



Red Rose Publishing

Going Home Again



Raven Starr

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By

Raven Starr



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I would love to give thanks to my friends that keep me strong and teases my muse.
And a special to my dear friends Barb, get well soon; Pan, thanks for your sanity
and kindness; Ottavia, the other half of my movie brain. You owe me a coke,
remember?
I love you all.

Since my first love is poetry, please enjoy this sexy tidbit I call My Kiss.

Raven Starr

My Kiss

My kiss you will miss
it is so tantalizingly sweet.

But do not dismiss,
for it means so much more as our lips touch.

The fire ignites
once I am in your sight
You will fear no more
No misery. No pain
or constant pressure in your brain.

All of this too shall drain away
to be replaced by utter bliss
for it is my kiss that you will miss.

Chapter One

Raine sat staring at the blank computer screen, lost in her thoughts.

She was a daydreamer, and the kicker was that most of her dreams came true, just to other people around her. The world had a crazy way of playing games with her. Orphaned at young age, she stumbled through life. She had a damn good head on her shoulders, at least she thought so. *Why is it easier for other people than for me*, she wondered as her fingers flew over the keys. *I give and give, and everyone just takes from me*. Especially men; they somehow knew she was a big-hearted person.

“Men,” she scoffed as she began banging on the space bar repeatedly.

As if that special man she searched for was even out there to begin with, she could barely get a date. Well, that’s not true she wasn’t ugly, but most of the men that wanted to date her were, let’s just say they’re not always the brightest lights in the case.

Raine was short and petite. Her smooth coco colored skin glistened under the office lights. It took time for her to grow accustom to the rude jokes about her dark skin or the glares she received from her colleagues, but now she didn’t let that bother her as much. She loved her soft dark skin. Her weight was another issue even though she ate like a horse she never seemed to gain much weight. She had a

thin, shapely waist, flat stomach and silky legs. Her round butt just couldn't be hidden underneath her clothes, no matter how hard she tried. She wore a beautiful Cherokee pendant that had been passed down through generations of women in her family; it hung neatly between her firm breasts. She touched it, involuntarily thinking of how she may never be able to pass the family heirloom down, especially if she didn't find Mr. Right.

She parted her full lips and flashed one of her onlookers a hell of a smile while her brown eyes dazzled the male onlooker, but pissed off the female one. *Oh well*, she thought. *You can't win 'em all*. See that was her problem. She could get a date with some half-wit that only looked at her like a sex-pot, but she wanted so much more. No, it wasn't getting a date that pissed her off so much. It was getting a date with the right man. That was the problem.

On the other hand, maybe that was where her problem began. Raine knew what she liked and unfortunately, knew what she didn't like even more, to the extent of making a Mr. Right check list. Being a romantic girl at heart, her dream man played the hero on every television set in America, and in every young romantic girl's heart, especially hers. She wanted, no needed, to get away from this humdrum lifestyle of the big city and maybe get back to her roots. She missed the fresh country air in Tennessee, along with her dual fireplaces and listening to the crickets singing in dark night rather than cars racing by.

The smell of wood burning mixed with the scent of country ham frying on the stove had been long forgotten. Along with her tight jeans, cowgirl boots, and riding chaps. She yearned to ride her horses or sit in shadows of tall spruce trees again. Most of all she missed the peace and quiet. *That's it!* She turned off the computer and began packing her bag. She was going home. *It has to be better there than here*, she thought picking up the phone and dialing.

Raine stared aimlessly out the window; when a voice picked up the other end of the phone, she sprung into action.

“Hello, Mrs. Johnson?” she said politely. “Yes, this is Miss. Starr. I’m glad to hear from you too. I was wondering if it would be possible to,” she as paused as the voice on the other line chatted excitedly. “Yes, I am coming home.” She pulled a pencil from the bun on top of her head as she jotted down some information across a tore sheet of paper. “Yup,” she said smiling. “I’ll call ya when I get in. Thanks...” she added as she hung up the phone.

Raine’s smile widened when she stared at the piece of paper almost in disbelief. She arched her sculpted eyebrow and bit her lower lip as she pondered her decision.

“What do I have to lose?” she asked grabbing her Coach bag from underneath her desk. She stuffed it with miscellaneous pieces of paper, a few pencils and three blue pens. She took the only remaining photo of her mother and

her grandmother together, and then cast one last look at her cubicle. She snapped the light off, flung her jacket over her arm and walked to a new destiny.

Raine fiddled with her ear nervously as she drove into the driveway of her new home, anxious to get her first real look inside. It was the log home she had always wanted. *I guess being a writer was a good idea after all*, she thought. Staring at the size of the home, she grew very nervous. She turned off the car and slowly got out, fixing her mirrored sunglasses on the bridge of her small nose. The late afternoon wind blew through her hair, tossing tendrils around her straw hat. She inhaled deeply, enjoying the fresh clean scent. She admired the home for another second before reaching her hand inside her jeans pocket and digging out the keys for the big oak front door.

Inside, she dropped her bag and gazed in shock at the exposed, low hanging wood beams. Her eyes caressed each exposed beam and marveled at the artistry of the house. The large living room was sunken with a built in fireplace. Giant skylights filled the room with natural light. It had a chocolate brown tooled leather wrap around couch set with decorative sham pillows that offered a cozy atmosphere. The couch sat across from the French Patio doors that led to the outside. To the right was the kitchen area, filled with brand new chrome appliances that shined brightly. She loved to cook and could not wait to settle in.

She turned around her eyes jumping from object to object, until she finally saw the view from the floor to ceiling windows.

“Oooooohh,” she purred as she walked to the large porch. She could see the tops of the pine and spruce trees. She inhaled the clean fresh air. *This is what I needed*, she thought as she leaned against the railing unknowing that the termites had been feasting on the inner bark for weeks. The wooden railing swayed then, broke.

“Whoa!” she yelled as she held onto the end. “Damn it!” she said as her hands slid down the wooden pole embedding splinters in her palms. “This figures. I come all the way out here to die,” she said shaking her head.

“Not today, sexy lady,” a deep raspy voice came from below her.

“What?” Raine wiggled around to try to see who was talking to her, this time letting go of the pole as it cracked again she found herself in the arms of the most handsome man she had ever seen instead of the unforgiving ground.

The stranger had dark deep eyes, the kind of eyes a girl could get lost in. She felt his hard muscles cradling her ever so gently.

“Wow,” she said more to herself than anyone else.

“Well, thanks.” The stranger flashed a charming smile and softly placed her back on her feet.

Raine stared at the man’s body in pure amazement. She couldn’t see any flaws. She wondered how his body looked underneath his clothes. He filled out his

worn blue jeans completely and his flannel shirt looked almost in pain with his taunt muscles bugling against it. She felt her cheeks tinge red. She looked up from where she had fallen; glad this handsome man had happened by to save her from the embarrassing and probably painful fall.

“That’s pretty high, huh?” she asked straining not to stare at him.

“Yup, it sure is. I’m sorry about that. I didn’t get a chance to fix it before ya got out here. Mrs. Johnson just informed me late Wednesday evening of your arrival. I really hope you’re not hurt though.”

The man looked deep into her eyes as if searching for some secret injuries.

“I’m okay, thanks to you. That was some catch.” Her eyes captured his body, imprinting his manly image in her memory.

“Oh, I am Jordan, by the way. I’m the so-called handyman. You must be Miss. Starr.” Jordan held out his hand and she gladly shook it.

There must be something wrong with him, she thought. “My name is Raine.”

“Your name suits you, you know? It is very rare and beautiful, like you.”

Jordan became a little aware of just how cheesy he sounded and switched subjects. *Damn she is beautiful*. “I don’t live far from here.” He nodded to a path down the hill. “I can come by tomorrow and fix this or I could start right now.”

“Everything in the house is brand new. Have you seen the loft yet?” He looked up at the window where he knew the loft was located. He saw from the corner of his eye that she was staring at his firm rear. “Look nice?” he questioned as he leaned closer to her inhaling her sweet scent.

When she giggled, all he wanted to do was take her back into his arms and turn that giggle into a moan of need. Thankfully she didn’t turn around though, and he was relieved, if not frustrated, to taste her.

“Yea, it’s great. I better go change and get cleaned up,” she said.

He watched as she slowly wiped the dirt off her hands being careful to pull out any remaining splinters. “It was nice looking at you. I mean talking to you, Jordan,” she stammered with a tinge of red on her smooth cheeks as she walked swiftly back towards the house.

Jordan called after her, “Tomorrow then?”

“Yep, tomorrow,” Raine replied and closed the door behind her.

Chapter Two

Raine sank deep into the hot water of her bath. The bathtub had old fashioned clawed feet with deep sidewalls. The tinted water smelled of sweet lilac flowers and fluffy white bubbles covered the surface. Pale blue candles burned throughout the bathroom while “Open Arms” by Journey played on the radio. She sipped her red wine as thoughts of the day popped into her mind.

This is a classic story in the making, the damsel falls unknowingly into the open arms of a handsome stranger. Just my luck, he’s probably gay.

Raine smirked as she tasted the sweet red wine. He was quite handsome, when they shook hands she was surprised by how soft it was. *I mean if he was the handyman then his hands would be rough, right?* Her mind was full of questions with no real answers; she should write crime novels instead of the fantasy.

Nevertheless, when she wrote she felt free, as if there was nothing she couldn’t do. Writing wasn’t only her job, but it made up quite a bit of who she was and what she strived to become. She had been writing since she could hold a pencil, always pushing herself farther and harder than anyone else. She looked at her hands, as she opened and closed them slowly, watching the tendons and muscles work.

Her eyes dropped down to look at the long scar that now was a permanent fixture on her right wrist. She had written too much; since she was two, always writing, scribbling or drawing something. The tendons in her right hand were not as strong as they used to be. They were weak, causing her much unneeded pain and anger, especially when she wrote. *No more operations, no more 'miracle drugs' to help the pain* she vowed to herself. She would not stop doing the one thing in this life that she enjoyed the most; this was her test and she was going to keep writing until her hands fell off.

Raine tightened her fist, feeling the sharp pains course through her hand before placing it back under the water hiding the object pain from view. The music on the radio had changed, another love song floated sappy tunes through the house. She knew life was short, not always very sweet, happy or lucky. Raine wanted to experience as much as she could. Most of all she wanted to experience love. She had had two serious boyfriends in her life. Both were jerks that treated her as some closet case mystery. *Big time jerks*. Anthony, her first choice at love, seemed like a nice guy, he was in the music business and toured a lot, which should have been her first red flag.

They had met while he was out on tour. *Jerk*, she thought remembering their first meeting. At first, Anthony wasn't even her type and didn't even make the Mr. Right list, but he kept talking to her and she eventually gave him a chance. She and

Anthony had a blast until she found out that she wasn't the only girl in his life.

Second red flag. She found out without much effort that his new personal assistant really took her job personally and had finally been promoted to knocked up girlfriend. Raine thought it was in the best interest of the kid to bow out gracefully. The sex had been good though and sometimes she missed those times.

Kevin was her second jab at love, but he had been a road well traveled with various women and she didn't want to be another notch on his full bedpost. So that was that, short but sweet.

Here she lay in this huge bath tub in a beautiful home and she still wasn't happy. In fact, what was happiness anyway? She shrugged, splashing the water around so much that some of it dripped down the porcelain bathtub. Her life could be such a big struggle, one terrible thing after another and she was getting really tired of fighting just for a place to stand.

Raine ran her slender fingers through her long black hair, enjoying the smooth wet texture of her hair.

"Okay," she said to herself as she slowly stood up to let the droplets of water run madly down her beautiful naked skin. She stepped out of the tub, instantly the cool air made her nipples hard.

Carefully she walked across the Brazilian cherry wood floor to her bed, leaving her wet footprints along the way. She dried off with a fluffy red towel then

pulled a blue and white basketball jersey over her head, and with a cat-like grace, she crawled across the bed.

“Jordan,” she said wishing she could touch his chiseled body. “I wonder what his deal is?” she wondered out loud. She felt the power of sleep taking over, so she quickly trotted to blow out her candles, switch off the sad love songs, then collapsed back in the bed, falling into the realm of dreams.

The next morning she awoke to an annoying banging.

“Now this is just like the city,” she murmured as she got up to find the source of this noise. When she climbed down the ladder into the sunken living room, she saw him and she thought he looked magnificent.

Jordan had started working on the broken railing as promised. The sun barely had enough time in the sky to saturate the earth but sweat already clung to his tanned chest and arms. *But does it have to be so damned early in the morning that he wakes me up, ugh!* His hands worked the tools like he was a surgeon performing surgery. She licked her full lips with her wet tongue. She walked to the kitchen for some juice, she poured two glasses.

“Hey,” she said leaning against the side of the sliding door, her short black robe was loosely tied and her round tits were just barely showing through her jersey.

“Care for a break?” she asked stepping through the open sliding glass door. Jordan turned around and something in his dark eyes flashed at her.

“Sure.” He reached over and grabbed the glass from her. Their fingertips brushed and when he pulled his hand away, she longed for his touch again.

He was almost six feet tall with broad shoulders; his chest had just a few hairs, not covered like a rug or anything. He had a washboard stomach and she could see the beginning of his dark love trail that began beneath his belly button.

“I was wondering what all the banging was?” she said with a coy smile.

“Oh, I’m sorry. I forgot. I kinda rise early,” he replied admiring her brown silky skin. Instantly her eyes went to his zipper, Jordan chuckled as he followed her gaze. “Yea, he wakes up early too,” he said with a smile.

Raine smiled shyly. “Sorry,” she mumbled and turned her head in the opposite direction.

“Why did you do that?” he countered licking the juice from his lips.

“Why did I do what? I’m sorry it’s a bit early for me still,” she asked.

“Why be sorry? Don’t be sorry,” he said leaning very close to her.

“Well, I...” She started but the words faded as he came close enough to her that her so nipples grazed his chest. He towered over her as he bent down with his lips inches from hers. His sweet breath gently caressed her mouth. Her brain

scream at him to kiss her, then as if hearing her subliminal message his tongue darted out and quickly licked her soft lips.

Mmmm, his tongue tastes good. Tastes like candy.

He swept her up in his arms kissing her passionately on the mouth. At first, she was shocked that he had heard her thoughts but feeling Jordan's thick pink tongue in her mouth turned her on. Never had she been kissed with so much gusto. She held him tightly and kissed him back with such intent that within moments they were tearing at each other's clothes like wild animals. Jordan put his hands underneath her jersey and cupped her perfectly round rear ass tightly. She moaned softly in his ear as she wrapped her shapely legs around his waist. He pulled her jersey down to bite her nipples.

He loved the way she grabbed his shoulders as she leaned back, rubbing her now hot body against his rock hard member. *She feels so good*, he thought, rocking her throbbing clit against him.

Jordan and Raine stared at each other for a while, as their passion created a fire that roared between them. Ever so gently, he laid her back on the soft leather sofa. She lay there, waiting; watching him with those mystical brown eyes as he slowly slid his hands up her thighs. She bit her bottom lip, then seductively moved

her waist. He smiled as he pushed up her nightshirt. Her smooth skin beckoned for him to kiss and lick her inner thigh.

Raine gripped the end of the couch as he pulled at her silk panties with his teeth. She let out a slight gasp, as he drew closer to her sweet spot. She felt his breath upon her thighs and her legs shook in anticipation of his clever tongue. Her breath caught just as he was about to taste her, she felt a drop of water hit her, then again she moaned as she felt another drop and then another.

Raine opened her eyes to find she had fallen asleep on the porch. “Damnit! At least let me finish.” She scowled as she hurriedly packed up her things and went inside. *What a rip off*, she thought. *Why the hell am I dreaming about him?* He was good looking and his body alone was pure damnation. She had to get him out of her head.

Raine changed her out of her damp clothes. She threw on some faded blue jeans and pulled on a hooded grey sweatshirt. Her scruffy old sneakers were perfect for this weather. The rain outside subsided as she pulled the door closed behind her. She loved being outside in the open, felt connected to nature and to the earth. Sometimes she boasted to her old buddies that she was an alien from Mars or Venus because of her intense love of the nature. She laughed lightly and said, “Probably not Venus, since it is the planet of love and I’m certainly lacking in

that department.” She bounded down the steps in an attempt to rid her thoughts of her sexy handyman.

Her feet sank into the soft earth. The misty rain made a fog rise from the wet ground. She inhaled deeply enjoying the smell of the dirt and trees around her as she traveled down the path. Her thoughts turned from Jordan to how her heart and soul had been wounded and damaged by men, life and death. She lived in her writing now, because it is only there that she felt safe.

The trees held the smell of the freshly fallen rain and everything in the forest came alive. The sun started to move from behind the clouds to zap up the dampness the seeped into the ground. She stared up at the sky amazed at the constant change in the weather. The rushing water caught her attention before she saw it. In the midst of the trees and blooming growth lay a beautiful crystal lake. Waves lapped softly at the homemade shore.

In the middle of the lake, beckoning for Raine’s attention laid a lone wooden platform intact was a small diver’s ladder. *How lovely.*

Raine looked around and not thinking it out clearly in her head, she pulled off her sweatshirt and pants then dove quickly into the cold water. The brisk water felt good against her hot skin. She dipped her head back in the water; she shook out her hair and let it swirl all around her like a halo in the water.

Jordan had been cutting wood near by when he saw the young beauty dive into the water and had to sneak off to get a better look. He loved looking at her skin and marveled at the way the sun reflected off her, almost as if she was glowing. She seemed coy with him the last time he saw her, but he liked the quirky side she seemed to have. Thinking about her made him smile. *Her smile could light my way in the darkness.* He had caught her having conversations with herself many times the day he fixed her broken rail. He held in a laugh as he remembered the look of dismay when she caught him watching her talking to herself. He really enjoyed her company. *Or at least I would love a real chance to enjoy her company.*

Jordan hid behind the trees and watched her silhouette shimmering in the lake. Her movements were so fluid, that she blended perfectly with the soft waves.

He held his breath as Raine had swam out to the middle of the clear water. Pulling herself up the ladder onto the floating platform, he could see her legs muscles tighten. Realizing that he still held his breath, he exhaled long and slow. Her body was exquisite; the chocolate color of her skin infatuated him, making his dick hard. He stared at her, loving every inch of her body. The wind blew long, dark tendrils all over her slightly wet body. She turned to one side and Jordan could see her bare breasts. He bit his lip and slowly began to unzip his pants. He pulled out his rock hard phallus, stroking it tightly in his big hand. Jordan watched her as she swayed back and forth on the floating wooden platform.

Beautiful. She leaned over the side of the platform exposing her round rear to him. She looked around at the great expansion of the trees, plants and exotic flowers sprinkled throughout the deep dark forest. Jordan's erection throbbed in his grip as her hands slid over her breasts caressing her sun warmed her skin.

Under the tip of her finger she felt her nipples get hard. Her breasts were so sensitive. It had been a very long time since she had been with a man, but wasn't as if she didn't masturbate every now and then and her B.O.B (battery operated buddy) didn't take the place of a nice hard rod. She shook her head as she sat up slowly careful to keep her position on her floating barge then dipped her feet into the water. Her mind slipped back into her wet dream of her handyman. "I wonder how handy he really is?" she said playfully tossing her wet hair over her shoulder. She nibbled her bottom lip as her hand rested on her shaved mound, her index finger rubbing her nub lightly.

Jordan wished he could see her close up. He wondered if she was shaved or not and the thought of her bare patch made him bring himself to pure pleasure.

"Oh God," Jordan said as he looked down totally surprised at what he had just done. Frantically, he glanced over to the platform to see his muse, but she was gone.

“Where was she?” He searched the water’s edge until he saw her pulling her shirt back on and fumbling with her jeans on the shore. Jordan crept from his hiding spot silently until he tripped and lost his balance over the dead brush.

“Jordan?” Raine sounded shocked.

“Hey there. Uh, um, Raine. Wacky weather we’re having ain’t it?” Jordan asked awkwardly keeping his right hand behind his back. How embarrassed to be jerking off in the woods to some hot girl that just moved back home, and then have your joy juice on your hand when you get caught! *That’s fabulous*, he ranted to himself shaking his goo from his hand.

“You okay?” she asked him walking closer to him.

She didn’t have her pants on they were draped over her forearm, Jordan’s bottom lip quivered as he remembered seeing her out there in all her glory on the platform. He felt the erection begin rising again.

“Oh, I gotta go. Sorry maybe we can finish this some other time,” he said and took off like a shot down the path.

“What the hell was that about?” Raine asked as she picked her way up the path and headed home.

Chapter Three

The next few days were quiet for her. Raine had begun writing and everything had returned to normal, or so she thought. Her muse, now spiked, turned her into a writing whirlwind, on and on as she wrote as her fingers slid faithfully over the keys. With every motion, she forced her thoughts to think of something else, anyone else but the thoughts of Jordan kept creeping into her mind. She knew that there had to be something wrong with Jordan, a man like that living out in the middle of nowhere working with his hands and being submerged in the elements she had to say was quite sexy. The weather changed from cloudy rain days to blissfully sunny ones, highs and lows just like Raine. She didn't care about staying in the house; being a recluse it was perfectly normal for her to stay in the house.

Her thoughts drifted off to Jordan once more and she chided herself to keep her brain focused on getting at least one more chapter written. Her skin still tingled from adventures in the sun. *Speaking about that, where was Jordan coming from anyway? He does live around here*, she thought.

Without a second thought, she saved her work, slipped on her black flip-flops, grabbed her hooded jacket just in case, and headed out the door towards to path that would lead her to Jordan.

Being home again, the entire day to day grind of the bustling city faded away. She felt lighter, well, light enough. Thoughts of Jordan still plagued her thoughts. *I always fall for the wrong guy. Why is that?* Starting over is always a good thing to do.

Her mother used to say that it cleansed the soul. Tennessee was a peaceful beautiful place to regain all of the energy her past had taken from her, the clean air made her feel as if she was surrounded by nature.

Raine smiled a half smile and started almost skipping down the trail that Jordan had told her lead to his place. He was different and handsome as hell but a little jumpy maybe. *Very jumpy*. She began to hum some unknown song and strode happily down the trail. In a clearing just ahead of her, she saw his cottage. It was made of deep logs with a sloping roof. Smoke billowed from the speckled stone chimney. The cottage mixed with the ambience of the clearing, made her think she had just entered one of her storybook settings.

The trees around the cottage seemed to sway in the breeze and she felt that even the atmosphere seemed to be charged with some kind of flirtatious vibe the made her shiver. *What is this strange feeling*, she thought as she gazed around the

clearing. While her thoughts were more focused on the cottage, Jordan snuck up behind her.

“Hey,” he said scaring her to the point that she yelped and almost jumped out of her skin.

“Jordan!” Raine shouted pushing him backwards. “You scared the shit outta me!”

Jordan held her wrists and flashed her one of his winning smiles. “Sorry,” he pouted, but still struggling not to smile.

“Yea right.” She tried to pull out of his grip but she didn’t try too hard to get her wrists back. She pretended that her heart wasn’t still pounding in her chest.

“What are you doing here? Is there something back at the house that needs my attention?” he asked still holding her in his tight grip.

Raine, now flashed him a sweet smile and replied, “I got lost.”

Jordan pulled her closer to him and whispered in her ear, “No, you didn’t.”

She closed her eyes and enjoyed his closeness. She exhaled slowly trying to calm her shivering body.

Jordan let her go and walked around her slowly, like an animal stalking its prey. She could feel his eyes rolling over her body, “Like what you see?” she teased him.

“You have no idea,” he lightly growled under his breath.

Raine looked at him over her shoulder; he slowly licked his lips at her. He truly looked like a hungry wolf staring at his next meal.

She twisted her body so she could face him. He was beautiful, with short dark brown hair, yet not so short that you couldn't run your fingers through it. His nice bronze tan glowed when the sunlight hit it. He was very well kept with his bedroom brown eyes that whispered to her soul.

"Come on," he said softly offering his big strong hand.

Raine licked her bottom lip and took his hand as he led her into his cottage.

The outside by no means did the inside of this cozy home any justice. With the sloped roof and the exposed wood beams, the cottage was breathtaking.

A fire roared away in the rock inlay fireplace despite the warm weather outside. On the opposite side of the fireplace were open shelves filled with books from every genre. She even spotted one of her own. The rustic wood accented the custom copper lighting throughout the room. Jordan walked to his homemade hickory wine rack, at least she guessed it was homemade, since he seemed to be very good with his hands. His big hands pulled a bottle from its slot and placed it on the counter.

"You hungry?" he asked pulling the cork from the bottle and poured the rich wine into two slender glasses.

“You cooking tonight?” she smirked taking off her hooded jacket and walking over to him. She leaned against the opposite side of the counter and locked eyes with Jordan. *I’m so happy this counter is between us.* He slid the glass of wine to her and cautiously caressed her fingertips.

“You are beautiful,” he said to her while caressing her soft skin. She put her hand on his and she could have sworn that she felt his skin tingling. Jordan leaned over the barrier hindering their bodies to collide and kissed her sweet lips. At first, the kiss was tender then with seconds, the heat between them exploded. In one swift movement, Jordan pulled her over the top of the granite counter and into his embrace.

Raine let her body slip in the small space between the counter top and Jordan rock hard physique. She wrapped her arms around his neck, pulling him closer and licked his tongue, driving him crazy.

He pushed against her; she felt the edge of the counter top nip at the small of her back. His hands ran down her thighs, she could feel his throbbing passion between her legs.

Raine arched her back to let Jordan run his tongue down her throat. He put his head underneath her chin as he slipped his hand down her pants. He could already feel the wetness on her silk panties. She moaned lightly in his ear. Jordan

erotically licked her lips, and then smiled wickedly as his finger entered her. Her teeth grazed her bottom lip as she gazed deeply into his sexy brown eyes.

“You are so wet,” he groaned in her ear.

She couldn't think. Her mind and body was on fire. The more he touched her skin, the more she craved him. He moved his finger vigorously, pushing his thick finger deeper into her treasure trove. She wrapped one of her milk chocolate legs around his waist and pulled his hair while he nibbled on her nipples through her shirt. Of course she wasn't new to sex, not an expert or a novice, somewhere comfortably in between, but she was on the verge of having the best orgasm of her life. She felt winded as the orgasm ripped through her body leaving her spent in his arms.

Jordan slowly took his hand out of her pants and stared at her seductively. She couldn't take her eyes off him. Jordan smiled as he licked her sweet juices from his fingertip.

“Mmmm, you taste good.” The tone of his voice sounded so sweet it reminded her of dripping honey. He put his tongue in her mouth and she sucked it like a hungry child.

“I'd better start dinner before we ravish each other.” He said jokingly.

He kissed her again then backed away to give her room to breathe. Raine smiled but missed his closeness. Her body screamed out for more and release; her heart pounded so loud in her ears, it was almost deafening.

Chapter Four

Raine watched Jordan move through the kitchen like a culinary expert.

“So, you live alone?” she asked as she sipped her wine.

“Yup, I do. And later you can make as much noise as you want too.”

He added the last part with a quick wink. She smiled as a rather evil idea came to her. “Well then,” she stared as she swiftly pulled off her shirt, exposing her fire red bra. He looked up to see her standing there, then dropped the eggs on the floor at his feet.

“What are you doing?” he asked afraid to look away from her.

“Nothing at all, I am just a wee bit hot,” she said pulling off her pants exposing her matching red panties.

“Jesus,” Jordan said watching as her undressed in front of him.

Jordan couldn't be happier that he stood behind the counter hiding his very large erection. It was so hard that he could have pounded drywall with it no problem. She began running her slender hands over her body. He enjoyed the way she touched her skin. Her body, her temple, and he could tell by the way she caressed her body that she loved her dark skin. He felt tiny beads of sweat forming

on his brow. He walked quickly over to her and hoisted her up off the ground. She wrapped her legs around him, squeezing him so tight he had to catch his breath. Then she kissed him softly on the lips, her tongue dancing in his mouth.

Jordan stumbled unable to control the quivering in his knees; they both fell over the side of the couch and landed with a slight thud. "You okay?" he asked running his fingers through her long hair.

"Yea," she replied. Her hands cradled his face while her legs held him on top of her.

"Your lips are so kissable," he whispered as he encircled her lips with his fingers. A loud bang and the sound of frying bacon jarred them from their sexual excursion. They both looked at each other and saw the smoke slowly filling the room.

"Oh shit!" he yelled. He scrambled off the couch and bounded across the room towards the kitchen.

Raine sat up quickly watching intently as he grabbed the pan and tossed it into the sink. He turned on the water, the skillet sizzled loudly as more smoke puffed up towards the ceiling. Watching him fan the smoke out the kitchen windows was hilarious. Once she realized the dangerous situation had been

adverted, she couldn't help but erupt into boisterous laughter. "Caught up in the moment, huh?"

"What?" he sounded dumbfounded. "It's your fault, you know," he accused teasingly, lifting one of his eyebrows.

"Mine?" she retorted trying to sound innocent. Her bra strap slid down her shoulder exposing the top of her nipple.

"Yeah, uh, get over here," he said acting very calm, still waving the dishtowel around the room. She stood there swaying back and forth with her arms wrapped cutely behind her back. "Me?" she asked sounding confused.

"Yeah, you," Jordan said pointing at her.

"I don't want too." She smiled.

Jordan returned her smile and said, "Okay. Fine." He ran over to her and the chase was on. She bolted around the living room like a schoolgirl being chased by the cutest boy in school. Jordan jumped over the chair and grabbed her by the waist.

"Where you going?" he snickered playfully.

"Where do you want me to go?" she said in a very sexy voice. Jordan gingerly kissed her, then picked her up again and gently placed her on the soft white Angora rug in front of the fireplace.

“You’ve been on my mind from the first minute I saw you,” he confessed tracing the lines of her bra.

“That’s funny,” she countered unbuttoning his shirt. “I’ve been thinking about you too. You make me feel things that I’ve never felt.”

With Jordan’s mouth so close to hers, she could feel the words he spoke.

“I want to kiss you,” he breathed.

“So do it then,” she replied pulling him close to her.

Not only a culinary expert but a bra expert as well, he got her out of that damn thing faster than lightening. She didn’t realize just how horny she had been until she took his throbbing rod in her grip. “Jesus,” she breathed. *It’s so big.* Jordan put his forehead against hers and allowed her to pull his jeans down. He breathed softly in her mouth. She squeezed his ass through his tight boxer-briefs. She felt the hardness between his thighs and she knew he truly filled them out. As she fondled him, she wondered if he would even be able to fit inside her.

Jordan rubbed his body against hers and moaned as she slipped off his boxers. Skin against skin, and heart to heart, they fondled each other, searching for hidden spots of pleasure. It started out as a game of find the treasure, but to Jordan, it turned out to be a great opportunity to take his time in getting to know

every inch and crease of her delicate body. Carefully he slid his tongue inside of her; he felt her thighs quiver in ecstasy.

Jordan started with his lick, suck and hum method on her exposed clitoris. *She tastes so sweet I don't think I can stop*, he thought. He glanced up while holding her back arched so he could plunge his tongue into her well deeper. He draped her thighs over his forearms and held them open. Her sweet nectar reenergizing his libido exponentially, looking at her completely shaved mound sent his inhibitions through the roof. She tugged at his dark brown hair as her juices exploded on his tongue. "You like that?" he asked as he crawled on top of her.

"Y-y-yes," she purred pulling him up closer to her.

Raine ran her fingers through her hair as the sweat rolled down her flat stomach. She ran her hands down her chest and cupped her breasts. He moaned and nibbled on her clit again.

Jordan grabbed his nine and a half inches of pure rock hard cock and slowly began pushing himself inside her wet canal. The feeling of him being inside her sent shivers through her body. She melted into Jordan as they moved rhythmically together. The fireplace cast their shadows dancing across the room. The whole cottage seemed bathed in this one moment of pure passion. Jordan nibbled on her neck as she gripped his shoulders and pulled him deeper inside her. She scratched

his back and cried in pleasure as he squeezed her waist. They kissed again as she rolled him on his back.

“It’s mine turn,” she breathed recklessly.

Raine swiveled her tiny waist around, feeling his throbbing cock rubbing against her G-spot. She started slowly at first, wiggling one way then the other, finding out what he liked best. She saw his eyes light up as she rode his pleasure wave. Raine arched her back and ran her fingers through her coif. She wiggled again, watching him gnaw at his lip like a caged animal while she rocked his world. She placed her hands on his heaving chest and locked eyes with him.

Instantly she could sense pure ecstasy in sight. She rocked back and forth, pulling all of him inside her. Feeling his grip tighten on her breast made her want to ride him harder. A slight shock stunned her when Jordan grabbed her ass with such vigor her skin stung a little. They stared at each other in silence for a millisecond, each judging the quick moment between them. “Sorry,” he whispered rubbing the sore spot.

“It’s okay. I rather enjoyed it,” she breathed in his ear.

He gripped her round butt cheeks and squeezed them harder. “Then I won’t stop.” They shared a smile, then Raine began her assault on his thick member.

“Harder,” he growled.

She didn't hold back; she gave him every inch of emotion and pleasure until they both screamed out in ecstasy. She collapsed on top of him and he wrapped his arms around her panting softly in her ear.

"Damn girl." he said after catching his breath. "You trying to kill me?" he teased. He loved the way their eyes connected. Loved the way she stared at him.

Jordan licked her lips lovingly.

"Now why would I want to do that?" Raine ran her fingers over his hard nipple. He ran his fingers through her hair and admired her beauty. Here in the morning sun she was the most beautiful creature he had ever seen, at that moment a light bulb went off in his head. Jordan quickly sat up and pulled the sheets back.

"Come with me," he said holding her hand and pulling her to up into his arms. Her toes still wiggled around in the fibers of the soft rug.

"What? Where are you going?" she asked trying to grab his shirt.

"No," he said taking the shirt from her hand, "You won't need it."

Jordan stared into her shining yet mysterious eyes and he knew she would gladly let him take her away. He led her into a room half hidden by the hanging plants over the doorway. He stopped once he passed through the entrance; he couldn't hide the sense of joy he saw on her face.

Different pencil and charcoal drawings covered one of the walls. Jordan stood back and watched as Raine walked closer to the wall to admire his work. The drawings consisted of the animals living around the cottage, and a few with the lake sparkling in the early morning light. She turned around slowly to face him with tear moistened cheeks. He loved the way she looked right now; her long hair was hanging around her shoulders, slightly draping her hard nipples.

“I want to draw you,” he whispered holding her face in his hands.

“You want to what?” she sounded astonished by his question.

Jordan chuckled heartily and held her in his arms. “I want you here, like this, always.” He pulled back then retreated over to his magical wall of memories.

“In my life, sometimes the way I learned to express myself is through my drawings. Lots of memories, good and bad, but all of them touched me. I didn’t realize until I saw you that the middle is missing.” He touched the empty place in the center of his wall of thoughts.

“I want to have you here. I saved this place for something or someone special and now I know this spot represents my center and that is where I have you. You are my center.” His honest words truly touched her.

“Of course,” she muttered to him, a spark ignited when he saw her brilliant smile spread across her face.

“Where do you want me?” she asked searching his sitting room.

“Outside if you don’t mind?”

Jordan gathered up his drawing pad and a few number two pencils and headed out the back door into his massive flower garden. Again he paused as Raine was very impressed by the amount of work he had put into this backyard pleasure zone. The scent from the different variety flowers tickled her nose. She inhaled deeply. His love for the outdoors truly showed in the meticulous way he tended this place. Standing in the mist of the flowers’ glorious beauty none could surpass the beauty that shimmered within her.

“You surprise me, you know?” she whispered when he came to stand directly behind her. There was no way to conceal his excitement as he placed his hands on her hips, nudging her a little with his ready again member.

“You like?” he said placing a sweet kiss on the back of her left shoulder then walking pass her.

He loved watching the way Raine moved her body. *She is made for me, her body molded perfectly to fit mine.* Their bodies just fit together, like pieces of a worn puzzle. “Here,” he said laying a beautiful woven Indian print sham blanket across the stone in the middle of the garden.

She smiled he felt his heart melt as she glided over to him and laid down on her right side already posing for him. She positioned her hair in front of her and gave her best Venus pose.

Jordan smiled, love or lust swelling in his gut, which he wasn't quite sure of yet. Quickly he went to grab a chair. He placed the chair a few away from his awaiting model.

He stared at her for a moment and then as if by magic he began to sketch her. The pencil moved fast across the paper as her image slowly began to appear.

Jordan continued his work but got the sexy suspicion that her eyes called to him. He glanced up his eyes caressing hers. He took this time to take in all of the majestic beauty of his hidden garden and his new lover. At this moment, he never felt in this his life. He smiled as he felt his cheeks flush red.

"I could draw you forever," he said finishing the final touches on his newest masterpiece. Jordan walked over to her and knelt down so that she could see the picture that he'd drawn.

There were no words to express the way the drawing made her feel. She ran her fingers over the soft lines that made up her face. The resemblance seemed uncanny. Jordan searched her face; she felt his eyes calling out for her verbal approval. She couldn't help the tears of joy that trickled down her face. He placed some of her hair behind her ear and carefully wiped her tears away.

"You don't like it?" he questioned.

“Oh no, that is not it at all; this is the most beautiful piece I have ever seen,” she replied touching the artwork.

In this drawing, he had captured her essence, her happiness and satisfaction, her willingness to be free and open. *This drawing is how I see myself. He read my mind.*

She stifled a giggled as Jordan let out an extended breath. He took her face in his hands; the warmth seeped into her slightly chilled body. She quivered as his lips assaulted hers in a heated rush to reclaim her body all over again. She leaned into him enjoying the feel of him against her.

Raine put the picture in a safe spot and lightly knocked Jordan back on the lush green grass. As always their feverish kissing led to fondling each others bare bodies. She loved the combination of him squeezing her tits then rubbing her hard nipples with his wet tongue. She moaned enjoying the warmth of his wanting mouth on her skin. She ground her body against his. His erection never truly diminished and it was now completely standing at attention. His cock beckoned to her.

She sighed as it easily slipped into her wet and waiting portal. She sat up on him pushing him deeper inside. Her perky breasts heaved in the rhythmic movement of her waist back and forth, grinding herself down on him.

“Shit!” Jordan moaned, bent his legs and leaned her back against them. He angled her body for deeper penetration. Her body convulsed as orgasm after mind

blowing orgasm racked her body and senses with a complete overload. Raine bit her bottom lip and rode him like a good ole down home Tennessee girl should.

The feeling of eternal delight tickled their bodies. Jordan gripped her waist hard, ramming his rod in deeper until she screamed out his name. Her legs quivered as Jordan rolled over pulling himself from her wet entrance and tasted the sweetness of her skin. She could feel another body quake creeping over her. Sensing her need to have another orgasm, he slowly massaged her aching clit. She arched her back and pushed her wet pussy against his finger.

“Oh yeah you want me back inside you, don’t you?” he taunted her by slipping his index finger into her wet sheath.

“Yeah,” she growled her arms spread over her head pawing at the ground. “Please,” she begged as he slid in another finger.

“Please what?” he asked breathing hard and nibbling her ear. “What do you want me to do?” He pushed his fingers in harder.

Raine moved her body, enjoying the way he knew how to please her, but suddenly he stopped and slowly withdrew from her wetness, his fingers hovering just at her core. Her body instantly craved his touch. Her eyes flashed open. Jordan got close to her face, staring deeply into her eyes. “I wanna hear you say it,” he said licking her lips.

She tried to push down on his fingers but he held her tightly and she could not move.

“Say it,” he teased slowly removing his fingers.

“Okay,” she whimpered grabbing his wrist, keeping his fingers in place. “I’ll say it,” she replied, nipping at his lips and then cautiously she licked his ear and whispered, “Fuck me.”

Jordan pumped his fingers inside her. She clawed his back as he pushed his fingers up harder, faltering only when he felt her muscles tense up alerting him to her upcoming climax. Quickly he pulled his dripping fingers out, replacing them with his throbbing cock. Raine’s body shivered and her eye lids fluttered. Jordan opened her legs and thrust himself into her depths.

“Fuck me!” Raine screamed as Jordan lifted her ass in the air and rocked her back and forth on him. As their bodies intertwined and sweat dripped from them, it seemed as if nature itself watched them. The air buzzed with electric energy around them. She pulled his hair as yet another orgasm rocked her body.

“Yea right there, uh? You like it like that?” Jordan asked biting the inside of his bottom lip.

Raine put her hand between her open thighs and played with her exposed clit. This drove Jordan insane and he thrust his cock so far into her that they both quivered in the biggest orgasm they had ever had, alone or together. Jordan

collapsed in a heap on top of her, breathing heavily. She rubbed his back. She felt safe lying beneath him until they both heard branches breaking behind them. They stared at each other silently.

“What the fuck?” Jordan whispered his voice carried his total distaste in being disturbed. She kissed him softly before he turned his head to see the strangers approaching behind them.

Chapter Five

Jordan blinked because he didn't believe his eyes. There in front of him and his new lover were two pretty hikers. One a red head and the other a blonde-haired woman with clear blue eyes.

"We heard, well, we were lost and followed the sounds," the red headed girl said anxiously. Her green eyes darting about the well kept landscape before landing on the two lovers who were still intertwined on the grass.

Jordan blushed and turned his head to look at Raine who had been trying to crane her neck to see the two visitors. "They heard us," he whispered.

She giggled for a minute then replied, "Well, I guess we better get up uh? Or maybe I should go?"

Jordan was more startled by her thought of wanting to go. He stammered, "No, please don't go." He kissed her forehead and said, "Stay with me. Besides you're still naked."

Quickly, he stood up, keeping his back to the intruders and pulled Raine to her feet. She breathed her sweet breath into his mouth with her quick kiss. He held the sheet around her and tied it like a toga. He kept his muscular back and rear towards the female hikers. "You guys can come in."

Raine walked into the house. She looked at the two women and flashed them a smile. "You ladies wanna drink?"

"Yea, please," the red headed girl answered first.

"Cool," Raine said as she poured them both a glass of wine and gave them to the women. They gladly took the wine.

Jordan snuck into the house, pulled on a loose pair of black sweat pants before finally rejoining the ladies in the living room. *This is a man's wet dream come true*, he thought as he checked out all three women. He had slept around, what guy didn't. However, with Raine he felt something that he had never known in his whole life. His eyes rested on her heavenly face. "Beautiful," he whispered. *Just beautiful.*

"So, you ladies are lost?" Jordan asked as he walked behind Raine. Uncontrollably he reached out and gave her a mind-blowing kiss, then slapped her ass. Raine snickered.

"Sorry," Jordan said, shaking his head as he tore his eyes away from her blazing body. *Damn she looks good in that toga.*

"No need, we should thank y'all for the lovely trail we followed."

Jordan and Raine smiled at each other.

"Oh how rude of us. My name is Melinda and this is Tasha," the red haired woman said nodding to the blonde.

“Hi,” Tasha said her southern accent thick and sweet as maple syrup.

Behind the bar, Raine felt her body tingling and calling out to Jordan. She wanted Jordan so bad and now these women were here interfering in her sexual explosion. She closed her eyes trying to rid her head of the naughty thoughts creating havoc there. She inhaled slowly as the tingle spread from her clit throughout her whole body. Within an instant, her hand went in the toga sheet so she could rub her clit.

“Yea we were hiking in Paris County Reservoir, but I guess we made a wrong turn some where.” Melinda explained.

Jordan laughed. “Yea I guess you did. Well, it’s getting dark now and if you want you may stay the night. I have enough room.”

The two women looked at each other and then at the setting sun. Fearing a lost night in unfamiliar territory, they readily agreed. Jordan looked at Melinda, who had pale skin to go with her fiery red hair. Her emerald green eyes were intriguing. Jordan wondered if this girl was a natural red head.

The blonde-haired woman had clear blue eyes, the color was so clear that it was almost transparent. *Spooky*, he thought turning his stare to Raine, who still stood behind the bar. *I wonder what she’s still doing back there*, he pondered, standing up to go investigate, her loitering behind the bar. Jordan inhaled her scent. He leaned her back against his chest. “Damn you smell good, baby girl,” he said

rubbing one side of his face against hers. “What are you doing over here?” his breath caressed her ear.

“I am so hot for you right now, Jordan. I want you inside of me so bad,” she moaned in his ear. Her tongue darted out and licked his earlobe. She pushed her backside against him, grabbed his hand, and put it under the sheet out of sight, but in the right spot. *I love the way this woman thinks.*

Jordan rubbed her clit. He marveled at how very wet she was. His rod got hard again. Grabbing her waist he rubbed his hard on firmly against her ass. Raine leaned her head back, turned her face to him so she could place sweet kisses on his throat. Melinda and Tasha watched them in astonishment while both of women began getting hot.

“Let me start a fire,” he whispered licking his finger making sure he got every succulent drop.

Raine walked across the floor to the couch and got comfortable. “Sorry, you guys. I just can’t seem to help myself lately.” All the women looked at each other and laughed.

“Sometimes it happens,” Melinda replied trying not to notice Jordan rather large bulge.

“Hell yea, sometimes it does,” Raine added staring at Jordan’s ass. She was so intrigued by watching him that as the sheet slipped to one side exposing her aching clit. Melinda nodded at Tasha who licked her lips hungrily. Melinda crawled across the floor. Carefully she licked Raine’s inner thigh.

Raine looked down at Melinda, her dark eyes twinkling like piercing orbs in the darkness. She could feel this woman’s breath upon her legs. Slowly, she opened her thighs inviting Melinda’s awaiting tongue to taste her sweetness. Melinda licked the tip of her clit, the sucked on it.

Raine squeezed Melinda’s head as she ground her nub against the woman’s mouth. The red haired pussy licker opened Raine’s legs and pushed her face into her wet core, sucking and biting on it lovingly.

Jordan turned his head and fell back on his ass in pure shock and amazement. There right in front of him were two beautiful women going at it with each other.

Jordan looked around as if looking for some hidden camera people to jump out and laugh at him. Nevertheless, the more he watched the less he cared who the hell jumped out. He watched Melinda’s tongue lapping hungrily at Raine’s enticing pussy. She was fully open and loving it. The blonde haired vixen, Tasha had removed her partner’s shorts and began devouring her as well. He craned his

neck and saw the fire red strip on Melinda's mound. *Yup a natural red head*, he thought. Jordan went over the chair right across from his dream come true, plopped down, and took out his cock.

Raine guided Melinda's face into her opening; she had never been with other women before but this was amazing. She locked eyes with Jordan, watching him jerk off turned her on even more.

"Yea," she whispered as Melinda pushed in tongue deeper inside her. She kept her eyes focused on Jordan. Her heart thumped in her chest with every stroke of his hand, she longed for him.

Melinda rotated her waist as Tasha sucked on her plump clit. Melinda reached her tanned arm up to play with Raine alluring tits. Unable to hold back any longer, Raine's sweet nectar filled Melinda's mouth, who gladly licked her dry, enjoying the sweet way she tasted.

"My turn. Come here," Raine purred as she smacked her lips. She scooted off the couch to prepare herself for her very first pussy tasting experience.

Melinda adjusted the fluffy pillows behind her back before she propped her shapely leg up on the couch. She rubbed her pierced clit as Raine's quivering mouth enveloped the red snatch. A little confused, she lapped sloppily at Melinda's pussy. "Do it slower and softer," Melinda sultry voice guided Raine. She

tilted her head back against the soft leather. Raine soft lips combined with her gentle rhythm made Melinda gasp. Feeling Melinda's body relax then contract, Raine knew she had found the right method. Her tongue continued playing with Melinda's clit. The pierced nub fascinated her. She used to tip of her tongue to flick the small silver ball at the end sending Melinda's libido through the roof.

Jordan could not believe his eyes. Raine had attacked Melinda's pussy with a vengeance. He couldn't help but to be in complete awe at this sight. He held his breath as he watched Raine hold Melinda's waist and push her tongue farther. He heard low noises coming from her and knew she adapted his technique for humming on the nub. Jordan smiled, knowing he taught her that. *She learns fast.* Melinda arched her back and wiggled around letting her own juices satisfy Raine's sudden hunger. Completely unaware of Tasha, she had crawled over to him and started to tug his pants down, slipping her milky white hands into his sweat pants.

Once she held the massive cock in her grip, she looked up at him in sheer amazement. Tasha lowered her head, opened her wanting mouth and began giving him a blow job. He held the back of her neck to guide his stiff rod farther down her throat. *Oh, God,* he thought, *this is great.* Jordan closed his eyes as Tasha swallowed his cock repeatedly, bringing him to spill his cum into her mouth. He opened his

eyes to see Raine still sucking away on Melinda's clit. She acted as if she couldn't get enough. Even though he exploded his juices, he couldn't help but to notice his cock still stood up, waiting for his love to release him fully.

Jordan wanted, no he needed to go over there to her. He wanted to taste her, to tease her with his fingers and tongue until her sweetness flowed all over his tongue. "Thanks," he whispered to Tasha, "But I need her right now." He eased himself down on the floor, moving like animal stalking its prey, stealthy he crossed the rug to Raine.

Jordan pushed his thick tongue into her wet snatch, swallowing every last drop of her cream. She was ready for him, as always, he held her waist as she pushed down on his tongue. Tasha went back to sucking on Jordan throbbing cock, aroused by his stamina.

Melinda turned her head to see Jordan licking Raine while Tasha sucked him off. She smiled then inched closer to Jordan so she could play with Raine's nub while Jordan teased her with his fingers and tongue.

"She tastes so good," Melinda commented running her fingers through Jordan thick mop of hair.

He arched his back, pushing his cock further into Tasha's warm mouth.

Jordan looked up at Melinda, "Yea I know. I can eat her pussy for days."

"And I bet'cha you have," Melinda chuckled while licking her finger.

Jordan smiled, then looked down at his pleasure sucker. “Thanks, Tasha but all I crave is her.” Jordan crawled up between Raine’s thighs. He stared deeply into her eyes as he immersed the head of his cock into Raine’s aching channel.

“I’ve been waiting for you,” Raine breathed heavily. She grabbed his waist and wrapped her chocolate legs around his back.

Jordan exhaled, her pussy so wet, tight and inviting that he had to suppress the urge to ejaculate prematurely. He knew she wanted to feel him inside her again and honestly, he wanted the same thing. He constantly craved her.

Jordan’s cock rocked her with all his might, pushing her G-spot and making her cum all over him.

He loved feeling her warm sweet juices covering his cock. He leaned over and kissed her like the first time. Their fuck fest lasted well into the night until at last; the four of them finally lay spent on the floor and fell fast asleep in a tangled mess of exhausted pleasure. Jordan held Raine in his arms, cradling her tenderly.

The next morning as the sun filtered through the sliding glass doors. Jordan and Raine awoke and were quite surprised to find out that they were alone again.

Their eyes bounced around the room until finally spotting the note on the table. Jordan reached over and grabbed it. His body felt like he had been lifting weights for five days straight. He snuggled up to her and read the letter aloud.

“Thanks for the good time. Next time we get lost, we’ll be sure to look y’all up.”

Take Care,

Melinda and Tasha”

Jordan and Raine both laughed loudly.

Chapter Six

Never in her life had she ever been as wild and free. She was glad that she had finally come home again. This couldn't have worked out any better. Raine played with the tiny hairs on Jordan's chest lost in her own thoughts.

Jordan rubbed her back and gingerly kissed her shoulder. "You want some breakfast?" he asked.

Raine stared at him and caressed his face. In the last few days, he had not shaved and his five o'clock shadow was beginning to turn into a beard. She stared at his handsome face taking in every detail, every curve, dimple or scar she wanted to remember this face forever, to make an imprint on her mind. Jordan put his face close to hers and ran his thick fingers through her hair.

"What's wrong, baby?" he asked searching her eyes.

"You scare me," she replied honestly. Raine could not bring herself to look at him.

Jordan raised his eyebrow. "Why? Have I done something? Was it last night? Because I just wanted you, I admit it has been a dream of mine, but all I thought about was you. When I'm with you I feel complete and alive. My heart

beats because you bring out the best and true man inside me,” he rambled on, the fear in his voice had Raine sitting up, fumbling with her hands in her lap.

“You are a beautiful man; you treat me like no one ever has and I’m scared that,” she could not continue. Jordan realized that Raine wasn’t just afraid of him, but afraid of love.

“Awww baby, don’t be afraid of what you feel. I feel it too and that is why I am here opening my heart to you. I didn’t want those other girls, I only wanted you. You make me feel something that I have never felt before. Hell yes, it’s scary, but I want to see where this goes. I want to experience anything and everything I can with you.”

Raine felt the tears burning her eyes. “Let’s go take a shower.”

She stood in the shower, letting the hot water massage her sore and weary muscles. She wanted the water to wash away all of her mistrust, so that she didn’t push Jordan away. She really liked him and with him by her side, she felt completely alive, but she didn’t want to scare him away. *Damaged goods*. The thought floated into her mind so easily. After some time, her beloved Jordan joined her in the shower, he held her close to him. She felt relieved to be in his embrace again.

“Let me wash your hair,” Jordan offered reaching behind her to grab the shampoo.

Only her personal hair stylist washed her hair, no one else wanted the job. Raine smiled and nodded. Jordan’s strong hands massaging topped her list of most favorite things in the world. He rinsed her hair and turned her around to place tiny kisses on her face. She felt Jordan’s hands sliding over her shoulders and down her back to stop on her plump rear. Jordan squeezed it and pulled her closer to him. She rubbed her slippery breasts across his chest and her own hands caressed Jordan’s tight ass, being as active as he had been there no argument about the firmness of his nice round bum. Raine tilted her head backwards letting water flow through her hair; she caught her breath as Jordan bent his head down to lick the water off her breasts.

“I am so hungry,” Jordan muttered in her ear.

Raine smiled and replied, “What do you wanna eat?”

Jordan pulled back for just a second. A slick smile slid across on his handsome face.

“You,” he said dropping quickly to his knees and wrapped one of Raine’s thighs around his shoulder. Jordan dived into her channel like a man that hadn’t eaten food in days. He lapped greedily at her clit, wanting to taste her sweetness all over his tongue. Raine placed her hands on Jordan’s head, tangling her fingers in

his wet mass of dark locks. He hummed on her clit, sending tiny body quakes through her until she finally seized with an orgasm. Jordan held her tightly in place so he could lick every drop of her.

Raine tried to catch her breath as Jordan stood up, he gently turned her body around so her warm nipples pressed against the glass door. Jordan ran his hands down her small frame, squeezing and massaging her lower back. Raine pressed her body harder against the glass as Jordan spread her legs. With extraordinary stamina, it didn't come to any great shock when she felt his throbbing rod poking against her. Her body welcomed him from every angle and every inch of her body cried out begging for more. She wanted him to explore her body and give her the pleasure he created within her. Jordan entered her, inching his rod in slowly. He knew what to do to make her hot. Passion engulfed them and worked her up into a hysterical frenzy pleasure.

Raine held on to the top of the glass door steadying herself as she volleyed for a perfect position to feel the full effect of his thick cock being completely inside her. She pressed her forehead against the glass as Jordan found her magic spot and yelped out in delight.

"I love when you make that noise." He kissed the side of her face and slid his hand up her arm until he held her hand in his. Raine wiggled her backside, loving the feeling of the water rushing round her ass and tickling her aching core. Jordan

patted on her ass, but with her wet skin it sounded much worse than it felt. Raine groaned pushing him into her faster.

“Yea that’s right. Let me make you cum. I want to feel how wet you can get.” Jordan gripped her waist shoving, deeper and harder into her.

With the steam filling the bathroom, only Raine’s wet brown nipples sliding across the glass could be seen. Jordan grabbed the top of the shower door, covering her hand as he pushed his cock deeper until they both exploded at the same time. Carefully, he helped her out of the shower and into the bedroom where he had flowers freshly picked from his garden in all colors spread throughout the room and littered over on the bed.

“Beautiful,” she whispered standing in the middle of the room.

“Just like you. I want to show you how a real man will take care of you,” he said as he began to dry her off. Jordan let the towel rub against her nipples making them stand up and greet him. Instantly he put her tit in his mouth and sucked on it.

“I want to explore every inch of your body and your heart. I want to be the one you lean on. I want you to look at me as your best friend and your lover. I want you to be able to trust me. I know it’s not going to happen overnight but I need you in my life and I want to show you how great love can be. We can take this step by step as slow or fast as you want, okay?”

Raine wiggled around in her hard computer chair, “Lady Marmalade” blasted on her speakers. *Writing this sexy stuff always makes me feel a little strange.* To live your sexual life through a character in a book was a little extreme, but she had to place herself in the character to make them have some depth and emotion. Or at least that was the excuse she used at the moment.

She was a shy person who had been hurt so much that she had forgotten what trusting someone with her heart could truly be like. Instead of living her life, she wrote down her fantasies and dreams of what love in her life should be. Raine looked back at her computer screen reading the last few paragraphs back. This story really touched her, moved something deep in her. She did long for a vacation. The cars screeching on the asphalt dug into her brain and bore out any last remaining concentration she had for writing.

Nevertheless, her latest muse had been a good source of inspiration. Now she fixed her glasses on her head and looked around her city office cubicle to search out a figure for her next addition. When she caught a quick glance of her co-worker, Rico, she got an idea. But something in her heart wouldn’t let her story go. Her eyes went from the sexy newcomer back to the phone. *It’s just a story*, she thought. *It’s my story, there’s nothing to it. So what? I could go back home but I need to work.* She pushed all the other thoughts out of her head and tried to focus on her next

story. She went back to Rico and wondered what it would be like to be with him. *He's Latin with amazingly green eyes*, she thought, then began jotting down some notes. The ringing phone halted her creative juices. "Hello this is Raine." She paused then smiled sweetly, "Mrs. Johnson what a pleasant surprise I was just thinking about you." she glanced out the window, "I would love to go home again. I have my laptop so I can write anywhere I want."

Raine hung up the phone feeling a sense of urgency with every passing moment. She cast one look over at Rico, swung her bag over shoulder and headed for the door.

"Maybe one story can lead to many happier endings," she said leaving the office.

That turned out to be another story...

The End