

EXOTIKA

ELLORA'S CAVE

L.A. DAY

*Satin
Seduction*

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Satin Seduction

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Chapter One

"Jake, do you have a minute?" Nicole James asked as she stuck her head into her boss's office. "Jane wasn't at her desk,"

Big and broad shouldered, Jake Malone dominated the room. A lock of his chestnut hair fell over his forehead as he looked up, pinning her in place with his laser-blue eyes. Just looking at him made her wet.

Jake's lips curled at the corner. "She left a little early today. Come on in. What can I do for you?"

That was a loaded question if she'd ever heard one. Off the top of her head, she could think of at least a dozen things he could do for her and half of them involved that deliciously full-lipped mouth. She blinked. She couldn't let her mind shift in that direction or she'd never make it through the presentation in a calm, professional manner. "I had an idea I wanted to run by you."

As CEO of Satin Seduction, Jake had final say on all projects. Nicole had spent countless hours of her own time designing a concept and line for big and beautiful women and she hoped he'd be open to the idea.

"Well, come in then and have a seat."

"Thank you." Nicole lugged along a small case and her sketchpad. She wobbled slightly on her three-inch heels as she approached his desk. She didn't actually need three-inch heels. At five-feet-ten, she was tall for a woman but Jake still towered over her. Her heels, her blonde-streaked hair were all part of her new look. Fresh from a broken engagement, she was all about starting over.

"Did I mention I like your new hairstyle? It's okay for me to say that, isn't it? You won't charge me with sexual harassment, will you?" He winked and she melted.

Nicole chuckled. "Don't worry, I'd never charge you with sexual harassment."

His dark brows shot up. "That's good to know. Care to put it in writing?"

Nicole grinned. "Like I'd have to worry about you harassing me. Maybe I'll harass you." Nicole tugged at her snug jacket as she took a seat and crossed her legs.

His eyes narrowed as they traveled over her long legs but he didn't comment. She hoped she hadn't offended him. It wasn't the way to start the presentation. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean..."

His gaze flashed up to meet hers. "Why are you sorry? For the record, I'd never charge you with harassment either. Now tell me what I can do for you." Jake leaned back in his chair. His hair was tousled and his tie askew. He looked edible.

"I...uh..." She drew a complete blank. She'd rehearsed her proposal for two days and now that she had the opportunity, it fled her mind.

Jake chuckled at her apparent unease and leaned forward. His ultra-white smile flashed against his tanned face. "I see you brought your sketch pad. I assume you designed something brilliant that you want to show me."

"Yes." Nicole sat up straighter in the chair. "I do have some new designs and samples but it's more than that." Leaning forward, she picked up her pad and opened it to the first sketch. Sighing deeply, she placed the pad on Jake's big oak desk. "This is my first sketch..." She hesitated as she realized his eyes were still on her, not the pad.

She pushed the pad closer to him as she cleared her throat. "It's a Brazilian-cut panty with ruffled edge and matching seamless brassiere."

His gaze flicked to the pad. "Very nice." He nodded but his blue eyes flicked back to hers.

"Thank you. There's more. I have samples too." She grabbed her bag and pulled out a satiny one-piece bra and corset. Her hands shook. Her monologue was out the window and she was babbling from the top of her head. Calm professionalism stepped out as she tossed the corset at him and a thong sailed by his head. His quick reflexes caught the offending garment.

She stared wide-eyed as he held up his trophy thong. "I haven't had a woman throw her panties at me in a while."

Her hand covered half her face and she peeked at him through her fingers. He didn't appear angry. "Oh my god! I had this all planned out."

"Relax, Nicole. I don't bite...unless you ask me to." His voice dropped an octave and he flashed another sexy-as-sin smile.

Did he have any idea what just looking at him did to her? More than likely he did. "That's it. You're so...so...and I'm so." She waved her hand at him and then at her body.

The corners of his eyes crinkled as he smiled. "That was clear."

Exasperated, she sighed and leaned back in the chair.

"Do I rattle you, Nicole?"

The way he stressed her name rattled her. His smile rattled her. "Being in the same room rattles me," she muttered.

"What was that?"

"Yes sir. You rattle me."

"That's good to know." He held up the corset and looked at her over the top.

She had the distinct impression he was picturing her in it. She swallowed deeply. "Jake, it's more than new designs. I want to start a new line." She leaned forward. "I have a vision of a line for the Rubenesque woman. I know we have plus-size lingerie but they are designed for slim-hipped waifs with silicone implants. They are not flattering or comfortable for larger women and I should know. I want to design a line that celebrates full-figured women."

He pursed his lips. "Our plus-size garments aren't the best sellers."

"Of course not. We don't market to larger women. We don't have a model over size three. Our ads target the ultra-thin with a tagline that they come in plus sizes too. You can't expect to capitalize on the full-figured gal with old-school mentality. Though

today's society believes the ideal woman is ultra thin, I want to create and market a line for healthy, shapely women."

He leaned forward. "You see an opportunity to meet a growing need?"

Damn. She wished he hadn't mentioned a growing need. Her voice trembled as she continued, "I saw a recent study on obesity in America. The figures were staggering."

Jake reached for a file on the edge of his desk. "I saw it too, but not all shapely women are overweight."

That got her attention. "Are you already considering a new line?"

"I am. I've owned a majority of this company for six months now and in that time I've evaluated our strengths and weaknesses. I'm only thirty-five so I hope I'm not too old school to recognize a need for change."

Nicole felt heat rise in her cheeks. "I'm sorry. I wasn't insinuating you were old."

"I'm not offended. I believe you are only a couple years younger." He smirked. "I'm pleased that I have a designer with vision and initiative."

"Thank you." She replied quickly, on a deep breath. She could finally breathe. It was going better than she'd expected.

He fingered the corset she'd thrown on his desk. "This corset is a satin blend?"

"Satin-Lycra blend. It's comfortable, yet controls," she explained. "Comfort and control are important ingredients for a full-figured line."

"What else have you designed, besides the thong, of course?"

"I have three panties, the Brazilian-cut, a hip-hugger, the thong and a brief."

"No granny panties?" He winked.

"Never!" She pretended to gasp in horror. "Banish the thought. I've also finished designs for another corset, a bustier and some night clothes."

"You've been busy. Have you had anyone model them?" His brows rose. "We need to test the comfort and control."

Biting her lip, she hesitated. "We don't have larger models. I made them in my size."

Picking up the thong, his fingers traced the lacy edge. "You've modeled these?"

"I tried everything on to test the comfort and fit. Those don't actually offer control but..." She hesitated.

"They're sexy as hell." His eyes ran over her and a shiver rode her spine. "Are you wearing one of your creations now?"

Nicole laughed nervously.

Jake grinned in a way that would wet any red-blooded woman's panties. "You said you'd never charge me with harassment."

She raised her chin. "I meant it."

"What are you wearing?"

Her tongue felt glued to the top of her mouth and she swallowed. "I'm wearing a slimming corset with support for..."

"Support for large-breasted women?" His gaze devoured her chest. She could almost believe he could see through her clothes.

"Yes."

He crushed the thong in his hand. "What type of panty?"

"A ruffled Brazilian-cut," she answered and was surprised how breathy her voice sounded.

"Damn," he breathed the word as his eyes stripped her clothing from her body. "Can I talk you into modeling them for me?"

"Me? You want me to...?" She blinked at the thought.

"Yes."

Nicole shifted under his intense gaze. "I'm not a model."

"Did you model them in front of a mirror?"

"Well yes, I did." But that was entirely different. There was no one there to see and no one to laugh if she looked ridiculous.

"Did you see how beautiful you looked?"

"I looked okay. I'll never have a model's figure but I looked fine." She raised her chin.

"You say you want to celebrate full-figured women and that your line will compliment their figures. I believe you can but I don't believe you do. For this to be a success you can't doubt the line. You need to see and believe in the beauty of a full-figured woman."

"I do. I see a full-figured woman in the mirror everyday."

"But do you see your true beauty? If you did you wouldn't be embarrassed to model them for me."

Tilting her head to the side, she watched him carefully. "And if I refuse?"

Jake released a deep breath. "If you don't, I'll be disappointed, but I'll still go ahead with the line." Pushing back from the desk, he stood up and walked around to perch on the edge. She couldn't help but notice the prominent erection that strained against the front of his designer pants. "If you model them for me it is because you want me to see how beautiful you are in them."

She chewed on her bottom lip as her gaze lingered on his arousal.

"I'm not ashamed to let you see I'm attracted to you, and if I'm not mistaken, the feeling is mutual." A warm hand cupped her chin and tilted her face.

She met his gaze. "It is but..."

"You let your ex-fiancé play with your head and shake your confidence. You're a beautiful woman. The smartest thing you ever did was break that engagement." Grasping her hand, he pulled her to her feet. Glancing at his watch he said, "The office should be empty by now, but if you are going to model for me, go lock the door."

Her thighs trembled and moisture gathered between her legs. She couldn't believe this was happening. She took two steps toward the door then stopped and looked back. Still perched on the edge of the desk, Jake was loosening his tie.

"If you lock that door, I'm stripping you to your underwear and from there..." He hesitated as his eyes undressed her. "From there it's up to you."

Squaring her shoulders, she took another step and clicked the lock into place. Turning to face him, she said, "If I'm stripping to my panties, so are you."

A slow grin spread across his face. "It's a deal." He pulled the tie loose and threw it on his desk. "Now it's your turn."

She kicked off a high-heeled shoe. "Back in your court."

"You're cruel. I'll never make it through this, not with that cleavage on display."

Nicole tugged on her tailored jacket. She had opted not to wear a blouse and the cut was low. "I guess this isn't professional."

Grabbing her hand, he tugged her closer and she hobbled on one shoe. "It's distracting. I might have agreed to anything you asked." He popped the first button on her jacket.

"So is now a good time to ask for a raise?"

Grasping her hips, he pulled her between his legs. "You already have one. Didn't you notice?"

She gasped at the unmistakable feel of his arousal. "I noticed." She released a shaky laugh. "I couldn't miss it." She melted into his body.

"You are killing me. I have to have a taste of you." Cupping the back of her head, his mouth slanted over hers. "Open your mouth, baby."

His lips were firm and his teeth sharp as he nibbled her bottom lip. Wrapping her arms around his shoulders, she buried her fingers in the silky hair that touched his collar. She whimpered as his lips trailed her jaw to her ear. "Oh my."

His fingers worked the buttons on her jacket. "Let me see you." Pushing the jacket off her shoulders, he stared as it slid down her arms. "Beautiful."

Her breasts quivered as she took a deep, calming breath. "I think you're cheating. You owe me."

"What?" His eyes fluttered up to meet hers.

"You owe me two items of clothing."

"Hell, let's make it easy." Grasping the front of his shirt, he ripped it open and started working on his belt. She stepped back as he let his pants fall and kicked off his shoes. Yanking his shirt off, he tugged off each sock.

With an efficiency of movement, he stripped. Her eyes devoured him. She didn't know where to look first. His chest was heavily muscled and generously coated with hair. Golden-skinned abs rippled as he finally straightened and stood waiting, clad only in boxer briefs. Black boxer-briefs hid nothing and he had nothing to hide. He was perfection. Tight cotton covered what must surely be the longest, thickest erection she'd ever witnessed.

"Your turn, I think."

Tearing her gaze from his obvious assets, she met his gaze. "I suppose it is." Turning her back to him, she requested in a husky tone, "Can you unzip me?"

"My pleasure." She felt his warm hands at her waist as he unzipped her skirt. It fluttered to the floor. She kicked off the other shoe. "My pleasure indeed," he whispered.

She knew what he was looking at. The cut of the panty hugged her generous derriere and left the bottom of her butt cheeks bare. His fingers traced the ruffled edge along one cheek. Wrapping his other arm around her waist, he hugged her to his frame.

Hot breath bathed the side of her face and neck as he rasped in her ear, "Beautiful."

Chest hair chafed her back above the cut of the corset and she shifted against him. "I feel beautiful."

His gaze raked her form as he turned her to face him. "You are. If all of our customers could look this beautiful we'd be a smashing success."

"It worked for me."

"Ahh, but the raw material was flawless."

"Ha!" she retorted as she placed her hand in the center of his broad chest. Silky chest hairs tickled her palm.

His finger trailed the edge of the bra. "I know perfection."

"The outfit enhances —"

His other hand tilted her chin up to meet his gaze. "It's not the outfit." His eyes blazed as if fires burned in their depths. His finger dipped beneath the material to trace the swell of her breast and her breath caught in her throat. "The design is exquisite." His other hand brushed against the bare skin between corset and panty on her lower back.

"Th-thank you. I spent a lot of time on it."

"I wasn't talking about your outfit." His hand guided her closer to his body.

"Oh."

"But it's lovely too." Finally, the tip of a finger brushed her nipple and she rose to her toes. "Tempting. It cups and lifts your gorgeous breasts."

"It shapes them."

"Uhhh." His hands ran over the thin material that slimmed her waist. "And these panties." He chuckled. "You don't want to know what I think about them."

Nicole cocked her head to the side and ran her hands through the springy hair on his chest. Finding his erect nipple, she squeezed. "Try me."

"That's exactly what I was thinking. I need to try you." Gripping her waist, he slammed her into his body as his lips crashed down on hers.

He swallowed her gasp as he covered her lips. She tasted of coffee and chocolate, a sweet taste that aroused his already heightened senses. Squeezing her to him, he enjoyed the feel of her ripe curves in his arms. As he dipped his tongue into her honeyed mouth, a growl of possession rumbled in his chest. Finally, she was within his arms and he intended to make the most of it. Her tongue dueled with his. Her ardor surprised him as she tugged at his chest hairs.

Heat flared and a multitude of sensations shot straight to his cock. He liked it a little rough and it appeared she did too. Thankfully, she was woman enough to take him. Grasping the top of the corset, he tugged it down. Large breasts capped with deep pink nipples overfilled his hands. "Damn," he groaned as he broke the seal of their lips. "Are you going to help me get this off you or just leave it on?"

"Leave it on." She bit his earlobe. "But the rest of the underwear has to go."

"I'm on it." In record speed, he disposed of first his briefs and then her panties. On his knees, he was eye level with her cunt and he wanted to dive in face first. Her light-brown curls were trimmed to an enticing vee and damp with arousal. Panting for breath, he inhaled the musky scent of arousal. He could almost taste her sweetness on his tongue. Grabbing her around the waist, he carried her to the couch. It was cream-colored suede but at this moment, he didn't care if he ruined it.

Laying her flat on her back, he stood and stared. She was the most gorgeous sight he'd ever seen. Long, shapely legs parted to reveal her pouty labia. A scrap of satin covered her middle and above it, ample breasts were capped by silver-dollar-size nipples. Full, slightly parted lips looked thoroughly kissed and heavy-lidded brown eyes beckoned. "I want you," he told her.

Her eyes lowered to his cock. "I would have never guessed." Her warm hand reached out and skimmed the underside of his cock and he almost went to his knees.

"This isn't about the designs or work. This is just you and me."

"I know." She nodded her head.

Taking a deep breath, he tried to slow it down. His balls ached with the desire to part her legs and thrust inside her but he wouldn't rush it. He didn't want it over that soon. Looking for his pants, he picked them up and removed his wallet. He wanted the condom handy when he needed it.

Dropping to his knees, he reached for the eyelets on the corset. "You'll be more comfortable without this." He didn't want anything separating his eyes or hands from her flesh.

"No." She covered his hand and anxious eyes met his. "Leave it on."

"Why?"

"It..." She wouldn't meet his gaze. "It makes my stomach flutter."

Jake shook his head. "You are beautiful as you are." She wouldn't hide from him. He wouldn't allow it. Unfastening the rest of the clasps, he parted the material and she didn't try to stop him. Pulling the corset free of her body, he ran a hand over the slight swell of her stomach. "This is what you are worried about?"

"I need to watch what I eat."

"You need to see yourself as I see you." Lowering his head, he ran his lips across the soft flesh. "You are womanly, curvy..." He kissed a path to her breasts and flicked a nipple with his tongue. "Delicious."

The uncertainty in her eyes tugged at his heartstrings. "Open your eyes, baby, and see yourself. See the real you, not some image in your mind. I'm a big man. I want a woman in my arms, not a skinny waif."

Earnest eyes held her gaze. For the moment, they blazed with desire and for now that was good enough. "Then take me."

A low groan escaped his lips. "I'll take you to heaven. I'll take us both to heaven."

Gathering her breasts in both hands, he sucked a nipple into his mouth and a lightning jolt zinged toward her pussy. Cradling his head to her breast, she shifted her legs, trying to ease the ache between them.

"Hungry, babe?" he asked, raising his head.

"Very."

"So am I." Pinching a nipple between thumb and finger, he squeezed and she bit her lip to silence a moan of pleasure.

"You like that?"

She nodded. "Oh yeah."

His hand ran down across her stomach and she fought the urge to hold her breath as he touched the soft flesh. Large, warm fingers combed through her damp curls. One finger brushed her protruding clit and she gasped a shaky breath.

"Don't hold your cries in. Let me hear them." Two fingers parted her labia and his thumb strummed her clit. "You're wet."

"Uh-huh."

A finger plunged into her pussy and she sucked in a strangled breath. "Oh yes!" She wiggled her hips. It felt so good to have that hot digit penetrating her but she wanted more.

He chuckled and she felt his warm breath on her damp inner thighs. "You smell delicious and I bet you taste just as good." His tongue trailed the outer edge of her labia and she cried out and writhed beneath him. "Do you want my tongue?"

"Please."

Shifting between her thighs, his finger slid deeper as his other hand held her folds open for his tongue. He took a slow lap of the cream that coated her pussy lips.

"Fuck! You taste awesome," he muttered against her flesh. The tip of his tongue circled her clit as his finger plunged deep and hard. "I want you to come for me." He

pinched the nub between finger and thumb as he thrust another finger into her sopping pussy.

"Jake!" She rotated her hips. "I want you inside me." She ached for his thick cock to fill her. He was a tall, broad man and, to her delight, his cock was in proportion to the rest of him. She couldn't wait to feel him thrusting deep within her.

His chuckle was deep and husky. "I will be, baby, as soon as you come for me. I want to taste all your sweetness." His mouth lowered to her pussy and sucked her sensitive folds.

Sharp teeth nipped her clit and light exploded behind her eyelids. "Oh god. Jake! Harder." Grasping his head, she writhed against his face. The slight stubble on his jawline rasped her tender thighs. Pulses of sensation started deep within. A final thrust of his fingers sent her over the edge. "Yes. Oh yes," she cried as her body rode a wave of ecstasy.

As he removed his fingers, his tongue plunged into her heated core and he lapped at the juices that poured from her pussy. She panted for breath as he savored her release.

Raising his head, he smiled. His lips were wet with her essence and his eyes glowed with hunger. "Tell me you want me to fuck you."

"Please."

"Say the words. I want to hear it," he commanded as he tore open a foil package.

"Fuck me, Jake. Fuck me long and hard."

"Damn it," he growled as he shifted her hips to the edge of the couch. "I'm too far gone. It won't last if I take you now." Rolling on a condom, he protected them both.

"I don't care. I want you. I want your cock filling me up." The thick head of his cock prodded her wet opening and she tried to rock against him. "Don't tease."

"You have such a pretty pink cunt. So juicy." His cock head slipped inside. "Hot and wet." He pushed forward. "Ah fuck! This is hot, watching your cunt take me."

Closing his eyes, he took a deep breath and she witnessed his struggle for control. Laser-blue eyes popped open and pinned her in place. "Baby, can you take it hard?"

"God yes!"

Shouting with triumphant possession, he thrust hard and deep. His hands held her in place as his hips fired in rapid succession. Her breath caught in her throat as he stretched and filled her as never before. She was ready to come already as his thick cock abraded her inner walls.

"Damn, you're tight. You're fisting me in hot, sweet velvet." Sweat broke out on his upper lip as his cock plundered her pussy. "Tell me when you're close, babe." Holding her hips with one hand, he rasped her tender nub with his thumb.

Her thighs trembled as her insides pulsed. Her pussy contracted and he groaned as she milked his cock. "I'm there, Jake. I'm coming." Sweet heat rippled and contorted her core.

His forearms supported his weight as his lips crashed into hers. He took possession of her mouth as their tongues danced and fought for control. Holding his cock deep within her, he rotated his hips and she clawed at his back as fiery heat overflowed.

Pulling their lips apart, he called out, "I'm with you." His muscles strained as his body flushed with color. "I'm with you." Groaning, he collapsed forward, covering her body.

Lifting a breast, he sucked her nipple as her insides still rippled around his cock. Wrapping her arms around him, she ran fingers through his silky hair as he sucked her breast.

Sighing, he nuzzled his face between her breasts. "I could sleep right here."

She giggled. "You're a little heavy."

"Sorry." He put his weight on his forearms and lifted his head. "Did I hurt you?"

"Not at all."

"I should have warned you that I like to be rough and controlling."

"I should tell you, I enjoyed it too." She felt along his back for the gouges her nails had left behind. "I think I can keep up. Did I hurt you?"

"I loved it. I loved knowing you felt it as deeply as I did."

She raised a brow. "Oh I felt it deeply – very deeply."

"Is that a complaint?"

"A compliment," she purred in satisfaction.

"I wish I could stay here all night." He nuzzled her breasts, careful not to put all his weight on her. Her breasts made a perfect pillow and his cock felt at home in her tight cunt.

"What time is it?" Nicole asked.

Something in her tone jolted him from his state of bliss. "Why? Do you have somewhere to go?"

"I have a dinner engagement."

"Oh." He felt his body stiffen. A dinner engagement wasn't necessarily a date. He levered himself up and looked at her beautiful face. Her full, rosy lips begged for kisses. That was the first thing he'd noticed about her. Someone else might have noticed too. Her engagement had been broken for a month. He had bided his time, giving her a chance to regroup. Had he waited too long? Was there someone else on the playing field?

His eyes narrowed as he remembered her outfit and the sexy lingerie. Did she always dress like that or was she planning a rendezvous? She couldn't be deeply committed or she wouldn't be lying beneath him but he didn't like the thought of her going from his arms to another's. "What time's your date?" he asked as he leaned backward and his cock slid from her welcoming heat. He almost moaned at the loss.

Startled eyes met his and then quickly darted away. Obviously, she was uncomfortable and she should be.

"It's just dinner at seven."

He wondered what she'd do if he asked her to cancel. His eyes devoured her nakedness. He could bury his face in her dripping cunt and make her forget about the planned dinner. His cock stirred at the thought but he pushed to his feet and discarded the condom. He wouldn't push it, not tonight. She was just coming out of a long-term relationship and he couldn't risk pushing too hard...yet.

Reaching for her hand, he helped her into a sitting position. "It's six-fifteen," he replied as his lips curled at the sight of the whisker-burn on her breasts. He had marked her. Squatting in front of her, he stroked a full breast with one finger. "I'm afraid I left my mark." He didn't attempt to hide the pride in his voice.

Her nipples pebbled under his tender touch and her breath hitched. Liquid brown eyes lifted to meet his. "That's okay."

"If you didn't have plans, I'd take you again." He palmed a breast, testing its weight. "I'd eat that sweet cunt until you begged me to stop."

She whimpered.

He let his thumb glide along her full bottom lip. "But before I fucked you I'd feed my cock between your lips. Slow and deep. I'd let you taste me the way I tasted you."

"Jake!"

"But since you have plans, you need to get dressed." He tweaked her nipple before standing up and reaching for his pants. She might go out with another man but he'd bet she'd think of him.

Chapter Two

Nicole's hands trembled as she reached for her clothes. Holding the corset in her lap, she tried to disguise any unsightly bulge. Now that he was sated, he might be more critical of her appearance. She couldn't believe she was going to have to walk naked across the room in front of him. And she really couldn't believe she would be eating salad with low-fat dressing at her mother's house when she could be inhaling his delicious cock.

She considered telling him that it was dinner at her mother's and she would cancel but she couldn't. He had immediately assumed she had a date and it hadn't bothered him at all. He seemed unconcerned that she might be going out with another man while her pussy still hummed from his possession. Snatching up her skirt and jacket, she marched toward his bathroom without giving him another look.

Closing the door behind her, she let out her breath. The full-length mirror revealed all of her flaws. Her legs were long but too thick, by current standards. Her stomach was soft and her ass too. She turned to inspect it in the mirror. Oh god! She hadn't bared her ass to Jake Malone? What had she been thinking? Of course, he'd said all the right things. He was a man and he didn't turn away hot pussy delivered on a silver platter but he probably wouldn't come back for seconds.

She took a deep breath. It was okay. He didn't know how she felt. She hadn't given away her secret along with her body. He assumed she had a date and he'd go on assuming it. She didn't want, or need, a sympathy fuck. She fastened her corset and looked for her panties. Great! She'd left them in his office. Well, she wasn't going out there and looking for them. Pantyless was all the rage, or so she'd heard.

Combing her fingers through her hair, she inspected the damage to her makeup. Her lipstick was gone but her puffy, reddened lips could do without.

Taking a deep breath, she opened the door. Jake was dressed or she assumed he was. He was sitting behind his desk and he had pulled on a different shirt. It was half-buttoned, leaving a tempting glimpse of that gorgeous hairy chest but he would pass for dressed.

She shifted from one bare foot to the other and looked for her shoes. She didn't see her panties anywhere. Picking up one shoe and then the other, she glanced his way. He studied her thoughtfully.

"Jake...uh." She cleared her throat. "I'm not sure what to say. I didn't finish my presentation and —"

"Oh I think you gave the best presentation I've ever seen."

She felt heat color her face. "Were you serious about the big and beautiful line? Did you mean what you said?"

As he leaned back in his chair, his eyes narrowed. "I've never said anything to you that I didn't mean." His pen tapped against her sketch pad. "Think about it."

"I..."

"Tomorrow is Friday. Leave the designs here and we'll go over the project thoroughly. Wear another sample." His eyes dared her to refuse. "If you have plans tomorrow night, cancel them. It might take all night."

"I'll be here." If he thought he was intimidating her, he wasn't. She turned toward the door.

"Nicole." His voice stopped her and she looked back. "There had better not be a mark on your body that I didn't put there. I intend to check every inch of you."

"What gives you the right to —"

He held up the panties she'd worn and swung them in a slow twirl. "You gave me the right when you let me take these off you." He brought the satin material close to his nose and she knew he was inhaling her scent.

"Damn it," he swore softly as the door closed. He didn't know what had gotten in to him. He was going to scare her away. He couldn't help himself. She was his woman. The sooner she realized it, the better.

Pushing away from the desk, he turned to the window to watch for Nicole as she walked to her car. He'd lost track of how many days he'd watched her enter and exit the building. This time her pace was slow and her shoulders drooped. He didn't know if she regretted leaving him or what they had done. Picking up the thong and other samples, he stuffed them in the case Nicole had left behind for tomorrow's meeting.

He picked up her panties. His thoughts flashed to removing them from her body and uncovering her damp curls. His cock twitched. Cursing, he stuffed the material in his pocket as he headed out the door.

* * * * *

Nicole tugged on the Lycra blend mid-thigh-length gown she'd finished just yesterday. It hugged her body like a glove and cupped her more than adequate breasts. The gown made her feel good and she needed something after spending the last few hours with her mother.

She knew her mother meant well but the constant harping on her weight annoyed her. Her mother was petite and slim. Unfortunately, Nicole took after her father who'd played division one football. She looked at herself in the mirror. She wasn't really fat. She was big-boned.

Turning back the covers, she crawled into bed. The silk sheets felt heavenly. She splurged on silk sheets and fine clothes. Her love of fine materials had led her to her career as a designer. Her mother had chided her. Saying she designed lacy clothes she'd never be able to wear.

That was why she had pushed for the new line. Or one of the reasons. The other was that she hated seeing larger women in department stores browsing underclothes that appeared to be designed by a tent company.

Nicole sighed as she turned on her side. Her thoughts turned to Jake. She hadn't allowed herself to think of him this evening. She chewed her lip as she considered their relationship, for lack of a better word.

His words tumbled through her mind. *I've never said anything to you that I didn't mean. Think about it.* What had he said to her? *If you did, you'd know how beautiful you are and you wouldn't be embarrassed to model them for me.* The husky words still sent a shiver down her spine. He'd told her she was beautiful several times – and delicious – but that wasn't unusual for a man in the heat of the moment. The words he had spoken right before she left had given her pause. He intended to check every inch of her body for marks not made by him.

She shifted on the bed. She still tingled as she thought about making love with Jake. And he thought she could go from him to another man? She had let him believe it too. Running her hands along the silky gown, she cupped her breasts. They were still sensitive. Licking her fingertips, she circled her hardening nipples.

"Fuck!" she swore. She was still horny. Jake's touch had aroused riotous emotions that their quick coupling had only temporarily sated. She wanted more! Reaching between her legs, she found wet, swollen lips. Lips that were hungry for a thick cock. She was hungry for Jake's thick cock but for tonight an inadequate replacement would have to do. Rolling to her side, she opened her nightstand and removed her longest, thickest dong and a bullet vibe. Reaching back she grabbed anal rings and lube. It promised to be a long night.

While stroking the flesh-colored, thickly veined dong she pictured Jake's cock as she remembered his words. *Before I fucked you I'd feed my cock between your lips. Slow and deep.*

She shivered as she inserted the dong into her sopping pussy.

* * * * *

Jake's step was light and hurried as he arrived at Satin Seduction. "Jane, I have a meeting with Nicole James today. I want you to hold all my calls and no visitors once she arrives. We are working on a new line of clothing today."

"Is that what you call it?" she muttered under her breath.

"Excuse me?"

"Sorry, Mr. Malone, but everyone knows, well everyone but Nicole knows that you've had eyes for her since the first time you saw her."

"Do they?" he drawled. He had to give Jane credit. She didn't flinch under his penetrating stare. He liked her. She worked hard and said exactly what she thought. He was lucky to have her and she knew it. "Drop the Mr. Malone bullshit. It's been Jake for the past six months."

"Well, Jake, the walls are soundproof but if you're going to entertain in your office, you need to empty the trash." His graying secretary returned with a smirk.

"Empty the..." His words trailed off as he remembered the discarded condom. Heat crawled up his neck. "Damn it." He wouldn't intentionally do anything to hurt Nicole or her reputation.

"Don't worry. It's our secret. I like Nicole and you're not so bad." She looked at him over her glasses.

"Thank you." He felt like a teenager getting lectured by the principal.

"You don't get to my age without having a few secrets. Now don't you go hurting Nicole. She makes me the most comfortable bras."

"I don't intend to." Whistling, he opened his office door. Glancing at the couch, he pictured Nicole's voluptuous nude body. He shook his head to clear his thoughts. He didn't intend to jump on her when she walked in the door. Today, he wanted to seriously discuss the new line. He wanted to share her vision and let her know that her goals were important to him. The new line was important to her and to the company

and he would do everything possible to insure its success. Tonight though, he would make sure she knew how important she was to him.

Shrugging his jacket off, he took a seat behind his desk and picked up her sketch pad. He flipped the page. She was very talented and the designs were seductive without being trashy. He could see Nicole's goal was to make a larger woman feel attractive, not ridiculous.

The third design was a lacy camisole top and matching brief. He pictured Nicole in the outfit as she crawled into his bed. It would be a daunting task to keep his mind on business as they discussed the line.

A knock at the door brought his head up. His brow furrowed and he narrowed his gaze at the intruder.

"Hi, Jake." Candy, the newest model at Satin Seduction, flounced into the room.

"Hello," he returned cordially. Glancing at his watch, he saw it was almost nine. Nicole would arrive at any time. "Is there something I can help you with? I have a meeting shortly."

"I just wanted to say hello and I thought you might be interested in Daniel's new swimsuit line. We are preparing for the spring catalog shoot today." She played with the sash to her cover-up in what might be considered a seductive manner.

Perching on the edge of his desk, she let her wrap gap open. She was an attractive young woman but he wasn't interested. His only interest was in getting her out of his office as soon as possible. Trying to sound polite, Jake said, "I am interested in the new suits and I'll be sure to stop by the studio when I have the time."

"Oh." Candy pouted as she stood up. "I thought you'd want a preview."

Jake smiled at the incorrigible girl. "Another time."

"Okay. I'll take you up on that."

Jane cleared her throat. "I'm sorry, Jake." Critical eyes ran over Candy. "Is there something I can do for you? Jake is busy today."

"I'm leaving." Candy turned back to Jake. "Another time."

He nodded at Candy but addressed Jane. "Has my appointment arrived?"

"Not yet."

* * * * *

Nicole slammed her desk drawer and reached for a pencil. Her hand trembled. Of course, she'd left her pad with her sketches in Jake's office since they were supposed to meet first thing this morning. Obviously, Jake had forgotten he scheduled the meeting. What man wouldn't forget with a swimsuit model lounging on his desk?

Nicole sniffled. She wouldn't cry. She'd gotten over Brad, the ex-fiancé from hell and she would put the rendezvous with Jake behind her too. She should have known he had no interest in her.

Pulling a new pad off the shelf next to her easel she began to sketch. She still had the line and she would focus on it.

"What the hell are you doing?"

She spun around to see Jake looming in her doorway.

"We had a meeting scheduled for first thing this morning."

Her eyes ran over him and noticed his tie was the exact shade of his piercing eyes. "I stopped by. You seemed busy," she replied flippantly and turned back to the sketch. She felt his presence behind her before his hand closed around her fingers. Taking her pencil, he broke it in two. "Jake!"

"Don't ignore me."

"I wasn't ignoring you. You were otherwise occupied." Crowding her, he pressed up against her back and she felt his arousal between her shoulder blades. She shifted restlessly.

"Why didn't you just come into my office?"

She snorted. Not likely. She wasn't competing with Candy. She couldn't compete with the young model. "I didn't want to interrupt an important meeting," she huffed.

"I'm not involved with Candy and I have no intention of becoming involved with Candy. If you were more confident, you'd realize that." He pressed his cock firmly against her and leaned forward. She'd worn another low-cut blazer and the view wasn't lost on him. "I want you." He felt her melt against him.

"Candy isn't an issue." He'd wanted to spend the day working on the project and allowing Nicole time to get comfortable but those plans were shot to hell. It was time for plan B. "Grab your purse and come with me."

Retrieving her purse, she followed Jake down the hall. "Where are we going?" she asked as he turned toward the elevators. "Jake, I don't want to go to the studio."

"We aren't." He pressed the down arrow.

"Where are we going?"

"My place." The door opened and he hustled her inside. "It's a perk of sleeping with the boss."

"Jake! It's a work day."

"We are working." He pulled out his cell. "Jane. Nicole and I will be out of the office checking on a new material supplier. If there is an emergency leave me a voice mail." He shut his phone.

"You lied. We aren't working."

"That's what you think. We are going to work on your self-confidence. By Monday morning, your hand may tremble from exhaustion but you'll be confident that a voluptuous woman is every bit as sexy as a waif."

She gasped as he tugged her out of the elevator and toward the parking lot. "By Monday? I can't just—"

"Don't tell me you have another date. If you do, you can cancel it." She stumbled and he grasped her elbow as he guided her to the passenger side of his Porsche 911. Assisting her into the low-slung seat allowed him an impressive view of her shapely thighs. Taking his seat, he turned his key and the engine purred to life. He could feel her gaze and he turned to meet her inquisitive eyes. "You don't have anything to say?"

"Some people would call this kidnapping."

"You said you'd never file suit against me."

"I could change my mind."

Reaching out, he cupped a full breast and tweaked an already-peaked nipple. "I doubt it. But if you want out of the car, say so." He met her gaze. He would give her one chance to refuse him. She stayed silent.

"When we get to my place, it's my rules," he told her.

"Ass," she hissed.

Chuckling, he put his car in reverse and peeled out of his parking spot. "You'll call me worse before the weekend is over."

"Is that a threat?"

"A promise. Now tell me about the lingerie that I'll peel off you shortly."

Chapter Three

A bold print stood out against ultra-white walls. "Wow!" Nicole commented. She wasn't sure what she had expected but this wasn't it. She wondered how much input he had in the décor or if he'd hired a decorator.

Colorful modern art decorated the open and airy room. Nicole turned slowly taking in each piece. It was like walking into a gallery. "A small piece of heaven," she said more to herself than him. She took a step forward, admiring an unusual piece on the wall. "Is this a fireplace?" She'd never seen anything like it.

Jake nodded as he moved to her side. "It's a flueless fire pit. I had it brought over from Ireland."

"But it's hanging on the wall."

"It is. It's basically a pit built into the wall and framed to match the décor of the room."

Nicole laughed. "Somehow I didn't picture you living in a place like this."

He arched a brow. "You don't like it?"

"I adore it! It's fabulous and that wall of natural light would be perfect for a design table and easel. I'm just surprised you would like it."

Putting his hands in his pockets, he watched her carefully. "What did you expect? A worn sofa, pizza boxes and beer cans?"

"No." She thought for a moment. "I expected neutral colors. I expected classic elegance, not a bold statement."

He shoved his hands into his pocket and her gaze lowered. She couldn't help but notice how the material of his pants pulled across his groin.

"Is that how you see me?"

"You do wear a gray or black suit every day."

"I'm a business man. At work, I want to be taken seriously." Reaching up, he loosened his tie. "But we aren't at work now."

"No we aren't," she agreed as she admired his long, tanned fingers working to remove the tie. Her mind reeled with possibilities as she realized what he was expecting. Surprisingly, he seemed to want a repeat performance, which threw her. She'd thought last night was a one-time thing. Without a doubt, he could have brought Candy here, so why hadn't he?

"I can almost see your mind racing. What are you thinking?" The blue silk tie dangled from his hand as he took a step closer.

"I...uh," she stammered. She couldn't very well ask him why he had chosen her over the slim model. She grinned at him and tried for a nonchalant answer. "After seeing this room, I was wondering...how your bedroom is decorated."

His eyes narrowed. "I doubt that your intense expression is caused by consideration of my bedroom décor. Nonetheless, you're not ready to find that out."

"I'm not?"

"No." He stepped forward and she moved back. "You see the chaise?"

"Yes." She nodded as she looked at the cream-colored, double chaise lounge.

"I want you to strip down to your designs and wait for me on the lounge while I get my camera."

"What?" She blinked. "Did you say camera? I'm not modeling the designs for a camera. No way am I going to pose in my underwear."

"Don't worry. It's digital. You can erase any image you don't like but you need to see yourself as you really are. Today, I'm going to bring out the inner you."

She shook her head. "Nope. It's not happening."

"I'll make you a deal. You do as I say and I'll let you take nude photos of me. If I let anyone see your pictures, you can post mine on the Internet."

"Sure. You have nothing to hide. Why would you care? No one would laugh at you."

Jake shook his head. "You think if I showed Daniel or Tom your pictures they'd laugh? Trust me they wouldn't but it doesn't matter because I don't share what is mine."

"Yours?"

Nicole's eyes flashed! Was it pleasure or fear? He wasn't sure. It was too soon to show his hand. "When a woman is with me, she is mine. I don't share."

"Oh."

While they were on the subject of monogamy, he'd make himself clear. "Did you enjoy yourself last night?"

"Last night? You mean when we had sex?"

Jake snickered. He knew she had enjoyed their time together. He could still hear her cries and moans. "Actually, I meant did you enjoy your date."

"Oh. Dinner was fine."

Raising his hand, he ran a finger along the silky flesh of her jaw. "I hope you made it clear you weren't available again."

Thin, perfectly manicured eyebrows drew together. "It wasn't discussed."

"When he calls —"

Her fingers rose to his lips, stopping his demands. "I never said I had a date with a man."

"You didn't?" he questioned as intriguing thoughts fluttered through his mind before he dismissed them.

"You can get your mind out of the gutter. I had dinner with my mother."

Her mother! He thought of the torture he had endured last night at the thought of her with another man. "Why didn't you say so? Why did you let me think you had a date?"

"You assumed I did. I didn't correct you."

He chuckled. She'd outmaneuvered him. It wouldn't happen again. "Same thing, but we'll forget it this time. Now I want you stripped and on the chaise."

"Jake?"

"Do you trust me?" She swallowed deeply as their gazes locked and she nodded her head. "Then trust me in this. I'll never allow anyone to see the pictures."

* * * * *

When Jake returned with the camera, his feet froze to the floor. Nicole stood next to the chaise clad in a brief bustier with ribbed fishnet corset and matching thong. Nervous eyes flicked to his as she wrung her hands together. She had no idea how appealing she looked. An abundance of breasts overfilled her top, and creamy, rounded thighs trembled.

Shuddering, he took a deep, calming breath. She was the most striking woman he'd ever seen and he wanted her desperately. His cock throbbed. He wanted to bend her over the chaise and take her now. But more importantly, he wanted to boost her confidence. He wanted her to accept herself as the beautiful, sexy woman she was.

"Smile, baby." Lifting his camera, he snapped a picture.

"Jake," she shrieked and lifted her hands to cover her breasts. "I wasn't ready."

"Oh, baby, you're ready." His eyes raked her salaciously as he paused and clicked another shot. "You don't really think you're hiding anything, do you?" She looked even more enticing with her hands full of pale mounds of flesh.

"I'm not sure about this."

He grinned. Moving closer he snapped one more picture. He could see the doubt on her face but her dark eyes glowed with desire. "I am." Momentarily setting the camera

aside, he ran his hands from her shoulders down her back. He soothed the silky skin through the netting and paid special attention to her spine. Her back was stiff under his hands. "Relax. It's just between us. I love the outfit, by the way."

"Thank you. It's a blend of satin and —" He pressed his fingers to her lips.

"This isn't about the lingerie. We'll get to that another time. Today is about you. Today is about us."

A low whimper escaped her compressed lips.

"Don't hold anything back. If you want to scream, go ahead. If you ache with desire, don't hold in the moans."

"I can't..." She shook her head.

"In my arms there is no limit. There's no reason to be self-conscious. You're beautiful...desirable."

"Jake?"

Lowering his mouth to hers, he kissed her hungrily. Her taste fired his blood. His cock elongated and tented against the front of his pants. He wanted her *now* but he would wait. Jake lifted his head and his gaze roamed her upturned face. Heavy-lidded eyes and swollen lips declared her need. "Baby steps."

She nodded. "Okay! I'll try."

"Good." Picking up the camera, he took a step back and snapped a picture. "Now turn around and place your arms along the back of the chaise."

"But..."

"Yep. That's what I want to see—your butt—that glorious ass. Bend forward and tilt it up."

"Jake?"

"Now!"

Her lip protruded in a pout but she did as he requested and he nearly came in his pants as he admired her round, upturned ass. He shook his head. She had no idea what

she did to him. The string of the thong disappeared between her pale cheeks and he longed to separate them. He wanted to ease the thong to the side and lick a path from cunt to anus. Groaning internally, he shot another picture and couldn't help but notice the gleam of moisture on her inner thigh. She was wet and hot. She wanted to be fucked and he wanted to fuck her creamy pussy, her tight ass.

Shaky fingers set the camera down and he moved to her side. "You're doing great." He inhaled her fragrant arousal as his hands skimmed her back and stopped her from moving.

"How long do you plan to take pictures?"

"I want a couple more before I show you." Tugging at the bustier, he released her abundant breasts. He wanted to go down on his knees and suck the pebbled tips but he held back. This was for her and for them. It was for the future he wanted to have with a confident Nicole who wouldn't become jealous of every young model. Turning her face to the side, he arraigned her hair to play peekaboo with a breast. "Lick your lips." Her pink tongue darted out to swipe her full lower lip. "Damn," he muttered. Backing up a step, he squatted and took another shot. Lowering the camera, he rocked back on his heels and enjoyed the moment.

"Are we done?" She trembled slightly. He didn't know if it was with arousal or the strain of holding a pose.

"For now." Taking a seat on the chaise, he patted the spot next to him. "Let's have a look at the pictures." Scooting on the chaise, she tugged at the bustier. "Leave it alone." His hand covered hers. "I want to enjoy the view. Speaking of views, look at this." Angling the camera for her to see he asked, "What do you see?"

She shook her head. "My thighs look huge. Can we delete that picture?"

"If you want to but your thighs are sexy and smooth. They beg to be parted. How about this one?" The next picture was of her face but it also showed her long neck and massive cleavage.

She nibbled her lower lip. "It's not too bad but I look high or something."

"You look aroused. You look like you've been making love."

"Oh."

"Shit," he mumbled as he clicked to the next shot.

She grabbed at the camera. "Delete it. Oh my god! My butt is huge. Please delete it."

Snatching the camera back he refused. "No. I won't show anyone, but no. I'm keeping this one. It makes me hard just to look at it."

"Why?" Her tone was high, anxious. He knew she was distressed.

"You really don't see it do you? Baby, your ass is perfectly round, shapely and imminently fuckable."

"Fucking will not be imminent if you keep that picture."

He switched to the next picture. "What about this?"

She sighed. "It's okay. Except do you see that bulge between my corset and the panty?"

Jake shook his head. He hadn't realized how critical a woman was of her body. "I hadn't noticed." He wasn't looking at anything but the nipple peeking out of her hair. Now that he did look, it was barely noticeable. You do realize that even top models have their pictures touched up."

"I would need a body double."

Setting the camera aside, he wrapped his arms around her. "What is it going to take for you to see?"

"Just because you find me attractive doesn't mean I'm not overweight."

Sighing in resignation, he replied, "At least you believe I find you attractive."

"That would be hard to miss." Her hand lowered to his arousal.

He tilted her head to meet his gaze. "It would be hard to miss but sometimes I don't think you see what is right in front of you."

"I see you."

He grinned. "And I see you in my bed." Scooping her up in a fireman's hold, he threw her over his shoulder as she shrieked.

"I'm too heavy."

He slapped a rounded cheek. "You are perfect for me." Snagging the camera off the table, he headed for the bedroom.

Her first view of his bedroom was upside down over his shoulder but she was interested in the décor anyway. She bounced as she landed in the middle of his huge bed. Amazingly, he didn't appear to have exerted himself as he stood next to the bed and silently disrobed.

"Damn, you're hot!" she told him honestly and was delighted to see color flare on his cheeks. So Jake Malone could be embarrassed. "Are you shy?" She giggled.

He shoved his briefs down his legs and his massive erection sprang free. "Do I look shy?" He crawled onto the bed.

"N-no," she stuttered.

"You have on too many clothes." His fingers dipped beneath her thong and tugged. "But that can be remedied."

Hot breath bathed her flesh, raising goose bumps on her arms as he removed her remaining clothes. "Please do."

Meshing their lips, he palmed her breasts. His thumbs tweaked her nipples and a stream of heat shot straight to her pussy. Her clit pulsed and her wet cunt hungered for his possession. Thrusting upward, she rubbed her stomach against the hard, thick length of his cock as she silently begged him to take her.

"Want me, babe?" He chuckled.

"You're a tease," she complained.

One hand left her breast to dip between her thighs. "You're fucking hot and wet."

His fingers plunged into her liquid heat. "Ohhh," she moaned. She wanted more. She wanted his cock. "Jake...please."

A wicked grin curled his lips as he sat up. "Lie still and spread your thighs. I want to see my wet, pink cunt."

She thought she should protest, but then again, why? Her cunt was pink and wet and at the moment just for him. Stretching out she spread her legs marginally.

"Open them wider and put your arms over your head."

Scooting the pads of her feet across the bed, she spread her bent legs wide enough for him to lie between them. Her arms thrown over her head raised her breasts and peaked nipples pointed at the ceiling.

"Beautiful. You've never looked more beautiful than you do right now." He reached for his camera and she started to move. "No," he commanded. "You stay there. If you can look at these pictures and say you aren't sexy then maybe you need glasses."

Nicole felt a blush color her flesh and she tried to relax back into place. Closing her eyes, she took a deep breath. She gasped as thick fingers trailed along her wet labia and parted the swollen folds. Silent flashes made her aware of the pictures as his fingers scattered her wits. Part of her cringed but part of her gushed at the thought of pictures of his wicked fingers on her body. She'd never actually seen her own penetration. A thick finger dipped inside her and her hips bucked off the bed.

"Umm, hot." She heard his lips smack. "And tasty. Do you want to come?"

She nodded but didn't open her eyes.

"Good, because I need to fuck you." Hunger filled his voice and she opened her eyes. "But first, remember when I said I wanted to feed you my cock?"

Licking her lips, she nodded. "I remember." Heat shimmied up her spine. She not only remembered but she couldn't wait. As she rolled to her side, her eyes locked onto his tumescent length. A pearl of pre-cum dotted the slit and a groan rumbled in her chest as she opened her lips above his cock.

Chapter Four

"I have a surprise for you," Jake told her as he returned from the bathroom.

Stretching in pure bliss, she tugged the sheet up to cover her nakedness. Looking up, she noticed for the first time that the bedroom was as impressive as the great room. Neither was as impressive as the man. He had great taste. She eyed his bare ass. He had an awesome body and a beyond-talented tongue. "What's that?" she asked as he turned from the dresser with something in his hand.

"A videotape."

She blinked. "You taped us." She pulled the sheet tighter around her body. "You pervert. Do you tape all of your women?"

"All my women?" Grinning, he arched a brow. "No." He inserted the tape into the video player and crawled back onto the platform bed. Opening the nightstand, he pulled out a receipt. "Here. As you can see I just bought it."

Nicole cringed as the video began rolling. She didn't know how he'd started the camera but the video began with her naked on her hands and knees sucking his cock. Heat colored her skin as she watched her large breasts sway and the pooch of her stomach contract and expand as she moved. It wasn't her best side but his cock looked fantastic and so did the rest of him. His eyes were closed and his lips parted in bliss as she devoured his cock.

Licking her lips, she remembered his taste. His pre-cum held a unique salty tang and he'd stretched her lips to capacity. The action on the television changed. She cringed at every bulge as he rolled her over and parted her legs. Her thighs had jiggled but he hadn't seemed to notice as his head dipped between her legs.

Clenching her thighs together, she remembered this part well. He performed this act as if he enjoyed it, as if he couldn't live without the taste of her. Soon, she would be

screaming out his name. As she watched, he raised his head. The camera momentarily caught his face with a look of pure desire.

Engrossed in the film, she watched him lick his lips. His blue eyes opened as he gazed toward her face. She remembered meeting his gaze but in her own dazed state she hadn't interpreted the look on his face. The look was full of heat, desire and...a deeper emotion.

Holding the sheet to her naked frame, she turned her gaze to Jake. He hit the pause button. "Jake, I..."

"Do you understand now how I see you?"

She was afraid to believe. "You want me."

"I do."

She glanced back at their frozen images on the screen. The look on his face diminished the slight swell to her stomach. She looked closely at her own face and saw for the first time the love shining in her eyes. "I want you too."

"It's more than want," he replied.

She nodded. "It is."

"I wanted you from the first moment I saw you."

"Jake!"

"Shh. Let me finish. The first time I saw you, I thought you were the most beautiful woman I'd ever seen."

"I was in sweats and a T-shirt. My hair was —"

"You were gorgeous. I'd just bought the company and I went by there on Saturday. You were the only one working." He grinned wickedly. "I wanted to bend you over the design table but I saw your engagement ring."

She ran her hand down his chest. "That engagement was a mistake. I didn't love him. I was looking for acceptance but he gave me..." Her words trailed off.

"He gave you hell and you're lucky to be rid of him. The way he talked to you..." Jake shook his head. "He's fortunate I didn't break his face."

Nicole chuckled. "I saw your hatred of him at the company dinner. You gave me the courage to dump him."

"I saw red when he told you to order a salad for dinner."

"I think he saw red when you ordered me that slice of cheesecake. It was delicious by the way."

"It was delicious watching you eat it."

Her eyes darted back to the screen. "It was delicious watching you eat me. You looked like you enjoyed it too."

His hand slid over her thigh and dipped between her legs. "I did. I love eating you." He cupped the back of her head, his lips hesitated over hers. "I love you."

She sucked in a strangled gasp of air as his lips closed over hers. Her spine tingled in delight as she returned his heated kiss. Pulling their lips apart, she panted as she met his gaze and read the truth in his eyes. "Jake." Her voice trembled. "I love you too."

He grinned. "Now tell me what you see on that screen."

Her gaze flashed to the television. "I see a beautiful woman who knows she is loved by the man of her dreams." For once she didn't notice an unsightly bulge or misplaced dimple. She saw only acceptance and love within the eyes of her lover.

"That's my girl."

"Can we watch more of the video? I'd like to see the part where I ride this thick cock." Her hands lovingly roamed the extending flesh.

"Sure." He reached for the remote. "Personally, I can't wait to see the part where I took your ass for the first time. The look on your face was priceless. The only thing better was hearing your moans turn to screams of pleasure."

"I didn't scream with pleasure!"

Jake chuckled and hit the fast forward button. "Guess again."

Images zipped by on the screen, making their erotic play almost comical. The screen slowed to real time with her on her knees and her ass tipped up in the air. The volume rose and she was surprised to hear her low moans as his fingers plunged in and out of her pussy.

She swallowed deeply as she saw his wet finger move to her ass. He rimmed the puckered hole before slipping inside.

Damn. She could almost feel it and she moved restlessly in Jake's arms.

"Is watching this making you as horny as it is me? Do you want me to fuck your pussy as you watch me fuck your ass?"

She nodded and he wasted no time piling pillows in the middle of the bed. "Lie on these."

Erotic images filled her eyes, her mind and soul as she lay on her stomach. She never thought about the width of her ass as he spread her cheeks. His cock danced along her wet folds and she writhed beneath him.

"Take me," she pleaded and she realized similar pleas came from the video.

"I will."

On the screen, his thick cock head prodded her anus. Just as he plunged into her waiting ass, Jake took her pussy. Her cries mingled with the audio cries as he plunged deep and hard.

Leaning over her, he grasped her hair and nibbled her ear. "I don't know what's hotter, fucking your pussy or watching me fuck your ass. Do you hear your moans? Listen closely as you fall apart and beg for more."

"Oh god, Jake. Fuck me harder." She heard the pleas but she was so far gone she didn't know if it was live or recorded. Twisting her head to the side, she met his mouth. Jake devoured her lips as he filled her pussy. She closed her eyes and her mind spun as her body contorted in ecstasy.

"Mine," Jake shouted and it was the last thing she heard.

When they woke a short time later, the screen was blank. Their erotic movie was over. She looked to the side and Jake watched her with a wicked smile.

“So what do you think now?”

She grinned. “I’m thinking we worked up an appetite.”

His teeth flashed as he threw back his head and laughed.

About the Author

L.A. Day exists only in the mind of an ordinary wife and mother. An avid reader since early childhood, she began writing romance in her teens. Now, 20+ years later she's progressed to erotic romance. Supported by her husband of many years, she spends her evenings in front of the computer.

She now has a chance to bring her stories to life for everyone to enjoy. Her favorite genre is erotic romance with a paranormal twist. She feels that if you're going to create an alpha male character, why not make him bigger, stronger, more well endowed than any human man could ever be? It is fantasy, after all. Thanks to Ellora's Cave, L.A. Day can live her fantasy, making money for thinking about sex 24/7.

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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