



PHAZE
ROCKS

*Tигра-Luna
LeMar*

Sexhibition

Published by Phaze Books



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Sexhibition

A Phaze Rocks short by

TIGRA-LUNA LEMAR

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A Phaze Production
Phaze Books
6470A Glenway Avenue, #109
Cincinnati, OH 45211-5222
Phaze is an imprint of Mundania Press, LLC.

To order additional copies of this book, contact:
books@phaze.com
www.Phaze.com

Cover art © 2009 Michelle Lee
Edited by Will Belegon

eBook ISBN-13: 978-1-60659-500-8
First Edition – September, 2009
Printed in the United States of America

10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

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Chapter One

In one minute, her life took a dramatic, lonely turn. The door slammed and she gasped at the sound. Dumbfounded, she walked stiffly into her bedroom and stood by the door with a sinking feeling in her heart.

Lisa Hamilton sat down on her bed, staring at the divorce papers in her hands. Just like that, it was over. One went through so much to get married and all it took to end it all was a few strokes from a pen on a piece of paper. How could he want to divorce her? She had worked hard to make him happy and for them to have a wonderful house, cars, and all the best things money could buy. So what did he do? Serve her with papers that said he was leaving her.

How could he be so selfish? Had he even loved her at all? He hadn't even warned her. Then, when she wanted to talk about it, all he did was frown, shove the papers at her, and turn away.

"Lise?" Her best friend's voice rang through the large house, followed by footsteps storming up the stairs. "Lisa? It's Jasmine! Where are you?"

Lisa didn't answer. She was too depressed to give a damn. Her mind was a giant fog.

When Jasmine burst through the bedroom door, Lisa was sobbing uncontrollably. Jasmine pulled her into a hug and Lisa let loose. "What did I do wrong? I worked hard, didn't I? I tried—"

"What?" Jasmine asked, cocking a hip with a confused look on her face. "Lisa, what's going on? You sounded troubled on the phone."

Lisa angrily waved the papers at her friend. "Are you blind? He's divorcing me! Can you believe he would do that to me? After all we've been through, he just shoves these at me and leaves!"

“Lise, I know you don’t want to hear this...” Jasmine sat beside her friend and rubbed Lisa’s back. “But to answer your earlier question, you did *everything* wrong. You haven’t really been there for him. I mean, I haven’t seen you in weeks, barely talked to you except for a five-minute phone call two days ago. You’ve been working too much, and it must feel to him that you would rather be rich than be with him. And today...you haven’t seen him in a long time and the one day you leave work to have lunch, you chose me over him! Think about it! I don’t know what’s going on in your husband’s head, but I think it’s safe to say that’s the straw that broke the camel’s back.”

“Whose side are you on?” Lisa shoved away from Jasmine and shot from the bed. The papers slipped quietly to the floor. “You’re *my* friend.”

“What do you want me to say? The last time I checked, best friends are supposed to tell each other the truth. That is what you’re going to get from me, so if you don’t like it, tough! In the last week, how many times have you seen Mathew? I mean talked to him, hugged him, told him you loved him? When was the last time you made love to him?”

Lisa opened her mouth to say something in her defense but couldn’t think of an answer to any of Jasmine’s questions. She had seen him every night, but for the first time she realized that he must have been hurt. How often had there been cold dinners he ate alone because she hadn’t called him to say she’d be late? He would make supper and wait for her. She would come home to melted candles on the table and plates filled with food in the garbage. She never thought twice about it. Matt used to stay up and wait for her in bed, but after a while she would come home and his back would be to her. He would be asleep.

“You’re not supposed to be saying these things to me.” Lisa sobbed feebly.

“Oh grow the hell up, Lisa! I’m not going to just sit here and act like you weren’t a bitch to the man. I am not going to lie to you just so you can feel better about throwing away one of the best things that ever happened to you. You’re raking in millions, but he’s a mechanic and he likes it. He likes things simple and comfortable. You knew this when you met him. You knew that he wasn’t into the high life, and family means more to him that

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anything else. But he was quite happy with you going out and doing your thing. He asked you to have his child, remember? Do you remember your answer? The best answer you could come up with was 'I'll think about it'." Jasmine shook her head in disbelief. "You made him feel less of a man...you can try and lie to me but don't you dare lie to yourself."

"Shut up, Jas! I am warning you!"

"Or what? You'll ignore me, too? You'll leave me all alone? You'll go to work and stay there?"

"I'm not like that. I don't do that!"

"Then why is your husband divorcing you? Can you tell me that? I'm going to give you one last piece of advice today. And if you haven't been listening to anything else I said, you need to listen to this. *Fight* for him, Lisa. Hang on for dear life! Because Mathew is as good as it gets and once he's gone, it's over. You feel me?"

"He wants out."

"That's a lame-ass lump of shit if I ever heard one. So what if he wants out? You're just going to let him go like that? That's pathetic! You don't know why he wants out but you're going to cut him loose, just like that."

"Stop it, Jas!"

"No! What is wrong with you? You're going to let them win. I mean, your parents weren't pleased to see you marry a white boy in the first place, and now that your marriage is going up in smoke, they're going to blow it in your face and tell you they told you so. I've known you a long time, girl, and for as long as I've known you, you've never been a fool. But right now, so help me, you're the biggest one I know."

.It was as though something had slammed into her chest. She forgot how to breathe for a few moments, then gasped for air. She fell against the bed, clutching her chest, scrounging the papers in a tight fist and panting. "Oh my God!" she gasped. "I hurt my husband and now he doesn't want me...He doesn't *love* me anymore."

"Come on, Lisa," Jasmine sat down and rubbed Lisa's back again. "Breathe. And you can't just fall out of love with someone. Find out if he still loves you. If he does, prove to him that you can handle both your job and his love."

“I can’t...”

“You can do this. I’ll help you, but you can’t give up. Matt’s been a good man, hasn’t he?”

“I don’t know. I haven’t been home long enough to find out. What kind of wife was I? I didn’t even remember that he wanted kids.”

The shrill ring of the telephone dragged her from her plight. She grabbed it instantly. “Matt?”

She had dared to hope, but tears toppled down her cheeks when one of her manager’s voices came to her. Lisa’s strength left her and the phone clattered to the ground while she turned, shaking as she moved into Jasmine’s arms. She watched Jasmine grab the phone.

“Hi. Mrs Hamilton isn’t feeling well at the moment, so whatever it is you will have to deal with it.” She hung up.

“Help me get my man back, Jasmine. Please, I’m begging you... help me...”

* * * *

Mathew Hamilton clenched the beer in his hand and stared at a small drop of water running down the side of the bottle. He felt as though the world had ended. He had finally gotten up the courage to move into his own place, out of his wife’s home.

He was a man, and a man didn’t stick around while his wife neglected him. It wasn’t that he hated that she made more money than he did. The truth was, he didn’t really care about that. Mathew had worked all his life and was quiet happy doing so. When he had confronted her about work the first time she had simply said that when he began to make the money she made, she would stay home more.

Why couldn’t Lisa see that he was quite happy with the way his life was? He was making an honest living with his own mechanic shop and he was in love with one of the most beautiful women in the world.

Nothing could top that—not all the money, houses, or cars in the world. He thought back to the day they had told her parents they were getting married. That day he had to fight for Lisa. Her parents didn’t like the fact that she wasn’t marrying a

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white man. They thought he was only in it for her money. Offended, he had lashed out, telling them that slavery was over and he had nothing to do with it. That had stunned her parents into silence, though not for long.

The wedding happened despite the way they tried up to the very last second to talk her out of it. Mathew believed strongly that because they loved each other so much, they could and would face anything that came their way.

The two got married and it started out great, then it all went downhill. The funny thing was, he never saw it coming. He knew from the outset that she was driven, but that was one of the things he loved about her. Their troubles started as late nights at the office; then it turned into overnights at the office, weekends out of town, even spending anniversaries apart.

Mathew truly thought he could handle it. He thought he could put it all behind him and let her do what she wanted. But after so much time apart, he didn't even know her anymore. It had been a year and a half since they had made love.

Matt really tried to ignore that and not pressure her. After the first year of rejected sexual advances, he simply stopped trying. He knew the answer before he made them.

It was as though they weren't married anymore. In the last month and a half, the times they had actually interacted could be counted on one hand. When she came home at night, he pretended to be asleep. He didn't want an argument. But how long could he wait?

Taking a sip from the bottle, he placed it back on the counter and hung his head. He wasn't one for big parties or paparazzi following him around, but he had put up with it. She was the love of his life and he would have done anything to make her happy. Walking away from her ripped out his heart and left him feeling dead.

She wouldn't let him have a say in anything. He had his own money, not as much as she did, but he would have to fight her just to pay the bills. Paying his own way had always been a part of his life. He wasn't about to change that. Matt was shocked that when he stopped fighting her she didn't say anything about it.

Of course, he had stopped fighting with her about everything. They barely spoke. Old girlfriends would have become angry, accused him of cheating. Not Lisa. She was probably too busy to even notice he hadn't made a sexual pass at her in months.

"Yo, Matt." Rahid Jackson patted him on the back as he hopped onto a stool. "Whoa, you look like shit. Isn't it a little too early to be drinking?"

"Your candor is heart-warming," Mathew snapped at Rahid and guzzled half the beer. "And it's five o'clock somewhere in the world."

"No reason to bite my head off. You were the one that called me, remember?" Rahid turned to the bartender and ordered a glass of cola. "What's going on?"

"Lisa and I are getting a divorce."

The confession hung in the air like a stench that just wouldn't go away. "I can't take it anymore. I don't know if I even love her anymore after all that's happened. I haven't gotten laid in almost two years and I know why. She doesn't want to have my kids."

"Did she say that?" Rahid questioned, shock vibrating from his voice.

"No. What other reason could there be that she doesn't want to make love? Maybe I'm just no good at it. I asked her about kids once. You know what she told me? She'll think about it. Can you believe that shit? She loved me enough to marry me, but not enough to carry my kids."

"Man, you're stronger than I am. I would never admit that I'm not the master in bed," Rahid chuckled. When Mathew gave him a stern look the African American man cleared his throat, "Sorry. Bad timing. But seriously, I would have been gone a long time ago. I know you were having some troubles, but damn. I thought it was your everyday, fight then kiss and make up kind of trouble."

"Far from it, bro. I stuck it out. I really tried. But every time I tried she just kept pushing back and after a while I stopped caring. Sparking a fight about it would have just hurt her and I don't know if I could do that. My head said that I should leave, but I had to see if she was really blind to what was happening

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around her. Who knew that for all those business smarts she has, she really is quite blind? I feel like an idiot.”

Rahid took a sip from his drink and turned fully to his friend. “You’re not an idiot, man, but here’s the truth. Some women are like that. And no matter how hard you try, money will always be the main thing in their lives. Still, I really thought you and Lisa would have worked it out.”

“Nah, man. This one is too big. There’s no going back now. When I’m with her I feel as if this marriage thing is all her. She didn’t make any effort to pull me into any of the decisions. It was where she wanted to live, the house she wanted to buy, the bills she would pay and all that dumb shit. I feel so—”

“Less of a man,” Rahid interrupted.

Mathew nodded. “It’s such a sickening feeling. It may sound petty, but it feels as though someone had reached in and ripped every bit of manhood I had out of me. I don’t exist to her. I don’t have anything she wants—not my money, my mind, my body...this is a feeling I wouldn’t wish on my worst enemy.”

The two remained silent for a bit, ordered another drink to break the silence, and when they were both out of liquor they turned to face each other almost at the same time.

“It’s what you have to do,” Rahid whispered. “I got your back.”

Mathew nodded.

Chapter Two

It was only ten in the morning, but already Mathew had accomplished a million and one things. After getting his new apartment done, somewhat, he had spent the night fixing the cupboards since two of the doors were just about ready to fall off. He then turned his attention to trying to get the shower working. He finally succeeded in the early hours of the morning.

It was difficult getting used to being single again. He climbed into bed after he was finished; just before the sun began peeking through the curtain-less windows. Many men would have turned to cuddle their lovers, but not Matt; he had been conditioned to accept that no one would sleep beside him to seek the warmth of his body. With a frustrated growl he settled on his back. In no time, there was too much sunlight in his face to fall asleep. After trying aimlessly, he swore.

Getting out of bed alone was not painful; he was used to no one being there. Lisa used to come home long after he had gone to bed, and left long before he got up. Taking a quick shower, he got into his work clothes and grabbed a cup of coffee from the automatic coffee maker. He drank it, standing by the window and peering down at the busy parking lot below. He really should buy a house, but he would see to that in a few days. The tenth floor. He wasn't comfortable so far from the ground.

Finally he made his way to the shop he co-owned with his friend. The two men greeted each other with a bump of their fists.

"You feeling any better?" Rahid questioned as they went over a list of the cars to be worked on that day.

"Somewhat," Matt spoke with a wrinkled brow. "Mrs. Swaby is back with her car? What's wrong with it this time?"

Rahid laughed. "Nothing. I checked it over last night."

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“That woman really should just ask you out and stop wasting our time.” Matt growled like a bear that had been poked one too many times.

Rahid chuckled. “Oh, before I forget, there’s a message for you.”

Arching a brow, Matt put down the clipboard and reached for the paper from Rahid. Matt frowned after the first glance. It was from Lisa. Before he finished reading it, the note was crumpled in a meaty fist and tossed for a three-point shot into the garbage can. He missed horribly.

Rahid simply laughed. “You need more practice, son.”

“Dream on, Dennis Rodman.” Mathew smirked. Turning for the door, he started toward the cars in the lot. “Whatever happened to him anyways?”

“Who? Dennis Rodman?”

“Yah.”

Rahid shrugged and Matt walked off again.

Mathew stood beneath the lift, looking under the belly of a Jaguar, thinking hard. He could not find anything wrong with the car and that annoyed him to no end. With a sigh, he figured he should probably tackle it a little later with fresh eyes.

“Did you get my message?”

Mathew swung around at his soon-to-be ex-wife’s voice. He stood there, wiping his hands needlessly into a tattered, oily rag. His eyes set on her like a dagger. “What do you want, Lisa?”

“I want to talk.”

“Oh, *now* you want to talk?”

* * * *

The hatred in his icy blue eyes hurt her so bad that it took everything within her to fight to keep standing. She couldn’t remember a time that he had actually seemed so angry that he scared her. It was hard listening to Jasmine give her advice on how to get her man back. After the scolding her friend had levied on her, Lisa spent the next hour on her bed listening like a child would her teacher. Mathew was important to her. She loved him dearly, and even though somewhere along the line she had let him slip away, she couldn’t let that deter her. She had to stand up

and give her husband what she had promised him on their wedding day—her forever. “Yes, I would like to talk to you, in private.”

She watched as he looked everywhere but at her when she said that. She could see the debate going on inside of his head. After so long with her not paying attention she could still pick up when he was struggling to make a decision. His forehead wrinkled slightly and his dimples disappeared. He would set his jaw tightly and ground his teeth. She watched the twitch of his teeth to know. .

“Please, Matt I know you hate me right now.” She bit down on her lower lip.

* * * *

“Do you really?” Matt snapped. He sighed, “I’m all kinds of fool to be doing this, but fine. Let’s hear what you have to say, Lisa. Let’s talk.”

He grabbed her wrist and Lisa yelped as he dragged her behind him. “Don’t do that. Don’t you dare start crying because you’re the one that started this.”

In the office he released her as though she had some kind of a disease. He took a seat and fixed his stare back onto her. “Talk.”

“I realize that I’ve been less than a stellar wife to you and I didn’t see how dumb I’d been until I held the papers in my hands. I tried signing them but I couldn’t, Matt. The truth is I want you back. I am prepared to fight for you. Tell me what I have to do and I’ll do it.”

“How long have we been married, Lisa?”

“Eight years.”

“And how many times have we made love? Forget that. How many times have you told me you loved me? How many times have I seen you in the last month—the last week? I can’t live with a woman like that, I just can’t. You’re a complete stranger to me, and I don’t know if I love you anymore.”

The words left a horrible aftertaste in Mathew’s mouth. He never thought he could say those words to Lisa, but he had. He always believed that she would be the one that he would grow

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old with and no one could tell him different. He enjoyed that thought back to when they were dating. He marvelled in the days when he used to sit by the window of his apartment with a rose in his hand, waiting for her to show up for a date or an overnight visit. In the mornings after they made love he held her against him, absentmindedly caressing her arm and thinking of how deeply he felt for her. He never once lay there with her head against his beating heart thinking that they would no longer be in love—that the fire would ever fail.

You've always been a fool, Matt.

* * * *

Those words tore through Lisa. They were the most hateful, hurtful words she'd ever heard, and it caused her heart to hammer into her chest. She felt weak in the knees but sick to the stomach, and all she wanted to do was curl into a ball and let the ground swallow her up. But she couldn't be a wilting flower through this. If she had never fought for anything else in her life she had to fight for Mathew. She had to fix it.

"I know and I want to change that. Tell me it's not too late."

"You know what, Lisa?" Mathew questioned. "I don't know if it's late or not. You never gave me a chance. You're just wasting my time now."

Mathew got up to leave. Lisa reached out and touched his arm. He stopped walking, but didn't face her.

"Listen, I have the plane fuelled and we're set to take off at three this afternoon. If you want to give this a try, please meet me there and come with me."

"What? You gave up work for a day?"

"That's not fair, Matt."

"Neither is marrying me, promising to love me forever, and stopping after eight years."

"Please."

* * * *

Matt said nothing to her. He simply walked away, the door clanging shut behind him. He moved across the compound like

he was possessed, kicking an empty paint can so hard it flew across the lot and in through the window of the broken-down warehouse next door.

“Whoa! Easy there, Ronaldo,” Rahid’s voice spoke from behind him and Matt swung around.

“Can you believe she’s trying to guilt me into feeling sorry for her? For years I’ve tried, Rahid! I’ve tried...” he trailed off, looking at his best friend. “What did I do wrong?”

Rahid shook his head and pulled his gloves off. “You didn’t do anything wrong, Mathew. Look, what did she say?”

“She wants me to go away with her. Give her a second try.”

“She gave up work for a day?” Rahid sounded incredulous.

Shaking his head, Mathew frowned and looked for something to slam his fist into. He couldn’t find anything. “I don’t know.” He was frustrated and in pain. “She said the jet will be ready to leave at three, so if I’m going I should be there then.”

“And what are you going to do?”

A sigh left Mathew’s lips and he shrugged. “I honestly don’t know.”

Chapter Three

Lisa stood still in the private jet for a few seconds, then resumed pacing back and forth. The pilot had been in to see her three times, wanting to know if they were still leaving. Each time, she told him to wait just a few more minutes. Her palms were sweaty and she wiped them against her thighs before pacing back the other direction.

"The tower wants to know if we're going," the captain called from the cockpit again.

"Damn it! I said, give me five minutes!" Lisa snapped.

"I heard you," the man uttered, irritation evident in his voice. "But that was ten minutes ago. Your plane isn't the only one that uses this slot." That shocked Lisa and she walked to the cockpit door so she could see his face. "What?" Lisa glanced at her watch. He was right, it had been ten minutes since he last came in and spoke with her and she felt the bottom of her heart fall to the ground. Biting down on her lower lip, she tried to fight back the tears that stung her eyes, but to no avail. She couldn't wipe the tears away fast enough. They rolled down her face. Nodding frantically, she fought to dry them. "Yeah," she sniffed, drying her tear-covered hands against her thighs. "Let's go."

"Giving up that easy?"

Lisa froze. She dared not hope as she slowly turned around. He was there, standing in the doorway, and she wanted to rush into his arms, "Matt... I thought..."

"I almost didn't. But I want to be able to say I did all I could to save our marriage." Mathew gave her a tight smile and stepped further inside so the ground crew could close the cabin door. "So, where do you want me?"

"Oh...here," Lisa motioned to one of the leather seats before taking her own across from him. The pilot closed the cockpit door and made the usual announcements. She tuned them out as

she looked at her husband. It felt as though for the first time in years, she was really seeing him.

There was the cleft in his chin where she used to stick her tongue and listen to him growl beneath her, making him look even sexier. Her gaze roamed over the slopes of his face, his chiselled cheek-bones, the blue of his eyes. She took in the shape of his nose and the curve of his lips and a sigh left her.

“Are you alright?” Mathew’s voice broke into Lisa’s thoughts. She nodded a yes.

“You want us to start over, Lisa?”

Again she nodded.

“Then let’s start out on the right foot. Don’t lie to me.”

Shocked, Lisa swallowed a lump in her throat. “You’re right. I was thinking.”

“About?”

Slowly, Lisa got up. “You want the truth, Mathew?”

It was his turn to nod. She swung her hips from side to side and watched his eyes. It had never even occurred to her that he could shut her out completely, utterly crushing her self-esteem. She needed to do something. If he didn’t want her hiding things from him, she figured starting from that moment on wasn’t such a bad idea. She had worn stilettos, not to seduce him, but because she always wore them. She loved the way they gave her some much-needed height. She was also dressed in a skirt short enough to show off her legs—if she was go through the pain of waxing them she would show them off. She would take advantage of it. She turned her back to him and bent over at the waist, stroking her legs all the way up, slowly.

* * * *

Mathew caught a small peek of her pussy as she bent over. He licked his lips. Even though he was angry at her, he still found her irresistible and, after all, he had asked her for the truth. Now he was getting it, in hot, ebony spades. His eyes watched her hips sway teasingly from one side to the next as though moving in slow motion, calling to him, daring him to look away.

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He pushed his back against the seat and bit down on his lower lip. "Lisa..." His voice was a croak; the one word to leave his lips was a plea.

"You wanted the truth. Right? Well here it is." Lisa turned to face him and her eyes told him everything. "I was thinking of you touching me, feeling me, eating me—fucking me."

While she spoke, her hands moved over her body. Mathew's body was throbbing sweetly; humming to her to come to him. He watched as she climbed into his lap and ground her hips against his hardened cock. He growled in his throat.

He sat there and watched while Lisa pulled the straps of her tank top off her shoulders and pushed them to her waist. "What's the matter, Mathew? Too much honesty for you? You asked me to be honest."

"Lisa—"

"Want me to lie now, Matt?"

"No."

"Then what? Don't you want to taste them, Matt?"

She shook her large breasts in his face and Mathew swallowed hard. Shock and surprise tore through him. He thought he knew her so well, but she had never been this open with him about wanting sex. The last time they had sex, she was so afraid the neighbors would hear she had pressed a pillow over her face—but that was so long ago.

* * * *

Lisa winced inwardly, wondering what he thought of everything that was happening.

She saw him glancing around and guessed what he was thinking. They were on a plane, and at any moment one of the attendants could walk in. Of course, she had not brought any with them this time. She wondered if the idea of being caught turned him on even more. He licked at one of her nipples but she moved slightly away from him and moaned. She needed him to want that hard knob in his mouth, rolling over his tongue.

A growl left his lips and she smiled. He moved again, determined to get what he wanted. This time, he caught her nipple between his teeth. He sucked against the nipple and when

she began whimpering, he switched. “Oh Matt,” she whispered around her whimpers. “Oh!”

* * * *

Mathew stood up with her wrapped around him. He placed her in the seat he had been sitting on and pushed her skirt up, slowly. His eyes remained with hers rather than on his hands and that heightened the pleasure. When her skirt was out of the way, he finally looked down at the red thong that offset her dark skin perfectly. A slight wet patch was on the seat. He smiled before glancing up at her. Their eyes locked. Mathew pushed her legs apart before lifting one and placing it over the arm of the chair. Then he did the same to the other leg.

She was spread for his eyes, fingers, and tongue. He licked his lips. Slowly he inched forward, his tongue out, ready to taste from the nectar she had hidden from him for so long. He pulled the sides of her thong inward and pressed them together. The thong was crushed between her pussy lips, squeezing her clit. A sound left her throat and he smiled. It pleased him greatly.

He moved the bunched thong up and down over her tender, slippery, wet clit. Her hips writhed beneath him. “You like that, Lisa?” he whispered.

She simply nodded, embarrassed and tentative despite her desire to change things between them.

“Use words, Lisa. I want to hear it.”

He dragged the thong harder and her back arched. He looked up as she bit her lips and she forced herself to release it and answer. “Yes—I like that.”

“Good girl,” Mathew grinned before leaning in to lick at her puffy cunt. He sucked the swollen lips into his mouth and pulled before letting them go. She grabbed for his hair and he reacted to her passion, attacking her again. He licked one long stroke against one lip then the other before catching her eyes. She knew her hunger was visible to him and he obviously loved it. With his tongue he made circles against her womanly folds and across the material of the thong, over and over. One of her legs fell from the chair’s arm, but he simply placed it back and rained kisses down the inside of her thighs.

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“Matt!” she squealed before reaching down to place his head where she wanted his mouth. But he resisted her hands. He was in no hurry. It had been awhile since he had done this and he couldn’t know if he ever would again. He aimed to savor every moment.

* * * *

With each moment he waited to taste her, Lisa felt as though she would die. She buried her fingers in his hair. Finally, he pushed the thong to one side, spread her swollen nether lips with his fingers, and attacked.

Lisa felt as though she had died and gone to heaven. He was eating her as though he was starving and she would be his last supper. His tongue swirled around her clit before his mouth latched onto it and sucked. He was feeding greedily, causing her to arch her back and pull his hair. She felt his long tongue enter her and all she could do was hang her mouth open. She wanted to scream but nothing came out. She realized she wasn’t breathing and willed her brain to breathe. When one of his large fingers began fucking her, then a second, she couldn’t hold it back. His tongue flicked against her clit—faster, faster, harder!

* * * *

Mathew lost control when he tasted her. The first, hot drip of her against his tongue brought back memories from years gone by. They weren’t this wild, but there had been some good times. When she pulled his hair, what little control he had hidden away disappeared. That was when he slammed his fingers into her. He felt her tighten around the digits. She began coming but he didn’t let her rest. He kept on eating her, willing her to feed him, to quench his thirst. He drank every drop of honey she so willingly offered.

Mathew stumbled to his knees, her juices dripping down his chin. He watched her twitch against the seat, her dark nipples tightening over and over before his eyes. His knees throbbed from resting on the floor. He staggered backwards before standing, but Lisa wouldn’t let him be. She got up from the sofa,

crawling towards him on her hands and knees. His eyes widened.

All thoughts of his own weak knees left him. He stopped and let her catch up to him. She dragged her teeth up his pant-covered left leg, then the right. She grazed his crotch with her teeth. He made a sound in his throat—almost animalistic—before reaching down to grab a handful of her hair. He pulled, yanking her neck back. All she did was purr and flick her tongue rapidly at him.

He released her.

What has gotten into her?

What's gotten into me?

Her hands against his zipper dragged him from his thoughts. He watched her, wondering if she was actually going to do it. She never had before, so he couldn't believe she would do it now. To his astonishment and pleasure, Lisa freed his cock from his pants. It was hard and pointing outward, obviously begging for some attention. Slowly, she licked the length of it. It was all Mathew could do to stand straight and not crumble to the floor. When she took him into her mouth and began milking him, he couldn't hold it anymore. He tumbled to the floor of the plane. Lisa didn't let up. She was wild and rough.

* * * *

She stroked him up and down, fingers following her mouth, feeling him drip against her tongue. Tangy, hot, and masculine. She swallowed and sucked harder. She wanted to drive him nuts. She was going to make him beg her to go on, then stop. She was going to make him want more and more.

She licked along the shaft and pulled the head down her throat.

"Oh God, Lisa!" Mathew cried out, burying his fingers in her hair and pushing her down against his cock. He drove his hips upward. She coughed, but took him in. His eyes rolled into his head and she felt he was about to lose it. He pulled her from him, then flipped her around, putting her on all fours. Without giving her time to think, he drove home. He froze as her tight

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muscles gripped him. He panted for air, but she drove back against him hard once more taking his breath away.

“Come on, Matt,” she begged him. “Fuck me hard!”

* * * *

His mind was numb to anything but her and the fires that burnt throughout his body because of her. Mathew’s hands tightened against her hips and he drove into her, over and over. Her hot sheath took him in and when he rocked back, it pulled at him, encouraging him to drive forward again. She exploded around him and he had to grit his teeth to keep from going stark raving mad. He pulled completely out of her and spun her around and onto her back, only to drive back into her.

Lisa looked out of control, incredibly sexy as she begged him to do her harder. When he reached down and began massaging her breasts, she arched off the floor, calling his name. She lifted her hips to meet his thrusts. She grunted each time he became a part of her. Sweat poured off her body as another orgasm surged through her.

That was it. A year and a half of unwilling celibacy was coming to an end. Mathew pressed hard into her one more time, threw his head back, and growled his release. It was as though someone had stuck a straw inside of him and was sucking the energy from his body. His whole being trembled with the aftershocks. He slammed into her again, as though he was possessed. When it died, he slumped against her and closed his eyes.

He wasn’t sure how long they were tangled on the floor, but the next thing he knew the pilot’s voice was blaring over the intercom.

“Attention Mister and Mrs. Hamilton,” the captain’s voice spoke over the intercom. “Please fasten your seatbelts. We will be landing in Barbados in ten minutes.”

Chapter Four

Going through customs was not at all complicated. She had been there many times before for business. They didn't know her by name, but they saw her record and she and her husband were ushered through to their car. When they got to the limo, Matt opened the door for her. Lisa blushed as he allowed her to crawl in ahead of him. He followed her in, his eyes on her the entire time. She could see the confusion in him. He hadn't said a word since they left the plane, except to answer questions from the customs agents.

Deep down she wondered what was going on inside his head. A part of her felt naughty enough to remove her shoes and lift a toe to press against his cock, challenging his silence.

"You really should be careful what you wish for." Mathew spoke with warning in his voice.

Lisa simply laughed and shrugged before moving in for a kiss.

She pressed him into the plush seat and drank from his lips while her hands moved down to undo his zipper. She had not realised how much she missed this man. He was the drug she craved. Even though she'd just had him, she wanted to feel him running hot and tangy against her tongue once more.

"I want to taste you again," she whispered while kissing down his shirt-covered abs. "I want your cock to throb against my tongue—" She trailed off in a purr. Her fingers slid into his clothes and wrapped around his penis. While the car sped towards their hotel, Lisa slipped between his legs on her knees and began sucking on him.

He grunted but she did not pay attention to his husky cry. Lisa licked along the shaft, bathing it with her tongue, getting it wet and ready for her. She pulled back slightly to stroke it. She released his hardness and took great pleasure in watching the

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way it shook on its own. With a smile she dove in again, sucking only at the head. She felt his fingers tangle in her hair and pull before his hard meat slipped down her throat. He was large and pulsating against the back of her throat. Her eyes watered but she held him, squeezing tightly.

He growled, his body jerking. She loved that. She loved having utter control over him. Suddenly he tightened his fingers again and pulled her head back. Lisa gasped. Her body craved the air, but she wanted him to cut off her breathing with his cock again. He was manhandling her and she loved it. She moaned his name and fell into the seat across from where he was sitting. He flipped her around and Lisa thought she'd have time to catch her breath. But no, he was slipping into her, shoving hard.

"Oh, yes!" she hissed.

"Was this what you wanted?" he demanded vulgarly. "Was this how you wanted it? All these years?" He slammed his hips forward. "Did you want it wild and dirty, Lisa? Come on, speak!" He withdrew all the way, only to push into her again.

She couldn't answer his questions. She was going insane. In the cramped back of the limo, she rode her husband hard and fast. She took his large arousal over and over. Finally her toes curled, her eyes rolled back into her head, and her body exploded.

"Oh fuck!" he said as she tightened around him. "It's been way too long..."

Lisa's orgasm didn't have time to ease. As soon as she reached up and began pinching her own nipples, it felt as though someone had stuck her up-side down beneath a waterfall. Mathew exploded within her with such force that she was shoved forward, sinking deeper into the seat.

* * * *

Arriving in their hotel room, she watched Mathew as he walked out to the balcony and stared down. They were up high and she knew he didn't like heights. She sighed and wondered how she could have forgotten that, but said nothing. Instead she left him there and went to change.

“Matt?” Lisa called him once she had on everything she wanted.

“Yah?”

“Could you come here a minute? I’m in the bedroom.”

When he showed up at the door, she eyed him. The sleeves of his shirt had been rolled up to his elbows and she loved the way he looked when he did that. The buttons were undone, showing off the hard, rigid flesh of his chest.

“This is all for us, Matt,” Lisa spoke softly as she moved across the room. “I want to stay here until we can stay together. As long as it takes.”

“What about your work?” Mathew questioned.

“Work will be there afterwards. I’m the boss. My marriage means more to me. Now...” She flipped the coat she was wearing off and let it pool to the ground. She moved towards the bed and pulled out two pair of handcuffs. With a sexy look in her eyes, she twirled them around her index finger.

“Lisa—” Mathew shook his head. “I know you’ve never been comfortable with being bound during sex. I know most of this isn’t you. On the plane, the limo, now the cuffs, what...”

“I learned something about myself recently Matt,” she cut him off. “I learned that I am tired of being a goodie-goodie. I want to feel true, real pleasure. I want to be naughty for you, my husband. Now, I’ve been a bad girl, Matt.” She let the cuffs, along with their keys, fall to the bed as she began stripping for him. She tweaked one of her exposed nipples and moaned. “I’ve been so bad,” she spoke breathily. “Teach me a lesson...”

His eyes widened and she smirked before turning around and bending over to give him a good peek. She swayed her hips before turning to face him.

“Come to me, Matt,” she whispered seductively. “Take your pleasure. Touch me, tease me—make me come for you.”

Mathew’s breathing quickened and he walked slowly towards her, all the while watching her eyes, probably looking for any sign of resistance or reluctance. He picked up the handcuffs from the bed and forced her backwards on the bed as he found her lips with his. The kiss was a wild, whirlwind of tongues, a fight for supremacy. He found the iron of the headboard and cuffed one of her hands to it.

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“You can stop this anytime,” he whispered before taking her lips again. Mathew found her other arm and restrained that one, too. His hands stroked down her arms.

What had she just sparked? He was hard, harder than she could ever remember him being, especially when she looked back after bending over to show him what he was missing. He must have seen her swollen pussy lips, slick with her juices, just there for him to feed off.

He stepped backwards, watching her. She was helpless and at his mercy. He smiled, probably realizing that she was still half dressed. He caught her lingerie between his teeth and tugged. It ripped, exposing even more of her to him. Sliding his hands down, he removed the rest of her clothes. The corners of his lips lifted sexily when he saw she wasn't wearing any panties.

“No panties,” he whispered. “I thought you were at least wearing a thong. I can see that I really need to teach you a lesson, Lisa.”

She panted as he crawled between her legs. She was spread before his eyes, her nipples hard and her chest heaving. She had no control over what he was thinking or about to do. That in itself made her feel deliciously dirty.

“I can smell you, Lisa,” Mathew whispered while his tongue leisurely tasted her. “You are wet for me...do you have any idea how much that turns me on?”

Slowly, he licked from her bellybutton up between her breasts, then across to graze one tight bud with his teeth.

“Matt...”

He wasn't listening. He was moving again, up her body; sucking her tits, swirling his tongue around them, licking at the buds.

Lisa tugged at the cuffs, fighting to get them off. She wanted to touch him. His mouth enveloped her nipples and it felt as though someone had thrown liquid fire into her soul. Her breathing was out of control. She struggled but he didn't stop. She cried out his name as she watched him move lower and lower to plunge his tongue into her. That was when she went wild. She began coming just from him licking her, feeding from her. She heard a jangle and lifted her heavy eyelids to see that

he was releasing her, but she didn't have time to do anything. He was lifting her legs around his hips, positioning himself to conquer her.

He filled her completely, and she looked up at his face. He was straining for control so she rolled her hips against him.

"Are you trying to burn me alive?" he gasped before clutching her hips.

"Come on, Matt. Fuck me!"

"Aren't we a little slut?" Matt joked before leaning forward to take her lips. He drove hard into her, over and over. "Is this what you want?" he questioned as he slammed into her again and again. "Huh? Answer me, Lisa. Is this how you like it?"

"Oh yes!" Lisa rolled her hips, against his then stopped moving so that he could reach her g-spot. Each time he pushed into her, he slammed against it and left her body shaking.

"Oh yes, that's it, right there!" She got the words out just before screaming. Grabbing the back of his head, she pulled his mouth down against her breast. When he began sucking her breast, she closed her eyes and swore as her whole body exploded.

With a smile and sweat pouring off his body, he released her restraints. Mathew pulled from her and lay on his back. Lisa climbed over him, reverse cowgirl, and began riding him. "That's it, Lisa. Ride me... Faster!"

She began bouncing up and down, faster and faster as he stroked her back from behind. When she got tired of bouncing she leaned forward, bracing her arms against the bed and rolling her hips. He spanked her hard, one cheek then the other and all she could do was purr and come for him again.

* * * *

Who knew that the ice-queen loved to be spanked?

Mathew didn't question it; he simply drove into her, causing her to crash around him over and over until she began losing it each time he pushed into her. He spanked her again and she screamed and massaged her breasts furiously. He held her hips over him in place and he severely pushed upwards into her. She began by purring, then moaning, then screaming; from his

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name to every profanity known to man before her body broke down and took him with her.

Mathew opened his eyes and looked around. He had thought it all a dream but Lisa was curled up against his side, breathing softly. Carelessly he ran a hand down her naked back. His white skin looked amazing against her darker flesh and he smiled. He continued, trailing a finger from her arm, against her curves, and then over her hip. Moving his hand downward, he couldn't resist. He pushed the digit deeply into her and she moaned.

He nibbled against her ear until she woke up and turned her lips to him. He kissed her as if it would be the last time he would do so. His finger was moving in and out of her, making a slopping sound as she grew wetter. His mouth moved down her neck. When she clung to him, arched her back and began coming, he kissed her until she stopped writhing and fell back against the bed.

He slowly slid his body down hers, spread her legs and licked at her clit.

"Matt." She gasped. She grabbed a handful of his hair. Mathew took that as a sign to insert his tongue into her channel. He fucked her with it. Her hips gyrated, screwing his tongue deeper with each movement. With her finger dancing madly over her clit, she drained against his tongue. She tasted absolutely delectable. As she began coming again, she gushed into his mouth and he growled. Her fingers tightened in his hair, but he didn't give her a break. He fed from her until she slumped against the bed, shivering.

"Good morning," he whispered before kissing a nipple.

A low, satisfied moan was all Lisa got out before her eyes drifted shut again.

Chapter Five

Mathew sat at their private table and watched Lisa as she ate scrambled eggs and sausages. They were having a late breakfast overlooking the beach, and the salt air felt wonderful as it ruffled his hair. The beach always could cure his depression, and he knew that was why she brought him. But he wasn't interested in the beach today; he was just watching her, enjoying seeing her again. He loved the way the sun shone off her skin, completely taking his breath away.

He could not let her go after this, not after feeling this for her again and touching her the way he had.

"Does this mean you are ready to be my wife?" Mathew questioned.

"You haven't touched your breakfast." Lisa tried to change the subject but Mathew simply reached over and took her hand.

He caught her eyes with his. "Come on, Lisa, don't change the subject. I need something other than sex. I mean, don't get me wrong, it was amazing. I enjoyed every second of it. Every taste, flavor, kiss. I realized how much I need you and if you can't..."

Her lips stopped him from speaking further. When she finished the kiss, she began to speak.

"Matt, I brought you here to save our marriage. I realized that I wasn't performing my duties as a wife, and it made me sick. Not that making love to you is a duty, but I have neglected you. I came this close to losing you and I'm not going to let that happen again. I've hired someone to keep an eye on things so that I can work sane hours. That way I can spend some time with you. I've read the books and magazines on how to please my man and save my marriage. I've visited the websites—I am ready."

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"For how long?" Mathew saw her eyes shimmer as she fought back either tears or rebellion at his direct question.

"For as long as you are willing to be my husband," Lisa replied. Those words rang true to Mathew.

The corners of Mathew's lips tugged upward and he leaned over to press a kiss to her cheeks, then her lips. "Do you love me still, Lisa?"

"With all my heart."

"And children?"

"I want to have dozens of your children," Lisa giggled.

"Our children..." he countered.

He watched her eyes intently for a while before smiling. The look she was giving him told him she knew exactly what he was thinking. He watched as she picked up a sausage and stuck the tip into her mouth. She began sliding it in and out of her mouth, sexily. Mathew could feel his cock growing as he watched her.

"You tease!" he accused.

Lisa grinned. She obviously knew she had reclaimed her ability to make Mathew horny, and she loved it. He knew she loved watching his blue eyes turned to big, hot puddles as she teased him until he lost control and fucked her. She smirked knowingly as she moved the tip of the sausage down her chin, down her neck to between her breasts.

"Remember last night when you called me a little slut?" Lisa asked while lifting the sausage back to her lips.

Matt swallowed but nodded.

"I liked that," she confessed. Lisa placed the sausage on her plate again before her hands disappeared beneath the table. "Guess what I'm doing now?"

"Oh," Mathew chuckled. He glanced up to see the waitress walking over. "Don't stop," Mathew told her and he could see panic in her eyes. "Faster...rub that clit faster..."

"Hi, can I get you anything?" the waitress smiled. Mathew looked up to her and nodded.

"Ah yes, refills of orange juice, please."

The young woman nodded and no sooner as her back turned than Mathew watched his wife, brace her back against the seat. He could tell she was having an orgasm. He slid from his seat to

be beside her and wrapped an arm around her shoulder. She lifted one hand and he allowed her to stick a finger between his lips. It tasted of her and he moaned.

* * * *

Lisa slumped into the seat and watched her husband lick her juices from her finger. That turned her on. She grinned and kissed him roughly.

“Do you like seeing me come in public?” she questioned in a whisper. His hands slipped down beneath the table, fingering her clit. A finger slid past her lips and sank deep into her pussy. She had been kissing his cheek and neck, but when he began fucking her with his fingers all she could do was open her mouth and pant against his flesh. Her hips moved violently against his fingers, for another orgasm was quickly building. He added a second finger.

She was in a public place. Anyone could come by or simply turn around. She wanted to scream her release, but she couldn’t. That restriction curled her toes just as her muscles clamped tightly around Mathew’s fingers. To hide her cries, she bit down against his neck. Her body shook violently.

“That’s my slutty wife,” Mathew purred vulgarly into her hair.

Lisa giggled as her body was going through the aftershocks.

* * * *

In their hotel room, Mathew couldn’t seem to keep his hands off her, but eventually he drifted off to sleep. Lisa crawled out of bed. She pressed a kiss to his naked back and turned up the air conditioner so he could sleep before darting into the shower. The shower was fast, for her mind flashed a million miles a minute. She had to go and see if their wedding was ready.

She had planned to renew their vows and this time, she would truly—with every fiber of her being—mean every word. This time she was going to make it count, for not many men would want to be with her the way Mathew did.

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He wanted her for her and not for her money. He had proven that time after time; she just hadn't been paying attention. He was content with working and she knew that if anything happened she could go home and curl up into his arms. Lisa knew that if she lost everything, he wouldn't care; for he loved her beyond words. She knew that now. She had locked him out of her life and that had almost caused her to lose him. Now that he loved her again, she wished to hold on to him.

Forever.

She peered in the bedroom again and watched as he rolled over, moaned, and went back to sleep. Smiling, with heat soaring through her, she scribbled a note and left it on the table before dashing out the door.

* * * *

"Lisa?"

Mathew awoke a couple of hours later. He walked from the bedroom wearing nothing but a pair of jeans that weren't even done up. It seemed since they had gotten to the island, he was naked. He was constantly buried to the hilt within her and clothes would have only gotten in the way. He groaned at the thought of her hot, wet sheath holding him.

"Lisa, you here?" He checked the bathroom before finding the note in the kitchen. Glancing at the clock, he swore. He had ten minutes to do what the note said. He took a quick shower and got dressed. He dashed across the compound to the other side of the hotel.

As he barged in the front doors and skidded to a comical halt at the front desk, a voice greeted him. Mathew turned around.

"You must be Mr. Hamilton!" It was one of the hotel workers. "Your wife left some things for you. Follow me please."

Mathew was confused, but he went with it. If it was like anything that had happened so far on this trip, from the plane ride to breakfast, he was in for a good time. He walked into the room and a suit was handed to him. It was a black suit with a black shirt and no tie. Lisa loved him in suits. She used to say

they made him look like a movie star. He grinned got dressed. His hands trembled and for the first time he realised how nervous he was. He felt like he had the day he went to ask out the sexy, black girl with the attitude. She had been so sexy that it left his palms sweaty, his cock hard and his heart hammering. There she was, her hip cocked while she spoke to a friend. All he wanted to do was walk up behind her, grab her around the waist and grind his penis against her ass, to show her just what she was doing to him. His smile grew with the memory.

Soon he was walking toward the end of the pier. A gazebo stood there. Two people were beneath it and he smiled when Lisa turned to face him. He moved in and kissed her. The man with her was dressed like a priest.

“You look beautiful,” he whispered against her lips. “What’s going on?”

* * * *

He was as handsome as the day she first saw him in college. She was speechless as he moved towards her. It was like he moved in slow motion. When his lips moved, she shook her head to chase the memories and concentrate on the moment. The same thing he said the first time they had met. He told her she was beautiful and he proved it by only having eyes for her.

“I’d like us to start over,” Lisa whispered, smiling at the priest before looking at her husband and possible future. Slipping to the ground on one knee, she looked up into his eyes. “Mathew Alexander Hamilton, will you marry me—again?”

“Before I agree to that...” Mathew spoke softly so that only her ears could hear. “There are some things we must go over. I know you said that you will work sane hours to spend more time on our marriage. I must explain to you that I *must* work. I want to help with bills and responsibilities around our home. I don’t want you to emasculate me, Lisa. Let me be a man.”

Lisa nodded. “I never realized I was doing that.”

“I know,” Mathew whispered. “I love what I do. It may not pay millions a year but as a man, as the man you deserve I have to do it. Can you understand that?”

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Lisa kissed his chin softly, tears slipping down her face. “Completely. I just wanted our life to be easy. I didn’t want you having to worry about anything.”

Mathew smiled. “It’s alright. I need to worry sometimes. I need to support you and vice versa.”

“I’ll remember that.”

Mathew smiled down at her and went down on his knees like her, “I would be honoured to be your husband, Lisa Camille Hamilton, again.”

“Here’s to forever,” Lisa said as they stood back up.

Mathew smiled.

About the Author

Tigra Luna LeMar was born in Jamaica, where she lived through her teens. In addition to writing hot romance, she enjoys music and watching CFL games. She speaks three languages and enjoys writing poetry as well as romance. Tigra currently lives in Canada and invites readers to visit her online at tigraluna.webs.com.