

ELLORA'S CAVE PRESENTS



WANTING

Sam

SHAWN
LANE

An Ellora's Cave Romantica Publication



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Wanting Sam

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WANTING SAM

Shawn Lane

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Twinkie: Continental Baking Company

Chapter One

Sam Kane squinted through the rain-streaked window of his sensible compact car. Somewhere on or near the street corner his sister's friend Krystal was supposedly waiting. He couldn't see a damn thing.

A car honked behind him and he was sorely tempted to flip them off. Except Sam wasn't exactly the aggressive type. Outside in normal life, anyway.

Frustrated, Sam slowly pulled away from the corner. He'd drive around the block and swing back around. It was easier. Hopefully he could spot her this time around. Hannah should have told her to wave or jump up and down or something.

His sister had called him almost an hour ago and begged him to drive to Hollywood to pick up her stranded friend. Krystal's boyfriend dumped her off at Hollywood and Vine. She'd called Hannah sobbing and now here he was sent to the rescue. In the pouring rain. It never rained in Southern California...only it was. He hated driving in the rain.

Sam pulled up to the corner again. Naturally his glasses were fogging up. He needed a defroster for those. He pushed the button for the electronic window. God, he hoped he would see Krystal this time. With his luck some thug would stick his automatic in the window pointed right at Sam's head.

"Sam, is that you?" A woman's voice drifted from the corner.

At last!

"Yes, it's me, get in." He unlocked the door and waited for his sister's friend to open it. He'd met her once, Hannah reminded him but he couldn't...oh yeah, *her*.

Sam remembered her. He just hadn't known her name. His sister's friend was a beautiful African American woman in her early twenties. Her skin was a light shade of cocoa and her dark eyes were almond-shaped. Just now her eyes were smeared from

runny mascara... No wait. Her eyelashes were coming off altogether. One of the false lashes drifted down to one of her high cheekbones. She was model perfect. No, better than a model for she had nicely rounded curves and —

“Sam?”

Earth to Sam, get a grip.

Okay, so he could have about a million wet dreams about her. Later. Now he was supposed to be rescuing her.

She frowned at him, half in the car, half out. Rain poured down on her soft brown ringlets.

“Hi, Krystal. Could you get in and close the door. It’ll take a month to dry out these seats.”

She slid in and closed the door. “Sorry, you sort of spaced there for a second.”

Sam smiled, rolled up her window and waited for her to snap her seatbelt. “You okay? Hannah said you were pretty upset.”

Krystal leaned her head back on the seat and closed her eyes. “No. We had a huge fight. He left me there. It’s over.”

Sam noticed her bottom lip trembling. He didn’t really know what to do for upset women. Well, he knew to offer them comfort or something. He padded her jean clad knee. “It’ll be okay.”

She opened one eye and peered at him. She closed it again and sighed. “Thanks for picking me up. If it makes you feel any better you were a last resort.”

No, it sure didn’t make him feel better. He’d always been the last one picked for everything.

“Well, actually calling a cab was the last resort.” She straightened and reached down for her purse at her feet. Taking out a mirror, Krystal plucked both lashes off. “What a mess.”

Sam cleared his throat. “He didn’t hit you or anything, did he?”

"No. It was mostly a lot of yelling. He cheated on me. Bastard. Again, I should say."

"He's cheated before?"

"Yeah. Every time I let myself get suckered back in. Not this time."

"Uh...where should I drive you? Where do you live?"

Krystal shook her head violently. "Oh no. I can't go home. I live with him."

"Oh." Sam frowned. "Well, do you have a motel or a friend or something?"

"No." Tears appeared in the corners of her dark eyes. "Normally I guess I'd go stay with Hannah but she's in New York now."

Sam's sister, an actress, had recently been given a role in a soap opera.

"Well...um, you can stay with me," Sam offered.

Krystal brightened. "Really? That would be great. Sam, you're an absolute life saver. Hannah's so lucky to have such a great older brother."

"Uh sure, it's nothing." Uncomfortable with any sort of praise, Sam switched on the radio. Then he kept changing stations, feeling weird about his music choices.

"I have five brothers and none of them is as nice as you," Krystal said. "Well, they're all in Chicago anyway but even if they were here they wouldn't help me. How come I've never met you before?"

Sam cleared his throat, gave up and turned the radio off again. "We have actually met."

"What? No way. I would have remembered."

Yeah right. He looked like a blond Harry Potter. Or maybe even worse...John Denver.

"At my sister's birthday dinner last year. You were on one end surrounded by my sister and all her other friends. I was there at the far end of the table sitting with my parents." Safely.

Krystal bit her lip uncertainly. "Oh. Oh yeah, I do kind of remember."

"It's okay. I'm pretty unremarkable, I guess." He took the freeway off ramp leading to his neighborhood.

"I hope I didn't interrupt you on a date or something."

Only if you count a date with the online gaming community. He was *not* going to tell her that. Shit, she already thought him a geek now.

"No, nothing like that."

* * * * *

"You have a nice place, Sam," Krystal Blake heard herself say. Okay, so how many times had she used *nice* when it came to Sam?

Sam's place was an average sized one bedroom apartment found anywhere in suburban Los Angeles. This particular area, Calabasas, was a nicer more middle-class section of Los Angeles County. Pretty much vanilla as far as Krystal could tell.

But vanilla was really a good description of Sam Kane himself. He drove a beige compact, had beige carpets and beige furniture. As for his looks well, fortunately they weren't beige. Not exactly.

Behind his round-framed rather thick glasses Krystal spied ocean blue eyes. Until he looked away as fast as he could. She'd noticed he had trouble meeting her gaze. She guessed he was shy.

His skin was flawless, a peaches and cream complexion Krystal figured most white women would envy. His lips were full and very kissable. Or they looked like they would be. Truth was Sam had a damn fine face.

Sam's short spiky blond hair had been bleached lighter. Krystal figured he'd been a little blond boy as a child but the hair had darkened somewhat as he got older. If he didn't bleach it no doubt it would be a light shade of golden brown.

He wore faded jeans with holes in the knees and a dark blue pullover sweater.

"It's a mess. Sorry. Wasn't expecting anyone." His cheeks pinked slightly, which Krystal found oddly appealing. He bent at the waist to pick something off the floor and the faded jeans strained against his tight round ass.

Oh yeah.

Okay, maybe he wasn't so vanilla. Or if he was maybe she liked that flavor more than she thought.

Straightening, Sam hurried into the small rectangular kitchen. "You... I could make some coffee. Or tea. Are you hungry?"

"Tea would be nice," Krystal said, smiling to try to put him at ease.

"Okay, yeah." He opened a cabinet. Closed it. Opened another one. "Is it hot in here to you?"

Krystal followed him into the kitchen and leaned against the doorway. "Well take your sweater off."

"Oh." He bit his lip and Krystal found herself staring at the spot where his teeth nibbled.

Sam turned on a kettle on the stove, then reached for the hem of his sweater. When he pulled it he also caught the t-shirt underneath and her gaze flicked to naked skin.

Good lord, he had abs to absolutely die for. She was pretty sure her jaw hung open. Lust slammed through her quick and unexpected. Her nipples grew taut and her pussy throbbed.

Girl, are you that horny?

The sweater and t-shirt came off over his head to expose his ripped chest and the sculpted biceps of his arms.

Oh yeah, you are.

Where had this guy been? Why hadn't Hannah told her that her older brother was a Greek god?

Sam frowned down at the sweater and shirt. "Oh, sorry."

No, don't cover up, she wanted to yell. But to her irritation he pulled the t-shirt back over his head. Damn.

Sam cleared his throat and turned away toward the cabinet he'd recently opened. He pulled out two mugs. "Are you hungry? I could make some microwave popcorn."

Krystal shifted. Her panties were soaked. "Yeah, popcorn would be cool. You know, you're right. It's pretty hot in here." She pulled at the collar of her wet blouse.

"Oh, hey, I'm sorry. You're all wet."

You don't know the half of it.

"Let me get you some dry clothes."

Krystal didn't move from the doorway. She wanted Sam to have to squeeze past her to get out of the kitchen. She wanted him plastered to her. Wanted him to feel her nipples against his t-shirt.

Sam just stared at her. Didn't even attempt to squeeze by. "Why don't you just go into the bedroom and pick something to wear? Should be some shirts in the top right drawer of my dresser."

Krystal wanted to punch him in his perfect abs. "Okay."

"With or without?"

Krystal swallowed. Her gaze flew to the crotch of his pants. Was she drooling?

"With, of course. You should always opt for protection."

Sam blinked and turned bright red. He actually backed up a step. "What?"

"Oh, well, then what did you mean?" Krystal asked, giving him a teasing grin.

"The...popcorn. With or without butter."

"Surprise me. I'll be right back."

Krystal grabbed her purse and then took the short hallway to his room. She made a side trip into the bathroom first. Just wanted to check...there! She triumphantly pulled a condom out of her purse pocket. But only one. What if that wouldn't be enough? Geez, she hadn't been this horny in freaking forever.

Okay so maybe sex with your friend's sexy brother after you broke up with your boyfriend wasn't the smartest idea. But Krystal didn't care. Right now she wanted that hot bod naked and slamming into her.

Medicine cabinet. Probably was a slim chance Sam had any condoms. She pried open the creaky mirrored door.

Score! Her fingers grasped a box of condoms. Krystal frowned. What the hell was he doing with condoms? Oh great, now she was irrational. But what if he had a girlfriend? She didn't want to be some whore doing some other chick's man.

"Krystal? Are you all right?" Sam was right outside the door.

She dropped the box. Grinding her teeth she bent down and picked them up and opened the bathroom door. She pushed the box into his hands.

"You got a girlfriend or what?"

Sam looked at the condoms like she'd handed him a spider. He blue eyes blinked behind his glasses. "No."

"No? Then why all these?"

"Well... Actually... What? Why do you care?" Sam didn't look angry. He looked confused.

Krystal couldn't blame him. She was acting a little kooky. But damn she was happy he didn't have a girl. A sudden horrifying thought occurred to her. Please let it not be true.

"You're gay, aren't you?"

"What? No. No. Shit, what is this?"

Okay, now she had managed to irritate him. His lips had twisted into a sort of grimace. Damn, he was adorable.

Krystal launched herself at him, pushing him against the opposite wall. Wrapping her arms around his neck she pulled his lips down to hers and sealed them with a kiss.

Krystal's tongue was in his mouth. Whoa. His brain was having trouble wrapping around it but his cock was begging to be let out. His balls drew painfully tight.

Holy shit.

His arms pulled her against him and she did this funny little jump and her legs now wrapped around his waist.

Holy shit again.

Krystal bit his bottom lip then trailed her lips to his neck where she nipped.

"Now, Sam," she said directly into his ear. "Fuck me now. Now."

His lust fogged brain connected with his hard cock. Okay, now. Who was he to argue? He reached for her blouse and tugged it off, flinging it to the hallway floor. No bra! Sam paused to flick her engorged nipples with his thumbs. He enclosed the cocoa globes in his grasp.

"Ah," she breathed against his neck. Her hands wandered to the hem of his shirt, her fingers scooting under to touch bare skin. "Off."

Sam obliged and flung the shirt in the same general direction as her blouse. They were bare skin to bare skin. She rubbed up and down his chest, their nipples brushing against each others.

Krystal's dark eyes met his before she slid back to the floor and reached for the snaps of his jeans. He watched her unbutton them. A wet spot appeared where his cock had leaked pre-cum. She pushed the jeans and his briefs off his hips at once. His erection bobbed free.

Her lips pressed to his lips again as her fingers gripped his penis. Sam realized he was actually shaking. Krystal took a step back and gave him a mischievous smile. Sam couldn't have moved if the apartment was on fire.

She tore open a condom package and with deliberate teasing slowness rolled it on his cock. Then she ran a manicured fingernail along his ball sac.

"Fuck."

She smiled. "That's the idea, Sam."

He reached for her jeans but she pushed his hands away. She unzipped them herself and slid out of them and her pink bikini panties.

Sam decided right then and there he must be asleep and having a wet dream. It was the only explanation for this beautiful woman in front of him begging him. Women like Krystal didn't have sex with men like him. Except in porn. Ah, who was he kidding? Not even then.

Krystal did the same little jumping move she'd done before and wrapped her legs around his waist. Now her naked body was pressed to his. His cock strained to find her entrance. She adjusted ever so slightly and he slipped into her pussy.

"Sam," she screamed.

Tightening around him, Krystal went all the way down until he was balls deep. For a moment they just stared into each other's eyes. Savoring the moment of their joined bodies. But they couldn't stay still for long.

Gripping her ass, Sam slammed over and over into her welcoming wetness. His mouth closed over a nipple and she arched her back.

"Oh God, Sam, Sam." Krystal's body clenched around him and she raked her nails along his back as her body racked with her orgasm. He ignored the pain and drew her lips back to his for a deep kiss.

He took a step or two until he had her back pressed against the opposite wall and he drove his cock in faster and harder. His own orgasm tingled along his spine but he pushed it away with effort. He was not yet ready to come.

Krystal gave him a serene little smile. He wanted to wipe the serenity away and replace it with raw lust. He pushed a little harder, pulled out a little further. Repeated it until her almond-shaped eyes darkened even more with awareness.

Sam reached one hand in between their bodies and located her clit. Now her eyes widened until they were huge. He grinned.

"You're a wicked man, Sam Kane," Krystal said with a laugh that turned quickly into a moan.

He thumbed the nub, flicking and stroking it until her head thrashed back and forth. She panted heavily.

"You like that?"

"Uh-huh." Krystal bit her lip, her body quivered almost violently. She buried her face in his neck, screaming his name as another orgasm slammed through her.

"Krystal," he groaned and sped up his thrusts, at last allowing his impossibly tight balls to release.

Chapter Two

Krystal stared down at her own entwined dark hands resting on Sam's pale chest. The contrast in their skin color excited her.

Sam lay on his back and Krystal leaned on his chest.

They'd move to Sam's bed since he'd given her two amazing orgasms. She intended to get more out of him before the night was through.

Sam had only a double bed, so they were squeezed fairly close together but that was fine by Krystal. She planned to be lying on top of the man real soon.

Her chin rested on her hands as she openly appraised him. He'd taken his glasses off and now she could see those ocean blue eyes very clearly. They were... Wow.

"You ever think of getting contacts, Sam?"

"I had them once. They bothered my eyes a bit."

His chest rumbled with his sexy voice. Lord, her pussy tingled. She wanted that sweet cock inside her again. Her gaze went to the half-erect object of her desire.

"You have the most beautiful eyes I think I've ever seen," Krystal said. She inched one hand down his stomach and clasped her fingers around the head of his penis. He drew in a breath. "What do you do, Sam?"

"D-do?" His stomach muscles quivered.

Krystal grinned and encircled the tip with a fingernail. He was definitely getting harder. "Yeah, for your job."

"Oh. Um. Work. Right." Sam shifted and pushed his cock further into her stroking hand. "I do computer animation for a studio. And...also I do programming for video games."

"So you're a computer geek?"

His body stiffened. "Yeah, so?"

Sometimes, girl, you need to think before you speak.

Krystal rose up a little to study his face. His cheeks had pinked.

"Ah, Sam, I didn't mean anything by that. I think it's cool."

He rolled his eyes. "You do not."

She smiled, released his cock for a moment and scooted up the bed so she could kiss him. Pressing her lips to his, Krystal thrust her tongue in and kissed him deeply. He had the greatest lips.

"I do, really. I just thought...well, don't you sometimes call yourselves geeks?"

Sam smiled a little. "Yeah, I guess that's true. But it's a little different when the girl you're having sex with does."

Krystal nodded. "Got it. No more geek talk. Promise."

"Okay."

She kissed him again. "You know I'm an actress. Well trying to be."

"Yeah, didn't you meet my sister in acting class or something?"

"Right. Came all the way from Chicago." Krystal sighed. "Sometimes I don't think I'll ever make it."

"You will."

She laughed. "You haven't seen me act."

"Don't need to," Sam said. "You take my breath away."

Okay, that earned him another kiss and his cock another stroking. She inched her hand back down his body and grasped it.

"You-you can stay with me until you can find some other place to live or-or whatever." Sam had now turned beet red and he didn't meet her gaze.

"Oh Sam, that's so sweet. Thank you. You're the best." Krystal cupped his jaw and turned him to look at her. "I want to ride you."

He blinked, then smiled the most adorable crooked smile. "Yeah?"

"Oh yeah. Let me get a condom."

The box had been placed on the table to Sam's left and since Krystal was on his right side, she had to stretch across him to reach. Playfully she rubbed her nipples against his chest. He groaned and rubbed back.

"We keep this up, we're going to need more boxes," Krystal said. She straightened up and straddled his thighs. His cock had perked up fully and was straining toward her. She tore open the condom package with her teeth and tossed it aside.

"M-maybe you'd better let me put it on," Sam suggested, bending up slightly to reach for it.

"No way, Sam. I'm going to slide this puppy on and then your job is to slide it in."

"Oh geez." He groaned and lay back down.

Krystal put the rubber on and squeezed his sac. Her pussy throbbed and she took a deep breath. Sheesh, she almost came just touching his cock. How great was that? She rose up a little until she was directly over his erection.

"Ready for me, Sam?"

"God yes." His hips lifted and his dick rubbed against her pussy lips.

Krystal gasped and lowered herself down inch by slow inch.

Sam grasped her hips and urged her all the way down.

"Hey no fair! I wanted to go slowly."

"Fuck slow, want fast." His hands still on her hips, he raised her up until his cock almost popped out, then lowered her down again.

"Oh my God," Krystal cried, her pussy muscles tightening around his cock. "I'm going to come."

He gave her the sweetest, sexiest smile she'd ever seen and it went straight to her heart and then to her cunt. She shook with the force of the release slamming through her.

She didn't have time to relax though, because Sam just kept lifting her and lowering her on that big, beautiful cock of his.

"Sam," Krystal said, panting heavily, "I'm supposed to be riding you."

"You are."

"You're doing all the work. I was going to work you." A laugh bubbled out of her. Her pussy tingled. Lord, the man was going to do her in.

"Later. I like it like this."

"Me too." Oh hell yeah, did she like it.

He tilted her in such a way that moved his cock right at her G-spot. Once, twice, three times. Krystal arched her back as wave after wave of a powerful orgasm shot through her.

She held on to his legs for dear life as he launched his penis over and over into her, fast and hard. He stiffened beneath her and screamed her name.

Her legs and arms weak and trembling, Krystal slipped off his cock and collapsed on his chest.

"You sure do know how to rock my world, Sam," she whispered against his sweat-covered muscles.

"You've done a pretty amazing job of rocking mine." Sam yawned.

"You sleepy?"

"Um, yeah. I'm not sure I can move."

Krystal raised her head and peered down into his incredible eyes. "Don't. You rest. I'm going to get some wash cloths to clean us up a bit."

"Okay. Should be some on the towel rack in the bathroom."

Krystal scooted off him and padded barefoot to the bathroom. Her own legs were wobbly and she was a bit sore but she didn't mind. She hadn't been so thoroughly fucked in a long time.

The truth was she only stayed with Ted because she had no where else to go. She'd stopped loving him last year. Part of her wondered if she'd ever loved him. They'd come to California together, having been friends in high school, to try to break into acting. Ted seemed to be more into models and drugs these days than really trying to get an acting job. She even suspected he might be acting in porn.

She shouldn't have been surprised when he admitted he was seeing someone new and wanted her to move out. They were more roommates than anything else and now they wouldn't even be that. It still hurt. Years of her life wasted on a scumbag. Not to mention somewhere along the way, she'd lost her self-respect. Her mama hadn't raised a fool. Or had she? Lately, it sure seemed like it.

But now...here was Sam. Like a gift from God or something. Her family sure wouldn't think so. They didn't have a problem with white folks as long as they stayed away from them. Staying away from Sam was the absolute last thing Krystal wanted to do.

Krystal vowed she would take things slowly and get a job waiting tables if she had to so she could pay her fair share of their expenses. Sam might be the best guy she'd ever met but she needed to grow up and start relying on herself more. She didn't want Sam thinking she was trying to get a free ride out of him.

She wet a cloth and wiped between her legs. She stuck the cloth under the running water to rinse it off, and then next she wiped off some of her sweat.

Besides she wouldn't be in the predicament she was in if she'd taken charge of her life before. Ted had convinced her he would take care of her while she tried to get an acting job. She wouldn't have to work, just concentrate on her career.

"Ha!"

Krystal tossed the used wash cloth into a hamper in the bathroom and wet the other one she'd found hanging on the rack. She walked back to the bedroom and immediately heard Sam's soft snoring.

She smiled. Lord, he was cute asleep. A lock of his bleached hair fell on his forehead. He looked like a little boy but Krystal knew from Hannah that Sam was twenty-six.

Not wanting to wake him, she put the cloth on the nightstand and crawled back into bed to sleep.

* * * * *

Sam smelled bacon.

He opened his eyes and stared at his bedroom ceiling. Okay, he was still in bed and anyway he didn't have any bacon. Who was cooking? Sitting up, he ran his hand through his mussed blond hair.

Krystal.

Wow, so it wasn't a dream. He swung his legs over the bed and stood. Glancing down he couldn't help but notice just thinking of Krystal caused his cock to stand at attention. Sam pretty much figured with her around he would be perpetually hard.

After grabbing his glasses, pulling on pajama bottoms and a t-shirt, Sam stopped on the way down the hall in the bathroom to relieve himself, then headed for the kitchen.

Standing at the stove wearing one of his shirts and nothing else was the object of his lust, Krystal. The shirt she'd chosen only rested on the top of her sweet bare ass cheeks. His mouth watered. His jaw hung open. Probably looked exactly like the geek she accused him of being.

Krystal turned, noticing him. "Sam! Oh man, I was going to bring you breakfast in bed."

Sam tried to look at the plate she was holding and serving food on to, he really did. But several buttons on the shirt she wore had been left undone exposing the soft mounds of her breasts. Okay, great, he was now one of those losers who couldn't stop staring at a woman's chest.

"I...uh...what are you making?"

She smiled gloriously. Damn she was beautiful. Far more beautiful than an idiot like him deserved.

"Omelets and bacon. I hope you don't mind but I borrowed your car and drove down to the grocery store."

Borrowed his car? How the hell did he sleep through her getting up and leaving his apartment and cooking? What was he sleeping, the sleep of the dead?

"No. Um, that's great. I know I didn't have much food. I keep forgetting to go shopping." *Look away from her breasts, Kane.* "You didn't go to the store like *that*?"

Krystal laughed. "No, honey, I did not. I changed into this when I got back. I went to check on you and you were still sleeping so I grabbed your shirt."

Sam took a further step into the kitchen and finally dragged his gaze from the opening of the shirt to look at her face. "It smells great."

"I figure it's the least I could do. You're being so sweet to me." She brought the plates of food over to his dining room table. She bit her lip, looking down at the cluttered mess.

"Oh shit, yeah, sorry." Sam's face heated. He had a terrible habit of throwing mail and clothes and coupons and just everything all over his table. He never ate there. He scooped up a pile and moved it to a nearby chair.

She set the plates down and sat. "Come on, before it gets cold."

Sam smiled. "Wow it looks great. I don't know a thing about cooking."

"What do you eat?"

Sam shrugged and forked a bite of omelet. "Mostly microwave stuff. Or restaurants. Or even the studio cafeteria."

Krystal shook her head. "Shameful."

"Mmm. This is amazing."

"It's just an omelet and bacon, Sam." Krystal reached over and touched his hand. "Did you mean it when you said I could stay here for a while?"

"Yeah, definitely. I know it's got to be hard for you. You want me to take you by your old place so you can get your stuff?"

"Would you? Oh my God, that would be great. We can go there when I know Ted won't be there anyway. This afternoon?"

Sam glanced at the clock. It was already past ten o'clock. "What day is today?"

"You don't know what day it is? Saturday."

"I work pretty much seven days a week," Sam admitted. "Most of my stuff is computer work which I can do from home so I don't have like a Monday through Friday kind of job. Some days I work just an hour or two others as much as eight. Just depends. I only go to the studio about once a week. Anyway, so yeah we can go later today."

Krystal smiled, then nodded toward him. "How come you covered up?"

"Covered up?"

"Yeah, the t-shirt. I like your chest. You should show it more often. You must work out some."

Sam nodded. "Growing up I was pretty skinny and got teased a bit about it, so I might not be able to change my face but I can change my body."

"You have a gorgeous face, Sam."

"Please." But Sam knew he was grinning.

"It's true. What was that famous dude who was supposed to be so handsome? Adonis. Yeah. Well Adonis has nothing on you."

"If you say so."

Krystal winked and rose from her seat. "I do say so." Her fingers clasped the hem of his t-shirt and she pulled it up, pushing it under his arms. Trailing her nails across his nipples, her tongue darted out to lick her bottom lip.

Sam shook, his cock pressed hard against his pajama bottoms. Her gaze dropped to his lap, her dark eyes widened.

"Stay right there," she ordered. "Do not move."

Krystal gave his erection a little squeeze then disappeared down the hall. Sam waited, holding his breath. He didn't have long to wait for she came hurrying back triumphantly holding a condom package.

Sam's mouth went dry. Okay he was getting quite a workout. When was the last time he'd had this much sex? Um, try never.

"All right, sweetie," Krystal said, tearing open the package. "Pull those pajama bottoms down to your knees."

He complied instantly, lifting his ass enough to scoot the pants down past his hips. If someone walked in on them now he'd probably look pretty ridiculous with his t-shirt under his arms and his pajamas around his knees but with the beautiful cinnamon-skinned woman wrapping his dick in a condom he couldn't really care.

Krystal straddled him on the chair. She'd undone another button on the shirt she wore giving him a full view of her perfect dark globes. Heat radiated from her body as she lowered her pussy down on his cock.

Oh fuck.

He was going to come. No, no. He couldn't embarrass himself like that. Sam gasped when she tightened around him.

"Shit, Krystal, please."

Krystal laughed. "Take it easy, Sam, We'll take this slow and sweet."

"I'm ready to come," he admitted, feeling his cheeks flame.

She leaned forward and kissed him full on the mouth hard and sweet at the same time. Her tongue mated with his. Was this supposed to stop him from coming? His erection quivered within her.

Krystal broke the kiss and thrust one of her breasts toward his mouth. Sam eagerly pulled her nipple in and lapped it with his tongue. She threaded her fingers through his bleached hair.

Slowly Sam started moving within her moist heat even as she rose and fell on his cock with matching slowness. It became an unconscious rhythm. She held him to her breast and he eagerly continued to suck.

His balls had grown tight against his body and he knew in spite of their measured fuck he wouldn't last. She was just too damn hot and he was too damn horny. But he was determined to hold back his orgasm until she had hers. He'd been holding onto her hips with his hands but now he slid one hand down between their joined bodies probing for her clit.

"Sam!"

Found it. His thumb stroked the slick nub. She rose up and down fast on his shaft, squeezing down.

"Holy shit, Krystal," he shouted, stripping his throat raw.

She shuddered and screamed, shaking and trembling in his arms. His cock twitched once, twice and the orgasm slammed through him.

Krystal leaned her forehead against his, both of them panting heavily. Her arms encircled his neck, his encircled her waist. The last twelve or so hours had rocked his world.

"Sweetie?"

"Hmm?"

"Want to take a shower together?" Her lips brushed the top of his head.

"Yeah. When I can move."

Chapter Three

Krystal wasn't sure she'd ever get used to how fine Sam really was. Sure, he was a little pale. Okay, maybe a lot pale. She figured he probably rarely saw the sun and when he did he slathered himself with fifty block sunscreen.

But damn.

He was toned and muscular and just...damn. He looked like a model for a romance novel or even a magazine.

She watched him reach into the shower and turn the knob, her gaze on his biceps. *Lord Almighty.*

Sam glanced at her and frowned. "What?"

"What do you mean what?"

"You have kind of a funny look on your face." Sam shrugged and tossed his discarded pajama bottoms back into the bedroom.

Noticing the bar of soap resting on the shower floor, Krystal smiled. "You probably ought to pick that up."

Sam did just what she hoped. He bent at the waist, displaying his ass and his ball sac. Her mouth dry, she leaned forward and reached between his legs to cup him.

"Whoa, hey," Sam exclaimed, scooting out of the way. His eyes were wide behind his glasses. "You're gonna make me fall."

She laughed. "Sorry, couldn't resist."

Sam blushed. "Yeah?"

The fact he was totally unaware of his appeal made him even more adorable. Her fingers moved to undo the last few buttons on the shirt she wore.

Her cell phone chirped to life in the bedroom and the trendy tune she'd downloaded for its ring tone played over and over.

Krystal touched Sam's arm. "I...I'd better get that. Be right back."

She hurried from the bathroom and snagged her phone out of the back pocket of her jeans.

Glancing at the caller ID, she said, "Hey Denise."

"I tried you at home. Where are you?"

"I'm not with Ted anymore. We had a fight and we broke up. I have to go by later and get my stuff. What's up?"

"There's an open audition. I just got the call," Denise explained.

"Oh."

"Where are you? I'll come pick you up."

"I'm staying with a friend," Krystal said. So much for the shower fun. She started gathering her clothes. "I'm in Calabasas."

"Calabasas? Who do you know there?"

"Just...just this guy. He's not important, never mind him. How long will it take you to get here? I still have to get a shower."

"Not sure. What's the address?"

Krystal had no idea. She turned around to yell into Sam in the bathroom when she noticed him standing in the doorway of the bedroom, wearing his pajama bottoms and t-shirt again.

"Um, hold on," she said to Denise, then held her hand over the phone. "It's my friend. She says there's an audition."

Sam just nodded.

"She wants to pick me up." Krystal shifted, feeling awkward. "What's your address?"

Sam rattled it off and then gave her a sad little smile. "I left you a towel in the bathroom."

"Thanks." Krystal glanced at her cell and then back at Sam. She opened her mouth to tell him she'd be back after audition but he'd disappeared again.

So what? It's not like she's your girlfriend.

Sam kept repeating that to himself as he checked his email. His brain got it. He wasn't so sure his heart did and for damn sure his cock didn't. And besides saying he wasn't important was just an offhand remark to a friend. It was nothing.

They were nothing. There was no *they*. Sam snorted. All he had with Krystal was a one-night stand. Well, one night and a morning encounter too.

He rubbed his temples. Now he had a splitting headache.

Sam turned when he heard a footstep near the kitchen. Krystal was showered and dressed. He smiled what he hoped was a casual smile.

"So, hey, good luck at your audition."

She bit her lip. "I'm sorry about the shower."

He shrugged. "No big deal. I probably would have screwed it up anyway."

"Sam."

Sam got up from his computer and kissed her cheek. "You still want me to help you get your stuff?"

Krystal frowned. "No. Denise is going to take me there for my things."

"Oh. Good."

"Sam, are you having second thoughts about letting me stay here?"

"No, why?"

"Nothing. It's just...well you're acting kind of funny."

Sam went to a little tray on the coffee table and picked up a key. "Here's a key to the apartment."

Krystal smiled and slipped it into her purse. "Okay, thanks. I'll be back as soon as I can. Maybe I can make you dinner?"

Sam decided it was best to be casual. "Yeah or whatever. Good luck again."

"What are you going to do today?"

"Computer stuff. But first, I think I'll take that shower."

Krystal grasped his t-shirt in her fists and pulled him close, kissing him long and hard on the lips. "When I get back be ready to fuck me."

Sam blinked. He felt his cheeks flame. "Um."

She gave him a sassy wink. "I'm going to wait for her outside. See you later, Sam."

Okay, he was going to be taking a cold shower.

Several hours later Sam pulled into his parking spot at the apartment. He hadn't intended to be gone so long. He hadn't intended to leave at all but he'd been needed at the studio. What he hoped would take an hour had taken several.

He glanced at his car clock. Ten thirty. Damn. He was exhausted. Could he fall asleep in his car?

Krystal.

He got out of his car fast. He'd almost forgotten. Sometimes when he got working on computer stuff he got into his own little world. She'd probably returned hours ago. He punched the on button of his cell phone. Six missed calls.

Sam practically ran to his front door and shoved the key in the lock. Before he could turn it the door was wrenched out of his hand.

"Sam!" Krystal threw her arms around him and drew him into the apartment. "Oh my God, where have you been?"

"Um, sorry." Sam closed the door with the palm of his hand. "You tried to call?"

Her hands on her hips, Krystal glared at him. "Yes. Did you ignore my calls?"

"No. Well, sort of. I had my phone turned off. I don't leave it on much. No one ever calls me." Sam ran a finger through his bleached hair. "I got called into the studio for a crisis."

"An animation crisis?"

Sam blushed. "Well, yeah when you say it like that it sounds stupid but anyway, I've been there for hours."

"You could have left a note. I was worried."

Warmth flowed through him for just a second at the idea Krystal had been concerned about him. "I'm not used to having anyone give a shit."

"Get used to it, Sam."

"Okay. God, I'm starved. I think I ate a donut or a Twinkie or something hours ago." He headed for the kitchen.

Krystal sighed and followed him. "You think?"

"I sort of get distracted while I'm working." Sam bent to look in the fridge.

"Who is Sexy Warrior?"

Sam jumped and hit his head on the shelf. "Ouch." He straightened.

"Oh sweetie, let me see." Krystal probed his head with her fingertips.

For the first time Sam got a chance to check out what she was wearing. She had a thin yellow tank on and...his gaze drifted down...were those his pajama bottoms?

"It doesn't look like you broke the skin," Krystal announced. "You might get a little bump though." She gave the area a quick kiss.

"Uh, thanks."

"Who is Sexy Warrior?" she asked again.

"Nobody." Sam moved away to the cabinet for a cereal bowl.

"Then why has she been sending you instant messages all night?" Krystal crossed her arms over her breasts.

He did not want to admit to this. Really. She already thought he was a geek. Sam cleared his throat.

"She's a gamer. We play the same online game. No big deal." Sam shrugged.

"Hmm. What does she look like?"

"I don't really know. I've never seen the real woman, just her warrior personality for the game. On that she looks a bit like the warrior princess from the television show."

"Have you ever sent her your picture?" Krystal took the bowl out of his hand and went to the fridge. She took out one of those disposable containers and popped the lid.

"Me? Um, well."

She paused in the middle of scooping some kind of rice into his bowl. She raised an eyebrow. "Well?"

"I think I might have." Sam felt himself blush again.

"You think you might have? This wasn't a naked picture was it?"

"What? No. God, no."

She rolled her eyes. "I think she seems a bit obsessed with you, Sam. She kept asking where you were, why you weren't there to play."

Sam watched her stick the bowl of rice into the microwave. He didn't have any leftovers. "Hey did you make that?"

"Yes and stop changing the subject." She took out a plate of chicken from the fridge.

"I'm not. She's no big deal. I don't even know her real name."

"I told her to back off."

Sam blinked. "You — You what?"

"I told her she needed to cool it now that I was here," Krystal said. She put her hands on her hips, as though daring him to contradict her.

For a moment Sam was tempted to remind her the two of them weren't *anything*. They'd had sex a few times and that was it. Right? Only it certainly wasn't all Sam

wanted them to be if he were honest. So he wisely clamped his mouth shut and took the bowl of heated rice she thrust into his hands.

"You made dinner? I'm sorry."

Krystal sighed. "It's all right, Sam. I know you've been alone for a while. I talked to your sister."

Great.

"You didn't tell her we —"

"Had sex? Yeah, Sam, I did. She's my best friend and you're her brother. I had to tell her."

"No, no you didn't." Sam blew out a breath. "It's not her business."

"You're her brother. Anyway, the point is we talked and I told her I was staying here. I asked her about your past relationships."

Sam gritted his teeth and put down the bowl of rice. "You know next time you want to know about me, ask me."

"Sam, it wasn't like that. It just came up while we were talking. I had to let her know where I was."

Sam nodded. "Yeah, okay. I'm sorry. I'm just too tired and it's making me grouchy."

"I'm the one who is sorry," Krystal told him, reaching for his hand. "I just meant I know you haven't had to think about someone else cooking for you or being worried about you for a while so I was going to cut you some slack. I'm not trying to scare you."

"Scare me?"

Krystal smiled. "I'm coming on a bit strong. I know that. It's just... I really like you, Sam."

"I really like you too."

Her arms encircled his neck and she pulled his head down so she could kiss him. "Are you really too tired?"

Sam was pricklier than Krystal first realized. He seemed all easygoing on the outside but in a flash he got his hackles up. He was cute. She very much doubted he would appreciate her observing that about him though.

Krystal had learned from his sister Hannah that he'd had a long-term relationship with a girl from high school. A couple of years ago the idiot had dumped him for some professional football player. Sam had been alone since. Or so Hannah said. It was possible Sam had dated women his sister didn't know about. There were those condoms in his bathroom.

Speaking of, she'd thought to buy several more boxes when she'd gone to the store. It was time to start using some.

Krystal pulled back the covers on the bed and waited for him to come out of the bathroom. She sat on the bed to remove his pajamas. Bold of her to wear them, she supposed but by now Sam must know she was no shy flower. Next she slipped the tank top over her head and crawled into bed now completely naked and as horny as hell.

What was it about this vanilla man that made her want to eat him up? She didn't know but her pussy was already wet thinking about him fucking her.

She stroked her index finger along her clit. Lord, she wished he would hurry. Maybe it was those killer blue eyes. She'd never seen such beautiful eyes. A jolt of pleasure went through her. She'd been thinking about him all day. Even when she was supposed to be thinking of the audition her thoughts had strayed to naked Sam.

Krystal had been filled with disappointment when she'd returned to his apartment to find him gone. As hour after hour passed without him there she'd started to go a little crazy and then she'd seen the notes from some bitch named Sexy Warrior.

Stay away from my man, bitch.

That's the message she'd typed back to the gamer. Krystal wondered what picture Sam had sent of himself. Hmm. A little computer snooping might be in order.

Her hips rose as she continued to finger herself. What the hell was taking Sam so long?

The bathroom door opened and Krystal sighed with relief.

"Get over here," Krystal said. "I had to start without you."

Sam cleared his throat. "I see."

Krystal lifted up on her elbows so she could look at him. He stood only a few feet from the bed now. Completely naked and fully aroused. A drop of pre-cum glistened from the tip of his penis.

She wanted to taste it. Scooting up onto all fours, she crawled to where he stood. Her hand grabbed for his cock and she pulled it straight to her mouth, her tongue darting out to lick the head.

"Oh my God," Sam moaned. "I... Don't you want to like talk or something first?"

Krystal sucked the head in and then mumbled around it, "What?"

"How did the audition go?"

Krystal released his cock and stared up at him. Had he lost his mind? "Are you asking me about an audition while I'm sucking you?"

He turned dark red. "I meant to ask you before and I got distracted."

"Could you maybe get distracted again, Sam?" Krystal slapped his thigh and then wrapped her mouth around his cock again and drew it in deeper.

"Krystal, please, I'm going to come if you keep doing that," Sam protested.

She figured that was the idea, wasn't it? Ignoring his attempts to get away, she grasped his legs tighter and sucked harder, opening her throat muscles. He groaned and pushed in. Satisfied he was no longer trying to pull out by the way he was now enthusiastically fucking her mouth, she raked her nails along his ball sac.

"Ah, fuck." Sam grabbed her head and thrust hard and fast, hitting the back of her throat. His whole body shook.

The salty, bitter taste of cum filled her mouth. She continued sucking and licking his cock until finally he pulled out, panting heavily. He dropped to his knees.

"That-that was amazing," he gasped out.

Yeah it was. But she was still as turned on as hell. Krystal bit her lip.

"Sam?"

"Hmm?"

"Sam, I want you to lick my pussy." Krystal threaded her fingers in his sweaty blond hair.

He nodded. "Yes. Okay. One second."

Krystal couldn't help but grin. Damn, he was cute.

She crawled back up the bed and lay on her back to wait. She didn't have long, because with a shuddering breath, Sam stood and climbed onto the bed.

He smiled the world's most beautiful smile at her and her heart hitched. *Oh Lord, Krystal, you're already getting in deep.*

Sam dropped a kiss on her lips, then trailed it to kiss both of her nipples, his tongue flicking out to trace them.

"How did the audition go?" Sam asked against her quivering stomach.

Krystal closed her eyes. "I didn't get it."

His hand stilled from its exploration of the juncture of her thighs. "I'm sorry, honey."

"Just love me, Sam," she urged.

He parted her legs gently, skimming the soft skin of her inner thighs with his knuckles. A moan escaped her lips. The pad of his thumb brushed her nub.

"Oh."

"This is where you were touching yourself," he said softly. His tongue darted out to caress the spot his thumb had just stroked.

"Sam," Krystal cried. Jolts of lightening fast pleasure shot through her.

His mouth enclosed the nub and he sucked it.

An orgasm slamming through her, she gripped the sheets in her fists. He continued to suck and flick his tongue along her clit. His mouth was like magic. Her juices flowed and he lapped them up, this time his tongue darting into her pussy.

"More, more, I want more, Sam, please," she begged, her body thrumming.

He slipped a finger into her.

"Yes, yes but I want more."

Sam inserted another finger, his tongue continuing to swirl around her nub. Another orgasm spiraled through her, she cried out, shaking against the bed.

"Sam, I want —"

He rose above her and looked down at her, his blue eyes twinkling. "What, honey? What do you want?"

"I want you inside me. Now!"

He smiled that heart breaking smile again and got off the bed.

"No," she protested.

"Shh. I need a condom."

He sounded amused and Krystal frowned in irritation. Thought she was funny, did he?

He reappeared with his newly erect cock sheathed in a condom.

"Fuck me," she demanded.

He leaned down and braced himself on either side of her and kissed her hard and deep. She grabbed his head and thrust her tongue in his mouth, tasting her own juices as she deepened the kiss. On some level, Krystal was aware she was desperate. She didn't care.

Sam's cock slid into her and she nearly sobbed with relief. Krystal drew out of the kiss and gazed directly into those baby blues. Her heart hitched again.

He pulled out and she immediately protested but he thrust back in. She closed her eyes, relieved.

Sam slammed into her again and again, his balls smacking against her. She met each thrust with her hips and tangled her fingers in his hair, mashing their lips together as she drew closer to another orgasm. Squeezing her thighs, the orgasm tingled up her spine and tore through her.

With a hoarse cry, Sam stiffened and pulsed one more time before he collapsed on her. She held him close, enjoying the heavy pressure of his body.

Lord. Sam Kane was the best sex she'd ever had. She was fast becoming an addict.

Chapter Four

Okay, this out in public together thing would take some getting used to, Sam decided as he perused the breakfast menu of the diner two blocks from his apartment.

They'd both awakened starved Sunday morning. Krystal offered to make breakfast but he didn't want her to feel like she always had to cook for him. He liked to think he wasn't some sort of male chauvinist expecting her to take care of him.

He was still on shaky ground as to what exactly they had together. The truth was they were moving a little fast and furious for his comfort level. It was a bit scary.

Sam glanced up from his menu and didn't miss the speculative glances from some of the men at other tables aimed at Krystal. He couldn't really blame them. She was hot. Beautiful with her warm brown skin and soft black shoulder length hair. No doubt everyone in the place wondered what the hell she was doing with a dork like him. He had to agree with them too.

"What are you thinking of, sweetie?" she asked him, smiling up from her menu.

And that was another thing. Two nights together and they were *sweetie* and *honey*. He tapped his fingers against the table. He didn't fear commitment or anything. Really, he didn't. But...well he didn't want them to be an instant couple. Did he?

"Sam, what are you going to have?" she prodded.

He cleared his throat. "Um, the Eggs Benedict look good."

"I think I'm having French Toast."

Sam wrinkled his nose.

She laughed. "Don't like that?"

"You can have it. But I've never liked it." He shrugged and set his menu down.

The waitress came by and took their order.

Now they were sitting across from each other and would have to make conversation. This was what he dreaded. Now that she had him out of the bedroom she would find out he was as dull as wallpaper paste.

Krystal sipped her coffee. "What are your plans for today?"

Before he'd met her his plan had to been to play online games like he did every Sunday. Somehow he doubted she would go for him playing games with Sexy Warrior. At least not while she was there.

He shrugged. "I don't really have any."

"Good. There's a theater festival in Glendale. I'd like to go."

"Oh." Sam wasn't sure that meant she wanted to go with him or she wanted to go without him. "You want to use my car?"

She raised a sculpted brow. "Well, how else are we going to get there?"

"Ah. So you want me to go too?"

She rolled her eyes. "You really aren't very good at this, are you?"

Sam sighed. "No. I'm a relationship geek. Hell, you know, I'm a geek period. You said so yourself."

"Sam."

"Well, it's true. Heidi was the only steady girlfriend I ever had and she...pretty much let me do my own thing." Sam grimaced. "Probably why I never saw it coming when she dumped me."

Krystal reached over and covered his hands with hers. "It's okay. You know we can take this slowly. I can walk you through it."

He smiled a little. "We haven't been taking it very slowly."

"I know. I can't seem to keep my hands off you."

His ears felt hot and he took a quick sip of his coffee. "The crazy thing is I don't want you to."

"Good, because I don't plan on it." Krystal smiled at the waitress when she came by to refill their cups. "But I mean I'll walk you through the particulars. When I ask you what you are doing today it isn't so I can use your car. Got that?"

"Yeah, okay." He tried to smile and he was even pretty sure he accomplished it. But he couldn't quite get past the comment she'd made to her friend about him. Sure, just an offhand remark but Sam's experience told him that there was usually truth to them.

"So, how long have you been working with computer graphics?" she asked.

Here it was. They pretend to be interested. No wonder he hated dating. Sam shrugged. "I don't know. A long time. I guess I was interested in hand drawn animation first but so much is computerized now. Plus I've always admired Japanese Anime and video games. I couldn't really see myself in a regular office job."

Krystal smiled. "I couldn't really see you in that either. You have sort of that absent-minded genius thing going on."

Sam snorted. "I'm the furthest guy away from genius. I think they voted me most likely to spend life comatose back in high school."

The waitress arrived with their breakfasts and set them down.

"I wish you'd stop doing that, Sam," Krystal said after the waitress left.

"Doing what?" He picked up his knife and cut off a chunk of the Eggs Benedict and popped it into his mouth.

"You dismiss yourself so easily. You're an amazing, great-looking guy."

I'm not important.

Yeah, sure. She'd even told her friend he wasn't important. Sam opened his mouth to comment on her dismissing him just as easily but decided he should keep his mouth shut.

"How long have you wanted to be an actress?" he asked instead.

"Oh all my life. I was putting on plays for my family when I was four." Krystal giggled. She took a bite of her french toast.

"I'll bet you were cute."

"I'm sure I was obnoxious. But I've gotten better." Her dark eyes grew sad and apprehensive. "Sam, I want to thank you for helping me. I know you came to the rescue because Hannah asked. And you certainly didn't have to let me stay with you."

"It's no problem." He finished his coffee and frowned, wondering where the waitress was to refill his cup.

She bit her lip. "But I can't really even give you any money yet. I have a little bit left from the commercial I made but I haven't gotten another part." She glanced away, hanging her head a little. "I...I guess I should get like a part-time job or something."

The thing about jobs, Sam found, was that they snuck up on you and before you knew what was happening you'd been working at the same place for twenty years and your dream was gone. Such a thing had happened to Sam's own father. He'd taken a job to pay the bills but it ate up all his time and he never got to do his dream, acting. Sam didn't want that to happen to his sister and he sure didn't want that to happen to Krystal.

"It's okay, you know?" He held her hand. "I'm not asking for money. I have a sister who acts remember? I know how it can be. I make good money and I live modestly. It's fine."

He even had a savings account. He'd hoped to use the money someday when he and Heidi married to buy a house. What a depressing thought.

She smiled. "You're the best. I'm so grateful."

For just a moment Sam allowed himself to catch his breath. His heart twisted a little but he ignored it. Or tried to. He took another bite of his breakfast, but he didn't really have much of an appetite for it.

"You know I'd help you without...without the rest." He toyed with his food.

"Oh Sam, I know. That's not what this is about."

He met her gaze and smiled, biting his tongue so as not to ask what it *was* about.

"Okay."

The waitress slapped their check on the table as she passed and Sam snatched it up.
"You ready?"

* * * * *

Krystal slipped her hand into Sam's arm and held on tightly as they rounded a corner of the display booths at the festival. There were several small stages set up with short plays being performed as well as information booths and even some vendors peddling their wares.

A large bosomed redhead eyed Sam from her perch next to a booth. "Massages here." She winked at Sam. "I'd do you half-priced, honey."

Krystal tightened her grip and yanked him away, glaring at the woman. Since they'd arrived women had been throwing themselves his way. Apparently she wasn't the only one who noticed the stud behind the glasses.

"Um, Krystal, you want to leave the flesh on my arm?"

She glanced down and noticed nail marks in his forearm. She ducked her head sheepishly. "Sorry, Sam."

He smiled. "It's okay."

A woman jumped into their pathway. She was dressed in gypsy clothing with the long skirt and peasant blouse. She grabbed onto Sam.

"Hi, darling, I'd love to tell your fortune."

"Well I—" Sam turned a dark shade of red.

So did Krystal. Only hers was from rage.

The gypsy woman pressed her hands to Sam's chest.

"Hey, stop touching him," Krystal said, pushing the woman away. She jerked Sam down the path.

"Krystal, stop." Sam forced them to stop. "Geez, what was that? She just wanted to sell us something." He frowned at her and rubbed his arm.

"Yeah, well, I didn't want what she was selling." Krystal crossed her arms. "She was practically drooling."

Sam sighed. "She was not. You've been glaring at people since we got here. I thought you wanted to come."

Krystal bit her lip. She supposed she was acting a bit crazy. She'd never thought she was the jealous type. Hell, Ted had cheated on her and when it came down to it, she just didn't care. So why was she being a bitch over Sam?

"I did. Only, well I'm a little jealous," she admitted.

"Jealous?"

Krystal shrugged and refused to meet those blue eyes of his. "I wanted to come here for me, you know because it was acting and stuff but you're getting all the attention."

Sam burst out laughing. "So you're jealous no one is paying attention to you?"

She was tempted to let him think that but she shook her head. "No. I want to scratch every woman's eyes out. They can't stop watching you, Sam and it's making me a little uncomfortable. I'm sorry."

"I seriously doubt anyone is paying even a bit of attention to me." Sam pulled her into his arms and lifted her chin, forcing her to look at him. He was smiling that sexy smile that made her just want to die it was so adorable. He kissed her. Short and sweet but it went straight to her heart and her pussy. "There's no one here even half as beautiful as you," he said, giving her another quick kiss.

"Well," Krystal said with a big smile. "Somebody wants to get lucky."

"Damn straight."

She held his hand. "Let's get out of here, Sam."

"I thought you wanted to see one of the plays at two o'clock."

"Nope." Squeezing his hand, she leaned in close to his ear. "Let's wash this afternoon heat off in the shower."

His blue eyes widened behind his glasses. Sam still hesitated. "Are you sure? I don't mind staying."

Lord, he really was too cute. She was falling way too fast for this guy. It was starting to get a little scary. "I'm positive, Sam. Honestly, I don't see myself performing Shakespeare on stage someday anyway."

Unfortunately they ran into a bit of traffic on the freeway. It was one of the things Krystal didn't like about California. Not that they didn't have traffic in Chicago but they had way better public transportation and not everyone had to have a car. Not so in California. Twenty people leaving from the same place at the same time with the same destination all had to have their own cars.

"Sorry," Sam said, as they sat in bumper-to-bumper traffic.

"Not your fault. This is bad. And on a Sunday. Think there's an accident?"

"Maybe."

Krystal leaned her head back and closed her eyes. "Ever dated a black girl before, Sam?"

"No. Have you been with a white guy?"

"I was never even attracted to one before," Krystal admitted. "Oh, sure I can see the appeal of guys who are white actors. They're good-looking enough. I just always assumed I would end up with a black man."

Sam said nothing.

Krystal opened her eyes and watched him drive for a moment. She supposed maybe she scared him with that "end up with" comment. Probably thought she meant the two of *them* were forever. Most men were afraid of commitment. She sure knew that.

"Ever been to Chicago?"

"No. Never really had a reason to."

"My family is all there," Krystal said.

"Yeah, I remember Hannah mentioning something about that."

"I'm the only girl, you know? I have five big brothers. None of them wanted me to come to L.A. in the first place."

Sam smiled a little. "Sure, big scary place."

Krystal snorted. "Not like Chicago isn't."

"Hmm, probably figured they could protect you there."

"I don't think they really ever knew what to make of me. Anyway, I'm pretty sure they wouldn't like me seeing you."

Sam cleared his throat. "B-big brothers, you say?"

Krystal laughed. "Yes but don't worry, sweetie, I would never let them hurt you."

Sam shot her a quick glance. "You don't seem like much protection."

She smiled. "Where have you been? Outside of California, I mean."

"Well, let's see. I've been to Florida, New York, Tennessee, Texas, Nevada, Mexico, Germany, Ireland. Oh and Hawaii."

"Wow, you've been to a lot of places. I'm surprised."

"Didn't figure a geek like me would travel so much?"

"Sam."

"I'm kidding." Sam laughed. "It's no big deal. Do you want to stop and eat somewhere?"

"No. I want to make you dinner."

"You don't have to, you know."

She rested her hand on his thigh. "I know I don't have to. I want to."

Sam nodded. "Okay. I just don't want you to think I'm some kind of chauvinist."

Touching his thigh had been a mistake, Krystal soon realized, for it tempted her to move just a little to the left. She flexed her fingers to feel the muscles and his thigh jumped.

"H-hey. You might, you know, want to hold off on that. If you want us not to crash."

She gave him a mock pout but moved her hand. "I can't wait to get you naked, Sam."

"Could you hold off on the sexy talk too?" he asked, his voice strained.

"I just said I wanted to get you naked."

"Um, yeah."

"Well, I do. Naked, hard and wet with shower spray." Krystal looked down at his crotch and noticed his jeans had noticeably tightened. She looked away, her mouth dry. Okay, what had begun as a ploy to tease him now backfired. Her pussy throbbed. She clenched her legs closed. "Damn this traffic."

Chapter Five

Sam reached into the shower and turned the knobs. He'd never taken a shower with someone else before and wasn't certain he wouldn't make a big fool out of himself. But Krystal seemed determined. His cock jumped reminding him some part of him was pretty determined as well.

He pulled his shirt off over his head and sent it sailing in the general direction of his hamper. He'd already removed his jeans in the bedroom so now he shoved his briefs down and stepped out of them.

Krystal appeared in the doorway of the bathroom wearing nothing but a smile. Sam's mouth went dry. Okay, why was this hot woman with him again? Shit, truth was he had no idea.

She came to him and threw her arms around his neck, pressing her full breasts into his chest. "You ready, sweetie?"

Sam rubbed his erection against her thigh. "What do you think?"

Krystal laughed. She pushed him into the shower. With one leg on the shower floor and one propped up on the little shelf she trapped him. Sam hooked his arm up under her thigh.

"What do you usually wash first?" Krystal asked, leaning slightly forward to kiss him.

"Um, my face, then my hair and then my body."

"Hmm, I think maybe I want to start with your body." Her voice was low and laced with sex. She reached for the bar of soap on the shower shelf.

While he watched her lathering up her hands, Sam stroked his fingers along her inner thigh.

Krystal's dark eyes flared with desire. Her breath hitched when his fingers found her pussy. His thumb brushed her nub.

"Sam," she breathed. "I'm supposed to be touching you."

"Is that a rule?"

"Yes...no...I don't know." She moaned low. Her soapy hands caressed his chest, her fingertips passing over his nipples.

He realized as he probed her moist heat that he'd forgotten to bring a condom into the shower with him. He supposed he would just have to work without it.

Sam cleared his throat. "I...uh...forgot the condom."

Krystal's body shook. "Do you want me to go out and get it?"

"No, I'll just improvise."

He slipped two fingers into her pussy, continuing to rub her clit with his thumb. His cock ached and he was developing a serious case of blue balls.

"Oh God," she moaned. She'd been trying to soap him up but she kept getting distracted, so finally she gave up and just clung to him while he thrust into her with his fingers.

Sam leaned forward and pulled one of her dark nipples into his mouth. He grazed it with his teeth.

Krystal closed her eyes and leaned her head back, her body trembling as he played with her. He knew she was close. Hell, he was close just watching her. He'd never seen anyone more beautiful.

He increased the speed of his thrusting fingers, his thumb rubbing harder and faster to match. She speared her fingers in his hair and held his mouth to her breast. She tugged a little on his hair but he found he liked the pull.

"Saaaaaaammmmmmmmmmm," she screamed, her thighs tensing, as she rocked her hips through her orgasm.

Sam tilted her chin toward him and kissed her deeply, withdrawing his slicked fingers but still gently stroking her clit.

Krystal pulled out of the kiss and stared into his eyes. "You're amazing. Lord, you do that well."

"Hmm. Glad you think so." He kissed her again, his tongue fencing with hers, his thumb working away on her nub.

Her breath hitched. "You'd better stop that or I'm going to want that cock of yours between my legs."

Sam closed his eyes and groaned, cursing his own stupidity. If he didn't get relief soon his cock was going to break off.

She gently pushed his hand away and scooted down until she kneeled in the shower in front of him.

"Krystal, you don't have to—"

"Hush," she whispered, her mouth next to his straining erection. She opened her lips and slowly pulled the head of his cock into her hot mouth.

"Ah, geez." Sam nearly came right then. He braced himself with his hands on the shower wall. He was very much afraid he would disgrace himself by crumpling to his knees.

Krystal opened her throat and drew him in deeper. Her hand reached up to cup his sac. Her tongue ran along the thick vein along the length.

Sam pulled partially out and then pushed back in, fucking her mouth. If he couldn't be inside her pussy this was the next best thing.

She worked his cock in and out, over and over. When he was close to coming she would squeeze his balls just a bit and stop the sucking until he was calm enough for her to continue. She'd murmured she wanted to take her time working him.

Now she pulled him all the way out and then grasped only the tip which she sucked greedily on.

"Krystal, please, I can't stand much more," Sam protested, wanting desperately to come all over the shower wall.

"Not yet," she said, a wicked gleam in her dark eyes. She held the bottom of his shaft, her fingers curled around it and she slid it all the way into her mouth and to the back of her throat.

"Fuck."

She held him there a moment, not moving but not releasing him either. The fingernails of her other hand grazed his ass cheek.

"Now, please." Shit, he was reduced to begging but he couldn't help it. He had to come. He tried to pull out but she wouldn't let him. She held onto his ass with both hands now, her nails biting in. She sucked madly.

His orgasm tingled up his spine, he couldn't hold it back any longer. His thrusts sped up, his balls tightened and he came over and over down her throat.

Krystal released his cock, made a little gasping noise and sat down in the shower, water spraying down on her.

Sam's legs gave out and he crouched down next to her, panting heavily. "S-sorry."

"Sorry for what?" She arched a beautifully sculpted brow.

"I tried to pull out so I wouldn't gag you."

She laughed. "Sam, I wanted you to come in my mouth. I like the taste of you."

Sam bent his head and panted. "I'm not sure I can survive you."

Krystal touched his cheek. "Come on, let's wash for real."

Krystal tossed the box of condoms on the dining room table. This time they'd be handy when she wanted them. She intended to get dinner in the oven and then while they waited for it to cook she was going to ride Sam to within an inch of his life.

She was quickly becoming addicted to him. It was scary really how much she craved him. They'd known each other a couple of days, she tried to remind herself. It

was true they'd met a time or two before at events they'd both attended for Hannah but this was different. They'd barely spoken before. Now she couldn't make herself stop touching him.

Part of her wondered if she wasn't on the rebound from Ted but it was more than that. Sex with Ted had never been this intense, this gratifying. And something pulled at her heart each and every time with Sam. She only hoped she wasn't alone in what she was feeling.

His gorgeous blue eyes went to the box of condoms she'd thrown down and he grinned. God, she loved his smiles.

"I'm starved in spite of your trying to distract me with those. What are we having?"

"Shrimp enchiladas."

"Really? You know how to make those?"

Krystal rolled her eyes. "Yes, Sam, I'm more than a good lay."

He blushed. "Well, I know that."

She laughed and slapped his right butt cheek. Too bad he'd pulled on a pair of sweatpants. "You go sit down at your computer and play one of your games or something while I get started."

Sam shifted uncertainly, his gaze drifting to the computer. "You sure you don't want my help?"

"You'll just get in the way." She pushed him toward the chair in front of the computer. She stood with her hands on her hips looking over his shoulder for a moment. "That sexy warrior chick isn't on, is she?"

"Yeah, she's there," Sam said, not looking up from the screen as he punched a few buttons.

"Sam." Krystal bit her lip, knowing it was foolish to be jealous over a woman on the internet he'd never even met. But hell, hadn't she seen enough in the news about online affairs?

"Hmm?"

She'd lost him to the game, she could tell. Sighing, Krystal walked into the kitchen and removed her cell phone from her front jeans pocket. Pushing number three on the speed dial, she waited.

"Hello?"

"Mama, it's me."

"Krystal? What's wrong?"

She grimaced. "Nothing's wrong. I just...well, wanted to talk."

"Okay, what is it?" Her mother's voice was sharp and suspicious.

Krystal sighed. "Ted and I are not together anymore."

There was a long pause, then a huff of breath that sounded rather like relief. "What happened, baby girl?"

She was surprised when she felt the prick of tears. She had thought herself done crying over the bastard. "He found someone else. Well, someone else he wanted to keep this time."

"How long has he been cheating?"

"I think maybe since the beginning. I've known about it for a while," Krystal admitted to her mother. She closed her eyes. "I haven't loved him for a long time. I was just afraid to leave."

"Where are you now?"

Okay, now she had to admit to Sam, which wouldn't be easy. She should have thought this through before she'd made the call.

"I'm...with a friend."

"A man?"

"Well, yes, my friend is male," she said, feeling incredibly lame.

"Krystal."

"It's okay, Mama. I know what I'm doing. Sam is different from any man I've ever met." To put it mildly.

"Sam? Like Samuel L. Jackson?"

"Um...not exactly. You see, Mama, Sam is...well he is —"

"What? Spit it out, baby girl."

"Sam is white, Mama." There, she said it. She held her breath.

Stony silence.

"Mama?"

"White?"

"Yes, Mama."

"You been sleeping with this boy?"

Krystal swallowed heavily. "Yes."

"Using protection?"

"Of course, Mama."

Her mother sighed. "Well I suppose you're old enough to know what you're getting yourself into. Is this serious?"

Krystal thought it was for her. She couldn't speak for Sam. "I...yes."

"Then when are you bringing him out to Chicago?"

"Oh God no. Mama, I can't bring Sam to meet the family yet."

"And what is wrong with your family?"

She sighed and went to the refrigerator to take out the ingredients for dinner.

"Nothing. But you might all be a bit intimidating to Sam right now."

"Baby girl, if he can't handle your family then you don't want him."

"I know. He can. I just want to take things a little slowly." She didn't want to tell her mother she already feared she was coming on way too strong with Sam as it was. Every once in a while she caught that deer-in-the-headlights look on his face before he

had a chance to hide it. "As soon as it's possible, Mama. I promise. I have to go now but I'll call back in a few days. Okay?"

"Okay. You be careful, baby girl."

Krystal hit end call and set her phone down on the kitchen counter.

* * * * *

Half an hour later she'd put the enchiladas in the oven and came out to check on Sam. He seemed engrossed in his game but she wondered if she could change that. She sauntered over to the computer desk and massaged his shoulders. He tilted his head to the side just a little.

"Are you winning?"

"Well, you don't really win."

Her fingers paused as they were about to inch under the sleeves of his t-shirt. "What's the point of that?"

"I mean the game is played over several days and months even. So you don't sit down on any given day and play and win like a game of solitaire or something."

"Oh." Krystal renewed her exploration, the tips of her nails running along the cord of his neck. "The enchiladas are in the oven."

"I can smell them already. Can't wait."

Krystal inched her hands down from his shoulders to rub his chest. He inhaled sharply. "Can you take a break?"

He turned in the chair to face her. "What do you have in mind?"

After their shower, Krystal had pulled on a simple yellow sleeveless sundress. It was one of her favorites both because of its comfort and she thought the sunny yellow went well with her dark skin tone. It also showed a fair amount of cleavage which she shamelessly displayed to Sam now.

"I'm not wearing any underwear," she said with a wink.

Sam laughed, his cheeks turning just a little pink. She loved making him blush. It made him all the sexier. "I'm not either."

She reached behind her for the condom box she'd placed on the table and waved the packet she'd taken from the box. He snatched it from her hand and stood up.

"Want some help?" Krystal reached for the waistband of his sweats. Together they slid them down to his knees. She smiled at the sight of his erection bobbing free.

Sam tore open the foil package and sheathed his cock.

Moist heat pooled at the juncture of her thighs. As hot and horny as she was, it was difficult to believe she'd just come in the shower. This was what Sam did to her. Turned her into a sex addict.

Krystal intended to push him back into the chair so she could straddle him but Sam had other ideas. He lifted her, impaled her on his cock and then laid her down on the computer desk, tilting her hips up. She couldn't resist the gasp that escaped her lips.

"Hmm, is that good?" he whispered.

"Oh yeah. Fuck me, Sam."

He thrust slowly and deliberately, hitting her G-spot as though he'd been made for her body. She clenched around his cock, grasping him hard.

Sam dipped his head down to kiss her and she eagerly enclosed his head in her hands, pressing her lips and her tongue to his. She didn't know if she wanted him to continue the slow fuck or speed up.

She broke the kiss and moaned, "Sam, oh God, Sam, that's so good."

He'd sped up his thrusts just enough to send her spiraling closer to orgasm. Somewhere she heard a whiney beeping noise but she pushed the annoyance out of her mind. She wanted to focus solely on the hard penis ramming her pussy.

"Harder, Sam," Krystal urged, raking her nails across his t-shirt clad back. She lifted her hips to meet his powerful thrusts.

Sam sped up, his hips snapping as he plunged into her again and again. He hit her G-spot sending her over the edge.

"Yes," she groaned, tightening around his cock, her body shuddering with the force of her orgasm.

With a moan of his own, Sam thrust a few more times, then collapsed, lying across her. Still within her. She held him close, her arms wrapping around his back in a bear hug.

After a moment, Krystal pushed his sweaty blond hair off his forehead. "Sweetie, what is that noise? An alarm or something?"

Sam stiffened, then lifted their intertwined bodies to look down at the desk. "No. We're on the keyboard."

Krystal burst out laughing and looked at his computer screen. A mess of letters and numbers covered it and the game he'd been playing was gone. She kissed him deep and thoroughly. "I'd better go check on those enchiladas."

Chapter Six

Sam stumbled bleary-eyed into the kitchen the next morning. He was in desperate need of coffee and he only hoped he could keep his eyes open long enough to make it. Krystal was wearing him out. Not that he was complaining or anything.

She had already left the apartment for an early audition. Her friend had picked her up.

He flicked on the kitchen light and tried to focus on the simple task of making coffee. There was a note stuck to the coffee maker and he pulled it off.

"Wow, I love you," he declared out loud. The note from Krystal indicated all he had to do was push the start button which he did and the coffee started brewing.

That task happily over with, Sam turned his attention to getting something to eat. He had a lot of work to do on the game he was supposed to be creating. He didn't want to be distracted by hunger. Then he noticed another note taped to the refrigerator.

I made you an omelet and potatoes. Just put them in the microwave for a couple of minutes.

"Okay, now I really love you!" Sam opened the door and took out his plate of food.

As he was putting it in the microwave he heard the tinny sounds of a pop song and a buzzing vibration on the kitchen counter. Krystal's cell phone. She'd obviously forgotten it.

He wondered if he ought to answer it. Maybe it was another audition. Grimacing, he reached over and flipped it open.

"Hello?"

Silence. But he could hear breathing.

"Hello?" Sam said again.

"I'm looking for Krystal. Isn't this her phone?" A male voice.

"Uh, yeah. Who is this?"

"This is Ted."

Sam frowned. Why was this loser calling Krystal? "She's not available right now."

"Fine. Just tell her I returned her call." Ted disconnected.

Okay, what? Krystal called Ted? Sam set the phone down and went to punch in the time for the microwave. It was none of his business. There was probably any number of reasons she called Ted. None of which did he have a right to know.

He leaned against the counter and folded his arms across his chest, staring hard at the phone. It was crazy and stupid. But hell, he wanted to see when she'd called Ted.

The microwave beeped indicating it had finished but Sam made no move to remove the food.

"Just go about your business, Kane," he told himself. It was his ex-girlfriend's fault, Sam supposed, that he was so suspicious. She used to exchange all sorts of sexy text messages with the football player she'd dumped him for.

Although somehow he suspected it was wrong to blame someone else for his shortcomings. No one was making him check out Krystal's phone but him.

He flipped it open and found the menu option with recently made calls. The last one had the notation *Mom* next to it but under that were several calls to Ted. One yesterday morning when she'd gone to the ladies room at the diner where they'd had breakfast. Another couple were the day before when she'd gone to another audition.

Sam closed the phone and sighed. He rationalized the two on the day of her last audition could have been about picking up the stuff she'd left at Ted's place.

"Get a grip." Even the call yesterday was probably about something she'd forgotten or whatever. He was being stupid.

Several hours later, Sam leaned back in his chair and stretched. He'd been working all day and had mostly forgotten about the calls to Ted. Mostly. The computer clock

told him it was close to five o'clock already. He had kind of expected Krystal to be back by now.

He got up and poured himself a glass of iced tea. He was hungry again, having skipped lunch.

His phone rang.

"Hello?"

"Sam? It's me," Krystal said. He could hear laughter and singing in the background.

"Hi."

"Listen, I left my phone there so I'm using Denise's. A bunch of us decided to stop at this restaurant and bar. They've got karaoke. I'm sorry it's a little noisy. Anyway, I just thought I'd let you know so you wouldn't worry. I'm not sure when I'll get back but it shouldn't be too long."

Sam pushed aside his disappointment. Of course she had lots of friends she'd want to hang around with. A beautiful woman like Krystal.

"Sam? You there?"

"Yeah. Okay, I'll see you later."

"There are some leftover enchiladas you can heat up for dinner."

"Uh, right. I'll do that."

"Sam?"

"What?"

"I... Nothing. I have to go. See you later."

Sam returned the phone to its cradle. Pathetic. That's what he was. All sad and depressed because Krystal wanted to party with her actor friends.

But wasn't that the way it would be if she really took off with acting? Sam couldn't imagine himself ever fitting in with that crowd. Sam was an introvert and Krystal was obviously an extrovert. Things with them would never really work and the sooner he came to face that the better off he'd probably be. Before he got his heart broken. As

though he wasn't already in danger of that anyway. What the hell had he been thinking anyway? Well, he hadn't been. He'd been acting out his sexual fantasies.

Okay, so what? He wasn't going to get to pretend she was his girlfriend tonight. Big deal. What did he do before Krystal? Well, pretty much nothing, actually. He played online video games like the big geek he was. Only now he didn't want to.

So, he'd watch television like millions of Americans did every night. It wasn't the end of the world.

Sam picked up the remote and turned on the television. Maybe there was some sport on. He could sit there and watch drinking a beer.

"Geez, you really are a geek." Sam rolled his eyes. "And now I'm talking to myself." He really despised himself at that moment.

* * * * *

"Sam?" Krystal called out as soon as she opened the door to his apartment. It was late. Much later than she'd wanted to be out. It was after eleven. That was the problem when you relied on others for rides. When she got a job that paid her she intended to get her own car.

Denise had assured her they'd just be at the restaurant for an hour or two. It had turned into several hours. She felt bad too because she didn't really have a good time. Her mind had been on Sam and how distant he'd sounded on the phone.

"Sam?" she called again. She closed and locked the door. Krystal noticed immediately the television was on, then she noticed Sam asleep on the couch. Her heart gave a funny little lurch. So many times she'd come home when she lived with Ted to an empty apartment. Sometimes it would smell like drugs and sex.

But Krystal knew Sam would be there waiting for her. She threw her purse on the nearby table and went to Sam. He opened his eyes as she approached. He'd taken off his glasses and his blue eyes seemed to be having trouble focusing.

"Hi," he said, wiping his hand over his face.

"Hi yourself." She reached down, grabbed his hands and pulled him up from the couch. "Sorry I'm so late."

"S'okay." He yawned. "What time is it?"

"After eleven. How long have you been asleep?"

"I don't know," he admitted.

She brushed a stray lock of blond hair off his forehead. "Are you ready for bed?"

"Uh-huh." He picked his glasses up off the coffee table and put them on.

Krystal led him down the hall to the bedroom.

"Did you have a good time?"

"It was okay. Denise wanted to go so I was sort of stuck." She pushed him down onto the bed.

"I would have picked you up."

"It was all the way out in Hollywood, sweetie, I didn't want to make you drive out there. I spent most of the time talking about you anyway." She knelt down to take his shoes off.

He frowned. "About me? What about me?"

Krystal smiled. "I just told them all you were the best revenge."

Sam blinked, then his eyes narrowed behind his glasses. "Revenge? What do you mean?"

Krystal continued to smile even though she heard the weirdness in Sam's voice. "I just meant being with you was the perfect revenge against Ted."

"Oh my God."

This time the tone was more than weird, it was hard. "Sam?"

"This is fucking unbelievable." He pushed her hands away from his legs where she'd rested them as she prepared to undress him. He stood up. "That's what this has been, hasn't it?"

"What?"

"*This*." He waved his hands at the two of them. "God, I am such an idiot. That's been it all along. Now it makes sense."

Krystal shook her head, trying to clear the fog. "Sam, what are you talking about?"

"You." He pointed his finger at her. "You've been using me to get back at Ted."

Krystal's heart began to thud loudly in her chest. Sam's face had turned a dark shade of red but it wasn't from blushing this time. His fists clenched at his side.

"You know, I wondered ever since that first night why in the world someone like you would be all over someone like me and now I know."

"I wish you'd tell me what you know, because I certainly don't."

"This has been about getting even with Ted for what he did to you. All the cheating. You thought you'd sleep with your friend's geeky brother."

"What?" Krystal struggled up from the floor to stand up. "Sam, no."

"Oh yes it is. Is that why you called him? To tell him all about us so he'd know?"

"Why I—"

"He called this morning."

Krystal exhaled, trying to calm down. "He called here?"

"No, he called your cell. I picked it up."

"Why?"

"I don't know. I thought maybe it was important or something. An audition or whatever." Sam glared at her. "He said you'd called *him*."

Krystal hugged herself. "Well, yes, I did but—"

"Several times from what I could see," Sam flung out accusingly.

"What?" She was still so shocked by Sam's conclusions she couldn't even process everything fast enough.

He ran his long fingers through his sleep-tousled hair. "Yeah, I looked at your phone. I saw the calls. No doubt taunting him about what you're doing with me."

"Sam, I called him because he owes me money. This whole thing is ridiculous."

"Yeah, it is. This whole thing *has* been ridiculous. I always wondered why you practically attacked me in the hall that first night when you never gave me a second look at anything we were both at before."

"I never gave you a second look because I had a boyfriend."

"No." Sam's expression was grim. "You didn't give me a second look because you recognized a first-class geek when you saw one. I was conveniently handy. Well, guess what? It's over."

"Sam, no, listen to me. I didn't mean what I said about revenge against Ted the way you think I meant it."

Sam turned away and walked out of the bedroom and down the hall.

Krystal followed. "Where are you going? Sam, I want to talk about this."

"I can't be here right now," Sam said, puffing out a heavy breath.

"You can't be here?"

Sam grabbed his car keys from the table. "Yes. I'm about to say stuff that really sucks and I don't want to say it. So I have to leave."

He went to the door, turned the deadbolt and opened it.

"Sam, you shouldn't drive when you're upset," Krystal said. She was torn between being angry at his accusations and feeling a sort of panic. She couldn't believe he thought she was just using him to get at Ted. And that he'd been snooping on her phone.

Sam ignored her and closed the door in her face.

* * * * *

Krystal sat on the couch waiting. One lamp on a nearby table was lit but otherwise darkness shrouded the apartment. The only sound was her breathing. She found a rather strange comfort in sitting in the same spot where she'd earlier found Sam sleeping. She could still smell him.

Of course when he'd first walked out she'd tried calling his cell phone. Called it three or four times. It went right to voice mail so she knew he'd turned it off. According to the digital clock on his DVD player it was three in the morning.

She couldn't believe with just a few words everything had gone so wrong. Had she been so wrong to believe Sam was special and that they could have something lasting? Krystal knew she'd been pushing him, coming on strong. She'd wanted to hold back but hadn't been able to resist his sweet sexy charm.

She had almost called Hannah but with her friend in New York, she doubted Hannah would want to be awakened by a call from Krystal crying over a broken heart. Especially since the man who broke it was Hannah's brother.

Of course she was worried sick about Sam. He'd been very upset when he left and she didn't like him driving around in Los Angeles like that. Not to mention, where was he? If he'd driven around to cool off he should be back by now. Had he stopped at a bar? And if he had would he now be driving drunk? It didn't sound like something Sam would do.

When he came back she'd make him see it wasn't like he thought. She'd meant that the best revenge for having Ted break her heart was for her to be happy again. Not that she wanted to get Ted back or something.

A key turned in the lock. Krystal tensed. She stood and faced the door. Her fists clenched at her side. She uncurled them, forcing herself to relax. She didn't want to appear confrontational.

Sam appeared in the doorway. He looked ragged and exhausted. His blond hair stood on end as though he'd been repeatedly running his fingers through it. He glanced at Krystal and then turned to close and lock the door.

"Sam, where have you been?" she choked out.

"I went to see a friend."

Krystal's heart thudded painfully. "A...a female friend?"

Sam shrugged, then tossed his keys on a table. "We need to talk."

"Okay."

Sam gestured for her to sit down on the couch. He sat in the chair across from it. He took his glasses off for a moment, wiped his hand over his face and then replaced them.

"First, I want to say I'm sorry."

"Sorry? Sam—"

"I went a little crazy earlier and that's not like me at all. I didn't have any right to yell at you like that or to snoop in your phone. I'm ashamed of myself." Sam paused and looked away. It was obvious he didn't want to meet her gaze. "Anyway, I've been thinking a lot about this. Not just now when I left, but pretty much all day."

Krystal did not like the sound of that. She inwardly winced at the cool tone his voice had taken on. She didn't like this detached Sam at all.

"Thinking about what, Sam?"

"This...we...will never work. You know, for a moment I allowed myself to think it could. I got caught up in the excitement. But the truth is, Krystal, we're just too different."

"No." Krystal shook her head. The panic began to set in again. "Sam, that's not true. It can work."

He smiled a little sadly. "You're a terrific woman, Krystal. The best. But you want to be an actress. You like that lifestyle and that excitement. I'm a homebody. I hate to party. I would never want to stand in the way of your dream."

Tears stung her eyes. "Sam, if this is about what I said earlier, let me explain."

"It's not," he insisted. "We're just not compatible. Besides the actress-geek thing there's also our different races."

"You can't honestly tell me you think my being black is a problem."

"No, I don't. But others will. And it's just one more thing that's different about us."

"I don't give a damn what others think, Sam," Krystal said, blinking angry tears. "I care about what *you* think."

Sam sighed. "I care about you. I want you to be happy."

"Then —"

"But I think we are better off just being friends."

Her heart squeezed in her chest. She opened her mouth to say something but the words caught in her throat.

"I'm sorry, Krystal. I think that's for the best. What we had was terrific sex but that's...that's all it was."

She couldn't breathe. He had *not* told her all they had was just terrific sex. Had her heart really been the only one engaged? Had she just been convenient sex for him? He might as well have stabbed her and then twisted the knife.

He stood up. "Anyway. Listen, I know you have no money now or anything so you can continue to stay here as long as you want. You know until you can find your own place. And I don't want to rush you so don't think I am. You can have the bedroom and I'll sleep on the couch."

"Sam." She wanted to say more but couldn't. Her throat ached. Her chest ached. She was getting a headache too. Tears streamed freely down her cheeks but Sam turned away as though he couldn't face them. Face her.

"I'm really tired so I think I'll go get a blanket and my pillow."

* * * * *

Sam felt like a world class jerk. An idiot. A fool. A bastard. Whatever the name was, it seemed appropriate. A week had passed since he'd told Krystal they should just be friends. Since he turned away from her tears like a heartless cold prick.

He loathed himself.

The week had been spent with the two of them avoiding each other. Friends, ha. They acted like strangers.

He'd spent most of the days at the studio working on graphics rather than from his home computer. Even many of his co-workers gave him funny looks as they knew he generally worked from home. But if Krystal didn't have an audition she might be there. And he couldn't face her. Couldn't admit he wanted to take back every stupid word.

Sam closed his eyes. It was hard to concentrate. He wasn't sleeping well. Every thought was filled with her. The phone on his work desk rang.

"Kane."

"Sam, it's Hannah."

He tapped his fingers on the desk, trying to push aside the impatience he felt at her intrusion. He knew she was calling about Krystal. She'd been calling his cell phone for days and he ignored her.

"Yeah, what's up?"

"That's what I want to know, Sam. I've been calling you for days. You aren't answering your cell phone or your home phone."

"I've been busy. Working on a movie. Something wrong?"

"Not with me. Krystal—"

"This is none of your damn business, Hannah," Sam interrupted sharply. Probably a little meaner than he'd intended.

"Krystal is my friend and you are my brother. It is my business."

"No. Butt out. This has nothing to do with you."

"If I hadn't asked you to pick her up—"

"But you did. You can't change what happened, Hannah. And you can't change that it's over. Okay? So just leave it alone."

"Sam, are you sure? Do you want it to be over?"

He clenched his eyes closed and rubbed his temples. "Yes."

There was a long pause and for a moment he thought his sister had ended the call.

"Okay, Sam. I'm sorry. I'll call you another day."

"Bye, Hannah."

He turned off his work computer and stood up. A couple of his friends burst into the little cubicle he used whenever he came into the office.

"Hey, Sammy, we were thinking. It's been a long time since we had a poker night," his friend Lou said. "What do you think? Should we do one tonight with some Chinese food?"

"Um, sure. I guess we could."

The other man, Charlie, grinned. "Great. We decided to have it at your place. So everyone's coming over."

"My place?" The last thing he wanted was everyone over.

"Yeah, come on. Let's go." Charlie turned him toward the exit.

* * * * *

Krystal heard several voices outside the apartment door. She had just been about to mix the meatloaf she was preparing to make. For some reason she still felt like cooking for Sam even though he wanted nothing to do with her. She set down her spoon and walked out of the kitchen.

The door burst open and three guys who were not Sam rushed in, followed by Sam and an Asian woman. They carried in bags and Chinese take-out containers.

One of the men, an older man of about fifty, noticed her. "Oh, hi, it's poker night."

Sam blushed. "Um, sorry, Krystal. Everyone, this is my roommate. This is Lou, Charlie, Frank and Leilani."

His roommate. He really knew how to kick her when she was down. She attempted a smile but she pretty much guessed it was fake. "Hi."

"We brought Chinese," Sam said. "There's probably enough for you."

"A generous offer but I've already started making dinner."

"Oh." His blush turned darker. "I...I guess I should have called."

Krystal shrugged. "No big deal. Enjoy your game." She walked back into the kitchen. She returned to her mixing bowl and tried not to give in to the overwhelming sadness threatening to engulf her.

She didn't know what to do. On the one hand it was killing her to be living with Sam but not actually have him. In spite of his breaking up with her, she couldn't stop loving him. She smelled his pillow every day. How pathetic was that? But it was also killing her to think of not seeing him at all. To not have him there, to make sure she could check on him, see that he was all right. Could she handle never seeing Sam again?

A throat cleared behind her. Krystal turned to see Leilani standing there with a shy smile.

"Hi, Sam said you might have juice and to check with you."

Krystal nodded and opened the refrigerator. She searched the second shelf and pulled out a bottled juice.

"Thanks," Leilani said, taking the juice. She was a petite woman with long, silky-looking black hair. Very pretty, actually. "Hey, I was wondering if I could ask you a question."

"Okay."

"Do you know if Sam is seeing anyone?" Leilani had dropped her voice and glanced toward the dining room. "I've wanted to ask him out for months but you know he works from home on almost every project and I've been working up my nerve. That's why I came tonight. I'm thinking of asking him."

The thought of Sam with someone else turned her stomach. For a moment, Krystal turned away and pretended to stir her meatloaf. Okay, she could not stand by and

watch Sam dating other women. How could she stand the idea of some other woman's hands on his skin, touching and kissing him?

"Yeah. Yeah, he's already seeing someone," she said.

"He is?" She heard the disappointment in Leilani's voice.

"Afraid so. He's seeing me," Krystal told her, turning back to face her, holding the wooden spoon.

"Oh. Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't know. I thought he said you were his roommate."

Krystal smiled. "This apartment has only one bedroom."

Leilani's eyes widened and then she nodded. "I see. Sorry again. Thanks for the juice."

"No problem."

That wasn't very nice. No not nice at all. But how much could she take?

Loud laughter came from the dining room.

She threw down the spoon and pushed the bowl of ground meat aside. It could rot for all she cared. She left the kitchen and went to the bedroom and closed the door. She couldn't stand to hear the laughing in the other room any more.

Throwing herself on the bed...his bed...Krystal allowed her tears to flow freely. Her body racked with the sobs she'd tried to hold back all week. Even now when he no longer slept with her she could smell his scent on the sheets. She couldn't describe it if she tried but it was pure Sam.

She didn't know how long she cried, curled into the fetal position but eventually she straightened up and touched the speed dial for home.

"Mama," she said as soon as her mother answered the phone.

"You sound terrible, baby girl. What's happened?"

Krystal wiped at her tears. "I just needed to hear your voice."

"It's that man you met, isn't it? That Sam."

Even the sound of his name pierced through her. "Y-yes."

"What happened? You sounded happy the last time you called."

"He...he doesn't want me." An involuntary sob came out. "I...I thought he did but he doesn't."

Her mother sighed. "Well he must surely be the biggest fool. You want to come home?"

She did and she didn't. Krystal hated the idea of running back to Chicago with her tail between her legs because of a broken heart but Sam was in California. Would the place ever be the same?

"I don't know," she admitted. "I don't think I'm ready to give up everything I've worked for."

"You think about it. You don't have to decide now. But your daddy and I can pay for your trip if you think you might want to come home."

She exhaled and nodded, forgetting for a moment her mother couldn't see from Chicago. "Okay. Mama, another call is coming in, so I have to go."

"You call me tomorrow."

"I will. I love you, Mama."

"Love you too."

Krystal switched over and saw Hannah's name pop up. She swallowed. "Hi, Hannah."

"How are you holding up?"

"Terrible."

"Is my brother still being a dick?"

"No, he's not a dick, Hannah."

"All right. I called for something else though. I think I have a job for you."

Krystal's hand tense on her cell. "A job?"

"Yeah the soap I'm working on is looking for someone just like you. I told the casting director and he's very interested. It's not a sure thing but it could be a great opportunity for you."

"In-in New York?"

"Yes. Maybe that's a good thing, Krystal. Can you come?"

Holding her stomach against the butterflies filling it, she made herself ask, "When?"

"Tomorrow? The casting director will want to see you as soon as possible. Say yes, please."

"All right, yes. I'll make my arrangements now."

"I really think this is for the best, Krystal. You'll never get over Sam if you don't move on."

Get over Sam. She doubted she ever would. "I'll call you back with my flight information."

* * * * *

Sam picked up the last paper plate and napkins left from the poker game and tossed them in the trash. What a bunch of slob. It took him an hour to clean up after they left. He didn't want Krystal to come out and see the mess.

He'd found her uncooked meatloaf and covered it and put it in the refrigerator. He felt terrible for bringing his stupid friends over when she'd obviously been cooking for him. Why couldn't he stop being an ass? He was a nice guy, for heaven's sake.

Well, he'd had enough. He wasn't going to continue to hurt Krystal anymore. Or himself. He loved her, damn it. Maybe it was fast the way things happened between them but so what? They didn't have to explain themselves to anyone and if they felt it, who cared what anyone else thought? Krystal was right.

Sam turned off the lights and went down the hall determined to beg her to forgive him. That he did want to try to make them work. No matter what. He didn't want to just be friends.

He paused at the bedroom door wondering if she would be asleep. It wasn't like either of them kept regular hours but if she was asleep, did he want to wake her? He heard rummaging coming from within so he figured he was safe. He knocked.

"Come in."

"Hey, I..." Sam stopped and stared at the suitcase she was filling with clothes. "Um, going somewhere?"

She flashed him a toothy smile. "I sure am. Your sister just called and there's a possible role for me on her soap. I fly to New York tomorrow."

He was too late. He'd lost her. He nearly choked on his own breath.

Get it together, Sam.

"That's great," he squeaked out.

"Isn't it? It's great for you too, Sam."

"How?" He couldn't stop himself from asking how it could possibly be great for him.

"Now you can have your bedroom back." Her voice sounded bright and cheerful. It seemed pretty clear she was thrilled to be leaving him behind.

"Yeah, sure." He stood there, at a complete loss for what he could say. Watching her pack up to leave him. If he begged her not to go he would be interfering with her dream. Sam couldn't do that. No matter how much it killed him. "You...you need me to take you to the airport in the morning?"

"I called a shuttle. They're picking me up at five."

"In the morning?"

"Morning flight. You know how early those airport shuttles pick you up. I had to charge the trip but if I get the role it'll be worth it." Krystal closed her suitcase and locked it. "I've never been to New York. I'm sure it will be fun."

Sam realized with a sense of shame he was very close to crying. What an idiot. He'd blown it but good and now he was going to weep like some woman. He bit the inside of his cheek. It hurt but he decided he deserved the pain.

"I'm really happy for you, Krystal," he said at last. "I'm sure you'll get it."

"Thank you, Sam."

He yawned dramatically. "Wow, I'm bushed. I think I'll turn in."

"Me too. Got an early morning. How'd you do?"

"How did I do?" Sam asked.

"Did you win or lose?"

"I definitely lost."

Chapter Seven

Sam opened the paper bag he'd just brought home from the liquor store and took out the bottle of bourbon. He planned on getting very drunk. Sure, alcohol didn't solve anything and it led people to be especially stupid but tonight he needed to be numb.

He twisted off the cap and pulled a snifter glass out of a cabinet in the kitchen. He poured two fingers worth of bourbon and with a shrug he downed it. And choked.

Okay, so maybe he should have gotten the rum, instead. He was mostly a wine and beer sort but neither had seemed strong enough. Gasping a little bit from the burn of the alcohol, Sam poured another glass. He decided he needed to man up.

Krystal left three days ago. Since then he'd tried to go on with his life as he'd done before she came around. He'd discovered his life had really sucked.

He walked back out of the kitchen and pressed the message button on his answering machine. When he returned a few minutes ago the red light had been flashing the number two.

Hi Sam, it's Leilani. I really had a great time last night. I'd love to see you again. Call me.

Nice enough woman, Sam thought but during dinner he kept comparing her to Krystal. It wasn't fair. She deserved better and he shouldn't have gone out with her. Sam knew she liked him. But he was in love with Krystal.

Sam, when are you going to stop ignoring my calls? I just want to know how you are. I'm going to keep calling you.

Hannah. He really wished his sister would just go away. She wouldn't, of course, so sooner or later he would have to talk.

He carried his bottle of bourbon and his glass over to the couch and sat. The second glass still burned going down his throat and it tasted nasty. He poured another but had

already lost the enthusiasm for getting drunk. His luck he would end up puking all over himself and it would do nothing to make him forget Krystal.

Sam pinched the bridge of his nose. He'd to have to go to New York and beg. He was neither fond of begging or New York but he would have to suck it up. He wanted Krystal. Even if it meant living in New York. He could do it. He did most of his work by computer anyway.

He set the bourbon and glass down on the coffee table and decided to go to sleep. He still slept on the couch. He doubted he would ever be able to sleep in his bed without Krystal. If she refused him, told him she didn't love him, then he'd come back and buy a new bed.

* * * * *

Krystal turned the key in the apartment door lock. Her hand shook but she managed it without trouble and without much sound. She then slipped the other key into the deadbolt and turned it easily. Stepping into the front hall she noted all the lights had been turned out.

Well, what did you expect at one in the morning?

She re-locked the door and tried to adjust her eyes to the darkness. Her heart pounded loudly in her chest. She'd almost left the keys behind but had taken them with her at the last minute. She guessed she knew all along.

Krystal slipped out of her shoes and walked down the hall toward the bedroom. She didn't want to startle him. He wasn't the sort to own guns so she wasn't afraid he'd blow her head off but she didn't want him thinking she was a burglar either.

The bedroom door was open so she walked right in. Her eyes had adjusted enough for her to see the bed was unoccupied.

Sam, no!

For one terrible moment, Krystal imagined him naked in Leilani's bed. She actually felt physically ill at the image. Swallowing heavily, she turned from the empty bed and hurried down the hall.

A shadowed form lay on the couch and she started breathing again. Approaching him with a soft tread, Krystal knelt next to her sleeping man. He lay on his side facing her. A tear slipped onto her cheek. Even though she could barely make out his pale features, he was beautiful. She smiled and let another tear fall when she saw he'd fallen asleep with his glasses on. Reaching over she carefully removed them and set them on the coffee table. She frowned at the bottle of booze there.

Krystal watched him sleep for a while. She didn't know how long but it was several minutes. He looked like a little boy. Eventually she couldn't resist touching him and her hand rested on the arm closest to her. She flexed her fingers against his warm skin.

She should regret what she left behind in New York but looking at Sam, inhaling his scent, touching him, she couldn't. She never would.

A bleached lock of hair rested on his forehead and her heart twisted. She wrapped the strands of hair around her finger. His blue eyes flew open and he started.

"Sssh, it's all right. It's only me," she whispered.

His lashes lowered, then rose again. For a moment he only stared. Then he grabbed her head in both hands and crushed his lips to hers.

Krystal gasped and put her arms around his neck, pressing close. It seemed forever ago that she'd tasted him, yet his lips were the same, hot and full and incredibly kissable.

After several moments of getting to know each other's lips again, Krystal pulled away. She had something to say.

"Sam, I love you."

He blinked, then smiled. "This isn't a dream?"

"No, sweetie, I'm really here."

He blew out a long breath. "Thank God."

"Sam, did you hear what I said? I love you."

He nodded. "I love you too, Krystal."

Okay, those were the most beautiful words she'd ever heard. Her heart leapt. She kissed him. How could she resist?

This time Sam pulled away. "I'm sorry I was such an ass. I guess I have some insecurity issues."

Krystal lay across him on the couch, pressing herself against him, desperate to feel every part of him. She kissed him again, unable to stop. "None of that matters now. What matters is that we have to make this work, Sam. I want this."

"Me too. I was going to come to New York to tell you that."

"Forget New York. I don't want to be there, I want to be here with you."

Sam's hands started massaging her buttocks. She could feel his cock straining against his jeans. Her mouth dry she stared into those wondrous ocean eyes.

"What about New York? Why are you here? Didn't you get the part?"

"I'm here because I love you. I couldn't stay away. I had to make you see that we needed to be together. We could make this work. The audition was tomorrow. I told them to forget it."

Sam frowned. "But...your dream?"

She touched her finger to his lips. "I still have my dream, Sam. I'll just find it out here with you."

He smiled that beautiful smile that had touched her heart to begin with. "I missed you."

"I missed you too. I know some people will think we're crazy. We're moving way too fast. But they don't feel what I feel." She kissed him again, long and slow, slipping her tongue in to duel with his. "Make love to me, Sam. Now. I need you so much."

Krystal sat up and straddled him, her fingers inching under his t-shirt to feel his warm, bare skin. She scooted it up to his chest and then past his arms and over his head. She flicked her nails over his nipples, her pussy pooling with wetness when she felt him shudder.

He pushed the orange flowered sundress she wore up to her hips, his thumbs rubbing circles against her skin. His breathing hitched. "I...we need to get a condom."

"No, Sam." Krystal shook her head and pulled her sundress off and flung it aside. "I want you bare inside me."

He licked his lips. "Are you sure?"

"Yes."

Sam reached behind her and unfastened her bra and discarded it. Her breasts spilled out into his hands. He leaned up and ensnared a nipple with his mouth.

"Oh God," Krystal breathed. She was close to coming already just touching him and she wanted to come with his cock inside her. "Sam, take this off."

Her thumb hooked into the elastic of her panties.

His hands joined hers and together they rid her of the garment. But he still had his jeans on and she wanted them gone. She positioned herself so she could get her fingers on the snaps. There was a wet spot on his jeans, either from her or him, she didn't know. Her fingers slid in to the opening and closed around his erection.

"Fuck," Sam moaned.

"Oh yeah." She rubbed her hand up and down his shaft. He was hard, hot and silky. She couldn't wait to feel him between her legs. She let go of her prize long enough to pull his jeans and boxer briefs down and past his buttocks.

Sam sat up a little until he could shove them the rest of the way off. Then he flipped her until she lay beneath him. He held her hands above her head and stared down at her. "I love you."

Her eyes pricked with tears. "I love you too." His cock rested against her bare thigh, sending jolts of anticipation through her.

Sam moved slightly and lifted her hips, sliding his cock into her pussy. It was the first time bare for them and she could feel every ridge, every vein in his smooth, hard penis. She closed her eyes and let her body adjust to the welcome invasion.

He thrust slowly, taking his time. They both knew there was no need to rush. Krystal wrapped her legs around him, opening herself further to him. He pushed in balls deep.

She drew his lips down to hers, kissing him with all the love and lust she couldn't hold back. He returned the kiss with equal fervor. After the slow ride had gone on for several minutes, Krystal grew anxious to pick up the pace.

"Sam, please, faster," she whispered, digging her nails into his butt cheeks to urge him on.

"Your wish is my command," he said with a lopsided grin. He snapped his hips faster, driving in, pressing all the way. She tilted herself so he'd hit her G-spot.

"God, you're good at this." She inched her hands up his back and clung to him.

"Yeah?"

"The best."

"You really know how to stroke a guy's ego."

"You really know how to stroke a girl," Krystal said, laughing. The laugh turned into a moan.

Sam closed his eyes and thrust faster and harder into her. Her pussy clenched around his cock, drawing it in. He grasped her hips and pounded.

She knew her orgasm was close, she felt the intensity building. His cock hit her G-spot and she nearly came off the couch.

"Sam, Sam. I-I love you," Krystal screamed, clenching around him, milking every drop of his cum as he poured himself into her with a cry of his own.

She caressed his sweat-slicked back as their breathing returned to normal. They weren't done. Not by a long shot if she had anything to say about it. It had been ten days since he told her they couldn't be together so she had a lot of loving to make up for.

"Sam?"

"Hmm," he said against her breast.

"Shouldn't we move to the bed?" She ran her fingers through his crazy bleached hair.

"Yeah, probably."

"Good, because I want to suck your cock until you explode in my mouth and then I'm going to suck you again until you're rock hard and then I want you to fuck me again. All night long until morning."

His chest rumbled with his laughter. "And what about sleep?"

"I might let you sleep then. For an hour or two." She grinned.

"We'll need to rest eventually, honey, not to mention we'll need food."

"Don't you worry I'll take care of you." She grabbed his hand and kissed his fingers. "Sam?"

"Hmm?"

"What do you think of going to Chicago?" She bit her lip.

"Chicago?"

"Not to live," she assured him. "My...my family will want to meet you."

Sam rose up from lying on her breasts and kissed her. "I'd love to meet your family."

Krystal's heart nearly burst from happiness and she hugged him tight. "Thank you."

He shook his head. “No, thank you. All of this—us—I never expected it. I didn’t even know I wanted it until I picked you up that night in the rain. But now, I can’t imagine where you’ve been. I’ve been waiting for you, Krystal.”

She kissed him. “We’ve been waiting for each other.”

About the Author

Shawn Lane believes love and passion know no boundaries. Shawn writes both erotic love stories involving men in historical or contemporary settings and interracial romances between men and women. Shawn is always looking for new stories and new characters to create while holding down life in California.

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

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