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His Toys

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# *His Toys*

**Ruby Storm**

## Prologue

Melodee Dayton's deep brown gaze coasted from the top of Sanford Willard's dark hair all the way to the tip of his shoes and back as he flipped through his charts at the front of the room. She should have been scribbling notes for her meeting minutes but Sanford hadn't really said anything different from a lot of the meetings held over the past months. Melodee had already decided to simply copy her minutes from past files to fill in the blanks. It was much more fun to simply fantasize about fucking the hunk than writing down anything he said.

He turned to face the group and her mouth skewed into a selfish pout when the sight of his luscious tight ass disappeared. Oh well. Sanford's front was just as nice as his backside. Tracing her lower lip with the tip of her pen, she narrowed her appraising eyes. Her stomach somersaulted. Oh yeah, much better. Maybe if she concentrated hard enough or stared long enough at his crotch, his cock would get hard and then she'd really have something to fantasize about.

God he was handsome. In her mind, she mussed his thick hair to give him a new look. Not a look as if he had just gotten out of bed — though she'd love to experience *that* moment in time — but his wavy hair needed a more windblown appearance like, as if he had just stepped off the bow of his sailboat. That's it. Mel loved a fresh, earthy look — rugged, part of the landscape around him. She also got rid of his long-sleeved office shirt. She placed a T-shirt on him instead, one that stretched taut over his broad shoulders and banded around his suntanned, muscular upper arms. The material would be thin enough so as to count each ripple on his six-pack belly. There. Now he was even more delectable. Much more so than the boring-in-bed guy she'd recently broken up with after a two-year romance.

She sighed dreamily and dragged her attention back to Sanford's voice as he flipped through charts. Once again he expressed his concern that Random Toys was not keeping up with the market, was losing its edge when distinctiveness and forethought were needed to build sales. Her gaze cast about to observe the disinterested faces of the company's board members who sat around the table. They simply weren't going to listen no matter how many sensible points Sanford usually presented. She'd worked as the executive assistant for the past four years and not once in the last twelve or so months had she seen anything that would lead her to believe Random Toys would even be a viable company in the future. Mel probably needed to start looking for a new job—and soon.

She straightened in her chair, suddenly realizing the meeting had adjourned. Damn. Hopefully she hadn't missed any parting statements from her employer.

## **Chapter One**

The following morning Mel's shoulders drooped as she finished typing a discharge letter. She clicked the print icon and waited as nausea roiled in her stomach. She shook her head in disgust. What a way to end the week.

As soon as the sheet appeared, she grabbed it, gave it one more dubious look and tried to rid herself of the gloom that clouded the morning. Damn the idiots in charge for laying off Sanford. Even if the sexy hunk rarely gave Mel a second glance, he still was a great co-worker. Always laughing or joking but one of the hardest workers she'd ever come across. And up until this morning she'd at least been able to come to work every day knowing he would be there to keep her fantasy alive—the one about someday experiencing the feel of his thick cock sliding into her.

Mel wasn't looking for a soul mate. She'd tried that over the course of the last few years with a guy who had ended up being a real dud. All that relationship had done for her had been to give her the extra burden of taking care of someone and putting up with his superior attitude. Her former lover had actually thought that because he had a cock between his legs, it meant he had a bigger brain between his ears. She snorted and wondered why she had put up with him as long as she had.

What Mel wanted out of life at the moment was a man who would give her one helluva romp between the sheets—that one heady experience she knew she'd remember for a lifetime. No commitments, no promises, just an equal meeting of the minds and bodies. Mel was sure Sanford was just the guy who could make all her sexual daydreams come true.

And now Random Toys was sending him out the door. Mel wasn't convinced in the least that the company's reason for layoff was because of downsizing. Sanford had been targeted because he had never let up with his progressive suggestions.

Shaking her blonde head again, she stuffed the dismissal letter into an interoffice envelope and headed for the mail room. Once there, she slipped the missive into Sanford's slot then hesitated. Maybe she'd hand deliver it instead. There wouldn't be many more opportunities to bask in the presence of that tall sexy stud. At the end of two weeks her perfect fantasy man would be gone and she'd probably never see him again.

She hurried across the hall and into the women's restroom for a quick check before seeking him out. She had only popped in to quick-check her hair but she hesitated, leaned closer to the mirror and studied her features. Mel wore a trouble-free hairstyle. Her blonde hair was cut shoulder-length with thick waves and parted down the middle—very easy to tuck behind her ears. Her eyes...hmmm. At the moment they sparkled a rich chocolate brown, probably because she couldn't wait to see Sanford. Her skin glowed. Hell, just having him around was good for her appearance.

Damn she was going to miss him. With a heartfelt sigh, she headed for his office.

Once there, she knocked and waited for him to invite her in.

"Come on in."

God, the sound of his rich, deep voice echoed through her body right down to the tips of her toes.

"Hi, Sanford."

He looked up from his orderly desk. "Hi, Melodee. What can I do for you?"

She'd like to tell him what he could do but she quickly swallowed and dragged her lurid thoughts back to the task at hand. "I have something for you."

His sexy, full-lipped smile made Mel's heart skip a beat. Her eyes coasted over the square line of his chiseled jaw, wondering what it would feel like to run her fingertips along the same path. It sure sucked that the opportunity would never present itself.

"I decided to deliver this in person." Handing him the envelope, she stepped back and forced a smile in return. Shame on her. She'd just handed the poor man a dismissal letter, yet all she wanted to do was devour him.

Sanford eyed her as he opened it. He gave the letter only a quick scan before flipping the paper over on his desk. "Well, guess I'm not surprised. So they sent you in to be their bearer of bad news?"

Mel crossed her arms with a sigh. "No. I just didn't think you deserved to find this in your mailbox and be dismissed that way. I'm sorry the company has no vision." She tipped her head as she studied him, hoping to come up with a reason to linger a bit longer. "For some reason I really thought you'd be more upset. You're actually smiling."

He shrugged. "Well, first off, thank you for wanting to offer me your sympathies. However, I really thought Random might do something like this. In fact, I've been expecting it. Now that it's happened I can finally move on."

"Move on? Had you planned on leaving?"

Sanford leaned against the back of his chair, linking his long fingers together over his lean belly as he studied her. "Yes, I would have been gone within the year."

So, Mel thought. *I would have lost my fantasy anyway.* "Did you have another job already in mind?" It was nice to stand there and chat with him, something that she really had never had time for. She'd always watched him from a distance.

"Melodee, do you have a minute? Want to shut the door? I have a proposition to offer you."

A quick picture of Sanford taking her into his arms and proclaiming his love whisked through her brain. She had to laugh at herself—that scenario was the exact one she wasn't searching for.

His suggestion to sit had just offered her a few more minutes in his presence though. Her curiosity piqued, she closed the door and settled into a chair opposite the desk. She studied his eyes. Blue, like the color of the sky on a clear day. Damn they



were the perfect color, accentuated by his dark hair and tanned cheeks. *I bet he'd look wonderful draped across a mattress, patting it with his big hand as he invited me to join him.* Mentally shaking herself, she wrestled her thoughts back from between the sheets. "Okay, I'm all ears."

"I'm going to get right to the point because I know you have to get back to your office. How would you like to make a thousand dollars for a weekend's work?"

"What?" she spouted. "Who wouldn't? You're kidding me, aren't you?"

"No, I'm serious as can be."

Her quick mind went into overdrive. How in hell did anyone make that kind of money in two day's time? Unless... "You're not into anything illegal, are you?" He hardly seemed the type to even drop a gum wrapper on the floor. He was too put together, too flawless. Sanford was simply the type of man who had his priorities in order and he never seemed to make a mistake.

His head tipped back with a low chuckle. Again, the sound went straight to her toes by way of her stomach.

"No, it's nothing illegal." He steepled his fingers beneath his chin and eyed her closely, as if taking one more moment to make sure he wanted to continue the discussion. "Okay, here it is in a nutshell. You've heard me discuss numerous options for Random to build their sales but they won't listen. The former board was always willing to take suggestions from the employees. This new hierarchy is too busy riding on past laurels to see what's going to happen here in the future. Because of their continued disinterest, I began to develop my own line of toys."

Mel was confused. So where did she come in with the chance to make some quick money? "I'm not sure I'm following you yet."

"I'm not targeting the twelve and under age group. I'm looking more at toys and games for the mature audience."

"Sounds interesting. Are you talking about video games and such?"

"No. I'm talking about adult toys. Sexual aids, toys for the discerning woman."

Mel blinked and wondered if she'd heard him right.

"I see you're surprised."

"I'm not surprised. I'm stunned." In truth, she was a bit uncomfortable as she rethought her fantasies. Never once had they included toys. Only Sanford had been there in the recesses of her mind, toyless, but with a huge bulge at his crotch and magic fingers that could send shivers up her spine. She gave herself a mental shake.

"I've watched trends in the adult toy market for a few years now," Sanford continued. "In that time, I've also created some aids that I do plan to market." He leaned forward and clasped his hands on the desk. "Do you know that I've been watching you, Melodee? For quite a while now."

"Me? Really?"

"You're a sexy woman, beautiful and smart. You're very comfortable in your own skin and not in an egotistical way. It's easy to see that you like who you are. Is that correct?"

Mel crossed one knee over the other, smiled and nodded her head. "I never thought about it that way but that's a good explanation. My parents always taught me to be independent and self-sufficient but to tone those attributes with a bit of humbleness."

He smiled, which deepened the slight dimples in his shaved cheeks. "They succeeded in their efforts. That's what makes you stand out, Melodee. So I heard that you're presently unattached."

She flushed warmly. Good god, he knew about her private life? "Yes, I am at the moment."

"That's good. I'm not so sure how a guy would feel about his girlfriend or wife helping me test my prototypes to ensure that my creations work the way they were intended. Since most are made for the female body, I need to hire a woman and I think you'd be the perfect person."

To test his sex toys? Mel's hand immediately came up. "Whoa there. I'm trying to process this. You would pay someone *that* amount of money for two days worth of...of services, if that's what you want to call it?"

"Most definitely. Every toy must work perfectly in the manner intended. I plan to make a lot of money, so I'm willing to put out cash up front in order to accomplish that. What do you say?"

Mel fidgeted on the chair. Her heart bounced about and her stomach quivered. "What...what exactly would this offer entail?" Good god. A test subject for Sanford and his toys? Would he be tossing himself into the mix? It was like a dream come true.

"You'd have to come to my home and spend the weekend. I guarantee that by Sunday night I'll put the cash in your hand. And hopefully, you'll have thought it was easy money for the pleasure you'll receive. The toys are perfectly safe."

She blinked. A weekend at his home?

"All my toys were created to bring pleasure and orgasm to the user."

Her belly clenched but she remained silent. She couldn't believe he'd just said the word orgasm as if he were talking about his damn charts.

"You'll try each one and I'll note your response."

"And...and where are you going to be when this is going on? Will you be in the same room?" She waited on the precipice for his answer.

"Of course."

"Of course?" she blurted. "You plan to *watch*?"

"Yes. I thought you understood that. How else can I note your physical reaction? Listen, Melodee. I plan to make a lot of money. My investors plan to make a lot of money. It's imperative that I know how every detail works for every piece. I'm not a sexual pervert if that's what you're worried about. Tell someone that you'll be at my home helping me with a project if it'll make you feel better."

Mel snorted. Perversion hadn't even crossed her mind. All she could think about was that fate had dropped a breathtaking opportunity right into her lap. She felt she'd just won the sexual lottery. "I really don't think that's necessary."

"Could you be at my home by six-thirty tonight? I'll take you out for dinner—nothing too fancy, but good fare. Do you like Italian? Oh yes, you do. I remember you saying that one day in the break room. Then we'll head back to my house and do some testing. I hope you're comfortable with the idea of staying the entire weekend. You know, I'm so sure of my creations that I'll make a deal with you. I'll pay you half of the money tomorrow at noon. If you want to leave at that time, it will be no problem. If you decide to stay through Saturday night, the rest of the money will be paid at noon on Sunday."

Her mouth sagged open. Hell, she'd do it for free.

"I'm not going to make you walk through my front door and drop your clothes, Melodee. You won't be forced to do anything you don't want to or try anything that you think is distasteful. So, can I expect you at six-thirty?"

"O-okay."

He scribbled his address on a piece of paper and handed it over.

"Do...do I need to bring anything?" she asked as her eyes scanned his handwriting.

His gaze traced over her length. "Just your woman's body. I'm glad you've agreed to this. I like the way you think, Melodee. Working on the same floor of this building has given me the opportunity to observe you. You're free spirited and seem to know what you want out of life. I respect that in a woman. Your personality type is exactly the female sector I'm marketing my toys for. You and many others like you may not need a man to complete you at the moment but you're still looking for safe sexual experiences that bring satisfaction and total fulfillment."

Mel thought she was going to slide right off the chair. Instead, she gathered her wits about her and stood up. "I guess I'll see you tonight." Silently she left his office. Once

outside, she sank against the wall, clutching his note against her chest. She could not believe her luck.

## **Chapter Two**

Mel's stomach churned crazily as she drove slowly down Sanford's street. Her gaze moved from one house to another until she found his and pulled into the driveway.

"Well, Mel," she whispered into the interior. "Here you go. Your dream weekend. Let the good times roll."

She got out of her car, retrieved her weekend suitcase from the backseat and slammed the door. Her eyes drifted about the exterior of the house. She wondered if he was secretly watching her from a window as she strode up the sidewalk. She stepped up onto the porch and knocked on Sanford's door with a slightly shaking hand. Not from fright. From excitement that just about bowled her over every time she pictured Sanford in her mind.

The day had dragged on endlessly. She could very well have left the minute she had exited Sanford's office because she had not accomplished another damn thing. She almost felt juvenile in her enthusiasm but who wouldn't be excited to think they were going to spend the weekend with their perfect fantasy man? She clutched the handle of her small suitcase, dragged in a deep breath and waited for the door to open. Once it did, she stared up, wide-eyed and totally stunned.

He smiled. "Hi Melodee."

Good god...

Tipping her head farther back she stared at the thick waves of his hair, noting the slightly damp ends. From a shower or...or had he just stepped off the bow of his sailboat? His twinkling blue eyes sparkled in welcome. Gone was the office attire she'd always seen him wear. Sanford had donned a black polo shirt that hugged his defined pecs. And damn if he didn't have suntanned arms like she'd always imagined. But it was the washed-out jeans that really had her heart pounding against her ribs. They

hugged his slim hips just as she'd known they would. It took all her might not to drop her gaze lower and ogle his crotch. Plenty of time for that later.

"Hi Sanford." She shrugged. "I made it."

He stepped back and opened the door wider. "Come on in. I'm glad you're here. You know, I think I owe you an apology. If I was any kind of gentleman, I would have picked you up rather than have you drive yourself."

She stepped inside. "It's perfectly fine, Sanford. I had no problem finding your house." Her eyes darted about the living room. Cozy, masculine and neat as a pin. She wondered what his bedroom looked like.

"I'll take your jacket. I thought we'd have a glass of wine before leaving for Portelli's." He waited as Mel handed it over. "It'll give us some time to get to know one another better, more on a personal level than a co-worker to co-worker relationship. I want you to be at ease, Melodee, or you'll never get the full enjoyment of my toys."

Whew. That word—toys—ramped up her pulse a bit. She followed him across the room, taking in how the worn denim outlined the curve of his ass. She shook her head and wondered what time warp she'd walked through to find herself in the position of being at his disposal for the weekend. She settled in a chair as he poured two goblets of wine, amazed that she was so comfortable. No qualms.

He turned with a smile. "You look really nice tonight. The color of your blouse compliments your eyes perfectly."

"Thank you, Sanford," she said softly as he handed her a goblet.

"Sandy."

"What?"

"Call me Sandy. All my friends do."

She took a quick sip of the wine, loving how it sweetened her mouth with its fruity essence. "You can call me Mel." She smiled. "All *my* friends do."

He laughed and nodded. "Sounds good."

She still struggled to keep her gaze from his crotch. Sanford sat across from her, one ankle resting across the opposite knee. It was the perfect angle to see what kind of package he was hiding behind his zipper if she could simply control herself and take a sneak peak over the rim of her goblet. As it was, she figured she should stay on her best behavior – for the moment anyway.

“Can I ask you something, Mel?”

“Certainly.” *Damn*, she thought and smiled inwardly. *I can’t believe I’m here.*

“At the risk of sounding repetitive, are you totally comfortable with this weekend? Just because you’re here doesn’t mean that you can’t change your mind.”

Mel played it cool, shrugged and couldn’t halt the smile that curved her mouth. “I don’t plan to change my mind. I can’t wait to see what kind of products you’ve come up with.”

“Well, let’s get right down to brass tacks then and talk about the first toy I’d like you to try out.”

Mel took a second sip of wine, savoring how it warmed the pit of her stomach. If she kept this up without eating, she’d be drunk. “I thought we were going to go to dinner first.”

“We are going to head out shortly. I’ve created something that’s meant to be worn outside the house. I want you to wear my prototype ‘hot panties’ to dinner tonight.” He reached for a small box on the coffee table and lifted out a black lacy bikini bottom.

Her eyebrow arched and she battled a giggle but didn’t quite get on top of it. “Hot panties? I haven’t heard that term in years. They certainly don’t look like a sex toy.”

He smiled, not insulted at all by her laughter and carefully stuffed them back into the box. “Believe me, they are. I’ll just let you read the instructions when you put them on.”

“Come on. What gives? What’s so special about them?” she asked as she accepted the box.



“Ah, Mel...if I told you the secret, then they wouldn’t be special.”

The secretive look he affected had her stomach in knots. Mel just grinned.

“I want you to finish your wine then put these on before we leave. No more questions. Can you do that?”

“I guess.” She shrugged and sent him a wry grin as she raised her goblet in the air. “To hot panties.”

Sandy grinned back. “To hot panties and what I hope will be the perfect weekend.”

Mel really couldn’t imagine that the weekend would be anything but.

As they finished their wine, he asked her questions. What kind of hobbies did she enjoy? Was Italian food really her favorite? Nonsensical things that Mel suspected would help them avoid her asking any more questions about his toys. For some reason, he did not want her knowing how the panties worked—not yet at least. Just knowing he enjoyed toying with her a bit excited her to no end.

Finishing her wine, she shook her head when he offered a refill and set her glass on the coffee table between them.

“Would you like to leave for the restaurant?” he asked.

“I guess I am getting hungry. But,” she held up the box. “Where can I change first?”

“Come on. I’ll show you where you’re sleeping this weekend. You’ll have your own room complete with attached bathroom.”

She followed him down the carpeted hallway until he opened a door and stepped aside to allow her in first. Mel’s gaze took in the entire room with one sweep of her eyes. Her accommodations were breathtaking. Heavy curtains draped two large windows. Lush white carpet covered the floor. Artwork adorned the walls and a queen-sized bed took up one entire corner.

Sandy nodded in the direction of an interior door as he set her suitcase beside a dresser. “The bathroom is right there. I’m sure you’re going to be comfortable in here.”

She tucked the box beneath her arm and glanced about. "Oh, more than comfortable. It's a beautiful room. Thank you." When he didn't make a move to leave, she wiggled the box with a smile. "Guess I better get these on so we can go."

"Oh, sure. I'll wait for you in the living room." He winked and left her alone.

Mel entered the bathroom, shut the door and sank against it to take a moment to compose herself. Her reaction to the wink was so out of character. She actually wondered if she was blushing. Mel was confident as hell that she'd made the right decision to help Sanford—correction, Sandy—but her confidence still didn't quell the excitement she felt at being in his home.

She drew a settling sigh, opened the box and pulled out the directions. Her lips moved soundlessly as she read then parted in surprise. "Oh my gosh..." She yanked out the panties and flipped them inside out.

There it was, the small protruding pouch that would nestle around her clit once she slipped them on. Her pussy clenched. She swallowed in anticipation and rubbed the soft crotch of the underwear between two shaking fingers, realizing that there was also some sort of hidden panel between the double layers of silken material. Biting her lower lip, she lifted her skirt, shed her panties and slipped Sanford's—Sandy's—pair up over her thighs.

Biting her lip, she adjusted them until her clit was snug inside the pouch, waiting to see if anything would happen. Other than an initial twinge brought on by the coolness of the small cup, nothing. Absolutely nothing. Soon the heat of her body warmed the crotch. Taking a step and then another, she shrugged. Yes, it was a bit erotic to have her clit surrounded such as it was but Mel didn't think the panties were anything special. With a tempered sigh, she shoved her panties inside her purse, in case she needed them later, and returned to the living room.

Sandy stood up, his eyebrow arched in question.

Mel shrugged as her cheeks heated slightly. "I guess they fit."

His eyes shuttered slightly. "Would you say they fit sensuously against you?"

She refused to meet his eyes, afraid he might spy the disappointment in hers.  
“Yeah, I-I guess. It’s just that I was expecting more.”

Sandy lifted a notepad and jotted down her remarks with a secretive smile. “Well, how about we leave for dinner?”

## **Chapter Three**

The entire drive to Portelli's, Mel was amazed at how Sandy's quiet demeanor and wonderful sense of humor soon had her laughing. By the time they reached the restaurant, she felt she had known him for years and not just by the persona of Sanford Willard at Random Toys. He really had become Sandy in her mind, seemingly a much closer friend than before he'd made his work proposal to her.

When he opened the passenger door and gently took her elbow though, Mel's heart beat a little bit harder than normal. His hand, firmly set against her lower back as he opened the restaurant door, caused a shiver to rattle up her spine. By the time he pulled out a chair to seat her, Mel was eagerly looking forward to the rest of the evening.

His blue eyes twinkled when he sat down across from her. "Are you comfortable?"

"Yes. The seating is great." Her eyes cast about. "This is the first time I've been here."

"I'm not talking about the chair or even the restaurant in general. I'm talking about the panties you have on."

"Oh. Right. Here's something for your little notebook. I had to wiggle a bit on the chair to make sure the panties were...positioned the way they were supposed to be."

"Good thing to note." He glanced up when the waiter approached, ordered them a bottle of wine and reclined into his chair as the man walked away.

"So tell me a bit more about you, Mel. Do you like books?"

"I love to read. Most weekends I head out to a bookstore and find..." Her words trailed away as the crotch of her panties warmed slightly. Was it her imagination? She wiggled on the chair again and crossed one thigh over the other. "I love mysteries."

"We seem to have the same taste. I find when I read a mystery, most times I'm pretty good at figuring out 'whodunnit'."

Mel laughed. "I do the same thing. Once the plot starts to thicken, I..." She hesitated again. The heat between her legs began to recede. Suddenly, her clit encapsulated by the small hood, began to cool. It was like something—or someone—blew against the small bud.

Her gaze came up and she stared into Sandy's eyes. "Something is happening."

He simply cocked a brow and remained silent.

"Definitely something is going on. At first I felt warmth."

"Where?"

She swallowed. "Be-between my legs. Then it got cool. Now it's warming again. What's going on?"

"Just the panties doing their work. Do you like how it feels?"

Her clit tingled and her stomach jumped about. How in hell was she going to express that?

"I need to know, Mel."

"Yes. Yes, it's rather sensual, arousing."

He tipped his head with a nod as the waiter returned. Mel sat back, slowly exhaled the breath she'd been holding and silently watched the man uncork the bottle. Her gaze moved to watch Sandy accept a small splash in his glass and take a sip.

He was an enigma. In the short time she'd been in his company since arriving at his home, he'd surprised her endlessly. Mel couldn't believe she was sitting with the man she'd fantasized about for months. He was devilishly handsome to a fault. The shirt clung to his muscular shoulders and his dark hair hadn't lost that windblown look. Undoubtedly, he was the sexiest man in the restaurant.

"Thank you, the wine is superb," Sandy offered, "but I would like my date to also sample it." His blue gaze turned to Mel and a smile touched his full, moist lips. "I want to assure that she'll enjoy it as much as I am."

Mel casually watched a second glass being poured, then suddenly sat straighter in her chair with a breathless gasp in response to a sudden vibration between her legs. The cap surrounding her clit soundlessly shuddered around the tiny bud. Her eyes widened as pings of sheer delight crept through her womb. Her questioning, shuttered gaze found Sandy's.

"Ma'am, would you like to sample?" The waiter held out her glass.

The speed of the vibrations increased, making Mel's stomach clench as she fought to control her strangled breathing. She blinked and tore her gaze from Sandy's, wondering how she would answer the server when the hot spot between her legs threatened to render her senseless. Just as her thighs opened beneath the cloak of the linen tablecloth, the vibration stopped. Mel forced her fingers around the delicate stem of her glass, struggled not to snap it in two and took a sip.

"Is everything to your liking, ma'am?"

"Yes, I think...I think it—" Again. The vibrating sensations were back. The small cap sucked at her clit, pulsating around the bud of flesh and creating an instant flood of moisture from her pussy. Good god, if this kept up she just might come right here on the chair in the middle of the restaurant. The pulses continued. She wanted to spread her legs wide. She also fought to keep her hips from surging forward which would only attract attention from the waiter. She had to get rid of him. "It will...do fine." She set her goblet down and clutched her hands in her lap, struggling for a breath that didn't sound like she'd just finished a race.

The man filled her glass and Sandy's, set a menu before each of them and left them alone. And all the time her clit swelled harder. She fought the orgasm threatening to burst wide. Mel's lids finally fluttered shut when the vibrating ceased. Her breathing

slowed. She gasped a settling breath, opened her eyes and stared across the table. "It's obvious you're playing with me."

Sandy smiled succinctly. "Did you enjoy it?"

"Enjoy it?" Her hand swept through the blonde hair at her shoulder and flicked it back. She sucked in a deep breath and let it trickle slowly over her lips before answering. "What do you think? Jeez. Where's the remote control?"

Sandy lifted a small black disc. "State-of-the-art. Very easy to conceal in a pocket."

Mel blinked when it disappeared just as suddenly. "Are...are you going to turn it on again?" She wasn't too sure she could make it through another session without having an orgasm right at the table.

"Yes, I plan to. So what do you think of my hot panties now?"

"Pretty damn fantastic! I'll also say you are a real shit to surprise me like that."

Sandy leaned forward and reached for her hand. "That was the idea, Mel. I wanted an unsolicited response to how the panties work and you definitely gave it to me. I suggest you try the veal. It's absolutely delicious."

"What?" She couldn't think. Her clit still tingled and the touch of his hand had her heart thumping madly against her ribs.

"The veal. I suggest you order it."

She carefully withdrew her shaking fingers and nodded. Even though the small hood in the panties no longer vibrated, her clit was so sensitized that she didn't dare move on the chair. Her pussy clenched in reaction to her thoughts. God, when she did come it was going to be off the charts.

Sandy lifted his hand and summoned the waiter. The man had just returned to the table when the pulses started again. As Sandy ordered their choices for dinner, Mel fought to appear relaxed. No matter how she positioned herself in the chair, she couldn't escape the throbbing. Her cunt was on fire, the vibrations nearly toppling her over the edge. And then? Nothing.

Damn him. He played the game well. She dragged her knees closed beneath the table. Nothing would have pleased her more at the moment than to have something big, hard and incredibly hot to stretch her pussy wide.

She leaned an elbow on the table and dropped her forehead into her upturned palm, waiting for the server to leave. The muscles of her lower abdomen spasmed. God, she wanted to come.

Once the man left, she dragged her gaze upward. The heated look in Sandy's eyes left her as breathless as the last round of pleasurable torture he'd put her through.

"Are you proud of yourself?"

"Were you ready to come?"

"Yes."

"Do you want to continue?"

"I have half a mind to head for the restroom and take this damn thing off."

A knowing grin lifted the corner of his mouth. "But you won't."

"And why do you say that?"

The vibrating mechanism tightened around her, almost feeling like a set of gentle teeth nipping at her clit. Mel gasped quietly and flailed to hang on to the edge of the table. "Sandy..." It was the only word she could utter as he worked his toy's magic between her legs.

Oh god, heat burned from her clit to her womb in sizzling promise. She was defenseless against the complete and sheer eroticism of the moment. Mel sank against the back of the chair and again, her thighs parted beneath the table. Her hottest desire was to have something hard to fill her cunt and give her the sexual relief she sought.

Sandy's dark gaze burrowed into hers as the pulses accelerated against her already sensitized clit.

"Let yourself go, Mel. Enjoy it."



She stared into his appraising eyes, struggling for air. Her fingers scratched at the linen tablecloth until she bunched it in her hands. Her breasts heaved as she fought to breathe and not attract attention. A fine sheen of perspiration glistened on her brow. She couldn't do it anymore. She couldn't forestall her body's need.

When the orgasm hit her, her teeth clamped down on her bottom lip. Her eyes slammed shut as she fought to sit still. Over and over the hot contractions ripped through her womb, igniting a hot path to her breasts. She continued to come hard, her clit throbbing against the wild vibrations, the blood pounding in her ears. Her knees spread wider and it was all she could do not to reach down and cup her wet and dripping pussy. God, the desire for something thick and hard inside her burgeoned higher. She clung mindlessly to the fact that she had to remain mute no matter how loudly she wanted to moan. She couldn't give herself away to the many patrons around them. Her body reeled with sensual pleasure, heightened by the fact that Sandy controlled each of the pulses.

Finally...finally it was over.

She couldn't open her eyes. Her brain spun and her body thrummed from the release. She could only suck in deep breaths to clear her head and slow her heart rate.

Sandy had watched Mel in the throes of her orgasm, his cock hard and leaking. The sight of her parted lips as she'd panted hard, the glazed look in her eyes as her nails clawed the table, the sweet tension of her body. It had set him on fire.

The gut level reaction he'd experienced made his heart rap crazily beneath his breastbone and at the moment he wanted to toss her onto the table, yank her legs wide and bury himself inside her hot cunt. But he needed her reaction. He needed to stay focused on the reason they were here and not the fact that he'd never been so turned on in his life. That little detail stunned him. Here he'd thought he would be an interested and observing bystander this weekend, jotting down notes and reactions like a senseless robot. Fat chance.

"Mel? Want to take the panties off now?"

A slow smile turned up the corners of her mouth. "Not on your life."

He chuckled. "At the risk of ruining the moment for you, I need your reaction."

She snorted, wondering if her clit would ever feel normal again. "My reaction?" She took a deep breath, picked up her wine and downed it completely. "I'm not going to be electrocuted, am I?"

"I'm not following you."

"You, the toymaker who has come up with the perfect pair of underwear and you're not following me? I don't know if it's the wine or if I just don't give a damn what I say because I feel so damn warm and tingly. Sandy, I'm wet—like dripping wet. I just sat here at the table and experienced one of the best orgasms I've ever had. And if I continue to stay wet, I just might be electrocuted."

The tip of his tongue flicked at the corner of his mouth as he studied her. A smile broke across his face. "Thank you."

"For what? I should be thanking you."

"For what you just said. It's the perfect compliment regarding the market worth of the panties. And no, you won't be electrocuted."

"Don't you think you need to write that down?"

He nodded as he pulled out his small notebook and penned her response.

Just then the waiter appeared with a tray holding two salads and a basket of bread. Mel still sagged against the back of her chair but she closed her eyes with a smile, enjoying the heat that suddenly appeared once more. Damn Sandy. He was teasing her again. This time she wasn't going to fight it. Mel knew he'd shut it off before she came again so she planned to savor every second of the pleasurable vibrations.

He never said a thing as the heat turned cool once more. One quick vibration and then nothing. The shit.

"How's your salad?"

"Who feels like eating?"

He leaned forward, his eyes never leaving hers. "You should eat to keep up your strength. It's going to be a long weekend."

Mel's heart leapt inside her chest once before settling. With a smile, she picked up her fork and stabbed a slice of cucumber and ate with gusto. She waited on the edge of her seat, anticipating the start-up of his titillating magic once more.

Sandy didn't keep her waiting. The waiter hadn't even reached their table as he crossed the room with their entrée, when the wonderful vibrations began again. Damn, sweet Sandy. He teased her mercilessly. Off and on. Quick jolts of mechanical shuddering delight wrapped tightly around her clit, then nothing. He continued that way throughout their dinner, somehow managing to guess the exact moment when she was only a pulse away from orgasm.

He did finally miscalculate, however, as the waiter cleared their dishes away and presented samples of delectable desserts. Mel's heart pounded and her clit throbbed so close to release that she wanted to scream aloud as they made their choice. The waiter turned and in that same moment Sandy shut off the panties. Too late.

A feral smile of welcome respite rested on Mel's moist lips as she slumped against the back of her chair and moaned quietly through a heated orgasm. She opened her eyes as the last sweet pulses disappeared and sensuously ran her tongue across the straight line of her white teeth. "Wonderful. Absolutely wonderful."

"That one got away from me. I had planned to have you head for the restroom to see how far the radio waves will work. Guess that's not going to happen now."

Mel stood up and bit back her laugh at the surprise she read in his eyes. "So let's test it out."

Sandy grinned widely. "So soon?"

She winked. "Not soon enough. I'll be right back...well maybe not *right* back."

Sandy reached up and detained her momentarily by lightly grasping her forearm. "Pull the panties snugly against you and just lean against the wall and wait. That's how I'm going to picture you."

Mel stared at his jaw, remembering how earlier that day she'd thought about running her fingertip across it. She smiled, let her fingers drift across his cheek, then down over his chin before she left him. She felt his warm stare caressing her as she crossed to the restroom entrance.

She entered the ladies room and was thrilled at the quiet elegance of the tiled walls and soft leather couches in the powder room area. She quickly ducked around the corner and into a stall, thanking her lucky stars that she was the only person in the bathroom. Taking a deep breath, she lifted her skirt, adjusted the panties snugly against her body, gasped slightly with delight, then leaned against the cool tile.

Her lids fluttered closed as heat began to build around her clit. Mel spread her stance wider, tucked her hands behind her head and noted how the panties changed from hot to cold and back again. The feeling was akin to a hot tongue licking at her one moment and then a cool breath of air whispered from seeking lips the next. God, she loved it. So deeply sensitized already, it didn't take long for her sexual desire to ignite.

*Damn, she thought as her head lolled from right to left. If only I had something hard. That's the only thing missing. I want to be fucked...so bad...*

Her hips began to undulate, her cunt searching for that something to magically seal her tight. A new vibration now. One different from anything she'd experienced so far that evening. Oh yeah, he'd been holding out on her. A stronger sucking motion. Much stronger and harder—as if demanding lips wrapped around her bud—tugging, always sucking hard, urging her hips to a panicked forward pitch.

Mel gasped and yanked at her skirt to whisk it up over her hips. One hand slid inside the panties, her polished nail tip flicking at her hooded clit only a second before she drove two fingers into her body. Her cunt throbbed hard and hot and wet as she fingered herself through an explosive orgasm. Her knees trembled and she sucked in huge gasps of air. Her belly muscles clenched and released. Her body pulsed with heat, time after time, until finally slowing. She inhaled deeply, leaving her fingers buried, loving the sensation of having something inside her when she'd so desperately needed

to be filled. Sandy was waiting, though. Wondering, she imagined with a lazy smile of fulfillment.

Her body started slightly when she withdrew her fingers, her pussy clenching one last time before Mel adjusted the panties back into place. A sigh rattled through her chest. She left the stall, washed her hands and studied her flushed cheeks in the mirror. It was going to be a wonderful weekend.

She left the restroom. Her gaze locked with his as she crossed the restaurant. Sandy stood and silently pulled out her chair. Mel took her seat and was shocked at how his breath against the slim column of her neck jolted her into sexual awareness once more.

"Did you enjoy yourself?" he whispered with his thumbs gently rubbing her shoulders.

"Oh, most definitely."

"Good," he chuckled. "I really would have liked to be present just to watch. It's quite a turn-on. We've got the entire weekend, though. I can't wait to get back to my house and move on to the next toy. What do you say we leave?"

Tongue-tied, she couldn't even answer.

## **Chapter Four**

Once back at Sandy's home, they visited quietly over a glass of wine. Sandy had set aside his notebook and now leaned comfortably into the couch cushions as he stared at Mel, across from him.

"I feel like we're old friends even though I've put you in a strange position, Mel. I can't thank you enough for helping me out this weekend. I think it's going well so far. We're at ease with each other, which is a necessity, considering the last few hours we've shared and the night to come."

She tipped her head as a contented smile curved her mouth upward. "Before I got here tonight, I wondered if I'd be a bit embarrassed. I imagined all sorts of scenarios with your toys. But I have to admit there isn't a place I'd rather be than right here, right now. I'm glad I accepted your offer."

Sandy took a sip of his wine. "I have to be honest with you about something else. I'm not a pervert, just a very committed businessman. I believe in my products wholeheartedly. But," he grinned, "I am more affected by your responses than I thought I would be."

"Affected? How?"

"I just didn't think that watching a woman—one whom I really didn't know on a close, personal level—work her way through an intense orgasm would be as exciting as it has been, as sensually stimulating, as hot as it is on a very base level. I mean, I'm in the sexual aid business for chrissakes. Why I thought I could remove myself from the exact sexual reaction my products are geared for, is beyond me. I've done nothing but think mechanics since the inception, done nothing but concentrate on how a woman would react to my toys. It's rather a liberating experience to see what the effect of the final products actually has on both female and male."

Mel lifted her glass. "Well, here's to the experience as a whole. You're going to be a multimillionaire before you know it. And that's from a woman who has experienced only one of your toys."

"Are you ready to try another?" His eyes glittered expectantly as he stood.

Mel's heart leapt in her chest as she rose beside him.

"I have something in your bedroom."

For the second time that night, she followed him down the hallway and into her room.

A package sat on the center of the mattress.

"Why don't you open the box and we'll get back to work," he said quietly.

"It feels like Christmas," she giggled. "You're not going to send me to the bathroom to read the directions this time?"

He shook his head. "Not this time. Go ahead. Open the box."

Mel's breath feathered over her lips as she crossed the room, sat on the edge of the bed and pulled the package closer. With one more glance at Sandy, she opened it. A quick dart in his direction once more and she pulled out what looked like a vibrator. Not just any vibrator. The pliable purple shaft was thick and long. A clit tickler extended from the base. Mel's knees trembled. She'd seen pictures of vibrators but had never tried one.

The attached belt nabbed her attention.

Sandy took it from her hands, straightened the straps and held it up. "You'll be sleeping with this on all night."

"Sleeping? I hardly think so." Closer inspection told her there were no buttons for her to use. She lifted her eyes. "Another remote controlled toy?"

"I purposely designed it that way. Either the user can remotely control the different settings...or a person in another room can."

"And I'm willing to bet you're not going to give up the remote?"

"Not for this test run. Does that bother you?" He held her gaze.

"It's your money."

"And your thousand dollars' worth of pleasure."

It was a good thing she was sitting because the way he rolled that last statement off his tongue set her knees shaking. Damn, his voice was sexy. Mel cleared her throat. "So, are you going to fill me in on how this works or will it be a surprise again?"

"There's lubrication for you to use on the table beside the bed. Once you've prepared the shaft of the vibrator to assure your comfort, I want you to insert it. The belt will hold it in place with the clitoral stimulator resting against your body. Once you've fitted it into place, just get in bed. Oh, I want you fully nude so you can enjoy the complete experience of the toy in conjunction with the satin sheets on the bed."

"If...if you're not in the room, how will you know what my reaction is?"

"There's a mic built into the headboard, plus speakers. We'll be talking. Also I wanted you to know something else. I have video cameras set up for this room and a screen for viewing from my office. I don't plan to use the video portion unless you want the cameras on."

They stared at one another silently, both wondering just what Mel's final decision would be as the night progressed. Finally Sandy stepped back and traced a hand through his thick hair. "If you need anything, all you have to do is ask."

Both knew his comment was a double entendre. But Mel had all the faith in the world that Sandy would let her make any and all voyeuristic decisions based on her own comfort level.

The door closed silently and she was alone.

Her eyes went to the belt and the vibrator. Her teeth nibbled her bottom lip. Would she eventually let him watch? Why would that be so different from having him pound into her? That's what she wanted after all, a hard Sanford Willard fuck that would leave her breathless. Before the weekend was over, Mel made a silent vow right then and



there that she would feel the thickness of his cock and the warmth of his mouth sucking on her nipples. She'd figure it out somehow.

Her gaze coasted about the room in search of the camera. It was there, mounted on a shelf in the corner. A cabinet with double doors piqued her curiosity. She left the bed and crossed the room. Upon closer inspection, she realized it housed a widescreen TV. Would she be able to watch herself in the throes of an orgasm? Interesting. Or maybe she was getting ahead of herself. She could very well just be looking at a plain television.

She returned to the bed and slowly unbuttoned her blouse. Shrugging the satin from her shoulders, she stripped off the skirt next, wiggled out of Sandy's panties and tossed them on a chair. A flick of her fingers and her bra lay beside them.

As she squeezed gel from a tube and lubed the vibrator, the hair on the back of her neck rose. She turned and stared at the camera, wondering if she was being watched. Well, if she was, she'd give him a show he wouldn't forget.

"So, here goes," Mel mumbled as she wiped the moisture from her fingers with a towel then pulled back the bedspread.

Her arms lifted into the air as she stretched, arching her body in a pose meant to tease whoever might be watching. She smiled as her hands brushed over her breasts then slowly downward to the tight curls covering her mound. A contented sigh filled the space around her. Hopefully Sandy was getting an eyeful.

She sat daintily on the edge of the satin covered mattress with the vibrator in her hand. Sinking to her back, she kicked the covers out of her way, knowing the flat position was the only way she could easily get the toy in place without looking clumsy. She straightened out the straps, slipped her feet in, then slid the contraption up her legs and spread her thighs.

"Do you have the vibrator in place?"

She jumped at the sound of his voice coming from the speakers. If he was asking, then he most likely wasn't watching.

"Not yet. Jeez, you scared me."

"Sorry. That's not the mood I'm going for."

Silence.

Mel's fingers found the bottom edge of the vibrator. She opened her legs wider.

"Mel?"

"Yes."

"Have you inserted it yet?"

She lifted her hips. As she forced the cool slippery shaft into her cunt, she adjusted the strap around her waist. Her eyes closed momentarily as her body adjusted to the thickness inside. God, it felt wonderful. A bit more adjustment and the clit tickler lay against her bud.

"Whew," she muttered.

"Mel?"

"It's in."

"How does it feel?"

"You want my honest opinion?"

He chuckled.

She stared at the ceiling, her legs spread wide and her knees slightly cocked, enjoying the cool gel that coated her clit, the way her pussy wrapped around the thick shaft of rubber. "You haven't even started this thing and already it's better than the panties."

"Why is that?"

"The panties were only on the outside. As a woman, I need to be filled. Need to feel something inside me after experiencing those earlier orgasms."

"And do you think you feel that way because that's just how things are, or did the panties work as foreplay, preparing you for the vibrator?"

Mel's brow furrowed a bit and she closed her eyes. Damn. He'd just made perfect sense. "Just having an orgasm isn't enough, Sandy. Well, it was enough at the restaurant but now I need more."

"And do you think the vibrator will be enough to quench your desire?"

*No*, she stated silently to herself. *I'd rather have your cock...*

"You can answer me later."

Her eyes flew open when the vibrator pulsed. Yes, that was exactly what she needed as long as she couldn't have the real thing. To be filled, to be stretched, to have her pussy wrapped tightly around a penis as she was fucked. Wait. It wasn't a penis. It was damn close and it felt damn good but it still didn't beat the real thing. Right at that moment, as the tip of the vibrator whirled, Mel had the sudden urge to have her arms wrapped about a man. Sandy would do nicely right now. She could kiss him, she could sniff the fresh scent of his skin, let her hands glide across his lean hips as he surged forward with each thrust of his cock. She would wrap her legs around his waist, feel the bulb of his penis at her cervix, experience the scrape of wiry chest hair against her tender nipples...

Her hand fluttered across her cheek. She took a deep breath.

"Sandy?"

"Does it feel good?"

"Yes...oh god, yes," she answered breathlessly. Her fingers slipped through her hair at her temple. "Do you want to watch?"

Silence—for only a moment.

"Are you sure?"

"Yes."

"I'll watch if you do what I tell you to do."

Mel's head rolled on the pillow. "I promise. After all," she gasped when she received a quick jolt against her clit. It was gone just as fast. "You're paying for it."

The vibrator stilled. She waited for Sandy to respond. Was he watching her yet? She took a deep breath and closed her eyes. She had all night. She had all weekend. Eventually he would say something. And eventually his warmth would not be imagined. Mel was determined. She was determined to experience Sandy's powerful body thrusting into hers.

\* \* \* \* \*

Sandy stared numbly at the screen. Tendrils of heat crept through his belly, taunting him, making him extremely aware of just how turned on he was and he hadn't had the camera on long. Mel was spread-eagled upon the bed, her full breasts tipped with erect nipples. The belt accentuated her narrow hips and slender thighs. Pubic hair dusted her cunt lips. The vibrator was buried inside her. She didn't move. Her eyes were closed.

Sandy's cock strained against his zipper, aching hard. His heart beat a bit faster. This wasn't supposed to be happening. He was working, getting the final stages of his research completed so he could begin to market. He had hours of investigation and weeks of analysis under his belt—preparatory work that had been mundane. Yet at the moment he felt like a teenage boy spying on the neighbor's wife and surprisingly it was a wonderful feeling. Mel's nude body had the blood rushing through his own. It was a reaction he hadn't prepared for. He needed to say something. Sandy cleared his throat.

"Mel?"

"Yes."

"I can see you. You've got a beautiful body. Could you get up on your knees so I can see you better?"

"Do I leave the vibrator in?"

"Yes."

His stomach did a flip as his gaze stayed glued to the wide screen. Mel rolled carefully to her knees, then straightened. Her taut, suntanned thighs spread slightly for

better balance. Her breasts, tipped with copper-colored areolas, looked larger now that she was upright. She stared directly at the camera.

“Are you comfortable?” he asked.

“For the most part.” She whipped back a lock of blonde hair from her shoulder.

Posed and kneeling naked, she reminded Sandy of a beauty modeling on a hot beach at the edge of a blue sea. Her chin was raised, her slender fingers resting on her hips. His gaze was drawn to the apex of her thighs. The vibrator was shoved up her cunt, filling her, provoking a sexual response he knew was there but that she seemed to hide well. He’d change that.

His finger brushed over the remote control, searching for a button, his eyes still on the woman on the screen. He depressed it.

Her body tensed momentarily as her eyes closed and her head tipped back. Blonde tresses whispered about her soft shoulders. Sandy watched as her hands left her hips so her fingers could thread their way over her scalp, then down across her breasts to rest against the flat of her belly. Her hips began to gyrate, surging forward, then dipping back. Her lips parted and her tongue darted out to lick at the lower. She panted hard.

Sandy’s thumb found another button. He clicked it.

Immediately Mel’s lips parted wider as she gasped aloud. Her hands squeezed her breasts, fingers plucking at her nipples. He heard the soft whisper of her moan as he watched. Subconsciously, Sandy noted her instant response to the surge of the clit tickler against her bud. He knew he should be recording the reactions but he couldn’t tear his gaze from her sensual features. Mel looked ready to come. Her quick breaths sounded about him in the empty room—each breath heavy, increasing his anticipation of the next second. Her body continued to sway above her splayed knees. He’d never seen a woman as sensual and sexy as Mel was at that very second.

He knew the exact moment she came hard. Her body tensed, then whiplashed as a low grunt left her mouth. Her hips rotated wildly as her palms scraped over her skin from breasts to hips and back.

Sandy clicked the speed to high and watched as Mel fell to her back, her body arched and bucking to the pulses that ignited her passion. She writhed on, gasping and groaning as her body jerked sporadically in response to the pulsing rhythm. She clawed at her hair. Her head rolled wildly against the satin sheets.

And he controlled it all.

Sandy's hand fell to the hard bulge between his legs. His fingers followed the line of his erection but his eyes never left the screen as he imagined the softness of her cunt wrapped around his cock. It took all his will to stay seated in his office rather than race down the hall and bury himself inside her. That wasn't what the weekend was about. He wasn't paying her for a hot fuck.

"Sandy?" she gasped. Her voice floated out of the speakers. "Sandy?" she asked again, this time making his name sound like a plea.

"I'm here."

"God, this is something. Unbelievable. I came hard...harder then I ever have before. Sandy? Did you watch?"

"Yes." He swallowed and squeezed his cock hard through his pants.

She rolled to her ass, weak and shaky and swiped the hair from her cheek as she sat up. Her chest heaved. "There's a television in here. Can you turn it on? Can I see you?"

His thoughts tumbled around in his head. All he had to do was punch a few buttons on the panel beside him. In her room, the cabinet doors would open and she would be able to view him. But by doing so, she would see how hard he was. He would first have to get hold of his rampant emotions.

"Are you turned on, Sandy? Are you there?"

He could see her slipping the vibrator from her pussy. The length of it glistened with her juices. It didn't take long for her to slide the belt off her body. She wasn't supposed to remove it but as she wantonly crawled to the edge of the bed and

sensuously whipped her hair back, he was powerless to remind her. The hot look in her eyes rooted him to the spot as his heart pounded wildly.

"Turn the screen on, Sandy. Please. I want to see what you're doing. Are you as hot as I am?"

His eyes never left the monitor as his hand reached out to his side. He found the button, pressed it and knew the doors had just opened on the cabinet by the look of extreme pleasure on her face. Another button and her receiver powered up. The transmission was complete.

"I can see you," she breathed. "Now I'm going to tell *you* what to do. Stand up."

"Mel..."

"I said stand up. This can all be written in your notes later on. This is what your toy has done. It's made me come hard and it's made me want to see you do the same. Pull your zipper down and take out your cock. I won't take no for an answer." Her eyes narrowed as her hands found her breasts once more. She played with her nipples, a succinct look of accomplishment glittering in her eyes.

Sandy rose to his feet. He stared into the monitor and slowly pulled down his zipper.

"Now take it out. I want to see it, Sandy. I want to see you pull on your cock until you come. I want to see how thick it is and how hard."

He loosened his belt buckle and spread the flap open. Reaching inside his boxers, he pulled out his cock.

He heard her sigh of appreciation.

"It's beautiful. Your cock is exactly what I thought it would be. Long and thick. And hard. So hard, Sandy. Now jack off. Do it for me."

He began to stroke, starting at the base and pulling hard to the tip and back. His flesh throbbed to his touch. He'd never masturbated in front of anyone in his life but

knowing that it was something she wanted, she desired, he pulled harder and watched her lick her lips.

“Ah, that’s so good, Sandy. Doesn’t it feel good? I loved knowing that you watched me when I came. That was part of the enjoyment. It made me hot and wet and horny. Pretend that my lips are sucking you, wrapped around the head of your cock, licking at the juice I can see wetting it right now.”

“You’re a bitch, Mel.”

Her laugh tinkled from the speakers.

“That I am. In fact...” She sank gracefully to her back and spread her legs. Her finger played about her clit. “I want to come again, Sandy. But not with the vibrator or your hot panties or any of your toys. I want to feel your cock in me, Sandy. Hard and throbbing and pounding until I can barely breathe. I want you to fuck me.” She swirled her fingertip across her clit then brought it to her mouth, licking its slender length. “I’m a big girl who knows what she wants. Look at my cunt.” She spread her legs wide. “I want you.”

Sandy raced across the house, tearing at his clothes and leaving them behind in a haphazard trail. He stormed into her room completely naked, hot and hard and ready. Mel was there, waiting for him just inside the doorway.

They said nothing, didn’t utter a word of consent. He reached out, wrapped a muscled arm about her slender waist and yanked her to his bare chest. One minute his fingers were traveling over the taut skin of her back. The next, they tangled themselves in her thick tresses to yank her head back. He stared into her heated gaze then dipped his head. His teeth scraped along her neck. The scent of her woman’s body filled his nostrils.

“Fuck me,” she breathed hotly beside his ear. “Fuck me until I can’t think, until I’m too weak to move.”

He lifted her and hugged her close, loving the erotic feel of her hard nipples raking through the dusting of hair on his chest, relishing how the skin of her flat belly heated



his cock. He strode to the bed with purpose. Supporting her with one arm, he fell to the mattress with her. Hands flew sensuously across the other's skin. Finding warmth, seeking, discovering.

Sandy rolled to his back, drawing her with him until her petite body draped his. His fingers still wrapped in her hair, held her head in place as he ravaged her mouth with slick kisses of promise. She had tossed out the dare. Now he picked up the gauntlet and would give no quarter.

Mel gave as good as she got. Her mouth ground against his. Already her fingers wrapped about his cock, stroking and tugging, goading him on, spurring him to exploit her sexually, to make this night one she'd always remember.

They rolled on the bed, limbs entangled, his fingers finding haven in her slick sheath—plunging, twisting, digging, fucking her.

She arched her body into his hand and came hard. The orgasm appeared out of nowhere. She shuddered and groaned and met his mouth insatiably. Her muscles squeezed at his fingers as he shoved in a third one.

She pulsed, her heart rapped, yet Mel needed more. Her nails scraped across his muscled back, leaving red streaks, a symbol of her heady, wanton desires. The entire evening since she'd arrived—the panties, the dinner, the vibrator, had all led to this moment and now her greatest need was to be fucked hard with his throbbing cock.

Somehow she was atop him once more. Mel crawled up his body, biting at his skin, sucking a dark, erect male nipple until her body arched and her cunt hovered over his erect cock. She met his pistoning hips with a cry of satisfaction when his cock pierced her, pushing upward until he filled her completely. Mel ground down, her pussy sucking at him, keeping him buried, loving how closely connected they were at the moment. It was intimacy on a primordial level. Love was not a part of the joining. That emotion hadn't been present nor was it expected to appear.

This moment was about two prime consenting adults relishing what the other had to offer sexually. It was about the intense act of physical penetration, a consummation

of man and woman in the purest form. She accepted his upward thrusts with cries of pleasure until he flipped her to her back, his cock still buried and pinned her to the mattress.

“Fuck me,” she rasped. “Don’t stop. Just fuck me hard.”

He drove deep, drawing another cry of pleasure from her throat. He pulled back then thrust hard with all his strength. The muscles of his thighs bunched tightly as he strained to bury his cock.

Mel wrapped her legs about his waist, rocking upward, squeezing the muscles of her cunt to keep him close.

They kissed, their tongues dancing wildly. The pubic hair of one rasped against the other as their bodies strained and ground until her clit was smashed against the base of his cock.

He fucked her, slammed into her. Beads of sweat clung to his forehead, dampened his shoulders.

The heat began to build, rising like a thunderstorm on the horizon, whipping through her body until her breasts burned and the blood pounded in her ears.

He filled her. He rocked her. He gave her what her body begged for. The raw, elemental sex suffused his mind. The moment was perfect. There were no taboos of what was sexually correct for this first lovemaking, no fretting about what the aftermath would entail. Neither clung to the other for that reason. It was simply hot sexual release in its purest form.

Mel screamed when another orgasm sizzled through her, the heat shooting from her pussy outward until it enveloped her completely. Her nails drew blood across his shoulders as her body convulsed.

Sandy reared up, grabbed her hips and dragged her ass half onto his lap as he continued to bang her hard. He watched his cock disappear between her swollen cunt lips, then reappear, his shaft slick with the thick juice of her release.

And then it was his turn. His tight balls ached as surge after hot surge of cum filled her. He gasped and ground, holding her hips tightly so she wouldn't slip off his cock. His ass muscles clenched tightly with each thrust.

"Oh my god," she gasped. "Sandy..."

His glides into her body began to slow, yet his fingers continued to clutch her hips and keep her close.

Mel's legs sagged limply to the mattress, her breathing still harsh when Sandy finally fell beside her.

The scent of sex swirled about them. Exhausted in both mind and body, Sandy yanked a bedspread over their nude bodies, settled Mel beside him and listened to her breathing return to normal as he closed his eyes.

## Chapter Five

Hours into the night, Mel woke. The room was still awash with light. Her head turned and she focused on the bedside clock. Four in the morning? She rolled to her side, amazed at how her muscles protested because of the hot fuck with Sandy. She smiled and snuggled her ass closer to his warmth.

*And what a great fuck it had been.*

She smiled when he rolled closer and wrapped his arm around her in his sleep. It was a pleasant feeling. Even better than the guy who had been around for two years prior.

Nice.

But different.

Why?

Mel wasn't giddy with the thought of a budding romance. She wasn't worrying about what Sandy would think of her when he woke. She really didn't care. He knew where she stood and she understood the same about him.

She had teased him, pouted for him, nearly begged him to join her and he'd come, pardon the pun. She giggled at the thought.

Real sex with Sandy was better than any fantasy she could ever have come up with. His cock was magnificent, his stamina unbelievable, his fingers magical beyond belief. No one had ever banged her as hard or made her come until her toes curled. The orgasms had almost been painful—almost. If she never experienced sex again, Mel would go to her grave knowing she'd had the best.

She snorted. There wouldn't be a grave or a bout with celibacy any time in the near future. Only another thirty-six hours or so of mind-boggling sex with the stud currently breathing in her ear.

Mel tucked her hand into his and drifted off with a smile on her lips.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mel floated in a semi state of awareness. Her warm body arched beneath the heavy weight of the bedspread. The sound of running water slowly infiltrated her senses as her eyes blinked open. She lay still, savoring the comforting sounds of sharing the morning with another, then stretched languorously, feeling like the proverbial cat that had licked the cream. Her nose crinkled when she laughed aloud. So far she hadn't licked any cream but that was going to change. Tossing back the covers, she rose slowly and headed for the bathroom, intent on surprising Sandy as he showered.

Steam billowed about, fogging the mirror and heating the rather large room. Tiptoeing across the tile, Mel quickly used the facilities then quietly rattled around in a drawer, finding toothpaste. Not wanting to waste time by digging through her closed suitcase, she squirted a bit onto her finger, scrubbed her teeth, spit and hurried to peek around the shower curtain before she lost her chance.

Sandy stood under the hot spray with his back to her. Mel's gaze coasted straight to the tight globes of his ass, her stomach flipping about. The man really was pure male perfection. And son of a bitch, he was hers for what remained of the weekend.

She stepped into the large tub and glided up behind him. Her breasts touched the hard plane of his back at the same moment her hands drifted over his hips in search of his cock.

"Well it's about time," Sandy chuckled through the thick steam.

"No fair," Mel replied as she kissed his back. "You never even jumped." Her fingers curled around his half-hard shaft and she stroked him. Long and steady strokes, meant to build his ardor.

"I was expecting you." His head fell back and he closed his eyes. Mel's fingers were magical, strumming his cock like it was a fine instrument. After hoping that last night's fun could continue this morning, Sandy figured life couldn't get much better than it was at the moment. He shared his morning shower with a hot, sexy woman who probably liked to fuck more than he did. Yup. It was a fine day.

The touch of her tongue licking his back was erotic as hell. Damn, but she was good. He turned, cupped her cheek and drew her mouth to his. And all the while he kissed her, she continued to tug at his cock.

"Damn that feels good," he murmured as his tongue followed the seam of her lips.

She grinned against his mouth, biting his lower lip gently as she stared into his eyes. "I know how to do something that will make it feel better."

"After last night? You say you've got something better?" He reached out one hand and placed it against the tile for more balance as she played with his dick. The other cupped her breast. "I gotta tell you, Mel. Fucking you last night was the best sex I've ever had. I know it was only one little session but it was everything that built up to it that really got to me. The entire night was like some grandioso foreplay."

"I know exactly what you mean. I was thinking the same thing."

"You know if you keep pulling on my cock that way, we're going to have to do something about it."

"That's what I was hoping." She grinned.

"Mel?" he played with one of her erect nipples for a moment then met her steady gaze. "What does this all mean to you? I'm asking because my only intention was to pay you to test my toys. I'm not looking for a long-term relationship. I really didn't plan on fucking you. That's something that just happened. You asked. I delivered."

Mel giggled as her hand slid up his slippery chest to play with the wet strands of hair by his ears. "Yes you did deliver and I couldn't have been happier. Sandy, listen to me. I don't know what's happened when you've had other women here. But I'm not the type who's going to dissolve into tears and start making demands. I'm certainly not

looking for anything long term either. I just got out of a relationship like that. It was boring. I was unhappy and now I just want some time to enjoy my freedom, to enjoy a weekend with a guy who's got a great cock and fun toys to match."

She loved the sound of his relieved laughter. Good. They definitely were at the same place. "I fucked you last night because I wanted to. That's what it was to me. Fucking. Not making love, not binding my heart to you. I'll be honest. I've always thought you were one of the hottest studs I've ever come across. More than once I've fantasized about you and all the kinky sex acts we could share. I'm glad I pushed you to join me last night. I was so freaking horny and turned on because of the hours beforehand. All I wanted was the real thing."

Sultry eyes glittered up at him through the stream of hot water. "So, want to continue playing with me this weekend? We'll pretend it's like summer camp and make the most of the hours we have left." She laughed happily and waited for his answer.

His hand found her jaw then shifted until his palm cupped the back of her head. He pulled her close for a kiss. "You're a great lady, Mel. I'm looking at you and not even seeing the woman who worked in the same office as me."

She eyed him warily. "Is that a good thing or not? I'm not sure how to take that."

"It's a great thing. I never realized how full of surprises you would be. What I'm trying to say is, I think you're one sexy lady, one hot lay and I'm glad you fantasized about me."

She pushed him slightly away and reached out to play her fingers across his firm chest as she exchanged positions with him. Now she stood beneath the spray. Her brown eyes chanced a glance down to his erection. A wicked smile touched her lips. A slow, sensuous walk of her fingers brought her hand down to his cock. She pushed him back against the tile of the far wall with her other hand. Her fingers wrapped around the hard length of him as she stared into his eyes. Her tongue licked slowly across her lips.

Sandy watched her every movement with anticipation.

Mel sank gracefully to her knees and grasped his balls in her other hand. Her fingers traced small circles from one testicle to the other. "Do you like how this feels?"

"Oh yeah, baby. I can't wait to see what else you've got."

Her hand gently slid up and down the length of his hard cock. The pressure around his erection increased. He watched, mesmerized, when she bent her head and swirled her tongue around the tip of his penis. His stomach muscles contracted. She nibbled the side of his shaft, then licked back to the tip once more.

"You taste salty," she murmured as she squeezed the bulb and lapped once more at the pre-ejaculate. Mel smiled, feeling a sense of power at the same moment. Grasping his erection more firmly in her hand, she wrapped her mouth around his shaft and slowly slid down his hard length, then came back to the tip, sucking, drawing at him as she squeezed.

A whoosh of air left Sandy's mouth. He reached out and gently guided her head as she sucked him. The swirl of her tongue around his swollen dick nearly drove him mad. It was when she licked at his cock's slit to lap up the pre-ejaculate and slid her lips over him again that he began to fuck her mouth with a rhythmic motion.

Warm water pelted off her back to spray small droplets erotically across his chest. She built the heat in his belly, created a hotbed of emotion and physical response that pre-empted an orgasm. He winced in pleasure as her lips circled his cock once more. Her head bobbed, increasing the tempo.

Sandy's head fell back for a moment as his eyes closed and he swung his hips forward, his cock always staying in contact with her full lips. She knew how suck a cock, that was for sure. He couldn't pull away now.

His jaw clenched as her tongue caressed the length of him. One hand continued to fondle his balls. Her mouth slid back up his cock, nibbling, tantalizing, driving him closer to the edge.



Her fingers tightened around his penis and she stroked him more passionately. She sucked harder. His hips pumped to the tempo she set. His fingers curled in her hair, keeping his dick firmly in her mouth.

On and on he pumped until he arched in her hand and hot cum spurted into her mouth. His eyes closed tightly and his mouth sagged open.

Mel swallowed the semen in her throat and let him finish coming on her chest. She jerked her hand up and down his shaft until he was empty. The hot spray of the shower washed the semen from her breasts as she waited for him to catch his breath.

Sandy rolled his head forward and opened his eyes with a slack-jawed grin of approval.

Mel stood, cupped her breasts with her hands and leaned forward to rub them across his slick chest. Lowering his mouth, he captured an erect nipple, swirled his tongue around the hard dart then moved to its twin. "You've got a great set of breasts, Mel." His palm caressed her hip then slid down to her pussy. He watched her face as his thumb came in contact with her clitoris. He dipped a finger into her cunt.

Mel automatically spread her stance to give him better access. Her eyes narrowed and her mouth formed an appreciative moue. "God that feels great."

"Let's head for the bed," he whispered as he kissed the soft skin at the front of her throat and inserted a second finger.

Her arms draped around his neck as she dipped against his thrusts. "I'll meet you there. Give me a chance to do a quick soap up and we'll see what you can...um, come up with."

He fingered her for a second more then gave her a quick kiss. "Don't be long." He stepped from the spray.

Mel grabbed the soap and quickly built up lather.

\* \* \* \* \*

It wasn't long before Sandy looked up to see Mel strolling across the room. His gaze flicked over her nude body. Man, the woman was in shape and, to top it off, just as comfortable naked as she was fully clothed. Her skin was still flushed pink from the heat of the shower. Small droplets of water clung tenaciously to the fine pubic curls between her legs. Her breasts hung heavy, the nipples peaked hard from what he suspected was not only the cooler temperature of the room but from the sexual anticipation he spied gleaming in her eyes. Mel epitomized the modern woman. Sharp, witty, intelligent and definitely an independent persona to be reckoned with. She went after what she wanted with no qualms or apologies. And right now it looked like she was after him.

An excited leer creased his face. He couldn't be happier.

She stopped in the middle of the room and reached up to pluck at her nipples with a sexy, wicked smile in place. "So, Mr. Willard. Are we just going to get straight to the fucking or am I still punched in on your time clock?"

He shook his head with a laugh and stretched comfortably on the mattress. "Since we're back to working hours, I thought to pull out another toy or two."

She joined him on the bed, casually sitting on the edge and leaning back over her locked elbows. "So what kind of fun do you have in store this time around?"

Sandy gave her a quick peck on the lips, rolled off the bed and opened a nearby dresser drawer. Pulling out a box, he set it in her hands.

Mel glanced up. "Another vibrator?"

"Yeah, it's just a standard model. No extras, no remote controls, but I thought about doing something different. I've got a photo room in the basement, part of my plan that hasn't been implemented yet. Movies. How would you like to be the first subject of my trial video?"

"No way. I'm not chancing the fact that it could very well end up in the wrong hands and possibly splattered across the web. Too many people might recognize me."

"I wouldn't do that to you, Mel. Taping you in front of the camera is just for a test run. When we're through, we'll watch it together then I'll hand it over for a keepsake from the weekend."

"We'd watch the final product together?"

He nodded.

"And you promise you'll hand over the video?"

He raised a palm with a sexy grin plastered on his mouth. "On my honor."

"Oh, sounds kinky." Her eyes glanced down at the florescent colored vibrator in her hand. "So you want me to play by myself with this thing in front of the camera? Or are you going to join me?"

"Hadn't thought about joining you but that's not such a bad idea. First off, I'd like to get you by yourself, playing with the vibrator, doing what it takes to get off. I'd say fake it but I don't think you have that in you."

Mel laughed as she stood up beside him. "I always said why moan for the hell of it. I'm in, Sandy. Let's do it." She followed him out of the room, suddenly excited as hell. A video. It was something she'd never done before and she couldn't wait to see the finished product.

They entered a large, brightly lit room with a bed in the corner. Cameras and various assorted video equipment were set up about the perimeter.

"Wow," Mel exclaimed. "You've got a lot of money in this, don't you?"

Sandy was already busy checking the camera lens, totally unmindful that he was completely naked. "It takes money to make money." He leaned back, clicked something on the camera then was back viewing through the lens once more. "I've got investors lined up and ready to go into production. One of them works out of Hollywood. He was the one who set me up with all this equipment and made the suggestion to sell videos once we're up and running. He even had the idea that maybe I should consider a

free fifteen-minute video with every purchase, sort of a complimentary gift during our grand opening.”

“I better not be the subject of that free video.”

Sandy chuckled. He stepped back and glanced up. “I think I’m ready. What about you? Feel free, Mel, to say no to this. I always keep my word. The video is yours when we’re done.”

Mel crossed to the bed with the vibrator in hand, noting his happy grin as her mind already whirled with ideas and poses for the camera. “Do you have any lubrication around here?”

He was beside her in a flash with a tube. Before handing it over, he pulled her naked body close and nuzzled her neck. “Thanks, Mel. I can’t believe how totally right I was about you. You’re the perfect person for this job. I might just have to throw in a bonus.”

She laughed and rubbed her nose against his. “You already did. Last night.”

They enjoyed a lingering kiss before she pulled away. “So do you have any music or anything? Seems kind of weird to be doing this without any noise.”

“Just crawl up on the bed. I’ll plug in a CD.”

Mel waited for the music to start and for Sandy to position himself behind the camera. His hand came up and he silently counted to three, one finger at a time. The red recording light came on. He tipped his head to the side and gave her a silent thumbs-up.

Mel swung her hips as she stepped close to the bed and leisurely sank onto the soft surface. Looking directly at the camera lens, she slowly sucked on one of her fingers while brushing the vibrator’s tip across her heavy breasts then on down a path over her stomach and across her outer thighs while keeping her legs closed. An earthy, sexy smile touched her mouth in response to Sandy’s reaction. His chest expanded with the deep breaths while watching her antics.

Mel rolled to her side to hide her pubic mound from the lens and twisted slightly so her breasts would also be hidden while continuing to rub the vibrator along the length of her thigh. She formed her lips and pouted sexily for the camera. From there she rose to her knees still facing away from the lens. Her buttocks rested against her calves as she closed her eyes and let her head fall back as she rubbed the vibrator about her shoulders.

"I'll dub music in after, Mel. I just had to tell you you're one helluva tease." Fuck, right at the moment he would love to bang the hell out of her. Screw the vibrator along with the chance to watch her. But, the video was rolling and she was doing a wonderful job playing to the camera. He couldn't wait to see her reaction when she watched herself.

"I want you to turn around, get on your back and spread your legs so I can see your pussy."

"Man I'm wet," she murmured. "I'm turning myself on."

"You're turning me on. Do it."

Mel rolled sensuously to her back, then spread her legs for his viewing. For a bit of extra teasing, she spread her pussy lips and caressed her clit with the tip of the vibrator.

Sandy almost came on the spot. Her glistening folds made him rock hard. "Spread yourself farther apart and fuck yourself with the vibrator. From here it doesn't look like you need any gel."

Mel flicked the "on" switch. Instantly, a low whirring noise filled the room. He was right. She was so wet that she wouldn't need any kind of lubrication.

She grasped the pulsating instrument with both hands and ran the tip down her slit, then back up again. Hot jolts swept through her stomach. She didn't know if it was the idea of sticking the thick vibrator inside her or the fact that Sandy's eyes were glued to the spot between her legs.

She kept her eyes on him, inserted the vibrator and slid it all the way up her pussy. The pulses stroking the inside of her vagina sent a shaft of heat straight through her

belly. She tipped the sex toy slightly to throb against her clitoris. Her head fell back with the wonderful sensation that coursed through her.

She nearly forgot Sandy watching her as she began to pump against the vibrator, wrapped in the hot feelings that mounted as she fucked herself. She arched her hips and knew it wouldn't be long before she was rewarded with an orgasm.

She was right. She gasped as her muscles clenched around the thick length inside her and she rocked with the tempo until the hot flames subsided.

Her knees fell open as the last shiver raked her insides. Leaving the vibrator inserted as she massaged her breasts, she opened her eyes to see Sandy's fists clenched at his sides. Pre-ejaculate dripped from the tip of his penis.

"That was incredible, Mel. I want nothing more than to fuck you right now."

"Then come and join me." She rose to her knees once more and waited for him to join her on the bed, beckoning him with one bent finger.

Sandy sank to the mattress on his knees. His cock ached when she reached out to pull him closer until they faced one another. She bent forward and kissed one of his nipples. He flinched and sucked in his breath. Silently, she ran a hand down the bulging muscles of one arm and back up to caress his shoulder while stroking his erection to the base of his cock and back up again.

A whisper of a kiss and Mel rolled to her hands and turned her ass in his direction to give him a complete view of her backside and her wet pussy. She arched slightly and looked over her shoulder. Her eyes shadowed with passion when she reached for the tube of lubricating gel and flipped it across the mattress in his direction.

Sudden, surprised understanding of what she planned blazed in his eyes.

She swayed her backside back and forth before him. "I want you to lubricate only one finger. That's all you can use right now. If you're gentle, I might let you fuck me in the ass."

All he could do was smile as he gelled his finger and wondered silently what it would take to get Mel to make more than one video for him. She was just too damn excellent and possessed enough natural instinct for him to not include her in the future of his company.

He crawled between her spread knees and stared at her ass when she dropped her chest to the mattress and settled her head on a pillow. Before touching her, he lubed his cock.

She had started it and it was only going to end one way.

Squirting one more lump of lubricant on the end of his finger, he reached out to rub it between her cheeks. Her anus was soft against his finger as he coated the outer edge of her rectum then slowly slipped the tip of his finger into her ass. She gasped into the pillow but urged him on with slight movements against his hand.

He worked his finger farther inside, amazed that nothing had ever made him this hot before. Her tight ass squeezed around his finger. His erection ached. He continued to slide his finger in and out as he bent and slowly ran his tongue up the straight line of her spine. "I can't wait to stick my cock in you," he sighed as he brushed aside her hair and nuzzled her neck.

"Do it, Sandy. Stick your cock in me. Don't make me wait any longer."

He grasped her hip in one hand and guided the tip of his dripping penis to her anus. Positioning his knees for better balance, Sandy worked his cock inside her, slid as far as he could go, and then held her tightly against him, his eyes squeezed shut. Fuck, it was a struggle to control his excitement as he began to stroke slowly.

Mel met each wonderful stroke into her ass, working her hips until they rolled faster and harder. Soon, her ass slapped against his upper thighs as the familiar heat of orgasm built. He grunted as he pounded into her and she slid the length of his penis time after time.

Suddenly, without warning, flaming, intense sparks of heat burst inside her rectum, raced through her clitoris and burned a path from her belly to her breasts. Mel groaned

his name with the intensity of the orgasm. It ripped through her body as he slammed her back against him and impaled her on his pulsing cock.

He came in waves that caused his stomach muscles to clench, his heart to race and his grunts to turn to strangled groans until he collapsed beside her on the bed. Both were slick with sweat and neither could say another word until they were able to catch their breath.

No words were needed, however. Sandy dragged her body close, slanted his mouth across hers and drank in the sweetness of her lips. Her tongue danced with his. This new exploration of one another's mouth was as erotic as the hot anal sex they'd just shared.



## **Chapter Six**

Mel was wrapped in her soft bathrobe, smelling sweetly of the lavender-scented bath she'd just taken. A noise akin to a purr left her throat as she cuddled in the chair.

"I could get used to this treatment. I can't believe I'm getting paid for this."

Sandy glanced at her as he set down a platter that held two steaming lobsters. "Well, enjoy. After the day we've had, we need to eat a good meal." He plopped into his chair across from her, wearing nothing but a set of soft flannel jogging pants. "Kind of elegant and simple at the same time. Good suggestion, Mel, that we just stay comfortable and not get dressed for dinner."

"After the day I had, I don't know if I could find the energy."

The afternoon had been wild. After the rousing anal sex, she'd rested a bit until Sandy had carried her back to the upper floor. The next three hours were spent discovering more new toys. She'd been amazed at his ingenuity and more or less his "street smarts" when coming up with specialty items that would turn a woman's body inside out with satisfaction. Sandy had actually created a clit clamp that stayed on while its wearer was being fucked. She knew that because she'd asked him to slip in his cock while testing it out. Of course that had led them off track as they'd played hotly with one another.

She'd tried four different levels of pussy sleeves, testing the comfort after insertion. Of course, Sandy had insisted his male perspective was needed and they'd rolled around on the thick carpet giggling and fucking until they had both come more than once. There had been nipple clamps, more anal toys, a host of edible lotions until she'd begged for a reprieve. Exhausted from the many hard orgasms she'd experienced, Sandy had insisted on drawing a bath and leaving her to rest comfortably in the scented water while he left to prepare a delicious meal.

She picked at her lobster, relishing the sweet flavor and feeling like a queen. She watched as he reached across and poured more wine into her half empty glass, realizing how their relationship had completely changed from only one day earlier. "Sandy. Isn't this strange as hell? I feel like I've known you forever."

He chuckled, held up one finger to forestall anything else she might say and popped a chunk of lobster into his mouth. His eyes closed and total satisfaction softened his jaw. Once he swallowed, he looked her way again. "Sorry. I just wanted the full effect. Damn this shit is good." He took a sip of wine before responding to her observation. "As to what you mentioned, yeah, I feel the same. Yet this is so damn different, isn't it? Being with you when we both understand it's purely for physical enjoyment is what makes the difference. I don't think I've ever felt the comfort level with a woman that I feel with you. No pressure, no wondering where the sex is leading." He grinned.

"Rather liberating isn't it?" She smiled back. "Eventually I hope to find the man of my dreams. Right now? I'm at a place in my life that I know I'm not ready for commitments of the heart. I just want to have some fun right now – sow the proverbial wild oats so to speak. Just because I'm a woman doesn't mean that I can't. Oh, and I like the idea that I can tie all that into making a thousand dollars for one weekend's work. Hope that doesn't make me sound naughty."

He lifted his glass with a gleeful snort. "Cheers, Mel, to the best little naughty girl I've ever met."

She laughed and tapped his goblet. "And here's to you, the best orgasm creator I've ever met, including your toys *and* your real equipment. Some gal is going to be damn lucky someday."

She tilted her head and stared for a moment, her gaze taking in his handsome features. "You have been my biggest fantasy for such a long time that I'm wondering what it's going to be like at work from here on out. Now that I've gotten to know you,

I'm really going to miss you or at least miss the idea of someone to daydream about. Sounds crazy, hey?"

"When you put it like that, yeah, maybe. I was thinking about something today. My toy company is going to take off. I've got good solid products plus committed investors. I'm already thinking about staffing issues and all the things a business entails. Why don't you come on board with me? You've got a great background for this industry. Hell, everyone at Random knows how important you are to the company. You should have been getting paid for a director position, not administrative assistant wages. I'll pay you what you're worth."

"You're really offering me a job? I hadn't even given that a thought. Now that you mention it though..."

"Keep it in mind. You don't have to answer right now. Hell, you don't even have to answer tomorrow. I'd hire you in the blink of an eye."

"You wouldn't do that just because we've been fucking like a couple of rabbits, would you?"

His chuckle rumbled in his throat. "I'd hire you in spite of that. You'd be a hell of an asset with your background knowledge. And just think. You could fuck the boss and it wouldn't complicate work ethics and standard office relationships."

Mel nearly snorted wine out her nose and accepted the napkin he laughingly tossed her way. "Hell, you just sold me with that last proposal," she stated as she wiped her chin. "Puts a whole new spin on 'coffee break'. Really, Sandy. Thank you for the offer. I'm seriously going to give it some thought."

Mel's employment wasn't mentioned again but she smiled to herself when more than once during the meal Sandy prodded her with business questions and her ideas for further expansion once the doors opened.

It was late by the time they finished a light dessert and when Mel yawned, Sandy opted to end the day. More discussion and tests could be performed in the morning. In fact, he admitted he was as worn out as she.

After what they'd shared sexually, it was strange for Sandy to walk Mel to her bedroom door and leave it at that.

"Why don't you come and sleep with me?" he suggested. "No sex, just someone to cuddle with. Seems odd to simply say goodnight and head for my own room."

Mel smiled, linked her arm with his and let him lead the way.

\* \* \* \* \*

They slept in the following morning, both surprised that at first waking it was after ten o'clock. Mel rolled out of bed and took a quick shower, half hoping that Sandy would join her, yet relieved he didn't. Her stomach rumbled with hunger. A few minutes later, she slapped Sandy's bare butt and insisted he shower while she fixed a hearty breakfast.

Moving about his kitchen, she mused about the coming day. He had mentioned something about paying her at noon. Hell, he'd said he'd pay her half down at noon on Saturday. That sure hadn't happened. Although, Mel hugged herself with glee then tightened the sash of her robe, the alternative had been much, much better from the early morning blowjob right up until cuddling beside his warmth last night. Now she simply wondered what time she'd be heading home.

She cracked eggs into a bowl and began to whisk them into a frothy liquid, added the diced onion and ham and set it aside. She'd finish cooking once Sandy showed. Pouring herself a hot cup of coffee, she perched atop a stool and looked about the kitchen, noting the elegance and expensive appliances. Sandy didn't do anything cheaply. He always paid well for what he needed, including her.

Mel waited for pangs of anxiety, remorse, whatever it was that maybe she should be feeling at the moment, but nothing. In another time and place, she might be sitting on a similar stool riddled with guilt at how she'd performed over the last two days but not this morning. And most likely not any other morning. She was having the time of her life and planned to take whatever else she could until she left his house.

She was so deep in thought that she missed Sandy's entrance into the kitchen until he whistled to catch her attention.

"Oh, sorry, I don't know where my mind was." She eyed the robe he wore and wondered if he was completely naked beneath it. "I was just waiting for you before cooking the omelets. There's fresh coffee."

"Just what I need." He poured himself a cup of coffee and watched her slip off the stool.

She smiled at him as she walked by and pulled his mouth close to give him a quick kiss. "I'll have breakfast ready in a sec." Before she took another step, his arm wrapped about her belted waist and he pulled her close. Dipping his head, he captured her lips and kissed her long and hard. His fingers bunched around the folds of material at her thighs and drew the hem upward until he was able to grasp her bare ass cheeks without the terrycloth between them.

"HMMMMM, nice ass, woman."

She ground her mound against his hardening cock and locked her hands behind his neck. "I thought maybe you'd want to have breakfast before...um, starting the day."

"I do plan to have breakfast. Just not what you'd originally planned to serve."

Without a word he whisked her into the air and deposited her on the edge of the table. His fingers plucked at her tied sash until her robe fell open. He dragged the open neckline down past her shoulders and tight around her upper arms, rendering her his prisoner for the moment. His lips found a hard nipple and he sucked ferociously until she groaned with delight.

"Oh yeah, Sandy. Does this mean I'm the main course?"

He pressed her flat against the table then yanked open the long line of her robe to completely expose her body. His smoky gaze devoured the roundness of her breasts, the flatness of her stomach and traveled to her lightly furred pussy. Beneath the curls that covered her mound, he could see her slit. He knew without doubt that she was already slick with need. Pressing her thighs wide, he immediately spread her feminine

lips and ran his finger the length of her slit, taking along her own wetness to tease her clit.

Mel's body jerked on the table when he swirled a fingertip around her swollen clit. His heated gaze tracked his actions. Lifting his passion-filled eyes, he met her glazed half-shuttered stare. Jamming a finger inside her, he bent and gave her a grinding kiss.

Mel gasped quietly with sweet delight and squeezed around his finger to keep it from escaping. "Two fingers," she panted out. Her head lolled against the table's surface. A strangled groan left her mouth when he pulled from her sucking force and flicked her engorged clit. She gasped louder when he answered her panting request with two fingers up her pussy. He ground deep, relishing how she squeezed tightly in response. She began to writhe and struggled to sit forward, ready to guide his cock inside.

Gently but determinedly he pushed her flat against the table again. "I'm not ready to fuck. Not yet." Shrugging off his robe, he used his thighs to keep her knees spread and jammed in three fingers at once, hearing another whimper of pleasure deep in her throat. Her pussy stretched tightly around them as she moaned in response. His palm brushed down the curves of her body to find her clit as he continued to finger her.

Her knees came up and she spread them wide. Her hips pumped against his palm as she followed his rhythm. Her fingers threaded their way through her thick, blonde waves.

His cock ached but he needed a taste of her sweet cunt.

His fingers disappeared.

"No," she groaned in despair.

His tongue swept through her dripping slit.

"Oh, god, yes!"

His teeth nipped at her velvet lips, his tongue swirled against her clit. "Christ, you taste sweet." He laved the length of her, over and over.

“Make me come again,” she gritted out as she timed the motion of her hips to his tongue’s forceful glide, feeling the familiar heat rise once more. She kept moving that way until his teeth clamped around her clit. His finger found her pussy once more. He buried it and sucked hard at her bud.

Mel’s wiggling turned to jerking rolls of her hips. His tongue slipped past her pussy lips until he found her liquid entrance. He darted into her as she bucked wildly on the table, his own hips pumping the air madly with each thrust of his tongue inside her body. Mel panted crazily as her body convulsed. Using both hands now, he spread her cunt lips wide and lapped at the wetness that spilled across his tongue. God, he ached for release.

Suddenly, Sandy couldn’t wait any longer. He grabbed her by the waist and easily dragged her body closer until her ass hung on the edge of the table. Yanking her thighs wider, he spread her pussy lips with his fingers and lustily rammed his cock inside her.

She squirmed and clawed at his forearms, her body desperately and silently begging him to fuck her as hard as he could. Reaching down between them, he stroked her hot wet clit again, loving how her body started at his touch. Pulling her even closer, he braced one knee on the surface beside her and rammed deep then guided her legs up and over his shoulders and met her rocking motions with his own.

The smell of their sex surrounded him. He breathed in the scent deeply, the essence spurring him to a quicker pace until his body flattened across hers. He used the position to apply hot pressure to her clit as he fucked her for all he was worth. Wild, hot glides took him to the end of her cunt and back. Latching on to a stiff nipple, he rolled it between his teeth, which only drew a scream of pleasure from her throat. She shuddered violently.

Mel swirled in the hot bliss, her body taking each rough thrust, her clit sensitized to the friction he created as he plunged forward. The orgasm continued, rocking her to the core, stealing the breath from her lungs. She ground upward. She couldn’t get enough—never enough.

He growled, tightened his hold on her hips and buried himself to his balls, convulsing as he let loose once more to discover sweet release in her depths.

“Oh god, oh...god,” she mumbled between harsh pants as her head lolled on the tabletop. Weak with numbing pleasure, her arms fell to the table. Her eyes closed and when he pulled out his cock, her legs hung limply over the edge.

“Oh,” she moaned when his palm brushed up the inside of her thigh. His fingertips stroked the line of her pussy and his heaving breath washed over her breasts as he leaned on one elbow beside her.

She was powerless to stop the heat that instantly ignited again, swelling her clit. She simply lay there and let him pet her, let him stroke her gently until her thighs spread wide. He slipped his fingers into her cunt once more and she listened to the wet plunging noises as he drove deep, in and out, urging her to ride the tide of orgasm one more time.

His teeth nibbled at her bare breasts, his fingers pounded faster. Her thighs spread wider. Heat traveled in a line from her breasts to her womb and suddenly she jerked on the table, her cunt pulsing around his fingers, her nipples rigid and the air hitching in the back of her throat until she lay still once more.

Sandy gathered her into his arms and headed for the bedroom. He couldn't get enough. Being with Mel this morning was like nothing he'd ever experienced before. All he could think about was fucking her, eating her, licking her juices. At some point today they would part and he was taking all that he could.

Once he reached the bedroom, he flipped her to her belly and slid atop her. Tenderly kissing her shoulders, he drew her arms upward until her fingers wrapped around the pillow. One masculine knee spread her thighs. He settled his cock close to her cunt, reached between her and the mattress and began to rub her clit with the fingers of both hands. At the same time, he slipped his cock into her pussy, moistened its thickness, then withdrew.



His fingers moved to her hips and he hauled her ass up slightly, slipped a pillow beneath her and stared hotly at her parted ass cheeks and her brown puckered hole. Taking his cock in one hand while holding her hip with the other, he guided his dick deep into her ass, plunging a steady rhythm until she began to answer him with hard backward thrusts.

Beads of sweat rolled down his back as he fucked her.

Her body glistened with a sheen of perspiration that evidenced how forcefully she answered each deep plunge he meted out, somehow having found the strength once more after the session on the kitchen table.

With a deep growl, Sandy sank forward and let himself go. Hot liquid filled her ass. His fingers stroked her clit.

She shuddered with delight, her body rocking pleasurably until he rolled from her and they lay silently in the morning light.

## **Epilogue**

Sandy stepped out of his Ferrari into the hot afternoon sun. He clicked “lock” on his key remote and headed for the building. Though he had a reserved parking area in the company’s back lot, nothing thrilled him more than to drive up Commerce Lane and see the sign for Willard Enterprises rising above the tall palm trees of Santa Barbara.

Tomorrow would be five years exactly since he’d been given the boot at Random Toys. In Sandy’s book, that day was a celebrated anniversary. He chuckled quietly and wondered where all the administrative personnel of the defunct company had found jobs. They certainly weren’t working for Sanford Willard even after he’d bought out the company two years ago. Those idiots had refused to lend him an ear back when he’d tried to move the company forward and Sandy had never forgotten it.

A cool blast of air hit him when he strode through the double-wide glass doors. Each step he took sounded across the expensive marble floor.

A receptionist with long black hair and bright red lipstick looked up from where she studied the company catalog. Immediately a huge smile broke out across her face. “Sandy! We weren’t expecting you until the end of the week.”

“Good morning, Sara. I managed to tie up all my loose ends a bit sooner than expected. I caught an early flight and here I am.”

“How was Europe?”

“It was a great trip. Very profitable for the company. I signed on the dotted line. We’re now going to be distributing out of Paris and Amsterdam as I had hoped.”

Sara squealed with delight. “Well congratulations. Is it a secret or can I spread the news?”

Sandy snorted as he pushed away from the desk and headed for his office. Funny question from his receptionist. One thing that Sandy adhered to as president of his

company was a tell-all, ask-all policy. Employees were too damn vital to the growth of Willard Enterprises to not run things the way he did. He was proud of the fact that all his employees spoke to him on a first-name basis and always knew how important they were to the corporation. "Tell the world, honey. Nothing is ever a secret around here!" he said, laughing.

He used the front elevator to get to the third-floor offices. When the doors parted, a secretive smile touched his mouth. He couldn't wait to pass out the great expansion news but he wondered if Sara had already called up to let everyone know.

Rounding a corner that led to the main administrative offices, Sandy caught the eye of his secretary as his gaze darted from her to the open door behind her. He raised a finger and pressed it against his lips, shushing anything she might say aloud. He set his briefcase on her desk, sent her a wink and kept on going, excited now to get behind closed doors.

She sat with her back to him and the phone to her ear. Quietly, so as not to draw attention, Sandy closed the door behind him and very carefully set the lock. He maintained his silence as he crossed the lush carpet, listening to her voice as she discussed a missing shipment. She was always cordial but firm when she wanted something done. And right now it sounded like she wanted her shipment tracked down, like yesterday.

She nearly jumped out of her skin when he spun the chair around to face him.

Mel gasped and shook an angry finger at him but her smile summed up her joy. "Yes, I know you said those boxes left the dock in Michigan but I want to know where they are currently and I'm not going to hang up until you find them."

Sandy grinned and followed it with a devilish wink. He nodded and pretended to talk on an invisible phone then hang it up.

Mel's brow furrowed. *Go away*, she mouthed in his direction as she tried to listen to the person on the other end of the phone.

Sandy wagged his head and dropped to his knees.

Mel glanced at him warily and tried not to smile. She shook another warning finger at him just before her mouth sagged open when he forced her knees apart. His fingertips tickled up the inside of one silken thigh.

Mel's eyes fluttered shut when he leaned forward and nuzzled her neck, enjoying the feel of his lips tugging at her earlobe. She bit her lip as heat raced through her when he dragged her free hand to his covered crotch and forced her fingers around his very erect cock.

"I tell you what," she said softly to the person on the other end of the line, yet with authority lacing her voice. "Something just came up." She struggled to keep a snort from erupting. Talk about a double entendre. "You check those numbers and get back to me."

Her heart beat crazily when his finger slipped inside her panties and found the swelling bud of her clit. "No...no you don't have to get back to me in the next hour." She met Sandy's eyes and winked at him, no matter how hard it was to concentrate as he fingered her pussy. "To-tomorrow will be fine. Yes. Goodbye."

She clicked off the phone and tossed it on the floor as she met his seeking lips with a moan of delight while hugging him close. "Sandy, you shit. You didn't tell me you were coming back. I should have expected it though. Especially when tomorrow is your anniversary of Random's 'hit the pavement' date." Her thighs parted wider. "God that feels good. I missed you."

"It's not just my anniversary date. It's our anniversary."

He tugged at her panties and pulled them down her thighs beneath her skirt. She had no choice but to close her legs until he shrugged them off.

"Five years tomorrow, Mel, since the first time we fucked. Five years and we're still friends. That's something to celebrate."

She let him lift her from the chair as he took her place then pulled her down to straddle his lap. "I can't believe I'm still putting up with you. Although you, Mr.

Willard, have remained a pretty good lay." Her hands were busy yanking down his zipper and digging inside his underwear to free his cock.

Sandy easily guided her body until her pussy slid across the tip of his cock and its length. The catch of her breath whispered over his cheek. She adjusted herself so she could better use her legs to lever herself onto his cock.

"I'm not only a great lay," he finally responded, "but you got a vice-presidency tossed in with the package."

She clutched his shoulders and ground down over the thickness of his hard cock. She knew she was getting to him because that familiar intense look of desire glittered in his eyes. "I worked my ass off for my position. I deserve it whether I fuck the boss or not."

Sandy unbuttoned the last pearl button on her blouse and shoved the silken material aside. He quickly released the catch of her lacy bra and her breasts spilled out into his waiting hands. He massaged them to the same tempo of each of Mel's grinds against his body. "Did you miss me? Even a little bit?"

She cupped his jaw in her slender hands. Her eyes glistened with happiness. "Of course I did. But you're still an asshole for not letting me know you were coming back early. I could have planned a better place for us to fuck than here in my chair. You did lock the door, didn't you? That's all we need, to have someone walk in and discover us."

"Who cares? They all know we have an arrangement when that door is closed." As he said it, he propelled them both out of the chair but his cock never left her tight sheath. He struck out blindly to clear the top of her desk, guided her to her back and fucked her now with long hard glides.

"Ouch," she murmured.

"Am I hurting you?" he asked and quickly slowed his strokes.

"It's not you. I'm lying on something. It's under my left ass cheek."

Sandy's hand immediately found the offending item. He pulled out their wedding picture, tossed it aside and captured her waiting lips once more.

## About the Author

Picture Ruby Storm with her hair on fire! Yup, that's her every morning when she bounds out of bed and heads for her home office. Ruby thanks her lucky stars that she's a full-time writer and a part-time matchstick. Although, there is a hint of a bulldog somewhere in there, too. Once she sticks her teeth into something, there's no turning back until it works.

Ruby loves to write, plain and simple. So much so that she took a leap of faith in herself and quit her 'professional' job, stuck her butt in front of a computer, and finally discovered what brings her true happiness. Her Romantica® stories for Ellora's Cave spans many genres: Contemporary, Futuristic, Fantasy, Paranormal, Time Travel and Historical. Be sure to check out her sweet historical romance series at Ellora's Cave's sister site, Cerridwen Press. All of Ruby's titles have received top awards for excellence in writing.

Some might think that the life of a writer is glamorous and enviable. This is what Ruby has to say about that: "Glamorous? Think of me in sweats and an old t-shirt just beneath that flaming head of mine, typing with one hand and beating out the fire with the other. Envious? Most times my 'new' job consists of long hours of dedication and damn hard work, cramping leg muscles from sitting too long, and a backside that for some reason is widening by the week. But I wouldn't change my life for the world!"

Ruby welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and email address on her author bio page at [www.ellorascave.com](http://www.ellorascave.com).

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