

A person wearing a dark suit jacket and a white shirt is shown from the chest down, holding a large, glossy red heart with both hands. The heart is the central focus of the image. The background is dark, making the red heart and the person's hands stand out.

*Now Arriving:
Commitment*

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Now Arriving, Commitment

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Matt paced up and down in the terminal. Grace's flight was twenty minutes late and he hoped the fear in his gut wasn't a sign that this was a mistake. The idea to fly her out to join him on his business trip was a big deal for him and on impulse he'd booked a flight for her before he could think about it and change his mind. And for all the hours' inbetween, he'd done nothing but think about it.

Having her with him was a step he wasn't sure he was comfortable taking, but he knew he had to try. He loved her, deeply and would spend the rest of his life loving her, but...could he give up the other women for her? Completely? Not that she'd ever asked him to, not that she'd ever asked for more than what he gave, but his capability to go out and flirt, play, and fuck seemed to be an one that she herself didn't have, even though it's what they'd agreed upon in the early days of their relationship.

All he knew at this moment in time and for every moment since he'd left Grace's bed earlier in the afternoon, is that he couldn't stop wanting her, couldn't stop thinking of her. It was different, this want. It was the kind of want that wasn't going to simmer when they were apart. No, this want was the kind that would burn a hole in his gut until he was with her again. The announcement that her flight was de-boarding brought his head up. Any moment he would start seeing people entering the terminal and he wanted to make sure that she saw him.

Her uncertain smile was the first thing he noticed when she rounded the corner, but the minute he moved into her line of sight and she saw him, her smile widened and his cock grew another inch.

She was breathless when she stepped into his arms. "I can't believe I'm here with you."

"I'm glad you are though." And he was. Every doubt he'd had in the previous ten minutes was fading with each new second that came along.

She rubbed her lower body against his. "Yes, it seems that you are."

Matt laughed and wondered what she was thinking. Did she think he'd brought her out to Denver just for sex, for more fucking? Not that he didn't plan on doing it all night and well into the morning, but that wasn't all.

"Come on before I take you right here in the middle of everyone."

"Oh we haven't done that in a long time," she teased.

"True, but, I'm not in the mood to be on display right now. I want you all to myself." He palmed her ass in his hands and brought her so close that he could feel the heat between her legs through both their jeans.

"You might want to get us out of here then."

He bit back a groan. Her green eyes sparkled with lust and love. He was amazed each and every time they were together at the open way she took him into her life, her heart, and her body. "Right. Let's go."

He took her hand and laced their fingers together, walking them toward the entrance of the airport. Halfway there he detoured and pulled her into a unisex bathroom, locking the door behind them.

"Matt?"

"Changed my mind. Again. Bad damn habit I'm developing it seems. Not waiting though. Get your jeans off," he said, unbuttoning his own and pulling his cock out. He advanced and backed her up to the counter and as soon as she got her jeans down, he was helping her onto the edge.

"It's wet, Matt."

"So's your pussy, darlin'." He pushed inside her and the only thing in his mind was fuck her forever. He'd never possessed anything or anyone before, but this woman...it was one thing to know he possessed her, but quite another to actually feel it, to believe it.

"Mmmm."

She wrapped her arms around his neck and pulled his mouth to hers. They locked lips and locked eyes and his hips pounded against hers.

A knock on the door brought their heads up.

"Be out in a minute."

"Maybe we should..." she started to whisper.

"Maybe we shouldn't."

Matt fistfisted her hair and brought her lips to his again in a hard kiss, smashing them together. His other hand slid under her and gripped her ass, holding her steady as he pistoned in and out of her sweet, hot pussy.

"C'mon man, hurry up," the man said from outside the door, banging on it.

Matt kept kissing her, kept fucking her until one, two, three and he was coming. He moaned into her mouth and came up for air as he pulled out of her. Looking down between their bodies then back up to her eyes, he grinned. "You got me all messy."

Grace grinned back at him. "Yes, yes I did."

"I'm gonna call security man!"

Matt laughed and helped Grace to the floor. On wobbly legs, they righted their clothes and left the bathroom, hand in hand. Coming face to face with Mr. Impatient, Matt grinned. "It's all yours. And, you might want to watch out, there's a wet spot on the counter."

Beside him, Grace laughed and squeezed his hand. Something about that small gesture, that small connection touched him in a way he couldn't describe.

They finally made it through the rest of the airport and into the company car that was waiting for them. "Shit, it's cold," she said through chattering teeth, shivering beside him. He reached back into a compartment behind the seats and pulled out a blanket, wrapping it around her before pulling her close.

"Thank you for coming to me," he whispered into her hair.

She snuggled against his chest, fitting her head under his chin. "I have never been able to deny you anything, Matt. How could I start now?"

"I know."

"But since you brought it up, why am I here?"

"I don't know yet."

The rest of the ride to the hotel was made in silence. Grace relaxed in his arms, his cock was hard in his pants, and his heart kept skipping beats left and right. He couldn't seem to figure out what to do next, what to say. He was an emotional mess and no one in their right mind at this moment would believe he was the dominant partner in their relationship. He was tied in knots and nervous as hell. This was Grace, his Grace and though their relationship was an open, unconventional one, she'd never taken it that far without him and he was beginning to think, to feel, to know that it was time that he either let her go to find a man that would give her all that she deserved, or he needed to change, to make her the

only one in his life. Commitment scared the shit out of him for reasons even he didn't understand, but...compared to losing Grace? Well, there really was no comparison.

The city gleamed outside the windows as they drove through the streets of downtown Denver and she sat up, staring out at the lights and storefront decorations. Valentine's Day tomorrow.

The hotel loomed before them on the right and the car pulled up in front.

The valet opened Matt's door and he ushered Grace inside the lobby and down a hallway to a bank of elevators. Inside the mirrored car with the top floor button pushed, he had her against the wall. Tongues and limbs tangled together, one body melted into the other. He couldn't get enough of her this time around and more than ever he was scared of how much he loved her.

When the bell sounded and the doors opened, he pulled back, promising more with his eyes and urged her to the end of the hall, to his suite.

"Wow. What a room. And a shame it's so cold outside," she said, walking straight toward the balcony doors.

"Is it? And why is that?" The question didn't require an answer. He already knew what she meant. His shirt and shoes were discarded first, followed by his jeans and once naked, he walked across the room and pressed himself against her back, crushing her against the glass.

"Mmm...it is, yes."

"You're overdressed and the curtains are open."

Grace laughed. "I am, and they are. At least one of those should be remedied immediately."

Chapter Two

Matt backed up and gave her room to turn around. In seconds she was as naked as he and against him. He backed her into the windowpane with his hands on either side of her head and his mouth hot and insistent on hers.

There was a new urgency in him and it was stealing what breath she had left, stealing her thoughts and preconceived ideas and notions about him. He was raw and open, shaken over something that had to do with her and sex, as always, was the only way he knew how to deal with things and so sex is what she gave him.

Her fingers touched his face and he stepped away from her, his eyes dark and hungry, roaming up and down her body like licking flames, scorching her. Grace turned from him, facing the window, facing out into the night where anyone in any of the windows facing theirs could see her. It was one thing for people to see her ass pressed against the glass, but it was quite another for them to see her tits, for them to see her bend over and press her palms to the window and spread her legs. It was quite another thing still for them to see him come up behind her and slam his cock so hard into her that her cheek hit the cold clear wall.

With one hand on her hip, the other fisted in her hair, he rode her hard.

"Matt..."

"Yes, darlin', I know. "

And he did. She knew he did. Every time he fucked her, it had the same electricity, the same power it had the first time they fucked four years ago...four years, three months, thirteen days.

Grace pushed her head hard into his fist and pushed her ass back against him. She rocked back and forth, fucking him as much as he was fucking her.

"That's it. That's my good girl...fuck me," he rasped.

The glass shook under the force of their thrusts.

"We're being watched," she whispered.

"Mmm. Good."

Grace stopped moving and looked over her shoulder at him. "I'm serious, Matt. Look. The building on the corner, top floor. There's a man watching." She turned her head back around and locked her gaze on the occupied window.

"Hot, Gracie."

And it *was* hot to be watched like that. She stared at the man staring back and smiled. Matt let go of her hair and gripped both her hips in his hands, his fingers digging into her flesh, and rammed in and out of her hard enough to lift her up on her toes.

She dropped a hand between her legs and rubbed at her clit, masturbating herself for all their pleasure while her lover pounded her pussy without mercy. The orgasm that crashed over her first and slammed into him second caused them both to cry out. She lowered her hand from between her legs and rested it against the glass, a wet smudge marring the pristine surface and Matt's hands fell from her hips to cup her breasts.

They stayed that way until his cock slid out of her. She looked up and the man was still standing there, watching. He waved and raised a glass in their direction. Grace smiled and waved back.

"I need a shower," Matt groaned.

"I need a bath."

Matt helped her stand and walked her to the bathroom. She saw him look over his shoulder at the man watching them and wave before swatting her on the ass. "Bad girl," he growled in her ear. "Very bad girl for teasing that man. You know, he may not have a hot girl for Valentine's Day like I do."

Grace lowered her head, glancing up at him from beneath her lashes with mock chagrin. "Oh yes, very very bad of me. Will I be punished?"

"You have no idea, darlin'. No idea at all." As it was promised, there was a knock at the door. "Go on into the bathroom and I'll be there after I answer this."

Grace did as he told her, only she ended up crawling into the most inviting bed she'd ever seen. More so than with the car service, she was quite impressed at how well Matt's company took care of him. He didn't stay at the typical business class hotel and he didn't have to rent the typical business class car. No, they provided him with a limo and five-star luxury accommodations.

She sank into the mattress and rubbed her body against the lush sheets. The door closed and she heard the lock click into place. Matt walked in, doing a double take toward the bed when she flashed him by spreading her legs. "Thought you were going to start a bath."

"I was, but the bed whispered my name and I just couldn't say no."

"Ah. Yes, beds do seem to do that to you quite often," he commented, setting the contents in his arms on the bedside table and sliding down next to her.

"What's all that?"

"That is a gift from our friend across the street. He sent us some strawberries, some chocolate, some champagne."

"Oh that was very nice of him."

"Mmm. Yes. There was a note as well."

"Wow. That was quick. I never saw him pick up the phone. How did he get it done?"

"Perhaps before we noticed him. Does it really matter, Gracie?"

"Nope. What does the note say?"

"It says that he would like to watch as we enjoy his gifts. Oh, and for us to have a very happy Valentine's Day."

"I don't think that's going to be very difficult. He wants to watch again, huh?" Grace rolled off the bed and went to the window, pulling back the curtains. There he was, still in front of his window, seated this time, one leg crossed over the other, a glass in one hand resting on the arm of the chair. "Well, we can't disappoint him now, can we?"

Matt turned on one of the lamps as she joined him on the bed again. "No, we can't," he murmured, leaning over and kissing her lips, nudging her until she was flat on her back. "This wasn't exactly what I had planned for Valentine's for you."

Grace touched his face with trembling fingertips. "What did you have planned?"

"I hadn't planned. Not yet. Flying you out to be with me was a spur of the moment decision."

"Are you sorry?"

"Only sorry that I hadn't done it before now." A shadow crossed his eyes for a brief second then disappeared. "Things need to change, Gracie. Between us, I mean."

"I know, Matt, but not right this minute." She winked at him and lifted one leg up to snake around his hip. Her heel pressed into the flesh of his ass.

The worry and fear she held in her heart was pushed back into a corner as she responded with hunger and need to another kiss. Her arms wrapped around his neck and her other leg lifted around his other hip, squeezing him tight against her body.

His tongue tangled with hers and the harder he kissed her, the stronger her hold. They needed to break apart for breath and it wasn't until her lungs started to burn that she loosened her arms and legs and he lifted his mouth.

He nuzzled her neck causing her to giggle. "What about a strawberry? They are bright red, perfect, and plump...and with the chocolate sauce..."

To mirror his words, Matt, reached over and took a strawberry between his thumb and forefinger, dipped it...no dunked it in the chocolate and brought it to her mouth. Parting her lips, she waited...and waited...

"I think I'll keep this one for myself," he whispered and proceeded to decorate her nipples with the chocolate. A moan escaped her as he drew the end of the berry down her stomach. "Stay very still, my girl."

Words failed her and she held her breath as he rested the piece of fruit above her mound and reached over, dipping his finger in the chocolate, bringing it back and coating her clit.

"God, Matt."

He took a small bite of the inside of one of her thighs bringing forth a gasp. Her legs were trembling; her belly was trembling, too, from trying to stay as still as possible. He picked the strawberry up and squeezed it in his fingers. Cool juice dripped on her skin and slid between the lips of her pussy making her squirm.

"What did I tell you about staying still?"

"Oh you can't be serious," she whined.

Chapter Three

More juice dripped from the now hopelessly smashed piece of fruit. "Open," he said, holding the strawberry above her mouth.

She did and he dropped it between her lips. "Mmmm."

"Good?"

She licked her lips. "Delish."

Matt dropped his head between her legs, placing his palms on her upper thighs holding them wide open. The flat of his tongue licked long and slow from the entrance of her body to her clit and back again. It was agonizing. It was wonderful. It was the most exquisite torture.

He blew cool air on her heated flesh then took her clit between his lips and teeth, sucking, nibbling, and driving her mad. She writhed against his hold and fucked his mouth with her sex. Her tits bounced and the people in every room on their floor had to have heard the scream that tore from her throat.

Matt didn't let up as the orgasm flowed through her, drawing more and more spasms from her until she gripped his head and tugged at his hair, pulling him off her pussy. "You...you're going to...kill me..."

"No. I'm only going to drive you insane with pleasure, my love."

Grace let go of him and he licked and kissed and sucked the chocolate trail that had dried on her belly and chest, sliding his tongue into her mouth for a tender kiss.

Wrapped in his arms, Grace's heart slowly calmed and her breath evened out. "You okay?"

"Yeah. My mouth is a little dry though."

Matt shifted and made to get up. "Let me get you some water."

"No, don't go. Just open the champagne, it'll do for now."

He looked down at her and she wondered if he could read the turmoil inside even though she didn't claw at him, didn't sound panicked, she just asked him calmly to stay. She never had been able to hide much from him.

"Grace?"

His tender tone; the gentle caress of his fingers across her lips, and her tears fell.

"It's time to talk."

* * *

Matt had been dreading this and yet at the same time, he had been looking forward to it. Time to come clean. Time to say it out loud because only then would it be real, only then would there be someone else that could bear witness to the decision and choice that he'd made.

"Our relationship needs to change, Grace," he said for the second time that night.

Her tears fell harder, faster, and she nodded her agreement. This time she wouldn't put it off and he understood her fear. Promises had never been made by him to her. He hadn't expected to fall in love so completely and though he had, he'd selfishly thought to keep things as they were, keep the status quo. Sure, they moved in together, lived as lovers, but the open and free to play and fuck others relationship they'd agreed to in the beginning remained unchanged.

"I love you. With all my heart. All my soul, Grace."

"I...I know, Matt."

He bent his head and licked at the tears that were still flowing. His voice was soft against her cheek when he spoke. "We can't go on like this. I know you don't take advantage of some of the aspects of this relationship like I do and over the last year or so, it's been weighing on me." When she didn't respond, he continued, this time framing her face between his hands and looking down into her eyes. "I can't do it to you anymore. I..." It was now or never and the words were choking him. He couldn't seem to get them to spill over his tongue and out his mouth.

"M...Matt?"

He tried again. "I want to change our relationship agreement."

"To what?"

"I don't want our relationship to be open anymore. I want it to be monogamous. Just you and me. No other women. No other men."

“What? Are you sure?”

His lips glanced over hers in the softest of touches. “Yes. I am sure. There’s something else, too.” It was getting easier. “I’ve put in for a position in the home office. No more traveling and there’s even quite a bit of freedom to work from home.”

“Why Matt? You loved the travel.”

“Gracie, I love you more. And I’ve not given you everything that you deserve. It’s time for me to make it up to you.”

“Wow, Matt. I...I don’t know what to say.”

He nipped at her nose, the peace in his gut astonishing and welcome in the aftermath. “Think you can handle having me around that much?”

“Without a doubt, but Matt, you’ve never...you don’t l—”

“I’m not saying there won’t be adjustments and times where I feel like I’m suffocating, but it’s only going to be until I get used to it. I want to try, Grace. I need to try. And losing you is not an option.”

“You can’t lose me.”

“I know. I’ll find out about the job when we get back to town and we’ll go from there. But Gracie? You do know there will be days where I’ll fuck you raw, don’t you? Probably more days than not.”

“Yes, Matt. I know. I’m counting on it in fact. I’ve always been enough for you; you just had to come to that conclusion on your own.”

“And I have.”

“When does this change take place?”

“Now. From here on out you’re mine and I’m yours.”

“Mmmm. Yummy.”

And she pulled his head down and kissed him. Draping one of her legs around his hip again, she pushed and he rolled until she was straddling him. Tongues tangled and her lower body rocked against his. It all felt different and yet it all felt the same. He couldn’t have expressed his happiness if his life depended on it, but happy he was, thrilled with the decision he’d wrestled with for so long. She was good for him, always had been.

He was determined to be good for her, too.

She lifted her lips from his and sat up before reaching for the champagne bottle. He watched as she took a sip from it and looked toward the still naked window. Matt followed her gaze and saw that their voyeuristic friend was still there.

A drop of cold champagne hit his chest, followed by another and another. He turned his attention back to her. "Grace?"

He sucked in a breath, the liquid ice cold as she scooted down his legs and tilted the bottle at a further downward angle so that more poured out across his abdomen and over his cock. She simply grinned and lowered her head. "I told you I was thirsty."

And Matt lay there thinking, *Happy Valentine's Day to me.*