



Just One Taste

Jess Michaels

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Drusilla, Duchess of Bisby was *not* pleased. As she looked over her husband's bedchamber, she could find no fault in its appearance. Candles were lit all around, casting the normally sterile room in an ethereal, sensual glow. Wine waited on the bedside table, her husband's favorite vintage. And the sheets that graced the bed were of the finest silk.

She, herself, had never been more ready for the duke's arrival. Her night shift was made of a fine, sheer black silk. It clung to her breasts, revealing her nipples, and cascaded down her hips, showing the dusting of brown curls where her thighs met.

Yet, despite her preparations, she was alone. Always alone.

She had requested this time with her husband, she'd even gone so far as to endure his personal secretary's smirks and put it on his schedule. Yet it was over an hour past their appointed meeting time and there was no sign of her husband.

With a sigh, Drusilla blew out a few of the candles nearest to her. She lifted a hand to rub her temple.

She had married Raymond two years before. She'd never been under the illusion that it was a love match, but rather, an arrangement based on financial and political forces. She'd accepted that. Just as she had accepted that her husband was over two decades her senior. They had little in common and spent only as much time together as was required socially.

Drusilla told her friends that she was happy. That she preferred the independence her solitude gave her. After all, Raymond was only stingy with his affection, not his money. She had friends who sighed with envy when she described their understanding.

But it was all a lie. She *was* lonely. She longed for affection. For pleasure. She wanted the passion some of her married friends spoke of in knowing whispers.

There was a click of the door and Drusilla spun, hoping, though no longer expecting, to find her husband there. But it wasn't Raymond who stood in the doorway, staring at her. It was his new valet.

She wanted to lift her hands to cover her visible breasts, but forced her fists to remain at her sides. She could not show such self-consciousness around her husband's servants. She'd learned from past experience that they would run over her if she did such a foolish thing.

So she stood there, enduring the way the man simply stared at her with a blatant interest that would have gotten him fired in any other household. But Drusilla knew that if she mentioned it to Raymond, he would do nothing. What did he care?

“What is it?” she snapped.

She expected the man to lift his gaze away from her breasts and . . . and lower, perhaps even blush and stammer away. But he didn’t. He simply continued his leisurely appraisal of her body.

Drusilla shifted. Now that she was looking at him, truly seeing him, she realized what a handsome man he was. Tall and young, probably only a few years older than herself. He had dark hair, almost black, with bright blue eyes. The eyes that were caressing her not like she was his master’s wife, but a common woman of his own station. A woman he desired.

She clenched her thighs together as a wet, warm flood of longing weakened her knees.

What was wrong with her?

“Your Grace, I was sent to tell you that His Grace will not be coming home for many hours now,” the man finally said.

His voice was soft, but rough. Like gravel. Something about it made her trembling knees shake all the more. Great God, what was she becoming? Her loneliness was truly out of control if she was staring at a servant and wondering what it would feel like if he touched all the places he was staring at so blatantly.

“Thank you,” she snapped. Her tone made him look up, but he didn’t have the decency to look chastised by her expression. In fact, he smiled just a little. She scowled. “What is your name?”

He gave her a little bow, but there was a cocky assuredness to the way he did it. “Jacob Dunnett, Your Grace.”

Her eyes narrowed. “Well, tell someone to come and clean this mess up, *Dunnett*. I am retiring to bed.”

She turned on her heel and made for the connecting door. She had almost gotten it closed when she heard his soft reply. "As you wish, Your *Grace*."

Drusilla clenched her hands behind her, praying she would not shake as she prepared to knock on her husband's chamber door. She'd heard him come in late the night before, and then heard his stirrings as he prepared himself an hour ago. But he had never come to her.

Which left her with the utterly humiliating task of coming to him . . . again . . . and hoping he would hear her desires.

She tapped on the adjoining door. On the other side, she heard a rasping sigh and then, "Come."

Heat flooding her cheeks, she followed his order and entered the chamber. All her sensual preparations had been cleared away, leaving only the barren room her husband preferred.

The man himself was standing before his full-length mirror, having his final preparations made by his valet. The very same Jacob Dunnett who had watched her so closely the night before.

The heat in Drusilla's cheeks burned hotter as she recalled the wicked things she had done after they parted ways. She had taken full advantage of the shocking wetness his stare had brought to her pussy and made herself come several times before falling into a fitful sleep.

"What is it, Drusilla?" her husband asked with not an iota of patience or kindness. "I was just about to go out."

She flinched. "May we speak privately?"

He shot her a glance filled with irritation. "We are in private."

"Your servant." She motioned to Dunnett and tried not to look at him. That didn't mean she couldn't feel his pointed stare on her, though. How it flustered her.

"Jacob is entirely trustworthy. Speak."

Drusilla finally let herself look at the servant, hoping she could send him a message that would make him excuse himself. But Dunnett merely went about his duties as if he hadn't noticed her at all. Blasted man.

"Drusilla!"

Frustration made her tone harsh. "Very well. Why did you not keep our appointment last night?"

He snorted. "I had better things to do than come home to play nursemaid to you."

"But I wished to see you!" she protested, and hated the lilt of desperation she could not keep away. "To *be* with you."

"Why?" His voice was so cold. "Our joining could not produce a child at this time."

Drusilla sucked in a breath as her blush burned at her. She knew that Raymond watched her cycle carefully. Only when she was at the point where sex would possibly make a baby would he touch her. He wanted his precious heirs, if not her.

"Is that all I am worth to you?" she asked, her voice cool, as if his statement hadn't stung. "To be your brood mare?"

"Do not be hysterical!" he snapped as he grabbed his hat. "I will be back very late. Please do not clutter my chamber with your things again."

Before she could respond, he turned on his heel and left, shutting the door behind him and leaving her alone with the valet.

Drusilla tried to remain stoic even though her heart was screaming in pain. Crying before Dunnett would be too

much to bear. But the tears stung at her. She turned toward the door, but had not advanced two steps when the first sob ripped from her throat. She clenched at Raymond's bedpost, clinging to it as she tried to remain upright.

The touch to her shoulder made Drusilla spin around in shock. She saw that Dunnett had crossed the room silently and was now standing mere inches away from her. As she watched, he dared to circle his long, strong fingers around her shoulder. She should have shook him off, demanded his resignation for his impertinence, but his bright blue eyes reflected such understanding, such kindness, that she found herself instead falling into his arms.

Sobs wracked her as she leaned against him. He was taller than she'd thought, and in his embrace she felt a safety and a warmth that she had been without for two long years. His strong arms encircled her and he merely held her silently while she wept.

After a few moments, the tears subsided and she began to realize fully just what she was doing. She was crying on the shoulder of her husband's valet, of all people, revealing her weaknesses to a man who could easily tell the entire staff of her humiliation.

She yanked to pull away from him, but his arms remained fast around her. She tilted her face up and found him looking down at her, the same interest in his eyes as had been there the night before, when he gazed at her in her revealing nightgown.

"Let me go," she whispered, but her heart had begun to thud wildly, and not only because of the unexpected situation.

He shook his head, just a slight movement, but it spoke volumes when his face was so close to hers. "Just . . . let me . . ."

He didn't finish. His mouth came down, and suddenly his lips were brushing hers.

Drusilla forgot everything. The room melted away, as did her tears, her pain, her humiliation. She forgot this man was her servant. She forgot that she shouldn't. She just *felt*, perhaps for the first time in her life.

His lips were firm, warm against hers, gentle as he pressed her closer to his chest and her breasts flattened against an expanse of muscle. Then his tongue darted out and he swiped it against the crease of her lips. She opened, aching for more. Yearning for it.

He gave her everything she desired. He delved into her, some of his gentleness fading, to be replaced by ardor. She didn't care. She wanted ardor. She wanted desire.

She was moving. She hadn't realized it, but he'd shifted her, then backed her toward the settee before the mirror where her husband had been preening earlier. A rational voice in the back of her head cried out for her to stop him. To maintain sanity.

"No," she said, even though she continued to back up at his urging. "No, please."

He laid her back on the settee and draped his lean body across her own. "Don't say no, Drusilla."

"You shouldn't call me that," she protested, though it was weak at best.

"What should I call you then?" he asked before he dropped his lips to her throat. "*My Grace?*"

She gasped as his teeth skimmed along the sensitive skin behind her ear. Her body was burning, aching, silently screaming for her to surrender and forget propriety and rank.

"You are my husband's servant," she gasped as his fingers

found the buttons in the front of her gown. With efficiency born of years of serving, he had them all open within seconds and shoved the gown off one shoulder.

"And your husband is a fool," he growled before his mouth came down to her chest. He teased her, tasted her as he trailed lower. Then he caught one nipple through her chemise and sucked hard until her hips thrust up and she cried out with pleasure so keen it was close to pain. "If you were mine, I would keep you in my bed all day and night."

She watched as he peeled her gown down around her other shoulder and finally let it bunch at her waist. "But I cannot be yours," she said.

"You can," he replied as he cupped both breasts and lifted them. She moaned as his thumbs stroked over her nipples, sending shockwaves of heat through her. Her legs trembled, wetness gushed down her thighs, pleasure made her ache everywhere.

Dunnett began to move, inching down her body as he continued to pluck and play with her breasts. His hot mouth caressed her stomach through the chemise as he settled on his knees before her on the floor.

"You can have whatever you desire," he said as he grasped her wrinkled gown and pulled it away to toss it on the floor somewhere over her shoulder.

"I cannot," she murmured, though she made no move to protest when he cupped her hips and pulled her forward so her backside hung partly off the settee cushion. "It isn't right."

"What isn't right," he insisted as he pushed her chemise up. His fingers caressed her calves, her thighs, pooling heat between her legs that she was sure he could feel as he moved

closer to her core, "is that your husband ignores your desires. Let me give you what you crave, Drusilla." He pushed the chemise higher, and suddenly she was bared to him from the waist down. "Let me have just a taste."

Her eyes went wide at the request. Was he going to . . . ?

Before the question finished forming in her mind, she felt a gust of hot breath on the sensitive outer lips of her pussy. Steamy heat made her even wetter, and she blushed. So close to her most private areas, he had to see how aroused she was. Had to scent her desire.

"Watch me," he ordered, rolling a broad shoulder toward the mirror behind him. "Watch me taste you. Watch how beautiful you are. And know how much you deserve all the pleasure you crave."

A little cry escaped Drusilla's lips as his mouth brushed her outer folds, gently dragging over her like he was giving her the sweetest kiss. The mirror was at a perfect angle for her to see everything. She watched, mesmerized by the feel and the sight of this stranger's mouth gliding over her, nuzzling her. The sight of being pleased in a way her husband never would have done.

Dunnett's tongue darted out and he traced her lower lips as he had with her mouth earlier. And as it had with her mouth, the touch sent shockwaves through her.

"Sweet," he breathed against her pussy. The vibration of his words made her moan as humid heat suffused into her very core. "So sweet."

"Please," she choked as she clenched at the settee pillows. "Oh, please."

He glided his hands up to her inner thighs. Rough hands, but still gentle. He parted her legs a bit more, opening her sex

to his gaze, to his mouth, even further. In the mirror, she saw the glisten of her own hot juices, and the ache between her thighs intensified.

She couldn't tear her gaze away as he slipped his hands to her mound, pushed her lips open wider and exposed her fully to him. His gaze came up and she tore her own away from the mirror image to look at him.

"So beautiful," he breathed, and that gentle tone brought fresh tears to her eyes.

Then he bent his head and stroked his rough tongue over her from the nub of her clit all the way down to the puckered rosebud of her bottom. Drusilla's hips lurched up as an explosion of new sensation roared through her. It was so focused, so powerful, so decadent to be laying on her husband's own settee, watching in his mirror as his most trusted servant tasted every crevice of her pussy.

Dunnett drank of her like she was fine wine, he tongued every inch of her aching, weeping slit, lapped up her juices and created even more as a tightening, coiling pressure and pleasure built between her legs. She'd felt this before, but only at her own hand. The sensation was entirely different when caused by another person.

She clawed at the settee, her hips lifting wildly as he drew her clit between his lips and suckled at the nub. A scream escaped her lips and tremors wracked her.

And then she lost all control over her body. She shivered and shook as waves of intense pleasure washed over her. He continued his torture, drawing her pleasure out longer and longer, until her every muscle felt weak and her body felt sated and exhausted.

Only when she collapsed against the cushions did he draw

his mouth away and look up at her with sultry blue eyes filled with heated intent.

"You see?" He motioned to the mirror. "Beautiful."

She looked at her reflection. Her chemise was twisted around her body, her skin flushed, and a sheen of sweat made her face sparkle. But she looked sated and relaxed. And she felt more beautiful than she ever had.

He caught her hands and got to his feet, drawing her up against him. Even though she had just experienced such a powerful release, her body continued to ache. When her nipples brushed his rough woolen coat, she shut her eyes with a groan.

"I want to have you, Drusilla," he murmured against her ear. "I want to be inside you, to feel you around me. I want to give you such pleasure."

He dropped his mouth to hers before she responded, and she tasted her own sex on his lips. Musky, sweet, utterly arousing. She melted against him, gripping his shoulders like they were her only lifeline. Right now it truly seemed that they were.

"Yes," she moaned as their lips parted. "But on the bed."

He drew back a fraction and met her eyes. Understanding flickered on his face. As if he knew why she needed to be taken in that bed. The place where she had been denied and ill-used so many times over two years. It had never been a place where she felt treasured or loved.

And he would do both.

He pulled her chemise away, leaving her naked before he swept her up and carried her to the bed. After he'd set her down and she settled back against the pillows, he backed away.

She propped herself up on her elbows as she watched him undress. He did it slowly, like he was giving her a show. Piece by piece he stripped his stuffy uniform away, until he was as naked as she was.

Raymond was old and a bit soft about the belly. And she had never seen him fully naked. He wore a nightshirt anytime they came together.

Jacob Dunnett was nothing like her husband. His body was lean and muscular. A light sprinkling of hair dashed across his chest and ended in a line that arrowed down toward his cock. And what a cock it was.

Drusilla didn't even try to pretend she wasn't staring at the harsh ridge of muscle that was already hard and curled against his toned stomach. He was thick as well as long, bigger than Raymond by far. Her fingers itched to touch him, to feel his length in her hand, against her skin, buried deep within her.

He didn't make her wait. He moved up next to her on the bed and caught her mouth for a deep, hot kiss. His hard body brushed hers, and it was enough to set her on fire yet again. All she wanted to do was touch and taste and experience more and more pleasure. It was an obsession now. One she feared she would never purge from her bloodstream.

Drusilla reached for him, wrapping her fingers around the hard, thick length of his cock. Dunnett broke their lips with a breathy moan as his head rolled back over his shoulders.

"Stroke me," he ordered.

She did, using instinct to guide her. She flexed her fingers over him from the base to the tip of his erection, slow and steady. Triumph rushed through her when his cock twitched and he let out another deep moan.

"Not too much," he chuckled as he caught her hand and lifted it above her head, where he pinned it. "I want to be able to do this . . ."

The weight of his body rolled her to her back. His thighs parted her legs and then she felt the tip of his penis against her slit. A sigh shuddered out of her as he drove inside, taking her inch by inch. He met with no resistance. She was too wet from his mouth and her recent release for her body to refuse him.

"I knew you would feel this sweet," he murmured before he pulled his hips back and rocked forward. "I knew you would be so tight and hot."

Drusilla moaned at his words. So blunt, yet so sensual that she could have melted. "Did you watch me before last night?" she managed to choke out between steady thrusts.

He smiled down at her. "From the first moment I came here."

She shuddered as another orgasm built deep within her. The words he whispered, the circular rocking of his hips, the overload of her senses from all the sensations, they overpowered her and she arched up in release.

"That's right." He rocked on and on. "More."

Suddenly, he was rolling again, and she found herself on top. He cupped her hips and stoked her forward and back, showing her the rhythm until she mastered it and rode him with wild abandon to yet another release.

"More," she said with a wicked grin, repeating his earlier words.

He sat up until they were breast-to-breast. His arms came around her and he held her, sucking on her lower lip, darting his tongue inside her as he gently rocked within her. Every

sense was alive and on fire. Every nerve ending forced her to be utterly aware of the hard heat buried within her. And every time she thought of that, a new tremor of pleasure took her toward the edge of yet another release.

Before she could find it, he stopped moving. Their eyes met.

"What do you want?" she whispered. "What can I give you?"

He cocked his head. "I want something he's never taken," he said slowly, as if he weren't sure what her response would be. "I want a part of you that only I will ever have."

She nodded slowly. Though she hadn't really known the man before now, his gentleness, his care for her feelings and desires . . . they made her trust him. Implicitly. And whatever he wanted to share with her, she knew it would bring her pleasure.

"Roll over," he murmured, lifting her off his lap.

Their bodies separated and she moaned in displeasure, but she did as he asked. She rolled over on her stomach and peered over her shoulder at him. He smiled at her, gentle and encouraging. Then he brought his mouth down and kissed her lower back.

She clenched the pillows with a moan. Had her back always been so sensitive? Just the lightest touch made her weak. He kissed her again, this time lower. His hands cupped her bottom and he parted her cheeks.

She gasped, lifting her head and staring at him wildly.

"Shhh," he soothed as he brought his mouth against the crease.

He had licked her there while they lay on the settee. But those had only been grazing caresses that gave her a strange

thrill. But the thrill had melted into the other sensations. Now it was all she felt. A forbidden desire. A spark of fear. But mostly an intense, foreign pleasure.

He licked, he teased, and finally he used his fingers to gently massage her entrance. She squirmed, leaning back toward him as the sensations rapidly built within her.

Another finger slipped inside and she cried out at the pleasure-pain mix. He moaned, and she heard the strain in his voice. He needed her as much as she needed him now. That was a power she had never experienced before.

"I will be gentle," he whispered.

She looked over her shoulder just in time to see him aligning his hard cock with her bottom. Pressure built inside her as he slowly eased into the untried channel. Pain met with pleasure, but eased as he inched inside and her body acclimated to the intrusion.

"Drusilla," he moaned as he took more and more of her body. "My Drusilla from now on."

"Yes, yes," she groaned when he made his way fully inside.

He thrust and she cried out. The feeling was so focused, so intense. And it was made all the better by knowing this was a pleasure she had only ever known, and would only ever know, with this man.

He thrust again, again, his hips starting smoothly but soon turning wild. She gripped at the pillows, surging back against him as hard as he was driving forward. She could feel a powerful release coming, but couldn't quite reach it.

"Touch yourself," he howled. "Come for me!"

She cupped her pussy and spread her lips wide, rubbing her aching clit as she thrust back against him. It was enough to finally bring the spiraling sensations into harsh focus, and

she exploded. Her hips met his with force, her back arched and she cried out all her desire, all her need and all her fulfillment. He stiffened and let out his own cry before she felt his seed pump hot within her.

They collapsed onto her husband's bed. Dunnett's hard, hot body cradled hers, his strong arms holding her tightly as his chest heaved against her back.

Slowly, they both stopped panting. Her heart rate returned to normal and she felt his do the same until they beat to one shared rhythm.

Only then did she dare to look at him. He smiled down at her, his handsome face flushed by exertion. He brushed a lock of sweaty hair away from her forehead.

"Beautiful," he breathed.

She shut her eyes as a smile tilted her lips. "Thank you."

"Now we should both get up, though, as much as I hate to. But you will be expected to do your daily routines, and I will be, as well."

He pulled away and she was left empty. She watched as he pulled on his clothing, smoothed his hair. Years of experience as a valet had clearly taught him how to dress quickly and efficiently.

"Dunnett," she said softly as he grabbed for his coat.

He came back to the bed and looked at her. "Yes, Drusilla?"

"Will we—" She stopped, searching for the words. "Will we—"

He smiled as he caught her hand and drew it to his lips. "Of course, Your Grace. I am ever *your* servant."

About the Author

Jess Michaels flips through every romance she buys in search of "the good stuff," so it makes perfect sense that she writes erotic romances where she gets to turn up the heat on that good stuff and let it boil. She loves alpha males, long-haired cats (and short-haired ones), the last breath right before a passionate kiss, and the color purple (not the movie... though that's excellent, too—she loves the actual color). She firmly believes that Cadbury Cream Eggs should be available all year round and not count against any diet.

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