delightful twinges perked nerve endings into high alert. She no longer cared if this was real or a dream. She would eagerly meet his challenge to complete the dance.

Dressed only in the t-shirt, she walked over to him and planted one foot on his knee and leaned forward, letting her hair fall forward. She knew her position gave him a slight glimpse of her pussy, but she was committed to seducing him. After all, it was her dream.

His attention flashed to her legs. He stiffened in the chair and lowered his head slightly. She heard the low catch in his breath when his gaze settled on her pussy. Slowly, she lowered her leg and turned from him. She sensed his disappointment. Excited pulses throbbed to her pussy.

Swaying to the music, she danced around him, teasing him as though she was going to straddle him again, only to step away. She lifted the hem of the t-shirt just enough for him to glimpse the bottom of her ass while twirling away from him.

The heat of his gaze touched her and she responded by moving just a little slower, knowing how each movement made his pulse pound harder. He reached for her and she spun away. Finally, he stood from the chair and she was shocked to find him naked. When had that happened?

Well, of course he was naked, she mentally laughed. This was a dream and he was a magical creature. She let her gaze dip below his face. His chest was broad and packed with muscles. She glanced to his waist and found his cock—engorged and erect.

She swallowed the dryness in her throat and stopped dancing. The sultry summer night engulfed her. Serenaded by a chorus of crickets, she felt very much like Eve in paradise. Cat licked her lips, taking in every inch of his tanned body.

"Hmm," was all she could push past the numbness disconnecting her brain to her body. He took a step closer and she looked up into his blue eyes. As blue as any summer sky. Quickening pulses singed her sensitive areas.

"You are so beautiful," he said in a low voice. "You truly awakened me. You left the club before I made you come. I want to make you come, Cat...again...and again."

He knew she'd been close to orgasm at the club? Heat flashed over her cheeks. She watched his cock buoying in front of him as he closed the distance between them. Anticipation screamed through her. When his powerful arms encircled her, Cat tilted her head back to receive his kiss.

Firm lips touched hers ever-so lightly before pressing harder. She met his passion, melting against his body. Tender breasts crushed against his broad chest. Her sensitized nipples turned into hard buds, tingling with the need to feel his lips suckling them. She flattened her hands over his flexed biceps. She rose onto tiptoes and pressed against into him.

His deep groan vibrated between their kiss and nimble fingers slid to the hem of her t-shirt. He broke from the kiss and lifted the cotton shirt over her head. Cat helped him remove it and he tossed it to the ground.

"Oh baby." His voice was full of the same lust throbbing in her. Anxious heat stoked delightful sensations to her swollen clit.

He cupped her breasts in his hands and burrowed his face into them. Running his tongue over a puckered areola, he encircled the nipple with his tongue in a moist teasing path. She held her breath, waiting for him to close his lips around it, and when he did, a throaty moan vibrated inside her. He teased the hardened bud, sucking it into his mouth and tenderly nibbling on it. An onslaught of quickening pulses rushed to her pussy and took her breath away.

She wasn't sure when he'd lowered her onto the ground, but came to her senses with the feel of grass cushioning her ass. He trailed a series of short kisses over her

abdomen leaving a tingling path to her pussy. Her breasts rose and fell in ragged breaths of anticipation.

Masculine fingertips brushed in featherlike strokes over the lips of her pussy. A whimper escaped her and she writhed under his touch, longing to feel his fingers press into her swollen clit. Each time she rolled her hips in an effort to make contact, he pulled away.

"You're driving me crazy." She would beg if that was what it took.

"Easy, love, I'm saving the best for last." He lifted his head and let his stare travel from her face to her breasts, lingering there for a brief glance before dipping to her pussy.

He toyed with her, stroking the length of her slit. She quivered. Warm juices rushed from her, drenching her thighs and a slow smile spread over his lips. She wondered if he sensed her arousal. Could he feel that her flesh was on fire.

"Your scent is sweet," he said. "Why don't you open your legs for me so I can see you better?"

"Oh yes," she said and spread her legs, lifting her hips slightly.

"Do you want it?" he asked and ran his forefinger around her opening.

"You know I do." She licked her lips.

His low chuckle fanned over her legs as he leaned down. "One kiss, then you must finish the lap dance," he said, raising his eyebrows as though punctuating his command with a question.

"Anything," she sighed.

He lowered his face to her pussy and she tilted her hips to meet him. His lips pressed into her flesh and Cat gasped. Her mind whirled with a rush of blood under the wave of incredible sensations.

His tongue flicked against the outer lips of her pussy and she spread her legs wider, trying to encourage him to touch that one place so hot and throbbing for release. She knew she'd come the moment his tongue touched her nub, but she needed release.

"Please," she whispered. His tongue touched her clit in a fast flicking and the sensation was too powerful to contain. Electric pulses shot through her. He pressed harder. She writhed. The energy shot up her spine and she was grasped by a series of spasms.

* * * * *

Grant groaned, unable to stop tasting her even though he wanted her to finish the lap dance. Just a little more. It had been so long since he'd made love to a human female. He intended to enjoy every second of it. Human flesh was sweet to the taste and a woman's scent was like an elixir. Sweet paradise, he craved her. She was the one. He'd known it the moment he'd entered the club and seen her. His last night of freedom and the energy signature he sought had encased the building, giving him renewed hope. He might have a future. He leaned down to kiss her pussy once more. Her flesh tasted so luscious. Sweet nectar. What would happen when he told her why he'd followed her home? Once she knew, would she run away from him in fear? Like the others had?

He flicked the tip of his tongue over her heated flesh, sensing her renewed arousal. He knew the pleasure each touch gave her. The sensual rhythm of a woman in urgent arousal was the most exhilarating thing he knew. Gods and goddesses, he loved how she danced to the beat of sexual want.

He was an addict, governed by the essence of a human female. Of course, his need for a human woman was by design. Only a human female could break the gargoyle curse.

"I've waited so long for you. I was caught in the sun many years ago. And once every twenty years I regain my freedom to live as a man. For one night." He didn't tell

her that tonight offered him the chance to finally be free of his prison and live the days as a gargoyle and the nights as a man— forever.

“I don’t understand.”

“You don’t need to,” he said. There would be time to tell her about the curse that imprisoned his entire family for a misdeed long forgotten. He paused.

Could she truly be the one to free him?

Or was she like countless others? Would she also flee when she saw his true gargoyle form? Sweet paradise, would she be able to withstand the intense lovemaking required to make him whole again?

She moaned and his thoughts melted in a need to please her. Just a little more, yet not enough to make her come. Just enough to make her pliable to his demands. He inserted a finger into her opening and she whimpered under the new sensation. Hooking his finger, he massaged the wall of her pussy. She gasped and he knew he’d found the precious spot. Her muscles clamped around his finger.

His healing could be found only in her pleasure. He lifted his head, knowing her body would need a few moments to recover enough to arouse again and was surprised when she went rigid against him. A smaller orgasm that seemed to surprise her, quickened his blood.

“Sexy lady,” he said and pulled his fingers from her, slowly massaging the outer rim of her opening. He slathered her clit with slow gentle tongue strokes until her hips began to roll once more. He felt her arousal building and quickened his strokes, this time pressing a finger into her anus while inserting two fingers into her opening.

“So much pleasure,” she gasped. “You make me come so hard and fast.”

He finger-fucked her, keeping rhythm with his tongue against her clit. She thrashed beneath his toying, gasping for air and moving toward another release. He pressed his finger deeper into her asshole. The walls of her pussy clenched and she spasmed again in a hard grip.

"Oh, Grant," she panted. Her body throbbed around his fingers and he pressed kisses into her pussy, running his tongue along the outer lips now glistening with her juices.

He smiled. His expertise to bring her so quickly and completely to a powerful orgasm was the result of hundreds of years of lovemaking. Years of seeking the one woman capable of accepting him. Thoughts of her turning from him made him pause, and yet, what if she was the only one who would see him for what he was and not for what he had never been?

A man.

It was so simple a thing, yet so monumental. He stared down at her lying there so perfect and beautiful. His cock twitched and all concerns fled. He longed to join her in that blissful orgasmic release, but wanted to give her one more moment of pleasure. It was then he'd join her and they would share a final orgasm. It was then he'd shift back into the creature so many lovers in the past found frightening. Too frightening to love. Would she, too, cringe at the sight of him. She was his last hope. This was his last chance.

She rolled her head back and forth in a sensual movement that told him how much she was enjoying the lingering afterglow. He sat back on his heels and stared down at her.

"Come give me that lap dance," he said and held his hands out to her.

"O-Okay," she mumbled through the sex fog he knew wrapped around her in a feeling of warmth and incredible satisfaction.

The power of sex was something he understood and had mastered in his attempt to find the one woman capable of enduring the entire ritual lovemaking necessary to transform him.

"That felt so good," she whispered as he helped her stand. Grant sat down in the patio chair, aware his erection presented more of what she might find at the end of such a dance instead of the beginning. "You do realize I've never done a lap dance until

tonight, don't you? You were the last of five challenges in the Extreme Challenge I entered. My prize was going to be a new sports car. I didn't finish the dance the way I'd planned. That car was going to be my ticket back to college." Her voice vibrated with regret.

"A noble cause. I'm glad I was your last challenge. I understand about challenges. I've struggled with one for a long time."

"You have?" she asked, moving to sit on his lap.

"I shall tell you about it later," he said, grabbing her by the waist and pulling her into his kiss. She opened her mouth to his probing tongue. Hot and sweet. He stroked her tongue with his as she straddled his lap. She broke from the kiss.

"Grant," she gasped, moving to take him inside her.

"You're tight," he breathed, easing into her moist opening. His cock pulsed under the rigid tightness of her fleshy heat. "You feel so good." He molded his hands around her perfect ass and tugged her closer.

She touched the tip of her tongue to her lower lip and dragged it across the plump flesh. His heart pounded harder.

"You're the biggest man I've ever fucked," she gasped and eased further down his shaft.

Her tender flesh stretched to accommodate him and at last he slipped the rest of the way inside her so their bodies were joined as closely as possible.

He groaned, unable to say what he was feeling. Unable to tell her how perfectly they fit together. How her sweet cunt made him burn with the need to fuck her hard and fast, and how he wanted to savor every precious moment. He massaged her ass and released a deep groan.

Her full breasts bounced under the rocking movement as she ground her pelvis into him. If she kept this up, he'd never last long enough to take her to the next orgasm.

"I have a mission, Cat," he panted, leaning back on his elbows to get a better view of her supple body twisting and undulating in the night.

"So do I," she grinned. "I'm going to fuck you so good you'll sprout wings again and carry me off into the night—forever." Her giggle sent his heart hammering and something deep inside him quickened. What was that? He'd never had such a feeling. Excitement and something else.

"I told you mine, so what is your mission?" Her long hair fell over her face as she leaned over him.

"To bring you to orgasm one more time. Do you think you can meet the challenge?" he asked.

"Hmm. Just one?" A slow deliciously wanton smile spread over her pouty lips.

"You can free me, Cat. Come sunrise I'll change back into a gargoyle statue. Trapped for another twenty years unless I join with a human female."

"Like we're doing now?"

"You must accept me and then I'm free, but you..."

"I accept you, Grant."

"You don't understand. I must transform into my gargoyle form. Now." He choked off the words, waiting for the familiar protest and comments of disgust.

"It'll be my honor to free you, Grant. Enough talk," she panted, "play with my clit, make me come again." She tucked her lower lip between her teeth.

He couldn't believe it. She'd offered no protest—yet. He felt his face changing, shifting into his true form. The slits along his back widening and his wings unfurling. The wind caught within their arch, fluttering over the thousands of dark feathers. His facial muscles tightened as he shifted into the half-lion, half-man gargoyle image.

She stared at him, showing no fear. "You're even sexier like this," she whispered.

Joy seized him. She wasn't repulsed. She hadn't panicked. She was accepting. Of him! Freedom would be his. The frantic excitement shoved all thoughts aside.

"Please don't stop now," she whispered.

He moved his hand between her legs, scraping past his pubic hair to her shaven pussy. He found the fleshy nub swollen and took his time, massaging her, feeling the wet heat seeping around his cock. Snug and embedded deep inside her.

Pre-cum escaped the crown of his cock and mixed with her juices as she rolled her hips, quickening her pace as the frenzy burst through her and the walls of her pussy once more clamped around him.

He couldn't wait. Nothing on earth could keep him from taking her. Shifting beneath her, Grant was surprised when she reared back with a satisfied cry, parting her lips as she climaxed the final time.

He raised his wings, lifting from the chair to lower her onto the dew-covered bed of grass. He moved over her, slipping deeper into her channel. Sweat broke out over his back and he pounded his cock into her pussy. The sound of his balls slapping her ass filled the night, echoing across the lake. She felt so good.

He didn't want it to end, but the blood pumped to the tip of his cock. Molten fire pooled around the bloom of his crown and he knew he couldn't last much longer.

She breathed harder and wrapped her legs around his waist. Was she going to come yet again? In answer to his unspoken question, tightness clamped around his cock, drawing his cum up the shaft in an explosive release. His hot seed burst inside her and his body went rigid. Sweat rolled down his back and he was seized by spasms. Groaning, he stared down at her.

"Grant," she whispered. Half-shuttered eyes stared up at him like liquid pools, reflecting his own satisfaction.

She was looking at him, not scrambling away in fear. Instead, she smiled up at him and stroked his face with her hand.

"You're sexy like this, too. I loved seeing the inner you burst forth," she said.

"Y-You aren't frightened by my looks."

"You're still the same man whose lap I sat on. You accepted me and helped me with my challenge. Why are you surprised I would help you?"

His throat burned and he swallowed past the lump. He had at long last found redemption after a lifetime of searching. He had found acceptance. His face muscles relaxed and he shifted back into his human form.

"You've broken the curse, Cat. How can I ever thank you?"

"Oh, I can think of a few things," she giggled.

"Come sunrise I shall turn back into a gargoye, but I won't ever be stone again unless I venture into daylight and only then will it be until sunset. Stay with me, Cat. Let me show you the night," he paused.

"I want you, Grant," she smiled and ran her hand over his face. "I'd like very much to ride the night with you." She glanced over his back.

He laughed. "It looks like you did make me sprout wings again. I'm going to carry you off into the night, Cat, and come sunrise I'm never letting you go."

The End

About the Author

When an astrologer told Sally, “Beneath that smart business suit you’re wearing beats the heart of a Hussy,” she was inspired!

Born in the South and into an Irish/Scottish family meant storytelling was a natural part of her life, especially the ghost stories of her state. From an early age she had many encounters with real ghosts and years later was invited to participate in a three-year paranormal project. Sally went on to host a monthly paranormal workshop and paranormal radio talk show.

Nowadays when not writing hot sexy gargoyles, vampires and futuristic hunks, she takes off on a new adventure with her soul mate husband, enjoys her family and hangs out with friends.

Sally 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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