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HEAT SHEET

OBEY

A MATTER OF TRUST

ZENA WYNN

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The Contract



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A Matter of Trust

A Phaze Obey HeatSheet by

ZENA WYNN

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Chapter One

Rick Quarterman was losing his wife. While she hadn't physically betrayed him, what she had done was worse. All of the emotional intimacy that belonged to him, she was giving to another. Ten years of marriage, two beautiful children, and the home they'd built together—all gone.

Not if he could help it.

Traci was more than his wife, she was his life, and he'd fight the devil himself to keep her by his side. He tensed as he recognized the sound of the garage door opening. She was home. He positioned himself where she would see him as soon as she walked through the door.

Traci came in, head bowed as she sorted the mail. She looked up and saw him as she dropped the mail on the center island in the kitchen. "Hey, I didn't see you standing there. Where are the kids?"

"They're spending the night with Brian. We need to talk."

Her already light complexion paled significantly. She drew in a deep breath and seemed to brace herself. "You want a divorce." Her voice was dull, resigned.

"Hell, no!" he exploded. "And if *you* think *you're* getting one, get that thought out of your mind, right now!"

She rocked back on her heels at the forcefulness of his words. With a hand that shook visibly, Traci tucked a strand of silky straight, chestnut brown hair behind her ear and regarded him with wariness in her deep brown eyes. "If this isn't about a divorce, what was so important that you had to send the kids away?"

“Come in here and let’s sit down. This isn’t a conversation I want to have in the kitchen.” He turned and led the way into the living room. He stopped when he reached the mantel, facing her, bracing an arm upon it.

She followed behind and tossed her purse onto the couch before turning to confront him. “You’re having an affair.”

The certainty in her tone pissed him off, and his spine stiffened. “Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, I am not having an affair. How could you even think that?” He stood at attention, focused completely on his wife.

“What else am I supposed to think, Rick? You certainly haven’t been interested in me. It’s been months since we last had sex, and it isn’t because of a lack of interest on my part,” she finished bitterly.

He winced and wiped his face with his hand. This was worse than he’d thought. For a moment, he wondered if he’d left it too late. No, he wouldn’t think that way. Defeat was not an option.

“Traci, sit down.” When she hesitated, he added, “Please.”

She sat in the recliner and crossed her arms under her breasts. Undaunted, he crossed to her side and went down on one knee beside her, getting as close as he could without physically touching her. “Traci, I love you. I have never cheated on you, and I never will. You are the only woman that I want. I haven’t even looked at another woman with desire since the day you became mine.”

He paused for a minute to let those words sink in before continuing. “I’m sorry for the way I’ve neglected you, neglected us. I took our marriage and our love, for granted. There’s no excusing my behavior, but if you let me, I’d like to make it up to you.”

Traci chewed on her bottom lip while she searched his eyes, gauging his sincerity. “I don’t know what to say.”

He knew this wouldn't be easy, but it would have been nice if she'd have smiled and said all was forgiven. "Do you love me, Traci?"

"I..."

"Wait, before you answer that, let me clarify. I know you love me. I'm your husband and the father of your children. That's not what I want to know. Are you still *in love* with me? Am I still first in your heart?"

He saw the moment she realized what he was asking. Her dark eyes grew shiny with the gathering tears, and she turned her gaze away from his and looked over his shoulder. "I don't know."

The pain he felt at that second in time was indescribable. "Do you...want...a divorce?" The words left a bitter taste in his mouth, but he forced himself to ask anyway.

Her answer wasn't as forthcoming as he would have liked, and he sweated blood while he waited her response.

"No."

It was weak and uncertain, but she'd said no. He heaved a sigh of relief. "Good, because I wouldn't have let you go. Not without a fight."

At his words, she gifted him a small smile.

Encouraged, he continued. "I believe that we can fix this."

"What did you have in mind?"

"Do you trust me?"

Her gaze lost focus and she searched inwardly. Rick held his breath.

"Yes, I do."

The calm assurance he saw in her expression made him want to pump his fist in the air. If they still had trust between them, the rest was doable. "I know that the recent lack of passion on my part is one of our problems. Tonight, I'd like to correct that. Will you place your body into my keeping and trust me with your pleasure?"

She frowned. "I'm not sure what you're asking."

"I want to do something different. Try something we've never done before. It will all be for your pleasure. What do you say?"

"Different?"

He stood and held his hand out to her. "Trust me."

She placed her light brown hand in his slightly tanned one and allowed him to pull her to her feet. He led her up the stairs and into the master bedroom, closing the door firmly behind them.

He let Traci's hand go and leaned back against the door. "Take off your clothes."

She slipped off the navy blue jacket to her skirt set and went to hang it in the closet.

"No. Let it fall to the floor."

At the rebellious expression on her face, he took the time to explain what he was thinking. "Traci, don't worry about the suit; it can be cleaned. You spend so much time focusing your attention on being a mother and wife, and you're good at it, great in fact, but right now, I want you to just be a woman. Don't worry about the suit, the mess – none of it. Let go and concentrate on what we're doing, right now."

She stood there deliberating, the jacket dangling from her fingertip of her right hand. He could see the struggle on her face. He waited, knowing this was important for both of them.

Finally, she smiled ruefully and let the jacket drop to the floor. "It's ridiculous how hard that was. Even now, there's a little voice screaming in my head saying, 'Pick it up. Pick it up now. Do you know how much you paid for that?'"

"If it gets messed up, I'll buy you another." Her emerging sense of humor relaxed him as nothing else could. She was on board with the program.

The skirt joined the jacket on the floor. She was down to her underwear before she glanced at him and realized he hadn't moved. "Why aren't you undressing?"

He shook his head. "This is about your pleasure, not mine."

The realization that she would be the only one naked seemed to shake her. She toyed with the clasp on her bra before slowly releasing it. Her usually graceful body seemed uncoordinated as she jerkily removed her panties. Once she was naked, she looked everywhere in the room but at him. Ten years of marriage and she was uncomfortable being nude with him. Rick could tell how flustered she was by the way her hands floundered around her body. Only sheer force of will kept her from covering herself.

As much as he wanted to reassure her right now, he couldn't. Tonight was about tearing down the barriers between them. His wife was a vibrant, sexy woman. That she was uneasy exposing her body to him showed just how much ground they'd lost in their relationship.

"Remove the pins from your hair, one by one, slowly."

Traci lifted her arms and removed the first one, looking around for some place to put it.

"Just drop it."

She grimaced but did as instructed and soon her hair fell around her shoulders in a silky cloud.

"Stand over by the bed, facing it."

When she reached for the cover, he stopped her. "No, don't get into bed. Just stand there." She straightened and dropped her hands back to her side.

Rick stepped up behind her and pulled her by the waist until she was a couple of steps away from the bed. Then went to the dresser and removed the supplies he'd stashed earlier.

"What are you doing?" She began to turn in his direction.

“Don’t turn around.” Supplies in hand, he approached from behind. “I’m going to blindfold you now.”

“Blindfold?” Doubt and some emotion he couldn’t identify were in her voice.

“Blindfold,” he confirmed. “Without sight, your other senses will be enhanced.”

He covered her eyes with a black eye mask, making sure the elastic band didn’t snag in her hair. Over the mask, he tied a scarf. Overkill? Maybe, but at least this way he was sure it wouldn’t slip. “Is this comfortable?”

“The blindfold or not being able to see?”

He smiled and answered, “Both.”

“It’s not pulling my hair or anything, but being blind will take some getting used to.”

He waved a hand in front of her face. When she didn’t flinch, he knew she was completely blind. He placed his hand on her shoulders and gently turned her around. When she faced him, he commanded, “Take two steps forward.”

When she was in position, he left her and went back to the drawer.

“What are you doing?”

“Preparing step two.” He came back and stood behind her.

“Sounds ominous.”

“Put your hands behind your back.”

“Why?” Her tone was guarded, suspicious.

“I’m going to tie your hands together.”

“Is all this really necessary?” She made no attempt to obey his command.

“I believe it is.”

“What’s the purpose of all of this?”

He stood close behind her and bent to whisper in her ear. “I want you bound, completely at my mercy. I want to give you so much pleasure that you scream, and then you cry. I want to take away your ability to touch me in return

so that your focus will be on yourself— totally and completely. Please, baby, let me do this for you.”

She cleared her throat and placed her hands behind her back. “Are you reciprocating?”

He felt his cock jerk at the thought of being bound for her pleasure. “Yeah, if that’s what you want but this isn’t about my pleasure. Tonight is all about you,” he added, his voice husky with arousal.

He knotted one end of a black nylon scarf around one of her wrists then did the same to the other. When he finished, her arms hung to her sides, slightly behind her body. “I left a little play in the scarf. I don’t want to pull your arms back too much.”

Traci pulled and tugged on the bonds, testing their strength.

“Too tight?”

“No,” she bit her lip. “I just didn’t expect to feel so...”

“Out of control? Exposed?” He questioned when she didn’t continue.

“Vulnerable,” she finished quietly.

“Good. That means this is working.” He stepped back and observed her. “You are so beautiful.”

She snorted. “Yeah, right.”

“You don’t believe me?”

“Hmph. I have a mirror. I know what I look like.”

“Then you really are blind. You obviously can’t see the woman I see standing before me now. Not only are you beautiful, but damn, you are so *hot*.”

“Now I know you’re lying,” she muttered.

One step forward, and two steps back, he thought. He had to restore the sexy, confident woman his wife used to be before he undermined her with his lack of attention.

“Listen and see yourself through the mirror of my eyes.”

He slid his hands into her hair, being mindful of the blindfold, and stroked her scalp. “I love your hair. It’s so

thick and coarse, versatile. It's one of the first things I noticed about you."

Traci moaned and her neck relaxed, allowing her head to drop back into the massage.

Rick slid his hands down until he held her by the neck. "Your neck is slender and graceful like a swan. Every time I see it, it reminds me how fragile you are." He placed a kiss in the tender area behind her ear then stroked it lightly with his thumbs.

Taking the shiver that shook her body and the groan that rose from her throat as a good sign, he continued his seduction. "Your shoulders are so strong; sometimes too strong. You carry the weight of the world on them. I wished you'd let me help more than you do. Not only are they strong, they're sexy. Whenever you wear something that leaves them bare, I just want to touch them." He skimmed his hands down to her shoulder and lightly kneaded the muscles.

"I..."

"Shhh, I'm not finished." He slid his hands down her arms, delicately stroking the skin. "These marvelous arms, they are a wonderful source of comfort— to me and our children. I love the way they hold me when we make love."

He took his index finger and stroked it down her spine. Her back bowed and she hissed in surprise. "The curve of your back is very sexy. I'm glad you keep it covered because, if it was exposed, I'd be beating men off of you with a stick."

He cupped the globes of her ass in his hands. "Rick..." she protested.

"This sight of this makes me so hard. I can see myself sliding into you, riding you from behind. You walk and men turn to watch. I know what they're thinking because my thoughts are the same."

"I...you..."

“Spread your legs, baby,” he interrupted. From her hips to her thighs, he explored. “I know you think these are too big, but they’re not—they’re just right. They give me just the right amount of cushion when I’m mounting you. A man wants someone comfortable to lie on, not a bag of bones. Even the curve of your calf is sexy. It doesn’t matter if you’re wearing high heels or flats. I see this thick muscle and immediately want to run my tongue down the back and bite it, preferably while they lay on my shoulder and I’m pounding into you.”

She was panting now and he could scent her arousal, as close as his nose was to the junction of her thighs.

“Your feet are dainty, pretty. It makes me crazy when you polish your toenails red, because I know it hints at the passionate nature deep down inside of you that you try to hide.”

“Rick, you’re making *me* crazy,” she groaned. She didn’t specify if it was his words, or the kisses he was stringing up and down the inside of her legs.

“I’m just getting started.” He rose to his feet and walked around to her front. “I love your pretty brown eyes, the way they see into my soul. I love that you see me, the real me. With you, I don’t have to pretend to be something I’m not. You know who I am and love me anyway.”

He traced her lips lightly with his finger. “Your smile brightens my darkest days. When you smile at me, I feel like I’m king of the world and no one or nothing else matters.”

He held her chin between his thumb and forefinger and shook it slightly. “When we first met, this right here should have clued me in to how stubborn you are. A mule has nothing on you, baby.”

That startled a laugh out of her. “I’m not the only stubborn one in this family.”

He kissed her right on her laughing mouth. “Takes one to know one, babe.”

He took a step back, then reached out and cupped both breasts in his hands. "I know you think these are too small, but to me, they're perfect. The most amazing sight I've ever witnessed was getting to watch you feed and nurture our children." He lowered his head and licked one nipple, and then the other.

"Rick, I want you."

"And you'll have me, in time, but right now, I'm on a mission." He smoothed his hands down her rib cage and to her stomach, which she immediately sucked in. "Don't. Don't try to hide from me. You're a woman with a woman's body. I love every curve. You think it bothers me that your stomach isn't flat? You carried my son and daughter here." He kissed her belly then circled his tongue inside her navel. "That makes this part special, no matter what its size."

Her body jerked and she tried to step back. "That tickles," she complained.

He gripped her hips, holding her in place, and he licked and suckled his way down to the sensitive crease right above her pubic bone. She stilled and tensed as he hovered, his mouth mere inches away from her clit.

With his thumb, he caressed the glistening pelt of hair covering her sex. "You always keep this so neat and trim. One day, I want you to shave it for me."

Traci spread her legs wider apart and arched her hips, enticingly.

"You want something, baby?" He smiled, knowing the feel of his breath so close to her sex was driving her to distraction, just as he intended. She'd forgotten her discomfort over her nudity.

"Rick, don't play with me. It's been too long."

He sobered, once again, feeling the shame of his neglect. "You're right. You've waited long enough."

He backed her up until the back of her legs hit the bed. “Sit down and lay back. Legs up on the bed, feet flat, and thighs spread wide. I want to see you.”

While she positioned herself, he backed up and began slinging off his clothes, letting the articles fall where they may. His cock stood up strong and proud, almost to his navel, and his balls drawn up tight against his skin. He idly stroked his rod, his eyes never leaving the mouth-watering bounty spread before him.

Rick was so close to exploding, he wanted to stop and take the edge off, but that wouldn't be fair to his wife. The pain he now endured was the least he could suffer for the pain he'd caused her over these last months.

“Rick?” Her head lifted off the mattress as Traci tried to discern his whereabouts.

“I'm here, baby.”

He walked to the bed and dropped to his knees between her butterscotch colored legs. Lifting one leg by the ankle, he rubbed his face against the arch of her foot and then strung a line of kisses from her instep to the back of her knee. He put that leg back into position and did the same to the left one.

Once he reached her inner thighs, he kissed a path to her vulva, alternating back and forth from one leg to the other. When he reached her labia, he paused, savoring the treat to come. Traci's flesh was darker here; the color of chocolate blushed dark pink, like the inside of a strawberry dipped in milk chocolate, and she tasted just as sweet.

Parting her nether lips with his thumbs, he lowered his nose and inhaled. Damn, she smelled good. She was so wet her juice was sliding down her crack, forming a puddle on the bed.

“Rick, quit playing and do something.” She arched her hips and the tip of his nose suddenly buried in her pussy.

He pulled back and wiped his nose with the back of his hand. “Patience, baby.”

Traci snorted and warned, "I'll remember this when it's my turn."

Rick felt his cock jerk at the reminder, and he had to press hard at the base of his penis to keep from coming. Determined to make this as good for his wife as possible, he ignored her weeping slit and ran the tip of his tongue along the crease of her inner thigh. Traci jumped and her thighs came up to clamp around his head.

He pressed them back down to the bed and applied pressure to keep them there. Then he turned his attention to the crease on the opposite side. From there, he lapped up the juice that saturated the hair surrounding her sex. When he began licking the hood that covered her clit, she started thrashing beneath him, trying to get her body closer to his mouth.

"Harder!"

Refusing to be rushed, he continued to toy with her. He wanted her to remember every second of this night. He would drive the thought of any other man as a potential lover, out of her mind or die trying.

He gripped her thighs, pushed them up and back, opening her wider so he'd have greater access. Like a Popsicle, he licked her from her perennial to her clit, adding an extra swirl at the top before dropping down to do it again, and again, and again.

"Oh my God. You're driving me crazy!" Her hands, trapped by the bonds, clenched into tight little fists by her hips. She twisted her head back and forth.

She tasted so good, he forgot what he was trying to accomplish. He found himself caught up in the drive for more. He had to have more. He shoved his tongue in her pussy as deep as it would go then tried to go deeper. With his mouth open as wide as it possibly could, he was unmindful of his teeth pressing down hard, scraping against her flesh.

He twirled his tongue around, trying to scoop up her cream and drag it back to his mouth. He wanted to drink her down. It wasn't enough. "Come for me!" He pinched hard on her clit. Traci screamed and her pussy gushed.

Yes! That's what he wanted. He dove back between her legs, slurping her up. When the flow slowed, he shoved his tongue in deep, seeking more. He flicked his tongue in and out of her pussy as she humped his face, her hungry cunt still sucking at his tongue, trying to pull it deeper.

Traci bucked and twisted beneath him. It was taking all of his strength to hold her in place. Words streamed from her mouth, but he was too far gone to comprehend. He was blind and deaf to everything but the lust riding him hard. He rose up and impaled her in one hard lunge. He immediately erupted, his hips jerking erratically as sperm spewed from cock.

"Arrgghh!" He collapsed on top of her while his heart tried to beat its way out of his chest. For a moment, he felt pure, unadulterated fear. With the stress, he'd been under lately and now this, was his heart strong enough to stand up to the strain?

His death flashed before his eyes. He saw Traci turning to that jackass boss of hers that she was infatuated with for comfort and through sheer force of will, forced his pulse to calm. He'd be damned if he breathed his last breath tonight. He hadn't fought this long and hard to give up the ghost now.

Chapter Two

Rick lay with his head cushioned on her breast, gathering his strength. The night was young, and they still had a long way to go. Underneath him, Traci's heart beat like a locomotive— hard, heavy, and super fast. The muscles of her sheath intermittently rippled along the length of his penis as random spasms shook her body.

When he could move, he lifted his head, leaned forward and kissed his wife. After their earlier carnality, this kiss was soft and gentle, full of all of the tenderness he longed to give her.

“I can taste myself on you.”

“Now you know how good you taste.” Her breasts seemed to demand his attention, the brown nipples begging for suckling. He was more than happy to comply.

From the very beginning, Traci's breasts had fascinated him. They'd met when she was assigned to work for him as his administrative assistant. He'd taken one look and began salivating. Only the threat of a sexual harassment charge made him behave and keep his hands to himself.

He knew he was an attractive man. At six foot, three inches tall, blonde haired with blue eyes, he retained the muscular build of the football player he'd been in college. He'd never had a problem attracting women until Traci. She'd turned him down flat the first, second, and third time he asked her out.

The first time he asked she said, “You're my boss. It would be inappropriate.” He'd reminded her that the

company had no specific rule against fraternization of employees. She just shook her head and left his office.

He waited a couple of months until they knew each other better and asked again. This time she said, "I don't date outside my race."

"You're holding it against me because I'm white? Isn't that a kind of reverse racism?"

"I'm not racist," she protested.

"Oh, really? So, if I were black, like you, your answer would be yes?" He arched an eyebrow and crossed his arms over his chest.

"Yes. I mean, no. I mean...I'm not racist!" She nervously tucked a strand of hair that had escaped from her French roll behind her ear.

"What if I were Hispanic? Would you go out with me then?" He took a step closer to her.

"I don't know. Maybe, but you aren't, so what does it matter?" She stepped back a pace.

"So, if I were Puerto Rican, Mexican, Black, or Cuban, you'd go out with me, but because I'm white, the answer is no?" He decreased the distance between them, crowding her closer to the door.

"Stop twisting my words." She receded backwards until her back hit the door. "I said no. I don't have to give you a reason."

Knowing he'd pushed hard enough, he let the matter drop, but he didn't give up. He wanted his sexy little Admin, and he was going to have her. He waited over a year before asking again. In the meantime, he burrowed his way into her life, asking about her family, friends, and what she did when she was not working. He refused to allow it to be "strictly business" between them and gave her no choice but to view him as a friend. He was friendly, but not too friendly. He flirted just enough so she could never forget he wanted her as a man wants a woman.

By the third time he asked, he knew she was just as attracted to him as he was to her. Still, she said no. "Why?"

"My family just wouldn't understand."

Finally, he'd gotten to the root of the problem. By that time, Rick knew he wanted to marry this woman, and he refused to let something as stupid as her family's opinion stand in his way. He cupped her face in his hands. "Forget about your family. What do *you* want?"

She nibbled on her lower lip, looking everywhere but at him before answering in a small voice, "I want you."

"Then take a chance. Go out with me and let's see where this leads."

"Rick, remove the blindfold and untie my hands." Traci's voice snapped his attention back to the here and now.

"We're not through, yet." He gave her right nipple one last swirl with his tongue before straightening up.

He reached to the top of the bed and pulled two thick, fat pillows from under the comforter. "How are the arms? Are they sore?"

"They're fine."

"Good. I'm going to roll you over onto your stomach, and I want you to lift up onto your knees. I'll help."

The process wasn't smooth, but when they finished, Traci lay on her stomach with the pillows under her lifting her butt up into the air. "Are you okay? Blood's not rushing to your head, is it?"

"I'm as comfortable as I'm going to get with my hands behind my back. Why can't I put them in front of me?"

"I don't trust you not to mess with the blindfold."

"It's not like I really need it. I can't see what you're doing back there anyway," she grumbled.

Rick ignored her griping. As he studied her exposed sex, a feeling of possessiveness swept over him. This was his pussy. How dare she consider giving it to another. *Smack!* He swatted her right butt cheek.

“Ow! That smarts. What’d you hit me for?”

“That’s for bringing another man into our bed.” He burned just thinking about it.

“I never...”

Smack! He spanked her other cheek. “You thought about it. That’s bad enough.”

“Ow! Rick, cut it out. This isn’t funny!”

“It’s not meant to be.”

He thought of all they’d gone through and the prejudice they’d overcome just to be together. He couldn’t believe she was just going to silently let it all slip away.

Smack! “That’s for letting me neglect you.”

“Letting you...what do you mean? You weren’t interested. What was I supposed to do?”

“Get in my face and demand my attention. The same way you do with the kids or things that need doing around the house. You don’t let me slack in those areas. Why should you do any less for yourself?” *Smack!*

She struggled, trying to crawl away. He pulled her back. *Smack!* “Ouch, that stings! Swear to God, Rick, if you pop me one more time, you’d better sleep with one eye open.”

“I haven’t slept for the last two months. I’m getting used to it.” *Smack!* Her butt was a nice shade of cherry red now.

“Ooooo! Just wait ‘til I...*what are you doing?*”

He’d spread the cheeks of her butt wide, swiped his thumb through the combined body fluids coating her vulva and inner thighs, and smeared it over the opening to her anus.

“Something different.”

“I hope to God you don’t think you’re putting anything in me *there*.” She tightened her thighs and tried to close her legs.

“Just relax.” He climbed onto his knees on the bed, using his widely spread legs to hold hers open. “I won’t do

anything you don't want me to do." He dragged more cum to her anus until her back hole was good and slick.

"Well I'm telling you now; you're not sticking me there."

He smiled wickedly, knowing she couldn't see. He had no intention of penetrating her here, but she didn't have to know that. "Are you sure, Trace? Haven't you ever wondered what it would be like?" He slid his opposing thumb into her wet sheath and stroked her clit with his fingers, all the while rubbing circles around her puckered hole.

"No." Her voice was a little less sure this time. He chuckled silently to himself. Her mouth was saying no, but her body was pushing back against him, asking for more.

"What was that, babe? I didn't quite hear you."

"Mmmm, I...what are you doing to me?"

"Sure you don't want me in here?" He pressed harder against her anus, the tip of his thumb penetrating the tiniest bit.

"Yes! I mean, no! I do not want you poking your cock into my a...umph!"

Rick impaled her on his cock. He continued to rub her clit while he lazily stroked in and out of her vagina. "You were saying?"

"Oooo, that feels amazing. I may let you live after all."

He rotated his hips as he withdrew then surged back in to the hilt, hitting all of her hot spots. Having taken the edge off earlier, he was able to focus on her pleasure.

"Why...haven't...you...been...sleeping?" She panted.

He had to think for a minute, her question coming seemingly out of left field. "Problems at work." He slid his free hand up to play with her breasts, pulling and tugging at her taut nipples.

"What problems?" Her breath caught, and she let out a moan as he hit a particular sensitive spot.

Committing that move to memory, he did it again and again, over and over. "I don't want to talk about it now. Concentrate on this!" He pulled on her clit until it stretched between his fore and middle finger, tugging gently. Covering her back completely, he nibbled on her neck and shoulder while continuing to toy with her breasts. In her ear, he whispered all the naughty things he wanted to do to her before the night was through.

She bucked beneath him as she came with a quickly smothered howl. Rick pulled out, not wanting her contractions to make him come. While she shuddered and shook, he slid two fingers into her slit and thrust in and out, prolonging her orgasm until she slumped boneless on the bed.

He withdrew his fingers and licked them clean. Lovingly, he caressed her shoulders and back, easing her down from the high she'd achieved. When she was calm again, he worked his way down to her hips, kneading and massaging the muscles, then reversed directions and made his way back to her neck and shoulders again.

"Mmm, that feels good," she slurred.

"Sleepy?"

"Mmm hmm."

"Go ahead and rest." He continued his massage, content for now to disregard his straining erection. He'd get his in due time.

He untied her hands and gently worked the muscles in her arms in case there was any tenderness, before reaching up and undoing the blindfold. While she was sleeping, now was as good a time as any to implement phase two of his plan.

He went downstairs to the kitchen to get the picnic basket he'd packed and hidden earlier. Setting it by the bed, he went into the bathroom and filled the garden tub. He couldn't remember the last time they'd bathed together, maybe not since Josh's birth four years ago.

Returning to the room, he rolled Traci over onto her back and threw the pillows to the side. "Come on, sleepyhead. Bath time."

"Tired," she mumbled. "Want to sleep."

"You'll sleep better once you're not all sticky." He pulled her up off the bed and onto his shoulder, in a fireman's hold. He staggered a bit under her weight and had to adjust his hold. Man, he needed to get back to the gym. Six months of working around the clock had weakened him.

He lowered her into the tub and stepped in behind her. Once seated, he pulled her down to sit between his legs.

"Don't get my hair wet."

After ten years of marriage, he knew the drill. Traci's hair stayed dry unless she deemed it time to be wet. Seeing the amount of work involved in keeping it straight and silky looking, he didn't blame her one bit. Although he thought her naturally curly hair was beautiful, she rarely wore it that way.

He rested against the back of the tub, enjoying the moist heat and the simple pleasure of having his wife in his arms. No work, no children, just the two of them together, and the pleasant ache of arousal in his loins, he needed this.

Traci laid her head on his shoulder and drew designs on his arms, which were around her waist. "So, you never did say. Why haven't you been sleeping?"

Just like that, his desire faded. Crap! This was not a conversation he wanted to have, especially not tonight, but she'd find out anyway, soon enough. Better, it come from him. "I've spent the last six months trying to keep SmithTech from going under."

"What?" She whipped around to face him so fast that she accidentally elbowed him in the stomach.

"Umph," he grunted and threw out an arm to block her before she crushed an even more sensitive area as she rose to her knees. "The company almost folded. John and I

managed to pull it out, but it was close." Too close, but she didn't need to know that.

"What happened? I thought things were going well. *That's* what all those late night meetings were about. Why didn't you tell me?" She placed her hands on his shoulders as if she was prepared to shake the answers out of him if he didn't respond quickly enough.

He started with the last question first. "I didn't tell you because I couldn't. We swore all those who knew to secrecy and what happened is what usually happens. The economy took a turn for the worse, some of our major money makers didn't produce as well as expected, and a whole lot of stuff I don't want to go into now."

"I'm your wife. You should have told me anyway. Damn it, Rick, I thought you were having an affair."

"Yeah, so I found out." He was still angry at her lack of faith in him.

"What was I supposed to think? You were so secretive, and you were gone at night more than you were home." Her eyes shot accusations at him.

"You were supposed to trust me."

"Like you trusted me?" She glared at him.

He unflinchingly met her gaze. "You're my wife, but you also work for the same people I do. Just how long do you think it would take before the knowledge that your job might fold started to affect your job performance? Furthermore, what would you say when Lyons asked what was wrong? Are you sure that you could have withstood the temptation to go hunting for another job, knowing that both of our incomes were in jeopardy? With your tender heart, could you have resisted the urge to warn others of what might happen, like say, Angie, the single mother of two you've become good friends with over the last few years?"

She lowered her eyes and sucked on her bottom lip as she thought about what he was saying. Finally, she raised her head and met his gaze. "I'd like to think that I would

have kept quiet, but you're right. It would have been very difficult. So, everything's okay now?"

He closed his eyes and allowed his head to drop back against the wall. "We managed to save the business, but by necessity, there's going to be a lot of changes. We've had to cut back in a lot of areas, including personnel."

"Layoffs?"

He just nodded. He hated like hell having to let people go, but it was, release some or lose all.

"How many?" she softly asked.

He kept his eyes closed, not wanting to see her face when he gave her the bad news. "Three hundred for now. Maybe more later."

"Oh!" She laid her head on his chest and wrapped her arms around his neck, giving him one of her patent "sure to make everything better" hugs, "I know this is hard on you."

He released the breath that he was holding and held her close, desperately needing the comfort she was offering. After a while, he told her, "We'd better wash and get out. The water's getting colder by the minute and dinner's waiting. I don't want it to spoil."

"Dinner? Um, yum." However, she didn't look like she was hungry.

Neither was he, but he was sticking to the plan. They washed and exited the tub. "Leave the towel here," he told her when she tried to use it to cover herself.

"But..."

"No buts, baby. Haven't I proven how much enjoyment I get from seeing your body? Tonight, I don't want anything between us."

She laid the towel over the rack and walked into the bedroom. "What now?"

"Now we feast. Get on the bed."

"We're eating in here?" She tossed a frown over her shoulder at him.

“Yes, we’re breaking your “no eating in the bedrooms” rule, just for one night.”

She grumbled a bit under her breath but got on the bed and waited.

He gathered the picnic basket from where he’d placed it on the side of the bed. First, he spread a small blanket on the bed, purchased with this purpose in mind. Then, he placed the basket on the blanket. When Traci reached for the lid, he popped her hand. “Back off. You’re ruining my romantic moment.”

She rolled her eyes. “You’re going to get enough of popping me.”

“Behave and I won’t have to.” He withdrew an assortment of containers and laid them on the blanket in front of her. Once he was finished, he sat the basket to the side and settled across from her on the bed.

One by one, he opened the containers, revealing the contents inside.

“Oooo, shrimp, crab cakes, strawberries, grapes, cheese. What kind of pastries are those?” She was about to tip over onto the food; she was staring so hard.

“Mexican beef patties.” He opened the rest of the containers and spread a linen napkin on top of his lap.

“I don’t see any plates and don’t I get a napkin?”

“That’s because there aren’t any, and no, you don’t. I’ll be feeding you. Your hands won’t have a chance to get dirty.”

“Do I at least get to say which foods I want?”

Rick counseled himself to be patient. Just because he’d explained what had been happening for last six months didn’t mean her anger was going to instantly disappear. “If you don’t want me to feed you, say so. Tonight is for your pleasure,” he reminded her softly.

She sighed heavily, bit her lower lip, and then admitted, “It sounds really romantic and I appreciate all of the thought you’ve put into this, but if you don’t mind, I

think I'd rather feed myself. Otherwise, I'll be too worried about making a mess."

He leaned to the side and grabbed another napkin, which he handed to her. "Here you go."

Traci looked from the napkin in his hand to his face. "You knew?"

"I know my wife."

She sat cross-legged and placed the napkin in her lap, grumbling under her breath, "I hate being predictable."

He just laughed because her predictability was one of the things he loved about her.

"Since you know me so well, I don't suppose you have a fork in there, too?"

He silently reached in the basket, took out a fork, and handed it to her. "You do realize this stuff is called finger food for a reason?"

"Thank you." The relief on her face was humorous. "I know. I'm anal."

"But you're eating in the bedroom, so that means you're not OCD," he told her with a chuckle.

"No, Rayrae is the one who's obsessive compulsive," she informed him, referring to her older sister.

"True," he agreed with a nod.

Silence fell while they ate and not the comfortable kind. Rick racked his brain for something to say that didn't involve work, bills, or the kids and was coming up blank. This is pitiful, he thought. He remembered a time when they would talk each other's ears off and still not run out of things to say. The realization of how far apart they'd drawn caused him to lose his budding appetite, and he began picking at his food.

Lost in self-recriminations, he was startled when Traci spoke.

"How did you know about...?"

From the guilty, uneasy expression on her face, he knew exactly what she was talking about. "About your boss, Lyons?"

"Yeah. That." She played with the food on her fork, studying it as though she'd never seen it before.

"You moaned his name while you were sleeping," he said flatly.

"You lie!" She glared at him as if he was making it up.

He arched one brow. "Are you sure about that?"

She turned her attention back to the food. "Nothing ever happened between us. I don't even think he suspects," she finished quietly.

"Why do you think he's still breathing?"

She smiled softly then chuckled until she got a good look at his face. "You're serious."

"Very."

In an obvious bid to change the subject, she asked, "Did you remember to bring something to drink?"

He reached back inside the basket and came out with a bottle of sparkling white grape juice, and two plastic wine glasses.

"You sure that thing has a bottom? There's no way all this stuff could have come out of there without magic being involved."

"I'm an engineer. I know how to make the best use of the space allotted."

He poured them both a glass and toasted her. "Here's to the best woman a man could ever dream of marrying."

"Thanks." She took a sip. "This stuff isn't bad." She drained the cup and set it to the side. She worried the fringe on the blanket, then pinned him with a look. "Am I on the list to be downsized? Should I start looking for other employment?"

He sighed heavily; really, in no mood to discuss this but understanding she had concerns. "Your job is safe. Even if the worst had happened and we both lost our jobs,

we're straight. I did everything I possibly could to ensure our family's financial security in case the worst happened."

"That's why you were on me about the money I spent."

"Yeah."

"And why my credit cards started disappearing?"

"I paid them off and canceled them. I refinanced the loans on the cars and took out protection insurance. Everything that could be paid off—has been, and money's been set aside for 'just in case.'"

"I can't believe I was so wrong. When you started complaining about my spending, I thought you were just picking fights. Then, when funds started disappearing from the joint account and I couldn't account for it, I thought you were having an affair; that you were spending money on another woman. I was just waiting for the other shoe to drop."

Chapter Three

“You know, that’s one of the things that bug me the most. Just why were you so quick to think I was cheating?”

Traci immediately began closing containers and placing them back in the basket. “What was I supposed to think? You were putting in a lot of hours at the office...”

“I worked just as many, if not more, here at home in my office,” he interrupted.

“You nit-picked the money I spent...”

“Not all of it, just the unnecessary, frivolous purchases you made.” He helped her gather the rest of the containers and clear the bed.

“Frivolous?” Traci frowned and her hands went to her hips.

“You bought a brand new bedroom set for Patrice and totally redecorated her room,” he reminded her.

“So, it was time for a change,” she insisted stubbornly.

“Trace, the one she had wasn’t even two years old. Not only was it unnecessary, it was wasteful. Tricee could care less how her room looks. That’s two thousand dollars that could have been better spent on something else.” Rick wanted to shake her. For the most part, his wife was a frugal as could be, except when it came to the kids.

“Well, I didn’t know that, then,” she said defensively.

“That still doesn’t explain why you were so quick to believe the worst. I’ve had time-consuming, intensive projects at work before, and this is not the first time I’ve complained about the money you spend on the kids. So what made this time different?”

“I told you. Money was coming up missing.”

“So why didn’t you ask me about it? I would have told you what I was doing, even if I didn’t tell you why I was doing it.”

“Well...” She wrapped her arms around her stomach. “You were so distant with me and the kids.”

He studied her defensive posture and the way she wouldn’t meet his eyes and thought hard. He didn’t like the conclusion he was coming to. “I don’t think that’s it at all. I think you didn’t say anything because you expected it to happen. In fact, I think you’ve been waiting on something like this since the beginning.”

“What? Rick, that’s crazy.” She protested, but it was weak.

“I think I’m on to something.” He straightened and leaned forward. “When we married, your family, particularly your mother, warned you that you would never be able to hold on to a man like me. That as soon as I got tired of the novelty, I’d dump you for ‘one of my kind.’ You laughed it off, but I think deep down inside, you believed them.”

She shook her head hard and leaned back, trying to put some distance between them. “You wouldn’t do anything like that.” She didn’t sound sure.

“Really? Then answer this. Who did you think I was having an affair with—a black or white female?” He planted his hands on the bed and came forward, getting right in her face.

She dropped back on to her elbows and tried to scoot back. “I...uh...”

He came to his knees and tracked her like a predator stalking prey. “And, if you thought I wasn’t where I said I’d be, why didn’t you call and check on me?”

“You see...I...uh...” She crawled back using her elbows until the headboard blocked her retreat.

He crawled up the length of her body until they were face-to-face. "You don't trust me."

She braced her hands against his chest. "Yes, I do."

"No, you don't. You were too willing to give up on us, too quick to believe the worst for that statement to be true." Rick sat back on his heels and placed his hands on his thighs. "Tell me something, Trace. If you didn't believe I meant forever, why did you marry me? And I want the truth."

She pushed up until she sat up as well. "I married you because I loved you so much that it scared me, and I wanted to be with you, no matter how long we lasted." She gasped and put her hand over her mouth, her eyes wide, horrified at what she'd just revealed.

Rick closed his eyes as pain washed over him. Ten fucking years of marriage and she was still waiting for him to walk out the door. Damn her family and damn her for believing them more than she believed in him.

She placed her hand lightly against his chest. "Oh God, Rick, I'm so sorry. You're right. I didn't realize." There were tears in her eyes.

Oh man, not the water works, the one thing that got to him every time. He hooked her by the neck and dragged her into his arms, holding her while she cried. "Shhh, it's alright. We can get past this. Just stop crying. You know I can't handle it." He rained kisses over her temple and cheek.

She hugged him tight. "So sorry. So sorry. Didn't know," she blubbered over and over.

He thought back over the last ten years of their relationship, little things that he'd noticed but never commented on suddenly making more sense. As she calmed, he considered his options. This situation between them all boiled down to a matter of trust. Would Trace trust him to keep the commitment he made to her, before God

and witnesses, on their wedding day? Was she willing to fight for him, for them? No time like the present to find out.

He pushed her back far enough to be able to see her face and wiped her cheeks with his thumbs. "Trace, I'm going to ask you something, and I need you to be totally honest with me. Do you believe I meant every word of the vows I spoke to you on our wedding day?"

She nodded then ruined it with her words. "I know you believed what you were saying but..."

"No buts," he interrupted. "Either you believe me or you don't. Now, do you believe I'm committed to doing my part to make this marriage last 'til death do us part'?"

She was quiet for a long while. He waited patiently, knowing this was too important to rush. Finally, she answered firmly, "Yes, I do."

"Are you just as committed to trying to make things work?" The atmosphere was solemn, heavy. It felt like a renewing of their vows and that all heaven was waiting to see what she would say.

"I am." She smiled, and her face lit up from within as though a weight she'd been carrying for a long time was finally gone.

"Prove it."

Traci's smile winked out as if someone flipped a switch. "How am I supposed to do that?"

"Since the day we married, you've never asked for anything for yourself. You tell me what the kids need, the house needs, what the office needs, but never what *you* need. I think it's because, deep down inside, you're scared to put yourself out there like that. It's like a form of self-protection. If you don't ask, then it won't hurt if I let you down by failing to meet your need. Tonight, you're going to ask. We're going to make love, and you're going to tell me what you need, what you want, what you like and don't like, and I'm not going to touch you unless it's in response to your command."

She stirred uncomfortably and put more distance between them until their bodies no longer touched. “Is this really necessary? You already know what I like and don’t like.”

“I know bits and pieces. Drop your shields, baby, and let me in. What I’m asking is for a deeper level of trust. Trust me enough to voice your needs. Yours, not the kids, the house, or people you know on the job. What do you fantasize? Let me make your fantasies come true. Earlier tonight, you helped me act out one of mine. Allow me to return the favor.” He got on the floor and dropped to his knees before her. “Think of me as your love slave. What would my mistress have me to do?” He bowed his head and waited.

“My slave, huh? You’ll do anything I want you to do?” She sounded intrigued by the possibilities.

“If it’s within my power to do so, Mistress.” He kept his head lowered, his posture meek.

“I was curious...”

“Yes, Mistress?”

“How it would feel to have my toes suckled,” she finished in a rush.

Rick was glad she couldn’t see his face. There was no way he could have hidden his surprise. He wondered if this was what she really wanted or if it was a test. “As you wish, Mistress. Now, if you’ll move to the side of the bed.” He waited until she’d positioned herself and then raised her foot, bringing it to his mouth.

“Wait!” She reached her hand down to stop him.

“Did I do something wrong, Mistress?” He sat there with her foot barely a breath away.

“You’re serious about this, aren’t you? You’re really going to suck my toes?” She asked in disbelief.

“If it’s your desire.”

“Oh, well, okay then.”

Even though she'd told him to continue, he could tell she still was uncertain.

He began by placing baby kisses on the pad of each toe, starting with the smallest and working his way to the largest, then he slid his tongue between the grooves.

She flinched and her foot jerked in his hand. "That tickles."

He firmly pressed his thumb into her instep and rotated, massaging the pad while he bit down on heel of her foot. Nibbling his way back to the top, he slowly drew her big toe into his mouth and suckled, stroking the underside with his tongue. After a while, he extracted it with a wet sucking sound, then sat with his head bowed, awaiting her next command.

At her continued silence, he looked up. Traci had fallen back on the bed, bracing herself on her elbows. She appeared to be in a daze. Inwardly, he grinned.

"Would mistress like me to continue with her other foot?"

"What? Oh, um, yeah, that will be great."

Rick wanted to laugh but needed to remain in character. He filed this information away for future reference. Lifting her right foot, he lavished the same amount of loving attention on it as he had the left.

As he was lowering her foot to the floor, she whispered, "The back of my knee."

He immediately raised her leg back to his mouth, and beginning with her ankle, nibbled his way up her inner leg until he reached the sensitive skin behind her knee. He explored the hollow with the tip of his tongue before tenderly catching the tendon between his teeth.

He rubbed the tip of his nose in the indent, but what he wanted to do was follow the invisible path to the apex of her thighs and eat her out until she creamed his face. Instead, he switched his attention to her left leg. He was

hard as a rock. *Tell me to lick your pussy*, he silently commanded.

“Would mistress like me to suck, or lick, anything else? Anything at all?” *Say yes*, he mentally urged.

“Yes.” She sounded drugged, and when he looked, she was flat on her back, hands stretched out to the side.

Hot damn! “Where?” He tried to keep the anticipation out of his voice. He nuzzled his cheek against the inside of her thigh, already plotting his next move.

“My spine.”

“Huh?” He froze, sure he’d misunderstood.

“The length of my spine. Start with the back of my neck and work your way down.”

He almost broke character and refused. Sanity returned at the last minute and kept him from making a vital mistake. He backed up so she could roll over. When she didn’t move, he took another look at her, paying special attention to her facial expression. A wide grin split his face. “Feel good, baby?”

“Umm hmm.”

He chuckled softly and rolled her over onto her stomach. She was as limp as a noodle. He could wait a little longer to satisfy his desire. He walked to the other side of the bed and pulled her by the arms until she was centered, then crawled onto the bed beside her so he could straddle her body.

Once more in the spirit of things, he started with her neck, as requested, but he did more than lick and kiss his way down her spine. He let his hands roam where they willed, touching, stroking, and caressing anywhere his heart desired. When he reached her ass, he spent time on each cheek. She shivered and shuddered beneath him while husky groans of arousal filled the air.

“Isn’t there something you’ve always wanted to do? Some position you’ve wanted to try? Tell me about it,” he coaxed softly.

“You promise you won’t laugh?”

“I promise.” He kissed the dimple where her butt met her thigh and smiled when she arched into his touch, legs spread, asking for more.

“I’ve always wanted to watch.”

“Watch what?” He murmured absently, entranced by the sight of her glistening slit.

“Us, making love. You know, like in a mirror?”

He snapped to attention. Him and Trace, doing it in front of a mirror? *Oh hell, yeah!* That was something he could get into. He looked around the room until his eyes fell on the armless chair in the corner of the room. They had a vanity mirror with the two side adjustable mirrors. This was doable.

“Come on!” He climbed off the bed, grabbed the chair, and dragged it in front of the mirror.

“What are you doing?”

“On my lap, woman! You can’t tell me something like that and expect me to just let it go.” He sat in the chair, facing the mirrors. Then he jumped up and adjusted one of the side mirrors. “Perfect.” Seated again, he patted his thigh.

“You sure about this?” She hovered nervously.

He wagged his erection. “Don’t I look sure?”

When she took too long, he pulled her onto his lap, and then arranged her so that she sat with her back to his chest, legs draped over his outspread thighs. He cupped her breasts and toyed with her nipples, watching her reaction in the mirror. “This is your fantasy, baby. Make it good for both of us.”

He could tell the exact moment she pushed fear aside and decided to seize control. Determination filled her expression, and her shoulders squared as she lifted up, reached between her legs, and grabbed his cock in a firm grip. With no preliminaries, she sank down on him, swallowing him whole.

His eyes rolled back in his head. Oh yeah, this is what he'd wanted. Unable to keep still now that her slick heat was engulfing him, his hips flexed, making micro-thrusts. Traci leaned back, rested her head against his chest, and raised her arms up and back to hold him, causing her breasts to stick out prominently. Her cheeks flushed and eyes lowered as she watched their image copulating in the mirror.

She spread her legs wide, giving them both a better view of his shaft buried inside her sex. He balls were damp, the pubic hair wet with clumps of cream that oozed from her sheath. Her pussy stretched tight around his rod, and her clit stood out proud and straight, so dark with the blood engorging it that it was almost red.

"You are so damned sexy," he murmured into her ear. "How could I want anyone but you? Let me see you play with those beautiful tits of yours."

Traci cupped her breasts and rolled the nipples.

"Talk to me. Tell me how that feels," he commanded.

"Good," she sighed. "So good, I can feel it right here." She let her right hand glide down her body until it rested over her womb.

"What does it feel like?" He nibbled on the sensitive spot behind her ear while his hands stroked her thighs. He never took his gaze off the mirror.

"It pulls something in here and makes me want to do this." She tightened her pussy like a clamp around his cock.

He jerked up off the seat, ramming her deep. "Shit! Do that again."

"Ummm," she moaned and did it again, holding the muscles tight before releasing. "You like?"

"*OH MY GOD! DO THAT AGAIN.*" He pumped faster, deepening his thrusts.

"What about this?" She leaned forward and placed her hands on his knees, bracing her weight. Her position caused

her breasts to dangle. Then she did something that made his eyes cross.

“What the hell did you do?”

“This?” She did it again.

“Fuck! Yeah, that.”

“I squeezed my PC muscle like this,” she demonstrated, “while rotating my hips in a circle, like so.” She gyrated on his lap like a stripper giving a lap dance while gripping him tight with her inner muscles.

Rick closed his eyes and threw his head back, the muscles in his neck tight and straining. “If you keep that up, I’m gonna explode. I won’t be able to hold it,” he growled through his teeth.

“Then I guess you don’t want me to do this.” She lifted her hips until the head of his cock almost slipped free, then slammed back down as hard and fast as she could.

Rick bit back a curse. His balls drew up tight and in another minute, it would all be over. Traci rode him hard. The sight of her with her head thrown back, and the look of ecstasy on her face, pushed him over the edge. He caught her by the hips and yanked her down to meet his upward lunge. One, two, three pumps of the hips and he was done for. The orgasm curled his toes and shot fire up his spine before exploding out of his cock.

When he came back to himself, Traci was still rocking frantically. He reached around and manipulated her clit in a manner guaranteed to set her off. She almost brained him when she threw back her head and screamed as she came. Her vagina clamped down on him like a vise, and he shuddered as it set off a mini-orgasm in his body.

Spent, he slumped against the back of the chair and caught Traci to him when she collapsed like a rag doll. Exhaustion plowed into him like a freight train. He needed to get to the bed while he still had energy to move. “Up, baby. I need to lie down before I fall out of this chair. The floor’s looking mighty good to me right now.”

Traci stood and pulled him to his feet. When he just stood there, weaving back and forth, she pulled and tugged on his arm until she'd maneuvered him over to the bed. He waited long enough for her to pull the cover back and then collapsed. Rick was vaguely aware of her entering the bathroom and water running. He didn't rouse again until she slid into bed next to him. He reached out an arm and tugged her close, then wrapped his body around hers. It was the last thing he remembered.

* * * *

Rick was having the best wet dream of his life. Somebody was sucking his cock and doing a damn fine job of it too. The orgasm woke him.

He awoke to find his wife kneeling on the bed beside him, licking cum from around her mouth. A pair of silk scarves dangled from her hand, which she held up. "We have three hours before the kids get home—it's my turn."

He groaned while the sound of her delighted laughter filled the air.

About the Author

Zena Wynn is a multi-published author of erotic romance, and the author of *The Contract*, also with Phaze Books.