

ELLORA'S CAVE PRESENTS

KAT ALEXIS

*Candy-Coated
Passion*



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Candy-Coated Passion

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CANDY-COATED PASSION

Kat Alexis

Dedication

To Allie. A friend is someone who'll bail you out of jail. A best friend is sitting next to you saying, "Wow! That was fun!" Here's to more fun.

—Eve

To Eve. My partner in crime and capers. Thanks for always being the one to say, "Why the hell not?" And for always making sure we have bail money in at least three different countries :)

—Allie

Chapter One

Edible Penises?

The last sip of white wine lingered on her tongue as Natalie Semenova savored the taste. The feeling of a touch too much wine mixed with the heady feeling of success made her feet almost float over the freshly washed checkerboard floor of Sinful Temptations. The custom candy store was Nat's pride and joy.

With the last of two major candy orders out the door, she could breathe easier for a few months. Her younger sister Lana's tuition paid in full for the next two semesters slid the weight of worry and fear off her shoulders. Until she'd sent the check off in the mail, Nat hadn't realized how much pressure she'd put herself under.

"Doesn't matter," she murmured to the empty shop. "It's done and over with. Thank you, God!"

Now that everything else in her life had fallen into place, maybe she could work on her sex life or rather lack of one. A girl could not live by vibrator alone.

Maybe her product supplier? He'd given her *the* look more than once but Nat had thought mixing business and pleasure sounded liked a bad idea at the time. Now she didn't care. There were a million suppliers out there and she needed sex.

Unbidden the image of hot, panting bodies filled her mind. Thick blond hair falling over smoky gray eyes, six-pack abs she'd eagerly run her hands and mouth over countless times. But that was the past. Today was what mattered.

Her body didn't care and reacted in its typical manner – wetness collected between her legs, nipples pebbled tightly against her top and her mouth dried up. More arid than the Sahara.

"Don't go there, Nat," she warned herself. "Dane isn't worth it and someone else will do just as well."

Her brain might believe the lie but her libido knew better. That man had made her body sing in a way she'd yet to experience again.

Three hard raps on the door broke her musings and started Nat's heart pounding. No one ever came to Sinful Temptations after dark. She closed up at seven every evening like clockwork.

The natural flight or flight instinct crashed through her brain before the last thunk echoed through the night.

"Open the damn door, Nat. I can see you standing right there," an angry male voice called out.

Instant recognition flared through her. But surely it couldn't be. Why would Dane Falken be banging on her door at ten o'clock on a Friday night?

She hadn't seen nor heard from the man in four years. Ever since the night he'd declared it time he got his life together and became a grownup. As heir to one of St. Louis' oldest and wealthiest families, Dane needed someone with more polish than Nat possessed.

Oh, he hadn't come straight out and said so but the implication lay under all the weak excuses he offered her. At the time her twenty-four-year-old heart had shattered into pieces but eventually Nat accepted his choice, if not with grace then resignation.

"Come on, Nat, open the door. Before someone calls the police," he ordered.

"You'd hate that wouldn't you?" she muttered to herself. "The precious Falken heir written up in the police blotter with the common folk. Oh the horrors..."

Deep breaths calmed her pulse. She was a self-sufficient business woman. Really what did she have to fear from Dane? He was nothing more than an ex-lover with bad timing.

"Quit talking to yourself, Nat and open the door. I won't kill you on your doorstep."

A quick pat down of her head assured her mane of hair remained confined within its clips. With a quick prayer, Nat crossed the floor, flicked the lock and opened the door for the only man capable of breaking her heart.

He stalked in. Dane's gait was full of purpose. His handsome face tight with anger as he blew past her.

"Did you think what you did today was funny?" He slammed his briefcase on the polished oak counter and faced her. His dark blond hair was ruffled from the wind of an impending summer storm and his gray eyes sparked angry lightning.

"I did lots of things. Do you mean my job, being a responsible citizen, or the sleepwalking nun joke I told the mailman today?" She made sure sarcasm dripped from her every word.

"I'm talking about making me look like a complete ass in front of the entire Board of Directors and my family." Despite his anger, Natalie had to admit Dane was still an incredibly attractive man. The well-tailored suit hugged his muscular body and the energy pouring out of him filled her tiny shop. She shivered involuntarily.

"You don't need my help to look like an ass. You got that talent all on your own." She crossed her arms over her chest and stared him down. "Now calm down and tell me what you're yelling at me for. Then get the hell out of my business."

She didn't need this-this man here after four years. Seeing Dane's chiseled features and flashing gray eyes caused her heart to lurch just as it had so many years ago and unwanted warmth to pool in her stomach. Damn. She couldn't help the reaction he'd always brought out in her. Hot and needy. Nat didn't need Dane in her life, not when everything else was going so well.

"I'm talking about the five hundred chocolate, cream-filled penises adorning the tables of the boardroom for my grandparents' anniversary party!"

A sick feeling entered her stomach. Swallowing down her nerves and a bubble of laughter, she kept her gaze locked on his. "Penises?"

"The ones that made my grandfather almost have a heart attack, my grandmother laugh her ass off and my father add another strike against me."

"In the first place your grandfather is a repressed dick but I'm glad to see your grandmother still has a sense of humor." She put her hands up to stop his pacing. "Second, I didn't do any candies for a Falken party. The name would have jogged my memory. So you don't get to come in here and yell at me," she shouted.

"I do when I'm the client and you ruin what was supposed to be a dignified, proper retirement party," he shouted back at her, hands running through thick blond hair in agitation.

"You mean the peonies were for *your* family's party? Should have known," she muttered to herself, thinking of the conversation a few days ago with Lana.

"Five hundred penis-shaped chocolates and five hundred peony flowers ordered for the same day?"

Nat looked over the latest order for her custom-made candies. "This is a joke, right?"

"Nope. One's for a bachelorette party. The other's for some hoity-toity business function." Lana, her younger sister and part-time shop assistant, paled. "You can do it, can't you? I already told both customers it wouldn't be a problem."

The money had seemed like a godsend to pay Lana's recently raised tuition fees, the flowers would be easy but penises? "Well, I can do submarines and mushrooms. Guess I'll figure out a way to put them together."

Oh, yes, had she put them together with much laughter and experimentation with Lana. Too bad her mini masterpieces had gone to the last people on the planet to appreciate them.

"I had two orders for the same amount go out today. Yes, one was for five hundred penises to a bachelorette party. The other was for five hundred peony flowers for another woman. I don't remember her name off the top of my head." She brought the

conversation back to the present while she planned to have a long talk with her absent-minded sister.

"Her name is Janice Rosenbaum. She's my assistant." The name came out more a growl than anything else.

That sinking feeling returned to Nat's stomach. Oh God. "Obviously there was a mix-up. For that I'm sorry and will make arrangements to fix it. However you lost the right to raise your voice at me four years ago."

As soon as the words left her mouth she regretted them. Why had she bothered to bring up their past? Nothing good would come of it. Dane wanted a woman willing to subdue her personality to fit into the perfect corporate mold. Nat hadn't even bothered to try. Love her or hate her, she was who she was.

A quirk of Dane's lips gave Nat a shadowed glimpse of the man she'd fallen in love with. He'd always been quick to laugh, love and fight but that had been a lifetime ago.

"I know exactly what I lost," he murmured in a voice so low Nat knew she hadn't been meant to hear. "What exactly are you proposing?" He switched back to his normal tone.

Thinking quickly, Nat offered up the only solution open to her. "I can supply desserts for the company's next two functions."

With panther-like grace he moved closer to her. "Desserts, huh? What kind of sinful treats are we talking about here? Something to make me eager for more or a treat too rich to touch?"

The husky undertone of his voice made her hesitate. Did he mean that to come out so...suggestive? Surely not, Dane had been the one to dump her after all. Shaking off her misgivings, Nat squared her shoulders prepared for battle.

"I'll discuss the menu with your events coordinator when the time comes. I'll leave the final choices to her." There. Her voice came out smooth and even, nothing like the breathy tone that had been desperate to leak through her words.

“Oh no, Nat, if we make this deal everything will come for—I mean to—me. Just to make sure no more mix-ups happen.”

Was it her imagination or had he moved closer? Nat picked up a forgotten rag off the counter and pretended to wipe down the already clean counter. Anything to give her a moment to collect her thoughts.

“Fine, fax me the details and I’ll outline what I think will work then send it back to you.”

Wipe, wipe, wipe. Did he notice her hands were shaking? Why had he chosen this night of all nights to walk back into her life? It had taken her four years to get to this point without him in her life. While she wasn’t overflowing with happiness, Nat had learned to be content with her life and enjoy her successes.

Strong hands clasped her shoulders and heated breath caressed her ear. “We’re not going to play that game, Nat. If I agree to this, it will be with the understanding all our dealings will be together and in person.”

Shivers raced up and down her spine. What game did he play now? Rattle her enough with his sexuality she’d agree...to what? Nat didn’t know, but when playing with Dane the rules were never clear.

“Let go of me, Dane.” She tried to shrug away his touch but the stubborn man only tightened his grip.

“I don’t like the thought of letting you go.” His voice sounded huskier than before, almost gravelly.

“You didn’t have a problem with it before,” she reminded him with steel in her tone. It wouldn’t do to forget this was the same man who left her heart shattered so many years ago. “Why are you acting like this? You came in here pissed enough to rip off my head and now you’re whispering sweet nothings in my ear? Been diagnosed with multiple personalities lately?” She tried to joke her way out of the tension.

"I thought it would be so easy to see you again. Might makes right and all that but the minute I saw your face again...." His voice trailed off. Silence echoed loudly around them.

"What do you want from me, Dane?" she whispered.

"God help me but I want everything. Everything you have to give me, I'm going to take."

"You came in here yelling and screaming with the hopes of what? Getting me back in bed?" She narrowed her gaze on him. "Funny, I'd have gone a different route."

"How about this then?"

With those words Dane whipped her around until her chest crushed against his and slowly lowered his head.

"The windows," she managed to whisper. "You can see straight into the shop with the lights on."

A cocky grin stretched his full lips. "Not a problem, honey."

In a flash he'd spun to the door, slapped his hand across the lights and they were plunged into darkness. Only the lights across the street cast shadows into the shop.

A snick let her know he'd relocked the door.

"Where were we?" he asked crossing the room and pulling her into his strong arms once more.

"This isn't a good idea," she said, trying to sound firm. "It will solve nothing."

"It will ease the ache in my cock," he informed her in a bland voice before continuing. "And I bet if I were to slide my fingers through those sweet pouty lips," he thrust his erection against the juncture of her thighs, "they'd come back wet and hot."

Nat didn't deny or confirm his suspicions. "This is a very bad idea."

"But bad ideas always feel the best," he said lowering his head once more.

"Yeah but..." And that's as far as she got before his lips closed the space between them and devoured hers.

Chapter Two

When good intentions go bad

He was kissing her. Natalie wasn't quite sure how that happened but wasn't going to question it. His lips were firm and warm as they nipped hers.

Dane's arms wrapped around her waist and pulled her closer to his body. They lined up as they always had.

Perfectly.

Since she was tall, he didn't need to crane his neck to kiss her and she didn't have to stand on tiptoes. Her hair fell about her as Dane pulled the clips out. Tangling his hands in her thick mane, he angled her head and deepened his kiss, teasing the corners of her mouth with small licks.

His day-old growth of beard rasped her tender skin as he rained kisses down her throat. A moan escaped him as she arched her neck and dug her nails into his biceps encouraging him. The hard muscles tensed under her hands as he ran his fingers down her sides.

"Oh God," she sighed. This was heaven. Dane had always been an excellent kisser. Knowing exactly how to tease and nip her to higher pleasures.

"I've missed you, Natty," Dane whispered against her mouth before slipping his tongue between her lips. He pushed her up against the counter, holding her there with his hard body as his hands worked wonders down her spine to her ass.

Tangling her tongue with his she tasted mint and coffee. A curious combination that had her wanting more. Nat ran her hands up his arms to twine around his neck. Combing her fingers through his hair, she marveled at how soft it was.

Had always been.

Dane's hands left her ass and trailed a path of fire around her to fondle her breasts. Her nipples ached for a stronger touch than what she felt through her clothing.

"More." Was that her voice? That strangled gasp? Begging?

Absolutely.

It had been a long four years and while she'd had other lovers, two to be exact, neither could compare to the magic of Dane. He was as talented in bed as any woman could possibly want. Always seeing to her pleasure before his own. Willing to try anything new and exciting.

"Take this damn thing off," he growled as he tugged on her apron.

She complied and for good measure took her shirt off with it. Natalie stood there in her lacy bra, breasts bouncing with her rapid breathing, as Dane simply stared at her.

"You're so fucking beautiful. Always so beautiful."

He lunged at her again, taking her breasts into his hands and molding them with his strong fingers. His kisses grew harsher, more passionate as she wriggled against him. Dane's erection pressed against the linen of his trousers.

He never used to wear suits, she thought. You were more likely to find him in battered jeans than trousers. But a lot had changed since they'd parted.

Nat wondered if he was still as adventurous as he'd been. Wanting more than just his kisses, she scraped her nails down his chest and grasped his cock. His hips surged into her hands as a harsh groan tore from his throat. "Touch me."

"I'm going to do a lot more than touch."

Natalie leaned up and bit his neck. She unbuttoned his shirt, licking and kissing her way down his muscular chest as more hot flesh was bared. A flat nipple proved more than she could resist as she caught it between her teeth and bit as she dragged his shirt off and tossed it to the floor.

His hips jerked toward her.

She smiled and knelt before him. "Not so fast. I want a taste."

Nat shifted her gaze to his pants. The shadows from the street lamps couldn't hide the drop of moisture darkening the material. With one hand on his zipper, she looked into his eyes and slowly drew the tab down.

Delighted to find he still went commando, she reached in and pulled Dane's cock from his pants. Not an easy feat as it was thick and almost reached his bellybutton. His cock bobbed in welcome. He was, after all, an old friend.

The sight of such a beautifully formed male member surrounded by the trappings of business was too much temptation. With one hand cupping his sac through his trousers, Natalie bent forward and tasted Dane.

Pure male flavor exploded in her mouth as she licked and sucked him. Gently caressing his balls, Nat set up a rhythm as each pull on his cock wrung more groans and gasps out of him.

Dane's large hands fisted in her hair but didn't force her forward onto him. "Oh, yeah. Just like that."

Slipping her tongue underneath his cock head, she flicked it back and forth across the sensitive flesh and lightly nibbled the crown with her teeth. She pulled the taut skin of his shaft back and forth, milking him with each stroke.

His balls tightened in her other palm while he grew impossibly harder in her mouth, warning her of his orgasm. "No. I want to be in you. I've thought about this every day since...since then."

Reluctant to stop her torture but anxious to see what else he had in mind, Natalie allowed Dane to pull her up from the floor and kiss her deeply, plunging his talented tongue into her mouth, tangling with hers.

She gasped as he pulled her against his bare body. His cock moved strongly against the crotch of her jeans. "I'm going to have you," he growled against her ear. "My cock is going to slide into you and make you come."

He reached down and undid her jeans, pushing the material off with her panties and flip-flops. His big hand slid between them and she gasped as he touched her.

Sliding his fingers over her bare lips, he coated them in the moisture seeping from her channel and touched her clit. An arrow of fire shot through her body. No one could make her this hot, this fast. Deny it as she might, she still wanted him.

Had always wanted him.

But she wasn't a starry-eyed girl anymore. She was a woman with needs and if he wanted to fulfill those, who was she to say no? But her heart would remain firmly closed. She fully admitted he could have her body but nothing more.

Holding her gaze with his, he thumbed her clit while teasing her entrance with his fingers. In a swift motion, he plunged three fingers into her. The pressure was intense as she neared the crest.

It was so incredibly, impossibly erotic. Pressed up against the counter of her shop, Dane's large body pinning her there as he stroked her to the first of what was sure to be many orgasms.

So close.

So close.

Until he sucked a nipple into his mouth. The pulse started at her clit and exploded outward. Blood burned in her veins as her lungs fought for air.

"Yes. More," she panted, clawing his back to bring him closer to her.

Still holding her gaze with his, Dane lifted her to the counter's edge, slipped on a condom that had mysteriously appeared, took hold of his cock and thrust into her with one hard push.

"Yes! Fuck me," she cried out.

Natalie brought her knees up and locked her legs around his waist, pressing her heels into his firm ass. Long, slow strokes mixed with quick, fast strokes. His fiery cock touched long dormant nerve endings. They fell into a familiar, yet passionate rhythm.

Nat's breasts bounced with each thrust and he grabbed hold with his large hands. Dane flicked her nipples with his fingernails as she brought her hands up to hold onto

his biceps. The dragon tattoo that fascinated her when they were younger still thrilled her.

A sign of his wild side. The part of himself he denied and pushed away when he broke up with her.

That wild side was back. He pushed into her faster and harder while worshipping her breasts with his hands and tongue.

Long past thought, Natalie could only revel in the feelings flowing through her. She closed her eyes and let her head fall back. Dane took advantage and nipped her neck.

“Come for me.”

Just like that, she exploded. She shook wildly with the force of her orgasm, shuddering and crying out. Clawing harder onto his arms.

Dane seemed to snap. His tightly held control gone, he pounded into her as he held her hips steady and moved, starting another wave of pleasure coursing through her.

She’d have bruises but it was well worth it, she thought as stars exploded in front of her eyes and she came again.

The explosion went on forever, until he shook and with a shout, grew harder inside her and jetted semen into her body.

Dane collapsed onto the floor, pulling Natalie with him and wrapped her in his arms.

Dragging his suit jacket over them and snuggling into his warm body, Natalie smiled. “Wow. That’s the hardest I’ve come in a very long time. You know this doesn’t change anything.”

“I know. But I’m hoping it’s a start to repairing what I fucked up.” He kissed the top of her head and held her closer as she shivered. “Come on. Let’s get off this cold floor.”

She rose and grabbed her clothes into a bundle but noticed he made no attempt to get his. "You plan on walking out the door naked?" Not that she'd complain. Dane had a fine ass.

He laughed. "No. I'm hoping to be invited up to your place to continue what we started."

An alarm bell went off in her head. Would she risk it? Could she? It was time to stop living in a cave and take what she wanted. And what she wanted right now was Dane in her bed, fucking her into oblivion. Natalie reached out, grabbed his hand and led him upstairs to her apartment.

Tomorrow would take care of itself. She'd just have to make sure the only thing he touched tonight was her body not her heart.

Both naked and out of breath, they made it into her bedroom in record time. Nat flicked on the light. She'd redecorated since the last time he'd been here. Gone were the frilly canopy bed and girly pillows on the sofa. Rather, she'd gone for a more sophisticated look. Dark jewel colors and deeply polished woods. It was her sanctuary and Nat loved it. Loved what she'd made of herself and her life since he'd left.

Dane kissed her swollen lips, tugging on the lower one dragging her thoughts to the present. The sensations rocked through her body. He moved behind her, his rough fingers massaged her breasts and tugged her nipples. Nat's senses shorted out. Gentle teeth nipped her shoulder while a strong finger caressed her clit.

When Natalie was convinced she'd go blind from the lightning coursing through her, he slipped two digits into her creaming slit.

Dane bit hard on her shoulder and laved the wound with his tongue, pumped his fingers inside her and rubbed his cock against her ass.

Her brain barely functioned. The building heat scorched her.

"I want you inside me. I want you to fuck me again." Laying across her down comforter, she opened her arms to him. He readily complied and fell onto her.

"Condoms. Do you have some?" he panted.

"Nightstand."

Satisfaction flared in her as his eyes narrowed at the thought she needed condoms for other men. Good. Let him think that. She only kept them on hand just in case, and hadn't needed one in quite a while. But some wicked part of her laughed at his irritation.

He snatched a condom from the supply and rolled it on. Growling deep in his chest, he kissed Natalie again as he moved back on top of her. His weight felt like heaven.

Dane kissed her deeply, tangling their tongues and massaged one of her breasts. The pebbled nipple strained into his palm. His chiseled jaw was tight and his smoky gray eyes had darkened to slate. A wayward curl of blond hair fell over his moist forehead. She brushed it back and held onto his head. "Come inside me."

One firm thrust and he was deeply embedded in her body.

They groaned together.

She was so creamy he slid easily into her.

Sensations overwhelmed Natalie. Electricity grew inside her, spiraling out from her core to her toes, nipples and fingers.

Dane kept up a steady pounding rhythm, grinding his cock into her pussy with every thrust. On and on he moved inside her. The heat building in her stomach threatened to consume her whole being. The fullness of his penis scraping her sheath as he pushed into her over and over threatened her sanity.

He pulled out.

Disappointment filled her. She wanted more orgasms and no one could provide them like Dane. Was she treating him like an object? Maybe. Did she care? "No."

"Turn over," he whispered in her ear. His deep raspy voice thrilled her.

She did and lowered her head, raising her ass high. The cool air of the apartment brushed across her pussy. Nat burned up with sensations.

Dane moved behind her, smeared their juices over her pussy and plunged deeply.

Her pussy stretched as he filled her.

Pounding into her from behind, he leaned over and grabbed her breasts, molding them with his beautiful hands. He pinched her nipples and tugged on them.

The lust was in her bones. Coursing through every vein. The passion couldn't get much higher. She was going to explode, every motion bringing her closer to the edge. His hands on her nipples, his balls against her clit, the sexy grunts forced from his chest. The scents and sounds of sex lent the air a carnal atmosphere.

Natalie loved it. This was sex. This was fucking.

Dane let go of her breasts and grabbed her hips.

"Harder, Dane. Fucking harder," she begged. Her breath was a rough whisper against the comforter. She wasn't even sure he'd heard her.

Until he flipped her back over, pulled her legs up and thrust in again. Dane held her ankles crossed on his left shoulder. The position tightened her pussy on him and changed the angle of his cock in her body. With his other hand, he pinched her clit. The bundle of nerves caught fire in an instant and sent her over the edge.

"Ohmigod," she wailed as convulsions overtook her.

He released her ankles, bent over and sucked her nipples.

Amazingly, another wave of pleasure washed through her. She squeezed her muscles to hold him inside her, never wanting to let his cock go.

"Fuck. Damn, honey. So tight," he panted into her ear.

His penis continued to plunge through her tight channel. He wrapped her closely in his arms again and thrust one final hard time. Hot cum surged into the condom as he gritted his teeth and shuddered over her.

"I think I've just died." His laugh shook her body as he collapsed next to her.

"You too?"

Finally, Dane got up, disposed of the used condom and pulled the comforter back. Natalie lay down on the cool flowered sheets, turned off the light and with Dane curled up behind her, wondered what the hell she'd just done.

* * * * *

The unfamiliar warmth of a male body surrounding her started a panic in Natalie's heart. A strong rough hand held her breast possessively while a hairy thigh was sandwiched between her smooth ones. An impressive cock, even flaccid in sleep, was pressing against her lower back.

Dane.

Her ex.

Shit.

It was still dark and the shop didn't open until ten, so she had a few more hours of sleep. She should throw him out but Nat was willing to admit it felt great to sleep with a man again. Just sleep.

The sex had been fantastic and between bouts of mattress bouncing, she'd gotten a glimpse of the old Dane. The one with mischief in his gray eyes. The one with two tattoos and a motorcycle. Did he even still have the bike? Not if he'd turned into the corporate clone his father and grandfather were.

Natalie snuggled in deeper and breathed Dane's scent. He still wore the same cologne he always did. And it still sent shivers down her spine.

No! Stop it, she told herself. One night of sex doesn't mean I'm going to dive head first back into something with him. He left me, remember? Despite the sense her inner voice was making, Nat couldn't help but be a little thrilled Dane was back in her life. Even if only for sex.

Nat closed her eyes and took another deep breath. She was just using him for sex. He'd been more than willing and she wasn't one to look a gift horse in the mouth. Horse.

She chuckled. Dane was certainly hung like one and had the stamina as well. The slight soreness between her legs attested to that.

“What are you thinking about?” Dane’s sleepy voice ruffled her hair as his hand caressed her breast.

“Horse racing,” she mumbled, determined to kick him out after a quick nap.

Chapter Three

Told ya so

Weak morning sunlight warmed his lids forcing Dane to crack his eyes open. Instantly he knew exactly where he was. Recollections from the night before flooded his mind and body with pleasure. His cock, which should be exhausted beyond life, perked up as it too remembered.

Natalie's bedroom.

Natalie's bed with the woman herself curled around him like a warm human blanket.

Mornings waking up exactly like this with Nat's satisfied smile greeting him for a pre-breakfast lovemaking filled him with a sense of calm.

Nothing had ever felt so right since. He wanted to kick his own ass for ever letting this precious, stubborn woman out of his life and arms.

At the time he thought Nat would never survive the snobbery and back-stabbing that occurred within his family's world. A world he'd been born into and meant to take his place in someday. So he'd done what he thought was the honorable thing and broken things off with her. With Natalie's sweet nature and open heart, his family would have eaten her for lunch.

With hindsight Dane knew it had been the biggest mistake of his life. Yesterday after the chocolate penis fiasco he'd been thrilled and angry beyond belief. Until he'd walked through her door last night, he'd been sure she pulled the prank as a way to get back at him, even so many years later. But seeing the confusion and honest embarrassment on her face Dane dismissed the theory.

Seeing her standing there, glass of wine in hand, had brought back a rush of emotions he thought himself long over. It seemed his heart never forgot the only woman to make it skip a beat.

After last night, he wanted to grab Natalie and shout to the heavens but they'd worn themselves out making love. He assured himself he'd have plenty of time to explain his actions to her. After all, if she hadn't forgiven him he wouldn't have ended up in her bed, ended up in her...four times.

He smiled thinking of their last coming together. God, he'd missed her adventurous nature and couldn't wait to see what other ideas she'd like to try out on his more than willing body.

Sweeping a hand through her thick dark hair, Dane placed gentle kisses on her sensitive neck, while palming her breast. His cock was already rising to the occasion.

When Dane heard her muffled protest then sharp intake of breath, he murmured against her skin, "Morning, love."

And was promptly dumped on the floor.

"Oh my God, what are you still doing?" she screeched and grabbed the sheet to cover the luscious breasts Dane was just about to pay homage to.

Untangling his legs, Dane looked at the insane woman staring down at him. Until he knew exactly what thought processes Nat followed, his safest bet looked like the floor.

"Honey, if you'd given me ten more seconds I'd have shown you exactly what I was doing." He motioned to his still hard cock.

She waved a hand in the air dismissing his words. "Not that. I know what you were trying to do. I meant what are you still doing *here*?"

A vague doubt worked itself inside his mind. Did she not remember...everything that had happened between them? He'd tasted the wine on her lips and tongue last night but she hadn't acted drunk.

"We spent last night making love, Natty." He smiled at the delight it gave him to say the words.

"Oh, no, we did not," she shot back, gathering more of the sheet around her body. "We had sex. Good sex, I'll grant you but we did not make love." With jerky movements she slid off the bed and over to her bedroom door. She grabbed a multicolored tent-looking thing and slid it over her head before letting the sheet drop and faced him again.

"Don't tell me I didn't make love with you last night, Nat. I was there. I remember."

Her words caused a slash of pain through his chest but he pushed it away as unimportant at the moment. He understood her need to keep him at arm's length. He'd dumped her four years ago and she had a right to be wary but somehow he thought their coming together would say more than any words he could utter.

"No, Dane. We don't make love anymore. We haven't in four years. Your choice." She pointed a finger in his direction. "I accepted your decision and I've moved on. You're not getting a second chance to break my heart. I won't let you. You're not worth it to me."

Pain blossomed so hard and fast, Dane saw black spots spinning in his line of vision. As a result his voice came out gruffer than he'd intended. "So you just fuck any guy that comes through your front door?"

At her wince Dane knew he'd gone too far. Natalie might be enthusiastic about sex but she didn't sleep around. It had been a source of pride when she'd finally let him in her bed all those years ago.

"Fuck you."

"Thanks but you've already done that." Shut up, he told his mouth but his hurt heart was dealing the insults. How could they have shared what they did last night and her not want to keep that emotional connection going? "Call it fucking, humping, lovemaking whatever you want but it all boils down to the same thing. Every time I'm with you it's making love."

"You know nothing about love," she protested, picking his pants up off the floor and throwing them at his head. "Get dressed and get out."

"We aren't over, Nat. We'll never be over. I made a huge mistake four years ago. I thought by walking away I was protecting you, but everything I've achieved since then means nothing without you there beside me. If I've learned one thing, it's that you can handle yourself no matter the person or situation."

Hands deep in her hair, Natalie's brown eyes seared him in place. "You thought you were protecting me? Protecting me? From what? And who asked you to protect me from anything? In case you hadn't notice Dane, I'm an adult. Fully aware and capable of defending and providing for myself. I don't need you! I just needed to get laid."

His shirt flew at him along with her next words. "Sex, Dane, that's all it was and all it will ever be no matter how fancy you dress it up with pretty words. I got what I needed, now I want you gone."

"So I'm good for a quick fuck but not good enough to have around for breakfast? Is that what you're telling me?" He mentally cursed at the hurt lacing his voice.

"You made this what it is, Dane. I gave you everything I had and you threw it back in my face. Forgive me for not wanting to put my heart and soul on the line again." She paced back and forth in front of the bed, her long hair fanning about with each movement. Her dark brown eyes shooting sparks aimed at his heart.

"Give me another chance, Nat. I promise I won't leave you again. What we had—what we could still have—is too special to throw away. We belong together." He swore as he yanked his pants on and grabbed for his shirt.

"I gave you that chance. You didn't want me and I can't trust you won't have second thoughts again. I can't go through that another time. I won't do it. My life is finally working for me and there's no place left for you in it." She stared him straight in the eye as she uttered the words that crushed his heart and dashed his remnants of hope.

"So this is all about scratching a mutual itch?" His shirt had lost all but three buttons so he didn't bother buttoning it.

"Yep, we both got what we wanted. Several times in fact."

"You think that was sex, Nat? You are so hopelessly naïve, honey but I'm more than willing to expand your education." He slowly walked to where she'd planted herself by the door.

"Damn you, Dane." Her voice broke before she took a deep breath and jerked the bedroom door open. "Get the hell out of here. We're through."

With a regal swish of her hair she stormed out into the hall.

Not to be outdone, Dane followed her. "We're not done by a long shot. I promised to expand your education, remember?"

"You gonna fuck me again?" she shot at him.

He'd never hurt her and the fire in her eyes and her quick breathing told him she was turned on. Their passionate fights had always led to some of the best sex ever. If she wanted sex, he'd give it to her.

"Yeah. I'm gonna fuck you again. Come here." Dane pulled her to him and bit her neck, nipping harder than usual while he stroked his hands down her back and grabbed her ass. Squeezing the tight muscles and pulling her against his already hard and ready cock, Dane growled.

Natalie grabbed his open shirt and tried to kiss him.

He turned his head away and tugged his shirt off so she couldn't grab it again. "No. No kissing. This is fucking. Exactly what you wanted."

Dark eyes narrowed dangerously.

"That's right. Sucks, doesn't it?"

He ground his cock into her crotch feeling the hot cream seep from her pussy, through her nightgown and dampen his trousers. She was wet and ready.

Without a word, he pulled up her gown, opened his fly and plunged into her waiting body. Nat clamped down on him and clawed his chest.

Hard.

“Fuck.”

A smug smile crossed her perfect lips.

He palmed her thighs and pulled her legs around his waist. Using his strength he held her against the wall while planting his hands on either side of her head. With short, harsh thrusts, he fucked her. The heat of her channel scorched him but he kept up a relentless pace.

She tried to kiss him again but he bent and bit her neck once more. A harsh moan escaped her throat and she rubbed her breasts against his chest. Sweat broke out on his skin and his balls pulled up tight and still he fucked her.

Short pants and murmured words kept him going. “More, more, more.”

It became his own mantra. He wanted more of her. Everything she had to give. He wouldn’t accept anything less. He’d apologized but would be damned if he’d pay for his mistake for the rest of his life.

A keening wail started in her throat and burst forth as her pussy held him in a vise and coated his cock with her sweet cream. Her nails were doing serious damage to his shoulders but Dane didn’t give a damn.

The orgasm started in his balls and coursed through his cock. Before he could come in her, he pulled out and came on her stomach.

He let her legs down and made sure she was steady on her feet, before tucking his cock back into his pants.

“When you figure out the difference between last night and just then call me. I know my way out.”

Chapter Four

What comes around...

“Was that Dane who just stormed out the door sans shirt?” Lana asked coming up the stairs. “Although I must give him points for juggling his briefcase, shoes, and jacket.”

Natalie leaned against the wall where Dane had left her feeling used and hollow despite the hard orgasm he’d just given her. What she’d never understood until now was how much care and tenderness Dane had put into each touch and kiss. Without those their encounter felt meaningless and cheap just as he said.

“Damn him for being right,” she muttered while trying to calm her racing heart. Just because she now knew the difference between sex and making love didn’t change her mind or heart about their future together. Well, her heart would always long for the man but at least her brain controlled the rest of her body.

He had a hell of a nerve storming into her business, yelling at her, then kissing her senseless and assuming they were back together. Hello? He’d obviously been in some type of time vortex where four years meant nothing to him! She’d neither seen, nor heard from him and now she was supposed to forgive him?

Fuck that!

She felt a soft touch on her shoulder and jumped at the contact.

“Nat, what’s going on? Why was Dane here and where’s his shirt?” Lana’s soft brown eyes filled with concern.

“Hey, sis, when did you get here?” Please let it be after her screams of ecstasy had faded away. The very last thing she needed was her baby sister getting an earful of her big sister’s sex life.

Brows furrowed with worry, Lana stroked Nat's arm up in down in a soothing motion. "I got here in time to have Dane shoot out the front door as I opened it. When did he get here?"

"Last night." Had it been less than twenty-four hours since he'd marched into her shop demanding answers? It seemed more than a lifetime had passed.

Awareness dawned in the younger woman's eyes. "He...you...together... Wow, um, I guess I don't need to ask if you're back together again."

Sorrow pierced her very being at the words but she took a deep breath and straightened her shoulders. *What's done is done*, she thought. *All I can do is not repeat the same mistakes.* "No, we're not back together. Last night was just about scratching a mutual itch."

Funny how hollow the words sounded coming from her.

"Why don't I believe that?" Lana asked following her back into the bedroom, aka the scene of the crime.

"Have no idea," she answered shortly while desperately keeping her thoughts neutral. "Can you open the shop for me while I jump in the shower?"

"Nat, you can't avoid talking about him forever. He was a huge part of your life and now he's back. What did he want? Why was he so mad?" Her little sister persisted and put a restraining hand on her arm.

"We... I...made the error of sleeping with him. He thought it meant more than it did. His mistake, as I plainly told him."

God the look on his face, she remembered. Like someone had crushed his every last hope and dream. But really what could it mean? He'd said all the right things this time but how can I ever trust him with my heart again?

"Was it really a mistake? Natty, you've never given another man a chance since Dane. Can you really just give him up again?"

"I won't go through that again," she said fiercely. "I don't have the strength to make it through another breakup."

"What if he means it? What if he wants everything, the ring, the marriage? All the things you thought you'd never get?" Lana questioned while perched on the wide oak dresser, her long, thin legs swinging from side to side in a cute pair of pink capris.

"You sound just like him. Did the last four years not happen for anyone but me? I don't want any of that now. I'm secure. I'm independent. I'm a mature business woman. I don't need a man to make me feel complete." This discussion jabbed holes into her already bruised heart and she wanted to end it.

"Yeah but isn't a nice bonus when a man like Dane comes along and enhances what you've already got?"

Natalie wanted to deny her sister's words but Dane did make everything seem more...well *more*. There had been no one she'd loved more talking about her day with or just lying around on his ratty sofa watching bad movies with. Everything they did together felt right.

"Doesn't matter now. We're over." *Protesting a little too loudly, are we?*

"It won't be over until you either convince yourself you're not in love with him anymore or you admit the truth and go after him."

Lana jumped off the dresser and walked over. "For your sake I hope it's the latter. I, for one, would hate to see you spend the rest of your life in regret. Regretting letting fear and cowardice take control of your life and actions. You've never backed away from a challenge before, never feared risk. Why start now at the most important risk of your life?"

"Because it's my heart I'll lose and I can't live without it," she confessed in a hushed tone.

"Hate to break it to you, big sister but Dane already had your heart, you just didn't know it."

* * * * *

For the rest of the week Natalie walked around in a fog. She worked on autopilot, filling orders, answering questions and going about her daily business yet all the while her heart and head argued over Lana's words.

Could she be right? Had she never stopped loving Dane? If so what did this mean for her future? Their future? Did they have a future? Could she be brave enough to put everything on the line one more time and hope Dane didn't walk away again?

When Thursday evening rolled around and Natalie still hadn't sorted her mixed emotions out, she sighed. She was pathetic. With automatic movements she showered the day's work off, ate a bowl of cereal and went to bed.

As she lay there looking up at the blank ceiling, she wondered if she was looking for courage or an excuse.

Four years ago she'd let Dane walk away without a fight. She'd simply accepted his choice and withdrew from his life. Would she make the same decision now?

Hell no, her mind answered immediately. No longer was she a shy, just graduated college girl. She'd fought for her business, fought for her sister's education and she'd be damned if she lacked the courage to fight for the man she loved.

Decision made, Natalie turned on her side ready for sleep to overtake her but instead her mind wouldn't shut down.

Now that she had accepted a future with Dane, how did she go about getting it? Sure she could walk into the mausoleum he called an office and pour out her heart but where was the flair in that?

She needed a plan that would catch his attention. If only he'd booked a party before he'd left, she could use that as a pretense to see what could happen. In fact she'd make sure to bring her chocolate fountain, along with several silk-like brushes she used to stroke the chocolate on her candies.

“That’s it!” she cried, sitting up in bed and reaching for the phone. While punching in the numbers, she grabbed a pen and paper to start writing down everything she’d need to blow Dane Falken out of his designer shoes.

“Lana, it’s me. I need your help tomorrow,” she began, and filled her sister in on the details.

Chapter Five

Chocolate fixes everything!

"Have you got everything?" Lana asked as she stirred the fudge sauce around in the warmer.

Natalie looked around the sumptuous but staid boardroom, now decorated in silver cupids, red arrow hearts and pink balloons. The oak panels gleamed under the tacky decor. Sunlight beamed through the floor to ceiling windows and gleamed on the mahogany table. The leather chairs were buttery soft.

"Looks like I'm all set," she said, rubbing her sweaty palms up and down her favorite swirly skirt. As an added courage booster she'd come sans underwear and felt deliciously naughty in doing so.

"Should I call Dane up?" Janice, Dane's assistant, asked, her pale blue eyes twinkling merrily behind thick glasses. Her gray hair was piled on top of her head in a severe bun and the woman had a wicked sense of humor. She was more than thrilled to help Natalie with her plan.

"You have been so amazing, Janice. I can't thank you enough for all your help," Natalie told her with heartfelt sincerity. She couldn't have pulled this together without Dane's right-hand woman's assistance.

"Think nothing of it, Natalie. If you can get my boss out of the black mood he's been in all week than I'll do whatever it takes."

Guilt hit her. "Has he been that bad?" she asked, dreading the answer.

"He's been like a lion with a thorn in all four of his paws," the assistant replied.

"Nat's very sorry about that but I'm sure she'll have his mood fixed by this afternoon," Lana jumped in to assure the older woman. "In fact I won't be surprised if he gives you the rest of the day – heck the week – off."

"Wouldn't that be nice? I could visit my family," Janice said with a hopeful smile. "Now let me call him up, if you're sure you're ready?"

With another quick glance around, Natalie saw nothing left to do. "Looks like I'm as ready as I'll ever be."

Janice walked over and patted her hand. "There now, dear, I'm sure Dane will love his surprise. I know I would." She winked and left the room.

"Don't start turning yellow on me now," Lana warned as she picked up her purse from the floor. "You can do this. Dane loves you. You love him. End of story."

"Yeah, I get that but you know he didn't exactly tell me he loved me the other night," Natalie confessed through a tight throat. Now that everything had come together she was more nervous than ever. What if he didn't like the surprise? What if he'd changed his mind and laughed at her effort?

She'd beat the living shit out of him, that's what. The thought of beaming Dane over the head with her drizzle sticks brought a small smile to her face.

"He wanted to stay with you. He thought sleeping together meant you were back together. That's as good as an 'I love you' in man speak," Lana assured her. "Now I'm out of here. I don't expect to see or hear from you for at least two days. I'll take care of the shop on Monday so don't use that as an excuse."

Natalie wrapped her arms around Lana in a grateful hug. "You're the best, you know that?"

"Of course I do. I'm just waiting for the right guy to figure that out as well." With a laugh and wave Lana disappeared out the door.

Please, please, please let him be happy to see me. Let him love me as much as I love him. She sounded like a crazy person even in her own head but she couldn't suppress the pleas even as they formed. She wanted Dane in her bed, her life and her future. The only way to get him there was to put her own heart on the line and pray he hadn't changed his mind.

"Janice, I don't see what's so important that I have to stop everything and run into the boardroom. You know I'm a busy man. I hate wasting my time."

She heard Dane's rough voice through the thick door and winced at his tone. Surely this wasn't the way he normally talked to that sweet, efficient woman? Janice didn't seem the type to put up with much nonsense, boss or no.

"Dane, if I said there's something you need to see, then there is. Now quit complaining and get your butt in there," came the forceful reply.

"You tell him, Janice," Natalie whispered her encouragement.

"Fine but after this can you please leave me alone to get some work done?"

The doorknob turned then Dane was there. Looking better than her famous chocolate fudge bars. He wore a crisp gray suit to match his eyes, his blond hair casually swept back.

Her eyes drank in the sight of him.

"Hello, Dane," she said, stepping away from the window. "I'm glad you could make it."

"What the... Janice?"

Too late. The door had closed with a loud snick. The crafty older lady had locked them in.

Perfect for her plans.

With an agitated roar he turned to her. "What the hell are you doing here?"

"I told you I'd make up for the mistake I made," she began only to be cut off.

"I can't believe you came all the way here to show off your chocolate. Who let you in?" he demanded, pacing around the wide table set up with every rich, delicious treat her store offered.

"It's not important how I got in here, what's important is the reason why I came."

She faltered. What if he threw her out? Or worse what if he threw her out while laughing at her?

Grab your fate and future.

So, taking a deep breath, she let go of her fear and insecurity and opened her heart. "You told me when I understood the difference to let you know. Well," she shrugged, "I'm letting you know."

A wary look crossed his face as he stopped pacing to stare at her. "What exactly does that mean, Nat? You decide you like sex after all?"

The jab hurt but she deserved it. "No... I mean yes, I like sex with you but I want more than that. I want to make love to you while we fuck or fuck while we make love. The sex was good but it didn't complete me."

He took a small step forward, hands in his pockets. "What does complete you?"

"You," she answered simply and held out her hands. "I've got everything I ever wanted but it doesn't mean much without you there to share it with me." Time to take the deep plunge. "I love you, Dane. I always have and always will."

Dane couldn't believe what he'd just heard. She loved him. Actually admitted she loved him.

Holy hell.

He grasped Natalie to him and kissed her deeply, tangling their tongues and taking little nips of her lips.

Dane's fingers grazed the side of her breasts as he looked at her beautiful body. Zings of electricity coursed through him.

Her admission had fired his blood.

Nat's eyes darkened. The beautiful brown orbs were full of lust but she chewed on her lips as she waited for him to say something. He'd do better than talk. He'd show her exactly how he felt.

Her full lips parted as his hands moved to cup her breasts and fondle them. Hot breath caressed his face as she stared at him.

“Natalie.” His voice echoed in the empty boardroom.

There were red and pink Valentine’s decorations spread on a table by the wall surrounding silver platters of the most delicious looking chocolates. Chocolates made by his woman.

A chocolate fountain gurgled next to the platters of flowers, hearts and cupids. Not a penis in sight. With the exception of his cock, which ached to be inside her body.

Dane kissed her again and plunged his tongue into her mouth, the way he wanted to plunge his cock into her pussy. He slid his hands down her blouse and kneaded her full breasts.

Her rosy nipples pebbled under his firm hand, an answering heat pulsed in his cock as moisture seeped from the slit readying itself to take her.

Natalie rubbed her thighs together under her flowing skirt and moaned as he continued to mold her breasts through her blouse.

Dane leaned forward and devoured her with a kiss.

There was nothing gentle about it. His lips pressed against hers and a harsh groan escaped him as their tongues met and twisted together.

Grasping. Groping. He couldn’t get enough of her body pressed to his.

The strong column of his cock hardened further inside his trousers as she slid her arms around his neck and held on.

Dane gave her breasts one last squeeze and let go. Running his hands down her back, he gripped her ass, tugging her closer to his rigid penis. Nothing compared to having her in his arms again. Four years was a lifetime too long and he was going to do everything in his power to make up for it. Nothing else mattered but being with her. Feeling her kiss. Hearing his name on her luscious lips.

A growl erupted from his chest as Nat took his bottom lip between her teeth and nipped.

Desperation rang between them.

Pulse beats pounded in his ears as everything around him faded except Natalie.

A phone rang in the other room and broke the spell.

Nat's look was so hot it seared him. "I've got something special for you."

Her words thrilled him. He'd wanted his cock inside her again since the last time they'd made love.

A wicked light came into her eyes as her hand stroked his erection through his trousers. The hard shaft straining against its confines fit perfectly against her palm.

"Take these off. I'd hate to get them sticky."

There was no telling what she had planned for him or his cock but Dane wasn't going to argue. The boardroom was on the top floor of the building and since Janice had locked the door, they were safe from discovery. He took off his pants and let her guide him to the soft leather chair at the head of the table. He sat and watched Natalie walk to the chocolate fountain.

She took a large silver bowl and dipped it in the chocolate. He laughed warily. "What are you planning on doing with that, I wonder?"

Laughter faded as a hot look passed over her soft, lovely features. So slowly, it seemed as though time had stopped, Nat walked to him, knelt and with a brush as soft as fur, painted the warm liquid on his cock.

The combination of her painting and the gooey chocolate spun him out of control. Natalie put the brush and bowl down and cleaned him off with long steady strokes, not missing a single inch of his cock. Paying special attention to the round head of his penis, she flicked her tongue around and sucked him into her mouth. It was hotter than the chocolate and just as sweet.

Gripping the arms of the chair, he was white-knuckled as Nat devoured him. When the chocolate was all gone, she took him into her throat and hummed. The vibrations along his shaft sent shockwaves through his system. Nothing had ever felt this erotic.

Rising, Natalie gave one last kiss to his cock head and returned to the table. She picked up another silver bowl with what looked like homemade whipped cream and dragged her finger through it. Capturing his gaze, she slid her finger into her mouth and sucked the cream off.

“Oh God, honey. That’s what I want to do to your pussy. Suck all the cream.”

She smiled. “I know but that’ll have to wait. I’m not done playing yet.”

Nat took the same finger she’d been sucking on, gathered more cream and repainted his cock.

His head lolled back as he sighed. The cool cream was a stark contrast to her hot fingers.

Again, she sucked his cock into her throat and licked him clean. Nat’s delicate fingers circled the base of his penis and gripped him tight. With her other hand, she massaged his balls and rolled them around in her palm. The soft sac drew up and his breathing grew harsher.

When he slipped his hands through her hair, she whispered her encouragement and kept sucking his cock.

Natalie let him slip out of her mouth with a soft pop. Bracing her hands on the chair arms, she leaned over and moaned into his mouth, twisted her tongue with his and nibbled his lips.

She sighed when he pulled her skirt up to her waist and ran his hands over her tight ass.

A wicked laugh escaped from his throat at the sight of her standing before him with no panties and the faintest hint of chocolate on her sweet rosy lips.

Her head snapped up, tearing away from his mouth when his hands grabbed her ass and pulled her into his lap. He slid his thick fingers between her folds spreading her cream around the bare lips. He loved that she shaved.

“More.”

"I'm gonna give you more than you ever hoped for, honey." Dane picked her up and lay Natalie out on the cold mahogany table. He pushed her silky top up and quickly undid the front clasp of her lacy bra. Full, lush breasts spilled out and filled his hands.

Her soft sigh was music to his ears when his mouth latched onto her puckered nipple. His lips closed around it, drawing hard.

"Beautiful," he muttered, then gripped it between his teeth, giving it a soft bite. Her eyelids popped open and the passion that was always within her reflected in the dark brown irises.

Natalie's thighs trembled while Dane licked his way across her chest to the other nipple and nibbled it into a hard rosebud. She moaned and ran her fingers through his short hair when he stroked her areola and sent shivers racing through her feverish body.

Dane trailed kisses down her soft abdomen and bit his way to her already wet and pulsing pussy.

She moaned as he slid his hand down her quivering stomach and thrust two fingers inside. He pumped his fingers in and out while his tongue found the sensitive nub of her clit and laved it.

Nat's breathing quickened. "Oh God. Oh God."

"Not so fast. I want my dessert too." Grabbing the brush, he turned and dipped it into the chocolate fountain, coating the bristles with the flowing liquid.

She opened her thighs wider as he painted and brushed the chocolate over her labia. Careful not to miss a single part of her, he pulled back the little hood and brushed around her clit.

A harsh cry rung from Nat's throat as she came. Dane threw the brush down and latched onto her pussy, licking and sucking the sweet creamy chocolate from her center. Another orgasm washed over her and Nat clamped her thighs around his head and

drove her fingers into his hair, holding him steady as he continued to lick and suck her to yet another climax.

“Oh God,” she cried on a stuttering breath. “I’ll never look at chocolate the same way again.”

He laughed. “You and me both, honey.”

Dane gave her clit one last lick before he sat back in the leather chair. His eyes never left her face as he slowly slid her from the table to straddle his lap.

With the noon sun pouring through the windows, her skin turned golden, her deep brown hair shone and her eyes glistened.

His cock, large and heavily veined, dripped pre-cum at the thought of entering Natalie. Claiming her as his own.

She produced a condom and rolled it onto his aching penis.

The contact was too much. Her nipples scraped across his chest, shooting darts straight to his cock. His throbbing penis caressed her glistening pussy lips. He had to be inside her. The sooner the better.

“You’re so beautiful. So damn beautiful and so mine,” he breathed. He gripped Nat’s hips and held her still.

The thick, round head of his cock nudged against her creamy entrance and Natalie reached up to hold his shoulders as he slowly slid his cock inside her.

They both groaned and shuddered as she stretched to accommodate his thickness and more cream poured out to ease his way.

Buried in her to the hilt, he held still as she rode his cock. Up and down with fast hard strokes, her beautiful breasts bounced to her rhythm. Nat reached behind her and tickled his balls. The action sent a jolt of lust through him as his breath caught in his lungs. “Holy fuck,” he gasped. “Yeah, just like that, honey. Just like that.”

Chest heaving and sweat dotting his brow, all thoughts escaped Dane's brain as Natalie trailed her nails across his shoulders, digging in and pressed down onto his pelvis. Grinding his cock into her pussy.

He growled as her fingers traveled down his arms and tightened on his biceps as she kept riding him like a stallion.

Unable to take it anymore, Natalie leaned back and pulled him with her, tumbling them out of the chair onto the plush carpet. He caught his weight with his arms so as not to crush her, but she was beyond caring at this point.

"I'm going to mark myself onto your soul. You'll never doubt again how I feel about you, Natty." Dane pulled out and slowly, agonizingly, stroked back inside her.

"Just fuck me. Make love to me," she begged, her muscles contracting around his cock again.

"You're driving me crazy," he said, slamming into her with hard forceful thrusts, the crown of his cock pulling at her channel. "Can't stop," he said, the passion in his words searing her heart.

Natalie couldn't believe how good Dane's cock felt. His strokes sharpened, speared into her. Animal grunts erupted from his chest as he thrust faster.

Natalie welcomed his fierce lovemaking and the fire building inside her. Cream poured from her body.

Groaning harshly, Dane pushed harder and slipped his hand between them to pinch her clit.

Her breath stopped, her stomach clenched and she exploded. A scream tore from her throat.

"Fuck!" Dane shouted with one last fierce stroke as he came in a rush of fire. More passion and love than she could imagine coursed through Natalie's body. Dane had invaded every crevice of her being. There was simply nothing of her that wasn't his.

Dane shuddered, pulled her tightly to him so that they both lay collapsed in a heap on the carpet.

Breathing eventually slowed and perspiration cooled in the climate-controlled room.

"I love you," she whispered.

"I know."

"That's all fine and good but what I'd like to know is what the hell is going on in here? It sounded like someone was being murdered."

Dane's grandfather, Donald Falken, yelled from across the room.

"Oh my God."

Natalie looked over Dane's shoulder to the furious gray-haired, gray-eyed man standing in the door.

"What in the name all that's holy are you doing?" the man barked out in a deep voice.

"Trust me," Dane whispered in ear before withdrawing from her body. With subtle movements he rearranged her clothes, grabbed his pants and zipped himself back up. Only then did he bother to stand and face the older furious man.

"Hello, Grandfather, we didn't expect to see you here," he said calmly while Natalie's heart raced. She marveled at the smooth sound of his voice. She was shaking in her sandals and had yet to speak.

"Don't imagine you did," the other man snarled. "Getting caught with your hand in the cookie jar at work makes us all look bad, boy."

Dane gave a casual shrug. "I thought a locked door would take care of nosy employees."

If possible the old man's back straightened ever further. "I'm not one of the *employees*." The last came out in a disdainful sneer. "So long as I run this company I'll go

anywhere I damn well please. You best remember that too if you want to keep your position here, boy."

A shocked gasp escaped Natalie's mouth before she could stop it. How dare this spiteful old man threaten Dane?

"Hush, Nat, he's just blowing smoke rings," Dane assured her.

"I'll show you who's blowing smoke," Dane's grandfather threatened. "I'll have your butt out of this company so fast your head will spin."

Another shrug from her lover. "Fine, it will save me the hassle of quitting."

"Dane! No, you can't quit. Your family's owned this company for generations. This is your heritage. You can't give it up just like that." No way would Natalie allow some pompous old fool to push her future husband out on his ear. Not after he'd given up everything and worked his butt off for the company.

"Listen to the little chippie, boy. For once one of them is making sense," came the chortled reply.

"Honey," Dane said catching her face between his hands. "I'm not doing this for you. I'm doing this for us. I don't need to work here anymore. I don't have to bow down before family duty. You're the family my duty lies with. I've proven what I needed to for myself. The rest is just gravy. I want you," he assured her, his eyes soft with love and promise. "Of course if I can have this table as a parting gift..." This he said with a wink and smile before turning back to his shocked, silent grandfather. "It's got some great memories."

"You can accept this or not. Doesn't matter to me anymore," Dane informed his floundering boss.

"There's no way you'd walk away. You changed your whole life just to be part of this company. To do right by your family. It means too much to you." Dane's grandfather's tone changed from accusing to hopeful in a heartbeat.

“Wrong, Grandfather, it *meant* something to me but I found someone who means more. Natalie, I’d like to introduce you to my normally pleasant grandfather Donald Falken. This, Grandfather, is the woman I’m going to marry. Get used to the idea.” He left the “or else” silent but implied.

“Her?” The bafflement rang out clear in his voice. “You could have anyone, Dane, no need to settle for the first to ring your bell.”

She saw Dane’s hands close up into fists and put a restraining hand on his arm. “Don’t do it, Dane. You’ll regret it. Maybe not today, maybe not tomorrow but someday, like after his funeral, you’ll end up regretting it.”

A smile curved those luscious lips and his hands came out to grasp hers, but his voice was edged in steel as he directed his words to the other man. “Talk about her like that again, old man, and I won’t let Natalie talk me out of hitting you. Old age or not.”

“Let me tell you something, bo—”

“No, let me tell *you* something, Donald.” A furious feminine voice came from behind Natalie.

Natalie watched in amazement as Dane’s grandfather winced at the sound.

“Hi, Nana, didn’t expect to see you here today,” Dane said, his voice soft with love for the older woman.

“Hello, darling, I’ll be with you in just a minute.” She walked over, brushed a kiss against his cheek, then turned amazing green eyes on Donald.

“Exactly what do you think you were doing, you old goat?” she asked in an icy voice so at odds with the tone she’d greeted her grandson in.

“Now, Lori, love, don’t jump in here. You don’t know what that boy’s been up to. I’ve just had to set him straight, that’s all.” Donald backed away from his furious wife.

“Set him straight? Pray tell exactly what would you know about setting any man straight in matters of the heart?” Lori’s voice cut through the room like ice.

“This has nothing to do with his heart, just his co—”

"Don't you finish that sentence, old man," she warned, pushing the tip of a perfectly manicured finger into his chest. "A long time ago you were like Dane until this business sucked the life and humanity out of you. If my sweet boy has found someone to break through his almighty love of business then I say more power to her. And so will you if you know what's good for you." Poke, poke, poke went the finger.

"But Lori, he wants to quit," Donald whined like a child with his favorite toy taken away.

Lori turned glanced at the two of them before saying, "Nonsense, he can't quit. I've just fired him."

Natalie gasped at the news just as Dane burst out laughing.

A merry twinkle lit the older woman's eyes. "Thought you might like that, honey."

"Oh Nana, you are the best."

He released Natalie's hand to grab his grandmother in a bear hug.

"Put me down before something I can't replace breaks," she said with an impish smile.

"Lori, you can't fire him. I need him here," Donald tried to insist but his wife ignored his words.

"Hush, Don, we've got more important things to discuss than Dane's employment." She turned those sharp eyes to Natalie's face. "So you're the one who has my grandson spinning around in circles? It's nice to see you again, Natalie."

Natalie stepped forward, away from the protection of Dane's body. "Yes, ma'am, I guess I would be the one."

"Well, you caught a good one. So long as you love him as much as he loves you, your marriage will be blessed," Lori said and gave Natalie a warm generous hug. "Welcome to the family."

"Thank you, Mrs. Falken," Natalie replied sincerely. She knew she'd love Dane's grandmother and maybe one day, in the far far future, she'd learn to tolerate his meddling grandfather.

"Call me Nana, please, after all you're family."

Dane wrapped her in his arms and carried her over to the massive windows. "That's right, you are going to be family, right? We're going to get married, make chocolate and have wild, chocolate-covered sex."

The future he painted sounded so perfect. Her every dream come true.

Lana had been right when she said that Natalie didn't need a man to complete her, but oh would the right man make all the difference.

"Thanks for barging into my store and back into my life," she whispered against his neck.

He laughed and hugged her tighter. "Thanks for making all those chocolate penises for my grandparents' party."

They both roared with laughter, secure in each other's arms and the love they shared.

About the Author

Kat Alexis is the brainchild of best friends and multi-published authors Eve Savage and Allie Standifer.

Born in a bar on a cool February evening in New Orleans, Kat emerged as the perfect combination of Allie's flair for dialogue and storytelling and Eve's love of sensuality and strong characters.

Together with the bent sense of humor they share and an obsession with all things paranormal, Kat is definitely unique.

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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