

COBBLESTONE PRESS PRESENTS



# WICKED

Lolita Lopez



*Sparks*

*By*

*Lolita Lopez*

## Sparks by Lolita Lopez

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### **Sparks**

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## Chapter One

With a lazy flick of her wrist, Bibiana swished the tip of her paintbrush in a glass of water. Soft pink tendrils of pigment bloomed in the clear liquid. Head tilted, she studied her painting and subject, her gaze skipping from the canvas to the vase of peonies. A warm gust carried the smells and sounds of a late summer afternoon, of honeysuckle and barbecues and children dashing through sprinklers. Her skirt fluttered against her calves. The porch swing to her left rocked slowly back and forth.

As she blotted her paintbrush on a paper napkin, the sound of an approaching vehicle drew her attention. Her pulse raced at the sight of Logan's silver truck slowly rolling down their street. Window down, sandy hair ruffled by the wind, he waved at the Olsens as they tended their flowerbeds and at the elderly Ramos couple idly sipping iced tea on their front porch.

And then he turned into his driveway and flashed that easy smile at her. Bibi's tummy clenched. Seven days he'd been deep sea fishing with buddies. Seven days she'd missed that mischievous grin, their playful banter over their shared picket fence, and those oh-so-corny eye-roll inducing jokes Logan liked to tell. And his scent! That piquant blend of citrus and spice.

Sitting back, Bibi watched him unload a battered duffel bag and fishing supplies. Her gaze trained on the faded jeans hugging his taut backside. Unable to stop herself, she imagined slipping her hands into

those back pockets and whispering in his ear, telling him all the dirty little things she'd fantasized doing to him.

Would he balk at her advance? Give her the usual line about ruining friendships with sex? Or would he drag her inside and fuck her right there, up against his living room wall, as she'd imagined so many times before? She couldn't chance it so, for now, she'd lust from afar.

As Logan started into his house, he turned to face her. Again, he grinned at her, his green eyes bright from his well-deserved R&R. She gave a friendly wave and smile. He winked and went on about his business. Hopes dashed, she watched Logan disappear into his home.

Suddenly feeling less inspired, Bibi packed up her paints and canvas and moved inside her house. She side-stepped the boxes of tile, plumbing and construction supplies littering her living room. Months of living amid renovation had made her immune to these little annoyances. Such were the joys of owning a historical home.

Bibi dropped her armload on the kitchen table and looked around, at a loss for what to do next. She considered eating an early dinner, but food wasn't what she craved at the moment. She wanted Logan, naked and between her thighs. She could feel his lips on her neck, his rough hands against her skin. Her face flushed at the image that streaked across her brain.

No, she didn't want dinner. She wanted a shower and a little personal time.

Bibi locked her front door and scurried upstairs. The second her feet touched the hardwood floor of her bedroom, she started peeling off clothing and dropping it haphazardly. She strode to her shower, flung back the curtain, and lifted the lever. Wincing in anticipation of an ungodly racket, she slowly turned the shower knob toward hot. Pipes clanged and shook as water snaked its way through the ancient plumbing. The shower head vibrated and sputtered before spewing water. She warily eyed the shower head, wondering whether or not it would survive yet another shower.

She couldn't wait for the plumber and his crew to start their work.  
*Two more days, Bibi. Just two more days...*

Moving away from the tub, Bibi opened the linen closet and grabbed a towel. She snatched a hair clip from the counter and secured her hair in a loose bun. With an outstretched hand, she tested the water's temperature. Satisfied, she slipped her towel over the bar which badly needed replacing and stepped into the tub. She tugged the curtain closed, and for a long moment, she simply stood beneath the warm spray of water.

Lightly scented body wash foamed as she kneaded a pouf between her hands. With slow swipes, she pulled the lathered pouf across her wet skin, reveling in the silky sensation of the soap. She rinsed the pouf and hung it on a shower caddy hook. Eyes closed, she allowed her hands to slide down her soap-slicked sides, to follow the curve of her hips and snake along her tummy. She imagined Logan standing behind her, his fingers gripping her waist, his thick cock pressed against her backside.

Teething her plump lip, she slipped her fingers into the foamy curls of her sex. Her clit jumped at the first sensation of her slippery fingertips gliding across the pink nub. A soft whimper escaped her lips. Bibi's hips angled as her fingers slid between her folds, petting, penetrating. She thrust two fingers into her creamy core, moving them slowly in and out as her mind conjured visions of Logan kneeling before her, his fingers in her pussy, his tongue on her clit.

Legs shaking, she leaned her forehead against the wet tile for support. Her free hand squeezed her breast, pinching and rolling the overly sensitive nipple. Desperate to come, she moved her hand down her sudsy front until her fingers found her clit. Rubbing tight circles with one hand, Bibi continued fucking her slick cunt with the second.

Her hips rolled and rocked. Quaking breaths shook her body. Her lower tummy tightened as ecstasy built between her legs. Hot and pulsing, it demanded her full attention. Like a tightly coiled spring, it exploded deep within her, taking her breath away. Her lips against the tile, she fought to remain upright as her orgasm rippled through her. "Logan!"

Still trembling, Bibi gently removed her fingers. The shower spray rinsed away the shiny juices clinging to her skin as she stood still, cheek

and hands pressed to the tile. Feeling ever so relaxed, Bibi faced the shower head, letting the warm stream wash away the remaining suds. She reached down and twisted the shower knob, fully expecting the oh-so-irritating knock of water hammer—but nothing happened. Forehead wrinkling, Bibi turned the knob some more. To her shock, the knob spun loosely in a full revolution.

“Great,” she groused. “Just fucking wonderful.” She tried the lever controlling the flow of water to the shower head but it did absolutely nothing. Before she could try the knob again, the shower head started to rattle crazily. With a second to spare, Bibi turned her back. The shower head popped off its pipe and smacked her shoulder. Water exploded in the cramped confines of her shower.

“*Mierda!*” Bibi scrambled from the tub. An explosive stream of tepid water sprayed everywhere. Not knowing what else to do, Bibi grabbed her robe from its peg and scurried from the bathroom in search of help.

\* \* \* \* \*

A cold beer clamped in his hand, Logan relaxed in his favorite leather chair. His mind reeled with thoughts of Bibi. It seemed she was forever in the forefront of his mind. Never before had he suffered through such an infatuation and, try as he might, he couldn’t shake her from his thoughts. He’d hoped a week with friends would cure his obsession, but even that proved futile.

Nope. There was no avoiding the truth. He was right and truly fucked when it came to Bibi.

Sometimes he wished he’d never answered the phone that rainy April day almost fifteen months ago, that he’d never agreed to provide an estimate for replacing the entire electrical system in that rundown building she’d purchased in downtown Houston. Even now, all these months later, he could still remember exactly how she looked, how she smelled, how she smiled when he’d met her.

Standing barefoot in a puddle of water, her jeans rolled up around

her calves, Bibi had been arguing with the roofing contractor. Logan had been amused and awed by the curvy little spitfire. He'd often worked with Jimmy, the roofer, and knew all too well his tendencies to skimp on materials and skirt building codes. To say he'd been impressed by Bibi's ability to wrangle a second roofing job, free of charge, from tightwad Jimmy was the understatement of the year.

When she'd turned to face him, Bibi had taken his breath away. That caramel skin, those warm whisky eyes, those kissable lips... As she'd given him a tour of the sizable building, he'd itched to unclasp the plastic claw holding her hair prisoner, to run his fingers through those gorgeous brown waves.

Before he'd given her the estimate, Logan had confessed he considered her project—to modify the old building into an upscale art gallery and studio space—a bit overreaching. She'd simply shrugged. "I know it's a dump, but it's got potential. And I'm determined."

That infectious tenacity had grabbed hold of him. Logan and his small crew worked their asses off to bring the wiring up to code and to install all the sophisticated lighting she'd wanted. In the end, Bibi did exactly as she'd promised. The Belle Mélange made quite a splash with its first showcase of unknown but extraordinarily talented Houston artists. Even with the down economy, she found a way to keep art moving in and out of her gallery. The diverse classes taught by Bibi and her small coterie of artistic friends kept a steady stream of income pouring into the business.

Bibi amazed Logan. Everything she attempted, she accomplished, maybe not the first time but always on the second or third attempt. Even with the house Bibi had purchased next door, the house he'd mentioned during the renovation of her gallery, she'd done wonders. Granted, it still required a good deal of work, but she'd see it through. She simply didn't know how to fail.

Yet always having her so close to him and so utterly unavailable taxed his nerves. Logan desperately wanted Bibi but she was too far out of his league. He was a college dropout; she'd graduated from Sarah Lawrence and then the Rhode Island School of Design. He'd never



traveled beyond Texas, Louisiana, or Mexico; she'd studied in Italy and Germany and lived in Paris for a year. He came from a long line of roughnecks; Bibi's father taught applied mathematics at MIT and her mother helped infertile couples as a reproductive endocrinologist.

Logan had seen the type of men Bibi dated: a professor, a lawyer, a writer, and a doctor. He couldn't compare. And the thought of being shot down by her terrified him. He loved her too much to lose their friendship. So he watched and wanted and fantasized from afar.

And what fantasies he'd had. In his mind, Logan had run Bibi through a series of naughty moves that would have made Jenna Jameson blush. Heat streaked through his groin as he pictured Bibi in a particularly wicked position, her juicy cunt inches from his lips, her legs—

A frantic knock at the front door drew Logan's attention. Frowning, he put down his beer and crossed the living room. He flipped the deadbolt and yanked open the door. The sight revealed brought a quirked smile to his mouth. Bibi, dripping wet and obviously perturbed, stood on his front porch in only her hot pink bathrobe.

Loving to needle her, he crossed his arms and leaned against the door frame. "Well, well, well, Miss Velez."

She rolled those beautiful brown eyes. "Mr. Weatherly."

He slowly raked his gaze down her sopping wet form. "Didn't I tell you that shower head was on its last leg?"

Bibi humphed in irritation. "Yeah, yeah, yeah. Will you help me, Lo? Please?"

"Anything for you, Bibi."

## Chapter Two

Bibi stood in the doorway of her bathroom, her gaze glued to Logan's backside. She couldn't see what exactly he was doing since the hastily shoved aside shower curtain cloaked him from the waist up, but she could hear his grunts and growls. Water soaked his dark blue tee. A litany of rather inventive curse word combinations echoed in the room. Short seconds later, the pipes clanged, and the water flow halted.

"There." Wrench in hand, Logan stood and slung water from his arms. "Temporary fix until the plumbers start on Monday."

Grinning, Bibi clapped. "You've got mad plumbing skills, Lo."

He chortled and wiped his forehead across a dry patch of t-shirt. "You seem surprised."

"Electricity and water don't mix well. I wouldn't assume you'd come across many plumbing issues while working on wiring."

"You'd be surprised," Logan dryly replied. He carefully placed the wrench on the counter. Her gaze fixed on the wet fabric clinging to his rippled abs. He seemed to notice her stare. When he grasped the bottom of his tee and started to lift, Bibi's heart fluttered. She got the tiniest glimpse of his tan belly and the top of his happy trail before he paused. "Where do you keep your towels?"

"What?" She glanced up guiltily. He repeated his question. "Oh." She pointed to the linen closet. "I'll see if I can find a t-shirt big enough for you."

Bibi hastily retreated from the bathroom. She rifled through her

closet in search of the summer league softball tee she'd ordered in the wrong size. Red shirt in hand, she returned to the bathroom. She swallowed hard at the sight of Logan, naked from the waist up. Even in her wildest fantasies, his body didn't look *that* good. Gorgeous tan skin, toned muscle, a smattering of hair, the occasional pale scar—she yearned to run her hands up and down his chest, to teehee his collarbone.

As if sensing her, Logan's head popped up. He held her gaze for a moment longer than usual. She felt suddenly uneasy, almost guilty. Smiling, she extended the shirt and started toward him. Her bare foot hit a patch of water and slid across the slick tile. Thrown off balance, Bibi gasped and fell forward.

In a flash, Logan leaped at her, arms outstretched. Somehow he caught her. As they tumbled to the ground, Logan prepared to bear the brunt. Bibi frantically placed her hands behind his head, desperate to protect him from serious injury. They hit the floor with a muted smack, Logan's bare back against the tile, her hands smashed between his head and the floor. She awkwardly straddled Logan's hips, his hands on the small of her back.

Face contorted with worry, Bibi pried her hands from the back of his head and touched his face. She gazed down into his dazed eyes. "Are you hurt? Should I call an ambulance? *Mierda!* You've probably broken your back—"

Logan touched her lips. "Shh. I'm fine. Sore but fine."

Bibi relaxed and smiled. Her hands moved from his face to his chest as she steadied herself. Logan's fingers slid from her lips to her jaw in a soft caress. His smile confused her. "What?"

"You," he said quietly. "You're adorable with your face all scrunched up like that."

"Like what?"

"Worried," he explained.

"Of course I'm worried. You're super important to me, Logan."

Logan's expression morphed from amusement to surprise. Bibi silently cursed her stupidity. She'd done it. She'd let him see how much she cared. Logan's lips parted and closed. Her belly tightened as she

prepared for an easy let-down. This was it. She was about to lose him.

Unexpectedly, Logan's hand tangled in her hair. Without warning, he sat up and pressed his lips against hers. Bibi stiffened with shock and then melted with need. Her arms curled around his shoulders, holding him close as they hungrily kissed. Rather brazenly, she swept her tongue against his lower lip and prodded until he gave access. He welcomed her invading tongue, a low growl emanating from his throat.

As their tongues swirled, Bibi felt Logan's fingers tugging on her robe's sash. The lapels fell open, displaying her full breasts, nipples already erect with excitement. Logan lips abandoned her mouth and sought the pebbled peaks. Head thrown back, Bibi moaned with pleasure. His warm tongue teased her sensitive nipples; his strong hands gently massaged the flesh.

Soon, his lips were on her neck, his hands gripping her ass. Feeling her inner femme, Bibi shoved on Logan's shoulders, forcing his back to the floor once again. Her teeth grazed the tender skin of his neck and collar bone as she kissed her way down his chest. Tongue flicking across his nipples, she toyed with the crisp hair just above his jeans. She sat up, her knees on either side of his thighs, and unlatched the buckle of his belt. His green eyes darkened as he watched her unbutton his fly and lower the zipper. Logan's stiff cock had already escaped the placket of his blue cotton boxers.

Smiling devilishly, Bibi walked her fingers oh-so-slowly down his tummy to the waistband of his boxers. She peeled the fabric down, revealing his twitching penis and tightened balls. Logan's breathing hitched as her fingers lightly encircled the thick shaft and teasingly stroked up and down, coming close to the head but never touching. The fingers of her other hand brushed against his testicles.

Desperate to taste him, she scooted down his legs and lowered her mouth. Her wet tongue swiped the length of him. A hint of salt and his uniquely male scent invaded her senses. Logan's legs stiffened as she sucked the head of his cock into her mouth, lavishing it with her tongue and lips.

"Bibi!"

His exclamation thrilled her. Knowing she could affect him so made her pussy wet. Power was one hell of an aphrodisiac, and she loved it. Logan grunted and sighed as she bobbed on his cock. She licked her palm, slicking the skin, and worked it in tandem with her mouth. With each downward movement of her lips, Bibi took more of Logan into her mouth. When she finally succeeded in taking all of him, she kept his penis in the hot alcove of her throat for a few seconds. Her humming seemed to drive him close to the edge.

"Fuck! Bibi!" His hands grasped her face, gently tugging her away from his cock. She playfully flicked her tongue against the underside of the purpling head, and he shuddered. "Not yet," he whispered, thumb caressing her cheek.

Nodding, she moved up his body until their lips met. He worked the robe off her arms and flung it aside. She loved the feeling of his strong arms wrapped around her, pulling her closer. He grabbed her hips and tugged her upward. Confused, she gave him a questioning look.

"Sit on my face, baby," Logan urged in a low voice.

Bibi gulped at his frank request. She considered refusing but the look in his eyes, that hungry need to eat her cunt, made her comply. With as much grace as possible, Bibi moved her trembling knees on either side of his head. Logan gripped her buttocks and pulled her pussy down over his lips. She yelped as his flattened tongue swiping her creamy slit. His rough hands clamped on her trembling thighs, forcing them wide, opening her sex to his curious tongue. He laved her inner lips and swirled his tongue against her clit.

The sensation he aroused was unlike any she'd ever felt. No man had ever taken to her pussy in such a way. Logan devoured her like a starving man, his tongue prodding her core, gathering her juices. His lips suckled her swollen clit, making her shriek and shake. At first, she'd tried to remain as still as possible, worried she'd inadvertently hurt him if she moved. But that strategy soon proved impossible. Hands on her breasts, eyes squeezed shut, she whimpered and gyrated atop his mouth.

"That's it, baby," Logan cooed. "Fuck my face."

His filthy words spurred her onward. Bibi fell forward, hands on

the cold tile. Logan clasped her ass and held tight as he assaulted her clit. Her begging moans echoed off the tile. Toes curling, she panted and rocked against his mouth. She came suddenly, the force of her orgasm tearing a scream from her throat. Wetness gushed from her sex, and Logan lapped it up, his tongue continuing to torture her even as she begged him to stop.

Bibi crawled away from him, her jelly legs barely supporting her weight. She rolled onto her back and shivered with aftershocks. Logan moved closer and pulled her into his arms, cradling her head against his chest. She could smell her musk on his lips as he bent to kiss her forehead. Even though she'd just had the most amazing orgasm of her life, she suddenly wanted more.

"Bedroom," she croaked. "Now."

Logan grinned mischievously. "Yes, ma'am."

As Logan led Bibi into her bedroom, he marveled at this strange twist of fate. All this time he'd craved her, been too afraid to say anything for fear of spooking her, and she'd wanted him all along. *Thank God for those crappy pipes!*

Bibi paused at her bedside table and retrieved a condom from the top drawer. He sat on the edge of her bed and kicked off his shoes. His socks, jeans, and boxers were hastily discarded. Bibi walked toward him, hips swaying, breasts bouncing. Her neat, short pubic hair glistened with his saliva and her juices. He could still smell her delicious cunt on his lips. Just the thought of her shrieks, her sex in spasm against his lips, made his cock twitch. She was the fucking sexiest woman he'd ever seen and, for tonight at least, she was his. He meant to enjoy her.

Logan took the condom from Bibi's fingers, ripped the wrapper and deftly applied the sheath to his straining dick. He drew Bibi closer and hauled her onto his lap. She moved her knees into a comfortable straddling position and slowly lowered her dripping pussy over his shaft. He sucked her lower lip between his teeth as she took every last inch of him. Their kisses deepened as she rocked back and forth, his hands gripping her ass and directing her movements.

"Ride me, Bibi. Ride me hard."

“Logan!”

His hands supported her back as she bounced wildly on his cock. He could feel her slick cream pooling around the base of his penis. Bibi’s pebbled nipples brushed against his chest. A thin sheen covered her body, her tan skin flushed with arousal and exertion. The sound of the soft suction between their bodies excited Logan.

When she started to grind against his pelvis, he reached between them and flicked her clit with his thumb. It took only a few seconds of pressure before she stiffened and came. Teeth clenched, he held back, content to watch her face, to listen to her mewling cries.

All that passion he’d seen in her art, in her work ethic, found its way into her bedroom. The way she clung to him, her lips against his ear, her fingers biting into his shoulders, conveyed the depth of her lust. He’d never felt so wanted in his entire life and desperately needed to show her the same.

Cradling her against his chest, Logan carefully stood and spun. Still buried in her hot depths, he lowered her to the mattress. Snug between her welcoming thighs, he sensually claimed her lips. Bibi mewled softly, her hands caressing his sides. He cupped her face and brushed gentle kisses over her nose and lips. Languid and smooth, he thrust into her.

With each deep stroke, Bibi’s lips fell open and her eyes widened. Wanting to show her just how good he could make her feel, Logan sat back on his heels and lifted her legs, hooking them over his shoulders. Bibi gasped at the change. By the look on her face, Logan could tell his newly angled cock stroked all the right places. Her fingernails dug into his thighs, her toes pressed against his nape.

“Faster!” Bibi groaned and clutched at his thighs. “Fuck! More, Logan! More!”

He hastened the snap of his hips, pounding his cock into her tight cunt. She practically wept as she pleaded for deliverance. He grabbed her hand and brought it to his mouth. He sucked her fingertips, coating them with his spit. He placed the fingers against her curls. “Rub your pussy for me.”

Bibi breathlessly complied, seemingly desperate for release. He

loved the look of wanton abandon coloring her face. The determined arch of her eyebrows, the little “O” her lips made. Holding on to her lifted thighs, Logan whipped his hips at breakneck speed. Bibi’s brass headboard knocked against the wall with an alarming rate. His muscles burned, but he ignored them. He wanted Bibi to unravel beneath him. He wanted her to always remember what he’d done to her.

Erratic spasms heralded Bibi’s orgasm. She called his name again and again until—finally—she shrieked and convulsed. He groaned at the rippling sensation of her cunt milking his cock. His balls tightened and drew up just seconds before he felt the euphoric rush of orgasm. Dropping her legs, Logan bent forward and kissed her, stifling her outbursts as his cum filled the latex reservoir. They jerked and panted, hands clutching, breaths mixing, heartbeats wildly stuttering.

Logan reluctantly withdrew and stumbled into the bathroom. When he returned to the bedroom, he found Bibi resting on her side, curiously regarding him. His belly tightened with apprehension. Did she regret their tryst? Would she toss him out now?

A sleepy smile graced her blissed-out face. She reached out for him. “Stay?”

Relief washed over him. He gave a small nod. “Yes.”



### Chapter Three

Ticklish butterfly kisses across her lower back woke Bibi from a deep sleep. Blinking with confusion, she spotted the top drawer of her bedside table slightly ajar. The grayish light of early morning illuminated the room. More feverish kisses dotted the curves of her derriere, spurring memories of the night prior. She smiled lazily.

“Logan.”

“Bibi,” he replied, his lips against her buttock. He slowly kissed his way up her spine and curled his body against hers. She melted against him, pressing her ass against his morning erection. His muscular arms encircled her waist. Goose bumps erupted on her skin as his teeth grazed the curve of her throat. His scent made her ache for closeness. She reached back and sifted her fingers through his hair.

Logan’s callused fingers found their way into the thatch of hair covering her sex. She shifted her legs, inviting him inside. A soft hiss penetrated the early morning silence as Logan teasingly circled her clit. By slow degrees, his fingers drifted lower. Already her slick cream oozed from her core.

“You make me so wet, Lo,” Bibi whispered. Growling, Logan buried his face in her hair. She brought his free hand to her breast, encouraging him to toy with her nipples. Each pinch elicited sharp gasps and sent fiery jolts straight to her clit. She bucked against him, widening her legs, urging him to penetrate her.

But he didn’t.

“Roll onto your belly, baby.”

Bibi complied, sighing as Logan nipped at her neck. Resting her chin on folded arms, she relaxed into Logan’s touch. He straddled her thighs and massaged her shoulders and back with his big, strong hands.

When Logan palmed her buttocks, his thumb brushed against the pucker hidden between them. Butterflies danced through Bibi’s belly. She pushed back against his hands, silently encouraging him to continue. He seemed to understand and grasped her thighs, lifting her onto her knees, fully exposing her pussy and ass. Logan slipped a pair of fingers into her slick channel and smeared her juices over her asshole.

As he gently worked his thumb inside, Bibi whimpered at the overwhelming sensation of his fingers working in and out of her. It wasn’t often that she indulged in a little anal play, but it was something she always craved. And now Logan offered her that chance.

Bibi glanced over her shoulder, catching Logan’s heady gaze. “Fuck my ass, Logan.”

“Christ, Bibi!” Logan’s face flushed at her stark request. He quickly leaned over her, reached into the top drawer of her bedside table, and retrieved a condom and tube of lube.

Clit pulsing, Bibi groaned with need. “Hurry, Lo! I want your cock in me. Now!”

Behind her, Logan quickly applied the condom. Bibi inhaled a sharp breath when she felt the dollop of cold lube. Again, Logan pushed his finger inside her, sliding it back and forth. A second finger soon followed, stretching her, priming her for his stiff penis. The fingers of his other hand rubbed her clit and kept her aroused.

When she felt the head of his cock prodding, she breathed deeply and consciously relaxed, welcoming him slowly into her tight sleeve. Biting her lip, she took his rigid pole. Her fingers replaced his against her clit. The tiny shocks of pleasure from massaging the nub eased the sting of his cock in her ass.

“You’re so fucking tight, Bibi.” Logan’s breathless voice thrilled her. Hands clasping her waist, he thrust leisurely, taking her gently. Too gently for her liking. Bibi shoved back against him, fully meeting his

thrusts. She loved the full sensation of his cock buried deep in her ass. Logan took the hint.

Soon they fucked wildly, the bed shaking, their mutual groans and pants filling the room. Bibi flicked her clit with one hand and fisted the sheets with the other. She was so close. Pleasure coiled in her belly. Moaning, whimpering, she strummed her clit faster and faster. When her orgasm crashed down, she came so hard not a single noise left her throat. She stiffened, open mouth against the sheets, toes flexing.

Logan pounded Bibi into the mattress. Still coming, she reached back and gripped his thigh. He bent over her, his lips on her shoulder and snapped his hips. Grunting, Logan came with a series of shallow thrusts. Still shuddering, he fell atop her.

For a long while, they lay motionless. Logan carefully pulled away from her. She watched him disappear into the bathroom and return. Although drunk on a post-orgasm rush, Bibi couldn't help but wonder what would happen next. She'd done the unthinkable and succumbed to her lust. Who knew what the repercussions would be?

Logan climbed into bed beside her and planted a noisy kiss on her shoulder. He put pressure on her shoulder, urging her to roll onto her back. Leaning on his elbow, he gazed down at her. She squirmed under his intense scrutiny. "What?"

He shook his head. "You're so beautiful to me."

A pleased and slightly embarrassed smile curved her lips. "Yeah?"

"Mmm-hmm," he murmured, pressing soft kisses to her forehead, nose, and cheeks.

"You're not so bad yourself," she teased, burrowing close to his warmth.

Logan chuckled and wrapped his arms around her. "So what now?"

Her chest constricted. She considered dancing around the subject but decided this wasn't the time for prevarication. It was time to be ballsy. "I want you here, like this, all the time."

"Oh, thank God," Logan said, obviously relieved. She looked at him in surprise. He kissed her again. "Bibi, I've wanted you since the first

day I saw you in that dump of a building. It's killed me to see you with other guys, but I couldn't—"

"Risk it," she finished for him. Grinning, he nodded. Bibi groaned and rolled her eyes. "We're quite a pair, Lo."

"That we are," he said, giving her a squeeze. After a short pause, he piped up again. "You hungry?"

"Starving," she said, realizing she'd skipped dinner.

"I make a mean breakfast."

"That so?"

"Uh-huh."

"Sex and breakfast?" She snuggled closer. "I could get used to this...."

### **About the Author**

Lo started writing naughty tales to entertain friends while procrastinating as a co-ed. Study biochemistry or pen a quick story for her girlfriends? Not surprisingly, Lo is now on a sabbatical from university.

Lo and her medic husband live in Texas and are expecting their first child—a daughter—this fall. When not playing the role of domestic diva, Lo is likely found chasing after Bosley, her rambunctious Great Dane, roaming her local bookstores, or pecking away at her laptop.