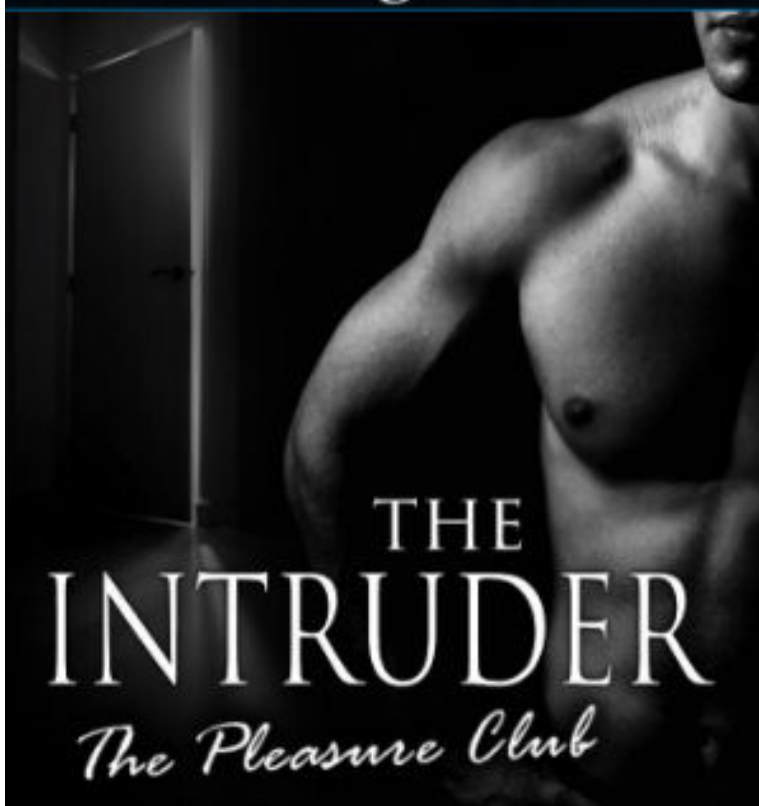


COBBLESTONE PRESS PRESENTS



# WICKED

Anna Leigh Keaton



## THE INTRUDER

*The Pleasure Club*

*The Pleasure Club:*

*The Intruder*

*By*

*Anna Leigh Keaton*

## **The Intruder by Anna Leigh Keaton**

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### **The Intruder**

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**Welcome to The Pleasure Club**

*Dear Ms. Yeager,*

*We're pleased to welcome you to The Pleasure Club.*

*As you have already signed and returned the contract and filled out all the necessary forms to ensure you receive your every wish, we will be in touch with you shortly with the details of your first Pleasure Night. Your Wish List and Pleasure Forms have been turned over to our staff of highly trained Pleasure Guardians, and they are hard at work finding your perfect match.*

*We will endeavor to meet your personal fantasy.*

*When you are contacted again, you will be given a location where your Pleasure Night will begin, and you will also be given a safe word to use should you at any time become uncomfortable. There is no shame in changing your mind. We're here for your pleasure, and should your safe word be used, your match for the evening will cease all activity, and the game will be put on hold until a mutual agreement between you and your Pleasure Master can be reached.*

*Once again, welcome to The Pleasure Club.*

*Please feel free to contact the office at any time should you have any questions.*

*Yours truly,*

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*The Pleasure Club Management*

\* \* \* \* \*

*Ms. Yeager,*

*Your Pleasure Night will begin Friday the 8th, 11:00 PM  
at your house.*

*Your safe word is Alert.*

*Sincerely,*

*The Pleasure Guardians*

\* \* \* \* \*

Enola Yeager pulled the covers up to her neck and checked the clock on her nightstand yet again. The red digital numbers read 10:55. Her palms cold and clammy, she wrung her hands together and prayed she had the strength to go through with this.

She needed it. Needed to get past this terror that gripped her whenever the house grew dark and quiet at night. Needed to reclaim her life so she didn't have to stay up all night. For two whole years, she'd turned her life upside down just to survive. Sleep during the day, work at night. Work in her home office, with the door locked, barred against an intruder.

The fear *needed* to end!

The clock read 10:58 now. Her heart hammered so hard her chest hurt, and she wanted to jump up and turn on the light. She hadn't been alone in the dark in those two years, and...

She swallowed, her mouth dry. He'd be here in two minutes. Two short minutes. Then she could turn all of this around and start over without fear.

A tear streamed down her cheek and into her hair. Her whole body shook, and cold sweat popped out on her forehead.

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She pushed herself up against the headboard and edged her feet toward the side of the bed so she could be prepared to jump up.

The Pleasure Guardians swore the man knew the rules, knew exactly what she wanted from tonight. What if he was actually like the real one? What if—

Glass shattered downstairs.

Enola yelped and clamped her hand over her mouth. Her stomach turned. She couldn't do this. Couldn't do this. Couldn't— *I have to do this! I need to be free of this terror.*

He was a Pleasure Master. He wouldn't hurt her. He knew the rules she needed to play by tonight.

The old house creaked, the hardwood stairs moaning as he made his way toward her room.

Only the faintest glow filtered in the window from the streetlight outside her house. It was enough to see the bedroom door swing open and a huge, imposing black figure stand in the doorway.

She froze. Her mind screamed in terror, but her body locked up solid, motionless, on the bed. She couldn't scream, couldn't even tremble.

The dark figure moved toward the bed. Midnight jacket, pants, gloves, but most terrifying was the black facemask that covered his head and hid everything but his eyes and mouth.

"No," she whispered, or thought she whispered. Her lips moved, but she wasn't sure any sound came out because the blood pounded in her ears too loud for her to hear anything.

The intruder stalked toward her, stealthy and slow, his steps silent on the carpet. She gripped the edge of the bedspread in her fists until her hands hurt. He crossed the room and stood over her at the edge of the bed.

As if in slow motion, his hands came up from his sides, formed claws, and reached toward her. She stared at those black gloved hands. They were huge. They'd choke the breath out of her, bruise her flesh as they had before.

Only last time, she was asleep when the man entered her room. She didn't wake up until he was on top of her. Seeing it was worse, knowing

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what would happen was so much more terrifying!

The leather of his gloves was surprisingly soft against her flesh as his fingers slowly curled around her neck.

His grip tightened a bit.

Tears ran down her cheeks. Her fingers ached from fisting the blanket. She tried to find her voice, to scream. She'd screamed last time—screamed so hard her throat had not only been bruised from his hands but raw from her own voice. This time nothing came out. Not even a squeak.

*Please, her mind cried. Please don't!*

He moved even closer, placing one knee on the bed. She could see his eyes through the mask. They were light, though in the darkness she couldn't tell the color. He pressed her to the side, so she was prone once again, twisted at a weird angle.

His fingers tightened more around her neck, but still not inhibiting her stuttered, shuddering gasps of fear.

"Fight me, dammit," the man said, his tone angry. His voice ripped her out of her paralyzed state.

He wasn't supposed to talk! The other one didn't speak.

She let go of the covers and kicked at him while she shoved his shoulders and finally, she screamed. "No!"

His knee slipped off the bed, and he fell over her, squishing her into the mattress.

Then came the screams, the fighting for her life that she'd done before. His weight on top of her triggered her reaction like a spark to gunpowder. She clawed at him, trying to kick him, but he and the sheets were over her legs.

"Get off me! Get out! No, no, no!"

He rolled to the side, releasing her neck, and she slugged him once in the stomach. Attempting to scramble off the bed, she waged war with the bedding. Her legs were trapped in the sheets, until she tumbled onto the floor.

He was there, coming after her. He grabbed her ankle, tried to yank her beneath him again. She slugged him in the head, and he grunted and

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fell to the side.

She sprang to her feet, grabbed the lamp off the nightstand, and raised it overhead. She'd kill the motherfucker! She'd smash his face in and kick the shit out of him.

As she brought the lamp down, he rolled away, and it smashed against the rug with a crack as the bulb exploded and the lamp's base shattered in her hands.

"I'll kill you!" she screamed as she snatched the clock off the nightstand and hurled it. It came up short, the cord still attached to the wall. It hit her foot, and that infuriated her even more.

The man in black was on his feet then, crouching as if ready for her. But he didn't come at her, and she was too keyed up to dwell on it. She backed up, around the nightstand, until her back was to the wall. *Fuck!*

He stepped closer.

"No!" she screamed again, and grabbed a big tub of cocoa butter and threw it at him.

He ducked, and it hit the opposite wall. She reached out for something else, anything to use as a weapon, but he got to her first. He grabbed her around the middle and spun them away from the wall, taking her down to the floor. She fought, she scratched, she screamed... She cried.

One of his hands traveled up her thigh, under her nightgown, and she thought she might throw up. He was too strong. Too big. His body solid.

Then, suddenly, his weight was gone. He rolled to his back and pulled her over him, which made her brain stall.

*What the hell...?*

He stopped fighting and lay still.

The haze of terror lifted slightly, and she realized what he was doing. He was giving her the upper hand as was supposed to happen this time. But it wasn't real. None of it was real. She couldn't fight him.

A rough sob slipped out of her as she lay there, half over him as if pinning him to the floor, but it was laughable. Only, she couldn't laugh. She was so small that she never could have overtaken him, not if he really



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meant her harm. She dropped her face to his chest as the tears came in earnest. Deep, racking sobs shook her body, and she fisted her hands in his leather jacket.

How the hell had she thought this would help? It just proved what she'd feared for the last two years. If it happened again, she was just as powerless as she'd been before.

"Alert," the man said. "Alert. Alert."

Slowly, his repeated words sank into her muddled brain. That was *her* safe word. For her to use if things got too out of hand. She hadn't even remembered it, even though she'd read the letter from TPC over and over since it arrived last week.

He was calling the safe word?

She pushed herself up off of him, turned her back to him, and wiped her eyes.

She heard him moving behind her, and she tensed, but he didn't grab her again. And then the overhead light flicked on. She blinked against the brightness and stared down at her hands folded together in her lap.

Small, powerless hands.

Her nightgown was bunched around her thighs, and she thought about straightening it, but who cared?

"Enola," he said softly as he crouched down beside her. "It's okay."

She shook her head. It would never, ever be okay again. She couldn't even follow through with this thing that wasn't real. She knew it wasn't real, and she fought, but it was no use. It felt real—had felt real.

A hand came into her line of vision. A bare hand, no glove. "Come on. We need to talk." His voice was soft, gentle...tender even.

She turned her head and looked at him, expecting to see the masked assailant she was supposed to have overpowered the way the real one had defeated her, but what she found was a shockingly handsome man. His blond hair was mussed, his baby blue eyes filled with concern. He had high cheekbones and a square jaw with a bit of a cleft in his chin. He looked like...a lifeguard. She could easily see him on a beach somewhere.

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"It's okay. It's over."

Slowly, she slipped her hand into his, and he helped her to her feet. He stood a whole head taller than her, although that wasn't difficult since she barely topped five feet. He guided her to the edge of the bed, carefully avoiding the broken remains of her lamp. The bed was a mess of tangled bedspread and sheets. She sat down, and he sat next to her, releasing her hand, not touching her any longer.

What startled her was that she wanted him to hold her hand. She hadn't had physical human contact in two years. Hadn't realized how much she missed it. She twisted her hands together and stared at a dark spot on her beige rug, idly wondering what it was.

"Do you want to continue with this? The way you planned it?" he asked.

She shook her head. No, that was the last thing she wanted. She'd already proven to herself it was useless and wouldn't work. She was doomed to live out her life like a bat—sleeping by day and working by night. Thank God her home-based job didn't require anything but a computer and an Internet connection.

Silence grew long between them, and she drew in a deep breath. Her eyes were scratchy from her tears. She didn't know what to say.

"Are you okay?" he finally asked, his voice barely above a whisper.

She nodded, because to admit the truth would be too hard. This was her last hope, and it'd failed. She'd seen therapists, even tried medication the doctor thought would help. She took a few self-defense courses, but shit, when it came to it, she'd forgotten everything they taught her. The terror was too deep. Too raw, even after all this time.

"Is there something I can do for you?"

She turned her head then and looked at him again. He really was a physically beautiful man, and the kindness in his eyes was so sincere she wanted to lay her head against his chest and ask him to hold her. To let herself be sheltered in strong arms for just one night. Maybe then she'd be able to sleep without the nightmares.

Or maybe he would touch her. Bring her some pleasure. She hadn't been with a man since before that night. Not because she was afraid of all

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men, but because she never left her house—except to move. She'd moved three times since then. But it didn't matter. New house, new town, new furniture. None of it made any difference, although each time she did, she prayed it would help some. It never did.

"Enola," he whispered, his brow furrowed in what looked like concern. "I know you've been through a lot. I read your file. I want to help. I couldn't believe..."

"What?" she asked when he hesitated.

"I couldn't believe you wanted to recreate something so horrible."

She bit her bottom lip and stared into his brilliant blue eyes.

"I had to stop it. I couldn't do it."

Understanding, she nodded once.

"Do you want me to leave?"

Her mind seemed to search for the right answer. She didn't know. Just didn't know...

He lifted his hand from his lap and slowly reached toward her face. She didn't flinch when he touched her. In fact, she closed her eyes and leaned into his gentle caress.

"What do you need, Enola?" he whispered and turned more toward her, bending one knee and bringing it up on the bed. "Tell me, please. I can be anything you want. Let me be your dream tonight...not the nightmare."

Her heart tripped in her chest. He was so sincere, his touch soft and warm. "Don't go," she said, her throat tight with emotions she hadn't realized she could still feel. Not fear. A softening of her heart. A warming of her ice-cold soul.

"I won't." His thumb caressed her cheek as his fingers touched just behind her ear. "Do you want me to touch you like this?"

"Yes."

His other hand cupped her other cheek, his fingers light and tender against her skin. She kept her eyes closed and let herself fall into the sweet contact between them. His fingers brushed back the hair at her temples. His thumbs traced little circles on her cheeks.

"You're beautiful, Enola. And have such an intriguing name."

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A small smile tugged at her lips. "Thank you. I'm named after the plane. My dad was a huge war buff. And I'm supposed to be some long-lost relative of Chuck Yeager, too—at least that's what Dad always claimed, since our last name is the same."

The man gave a rumbling sound of interest.

"What's your name?" she asked and opened her eyes. She couldn't keep thinking of him as *the intruder*, or *the man*.

A pleasant smile curled up the left side of his mouth, making a sexy little dimple appear in his clean-shaven cheek. "Matt." He leaned forward and pressed a chaste kiss to her forehead. "I'm not named after anyone interesting. I'm not related or even hopefully related to anyone famous."

Enola chuckled and turned her body toward him, bringing her leg up on the bed the way he had so she could face him. She tucked her nightgown between her legs, making sure she was still decent. "I think Dad was wrong about the Yeager thing. I haven't been able to trace any lineage to the guy."

His lips grazed her temple as his hands coasted down the sides of her throat. She tensed just a bit when his fingers curved around the back of her neck, but he whispered a soft, "Shh," and kissed her right eyelid, then her left.

"I won't hurt you, sweetheart. I'd never hurt you." His hands trailed down over her shoulders, lightly squeezing her biceps, then farther down her arms until he took her hands in his.

She sucked in a breath as his soft kisses traced the contours of her face, the bridge of her nose, beneath her chin. He smelled faintly of salty sea air, and again she imagined he was a lifeguard. His cheek was smooth and soft as it brushed hers when he moved to kiss her ear, her neck. The jacket he wore smelled like aged, quality leather, and when he raised her hands and laid them against his chest, she toyed with the jacket zipper, wondering if she had the courage to lower it, to see if he was built as well as he seemed.

His mouth was so soft as he kissed her ear, her neck, her chin, her cheek. Such affectionate brushes of his lips against her skin. And then he licked that spot at the base of her neck, and she gasped as tingles raced

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down her body, tightening her nipples.

Oh, God, it had been ages since she felt anything like that. It had been so long since she had sex with a real live, warm body, she'd forgotten what touches and kisses could do to her. Her sex toys and her own hands couldn't even begin to compare to the real thing. How had she let herself become so secluded? So alone?

"Good?" he whispered in her ear, his breath warm, making more tingling electricity shoot through her.

All she could do was nod.

"More?"

She nodded again.

"You smell so good," he murmured as he buried his face in her hair and cupped the back of her head in one of his big, gentle hands.

"So do you. Like the sea..."

He rumbled some sexy sound in his chest.

"Are you a life guard?" She tugged on the tab of his zipper. A few teeth popped open, the sound loud in the quiet room.

"No," he said as he kissed the side of her neck, this time with his mouth open, with a little tongue.

She moaned as she leaned into him just a bit and pulled his jacket zipper farther down.

"I want to kiss you," he said, his breath brushing her lips, their mouths just millimeters apart. "May I kiss you, Enola?"

She licked her bottom lip and stared at his. They were sexy, the bottom one slightly fuller than the top, so perfectly formed. "Yes."

With the barest of contact, he brushed his mouth over hers. Her pussy contracted, and her breath whooshed out in surprise.

He smiled against her lips, kissed the corner, and teased her bottom lip with the tip of his tongue.

She tugged his zipper the rest of the way down, until the sides parted, then splayed her hands over his chest. He was warm, his pecs solid and formed like a chiseled sculpture. She shoved his jacket off his shoulders, and he leaned away from her to shrug out of it and drop it on the floor.

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He wore an ash gray T-shirt that hugged every glorious curve and plane of his chest, abdomen and biceps. "Oh," she said on a breath as she ran her hands over his muscular forearms, the light sprinkling of blond hair tickling her palms.

"I do hope that was an 'oh' of approval," he said with that cute, lopsided grin, flashing his dimple at her.

She nodded with a grin of her own. "Definitely." She dropped her hands to his waist and fiddled with the edge of his shirt. "Would you...?"

"Shirt off?"

"Yeah. If that's okay." She sucked her bottom lip between her teeth.

"Anything the lady wants." He grabbed the hem and whipped his shirt over his head, dropping it on top of his jacket on the floor.

*Oh, that's nice.* A light dusting of curly hair covered his pecs, narrowed, then trailed down between washboard abs and disappeared into the waistband of his jeans. Her mouth watered. She wanted to taste his skin. See if he tasted as sweet and fresh as he smelled.

Matt reached out and took her hands again. He raised them and kissed her knuckles, first on her right hand then her left, and then he set her palms against his chest.

Her tummy fluttered as she curled her fingers into his resilient flesh.

"Mmm. That feels good." He laid his palms on her thighs, and she jumped, a little startled. "Shh. I'm not doing anything but touching. I won't do anything you don't want."

"I..." It wasn't his touch, exactly, that startled her, or even where he touched. It was that she hadn't had a man's hands on her in so long she'd forgotten the pleasure it could bring. His big, warm palms were smooth on her bare thighs, his skin darkly tan against her pale flesh. "I'm not scared," she said, finding her voice. "It's just been so long since..." She ran her hands over his chest, down over those gorgeous abs. "Two long years since I've been touched." By a man...by anyone.

"Aw, sweetheart."

She shook her head. "He didn't rape me," she whispered. The only thing she was thankful about that night. "I'm not afraid of men. I'm

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afraid..." Of the dark. Of being alone. Of going to sleep only to wake up and see some stranger in her house again, afraid that he might choke her unconscious, strip her naked, and tie her to the bed. Helpless.

She raised her gaze from his chest to his eyes. "I haven't slept through a night since it happened. I'm too afraid to shut my eyes in the dark."

His brow wrinkled, and he shook his head. "I'm so sorry."

She shrugged.

"Tonight wasn't about sex at all, was it?"

She shook her head. "I didn't plan on having sex with you." Her bottom lip quivered as the tears threatened to return. "Overpower you, tie you to the bed. Prove that I wasn't a tiny little wimp." A tear rolled down her cheek, and he caught it with his thumb, brushing it away as he continued to caress her cheek. "But I was too scared. I'm too small."

He shook his head. "You fought like a hellcat, sweetheart. Pretty sure I'm going to have a bruise on my ribs by morning." He smiled, but it didn't last long. "Why don't you have...I don't know. A gun? Pepper spray? Something in here to give you a sense of security."

"I do." She motioned toward her nightstand with her head. "Pepper spray and a taser. But I didn't want to use either on you."

He chuckled. "And for that I'll be forever grateful."

She smiled and took a deep breath.

He tilted his head slightly to one side and held her gaze. "I took this assignment from the TPC because when I read your request, I worried that someone else wouldn't be..." He licked his lips and seemed to think for a minute. His startling blue eyes held her gaze, and then he shook his head again. "I just had this feeling that what you asked for wasn't right."

"I didn't know what else to do." She ran her hands over his chest again, letting the crisp hairs tickle her fingertips. "I've tried everything. Therapy, drugs, sleeping pills, self-defense classes. Nothing helps."

He caressed her shoulder, his other hand still on her thigh, lightly massaging her muscles there. "What about getting a dog or something?"

"I did," she whispered as pain pierced her heart. "He got away from me when I took him for a walk. He..." Her voice hitched. She'd only

had him for a few weeks and had fallen madly in love with him. A beautiful, well-trained German shepherd who kept her company, made her feel a bit safer. But a squirrel had run across the sidewalk in front of him, and off he went, pulling his leash right out of her hand. The driver of the pickup truck never saw him coming.

"Aww, sweetheart." Matt leaned forward and brushed his lips over hers. "Life's been a bitch for you, hasn't it?"

She nodded. Life had been pure hell the last two years. It hadn't been a walk in the roses before that either, not with a string of broken relationships dating back to her early twenties. "Could you...hold me?"

"Of course." He kicked off his black running shoes and scooted fully onto the bed, lying down with his head on a pillow. Then he held out his arms to her, and she fell against him and buried her face against his chest. His thick, muscular arms closed around her and held her tight.

A breath shuddered out of her, and she closed her eyes, listening to his heartbeat against her ear. God, this felt good. Felt so right, which should have been totally wrong, because he was nothing more than a fantasy. He wasn't real. Tonight wasn't real.

So...if it wasn't real...

She tipped her head back onto his arm and looked at him. He tilted his head and met her gaze. Damn, he was the most gorgeous man she'd seen in forever—and she saw gorgeous men on a daily basis. Well, pictures of them. She was the Web mistress for a sensual site dedicated to women. Kind of like Playgirl, but even classier.

"Do you work on a boat?"

That lopsided, dimple-inducing grin popped up again. "Nope." He kissed her nose.

Now, onto her real question. "Do you have sex with all your Pleasure Club...uh...assignments?"

He cocked an eyebrow, and even that was sexy. "Well, that's kind of why it's in existence. Most women have sexual fantasies to fulfill."

She ran her tongue over her bottom lip and petted his tickly chest hairs. "What kind of fantasies?"

His other eyebrow rose to join the first. "Uh..."



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She ducked her head. "Never mind."

He touched her chin with the edge of his hand and raised her face. "What's your fantasy, Enola? That's the only one that matters tonight."

She bit her bottom lip. Could she say the words? Would he think her a totally needy, stupid woman if she did? Her one and only fantasy, one she'd had since puberty was... "I just want to be loved for who I am."

His lips parted, and he cupped her cheek. He stared at her for so long, tears rushed to her eyes. She knew how it sounded, but it wasn't like that. She really was an independent woman. Sort of. She owned her own business, made a butt load of money doing it, and had pretty much taken care of herself since she was right out of high school. She didn't need a man...but she *wanted* one.

"And you deserve to be loved for who you are," he whispered. "Let me love you tonight."

"Yes, please," she begged, not caring how needy she sounded. She wanted this, and well, he offered.

He gently rolled her onto her back, propped himself on one elbow, and looked down at her. He touched her cheek, her chin, and ran his fingertips over her lips.

"How old are you?" she asked. He looked young at first glance, but there were slight laugh lines beside his mouth and the corners of his eyes.

He grinned again, making them crinkle. "You ask a lot of questions."

"Sorry." But she wasn't really.

He chuckled. "Thirty-eight."

Hmm. Just four years older than herself. He was polite enough not to ask, though.

His fingers toyed with the top button of her nightgown. "I don't think I've seen a real live woman wear anything like this before."

She frowned. She liked her flannel nightgown. Maybe it wasn't the sexiest thing in the world, but it was warm, and soft, and comfy.

"It's very adorable. Like something out of *Little House on the Prairie*."

A startled laugh burst out of her, and her cheeks heated in

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embarrassment.

"Really. It's cute." He flipped the top button through the hole and moved to the next one.

"Thanks, I think," she said in a dry tone. She hadn't realized it was Little House unsexy. "I don't exactly have anyone to dress up for."

The teasing left his eyes, and he shook his head. "Sweetheart..." He kissed her then, a slight suction of lips on lips, then a soft stroking of his tongue against her upper lip. When she opened her mouth, he swept in and stole not only her breath, but all of her thoughts, too. He tasted like heaven, better than he smelled. Minty, yet not overpowering, sweet yet not saccharine. Perfect.

While he kissed her, he opened more buttons on her gown and reached inside. He didn't grab though; he teased his fingers against the skin between her breasts, beneath her breasts. When he finally skimmed a gentle thumb over one aching nipple, she moaned and arched into his touch as fire raced through her body and pooled in her pussy.

She raised her arms and wrapped them around his neck, running her fingers through the silky hair at his nape.

"Mmm," he murmured as he moved from her lips to her cheek to her ear. All the while he teased her nipples, lightly, just enough to make her moan and arch, begging for more. But he withheld a harder caress. Instead, he dropped his hand from her breasts back to the buttons of her nightgown. As he sucked her earlobe and nipped it—*oh, God, it felt so good!*—he undid the rest of the buttons, all the way down to just below her waist.

That big, smooth hand spread against her stomach, skimmed up her side, then slid under her and down her back. He moved her as if she weighed nothing. He lifted her just enough that she got the hint and wiggled out of the nightgown. All the while, he murmured sounds of encouragement in her ear as he tortured her lobe and fire coursed through her.

When her upper body was bared, he trailed that magic mouth down her neck, nipping and nibbling her skin. Then he sucked on that spot at the base of her neck, the one that made her cry out and grip his

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shoulders.

*Passion.* She was experiencing passion and lust for the first time in forever, and it was *sooo* good.

Her nipples tingled, but he seemed to avoid them as he caressed her body everywhere but there. He touched her belly, trailed his fingertips up her side. It tickled a bit, but more, it inflamed her.

She dug her short fingernails into his shoulders and turned her head to bury her face in his silky soft hair. She breathed in his fresh sea scent and whimpered when he moved his mouth to her chest, licking her skin, leaving a hot, damp trail as he scooted a bit lower. And then finally—*finally*—he closed his lips over her nipple.

She arched and moaned, moved her hands to his head and held him there until he suckled her so hard it bordered on pain. Her pussy spasmed, and she thought she might come from this touch alone. He transferred to her other breast, repeated the suck, the nibble, the incredible pull of his mouth.

“Matt...” She watched his mouth on her breast, wished he was over her so she could feel his weight on top of her. But still he lay at her side. His free hand—the one not holding him up—kept up its tender, easy assault on her flesh, moving over her body, making her skin come alive as she’d never experienced before. Heat and tingling, a kind of buzz sizzled just beneath her skin as if by magic. He tormented each and every nerve ending.

He licked her nipple, then moved down, trailing his warm, moist kisses over her rib cage, her belly. He stopped at her belly button and nipped just below it, above it, then dipped his tongue inside.

“Oh!” Oh, wow. Something amazing. He did it again, and her cunt squeezed tight, as if some invisible string extended from that little dip right to her pussy.

He tipped his face back and looked at her with those blazing blue eyes as he once more skimmed her navel.

She shivered. She was so close to coming!

He slid his hand over her hip, down her thigh, then back. Curling his fingers in, he lightly scraped short nails over her leg on the next pass.

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Her body bucked; she couldn't control it. She grabbed his hand when it drifted up her side once more and pushed it down again, between her thighs.

"Ready for more?" he practically purred, his chest vibrating against her thigh when he said the words.

"Please. I need—" Her words stopped when he slipped his hand into her panties and teased the curls covering her mound.

His touches were too light. She held her breath, but whimpered when he gently tugged on the short hairs over her pussy lips. He kissed her hipbone, scraped it with his teeth. She nearly shouted at the tormenting pleasure he produced in her body. And then one finger eased between her lips and stroked through her satiny juices, just barely gliding over her swollen, heated flesh.

"Please..." she whispered.

He pulled his hand away, went up on his knees, and tugged her nightgown and panties from beneath her hips before tossing them on the floor. A thick, long ridge was visible behind the fly of his jeans, and she wanted to see it, feel it. Have it slide into her and fuck her senseless.

He seemed to have another idea though as he moved between her legs, bent her knees, and pressed her thighs wide apart.

"Holy shit, that's pretty," he said in a reverent whisper.

Heat suffused her face. She'd never had her cunt admired before, at least not that she could remember. No one had ever said anything about it. She just figured it was an average, pink pussy.

Matt reached out with one hand and tickled his fingers over her mound, playing with her curls as she had his chest hair. Her muscles clenched. He grinned. His finger trailed down over one pussy lip, and then he tugged her curls just a bit.

She moaned and raised her hips.

"You're weeping for me, aren't you, sweetheart?"

She knew she was wet, hot. Hell, she was probably steaming by now. All she could do was nod. She didn't care if he wanted to stare at it all night. She just needed—

"More!" she cried when he flicked her clit with one of those long

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fingers.

"Are you sure?" he asked, and she could hear teasing in his tone. When he glanced up from his examination of her cunt, his eyes fairly twinkled with it.

"If you're my fantasy," she murmured, trying to control her breathing and force the lust to subside a bit. "Then I am fantasizing you getting your face down there and licking me."

"Now that, sweetheart, is what I like to hear." He grinned, and that devilish dimple winked at her. Then he scooted down the bed, lay flat, and used both hands to hold her pussy open.

Enola gripped the sheets in her fists and...waited. "Do it," she begged and thrust her hips up closer to his face.

"Patience," he whispered, and his warm breath tantalized her sensitized flesh.

She whimpered.

Then she screamed as, in one swift motion she hadn't expected or even dreamed of, he slammed two fingers deep into her cunt and sucked her clit between his lips.

The orgasm was unreal, overpowering, stronger, and more sudden than she ever knew possible. Every muscle in her body tightened. She bucked against his mouth, humping his face, as it seemed to roar on forever. He suckled her clit, fucked her with his fingers, and moaned against her, causing even more vibration. She felt her slick, hot release.

As the tremors lessened, she slumped, her legs falling wide apart. His fingers were still inside of her, but motionless. His hungry sucking turned into slow, gentle strokes of his tongue over her clit. Each one made her jerk a little, and her inner muscles squeezed his fingers. But then he did something new; he twisted his hand slightly and rubbed his fingertips deep inside her.

Heat flooded her body, and she moaned. This was something entirely different! He massaged her G-spot with hard, pressing strokes of his long fingers, and she lost her thoughts, lost her breath. This time when he suckled her clit, she didn't even have it in her to scream. All she could do was squeeze her eyes and hold onto the bed for dear life as the deepest,

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hardest, most profound orgasm of her life roared through her body.

"I... I... I..." Oh, God, she was going to die from it. It was so amazingly powerful.

And then she was floating on a euphoria of relaxation as her body seemed to hover somewhere above the bed. He pulled his fingers from inside of her and lapped at her pussy so gently. He hummed against her flesh, the vibrations soothing.

She opened her eyes and released her hold on the bedding, her fingers stiff and achy.

He raised his head and looked at her, that devilish smile on his lips. "That was the most amazing thing I've ever seen."

She chuckled. "That was the most amazing thing I've ever experienced." Sure, she'd used a G-spot vibrator before, but holy shit, when combined with that mouth of his... It'd never be the same again; of that she was sure.

*She* would never be the same again.

"Make love to me," she whispered. She was sated beyond anything she could have hoped for, but since this was her one-night fantasy, she needed it all.

"Of course," he said as he pushed himself up off the bed and unbuttoned his jeans.

Before pushing them down his thighs, he withdrew a condom from the front pocket. He stepped out of the pants, then repeated the motion with his black briefs. His long, hard cock stood straight out.

She couldn't tear her gaze from his body. He was built like a model—no, like a statue. Chiseled and firm everywhere, from his wide chest and curving pecs to his washboard abs. His waist was slim, his thighs thick with muscles and dusted with dark blond hair. He stood still and let her take in her fill.

Her visual tour went back up his body, stopping to admire the perfect shape of his cock yet again, his balls, firm and puckered, then up over that gorgeous chest until she was at his face once more. He wore that tipped grin, and his eyes shone with humor.

"Done?" he asked.

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She nodded. He rolled on the condom and crawled onto the bed between her still-spread thighs—she hadn't realized what a wanton she was—and braced himself over her on his hands. His gorgeous biceps bulged as he came down over her, and the tip of his cock nudged her pussy. He kissed her then, slow and soft, but it quickly grew heated, deeper, until he thrust his tongue into her mouth, making her moan when she tasted her tangy essence on him.

Winding her arms around his shoulders, she clung to him, hugging him closer until his weight pressed her into the bed. He slid his arms beneath her shoulders, returning the embrace, and slowly eased that long, thick cock into her needy cunt.

She broke her mouth from his and moaned as he pressed into her, deeper than any man ever had, but then he stopped. Her inner muscles fluttered around his length, and she gasped for breath. She felt so full, so damn satisfied just having him in there. In her. Grounding her.

He nuzzled her neck, her ear, her shoulder with his mouth and nose. She closed her eyes and clung to him.

"You okay?" he whispered in her ear.

She nodded.

"You sure?"

She felt him raise his head, and she opened her eyes to meet his.

"Yes, I'm sure," she answered. "I didn't know how much I needed this."

His smile wasn't teasing, wasn't mocking. But he did smile. "You deserve it, sweetheart. You deserve more." And then he moved, thrusting even deeper within her.

Her lips parted on a gasp, but she held his gaze. *Blue flames*. That's what they were. His eyes were the color of the hottest blue flames. She wanted him to burn her.

That thought made her grin, and she lifted her knees, pulling them up high on his sides. He went even deeper into her, until she felt his balls against her butt cheeks.

"That feels...perfect," he muttered as he slowly withdrew a bit then pressed in again.

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"Uh huh," was all she could manage. He touched her deeper than anyone, and though part of her wanted faster, harder strokes, this in itself was amazingly sexy. For a fantasy, she felt a bond stronger with Matt, a man she didn't know, than she had for all of the men she'd ever dated.

He rolled his hips as he moved within her. Short, deep strokes that filled her to brimming, heated her blood, and made her wetter, slicker.

"Fuck," he muttered as his thrusts grew even shorter and harder. "Fuck, you're so tight."

She hadn't been with a man in years. Of course, she was tight. But there was no discomfort. He was right; it was perfect.

And then he withdrew almost all of the way and slammed home.

She cried out in surprise and clung to his shoulders.

"Like that?" he asked, his voice little more than a guttural growl.

"Yes," she said on a harsh breath as he did it again. "God, yes!" He slammed into her with long, hard thrusts, spaced apart and varied—not rhythmic, so she didn't know exactly when the next would hit.

*Oh, God, yes!*

Her shouts grew louder with each stroke. They shocked her system, kept her on edge.

"Like it a little rough?" he asked between clenched teeth, as if the pleasure was almost too much for him.

"Yeah... Rough..." She was pinned beneath him, couldn't move much, not even to tilt her hips to take more. She wanted more. Needed it. "Hard!" she screamed on the next thrust.

And then he was gone. Off of her. Out of her.

"No," she cried.

Without a word, he flipped her over, pulled her to her knees, and then he slammed into her again.

She shoved back against him and screamed with pleasure.

His strokes came faster and deeper, so hard she tumbled forward onto her elbows, and it took all of her strength to keep from colliding with the headboard.

He gripped her hips with vice-like grips that would leave bruises, but the power behind him, his strength, was so beautiful she couldn't



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complain. She liked it too much. Liked being tossed around like a rag doll when the strength was put to such good use.

She cried out with each thrust, barely caught her breath when he withdrew, then screamed when he slammed into her yet again. Fire raced through her blood. Every part of her tingled. Her fingers and toes went a little numb. She buried her face against the mattress to keep her shouts from waking the neighbors.

And then he let go of her right hip, reached under her, and massaged her clit.

"Mmmore," she begged and reached beneath her, pressing his fingers harder against her clit. She needed more now. Light touches wouldn't do it.

"You do it," he said, his voice gravelly and commanding. "Do what you need." He pulled his hand from beneath hers and then his slick fingers closed over her nipple.

She tugged her clit, mimicking the action of his fingers on her nipple. Tugging, pulling, rolling.

All the while, he kept up the hard thrusts, the pounding into her. And then, like a light switch being thrown, the orgasm hit so hard, so shockingly potent, her legs slipped out from beneath her and she was flat on the bed. Her face was buried in the pillow while she wailed. His entire body lay over her, his hips continuing to thrust against her ass, his cock so fucking deep she wondered if he'd be a part of her forever.

She hoped so.

He came with a shout of her name, gripping her right breast in his palm, his left hand closed over her shoulder for leverage. He arched, slamming into her one...two...three more times as his cock throbbed with release.

And then he collapsed with his arms around her, under her.

She gasped for breath but realized his weight wasn't that bad. Even after all that, he held himself off of her so he didn't squish her. She grinned, her hair covering her face, stuck to her with sweat.

Her cunt pulsed around his slowly softening cock, and he pressed into her a few more times, extending the almost tickling pleasure.

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After several long minutes, after their breathing had returned to almost normal and she could hear it over the pounding of her heart, he rolled to the side, taking her with him, tucking her up against his front.

She sighed in complete and total contentment as he stroked her arm, her side, her thigh with that big, warm, soft hand.

"Sleepy?" he whispered.

"Yeah," she answered on a sigh.

"Stay put, sweetheart." He rolled away from her, and cool air brushed against her damp skin. With her eyes closed, she heard him padding over the rug. Then the water was running in the bathroom.

She yawned and stretched. Already she felt the effects of all the orgasms in her muscles. With another grin, she kept her eyes closed and waited.

The light snapped off, and her eyes shot open. She sat up in a rush.

"Shh, sweetheart," Matt said, his voice low, gentle. The bed dipped under his weight, and before her eyes could adjust to the darkness, a warm, damp washcloth smoothed over her chest. He took care to swipe it over her cheeks, forehead, down her belly, between her thighs. By then she could once again see his outline in the streetlight dappled room. He set the cloth on the nightstand and stretched out next to where she still sat.

"Come here, sweetie," he said, pulling her gently back into his arms.

She went without argument and let him tuck her against his body, one of his arms as her pillow, the other wrapped around her middle. Her back pressed firmly against his chest.

She sighed again, closed her eyes, and slowly, easily, slipped into a peaceful sleep...in the dark.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was early when Enola awoke. She knew this because one bright ray of sunshine shone into the bedroom through the lacy beige curtains. Since her room was on the north side of the house, the only time she got sun was first thing after it rose in the morning.

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She rolled over to find herself alone in the bed. For just a second, her heart lurched. He was gone.

Well, of course he was gone. The night was over and so was her time with her Pleasure Master.

That didn't keep her from feeling the loss, though. Sitting up, she looked around the room. The washcloth was gone from the nightstand. Her clock read 6:04. The broken lamp was gone, too, and she frowned. Where could that have gone? Every sign that Matt had been in her bedroom was erased. Well, except for the pleasant ache in her pussy and her muscles.

With a sigh, she glanced toward the window. It was morning, and she'd slept through the night. A little giddy over the fact, she got up and went into the bathroom. After a quick shower, she put her robe on and headed down to the kitchen to make herself some coffee. Maybe she'd go out today, go shopping, or go to the park for a walk, or...well, anything she wanted to, really. She was wide-awake, and it was sunny out. Maybe she'd even take a stroll on the beach. She hadn't been there in two years, and suddenly she longed to feel warm sand between her toes.

In the kitchen, she found the lamp. It was in the trashcan next to the back door. Along with it was the broken glass that would have been in the sink. As part of the intruder fantasy, he was supposed to have broken a window. To avoid that, she'd left the back door unlocked and a cheap glass in the sink for him to break.

He'd cleaned up after himself.

She sighed and went to the coffee maker. Sitting on the counter right next to it was a business card with *The Pleasure Club* imprinted in the same script used on the letterhead from the letters they'd sent her.

On the back, in a man's stilted scrawl, it read,

*When things get dark...*

*Text "ALERT" to 555-9043*

*I'll be here.*

Her heart tumbled in her chest, and tingles raced along her skin.

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This went against TPC rules. No contact outside of the club. No tracking down the other person. She'd signed a contract stating this.

She licked her lips and ran her thumb over what he'd written while her heart fluttered in her chest and excitement zinged through her.

To hell with TPC rules. If he was willing to give her another good night's sleep when the darkness became unbearable...

A smile curved her lips, and she wrapped her arms around herself. She just wouldn't tell on herself.

*Thank you, Pleasure Club!*

She laughed and spun a circle in the middle of her kitchen. For the first time in two years, she was happy. Truly, completely, amazingly happy.

Then End

### Author Bio

Anna Leigh has been reading and penning romance for as long as she can remember. After she met and married her very own real-life hero, romance took on a whole new meaning. She now knows married life can sizzle and romance can be erotic—even in her own home. Now her writing has taken on a spicier flavor and, while hubby's off at work, she lets her imagination soar.... Anna loves to hear from her readers. You can email her at [anna@annaleighkeaton.com](mailto:anna@annaleighkeaton.com) or visit her Web site at [www.annaleighkeaton.com](http://www.annaleighkeaton.com) for all her upcoming and previously published works, and meet her alter ego at [www.leannekarella.com](http://www.leannekarella.com).