

An Ellora's Cave Romantica Publication



www.ellorascave.com

Hand-Dipped Pleasure

ISBN 9781419916151 ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. Hand-Dipped Pleasure Copyright © 2008 Leannan Mac Llyr

Edited by Helen Woodall. Cover art by Syneca.

Electronic book Publication May 2008

With the exception of quotes used in reviews, this book may not be reproduced or used in whole or in part by any means existing without written permission from the publisher, Ellora's Cave Publishing, Inc.® 1056 Home Avenue, Akron OH 44310-3502.

Warning: The unauthorized reproduction or distribution of this copyrighted work is illegal. Criminal copyright infringement, including infringement without monetary gain, is investigated by the FBI and is punishable by up to 5 years in federal prison and a fine of \$250,000. (http://www.fbi.gov/ipr/)

This book is a work of fiction and any resemblance to persons, living or dead, or places, events or locales is purely coincidental. The characters are productions of the author's imagination and used fictitiously.

HAND-DIPPED PLEASURE

Leannan Mac Llyr

Dedication

I have been blessed with so many wonderful people in my life, all of them are gifts to be treasured. With hugs and best wishes for them all, I dedicate this story to Brady and Kelly, Shane, Trish, Amanda, Lori, and Dave.

Chapter One

Tasha waited with her hands on her hips, staring up at the dark and empty window of the upstairs apartment for all of three minutes. "You are not doing this to me, buster," she mumbled to herself. The morning of the first day of the Strawberry Festival, when she had the largest orders of the year to deliver and he was going to pull this on her and make her late? Why had she let him talk her into being her first stop this morning?

That was easy. The entire county didn't call Dale Westing "Stud Muffin" without good reason. It was not only that, though. The creep had charm, too. For some damned reason she just couldn't say no to him.

Letting her righteous annoyance fill her with gumption, Tasha stormed over to the wooden stairs that led to the upstairs living space. Her work boots stomped with satisfying booms on each step as she ascended. *Boom.* She was going to plant that very boot in Dale's tight, toned, yummy ass. *Boom.* He was not going to flirt his way out of this one. *Boom.* This time nothing was going to stop her from giving him the tongue-lashing he deserved. For once Tasha was not going to let the gooey, melty, horniness that always bubbled up inside her whenever she was within ten feet of Dale, stop her from letting him have it. Ok... Maybe it was more like twenty feet. Or just when someone mentioned his name. Or just when she thought someone might be thinking about mentioning his name. Which was all the more reason to kick his ass this time and break herself from this stupid crush on that stupid guy. He was ten years younger than she and loads less mature. It was time to put him in his place and show him that at least one woman in this town wasn't going to fall for his antics. Not anymore anyway.

By the time she reached the top step, Tasha had a real good snit going. When she got her hands on Dale she would show no mercy.

Using the sides of both fists she drummed with a rapid staccato, like the drummer in the high school band that would be marching in the parade down all seven blocks of Main Street in just a few hours. "Hey! Get up!"

Still no answer. All her juicy rage wasted. He was going to get away with this. She was going to cool off and forgive him and be mooning about him in less than half an hour just like before. Gritting her teeth she growled, "Not this time!"

Tasha grabbed the door handle and jiggled it angrily. And it turned. "Aha," she whispered. "I have you now." Tasha's eyes narrowed. Here was her chance to nail Dale for yanking her chain one damn time too many.

Walking softly across the wooden floors Tasha crossed the "lived-in" living room. The clutter truly didn't overwhelm the senses and at least it didn't smell. The open door beyond the little nook of a kitchen she knew just had to be Dale's bedroom. His bedroom. The very thought of going into the room with his bed, spiked her blood with heady arousal. Only she'd barged in here to teach him a lesson, not to get all snuggly with the jerk. This time she would stand her ground. This time she would act like a woman and not like one of his groupies. And Dale certainly wasn't lacking for groupies. She wouldn't even be surprised to find out he had a fan site online. There was hardly a single woman – or even a married woman for that matter – who didn't bat her lashes at him when she came into his confectionery.

Tasha crept to the opened doorway of Dale's room and froze. Her peripheral vision noticed a few clothes strewed about but for the most part it was a lot tidier than the typical bachelor's bedroom. Only her subconscious was aware of those details. Her conscious zoomed in on the long, lean length of man lying on the bed. Dale didn't wear a stitch of clothing and apparently had been hot enough to toss aside his blanket and sheet, both of which were bunched in a pile off to his side. As he was sprawled facedown Tasha missed the full tour of his manliness but what she could see was magnificent.

Hand-Dipped Pleasure

Holy moly! At over six feet tall, Dale's legs stretched all the way to the end of the king-sized bed. His legs were only moderately hairy, enough to look masculine without looking prehistoric. His legs were closed and Tasha pouted at having been denied a glimpse between them. Even so, his legs alone were worth the look. His butt was absolutely divine. Rounded and muscular and made for licking. Or for grabbing a handful to drive his cock deeper in her core.

Nope. Nope. Not going there, Tasha scolded herself. Only instead of backing away, she stole a few steps closer. Dale's perfect back glistened in the early morning light sneaking in between the blinds. The muscles of his upper body formed a delta shape like a swimmer's. His arms were tucked under his pillows so only his upper arms were visible. He must actually use the various exercise equipment in the living room and bedroom because she would not be able to circle one of his upper arms even using both hands. His hair, trim and currently mussed, was the only soft thing about his appearance.

Tasha could barely breathe. Such a fine specimen and here he lay within reach. Her hand reached out and ever so lightly stroked Dale's hair. It was as soft and full as she had thought it would be. He didn't even stir at the touch. Tasha drew back her hand and sniffed her fingertips. His shampoo and personal scent clung to her and she smiled. There was no way she could ever have him for her own. Their age difference alone made that obvious, but still.

Once more she reached out. Lightly she rested her fingertips on the cap of his shoulder. Just to wake him, she told herself. Warm and firm to the touch Dale felt so real to her right then. Not that he'd not been real before of course, but he always seemed somehow more image and attitude than flesh and blood.

Such a nice body wasted on such a childish jerk. She stroked down his back, all the way to his fine, tight ass. "And you are an ass, aren't you?" she whispered. And then she did something she never in a million years would have thought herself capable of doing. She whacked his ass. Hard.

Dale flipped over suddenly. In mid-turn his arm flew out and he snatched Tasha by the wrist. With a squeak of surprise she flipped off her feet and landed right on Dale's chest. He didn't stop rolling even then. Not until he was on his side facing her as she lay on the far side of the bed from where she began. Her body pressed to his. Thighs. Tummies. Breasts to chest. His right arm beneath her and embracing her tightly. His other hand still gripping her wrist. Faces inches apart.

"Mmmmm," Dale mumbled. "I'm the only one who does the spanking around here."

"Uh-huh. I'll remember that," Tasha stammered, acutely aware of every inch of contact between them. She'd meant her comment to sound pithy or sarcastic, but it had come out with a tremble. One that traveled the full length of her spine and cascaded out to the rest of her body.

"You do that," Dale told her, his voice deep and sexy and not in the least bit miffed. Finally his eyes opened. The rich, dark chocolate brown melted her resolve like caramel in a double boiler. The little grin teasing the corners of his mouth turned her resistance to jelly. And not even the semi-firm jelly of a jelly bean, but the ooey-gooey jelly of a plump jelly donut that would blob out the other end when you bit into it. Even if she wanted to get away she couldn't have convinced her throbbing libido of that. Dale continued, "There is another rule to this room. No one is allowed to be dressed here without my express permission."

Tasha raised her eyebrows. "Oh, really?" Again, not sarcastic as she'd aimed for. Instead it came out all breathless and "take me now, big daddy".

"Yes. Really. And do you know what?" His gaze slid over her face and settled on her lips until she thought for sure he was going to plant a kiss on her.

"Uh... What?" Her head tilted, inviting the kiss. Wanting it.

"You don't have permission."

Dale rolled with her. With a little squeal Tasha landed beneath him. As he pressed himself on top of her she wiggled slightly, finding herself truly trapped beneath him.

His legs barred hers between them. He rested his body weight not fully upon her but enough to keep her pinned. His free hand found her other wrist and he extended both of her hands up over her head until her breasts thrust upward to press hard against his chest.

Not in the least bit afraid, Tasha found herself more turned on than she'd ever been in her life. Which probably just went to show that she wasn't the brightest penny in the fountain. His little show of dominance sparked a tumbling heat low inside her belly that confused and excited her. A slight tug on her wrists, showed her they were quite secure. And that was how she felt. Secure. Safe. Not trapped, like any other sensible person might feel.

Dale pinned her with his lusty eyes. "You want me, don't you? I've seen it. You want me as badly as I want you, don't you?"

Tasha opened her mouth in surprise. "You... Want me?" The rush of excitement fanned over her like a million lightning bugs buzzing next to her skin.

The sly grin that lit up his face said that he knew she wanted him. He bent closer, nuzzling his face into the sensitive curve of her throat. "You didn't answer the question. Do you want me?"

Young, hot, naked stud wanted to know if she wanted him? Pressed between the sexiest man in the tri-county area and his cushy mattress, Tasha could think of nothing she wanted more than Dale right now. Even with that being the case her own dry, nervous voice surprised her. For one reason, she thought herself no longer capable of speech, having thought that horny paralysis had kicked in making her entire body too aroused and sending her into a state of shock. "I do want you."

Good gracious! Who said that? Had she really just said that? Of course she meant it, but still. This was Dale! Every woman wanted him. Flirty or not, she never in a million years would have thought he wanted her, too.

Dale's mouth closed over her throat right where it curved to her shoulder. The sexual awareness that blossomed inside her made her body jerk and convulse beneath

him. Her eyes rolled back in her head at the feel of his teeth pressing into her flesh. He sucked so hard even her pussy quivered. Her nipples hardened into such sensitive little knots that each time they brushed against Dale little shock waves of pleasure rushed through her. After a long moment Dale's mouth broke away from her skin. He licked her where he'd sucked. "Tell me you'd do anything to be with me," he said, his own voice becoming deeper with passion. "Tell me you'd let me do anything I wanted with you."

Tasha flexed her wrists a little, his hands still pressing them to the pillow over her head. Biting her lower lip she thought about what he asked her to say. What could he have in mind exactly? "Anything" was a pretty big palette to draw from. Even though she might be crazy, right here and right now, she really thought she would like to find out what sort of "anything" Dale had in mind.

"How about anything within reason?" she joked, smiling up at him. His easy, casual smile tugged at his full lips. That was the smile that had many a woman sighing in contentment after indulging in just a few brief moments of his saucy grin.

"Do you think I would do something unreasonable?" He raised up to look at her once more, amusement in his expression. "For example," Dale moved both of her hands together. Her narrow wrists fit easily into one of his big hands. While holding her in place, Dale reached for a neck tie that hung over the headboard. He wrapped the tie around her wrists and expertly tied them together. Pulling her wrists high over her head he bound her to the headboard. "Do you think restraining your wrists is within reason?"

"I... Uh..." Tasha twisted her bound wrists. The silk fabric of the necktie glided over her skin like a whisper. Giving a little tug, she found it to be a soft but strong shackle. Her heart beat faster still. Rivulets of desire dribbled through her. She met his sexy and curious gaze and felt herself smile for him. "So far, so good."

Dale slid down her body. As he backed away his hands glided down from her wrists. His ultrasoft touch tickled the little hairs on her forearm. Oh-so slowly he dragged his touch down the length of her upper arms, crossing over the bunched fabric of her short sleeves at her armpits. With his hands spread wide for maximum coverage Dale cupped her body above her breasts. As he crawled backward his palms and fingers discovered the shape of her through her clothing—her breasts, her rib cage, the slope of her tummy, the widening of her hips. Every place he touched burned suddenly into life. The wake-up call to her hormones sent them scrambling into action like a clown car version of a fire engine racing in circles, flinging off firemen clowns at each hairpin turn.

"You are trembling," Dale smirked down at her. "Your body responds to even my slightest touch."

"Yeah. I kinda noticed that too." Tasha felt herself blushing.

"I like that," he chuckled. "Let's see what else I can make your body do."

A little "eep" of excitement escaped before Tasha could stop it. She bit her lips closed when he grinned at her reaction.

Dragging her shirt out of her pants Dale exposed her smooth belly. He fisted the material and shoved it up to bunch in her armpits and beneath her chin. "Lift up," he instructed and Tasha complied immediately and without hesitation. She arched her back so he could slide his hands beneath her. In a second he unhooked her bra. He tugged it and her shirt up over her head and into a ball of fabric covering her bound wrists.

As he got the fabric out of the way, Dale had raised up onto his knees, which rested on either side of her thighs. For the first time, Tasha got a good look at the front of him. Not a pinch of extra body fat interfered with the perfectly toned muscles of his chest and abdomen, which was completely unfair because she knew darned well that he ate some of the chocolate sweets that he made and not a bit of it showed on his perfect body. As he moved to push the clothing up her arms, Tasha leaned forward so her cheek stroked against his smooth chest. Just the tip of her tongue flicked out to lick his flesh, tasting him. He tasted exactly as he smelled. Wonderful and masculine. She heard him laugh softly at the lick. Dale paused over her, allowing her to indulge herself. Feeling bolder for his encouragement, Tasha extended her tongue and dragged it in one long, wide, wet lick from the notch at the juncture of his ribs above his abdomen all the way up to the dip between his collarbones.

Dale drew back to grin down at her. "Getting into the spirit of things?"

"Oh, yeah," she smiled back up at him, feeling naughty and loving it. Glancing down she stole a look at the rest of him. His long cock pressed to the front of her jeans. Now that she saw it there, she realized that she'd felt it pressing into her all along, but had thought it the bone of his hip and not his cock.

Dale saw where her eyes had wandered. He gripped his shaft and rubbed the head of it against her trembling belly. Hard and unyielding, it glided up and down against her. Dale hissed, "It wants you."

"I want it." The words popped out of her mouth without Tasha having thought about them first. They just burst out like her subconscious feared that she'd screw up and so it decided to hit the override button and take over. She couldn't blame it.

Tasha wiggled her hips a little, making her pussy lips rub together. Already she was wet for him. Her sensitive clit sparked with the pressure from her slight movement against the crotch of her jeans. She felt swollen down there. Ready. She wanted to feel his cock buried deep inside her. As deep as he could go. Even just thinking about it she writhed beneath him. The headboard rattled as she tugged at it in her attempt to grab him.

Grinning, Dale crawled up her body. He planted his knees by her sides so his cock lay between her breasts. From the drawer of the bedside table he fished out a small, red, plastic bottle. He flicked open the cap and squeezed out a thin, clear stream of liquid in a squiggle over each of her breasts. Using his cock, he spread the lubrication all over the inside curves of both breasts. With extra attention he worked the head of his cock in hard circles over and around each of her stiff nipples. Tasha moaned for him. As she watched him her excitement steamed and simmered into a steady boil.

Cupping the outside of her breasts with his large hands, Dale pushed them together around his shaft. He growled out a deep "Mmmmm" of pleasure. With a slow flexing of his hips he began to slide his cock between her breasts, keeping them tightly pressed together so she could feel every inch of him, most especially the huge bulb of his head.

Tasha watched him pleasuring himself and the show turned her on immensely. With his eyes hooded and his mouth open to suck air between his teeth. His expression of hypnotic ecstasy gave her courage. As his cock emerged through her cleavage she raised her head and caught his helmet between her lips. Dale froze and hissed. "Ah. You want that?"

With her lips still sealed around the rim, her tongue glided up his head and stole the drop of pre-cum she discovered there. He tasted and smelled just like a ripe strawberry that she'd dipped in syrup. Smiling around his cock, she realized the lubricant he'd used must be strawberry flavored.

Strawberries.

Her eyes suddenly widened with shock. She dropped her head back on the pillow. "Oh, crap!" Her deliveries. Pallets of strawberries waited in the back of her minivan to be delivered.

"Is anything wrong?" Dale's hands flexed around her heavy breasts, bringing her attention back to the moment. The pads of his thumbs circled around her nipples, flicking them each time so that a shower of fiery sparks exploded within her. All thoughts not related to his hands and her breasts vanished out of her head.

She answered the question with a gasp. Dale chuckled as the sensations he gave her short circuited her brain. "You like having your nipples played with, don't you?" He pinched each nipple between his thumbs and forefingers. Tweaking them hard, he twisted and pulled on them.

"Oh, gosh... Dale!" Tasha closed her eyes. Her head pressed back into the pillow hard as her chest rose toward him. The fireworks burst through her breasts and ignited a melting furnace between her legs.

"That good, huh?" Dale grinned wickedly at her. Scooting back down so his heavy cock traced a line down her belly, he repositioned himself so his mouth hovered just above her left breast. He gave the pointed nub a single hard lick before meeting her eyes once more. "If you liked that, tell me what you think of this." Dale latched his lips around her nipple. His teeth closed about its base. With just the right amount of pressure he slid his teeth across her flesh. Not only did he suck, but he sucked so hard that Tasha thought he'd suck her brains right out of her head.

"Dale! Holy crap!" Her body convulsed and instead of arching her body jerked the other way. As her back rounded, yanking her breast back down, the force upon her nipple quadrupled. She sang out a scream. And not a bad scream either. Rather, it was a "You are giving me an atomic meltdown" kind of scream.

His teeth broke away immediately. "You okay?"

He'd misinterpreted her scream. "Shit, yeah." She winced. That sounded really unladylike. Not the impression she normally went for.

He chuckled low and seductively. "I see." And from his self-satisfied tone she knew he finally did see.

Dale lifted up on his elbow and raked her body with his hungry eyes. "You're still not meeting the dress code. No clothes means no clothes."

Doing her horny wiggle, the one that made the seam of her jeans rub tantalizingly against her pussy, Tasha watched as Dale unfastened her pants. His fingers curled inside her waistband, hooking inside her panties as well so she could feel his fingers on her hips. As he tugged she raised her hips. As Dale peeled her clothes from her body they turned inside out, making Tasha feel like a great, big banana. A great, big, horny banana at that.

Dale knelt at the foot of the bed and popped off her boots so he could finish striping her. With the exception of her ankle socks, she was now practically nude with a stud who was completely nude—and she was bound to his bed. All in all, a pretty sweet situation.

Hand-Dipped Pleasure

Dale must have thought the socks a violation of the no clothing rule because he grabbed them by the toes and they stretched as he pulled them off. He climbed off the bed and gazed down at her. "Beautiful," he breathed, gliding a finger up her thigh, over her hip and up her tummy. "But not quite how I want you."

Going back to his drawer, Dale selected several more neckties. He looped one around her ankle, knotting it securely, and then used it to draw her leg far toward the side of the bed. The other end of the tie he fastened to the frame of the bed. He repeated the process again on the other side, spreading her legs as wide as they could comfortably go without giving her a charley horse. "There. That is an improvement."

Dale reached over her. His long forefinger slipped between her spread cheeks and up her slit. "You are so wet for me."

Desire snaked through her veins at his intimate touch. When he showed her his finger she could see just how wet she had been, for her juices glistened on it. "I don't think I have ever felt quite like this." Tasha moved just so she could feel the bonds on her wrists and ankles. He had her exposed. At his mercy. That alone turned her on more than any other foreplay she'd ever engaged in. Oddly, not being able to move gave her a certain freedom. She didn't have to worry about what she should do next, because there was nothing she could do. Everything was in Dale's hands now. Her pleasure and his were now his responsibility. All she had to do was lie back and enjoy the ride. In a way, being bound felt like Dale was pampering her. A slow grin tugged at her lips with that thought. "So what are you planning to do next?"

"No more questions." Dale tied a knot in the middle of another necktie. "Open your mouth."

Tasha did and he stuffed the knot between her teeth.

"Raise your head."

Again, she complied. Dale tied the gag behind her head without making it so tight that it put any pressure against her lips.

She watched him, the moisture from her mouth soaking into the gag.

"All right, then." Dale grinned a cocky lopsided grin at her. "Never thought I'd get to see you this way, Tasha. All perfect and sexy. So willing. So giving."

Tasha lifted her head to watch Dale as he maneuvered to the end of the bed. Staring at her spread pussy, Dale stroked his thick cock. "Do you want to feel this inside you? Do you want to feel how thick it is? How long? How deep it can go?"

Tasha nodded vehemently. Wiggling as much as she could, her core felt more than ready for him. Every nerve yearned for him.

"I don't think you are ready for me yet. Not as ready as you could be." Dale grinned and then lowered himself until his face hovered an inch from her core. The heat of his breath danced over her moist lips. Tasha flexed her hips up toward him. "Now listen to me, Tasha."

She lifted her head once more to look at Dale. His rich, dark eyes made her feel all gooey inside.

His mouth drew so close that she could feel the vibrations from his deep voice along her nerves. "Tasha, you are not to come until I tell you to. Do you understand? You hold back, no matter how badly you want to come."

Biting down on the gag, Tasha shifted her gaze from his sexy lips to his eyes. Dale was serious. Thrust her hips she tried to rub herself on his mouth, crazy to feel him upon her. He drew back each time, keeping her from finding the relief of his touch. Finally she nodded a little. Dale only raised one eyebrow. "Are you sure? You'll hold back until I give you permission?"

She nodded furiously, starting to wonder and worry if he might just tease and not give her the pleasure she so desperately desired. Dale let her hunger build a moment longer, heightening her suspense and anticipation. At last he grinned once more and finally his mouth slipped between her lips. He clamped around the raised mound of her pelvis. Peeking out from under its hood, her clit twitched at the first hot pressure of his tongue. Hips flexing upward, Tasha gave her body to his attentions.

Hand-Dipped Pleasure

Up until now Tasha had rarely enjoyed being eaten out, if one could even call what her previous boyfriends did being eaten at all. They would just flick at her clit with the very tip of their tongues like snakes. Truthfully, it annoyed her more than titillated her. If that was all they were going to do, she'd just stop them right there with a lie about being "too turned on to wait" just to move things along to the next act and keep her fingers crossed that they didn't botch that performance as badly.

Not so with Dale. Opening his mouth he pressed the center of his wide tongue against her clit and all the flesh around it. Dragging his tongue from base to tip he lapped at her. The heat, moisture and pressure soaked into her being, arousing a trembling urgency.

Spread before him, so vulnerable, so at his mercy. As far as her pussy was concerned, he showed her no mercy. His mouth ravaged her. His teeth scraped and dragged over the tender flesh normally shielded by her pussy lips. His tongue laved over her already slick core, coaxing more juices from her. He sucked and nibbled at her, eating her like a woman should be eaten, like she was a ripe peach.

The entire time he watched her. His eyes narrowed as he grinned. He knew. He knew how he devastated her. How he destroyed her resistance. How she craved the destruction.

Dale slipped his hands beneath her thighs and then forced them further up until he cupped her ass. His fingers squeezed until her cheeks parted, giving him more access.

His puckered lips squeezed in around her clit. The bundle of hyper-aroused nerves there buzzed at the touch. He sucked. Hard. The suction drew blood into her knob, making it bulge even more. Like lines of ignited gunpowder, heat flared between her legs. Her hips lifted demandingly for Dale. She gasped and moaned around the gag, her orgasm rising close to the surface, ready to emerge.

With a loud popping sound, Dale pulled back and broke the suction. "Don't you come, now," he warned. "You are not to come without my permission."

He'd known she'd been ready to orgasm. Tasha wouldn't have even hesitated.

He'd stopped her just shy of reaching that pinnacle.

So close. Was he going to leave her frustrated? Her urgency to come spun frantically inside her like a cat with a piece of tape on its tail, going insane until it freed itself of its burden.

Seeing her desperation, Dale chuckled. "Not yet, honey. But soon. I won't leave you to suffer." He winked at her. "Trust me."

Tasha whimpered, but nodded that she would try.

Dale gave her one final lick. He trailed a line of kisses up her tummy. He flicked a single lick over each tight nipple.

At last he hovered over her. It took him only a second to produce a condom from the bedside table, rip open the package with his teeth and slip the sleeve into place. Thus prepared, he reached down and grabbed his shaft. He dragged the head up and down her slit, parting her even more, getting her rich moisture to coat his tip. Tasha lifted her head to watch. She wanted him so badly she could barely stand it. Her pussy craved him. The decadent delight his thick, heavy cock promised made her quiver. If not for the gag she would have begged. Begged him to ram his shaft home into her demanding depths. She settled for a desperate whine. The orgasm he'd built within her, but had not yet unleashed, billowed and churned like a hurricane just off shore, ready to make landfall.

Not making her agony last another second longer, the tip of his shaft kissed against her entrance. With one mighty thrust of his hips his battering ram broke through her gate. The conqueror was inside her fortress and this captive princess could not be more overjoyed. The gag muffled her cry of joy.

Not that anyone could have heard it over Dale's triumphant shout. His cock burrowed steadily into her depths until his pelvis nuzzled up against her seat. There he held himself for a long pause. His cock throbbed like a pulse against her walls. Already her body twitched around him, ready to milk him for every drop of seed.

Hand-Dipped Pleasure

Dale shuddered. "Hold it back, now. Don't come before tell you to." From the strain in his voice she knew that he struggled too. Tasha felt the heavy drag of his cock back out of her as he drew his hips back. His cockhead was all that remained inside before he switched gears and plunged back inside her. Establishing an unhurried rhythm, Dale coaxed her body once more into swirling need. Going deep, rising shallow and pressing once more to her depths Dale brought her into a frenzy.

Bound as she was there was little Tasha could do but raise her hips to greet each of Dale's thrusts and moan her pleasure around the gag. As her urgency built she fought to take him fast. Every attempt she made to hurry him toward the fulfillment she desperately needed he defeated simply by placing his hands firmly around her hipbones and slowing down once more. "I won't let you come, sugar. Not until you surrender all control to me."

Burning with need she looked up at him with confusion and a trembling plea for release. She bit the gag hard. If she could have simply willed herself to climax she would have. Being so close and not getting that release threatened to drive her mad. Tasha reached up and wrapped her hands around the necktie that attached her to the headboard. She tugged at it, trying to break it free so she could grab Dale and force him to pound into her hard and fast until she came so hard the very ground cracked in two.

Dale froze, his cock still partially submerged. He wrapped his strong hands around her wrists and prevented them from fighting the bonds. "Be still. You are not trusting me. I will bring you through to the greatest pleasure you have ever known, but you have to stop resisting. You have to stop trying to control it. If you work against me neither of us will reach that perilous height I am striving to reach. Give in to the pleasure. Give in to me. All you have to do is hold back your orgasm until I give you permission. Then," Dale bent and kissed her cheek, the gag preventing him from kissing her mouth, "you will come harder and longer than you ever have in your life before." He kissed her once more as he eased back into the rhythm of making love to her. Growing exhausted from her struggle, Tasha finally gave into Dale. Like a dance partner he guided her movements by his hands upon her hips, teaching her the pace. No longer did she attempt to hurry him or take control. Rather, she let him guide her on the rising slope as he gradually moved faster.

Suppressing her instinct to buck and force him into a mad dash to orgasm, Tasha shuddered. Heat gushed through her body as if a double boiler of melted sugar had tipped over and in a slow moving flood coated every fiber of her being. The sensitivity of her skin heightened. Every place Dale touched her flared with such intense pleasure Tasha thought it might drive her mad. His chest angled toward her so her breasts rubbed against him, stealing her breath. He kissed her throat. His mouth teased her just beneath her ear, the kiss controlled and playful, yet relentlessly urging her to greater passion.

Against her skin he whispered, "Good. Just like that."

Tasha closed her eyes. Her mind slipped into the ocean of touch. His cock smoothly plunged into her core over and over, stoking her fires higher and higher. This time she didn't fight it. This time she soared on it like a seagull riding a storm wind to shore, letting it push her faster and faster but fighting the fear that would make her tumble out of control in the turbulence all around her.

Tasha lifted her chin to the side, offering Dale her throat to do with as he pleased. His lips massaged her pulse in a lingering, delicious embrace before he released her. "Hold back," he reminded her.

Suddenly Dale latched his mouth hard around her throat like a lion subduing its mate. His fingers gripped hard into her hips as with a ferocious attack Dale suddenly pounded hard and deep into her pussy.

Tasha's eyes opened wide at the sudden assault on her already hypersensitive body. She could smell the heat and passion in his scent which embraced them both. Their bodies slapped together and with each impact Dale grunted against her neck, tickling her. His pelvis bumped her clit each time, sending shock waves through her. Her walls quivered and gripped around his cock, but she did not yet climax.

She held that back.

Her body seemed to liquefy as the pleasure brewed but was not allowed to boil over. It roiled and churned, growing in power. It surrounded her, closing in like a blanketing fog to crush her, and yet with trembling willpower alone she fought it back. Tighter and tighter it wrapped around her. Tendrils of insane erotic need twined around her body. Trembling violently, Tasha knew she could not hold on much longer.

Dale's mouth broke from her throat. "Come!" The command in his voice snapped through the encasing sensations. "Come, now! Come with me!"

With that Dale roared out his orgasm. His body pounded hard and relentlessly into her, going so deep he nudged the mouth of her womb. The flow of his seed splashed hot into the condom.

The storm that had rotated into a funnel of cloud all around Tasha collapsed in on her. Wave upon crushing wave of her orgasm descended upon her. Her passage milked his cock. With a rush all the sexual energy she'd harnessed broke free. Tasha thought the massive geyser of joy rocketing through her might tear her asunder.

She screamed around the gag. As Dale pounded out his release deep into her core Tasha had no choice but to simply endure the brain-melting pleasure.

With the final few pumps Dale emptied the last of his semen. Groaning he stopped and collapsed on top of her, both of them sweating, trembling and breathing hard. The pounding of his heart against the inside of his rib cage kicked like a rabbit as if it was trying to escape. Tasha could feel the force of his pulsebeats through her breasts. After a time his cock, still in her body, softened and with a small movement of his hips he pulled free of her. "How was that? Was it what I promised?"

After a second of her not answering, Dale glanced up at her. "Tasha?"

When he saw the gag he grinned. "Oh, right. I forgot." Dale knelt beside her on the bed and untied the gag. Then he walked around the bed, freeing both feet first and then

her hands. Tossing aside the last necktie he put his question to her once more. "So what do you think?"

"I think your tie tastes like fabric softener." She sat up and stuck out her tongue as if the taste had been horrid, but mostly she was joking to cover up not knowing what to think about their little tryst or her major orgasm.

Dale picked up the tie and licked it. He grimaced, "Not exactly gourmet as far as clothing goes, I grant you. However, not what I was referring to."

Tasha sat up on his bed, drew her knees to her chest and hugged them. "I don't know." She tilted her head a little and the room tilted with her. Rubbing her noggin, Tasha confessed, "I think it'll take a bit to reengage my brain. I think you blew all my fuses."

Grinning, Dale cradled her left hand. He massaged the red mark on her wrist from where her struggles against the necktie dug a little into her skin. "That's what I was going for. Blown fuses."

"Well, then it worked." She ran a hand through her hair, hoping she didn't look too winded or windblown.

Dale slipped his hand up under her auburn hair to cup the back of her head. His mouth found hers in a kiss that carried as much meaning as passion. Immediately Tasha forfeited her resistance, giving herself over to him without hesitation. She softened beneath his probing kiss. Dale leaned back, licked her lips once and then released her. "I'm really glad you enjoyed being with me as much as I enjoyed you." He raised her hand to his lips and kissed it. "I can't think of a better way to wake up than to a beautiful and willing woman. I wish I could keep you here with me and teach you dark pleasures, but alas my fair damsel, with the festival I must open the shop within the hour."

Her smile faded. "The festival." The part of her brain that had checked out to lunch suddenly switched on. "The strawberry festival! My deliveries! I'm late!"

Hand-Dipped Pleasure

Frantically, Tasha sprang to her feet. "Where are my clothes? Where are my clothes?" Grabbing at the crumpled jeans she said, "I can't believe this! I can't believe I forgot about the Strawberry Festival. And it's all your fault!"

"My fault?" Dale snatched up her panties from the top of his television. He turned back toward Tasha, offering the balled underwear to her only to find her already sliding her jeans up over her gently rounded hips.

She snatched the undies from him and shoved them into her pants pocket. "Yes, your fault. I came up here to yell at you for making me late and you seduced me."

"You seemed quite willing to be seduced, young lady." Dale fetched her bra from the windowsill and turned to offer it to her, only to find Tasha already pulling her shirt on. She snatched her bra from him and jammed it into her other pants pocket.

"Don't call me young lady. I'm ten years older than you and I should know better than to fall for your boyish games."

"My boyish games? My boyish games had you coming harder than you ever have before in your life. Tell me I'm wrong." Dale retrieved her socks from beneath the foot of the bed and handed them to Tasha, but she'd already yanked on her boots.

She snatched the socks went to stuff them in her jeans' pockets but found both front pockets full so she crammed them, one each, into her back pockets. "Don't deny it," she accused. "You did this whole thing on purpose just to make me look like an unprofessional idiot because all my deliveries will be late now. Admit it! You're out to get me."

As she tried to storm out of the room, Dale grabbed her shoulders from behind. Roughly he yanked her back against his naked body. His face pressed into her hair as his mouth came to nuzzle by her ear. With a low rumbling voice that vibrated down her nerves, he said, "I admit it. I am out to get you." The sexual innuendo stopped her cold. His soft groan, laced with intimate suggestion, squelched her annoyance and ignited a heat of a different kind in her.

Betraying her, her body instantly gave in to Dale's touch. She slumped back into him, needing him for support or she might crumple to the ground. Melting like wax, the tension within her dripped away as if it didn't matter. Nothing mattered but simply feeling him hold her close. Her nipples rose once more to stiff points at nothing more than the thought of his hands being so close to them. Far more breathily than she intended, she moaned, "Dale..."

He chuckled. "Don't lose your cool, sugar. We'll get your deliveries made."

She turned at the sound of a word she'd never associate with herself and Dale before, "We?"

"Yes. We." Dale released Tasha. She stumbled to the bed and sank down onto it. The melting heat between her legs stole her strength. She wanted him to devastate her again. She wanted it so badly that she suddenly felt very weak, very much desiring to give way beneath his touch.

Dale grabbed a pair of jeans and jerked them up, not bothering with underwear of any kind himself. From the top drawer of his dresser he dug out a tee shirt with the logo for his Decadent Chocolate Confectionary. Another half a minute for socks and tennis shoes and he was ready to roll. "Come on, Lady Godiva."

Dale gripped her hips firmly and lifted Tasha up off the bed and set her on her feet as if she weighed nothing. The moment her feet touched the ground she unbalanced and tilted forward, falling into him. Dale caught her easily, pulling her against him so her thighs, tummy and chest rested against his solid body. She blinked up at his warm, melted-chocolate eyes. For a long moment she just rested against him, remembering the feel of his body inside hers. Her arms circled his neck as she gazed up at him.

"I would kiss you, but then we'll be even later than we already are." Dale wrapped his arm around her waist. "Let's get the work done and then we can play some more."

"More?"

He did kiss her then, his warm, soft lips embracing hers. The kiss held promise of more kisses to come. Dale smiled at her as he drew back. "Much more. I have only begun to teach you the ways of pleasure."

"Teach me?" Her mouth hung open in surprise as he escorted her downstairs to her truck. "I'll have you know I am no innocent flower who has never known the touch of a man. I've been having sex since you were in grade school."

"Maybe so," Dale snagged the keys from her and opened the passenger door for her. "But I've made a study of it."

Chapter Two

Tasha didn't argue about Dale wanting to drive. The very notion that he wanted to help her had crumpled a few of her long-held beliefs about him. Why would a dropdead gorgeous younger man want to sleep with her? Much less more than once. And why would he want to help her make deliveries after he'd already gotten his jollies.

Having skipped his delivery, and having an extra pair of hands to unload orders in half the time, they were back on schedule within three stops and done a full forty-five minutes quicker than she'd expected. Dale drove them back to his shop and helped her unload his order last. The covered plastic baskets stacked from the floor to higher than the refrigerator. "Are you going to have time to hand-dip all those chocolate strawberries for the festival today? Your shop was supposed to open half an hour ago."

"I'll make do. My sister will be lending a hand at the register today, so that will help."

"Even so... If you'd not helped me you would have had them done. Or at least gotten a good start." Tasha crossed to the swinging doors leading from the kitchen to the shop and peeked out at the customers already lining up outside.

"You were in a bind this morning. I helped you because that is what friends do." Dale winked at her as he grabbed an apron and tied it around his narrow waist.

Tasha grabbed an apron as well.

"What are you doing?"

"Helping out a friend." She smiled up at him.

The morning rush began the moment Dale opened the doors to the customers and didn't let up all day. Dale brewed his sugary concoctions as Tasha filled the orders and Dale's sister ran the register. His outrageously popular hand-dipped chocolate strawberries sold just as fast as he could make them. The boxes, each containing four

huge strawberries dipped in milk chocolate and decorated with swirls of icing, never even sat on the display shelf. The minute Dale completed one and set it on the windowsill between the kitchen and the shop she was bagging it for someone who'd been waiting several minutes for it.

Whenever she found an excuse, Tasha stole glimpses of Dale as he worked. His tight jeans molded like a caramel coating to his muscular butt and thighs. His broad chest filled out his tee shirt perfectly.

The first day of the festival ended at five o'clock and the customers dwindled at long last a half hour later. Tasha slumped into a wire frame chair at one of the tables near the front door as Jenny, Dale's sister, locked the door and flipped over the "closed" sign. "I have to tell you, I certainly never thought I'd see this day."

"What do you mean?" Tasha stretched, nearly as worn out as if she'd worked all day on her farm.

"You and Dale. The way you guys kept sneaking peeks at each other. The way he didn't stop even once to come out and flirt with the customers."

Tasha blushed, "Well, we were busy."

"Sugar," Jenny patted Tasha's hand, "Dale is never too busy to flirt."

"Yeah, but..." Tasha leaned in closer so her voice would not carry back into the kitchen. "I'm a bit older than him. I always pictured myself with a man my age or older."

"Tasha!" Keeping her voice down even though she spoke with vehemence, Jenny smacked Tasha's hand playfully. "You are only just thirty-five and Dale is twenty-five. That is not some great expanse of time."

Tasha glanced back toward the kitchen, wondering what Dale was doing at that exact moment.

"You've been in some weird funk since turning thirty-five, Tasha. You have to get over it. Hear what I'm saying? You are not old." Jenny leaned closer. She jerked her head toward the kitchen. "And Dale is exactly the one to remind you of that. You've been making googly eyes at each other all day. Now get in there and do something about it."

Tasha watched as Jenny called out a goodbye to her brother. She let herself out the front door and used her key to lock it behind her. From outside, Jenny pointed emphatically at Tasha and then at the door to the kitchen. She could just make out her muffled voice telling her to "Get! Don't make me put my foot in your ass!"

Laughing, Tasha got to her feet. With Jenny pointing at her cute pink sandals and then at Tasha's butt in warning, she shooed her toward the kitchen. Tasha covered her bottom as if in fear and then hurried into the kitchen, still chuckling.

"That's a beautiful laugh," Dale closed the dishwasher and hit the button to turn it on. He crossed over to her, wrapped his arms around her so his palms cupped her bottom. "And you are a beautiful woman."

"Do you really think so?" She was not fishing for compliments, she really wanted to know what he thought of her.

"Absolutely." In his eyes she saw nothing but sincerity. He made her believe what he said. Gripping her bottom, Dale ground her soft body against his harder one. He bent forward as though to kiss her, but stopped so close that the sides of their noses touched and his warm breath feathered over her lips. "Come upstairs with me. There is something I want to do to you."

"Do to me?"

"Yes. Do to you. Something I have been fantasizing about all day." With a soft growl, Dale licked across her lips as if lapping up a milk mustache. "You enjoyed our game this morning?"

"Very much," she confessed. Tasha wrapped her arms around his neck and raised to her tiptoes to try to kiss him, only Dale moved back, staying just barely out of reach. Her breasts lifted as she reached for him, making them rub against his chest and shooting sparks through her nipples. "I have another game in mind," he gave her a sly smile. "If you are game, that is."

She lunged to try to get the kiss she sought and yet again he evaded her. With a playful little whine, she complained, "You are playing games with me now."

"You'll get your kiss, and much more." Dale rubbed his face against hers. His cheek caressed hers. His nose brushed against hers. His movements brought his mouth so tantalizingly close to hers that she thought he might gift her with the kiss she craved, but he did not. "But you have to be a good girl and earn it."

She laughed a little, "I'm not a girl. I'm older than you. You know what people would say, don't you? That you are my 'boy toy' and that I am some dirty old broad wasting your youth. And what happens if we become an item? I will always be older than you. People will always talk."

Dale straightened. The second he withdrew Tasha whimpered in disappointment. His voice remained quiet, but edged with seriousness like a command. "Stop that."

"Stop what?"

"Defining us that way. I don't care what other people think. I don't live my life nor pick my lover to suit the masses. You are not an older woman to me. I don't want you thinking of me like some kind of boy toy."

She shook her head, "I wasn't thinking of you that way. Honest."

His hands glided up her arms until he could grab her wrists. His grip was firm, but not painful. Dale pulled her free from him and moved both her hands to behind her head. Her bent elbows winged out to either side. He nipped at her throat, but did not nibble her yet. "Do you want me to teach you more of the game we played earlier?"

Excitement tightened her tummy until she had trouble breathing. The memory of Dale over her, the feel of the restraints on her wrists and ankles, him giving her the most massive orgasm of her life, all of that only made her anxious for more. "Yes, please," she pleaded.

"Then from now on age is meaningless. When we play, you trust me. You surrender your control. I will make reaching the greatest heights of pleasure my mission. For you and for me." Dale reached into Tasha's pocket and slipped her panties out. He wrapped them around her wrists so he could keep both her hands trapped behind her head with just one strong hand on the cloth. His other hand rubbed down her body, lingering over her breasts as he went lower.

He slipped his fingers between her legs, cupping her sex. He massaged Tasha hard so she could feel it through her jeans. The pressure against her lips rubbed over her clit. His fingertips curled to probe at her core through the denim. Heat spread down between her legs. Tasha danced against Dale's hand, demanding more. "Will you do that? Submit control to me when we play?"

Tasha's body responded to his touch. With each spiral against her clit she felt more of her giving in, wanting the pleasure Dale promised. "Yes."

"Sir," he explained, a roguish grin making him seem even more dashing and decedent. "When we play, you call me, Sir."

Tasha opened her mouth, intending to protest, but then Dale grabbed her pussy hard and a rush of pleasure splashed through her. "Oh, gosh! Yes!" Her eyes and mouth both opened wide and she locked eyes with him. "Yes, Sir."

His grin tugged at his lips. "Good. And when we play, you will do as I tell you to. Immediately and without question. If you do all that, you will be rewarded with pleasure you have not even begun to imagine. Agreed?"

Tasha moved with his hand. Desperation laced the color of her voice. "Yes. Oh, yes. Please."

Dale stopped rubbing her pussy and tugged on the panties restraining her wrists, making her stretch and feel long and lean against his torso. "Please, what?"

"Please, Sir."

Dale released her arms from behind her head. He handed her a bowl of strawberries. "Carry these upstairs for me." As she turned to go she felt the sharp sting

of his smack on her ass. It didn't hurt. Not exactly. It stung in a way that that made her bottom tingle. When she jerked her head back to look at Dale there was a grin on her face.

"That was for forgetting to call me Sir. Now get your fine ass upstairs before I smack it again." The amusement in his voice and his irresistible smile had her scampering to the outside steps that led to Dale's apartment. He followed her, carrying a grocery sack and a heavy ceramic bowl covered with a sheet of aluminum foil.

Chapter Three

They placed their burdens on the coffee table in his living room. "Now, take the throw pillows from the couch and get a sheet from the closet. Arrange the pillows and then cover them with the sheet. Remove all your clothing and settle yourself comfortably on the pillows and I'll be right back."

Grinning at him, she replied with saucy teasing, "Yes, Sir."

He raised an eyebrow and playfully shook a finger at her. "Keep that up, buttercup, and I'll think you liked getting spanked."

Giggling, Tasha rubbed her butt. His spank had been nice, in a kinky sort of way.

Dale gave her a playful whack on the tush once more as he passed by her and she couldn't help but laugh. Oh, yeah. Dale's spankings had the makings of a very interesting evening of play, she thought. Doing as he asked, Tasha felt her heart rate shoot up. She fiddled with the pillows, making stacks here and there, not sure what Dale had in mind so not sure exactly how he'd want them. She flicked out the sheet and let it flutter down on the pillows.

Dale still had not returned and Tasha felt odd just disrobing right there in the middle of his living room all alone. Still, it wasn't as if Dale had not seen her naked before. The clothes she removed Tasha folded and stuck off to the side. Feeling a little uncertain, she situated herself sidesaddle on a big pillow and watched the bedroom door for Dale's return.

A moment later Dale reappeared from his bedroom. Nothing but a pair of black silk boxers covered his tall, muscular body. The strip of terrycloth dangling from his hand appeared to be the belt from a bathrobe. He rounded the couch and knelt on the floor in front of Tasha. "Lie back," he told her. Tasha slid off her pillow seat and reclined on a stack of pillows. Dale scooted a small pillow under the sheet and lined it up under her bottom so she was not sitting on the floor. She wiggled a little, both to get comfortable and to cover for her nervous trembling.

"Ankles crossed. Legs bent. Knees apart." Dale snapped out his commands and Tasha couldn't help but smile as he got into their little game. Dale rearranged her ankles slightly and then bound them with the soft terrycloth belt. Moving experimentally, Tasha discovered that she could neither close her thighs nor straighten her legs. With her knees bent and spread, nothing prevented Dale from intimate access to her.

He caressed her inner legs, his sensuous touch stroking up her calves and then thighs. Before he reached the junction of her legs, Dale withdrew his touch. "Cup your breasts. Fondle them. Pinch your nipples. You are not to move your hands from your breasts, no matter how much you may want to."

Tasha felt her lips twitch into a smile. "Yes, Sir." Resting back on the pillows, she relaxed. Gently she cupped her own breasts. It seemed a little silly to do so, when Dale was right there with perfectly good hands that could certainly do a very fine job of massaging her breasts.

"Don't stop now," he reminded her as he removed the cover from the bowl he'd brought up. The warm scent of melted milk chocolate wafted through the room. From the bag he opened a container of whipped cream. Dale grabbed the table by its leg and dragged it closer so he could access it without reaching. "You look so delicious." Dale stroked his hand down her chest between her breasts, down the center of her stomach and finally cupped her crotch once more. "I think I will eat you."

Tasha gasped and then giggled. "Really?" She wiggled against his hand, the trembling desire coursing through her at his touch. His fingers glided over her slick center and he raised them to show her the glistening moisture he'd collected. "I want to taste your cream," he said, and then he licked his fingers and grinned at her. "You are so sweet, sugar."

Dale took a plump strawberry from the bowl Tasha had carried. He scooped it in the bowl of whipped cream and raised it to show her the heaping mound of fluffy white cream. He rubbed the cool cream and the pointed tip of the strawberry in a lazy circle around her navel. Tasha's breath caught at the chill. Her nipples, already stiffening from her fondling, tightened to hard points. A soft moan escaped her parted lips.

Rising above her, Dale slipped part of the strawberry into her mouth. Tasha bit into it. The juice and cream mingled and coated her tongue. "Keep touching yourself," he reminded her, since she'd slowed to watch him. As she chewed she watched Dale put the rest of the strawberry into his mouth. He bent over her stomach and licked away the cream he'd smeared there. His hot tongue laved away the chilly cream, giving her goose bumps that raced in flocks across her skin.

Moaning, Tasha gripped her breasts harder. Her hips lifted, craving his touch, starving for it.

The next strawberry Dale dipped into the bowl of chocolate and then brought it to hover in the air over her. The warm drizzle dripping from the berry cascaded in thin squiggly designs over her chest. As she gripped her breasts she finger painted herself with the gooeyness. Again Dale fed her half of the strawberry. The chocolate and strawberry juice flooded her mouth with sweetness. It was no wonder his hand-dipped chocolate strawberries were the one specialty not to be missed during the festival.

Dale ate the other half once more. With the berry still in his mouth he lowered his head to her chest. He licked the chocolate from one breast in long, lingering laps, cleaning her. The feel of his tongue dragging across her nipple made her gasp. She reached to cup his head and Dale jerked back from her. He grabbed her wrist. "What are you supposed to be doing?"

His grip on her wrist was strong and she could not twist or free it. "Rubbing my breasts."

"Rubbing your breasts, what?"

Hand-Dipped Pleasure

A little chagrined, and yet playfully so, she cast her eyes down, "Rubbing my breasts, Sir."

He released her hand and she gripped her breasts once more. Dale slapped the inside of her thigh, not overly hard, but enough to elicit a heated tingle that found its way into her core. Tasha wiggled as it heightened her already growing arousal.

As she moaned her pleasure, he scooped two fingers through the whipped cream and coated her spread pussy with the chilled sweetness. Dale backed down past her feet. He raised her bound ankles and slipped beneath them until her feet rested in the middle of his back and his mouth hovered above her pussy. As he'd promised, Dale ate her.

He licked away the cream, not missing a spot. His tongue delved into her passage, exploring as far as he could reach. Gasping, Tasha rolled her head back. The glorious sensations flowed through her center like music. Then he pulled back enough to close his mouth over her clit. Dale sucked and licked at her swollen knob, making her buck with intense pleasure. She gasped, "Oh! Yes! Dale! I mean, Sir! Oh, please don't stop! I'm going to come!"

With a loud popping sound his mouth broke free from her. "You don't come until I give you permission."

Whimpering, Tasha pinched and twisted her nipples hard. As delightful as that electric sensation was it didn't push her over the edge that she so desperately wanted. Only Dale could give her that. "Yes, Sir. I won't come until you say so."

"Good girl," Dale slipped up further between her legs. He pushed the waistband of his boxers down, freeing his massive cock. It reached for her, thick and hard. Taking only a moment, Dale reached into his discarded pants pocket and retrieved a condom. He had himself sheathed in one quick roll of the latex and he smiled as he returned to Tasha. He pressed the pulsing head to her passage. With a long, slow plunge, Dale slipped deep inside her.

Tasha raised her hips taking him as deeply as he could go. The fulfillment she felt just to have him buried in her depths shattered her world. Right here, right now, nothing could have been more perfect. His circumference stretched her passage to accommodate him. Not a sliver of him did she not feel completely. She squeezed her legs tighter around him, as tight as she could with her ankles bound as they were.

Dale planted his hands on the floor beside her waist to support himself. Pumping his hips, he slammed himself over and over into Tasha. The expression of rapture on his face undid her fears. He found as much pleasure in her as she found in him. There were no years separating them as she had thought. There was only now. Just the two of them and the ebb and flow of oceans of sensation. Leaning forward, he captured her mouth. His tongue slipped between her lips even as his cock pounded deep into her once more. The kiss ricocheted through her, shredding her resistance. They moaned and gasped and stole each other's breath, drowning in the moment that washed over them both.

Suddenly Dale broke from her mouth. Struggling, he whispered, "Now, sugar. Come, now!" With that he curled into her. His face hid in the curve of her throat. His choked outcry muffled against her skin. Lifting away from her body to give him more freedom of movement, Dale rapidly beat out his release deep inside her.

At his command Tasha's orgasm roared through her. It burst forth with such force she convulsed violently. Never did she release her breasts. Through it all she squeezed her tingling flesh. She came so hard her passage gripped Dale like a fist for several seconds, robbing him of all his semen.

With a scream she collapsed back onto the pillows that supported her. Dale propped himself on his elbows, part of his body weight crushing down on her. His cock remained inside her, pulsing and gradually relaxing. His mouth found hers once more and this time the kiss melted them together as the afterglow colored the world with hazy shades of passion. Without fully breaking the kiss, Dale spoke into her mouth. Her eyes opened as she waited with bated breath for him to say something profound that summed up the intense experience they just share. As he untied her ankles Dale said, "You can let go of your breasts now."

"Oh!" Tasha yanked her hands away, having not noticed the desperate grip she still had on them.

They laughed as they kissed again, just sharing the glorious moment together. With the game over Tasha hugged Dale around his neck. "I am really liking this game of yours. Teach me more?"

"Much more." He cupped her face and kissed her before adding, "And it could take years to master the game."

She only giggled as they kissed once more. Dale might not be her boy toy, but as a playmate she couldn't ask for a better one. And who knows? Maybe what started as a game could become something serious? As she wrapped her legs around his waist and drew him down to cuddle with her, Tasha completely forgot about their age differences. All she thought about was Dale, the nearly full bowls of strawberries and chocolate and the whole long evening yet before them.

About the Author

Leannan lives in a small town in the Midwest. By day she is a mild-mannered angel of mercy in the medical field and by night she dreams of romance and erotica. She also writes darker paranormal and suspenseful romance and erotica under the pen name Amanda Sidhe.

The author welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and email address on her author bio page at www.ellorascave.com.

Tell Us What You Think

We appreciate hearing reader opinions about our books. You can email us at Comments@EllorasCave.com.



Discover for yourself why readers can't get enough of the multiple award-winning publisher Ellora's Cave. Whether you prefer e-books or paperbacks, be sure to visit EC on the web at www.ellorascave.com for an erotic reading experience that will leave you breathless.

www.ellorascave.com