

ELLORA'S CAVE PRESENTS

MARILYN LEE

REILLY'S  
*Woman*

An Ellora's Cave Romantica Publication



[www.ellorascave.com](http://www.ellorascave.com)

Reilly's Woman

ISBN 9781419916908

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

Reilly's Woman Copyright© 2008 Marilyn Lee

Edited by Helen Woodall.

Photography and cover art by Les Byerley.

Electronic book Publication July 2008

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

Warning: The unauthorized reproduction or distribution of this copyrighted work is illegal. No part of this book may be scanned, uploaded or distributed via the Internet or any other means, electronic or print, without the publisher's permission. Criminal copyright infringement, including infringement without monetary gain, is investigated by the FBI and is punishable by up to 5 years in federal prison and a fine of \$250,000. (<http://www.fbi.gov/ipr/>). Please purchase only authorized electronic or print editions and do not participate in or encourage the electronic piracy of copyrighted material. Your support of the author's rights is appreciated.

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

# *REILLY'S WOMAN*

**Marilyn Lee**

## **Chapter One**

I lay spread eagle on my belly, my mouth open in a silent moan, my cheek pressed against the mattress. My wrists and ankles tied with silk scarves to the head and footboards of the bed restricted my ability to move. My hips rested on a wedge-shaped pillow. The slight discomfort of the position was negated by the fact that it provided the optimum angle for maximum anal penetration.

Reilly knelt between my legs, his big hands massaging the sides of my breasts. As I felt the lube warming inside me, my nipples hardened in anticipation. He slowly stroked his hands down my back to my ass.

I licked my lips while he gently parted my cheeks.

My pussy pulsed in anticipation of the first wonderful thrust. "I'm ready," I whispered. "Now. Please."

"Are you forgetting your place and demanding satisfaction before I'm ready to give it to you, Khristine?" he demanded in his deep, sexy baritone.

Feeling horny and restless, I responded quickly. "Yes!"

He growled softly, his fingers tightening on my cheeks. "Such insolence can't go unpunished, Khristine."

"Then punish me, but give me what I want now!"

"I decide when and if you get fucked," he taunted.

"Give me what I want or I'll find someone who will."

A month ago, it would have been an idle threat. Now that I'd finally allowed him to talk me into exploring the bounds of our "open" relationship, I was prepared to carry out my ultimatum.

His amused laughter filled the room. "Really?"

"Yes, but I'd rather be with you," I admitted.

"Spoken like my woman." I heard the edge of satisfaction in his voice and thought he was probably smiling. And why shouldn't he smile when he held me at his mercy – withholding my pleasure to suit himself.

Reilly wanted to slide into my ass as much as I wanted him to, but over our years together we'd learned how to heighten our eventual pleasure by indulging in sex games. He liked to pretend the sight of my naked, quivering ass cheeks didn't make him rock hard and I liked to beg to be taken.

"Take what's yours," I urged.

"I will – when I'm ready."

"Now," I insisted, struggling against the tight, silk scarves.

He surprised me by gently massaging my flesh with tender hands.

Then, as I tried to decide how to convince him I'd had enough foreplay and needed to be fucked, he abruptly delivered a light slap to each cheek.

I rubbed my breasts against the mattress. "More," I pleaded.

He obliged, raining a series of sharp, stinging smacks against my ass.

The combination of the sound of his palm landing on my cheeks and the delicious stinging left me gasping with pleasure.

By the time he stopped the spanking, my wet pussy ached and my ass stung with a delicious heat that made my toes curl. He made a soft sound and inched between my legs again.

He allowed me several moments to savor the feel of his thick length against my inner thigh before he inched his hips forward, angling his cock upward – against my ass.

I shivered and reluctantly closed my eyes. There was something about hot summer, moonlit nights that made anal sex more delicious than usual. I was too eager for the fucking to begin to keep my eyes open. *Do it. Now. Please.*

As if he'd read my mind, he slowly pushed the hard head of his shaft forward.

I bit my lip and struggled to resist the urge to wiggle my bottom as he slowly pierced my anal opening.

He paused with several inches of cock lodged just inside my rectum. "Baby?"

That one word, full of need and longing sent a thrill of delicious anticipation through me. "It's good," I whispered.

He caressed my ass, trailing a finger down my crack.

I closed my eyes, licking my lips as I savored the first few inches of penetration. Although this wasn't our first backdoor encounter, Reilly is so well-hung that anal sex is always a luscious challenge. He's always been particularly horny during the full-moon. Sometimes, just before he comes, I lose myself in a fantasy world where I half expect him to shift into a beautiful, majestic wolf and howl at the moon as he ravishes me. "Hmm."

He leaned over my back, raining soft kisses against my neck. "Ready for some summer moonlight loving?"

"Yes," I whispered in a low voice. "Oh, yeah, I am wet and very ready. Give it to me."

Despite my impatience, one of the things I love about him is his ability to know just when to give me what I'm begging for.

He stroked his big, warm hands up and down my back, sending tingles all through me. Holding my hips, he pushed forward.

Several more inches of hot, wonderful cock slid into me. As before, he paused—just to make me beg. He loves to make me beg for it and I love to make him happy. "Please, Reilly, don't make me beg anymore."

"How can I resist when you do it so well?" he taunted. "Now do you have enough or do you want more?"

"Damn you. You're never satisfied unless I'm begging for it, are you?"

He slapped my cheeks. "Don't forget your place, Khris."

"Whatever," I muttered.

His palms stung my cheeks again.

I shuddered with pleasure. "Reilly..."

"Are you complaining or begging for it?"

"I'm begging for it," I moaned, struggling against the scarves binding my ankles and wrists.

"Such sweet, seductive obedience has its rewards."

Yes. Finally.

He cupped his palms over my cheeks as he eased the rest of his shaft into my tight passage.

My toes curled and my stomach muscles clenched. I gasped and then shuddered. There's nothing sweeter than feeling my ass stretched over his cock. He's thick and big and it's always a thrill knowing I have most of him buried in my rear.

He held himself still for several moments.

I resisted the urge to wiggle my ass, knowing that would result in at least a partial withdrawal and I wanted to relish having an ass full of cock before he started fucking me.

"That's right. We'll do this at my pace," he encouraged.

I bit my lip to still the urge to insist he fuck me.

He caressed my thighs and ground his groin against my ass in a circular motion.

I reacted as I always do to the friction created when he does that. I thrust my hips backward, which drove the last remaining inches of his shaft into my ass.

I felt his pubic hair against my butt. My ass was now firmly impaled on his hot cock.

"Oh, hell yeah. I burn for you, baby. Fuck me," I demanded, moving my ass against his groin.

Placing his hands on the bed beside me, he extended his arms, slowly drawing his hips upwards.

"No," I protested, tightening my anal muscles around his cock.

He immediately responded by licking the top of my ear. "Behave," he instructed. "Or else."

I tilted my head, allowing my hair to fall away from my neck. "Please. I need you."

"And I need you, my lovely Khristine."

"Consume me."

"Gladly." He kissed my neck and quickly thrust his hips down, driving his cock balls deep into my stuffed ass.

I tugged at the restraints around my wrists, longing for the ability to reach back and hold his hips to keep that delicious weapon inside me.

"Patience, my love," he whispered.

"Haven't I begged enough? I want my ass fucked," I pleaded.

He spoke in a soft, tender voice. "Don't I always give you what you want—when you need it most?"

"Yes...oh, yes."

"Then trust me."

"I do, Reilly. You know I do."

Settling his hips against me, he slid his cock deep into me before drawing most of it out.

With only the big head lodged inside me, he slapped each cheek sharply before slowly sliding deep inside again.

"Oh...yes."

He withdrew again and then slid it back in, raining what he calls love taps on the side of my stinging ass as he did.



Each withdrawal and subsequent downward thrust, combined to heighten my pleasure. Within moments, I tightened my anal muscles, forcing him to fight to withdraw even an inch from me.

He punished me by pinching my hot, heated cheeks.

"Oh, more... Please...baby...more... Give me more."

"When I'm ready."

His body felt taut with tension and need. The certainty that his need was as great as mine, gave me the courage to hiss, "Fuck me!"

Apparently he'd lost interest in punishing me. I felt him shudder before he lay over my back and slid in and out of me with long, smooth strokes. "Satisfied, my lovely wanton?"

I could only moan in response.

Caressing my cheeks, he slid in and out of me with a luscious rhythm that sent the most sumptuous pulses of pleasure dancing up and down my spine. He licked my ear. "Whose ass is this?" he demanded, his voice hoarse with desire.

"Yours."

He nibbled at my lobe and leisurely stroked deep into my bowels. "Whose woman are you?"

"Reilly's," I moaned.

"Who does your heart beat for?"

"Reilly...only Reilly..."

"Damn right." He slipped his hands up my body to massage the sides of my breasts. With his warm lips raining biting, nibbling kisses against my neck, he slipped his hands under my body.

"Oh...Reilly."

"Mine. All mine," he rasped. Pinching my nipples hard, he fucked my ass with long, deep, powerful strokes.

Lost in an agony of bliss, within minutes my pussy flooded. I shuddered and wildly ground my ass against his groin, only a few thrusts away from coming. "Reilly...make me come... Make me come...please."

Keeping the palm of one hand over my breasts, he slipped the fingers of his other hand down my body, between my legs. He fingered my wet pussy for several moments before he located my clit and rubbed his thumb against it. "Come for me, baby."

My back arched, my body shook and I exploded.

He bent his head and swept his tongue between my lips and into my mouth.

Oh...dear lord...heaven. I floated on a cloud of absolute bliss.

He sucked my tongue and continued to fuck me with a ruthless precision for several minutes before he shuddered, groaned, and then shoved his cock deeper up my ass to jet stream after stream of seed into the condom inside me.

"Oh, yes, lover...come...come..." I encouraged.

Then he collapsed on top of me, his big, damp body crushing mine into the mattress.

He kissed my nape. "I love you." He murmured the words in a low, husky voice.

I smiled. "I love you too, baby."

He kissed my nape again before he lifted his upper body off mine. His lower body followed.

I groaned in protest as he slowly withdrew his cock from my ass, which stung – in a delicious way. I felt cold without the weight of his body on mine. He sent a coil of heat through me when he kissed his way down my back to my ass. He brushed his lips over my nether cheeks.

"You have the sweetest ass imaginable," he told me, his deep voice filled with satisfaction. "Especially when it's red and well-fucked."

My smile widened. "I do enjoy after-talk with an appreciative lover."

He leaned over to untie my wrists.

I drew my hands down to my sides in relief.

He tugged at the scarves binding my ankles. Feeling them come free, I rolled onto my side and stretched.

Reilly removed the condom from his cock, discarded it, and stretched his big, damp body against me.

I felt his cock, still fully erect, against my thigh.

I love how he can remain hard for so long and is always ready to fuck when I need him most. Without a word, I rolled onto my back, lifting my hips onto the pillow. "Reilly..."

He grinned at me, but didn't move.

Oh lord, he wanted me to beg again? I slipped my hands between my parted legs and rubbed my clit. "I'm still hot and wet for you, lover."

I watched a smile spread across his handsome face as he knelt between my thighs. He ran his fingertips along my slit before he pressed his cock against my entrance.

I trailed the tips of my nails along his balls.

He made a soft, growling noise.

I smiled. I love his balls. Like the rest of him, they're big, taut, and heavy with seed, which he'd soon be shooting directly into my pussy. I slid my palm under his balls, giving them a gentle squeeze.

That's all the encouragement he needed to thrust balls deep into me with one long, wonderful movement of his powerful hips.

I linked my arms and legs around him, closing my eyes. Feeling his chest crushing my breasts, I ground myself on his cock. "Fuck me like you own me," I pleaded.

"Open your eyes," he commanded.

I blindly obeyed.

He stared down at me, his dark, magnetic gaze locking with mine. "I do own you," he whispered in the confident, possessive voice I loved. He drew back his hips and then pumped his cock slowly in and out of me.

I slid my hands down his back, curling my nails in his ass. "More...harder... Much harder and faster...please."

He obliged and we enjoyed a quick, raunchy fuck, coming within seconds of each other.

Lying under his body full of his seed, with his heart pounding against me, I knew I was as close to paradise as I was ever likely to come. "There's nothing in the world half as wonderful as fucking with you," I told him.

"That's because our hearts beat only for each other and you're my woman."

"And you're my man." And yet, unless I lost my nerve, I'd soon be impaled on another man's cock. The thought sent a chill of combined lust and dread through me.

Reilly groaned and rolled off me onto his back.

I turned onto my side to face him.

He turned his head to look at me.

I smiled, trailing my hand over his chest. I propped myself on an elbow as I allowed my gaze to roam over his nude form. He combed his short, thick, dark hair away from his handsome, chiseled features. He's over six feet tall with wide shoulders, a delicious sprinkling of hair on his chest, six-pack abs, and long, muscular legs. His crown jewel is his cock, which sits a little higher on his body than most men. It has a big, thick pink head and is several inches thicker and longer than any I've ever had the pleasure of feeling sinking deep into my wet, aroused pussy.

He's handsome, considerate, a wonderful lover who never fails to satisfy me, and he always seems to know what I want and need—often before I voice my desires. During our first night together, he'd recognized my unspoken desire for light bondage before I'd even admitted it to myself.

In a word, he was a gem. So why was I planning to go through with my coming vacation? Why endanger our sexually and emotionally happy relationship?

He turned on his side, drawing me into his arms. "Because you deserve to have an opportunity to live out all your fantasies."

"Oh...Reilly."

He kissed my lips, sliding a palm down over my ass. "And it will not endanger our relationship. As long as our hearts beat only for each other, nothing can endanger our relationship, my Khristine."

Okay. After all our years together, I'm still not sure what he means about our hearts beating only for each other, but I do know I love him more each day. I burrowed into his arms, rubbing myself against his semi-erect cock. "Oh, Reilly, you're wonderful."

"Which makes me almost worthy of you." He rolled onto his back, holding me on top of him. "Now go to sleep."

"You'll be gone when I wake," I protested.

"Yes, but I'll be here when you return from vacation," he promised, caressing my ass.

"Will your heart still beat only for me?"

"Yes, my Khristine. My heart will always beat only for you."

With his reassuring promise warming me, I settled against him and drifted to sleep.

\* \* \* \* \*

The next morning, I stood in front of my mirrored bedroom closet doors studying my reflection. A lightly tanned face with gray eyes stared back at me. I'd pulled my shoulder-length dark blonde hair back into a careless ponytail. Without being vain, I knew most men, especially my handsome Reilly, still considered me very pretty, if not beautiful.

At five-five, I was only of average height. I worked hard to retain most of the girlish figure, which had first attracted Reilly. Still, I had large, full breasts. While not quite as

cute and perky as they'd once been, my hips and ass were still capable of turning a male head or two. My legs were still nice enough for me to look good in black spike heels and sheer hose.

I decided, at least for a brief period, I could hold my own when compared to any under-thirty blonde bombshell. Unlike said bombshell, I'd learned quite a few things about pleasing a man that would keep the most demanding lover locked between my naked thighs with his hard, spewing cock buried to the hilt inside my eager, hot pussy while I milked the last drop of cum out of his balls.

Thinking of the upcoming two weeks, my vaginal muscles pulsed in anticipation of being invaded by at least one hard cock wielded by a tall, dark, and handsome stranger. Hell, if I got lucky, I might even have a cock buried inside my pussy and ass at the same time.

I closed my eyes and imagined my body wedged between those of two strangers, each of whom had a large, hard, shaft thrusting deep into a greedy bodily hole. The thought of one rod stretching my cunt while the another cock threatened to split my ass open made me wet and horny. I shuddered with lust and slipped a hand down the band of my sweatpants. I wasn't wearing any underwear and I sighed softly as I rubbed my clit several times before thrusting two fingers inside my suddenly aching pussy.

Reilly and I had shared two quick, hot fucks early that morning before he left. Reilly has a nice hard, thick cock with a big, dark pink head that had never failed to please me. But, because of my unfulfilled sexual fantasy, I felt as horny as if I'd been sexless for months. Although I love Reilly's shaft, I couldn't deny an overwhelming hunger to be fucked senseless by a hard-bodied male with smooth dark skin and a cock as huge and lethal as Reilly's treasure.

Why? Who knew why? It was a fantasy. Maybe other people's fantasies made sense. Most of mine never have.

I love Reilly more than I've ever loved any other man. I have from the moment I saw him staring at me in a singles bar. I suspect I'll always love and adore him. But I

couldn't shake my fantasy. Now, thanks to Reilly, I was finally going to see if I had the nerve to live it for a week or two with the assurance of knowing Reilly would welcome me back when I returned. Who could ask for anything more from a lover?

My pussy pulsed again.

"Soon, Khris," I whispered to my reflection. "Very soon you'll get to live your fantasy and have a pussy full of hard, ebony cock." Pinching my right nipple, I opened one of my walk-in closet doors. The light came on and I walked in. I picked up my suitcase, which sat in the back of the closet.

Trying to keep my thoughts off mindless sex, I put the suitcase on the bed and opened it. I'd bought several scandalous thong sets for this sexcation and wouldn't mind if each and every one of the expensive pieces of silk was ripped off me by one or more handsome, well-hung strangers who then went on to plunder my pussy and ass until I begged for mercy. If things went as I hoped, instead of heeding my pleas, they'd sex me up some more.

Feeling my lust rising, I slipped one hand under my top to pinch my nipples. I pushed my other hand in my sweatpants and fingered my cunt. I needed some more cock—ASAP. As I got older, long hot summers made me so horny I spent a large part of each day and night fantasizing about sex—most of the time with Reilly, but sometimes with strange, lusty, well-hung men. I glanced at the bedside clock and decided I was so horny I'd better get my favorite battery operated boyfriend and relieve some of my sexual tension before I exploded. Then I'd finish packing.

I quickly stripped and stretched out on the bed. Spreading my thighs, I pressed a large, ebony vibrator against my clit before slowly slipping a quarter of it into my pussy. The doorbell rang.

I swore softly and was about to ignore it until I remembered it was probably my best friend, Neisha. I groaned and plunged the vibrator quickly in and out of my pussy several times.

Then I rolled onto my stomach with the long, dark, shaft still inside me. I fucked myself onto it twice, moaning with pleasure as it slipped deep inside me. It was thick and dark, just the way I'd always wanted cock, and it filled my pussy nicely. Oh, damn, I wished I had more time.

"Later, you horny girl," I told myself and rolled onto my back. I pulled the vibrator from my protesting pussy. I turned it on high and pressed it hard against my clit for several delicious moments before I reluctantly put it away.

I pulled my sweat suit back on and went to answer the door.

Neisha gave me a long look. "Did I interrupt you and Reilly saying good-bye?"

I shook my head. "No. We did that last night and early this morning before he left and I went back to sleep."

"You took so long coming to the door and you're looking a little flushed, I thought I'd interrupted you two."

I smiled. "I was just...starting to pack. Do you want coffee or tea?"

"No. I'm fine."

"Then come into the bedroom to keep me company while I finish packing."

"Okay."

She followed me to the bedroom and stood in the doorway, watching in silence as I filled my suitcase with thongs, sheer tops, and short skirts that ended just an inch or so below my ass. I hesitated and then reached into my nightstand drawer to retrieve several unopened plastic bottles of various lubricants.

I heard Neisha's breath quicken.

I buried the bottles in my suitcase, under my clothes with the various condoms. She'd once hinted that Manning liked sex the old-fashioned way. She probably thought I was a first class hussy packing anal lubes for a vacation away from Reilly. Hell, she was probably right. Meeting and loving Reilly had unleashed a part of myself I'd always denied—the wanton hussy who was always horny and ready to fuck a hard-



bodied, big-dicked stud at the drop of a hat. After a few nights with Reilly I'd finally admitted to myself that sex was one of God's best creations and I loved it.

"What are you going to do if Reilly finds out?"

I closed and locked my suitcase. I put it on the floor and sat on the side of the king-size bed I'd spent the last fifteen years sharing with Reilly. Only then did I look at Neisha, who watched me with a worried look in her dark eyes. "He knows."

She blinked. "What? Okay, Khris, I know you two have an open relationship, but I can't believe you told him about this vacation."

"I didn't," I said slowly, deciding to tease her a little.

I watched Neisha's long, lush lashes sweep downward. Even though I could no longer see the expression in her eyes, I could *read* the disapproval in the tense way she held her shoulders.

I arched a brow. "Don't be like that, Neisha."

She kept her lids lowered. "Like what?"

"Disapproving."

Her lashes swept up and she stared at me. "I didn't say I disapproved."

"But I know you do." I held up a hand to silence her when she would have spoken. "Hell, if I had half the sense I'd been born with, I'd disapprove too. I admit on some level, this feels wrong..."

"Wrong? Like cheating?"

I shook my head. "Cheating? No! I admit that it's not something I thought I'd ever have the nerve to do, but on a primitive level, it feels right. Like something I *have* to do."

"Why?"

How could I explain the ache in my gut to experience a brief, raunchy fling with a stranger I'd never see again to a woman who had been happily married to the same man for nearly fourteen years? She'd always been a one-woman man and had never

been able to understand the open relationship Reilly and I have enjoyed for the last five years.

At least it had been open on Reilly's side for that long. He'd always been discreet, never let me find any evidence of who he'd been with, and had always satisfied all my emotional needs and most of my sexual ones. And after each tryst with other women, he was always more passionate and swore his heart still beat only for me.

In defiance of the commonsense a modern program analyst is supposed to possess, damn if I didn't believe him. But because he did sleep with other women, I'd never been able to take him home. My elderly parents had never met him. They would continue to despair of my ever meeting "Mr. Right" who was supposed to have swept me off my feet into marriage years earlier.

At this point in my life, they expected me to have one point five kids, a big house in the suburbs, and be a soccer mom. Instead, I had no kids, lived in a condo in the city, and had a lover instead of a slightly devoted, unexciting hubby.

Oh, well. I'd never felt particularly maternal and I wouldn't trade Reilly for anything, but if he ever asked me to marry him, I'd happily agree.

But he never had and I'd slowly come to accept the fact that he probably never would. This would be the first time I tested the openness of our relationship.

"Khris?"

I blinked and forced my attention back on Neisha. "If I don't do this now, while I have the courage and will, I know I'll spend the rest of my life regretting it. So please don't try to make me feel guilty when I'm determined not to." I shrugged and grinned at her. "Besides, I have Reilly's blessing and encouragement."

"You do?" She shook her head. "Khris, if Reilly knows, why should you feel guilty?"

I hated when she used her let's-be-reasonable-voice on me. "You know your good opinion means as much to me as Reilly's does."

Although the look on her smooth, dark face didn't change, she arched a brow.

I flushed and nodded. "Okay, I know talking about Reilly's opinion sounds crazy, given what I'm about to do, but I don't just care about him. I love him."

"I know so—"

"I just *have* to do this and even if Reilly doesn't know the actual details, he knows I won't be celibate while I'm on vacation."

"And yet he's still letting you go?"

I compressed my lips briefly, trying to conceal my annoyance at the question. "Why shouldn't he? Not only does he not own me, but he's not celibate when he's away."

"And that doesn't bother you anymore?"

I sighed. "When he first told me he wanted an open relationship, you know how I cried all day and told him I didn't want to see him anymore."

"And yet two weeks later, you were back in his bed and his arms."

I grimaced. "I couldn't help myself. I love him and have to have him."

"Even if you have to share him with God only knows how many other women?"

I blushed. "Apparently so."

"I didn't mean that the way it sounded, Khris."

I nodded. "It's okay, Neisha. I know that. I know I shouldn't still be with him, but I can't imagine my life without him as my lover. Somehow, he knew that and knew I didn't want to end our relationship—even though I thought I did at the time."

"I didn't mean to sound judgmental or disapproving."

I nodded. "I know that. Do you remember my telling you what happened one night during the two weeks when I refused to sleep with him, but still allowed him into the condo?"

"Yes." A slow smile spread across her face. "But the details are so scandalous I never tire of hearing about it. Tell me again so I can wow you with righteous indignation that would do your mama proud."

I laughed. "Well, in the middle of one night when he was sleeping in the guest bedroom, I had this vivid dream about being in this exotic desert where I could freely explore all my sexual fantasies with the sure certainty that when I returned home or woke up, Reilly would be there to welcome me back into his arms and bed."

Neisha fanned herself. "I want the longer, more sexy version."

I grinned. "Okay. It was a moonlit summer night. I was wandering naked across a desert, being shadowed by this huge, black cat as big as a leopard. Instead of being afraid, I was aroused. Then suddenly I found myself fleeing—chased by a sinfully handsome ebony hunk riding this huge dark horse. Like me, he was stark naked and when he chased me down, he spanked my ass until it stung, then despite my struggles, he tossed me onto my back, held my hands over my head and spent the night giving me multiple orgasms."

Neisha pretended to swoon. "Now that's a dream, girl."

"Even while I was coming again and again, I thought of Reilly. I was getting the fucking of my life from a complete stranger, but I loved every second of it and it felt right. That's when I started working on accepting that Reilly and I could have an open relationship and still love and adore each other."

I paused and then decided not to mention that I had awakened from the dream with both my pussy and ass tingling—as they did after Reilly had sexed them both up. After that night, when Reilly was away, I spent the nights with my BOB weaving erotic fantasies around my dark-skinned hunk. Even though I knew I had no hope of meeting the lover from my frequent fantasies, I hoped to encounter a man who resembled him—tall, with dark skin, a nice smile, a great, hard body, and short, silver hair. If I were lucky, he might even be almost as well-endowed as Reilly was and half as skillful in bed.

"But that was a dream, Khris. Not reality."

I moistened my lips. "It felt very real and afterwards...I felt a little sore."

"Sore?" Neisha frowned. "Are you saying it wasn't a dream?"

"I'm not saying anything beyond the fact that Reilly approves of this vacation. After all, he's been enjoying our unique relationship for the last five years. Why should he deny me the same freedom?"

"Oh, I don't know. Maybe because he's a man."

I blinked at the vehemence in her voice. "And?"

"And you know, men. With them, it's do as I say, not as I do. They can fantasize about bedding everything with a pussy, but if you even look at a hard-bodied hunk you're a hussy just wanting for an opportunity to be unfaithful."

"Okay, I'm not sure where that rant came from but —"

She frowned. "What rant?"

What rant? Boy was she in denial. I shook my head slowly. "Rant was a slip of the tongue, but trust me, Neisha. Reilly has this wonderful knack of knowing exactly what I want and need and then giving it to me."

"Then why are you doing this?"

"Because I *have* to."

"Why if he satisfies your needs?"

"I know you and Manning are still wild about each other, but..." I saw a sudden flicker in her eyes and paused. "Nei? Everything is okay between you and Manning. Isn't it?"

She lowered her lids and nodded. "Why wouldn't it be?"

I frowned. We've been friends since grade school. At seventeen, we'd both left the same upstate Pennsylvania town we grew up in to attend college in Philly and have grown closer with each passing year. We know each other's little idiosyncrasies. When she wanted to be less than forthright, she had a habit of lowering her lids to hide the expression in her eyes. "Nei? Are you and Manning having problems?"

She lifted her lids and flashed a smile at me. "He's just being a man."

"Meaning?"

"Meaning just that. Let's talk about you."

I nibbled at my lip. "If something was wrong between you two, you'd tell me. Right?"

"Don't I always?"

"You didn't answer my question, Nei."

"I did. Now stop trying to change the subject."

I knew her well enough to know she'd talk when she was ready. I sighed. "Okay. As I was saying, it's great that you two are content to spend the rest of your lives together. Believe it or not, I wouldn't trade Reilly for any other man."

She arched a brow and looked at me. "But?"

"But I'm forty-one and starting to feel my life is rapidly slipping into a major rut. I don't want another man on a permanent basis, but I do want one or two for a last wild fling."

She sighed, shaking her head. "I don't want you to think I'm judging you, Khris—"

I waved a hand in dismissal. "I know you're not, but I know you don't approve. Just...try to understand."

"I will, but are you sure this resort you're going to is safe?"

"Of course I am. There are pictures and commendations for it on a secure internet site. And I've had phone conversations with some of the people who have stayed at the Rapture Inn."

She didn't look convinced so I played my trump card. "Besides, who do you think picked out the place and paid for my stay?"

"Who?"

"Reilly."

I saw what looked like a look of envy flash briefly in her gaze before she lowered her lids. "He made all the arrangements?"

"Yes."

"So he really does know."

I nodded.

"Okay, but I've never seen the exit ramp listed in the directions you downloaded from the internet."

I shrugged. Neither had I, but I wasn't about to admit it. "I hardly think they'd have the wrong directions on their website. I'll start out with a full tank of gas, hours of daylight, and a fully charged cell phone. My new car has a navigation system so I won't get more than a little off course. If I get a flat tire, I can call for road service. I have all my bases covered and will be fine."

She frowned. "You'd better be. I don't have the time or the inclination to break in another best friend."

Relieved that she hadn't asked me to check in when I arrived, I grinned. "It's your bad luck to be stuck with me for life, girl." I glanced at my watch, took a deep breath, and rose. "I'd better get on the road."

"Have a good time, Khris."

"Thanks."

"And when you return, we can talk about Manning and me."

"I can make time to talk now, Nei."

She smiled. "I know, but I'm not sure there's anything to talk about yet."

"I can postpone my —"

She squeezed my hand, but shook her head. "Postpone your vacation? That's a sweet offer, but it's not necessary."

"Nei —"

"Go and enjoy yourself. We'll talk when you return."

"But —"

"I'm okay and I promise we'll talk when you return, Khris."

I sighed. "Okay."

We embraced.

Three hours later, I would have given just about anything to be back in Philly, waiting for Reilly to come home. Although I'd carefully followed the directions on the downloaded map to the Rapture Inn, which was in Lusterville, PA, I found myself driving down a lonely, dark road in the midst of a freak summer storm complete with thunder and lightning, which probably accounted for the loss of the satellite signal on my navigation unit.

At three-thirty in the afternoon, between lightning flashes, the sky was pitch black. I had forgotten to fill up and was running low on gas. The mountains on either side of the long, winding road interfered with cell phone reception so I couldn't even call for assistance. Worse yet, the two-lane road was too narrow to pull over. If I didn't find an exit off the road soon, I was going to be in big trouble.

*This serves you right for allowing your nearly middle-aged ass to be ruled by lust. If you'd been satisfied with Reilly, you wouldn't be in this mess.*

I shivered. If Reilly were there, I wouldn't be in the middle of this unnatural storm. When Reilly and I had moved into the house we now shared, I'd noticed that he didn't own an umbrella, raincoat, or any other rain gear. When I'd asked him why, he'd told me it never rained unless he wanted it to. Of course I had laughed at the time, but later had realized that I couldn't recall it ever raining while we were together. It had often rained just before we met or just after, but never while we were together.

I sighed. Instead of wasting time wishing Reilly were there, I needed to figure out a way out of the mess I was in. I hadn't passed a single vehicle during the hour I'd been on this blasted road to hell. Moments away from panic, I finally spotted a dim neon sign on the left side of the road.

I blinked and stared through my windshield. A feeling of shock and dread flooded me as I made out the name on the small, dilapidated one-story building. Rapture Inn. There were several motel rooms adjacent to it.



Oh, no. This could *not* be the Rapture Inn. At least it couldn't be *my* Rapture Inn. What had possessed Reilly to book me into such a place? There was no way I was going inside. No way. A particularly violent thunder clasp made me jump and change my mind. I had to stop. Not only was there nowhere else to go, but there was a gas pump along one side of the motel rooms.

I pulled my car off the road and stopped several feet from the office. The building looked as if it should have been condemned and boarded up, but I could see light through one window. Someone was inside.

I picked up my cell phone and tried to make a call again. There was still no signal. Oh, hell. I was really going to have to go into that place in search of a working phone.

## **Chapter Two**

Instead of getting out of my car, I sat staring through my windshield. The gas pump looked older and more dilapidated than the building. There was probably no gas in the underground tank.

I leaned forward and glanced toward the sky. The rain seemed to have lessened in intensity. Maybe I could get back on the road and find the exit before the last of my gas ran out.

Just as I was about to start my car again, the office door opened.

I tensed, and then stared at the person who stood in the open doorway. With a flood of light from the interior surrounding him, I had a clear view of him. I caught my breath.

My heart raced and I blinked rapidly, and then stared. The hunk from my lustful fantasies stood in the door. This was neither a dream nor a fantasy. This was real. He was there—in glorious flesh and blood.

As in that first sweet, surreal dream, he was tall and well-built with smooth dark, skin. Short silver hair and dark eyes help draw attention to his handsome features. My fears vanished. A sense of calm excitement settled over me. In that moment, I knew why I'd come there, despite my uncertainties. I'd come to meet him. I think that's when, at least on a subconscious level, I began to wonder if the dream had really been a dream.

Still standing in the doorway, he looked up into the sky. In a flash of lightning, I saw his lips move as he lifted his right arm. Almost as if he had commanded it, the thunder abruptly ceased.

He dropped his arm and exited the building. When he stopped by my car, he leaned down and smiled in at me. I felt the same warm, familiar rush of pleasure I'd felt

when Reilly and I had first met. I'd trusted Reilly from the moment our gazes met in that bar—just as I did this familiar stranger.

I slid my window down and found myself gazing into the most beautiful deep brown eyes I'd ever seen. Well...aside from Reilly's, who has deep, beautiful brown eyes as well. Reilly was just as sexy and hunky as this stranger whose sudden smile radiated all through me.

The timbre in his deep voice washed over my nerve endings like a secret, seductive caress. "Hello, Khristine." I caught a whiff of intoxicating cologne. It reminded me of how I'd spent part of that special night—on my knees gazing adoringly up into his beautiful eyes while I greedily sucked his cock. I shivered with remembered bliss.

"Khristine?" He prodded when I sat gazing at him in a lustful, eager silence.

Strangely enough, I felt my lust giving way to something even more disturbing. I swallowed hard in an effort to dislodge the lump of emotion threatening to inhibit my breathing. I loved Reilly and could not afford to lose sight of that fact just because I'd finally met my fantasy lover. I had come for a fling and nothing more. I wouldn't trade Reilly for anyone—not even this sexy hunk.

"Khristine?"

"Yes." I cast a quick glance out the windshield as the rain abated and the sky began to clear and lighten. I turned to look at him. "You seem to have a way with the elements."

He arched a brow. "It's done its job. You're here."

I tilted my head. "What kind of response is that?"

"A factual one."

"Factual?" I shook my head and laughed. "Are you saying you-you told the weather to play nice?"

"If I said I did, would you believe me?"

Just my luck that he was clearly not quite playing with a full deck. "No."

He flashed a quick smile at me. "Then I won't tell you that—even though it's true."

This conversation was getting stranger by the minute. Yet I was still excited to be with him. Of course that didn't mean I planned to let him get away with defrauding Reilly, who after all, had paid for me to stay at a plush resort not a rundown motel in the middle of nowhere. "Oh...okay, but please tell me this is not the Rapture Inn."

"Ah, but it is."

I bit my lip. Oh, hell, it was just my luck that he would turn out to be a con artist too. "But—"

"I've waited a long time for this moment."

I moistened my lips. "You have?"

"Yes, Khristine, I have."

I shivered. My fantasy was about to be fulfilled. I'd nursed a not so secret yen for a one-nighter with a handsome, hunky black man since I'd seen Howard E. Rollins, Jr. in *A Solider's Story*. I'd never quite mustered the courage to accept on the three occasions when some hard-bodied ebony Adonis had asked me out. After I fell for Reilly, such fantasies seemed almost like cheating.

I now knew better. And my days of denying my fantasies were over—at least for the next two weeks. I frowned. They were over *if* we could work out some other accommodations.

*Okay, Khris, don't get ahead of yourself.* I took a deep breath. I was there to work my fantasy out of my system. Once I had, when I returned home I was going to be content to be what I'd been for the last fifteen years, which was Reilly's woman. And only Reilly's woman.

But first things first. I glanced at the building, which looked even worse in the rapidly returning daylight. There was peeling paint everywhere. I compressed my lips. "This is not what you advertised and it's sure as hell isn't what was paid for."

"Are you sure about that?"

His calm question annoyed me. "Yes, I am sure." I cast a quick look at the motel. "That looks nothing like the resort on your website. Nothing."

He arched a brow. "Don't you trust him?"

I frowned. "Don't I trust who?"

"Reilly."

My heart raced and I stared at him, afraid again. "How do you know Reilly?"

He shook his head. "There's no need to be afraid, Khristine. Reilly's the name on the credit card used to pay for your stay. Reilly C. Childers."

"Oh." I felt like a fool. "Of course, but this...place isn't what he paid for."

"Are you sure about that?"

"Yes, I am. He's very generous, but not so much so he's willing to pay for this dump."

His smile widened. "Haven't you ever been told not to judge a book by its cover?"

"Meaning what?"

"You haven't seen the inside yet."

"The view from out here is depressing enough. I'm not interested in seeing the inside."

"You'll change your mind once you've seen the inside."

"I don't think so."

"Your stay begins at a most opportune time."

"What? I told you I'm not staying."

"There are two weeks left of the Immaculate Feast of Bliss and Conception."

"The Immaculate Feast of what? I have no idea what you're talking about."

He gave me a probing look. "Don't you?"

I wasn't totally clueless about the name. While I had no personal knowledge of the term, it wasn't totally unfamiliar. I vaguely recalled Reilly saying something along the

lines that the first time he made love to me he felt as if he had experienced an entire month of immaculate bliss in one night.

So, while I wasn't sure of all the ins and outs of it, the term held a good connotation for me. But some things were better left unsaid. I shrugged.

He straightened, stepped back, and opened my door. He extended a hand. "This way."

Suffering from last minute doubts, I remained in my seat.

He bent down again and looked into the car. "Trust me, Khristine."

I reacted as I would have had Reilly requested the same thing of me. Instead of slamming my door and driving off, I extended my hand.

His big, warm fingers closed around mine. Desire radiated through me. In my haste to get out of my car, I stumbled and fell against him.

His other arm shot around my waist.

I sucked in a quick breath and then leaned against him. Oh, mama, but he was male with a capital M.

"Are you all right?"

All right? The man of my most delicious fantasy had his arm around me and I could feel the unmistakable stirring of his cock against my body. I smiled up at him. "I've never been better."

He released me and stepped away. "Good. If you'll step inside to register, I'll take care of parking your car and having your luggage taken to your room."

That's when I stopped thinking with my pussy. I looked at the accommodation, the motel rooms. The roof probably leaked and I'd be very surprised if the place wasn't overrun with nasty creepy-crawlers of every kind.

"You're doing it again."

I looked at him. "Doing what again?"

"Judging a book, or in this case a resort, by its outward appearance."

This place was the pits, but it had one undeniable advantage—the presence of the handsome hunk in front of me.

“Once you’re inside you’ll step into a world I’m sure will more than meet your expectations. You’re booked into the Gateway suite.”

*Suite? Okay, he was panty-wetting sexy, but clearly more than a few cents short of a dollar. There were neither suites nor probably even a decent room in this so-called Rapture Inn.*

When I stood shaking my head, he slipped an arm around my waist, and walked me toward the office. I didn’t protest because I couldn’t. Having his arm around me left me breathless.

The inside of the building was as nondescript as the outside, although there was no peeling paint. There was also no one at the long counter that ran along the length of the room. *Okay, Khris, I think you’d better get your butt out of here right now because this is definitely not on the up and up.*

I turned and found him standing in front of the closed front door. A wave of panic rushed through me. I felt dizzy with fear—until I met his dark gaze. When I had, the panic melted away. I was as safe with him as I would be with Reilly.

He smiled and nodded. “That’s right, Khristine, you have no need to fear me.” He extended his hand.

After a brief hesitation, I placed mine in his.

“That’s it, Khristine. You can trust me.”

“What’s your name?”

“You can call me Stanan.”

“Stan?”

“No. Sta-nan. Stanan.”

“Stanan. That’s different, but it suits you.” I liked it.

He squeezed my hand. “I have another name I hope you’ll like. But for now, come let me show you to the Gateway Suite.”

Stanan lifted part of the counter and I walked through. He followed and led me down a long hall, at the end of which stood a large closed door. He turned to look down at me. "This is the Gateway Suite. Open the door and step into a world where you can have nearly anything you can imagine."

I sucked in a breath and looked up into his eyes. My overriding interest was spending the afternoon and night in bed with him—preferably in the desert of my fantasies. "I can imagine quite a lot," I told him.

"And you can enjoy it all within the Gateway Suite. Step inside."

"Aren't you going to open the door for me?"

He shook his head. "That's an action you should initiate yourself."

Well, hell, wasn't he the gentleman?

"The choice to enter the Gateway Suite must be freely taken."

"What?"

"You must open the door and step inside of your own free will."

I blinked and moistened my lips. He was starting to sound like someone out of a vampire movie. In the old Christopher Lee horror flicks, didn't the silly victims have to extend an invitation before the vampire could come in and ravish, enslave, and possibly kill them?

He shook his head. *You have nothing to fear from me, Khristine. And there are no vampires in the Gateway Suite – unless you wish there to be.*

Call me crazy, but I could have sworn he projected the words directly into my mind. I didn't hear them. I *felt* them. And I believed them.

I swallowed a lump of confusion. "Okay."

He gave me a reassuring smile. "Your vacation awaits you through the door."

My heart sank when I opened the door. The small room where I was expected to stay might have been mistaken for a broom closet. The furniture consisted of a full-



sized bed, a vanity, a single nightstand, and a small dresser. The room didn't even have a TV!

"Step in," he urged, in that deep compelling voice.

God only knows why, but I obeyed. I stepped over the threshold and into the plush lobby of a hotel bustling with activity.

I gasped and swung around to find Stanan closing the door behind me. He smiled. "Welcome, Khristine. May all your fantasies come true."

I shook my head. "I-I don't...understand. This isn't possible."

"Once you step through the Gateway, anything is possible. Anything can happen, just as you wish."

I closed my eyes briefly. *Okay. Don't panic. You're dreaming.* Since I was, there was no reason to be bashful. I opened my eyes and smiled at him. "I'd like to get to know you."

He sighed. "Unfortunately, that might be the one thing that is not possible here."

I tweaked my right nipple. "Why not? I thought you said I could have anything I could imagine. And I can imagine getting to know you."

He shook his head. "Don't tempt me."

"But that's exactly what I plan to do—tempt you and tempt you until you succumb." I paused. "You... You're not married are you?"

"No, Khristine. I'm not."

Thank God for that. "Are you engaged?"

He hesitated slightly before he shook his head. "No."

Damn. That left one thing. "But you have a significant other?"

He averted his gaze. "Jock will guide you on your journey."

So there was someone else. Damn. But if anything was possible, maybe he had an open relationship and I could still end up in his arms if I were patient. "Journey? What journey? I thought I'd already arrived."

"This is the Gateway."

"To where?"

"To an infinite number of destinations across an infinite number of places." He looked past me and beckoned to someone. "Jock?"

Moments later, a tall, lanky young man with skin the color of milk chocolate stood at my side. I frowned at Stanan.

"This is Jock. He will be your personal assistant and will do his best to ensure you enjoy your stay. Jock, this is Khristine Gregg. Your job for the next two weeks will be to ensure she gets anything within our power to give her." He smiled at me before he turned away.

I stared after him. *But I want you, Stanan.*

Almost as if he'd read my mind, he cast a brief, regretful glance over his shoulder. *Enjoy your stay, Khristine.*

I sucked in a breath.

Before I could formulate a plan to forestall his departure, he'd moved around a corner.

Oh, no. I hadn't endured such a hellish afternoon just to watch him walk away from me. I followed him.

A gentle hand on my elbow brought me to a halt.

"This way, Khristine."

I sighed and turned to look at Jock. Jock, huh? In whose country? I wondered sourly. He looked far too slender to be a jock. Hell, with my luck, he would probably stick to me like glue—and he was probably gay. But even if he weren't, he looked as if he were in his early twenties. Males who looked almost young enough to be jailbait did not turn me on. I preferred my men to look like they were old enough to know how to please and thrill me in bed—like Reilly and Stanan.

"Khristine?"

I stared at Jock. He had warm brown skin and dark, expressive eyes with sinfully long lashes. If you got past his boyish lack of muscles, he was undeniably handsome with a warm, surprising deep voice.

"What do you do here, Jock?"

He allowed his gaze to linger on my breasts before he looked into my eyes. "My job is to do everything in my power to ensure you're able to fulfill your fantasies—no matter how intimate or wanton."

An unexpected rush of desire sizzle down my spine. Feeling like a cradle robber, I glanced away.

"I'm older than I look, Khristine."

I shrugged. "Whatever."

He slid his hand down my arm to cup my elbow. "This way."

I allowed Jock to lead me across the lobby to an elevator bank. A car stood with the doors open, almost as if it were waiting for us. We stepped inside.

Jock glanced at the control panel. "Penthouse."

The doors whispered closed. After several minutes, I experienced a falling sensation. And then...nothing. I frowned. I glanced at Jock, whose dark eyes were trained on my face. "We're not moving..." I broke off as the doors opened.

I turned to look through the open elevators doors. My lips parted in a silent gasp.

Instead of a hotel corridor, I found myself staring out onto a world like none I'd ever seen, except in my fantasies.

## **Chapter Three**

A vast desert lay beyond the open elevator doors. A brilliant late evening sun shone down onto beautiful, blue sands. A large white tent-like structure stood just before the far horizon. As in my dream, to the right of the tent stood a large, in-ground stone pool. I knew what and who awaited me beyond the pool. My desert fantasy was about to come true.

My heart raced. Overcome with a joy and excitement, I kicked off my shoes, and rushed out of the elevator. Although the sun above was hot enough to warm my skin, the sands beneath my feet felt surprisingly cool as I rushed across the exotic desert where I'd spent one brief, but unforgettable night with Stanan.

I hadn't run very far before I realized I could feel the sun's warmth on my breasts and thighs. I glanced down. My nipples were hard and my bare breasts exposed. I was stark naked. What the hell had happened to my clothes? And how had my ponytail come undone?

I turned to question Jock and froze. There was no sign of a building, an elevator, or Jock. I turned slowly. An endless expanse of desert stretched in each direction.

I heard a horse grunt.

I closed my eyes, feeling a rush of moisture between my legs.

The horse grunted again.

I opened my eyes and looked to my right.

A naked Jock sat astride a large black horse.

Jock was even leaner than I'd imagined – almost unappealing skinny. What the hell was going on? Someone had screwed up big time. The handsome, well-built Stanan

with his smooth dark, rippling muscles had starred in my fantasy – not a skinny, naked Jock.

Jock smiled at me, reaching between his legs to fondle himself. “This could be yours, Khristine,” he taunted.

“I wouldn’t let you touch me if your skinny ass was the last one on Earth.”

“We’re not on Earth and I intend to do a lot more than touch you. I’m going to fuck you so long and hard you’ll tremble with lust for months afterwards each time you think of me and my cock.”

A wave of heat swept over me.

“My cock is hard and ready for you.”

I trembled.

His nostrils flared. “You’re ready to be fucked.”

Damn him he was making me so hot. As I stared at him, the large horse suddenly snorted and reared onto its hind legs. When Jock brought him back onto all fours, the horse charged across the sands toward me.

Jock pointed at me. “Stay right where you are.”

Sure I would – right before hell froze over. “Fuck off, skinny boy.”

“Boy? I’ll show you how much of a boy I am!”

“You have to catch me first,” I called before I turned and fled toward the tent, where I instinctively knew I’d find refuge.

I glanced over my shoulder.

Jock held what looked like a riding crop in his hand. He pressed his legs against the horse’s flanks and the beast galloped toward me. He rested the riding crop on his thigh.

Holy hell, the crop wasn’t for the horse. I turned and began zigzagging toward the Tent of Refuge. If I could make it there, Jock would have to abandon whatever wicked designs he had on me.

Even as I admitted I didn't really want that, I felt the animal's breath on my neck. Then Jock leaned down and caught me by the waist.

I shoved his arm away and fled in the opposite direction.

I didn't look back, but I heard the horse charging after me.

"There's going to be a price for your disobedience," Jock warned.

Thrilled, I ran on, wet with anticipation.

Within moments, the shadow of the stallion loomed alongside me, then I felt a sharp blow across my ass cheeks.

I gasped as Jock lean down and this time swept me off my feet.

Easily overcoming my struggles, he swung me onto the back of the stallion in front of him. That's when I received a totally pleasant shock in the form of a very long, very hard cock pulsing against my butt.

I moistened my lips and resisted the urge to thrust my ass backward.

He tightened his arm around my waist, pulling me back with his cock between my ass crease. He then deliberately pressed the head of the leather-riding crop against my slit.

I shuddered with desire but forced myself to push his hand away. "Don't you dare."

"You'll find that I do dare." He pressed his lips against my ear. "And you'll be still or I'll have to punish you," he warned in a low, deep voice.

A thrill of fear and sexual anticipation danced along my spine. My heart raced. "This isn't part of my fantasy."

"Isn't it?"

"Hell no."

He laughed as he wheeled his stallion around, turning it away from the Tent of Refuge.

"What are you doing?" I demanded, trying to sound outraged instead of excited.

Removing the riding crop from between my legs, he slipped it into a slot on the side of the saddle. "Just what you want me to."

"You're delusional."

"Am I?" He sounded as amused as Reilly did when I pretended I didn't like begging for his cock. "There's no need to pretend with me, Khristine. I know just what you want and I intend to give it to you for as long as you can bear it."

My entire body burned.

"What? No lying retort?"

I flushed.

He moved his hand down my belly to cup my pussy as he sent the horse thundering toward the opposite horizon.

I caught my breath.

His fingers probed my slick folds and slowly ventured inside my slit.

I moaned and leaned against his hard chest.

"You're very wet, almost ready for my cock," he whispered, gently stroking his finger inside me. His touch made me want to melt.

I closed my eyes and mindlessly ground myself against his fingers.

He continued to finger fuck me while rubbing his thumb against my clit.

Fighting hard against the desire to lose myself in the sweet surrender his fingers demanded, I shook my head, and opened my eyes.

The desert stretched endlessly before us.

"It goes on for as long as you want it to."

None of this was what I wanted—at least not with him. I pushed against his hand, attempting to dislodge his fingers. "Remove your fingers."

He stroked deeper.

I bit my lip—hard. "I demanded to be taken to The Tent of Refuge."

"Oh? You demand, do you?" He slapped the side of my thigh. "Demand all you like."

I pressed my hands against the arm around my waist.

He responded by tightening it, which drove his cock further into my crack.

Dear God that felt good. I gritted my teeth as a surge of desire shook my body. Trying to overcome it, I reached down in an effort to forcibly drag the fingers sending chills all through me from my pussy.

"Behave."

I continued to struggle. "Make me," I challenged.

He dropped the horse's reins, lifted his left hand, and brought it down hard against my outer thigh. "Behave."

"Ouch!"

"You've been warned." He recaptured the reins. "Behave or else."

Spurred on by the *or else* possibilities, I tugged at his hand. "I'll consider it when you move your hand!"

He dropped the reins again.

I tensed. *Spank my ass, baby. Spank me hard and long.*

He lifted his hand, angling his open palm along my thigh. "Are you going to behave?"

"No," I whispered.

"So be it." His hand slowly descended.

It was my ass I wanted spanked, not my thigh. I shifted my body, rolling as far onto my left cheek as possible and exposing part of my right one in the process. *Do it. Spank me.*

He deliberately slapped my right cheek several times. He did it slowly, all the while finger fucking me.



With my right cheek stinging and my pussy flooding, I arched my back against him. "Oh...God...yes."

"That's better," he taunted softly.

Flushing, I caught my breath and stared down. My skin is fair and a faint hint of a palm print was visible, which heightened my arousal. My other cheek felt cold and neglected. So I balled my hands into fists and hit the hard arm wrapped around my waist.

He responded by bringing the stallion to an abrupt halt. "Are you satisfied?"

How could I be when I was neither being fucked nor spanked? I tossed my head, aware that my hair would cascade over his shoulder. "That depends. Are you taking me to the refuge?"

"Hell no." He thrust his fingers deep between my trembling legs and slapped my other thigh until it stung with heat and my pussy pulsed.

I bit my lip to smother a moan. I leaned against the arm around me, exposing more of my right ass cheek. I was so close to coming that just a few more delicious blows would push me over the edge and into an explosive climax.

He withdrew his fingers from me.

I felt a wave of regret so strong, it was all I could do not to moan in protest and close my legs in an effort to stop the withdrawal of his fingers.

He rested both hands on my thighs, pushing my right cheek down.

I waited, hoping he couldn't tell how much I enjoyed feeling his warm palms on my bare thighs.

I didn't have long to wait. He put his hands around my waist and quickly lifted me, turning me as he did. When he sat me down again, we faced each other.

He stared silently into my eyes, a slight smile on his lips.

He had beautiful eyes, but at the moment I had little interest in staring into them. I couldn't keep my gaze from shifting down to the stallion's back.

His long dark, thick cock with an almost purple head rested between my quivering thighs, inches from my wet, aching slit.

I licked my lips. How on God's green Earth could any male so slender possess such a huge, beautiful weapon?

He spoke in a deep, suggestive voice. "If you want it, take it."

I curled my hands into fists and forced myself to meet his gaze. "Don't flatter yourself."

He laughed.

"Take me back to my room."

"Before or after I fuck you?"

I sucked in a breath.

Still smiling, he curled the fingers of one hand in my hair and leaned forward so that I felt his breath on my lips. "The sooner you realize who's in charge, the more enjoyable your stay here will be."

"I want you to either take me to the refuge or take me back to the resort—now. It's your choice."

"Neither option is acceptable to me."

I shrugged, itching to inch my hips forward so that the head of his cock touched my pussy.

Staring into my eyes, he reached between our bodies.

His fingers brushed along my slit. "Nice pussy."

I struggled not to react. If he didn't just shut up and fuck me soon, I was going to push him off the horse. Then, as he lay stretched out on his back on the sands, I would impale myself on his cock and ride him all night long.

He smiled, sliding his other palm over his cock. "You're ready to say hello."

Ready was putting it lightly. I ached to say hello to his cock. Still, ready to embrace that part of my fantasy in the hope of being punished again, I shook my head. "I gave you your two options."

He pinched my clit. "Defiant to the end?"

I tossed my head.

Smiling, he eased his hips forward. I felt the big, hard head of his cock nudging my pussy. "Hello," he whispered.

If I could just hold out a little longer, the reward would be too sweet for words. I closed my eyes. "No!" Even as I whispered the word, my thighs quivered further apart.

He laughed softly. "Open your eyes."

I kept them firmly shut and waited – almost holding my breath.

He remained still.

Damn him. I opened my eyes. *Fuck me.*

He arched a brow.

*Okay. Please.*

He shook his head.

The bastard was going to make me beg? Why should I? It was my fantasy. I could just take what I wanted without feeling ashamed or the need to offer an explanation. I eased my hips forward. If he dared withdraw...

He didn't and when his hard warmth pressed against my outer lips and slid into my opening, my thighs shook.

"Slide onto it," he encouraged.

I struggled to retain a measure of commonsense. "Condom," I whispered.

"I'm giving it to you just as you want it – hard, warm, and bareback."

"But –" About to panic, I reminded myself that this wasn't real. I was dreaming. There was no need for protection or fears in a dream.

Placing a hand on my waist, he jerked my hips forward.

My lips parted in a soft, almost soundless gasp as my pussy opened and welcomed his warm, beautiful shaft.

“Oh...no...”

He paused, smiling at me. “No? If you don’t want this, you only have to say so and I’ll stop.”

Damn him. Unable to resist the hunger and passion tightening in my gut, I slipped my hands over his ass and pushed my hips forward. I would have quickly impaled myself on him, but his hand on my waist stilled my forward motion.

“No,” I protested.

His smile widened into a grin. “That’s more like it.” He slid his hand up my back to cup my neck. He leaned forward.

“Oh...yes...yes.”

He slid in deeper than any man other than Reilly, had ever been. I was definitely losing my mind. I knew it. That was the only explanation for what was happening to me...what I was feeling with this boy. Like Reilly’s big cock, this one felt so good and so right inside me—as if it had been forged to please and delight my pussy alone.

“It was,” he whispered in a low, brusque voice. “Its sole purpose for existing is to bring you pleasure.”

He made verbal love almost as addictively as Reilly did. I tightened my hands on his ass. “Then give me every hard, hot inch,” I pleaded.

His soft laughter danced along my senses as he continued to tunnel into me.

Lord, what an incredible sensation. I licked my lips, trailing a finger down his crack. “More... Please, more.”

He thrust his hips forward.

Feeling his pubic hair against mine, I pressed my aching breasts against his chest, and rubbed my palms over his taut buns. “Oh God, fuck me.”

"I plan to."

I slowly ground myself against his pubic hair, savoring the delicious feeling of having his cock pulsing warmly inside me. "Then do."

Wrapping his arms around me, he tossed his body sideways.

I let out a small scream of panic and clung to him as we tumbled off the horse and onto the warm sands below. He quickly rolled me onto my back.

I parted my legs in a wanton and unmistakable invitation.

Instead of positioning himself between my legs and thrusting his cock back into me, he stared at me in silence.

I lifted my hips.

He caressed my ass cheeks.

"I'm hot enough. Fuck me already, damn it!"

"The only thing a display of temper will get you is spanked."

"Is that supposed to be a threat?"

He responded by turning me over onto my stomach.

Before I could glance over my shoulder, his palm descended on my left and right cheeks in rapid succession. Within seconds, my ass burned and I lay on the sands, gasping with pleasure.

Then, without warning, he eased me onto my back, straddled my body and lifted my arms above my head.

"Hey...what are you doing?"

"Whatever the hell I want to," he taunted, pressing my wrists together.

"Let me go."

He laughed, lifting his hips off me.

For one panicked moment I feared he would obey me. Instead, I felt his fingers parting my ass cheeks. And then he pressed the head of his shaft against my slit.

Impatient, I rocked myself onto his cock, feeling several inches sliding into me.

He drove his hips downward.

I closed my eyes as the rest of his thick hard length leisurely tunneled into my body until he was firmly buried to the hilt inside my stuffed channel. I felt his big, laden balls against my body.

He rocked his hips gently back and forward several moments before he shocked me by pulling his entire shaft out of me. He released my wrists.

I lay with my knees bent and my legs open. I stared at him, pleading with my eyes.

He sat staring at me with his big cock sticking straight in front of his flat abs.

It was just as enticing as Reilly's cock. I rubbed my clit, inching my hips off the sands.

He positioned himself between my thighs and drove his shaft deep into me with one delicious movement.

"Oh..."

Then he pushed my arms up over my head, captured my wrists in one hand and thrust into me with hard, deep movements that I felt down to my toes.

Fearful that he would come too quickly, I forced myself not to fuck him back. I stared up at him. I struggled to keep my voice above a happy whisper as I spoke. "Let me up."

He stared down at me in silence for several long moments. As he did, I could feel his hard shaft softly pulsing inside me. My vaginal muscles contracted and tightened around the thick length stretching it.

"We both know you want this."

"Yes, but with Stanan, not you." I grunted through my clenched teeth, certain the blatant lie would result in suitable punishment. Punishment. I wanted to be punished. Maybe if I taunted him enough he'd spank my ass until it stung like before and he fucked me senseless. "Get off me."

"As you wish."

I blinked up at him. "What? What-what did you say?"

"As you wish."

*Ok, Khirstine. Don't panic. He's bluffing.* "You mean you're getting off me?"

"I'm here to appease your every ache, satisfy your slightest, honestly held wish and fantasy, my Khirstine."

So in other words, he was going to make me admit again that I was lusting to be fucked. That wasn't part of my fantasy. Okay, so maybe it was part of my fantasy—just not a part I wanted to acknowledge. "I'm not your anything. Now please get off me!"

"Just as you wish."

To my dismay, he released my wrists, put his arms down near his sides, and slowly pushed his body off mine. Water torture couldn't have felt any worse than the awful inch-by-inch withdrawal of his warm cock.

So maybe I hadn't started out wanting this with him. But I now wanted it in the worst way. So to hell with pride. I gasped, shook my head, and gripped his butt. "Oh, no you don't!" I jerked his hips back down while pushing mine upward.

I moaned softly as he quickly slid back inside me. Feeling him as deep as he could get, I shuddered. Oh, hell he felt so damn good.

His dark eyes glittered down at me. "Is this what you want and how you want it?"

Past caring about anything but the sexual hunger eating at me, I closed my eyes and clutched him close. "Yes."

When he rotated his hips, grinding himself against me, I felt every hot, silken inch of the sweet invader inside me. A wave of absolute need consumed me. Yes. Oh, God, yes! "Fuck me," I whispered in a small, shameless voice.

"I'm here to give you everything you need and want, my *sheenea*."

I stiffened. *Sheenea*. That was a term of affection Reilly often used when we made love. The first time he'd whispered it, I'd mistakenly thought he'd forgotten who he

was with and that he had called me Sheena. But when he'd lifted his head and gazed down into my eyes, I'd known, without his having to say a single word I was the only woman in his life...his world...his universe. At least at that moment in time I knew his heart beat only for me.

"Don't call me that," I pleaded. I didn't want anyone but Reilly calling me *sheenea*.  
"My name is Khristine."

He eased out of me.

I nearly drowned in a wall of disappointment. But before I could beg him to slide back into me, he thrust his hips downward.

He slid in deep and hard—just as I liked it.

I licked my lips and moaned as he settled his hips against mine. I closed my eyes. His cock felt like heaven inside me.

He felt heavier, but I didn't care. I sighed with relief and prepared to be fucked into oblivion.

"Look at me."

His voice sounded different.

"Look at me."

I opened my eyes.

Stanley lay between my thighs with his cock buried to the hilt inside me.

I stroked eager hands down his big body to cup my hands over his tight ass. "Oh, my God! It's you."

He eased his hips backward until only the tip of his shaft pulsed just inside me. "Yes, my *sheenea*. It's me," he groaned the word against my lips and thrust his hips forward, sending his warm shaft tunneling deep into me.

The resultant jolt rocked my world, tilted it on its axis, and turned it upside down. Lost in the need to have him totally consume me, I crossed my legs over the backs of his.



He kissed me slowly, searing the taste and feel of his lips against mine, branding me. I totally surrendered to him, losing myself in the fire of a passion that burned as hot as any Reilly and I had ever shared.

There on the warm sands, in the shadow provided by the huge stallion that stood nearby as if on guard, Stanan held me with his warm, demanding lips caressing mine, and slid his big, beautiful length in and out of me in a rapid-fire way that sent heat and chills all through me. He thrust upward hard, so that my clit was forced against his pubic hair.

I gasped and raked my nails over his ass. "Ahhh... Good... So good... More...please..."

With just a few strokes of his powerful hips, he stirred my passions and desire to a fever pitch. The sweet, sensual motion of his thick shaft slicing in and out of me drove me nearly insane with pleasure. I couldn't think. I could barely catch my breath. Every nerve ending in my body pulsed and sang with delight each time he slid his big, hard length deep into my body. So deep. So hot. So hard. So encompassing.

Each delicious foray inside me made my stomach muscles tighten, my thighs quiver. Every fiber of my being rippled with joy. I was soon lost in a world of wondrous sensations and familiar, sensual delights that I'd grown accustomed to experiencing when Reilly and I made love.

I ground my pussy wildly, moaning against his lips.

As he slid in and out of me, his slow strokes touched my deepest emotions. His silent whispered words of desire and need swelled inside me. I felt desired, loved, and cherished – as if I were the only woman in his world, the only woman his heart beat for.

*And so you are, my sheenea.*

His *sheenea*. The treasured endearment delighted me. I cried out against his lips, only a few strokes away from coming. The sensations thundering down my body to my pussy were so sweet and powerful I was almost loathe to come. I wanted to savor our lovemaking for as long as possible.

He fucked me with a sweet rhythmic motion. *Come...come.*

Cushioned between his body and the warm desert sands, I ground myself against him.

He dragged his lips from mine. Fastening them over my left breast, he stroked his cock into my pussy and sucked my nipple. He transferred his lips to my other nipple, still fucking me.

“Ahhh...” An incredible orgasm built in me. I clung to him, sobbing against the hot, rapacious lips and tongue licking and nipping at my breast.

He responded by transferring his lips back to my left nipple.

As I writhed underneath his big, slick body, he rutted into me with a luscious demand that totally consumed me in a world of sensual delight.

*Come for me...come all over me...come.*

Obedient to the soft command and the silken cock, I exploded.

Sliding his hand under my body to cup my ass, he held me close, slowly rotated his powerful hips against mine, and then fucked me through my long, mindless explosion.

I came harder than I'd ever come before. Unable to cope with a climax so intense it felt like exquisite torture, I lost my grip on reality. Time and space meant nothing. The sands beneath my quaking body dissolved. I tumbled through a warm, but dark vacuum in space.

There was no air in my lungs. I couldn't breathe. I couldn't see. I was dying, yet happy. I panicked. Fear consumed me as I fell through the darkness.

Then I felt a familiar, reassuring voice caressing my senses, touching my mind. Soothing me.

*You're with me. Don't be afraid, Khristine...my sheenea.*

In the pitch black, a familiar pair of arms stretched out to catch and hold me close. Protecting me. I felt the thumping against me of a heart that beat only for me.

I stroked my hands over the hard contours of my rescuer's shoulders. I welcomed his embrace because I knew the voice and the arms. My fears vanished. "Reilly."

*Yes, Khristine. I have you.*

"Oh, Reilly." I no longer knew where I was... If I experienced a dream or reality. But it didn't matter because I was with my Reilly.

*Yes, Khristine. I am your Reilly. Now sleep without fear, my sheenea.*

I released a contented sigh and burrowed into his arms, falling into a deep, dreamless sleep.

\* \* \* \* \*

I woke naked and sated. Sprawled on my stomach, I kept my eyes closed for several moments before I opened them. I yawned as I rolled onto my back. I stared up at a strange, soothing green ceiling. Where was I?

I sat up. The walls of the room were crème colored, the furnishing black lacquer. Two bedside lamps lit the large, luxurious room. Moonlight shone into the room through the balcony doors.

Confused and uncertain how I'd ended up in a hotel room, I frowned.

I glanced around the room, half expecting to see Reilly or some evidence that he'd shared the room and bed with me. The smooth, unwrinkled pillow next to mine seemed to suggest I was there alone. Yet my ass and breasts were sore. The insides of my thighs were damp.

The last thing I remembered after arriving at the Rapture Inn was stepping out of the hotel elevator and right onto desert sands. Desert sands—in the middle of Pennsylvania.

I rose and made my way across the plush carpet to the balcony doors. The view beyond was of a moonlit desert. I squinted. A large white shape adorned the far horizon. The Tent of Refuge. How did I know what it was called and that it offered succor for anyone who managed to reach its confines? I decided I knew because Reilly

knew and sometimes when we made love I almost felt as if we were consuming each other mentally.

Clearly my dream continued. I shook my head and turned away from the balcony doors. An open door in the adjacent wall beckoned me with a soft, fragrant aroma. I crossed the room and entered. The bathroom was a large modern room with mahogany furnishings against a cream background. Spotting the whirlpool bath, I decided a long soak would help clear my head.

To my surprise as I leaned down to reach for the faucets, water slowly filled the tub. Nice touch.

Numerous bottles adorned the ledge of the bath. I dipped a hand into the water—warm and slick.

I lifted my hand to my nose, inhaling an exotic aroma.

Soft, sensuous music filled the room. The lights dimmed. I straightened and walked down the three steps into the water. I settled against the warm jets. The water gently flowed over my body. I closed my eyes, smiling as I recalled my introduction to the Gateway Suite.

One word danced along my senses. *Stanan*.

Reliving that almost mindless climax I'd enjoyed impaled on his cock, I pinched my nipples until they hardened.

I'd found his lovemaking as intoxicating and thrilling as I'd found Reilly's.

Reilly. I frowned. I'd gone to sleep thinking of Reilly and awakened expecting to find him in the bed beside me. Who had made love to me? Stanan or Reilly?

I'd been with Stanan in the desert and yet Reilly had held me as I drifted into sleep. The uncertainty of who I'd actually had sex with aroused me. Moisture filled my pussy. I parted my legs. Before I could rub my clit, warm water from one of the underwater jets suddenly hit it.

"Oh!" I quickly closed my thighs. While the jet was pleasant, I was there to come in the most natural way – from contact and stimulation from a flesh-and-blood lover.

"Are you hungry?"

At the sound of the warm, caressing baritone, I snapped open my eyes and bolted into a sitting position. My heart raced with excitement and anticipation.

The bathroom had disappeared.

I was outside under the stars, seated in an in-ground stone pool.

More importantly, clad only in a pair of white shorts with the wide expanse of his chest bare, Stanan sat on the edge of the pool with a tray at his side.

I smiled, allowing my gaze to roam over his dark, sleek body. Like Reilly, he was a big, muscular man. I glanced at his groin. Also like Reilly, just the thought of the delights his thrusting cock brought, made me wet and needy. I saw the unmistakable outline of his long, dark shaft lying along one thigh. The big head peeked out from beneath the bottom of his shorts.

Even as my pussy flooded, I resisted the urge to reach out and cup my hand over him. I forced myself to meet his gaze. "Yes, but I need to understand what's going on. Am I dreaming, or worse, just losing my mind?"

"Neither." He caressed my cheek. "You may find what I'm about to tell you hard to accept, but if you keep an open mind, you'll understand and believe."

"What do you want me to believe?"

"There's life on many planets besides Earth."

I wasn't sure if I believed that or not. "And?"

"I am from the planetary cluster of Aeolia."

I stared at him. Why did I want to believe him?

"Because it's true, Khristine."

"Then how did you get to Earth?"

He stroked my breasts.

I sighed, wishing they were bigger.

“Your breasts and you are perfect just as you are, Khristine.”

I smiled, rubbing my nipple against his palm. “I don’t know if I should believe you but I know I’ve never been in any place like this before. If I’m not dreaming or happily delusional, how did I get here?”

“Through one of the travel portals.”

“The travel what?”

“I know it’s difficult to believe, but there are travel portals located all across the various galaxies. Most of the older races are aware of them, but not everyone can locate or operate them.”

I sometimes doubted Reilly’s sanity – just as I was doubting Stanan’s. Why were the handsome, hunky ones either gay or more than a little nuts?

He laughed. “The portals are real, Khristine.”

“Not everyone can operate them, but you can?”

He inclined his head. “Yes I can.”

Recalling his comment about the weather, I frowned. “Along with controlling the weather?”

His smile turned into an engaging grin that revealed a dimple in his left cheek that was endearingly similar to Reilly’s. “Yes, Khristine, along with controlling the weather. Some of us have that ability.”

## **Chapter Four**

I shook my head. "No one can control the weather."

"No? Have you ever noticed that it's never rained or thundered for long in Reilly's presence?"

That was the second time he'd mentioned Reilly. "What do you know about Reilly?"

He arched a brow. "A more important question might be what do *you* know about him?"

"I know I love him."

He smiled, a tender look in his eyes. "He loves you too."

I shivered and then a tumble of questions poured from my lips. "Does he? Then why am I here? Why does he disappear at least once a month to spend time with another woman? If he loves me so much why can't I please him enough to keep him happily at home? Or does he also love the other women he regularly beds?"

"You know he loves you."

"What about the other women?"

He shook his head slowly. "There are no other women."

He spoke with such certainty, I found myself wanting to believe him.

"As you should, but before I convince you that he does love you, you should eat."

"I don't want to eat."

"Don't you?" He lifted the cover of the tray.

I breathed in deeply as the aroma of roast chicken assailed my nostrils.

He picked up a long, slender breadstick and pressed it against my lips. "Eat."

The warm bread was irresistible. I bit into it.

He watched me chew in silence before he spoke. "Reilly doesn't leave you to sleep with other women."

I swallowed a mouthful of bread. "Then why do we have an open relationship?"

He caressed my cheek. "You don't."

"What?"

"He leaves you because he can only maintain his human form for a limited period of time."

"His human..." I shook my head. "Are you suggesting... The last time I checked he was as human as you are."

"But I'm not human, Khristine, and neither is Reilly."

"Of course he is."

"No. He's not."

I gaped at him. Why the hell did everything he suggested, no matter how ridiculous, ring true?

"Because it is true."

I sucked in a breath, staring at him in silence.

"Suspend belief and just follow your heart, Khristine. Does that tell you Reilly's heart beats for anyone but you?"

"I don't know what to think or believe."

"Believe this."

"What?" I tossed my head. "Why are you pushing so hard for him?"

He leaned forward. As his lips brushed against mine, he trailed the breadstick down over my breasts and belly. "Because..."

"Because what? Stanan —"

"Shhh. Just feel."



Without conscious thought, I parted my thighs.

*Close your eyes.*

I obeyed.

*Don't think...just feel.*

He brushed his lips against mine before he kissed me slowly.

I leaned forward, opening my mouth and sucking his tongue between my lips.

He slipped an arm around my waist.

I caught my breath and opened my eyes as he rubbed the bread against my slit.

He lifted his lips. With his gaze locked with mine, he deliberately bit into the breadstick.

My stomach muscles clenched as I watched.

He chewed for several moments before swallowing. "Delicious," he whispered.

Aroused, I slipped my hand into his shorts, palming his hard, warm flesh. I stroked my little finger over the tip of his shaft. It leaked pre-cum. Coating my finger with it, I rubbed my finger against my lips. I stared at him in surprise. The taste and smell of his seed was similar to Reilly's.

"You're the only woman I—or Reilly—wants or needs," he whispered and rose.

I leaned back in the pool, my gaze locked on him as he pulled off his shorts, freeing that big, sugar-sweet shaft of his.

The need to feel him inside me again overshadowed my need for immediate answers.

*Yes, Khristine. Love now, answers to questions later.*

Who wanted to argue with a handsome, horny man like Stanan?

I turned and leaned against the pool with my back to him.

I heard the movement of the water as he stepped into the pool.

I tensed in anticipation.

He stroked his warm hands over my shoulders before he cupped his palms under my breasts.

I tilted my head.

Raining warm kisses along the side of my neck, he rolled my nipples between his fingers.

Oh hell he knew how to rouse me in record time. On fire for him, I parted my legs, pushing my hips back.

He eased his hips forward. His hard shaft parted my nether lips.

I leaned back against him.

He rubbed the length of his shaft along my slit.

I shuddered, ready to melt.

He eased into me.

That first, leisurely thrust felt so wonderful. I closed my eyes, blindly reaching back to grip his hips. "Oh, yes! Yes! Fuck me," I pleaded.

Keeping one palm pressed against my breasts, he slid his other hand down over my belly. He cupped my pussy, sliding his lips over my ear and neck.

Ripples of pleasure shot straight down my body to my stuffed slit.

Whispering into my mind that I was lovely and he couldn't get enough of me, he kissed and licked my neck as he eased in and out of me.

He made verbal love as well as he made physical love.

Overwhelmed by the feelings he aroused in me, I surrendered totally to him.

He rubbed his groin against my ass, thrusting deeply as he did.

The friction of his thick length sliding in and out with long, measured strokes combined with the feel of his heavy balls pressed against my body quickly drove me into a sensual frenzy. My vaginal muscles flexed around his silken flesh.

He groaned, sucked my neck, and thrust into me so hard, a luscious wave of pleasure sliced through me. It was so powerful I didn't even protest when one

particularly strong thrust pressed my breasts against the stone edge of the pool. I lay with my upper body against the edge of the pool.

*Move with me.*

I rocked my ass and hips in time with him.

Gripping my hips, he leaned over my back and continued to slide in and out of me with quick, hard thrusts.

I felt the resultant jolts all the way down to my curled toes. The knot of desire in my belly caught fire, which quickly spread down to my pussy.

"Oh, Reilly, Reilly. You know how to get me hot and keep me that way," I gasped.

*I exist to satisfy you, my lovely, desirable Khristine.*

He was a handsome devil with a silver tongue.

He pinched my clit.

I exploded.

Leaning the weight of his upper body against mine, he pounded my pussy hard and fast. The delicious friction prolonged my orgasm, sending wave after wave crashing over me, submerging me, threatening to drown me.

Only then did he slam his cock deeper in me and come. He came so hard and long, I felt an unmistakable trickle down the inside of one of my thighs.

*Oh, yeah. Reilly, baby. You always know just how I like it.*

He eased out of me.

I continued to lay against the pool, limp with pleasure.

He turned me and lifted me from the pool.

I sighed happily as he held me against his chest.

He brushed his lips against my forehead.

The gentle caress touched me deeply. I slipped my arms around his neck and pressed my cheek against his damp chest. "I love you," I whispered.

*I love you, my sheenea.*

I smiled.

*But now you need to rest.*

"I might be too wound up to sleep."

*We'll see.*

Feeling the cool breeze against my skin as he carried me across the desert sands, I opened my eyes. After all I'd seen since arriving, I wasn't a bit surprised to find myself in Reilly's arms instead of Stanan's.

I stroked my fingers through the hair at the nape of his neck. "Reilly?"

"Yes, love. Are you happy to see me?"

"I have no idea where I am, if I'm still dreaming, but I'm always delighted to see you, Reilly. You know that."

He carried me toward the Tent of Refuge. He stepped over the threshold of the tent and into my hotel room.

"How is any of this possible?" I asked as he laid me on the bed.

He stretched out beside me, pressing his nude body against mine. "We're not on Earth, Khris. We left Earth when you stepped into the Gateway Suite."

"That's a little hard to accept, but don't the laws of physics apply everywhere?"

"Earthbound humans are very young and have a lot to learn about physical laws true in places other than Earth and the space they're accustomed to."

"Okay, I have no idea what the hell that means, but how can you become Stanan?"

He caressed my breasts and eased me onto my back. He smiled down at me. "I'm what you would call an Aeolian shapeshifter, Khristine. I can assume nearly any human form I like."

"You're a what? An Aeo — What?"

He laughed. "Aeolian shape shifter."

"Meaning what?"

"I'm from the Aeolian planetary cluster, but that's not as important as you might think."

"Isn't it? If you're not human—"

"That doesn't mean I'm not humanoid or human-like—in most ways."

How was he different? He was anatomically correct by human male standards.

He nibbled at my lips. "I think you'll enjoy learning one of the major ways I'm different."

I linked my arms around his neck. "Let me guess. You can read my mind." How else would he have known of my secret fantasy and been generous enough to help me fulfill it?

"I can only sense your strongest emotions, but that's not what I meant."

Intrigued, I pulled him down to me. "I must be nuts because I believe everything you say—no matter how unlikely."

He released a sigh. "Thank you. I'll no longer have to pretend I'm with another lover when I need to assume my natural form."

Okay. I knew he was serious. Was this about to get scary or exciting? "And what is your natural form?"

He rolled off me and stared up at the ceiling.

I turned on my side and stroked a hand over his chest. "Reilly?"

"I'm not sure you're ready to know the whole truth and nothing but the truth."

I raked a nail down his washboard abs to his groin. "After all that's happened to me since I left home, I'm ready to believe any and everything you tell me—within reason."

"And what if my explanation doesn't fall within the parameters of reason for you?"

"Let me worry about that." I kissed his shoulder. "What's your natural form?"

He turned to face me. He didn't speak, but suddenly an image of a large, majestic black cat danced in my head.

I bolted into a seated position. "Oh, my God..."

He sat up slowly, a worried look in his dark gaze. "Khristine? What are you thinking? What are you feeling?"

I shook my head. "That I... That you...you're...you're stunning. Beautiful, Reilly."

He released a relieved sigh. "You're not afraid or repulsed?"

Truthfully, I was experiencing a small measure of fear or at least uncertainty, but nothing that overwhelmed me. "Why would such natural beauty repulse me?"

"Not even a little bit?"

I hesitated. "I'm not saying I'm going to be intimate with you in the *au natural*." I paused, noting a flicker of disappointment in his eyes before he lowered his lids. I caressed his cheek. "No, I'm not repulsed."

He stretched out on his back, staring up at the ceiling. "But will you ever be comfortable enough with who I am that I can be myself with you?"

I stretched out on top of him and kissed his lips. "I love you and I'll grow comfortable with whoever you need to be."

"Are you sure?"

"That I love you? Yes. That I'll learn to...accept you? Yes. I think I need you to be a little patient for me, but...yes. I'm sure."

He curled his fingers in my hair and stared up into my eyes. "I knew the first time I saw you that you were special...my *sheeneea*...the one being in the entire galaxy who completes me and makes me happy to be who and what I am."

"You're prefect, Reilly."

He stroked his hands down my back to cup my ass. "There's an entire galaxy of what you'd consider strange, new worlds I'd like to introduce you to. They're all available to us by means of The Gateway."

I trembled at the thought of exploring strange worlds. "Am I ready for that?"

He kissed my lips. "You've allowed me to lead you here. Trust me again, Khristine."

"You know I do."

"Then will you explore them with me?"

Suddenly everything was clear. No wonder Stanan had seemed so familiar I'd been prepared to trust him from the moment I saw him. And no wonder I hadn't offered Jock any real opposition. Somehow both men reminded me of the man I loved and was prepared to follow anywhere. "Yes. I will. I know you're Stanan too, but what about Jock? Who is he?"

"Jock? Are you ready for yet another shock?"

I feigned a frown. "Honestly, Reilly, I'm not sure how many more surprises I can take, but go right ahead. Shock me."

"I wasn't willing to share you with another male."

Recalling Jock's cock, I arched a brow. "Oh, he was definitely male."

"Yes. But not human."

"Then... What?"

"Jock is a semi-sentient robot."

"Semi-sentient?"

"When I designed him, I imbued him and programmed him with some of my DNA so that he would be capable of adapting to changing situations in an effort to allow you to fully enjoy your fantasy."

About to protest, I remembered my collection of battery operated boyfriends. "Being made love to by a semi-sentient robot was like something out of a sci-fi movie."

"You enjoyed it?"

"Yes," I admitted. "I did. He was beautifully programmed and designed." I grinned at him. "Especially his cock."

"I spent a lot of time designing that. I wanted it to feel as real as possible since I know you prefer a large cock."

"You know a woman who doesn't prefer one when it's wielded with such skill and precision?"

"You're the only woman whom I'm interested in pleasing."

"So there really weren't any other women?"

"No." He took my hand, placing it over his heart.

I felt a slow, steady beat against my palm.

"This heart beats only for you, my *sheeneea*. It has from the moment I saw you."

I sighed in relief. "I wish you'd told me that five years ago instead of allowing me to think you were with other women."

"I should have been honest with you."

"It would have saved me a lot of grief."

"Forgive me for hurting you, but I didn't think you were ready to hear the truth then. I needed an explanation for when I had to disappear during the periods when I had to resume my natural form."

"I believe you and you've more than atoned for it with this vacation."

"You really enjoyed being with Jock?"

"He's very skinny, but unbelievably dickilicious—like you." I reached between our bodies to palm his cock. "He was almost as skillful a lover as you."

He rolled over until he lay on top of me. "And you enjoyed having him coerce you so you can live out your capture fantasy."

I shrugged. "Maybe a little."

"Just a little?"

I grinned. "Okay, a lot."

"Did he...enjoy being with me?"



"He's a part of me."

"Which means?"

"He's incapable of not enjoying being with you, Khristine. Like me, his heart beats only for you."

I placed my palm over his heart, smiling at the familiar rhythm. "You are the perfect lover."

"I'm far from perfect, but I do love you."

"And I adore you now more than ever. Now about that other surprise you had for me."

"Are you sure you're ready?"

"Yes."

"Close your eyes."

I did.

"Part your long, lovely legs."

When I again obeyed, he settled between my thighs.

I frowned.

He had his cock at an odd angle because I could feel it against my butt. I wiggled my hips. No. It wasn't against my butt. I felt it pressing against my clit.

He kissed me. *Get ready for a surprise, my sheenea.*

I opened my eyes in protest when he rolled off of me. He sat up and reached for a tube of lube on the nightstand.

I tingled. "Are we having anal sex?"

He grinned at me. "How do you feel about a little double penetration?"

"Double penetration? You know I'd love that."

"Then that's what you'll have."

I sat up, glancing around the room. We were alone. "Are you hiding Jock in the closet?"

"No."

There were no signs of vibrators or dildos in sight in the room. "Then?"

He smiled and rolled me onto my stomach. "Just close your eyes and relax. Trust me."

"I have trusted you from the moment I laid eyes on you."

"Just as you should my, *sheeneea*." He parted my cheeks and slipped a lubed finger into my anal passage.

"Hmmm. That feels very nice."

"You'll feel even nicer soon."

I closed my eyes and pressed my cheek against the pillow. "Oh, Reilly. Rock my world, lover."

As he eased his finger in and out of me, his warm, firm lips rained a series of biting kisses against my ass cheeks.

Eager for deeper penetration, I spread my legs further apart. "More," I whispered.

He obliged by slipping a second finger into my anus.

I shuddered, hugging the pillow against my breasts. "I am ready for more, Reilly. I really need your cock."

He gently sank his teeth into each cheek before he eased his fingers out of me. "Lift your hips off the bed for me," he instructed in that deep sexy voice that sent ripples of anticipation through me.

I was eager to experience the first fuck now that I knew he wasn't human. I released the pillow and lifted my hips. "Fuck me, Reilly."

"I will, when I'm ready," he said, with a hint of the alpha male who aroused me so effortlessly.

The game was on. "I want it now," I demanded.

He took the pillow and placed it under my hips. He added the second pillow.

I lay across them with my ass in the air.

He delivered a sharp, delicious blow to my left cheek. "Don't let my indulgence of your fantasies mislead you into thinking you can be disobedient with impunity," he warned.

I bit my lip and curled my hands into fists. Waiting. After several moments, I glanced over my shoulder. "Do it now."

His big palm descended onto my right cheek.

"Oh, that stings," I moaned, wiggling my ass.

He laughed and rained a series of sharp, wonderful slaps to my cheeks. He gave me a delectable spanking until each cheek burned and my pussy was flooded and ready to be impaled on his cock. "Oh, Reilly."

He caressed my hot cheeks, trailing a finger down to my pussy. He slipped two fingers inside. "You're wet and ready to be fucked."

"Oh, yeah, baby." I smiled at him over my shoulder. "Do it, baby."

He leaned over me and kissed the corner of my mouth.

I sucked greedily at his tongue.

Keeping his lips against mine, he positioned himself between my legs. He teased the length of my slit with the big head of his shaft.

I wiggled my hips, trying to reposition it so it pressed against my anus instead. I was eager to feel that big, slick cock of his powering deep up into my ass. Anal sex is always more enjoyable when my ass is hot and stingy after an erotic spanking. "Reilly? Please, fuck me."

"Patience, my lovely *sheeneea*."

"I can't wait any longer," I pleaded.

"Neither can I," he admitted.

"Then do me, baby."

He gripped my hips and quickly pushed into my pussy. Although I'd wanted him to fuck my ass, his cock felt too good for my disappointment to last more than a few moments.

He slapped the sides of my ass. "I decide which of your delectable openings I'll fuck and when they get fucked."

Why argue when you can fuck? I licked my lips and ground my ass against his groin. "Whatever," I grunted.

As he eased in and out of me, the angle of our bodies allowed me to feel one of his balls pressed against the crease of my butt each time he slipped back inside me. I liked the sensation.

One of his balls? I frowned. If I felt his balls against my crack, what was rubbing against the bottom of my pussy?

"You're about to find out," he told me.

As I turned to glance over my shoulder at him, he parted my cheeks and shoved his hips forward.

My eyes widened and a small delighted gasp was forced from my lips as, with his cock still buried deeply in my pussy, something warm, hard, and cock-like pushed against my anus.

"What the..."

He tightened his hands on my hips and eased forward, sliding deeply up into my ass. "It feels good. Doesn't it?"

The fleeting thought that the vibrator in my rear felt as real as a cock soon gave way to pure, unadulterated pleasure. "Oh, yes, yes, lover."

He slapped the sides of my thighs. "I'm going to make us both very happy."

"Oh, hell, you always do, Reilly."

The double penetration combined with the feel of Reilly's lips against my neck made thought difficult. I felt as if I were drowning...being pulled under a slick, wet wall of bliss.

"Reilly...Reilly..."

"Don't talk. Just feel, experience, enjoy."

And I was enjoying the double penetration.

He gently but relentlessly fucked me. As he'd done on our first night together, Reilly made sweet, addictive love to my mind as well as my body.

Even as the synchronized movements in my both my channels rocked my world, a warm, mental wall of affection and love surrounded me, buffeting my body, threatening to overload my senses.

*I love you...I need you...forever and always...forever...my sheenea...my love...without you in my life there would be no joy or delight...no happiness. You are the reason I live and breathe...my everything.*

The psychic chant created an aura of love and adoration I had never experienced with anyone but Reilly. My Reilly. And my Stanan. The sudden realization that I could have them both sent a heady jolt through me. I floundered and happily drowned in the mental lovemaking.

*I love you...I love you...my Khristine.*

The sexual tension building in me erupted, rushing through my blood like liquid fire. Sobbing with delight as the sweetest orgasm I'd ever had roared through me, I ground my ass against his groin and tightened both my vaginal and anal muscles around the sweet length now pounding in and out of both my openings.

Sucking my ear, he cupped my breasts and slammed in and out of me until his big body shuddered and he collapsed on top of me, his breathing erratic.

Lying squashed underneath him, I felt very distinct denotations in my ass and my pussy as he flooded me with his seed. But how was that possible? He'd fucked me so giddy, I was imaging things.

Reilly lay panting on top of me for what felt like a long time after he stopped coming. Then he buried his lips against the side of my neck. *Khristine*. He sighed, settling against me.

I bore his weight for as long as I could before I wiggled my ass. "Reilly, you're starting to feel as if you weigh a ton, darling."

"Sorry, my love." He groaned and eased out of both my holes.

Exhausted and sexually sated, I turned onto my side, feeling as if I could sleep for a good fourteen hours.

He curled his body behind mine, cupping his hands over my breasts. "Sleep. When you wake in the morning, we'll go exploring."

"I think I'm going to like that."

He kissed the back of my neck.

About to drift off to sleep, I realized I could feel what felt like two flaccid cocks against my body. "Reilly?"

"Yes?"

"That was some fuck. I still feel as if I can feel two cocks."

"Do you?" He sounded amused. "Is your imagination working over time again?"

"I know what I feel," I protested.

"How can that be?"

"How can anything that's happened since I arrived here be?"

He laughed. "You tell me."

Damn him. I reached back. My fingers brushed against two different, but very distinct shafts—real shafts—both naturally attached to his body without the benefit of any straps that I could feel. But there had to be straps.

"Does there? Why?"

I bolted into a sitting position and turned around to stare down at his groin.

He obligingly turned onto his back, placed his hands behind his head and parted his thighs. "Well? What do you think? Are you surprised?"

I blinked, then stared again. Two cocks nestled against his pubic hair both naturally attached to his body. Below the large shaft I'd come to love and cherish lay a second dick, not as long nor as thick as his main treasure.

"Oh, my God! You have two cocks!"

"Do you like them?"

"Is the sky blue?"

He frowned. "That depends. Where?"

"Here."

"Here?"

"Okay on Earth."

"Yes, Khristine. The sky is blue here. So you like my surprise?"

"Do I like? You have two cocks, Reilly!"

He grinned. "Yes, Khristine, I know."

I reached out and caressed his second shaft. It felt smooth and hard, like the one above it. I lifted my gaze to look at him. "They're both beautiful, Reilly."

He smiled and drew me back into his arms. "I'm glad you enjoy them both."

I rubbed my hips against his. "How did you manage to keep this from me for so long?"

He pulled a sheet up over our bodies. "It was difficult, but I've had a lot of practice hiding it. At home on Aeolia Prime I'm known as a Johnny because I have two mating organs or cocks as I've learned to call them."

"Doesn't everyone there have two cocks?"

"No. Those of us who do are rare and if the powers that be knew, leaving would have been even more difficult."

"Why?"

"Because I'm from a planet of — Where male love is practiced and celebrated."

"Male love. You mean...men loving each other instead of women?"

"Yes, but like my younger brother whose courage to say no gave me the strength to follow my own inclinations, I've always felt... I've always longed to experience the love of a woman."

I sighed. "So you've...slept with men at home?"

"I... At home it was considered normal and..."

So that was apparently a yes. I bit my lip.

"It was our culture, Khristine. Please don't hold that against me."

I'd slept with him for fifteen years. There was no point in getting lost in woulda, coulda, shouldas. "I won't."

He sighed and hugged me close. "Thank you."

"I don't know how I never felt it."

"I kept my second cock sheathed when we made love."

"Why?" I reached down and closed my fingers over his second shaft.

"I knew you weren't ready to learn you were with a male from another planet. Once you agreed to an open relationship, I had hopes that one day I'd be able to reveal my true nature to you. And then when you agreed to this vacation, I knew the time had come to share all my secrets with you."

"I can't believe I have a man who can be anyone I can imagine and he has two cocks to boot. I must have died and gone to horny woman's heaven."

His laughed and kissed me lightly. "You've been my woman for years, Khristine. Now I need you to be my life mate. Are you ready for that?"



If he hadn't fucked my brains out, I'd probably have spent at least a few minutes considering my response before I answered. "Yes."

He caressed my cheek. "It might not be easy. I'm from a very difficult world where our union will not be welcomed. But like my brother before me, I have to follow my dreams and my heart – which beats only for you."

"I can face anything as long as you're my man, Reilly."

He sucked in a deep breath. "It's just as I hoped." He smiled. "Now sleep, Khristine. Our journey begins in the morning."

"What journey?"

"The journey to find my brother, Erotica."

"Erotica? You have a brother called Erotica?"

"Yes. He's younger, but he gave me the courage I needed to leave home and find you – as he found his life mate."

"You've lost track of him?"

He nodded. "Yes. The last I heard he was on Earth, but that was years go. When I arrived here fifteen years ago, I couldn't find him. Then I saw you and I got lost in your magic. Now that I have you, I want to find him and take you home to meet my father. Will you come?"

"Yes, Reilly."

"Good. At home I'm not called Reilly."

"What are you called?"

"Cupid."

"Cup – As in with the red arrow and... That Cupid?"

He nodded. "But I'm not the cupid your legend speaks of. I'm not the god of erotic love, but –"

"The hell you're not! No so-called god could dispense more erotic love than you do, my handsome Cupid."

I watched a pleased smile spread across his face. "Cupid is my given name, but you can continue to call me Reilly."

"When I can call you Cupid?" I teased.

"Loving me won't be easy, my Khristine."

I shrugged. "Nothing worthwhile is."

"Then you're still content to be mine?"

Although I was sure there were implications of which I wasn't aware, I loved and trusted him completely. "Yes, I am."

"Thank you, Khristine. My heart will always beat only for you."

"And mine for you." I curled my body against him, but found sleep elusive. Long after he'd fallen asleep, I lay awake too excited to sleep.

I was the luckiest woman in the world. I had managed to garner the love, attraction, and devotion of a special man. My Reilly understood my most intimate and secret fantasies and then made them come true. In the sweet darkness, I wasn't sure which male held me—Reilly or Stanan. But it didn't matter because they were both my beloved and cherished lovers.

Finally feeling drowsy, I curled closer to him. Then froze. The outline of the body on the bed no longer felt familiar.

I opened my eyes and slowly sat up. I turned on the bedside lamp. A large beautiful black cat lay on its side, asleep.

It. Not it. I shook my head and placed a hand against his chest. I felt the familiar beat of Reilly's heart. I stroked my hand over the silky hair of his wide chest. He was as beautiful in his natural form as he was in whichever human form he chose to assume.

I placed my hand over his heart again. In this form, I felt as if his heart beat only for me—as it did in his human form. Finally, he'd felt comfortable enough with me to reveal his natural form.

I turned off the light and curled against his massive chest. He growled softly and placed a paw possessively over my body, across my waist. It felt natural and right.

I pressed closer, linking an arm over his big, sleek body. I surrendered to sleep, confident that I would always be safe and happy with him. I was also in for a vacation that most women could only dream about. There would be definite and sweet benefits to being Reilly's woman and mate. I meant to explore them all—as I followed him wherever he chose to lead.

## About the Author

Marilyn Lee lives, works, and writes on the East Coast. In addition to thoroughly enjoying writing erotic romances, she enjoys roller-skating, spending time with her large, extended family, and rooting for all her hometown sports teams. Her other interests include collecting Doc Savage pulp novels from the thirties and forties and collecting Marvel comics from the seventies and eighties (particularly Thor and The Avengers). Her favorite TV shows are forensic shows, westerns (Gunsmoke and Have Gun, Will Travel are particular favorites), and mysteries. She loves the old Charlie Chan mysteries. Her all-time favorite mystery movie is probably *Dead, Again*, and nearly every vampire movie or television show ever made (*Forever Knight* and *Count Yorga, Vampire* are favorites). She thoroughly enjoys hearing from readers.

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

### *Tell Us What You Think*

We appreciate hearing reader opinions about our books. You can email us at [Comments@EllorasCave.com](mailto:Comments@EllorasCave.com).

## **Also by Marilyn Lee**

Bloodlust 1: Conquering Mikhel Dumont

Bloodlust 2: The Taming of Serge Dumont

Bloodlust 3: Forbidden Desires

Bloodlust 4: Nocturnal Heat

Bloodlust 5: Midnight Shadows

Bloodlust: All In the Family

Full Bodied Charmer

Love Out Loud

Moonlight Desires

Moonlight Whispers

Nights of Desire

Playing With Fire

Pleasure Quest

Return to Voltar

Road To Rapture

Shifting Faces

Teacher's Pet

The Fall of Troy

The Talisman

Trina's Afternoon Delight

White Christmas



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

[www.ellorascave.com](http://www.ellorascave.com)