

COBBLESTONE PRESS PRESENTS

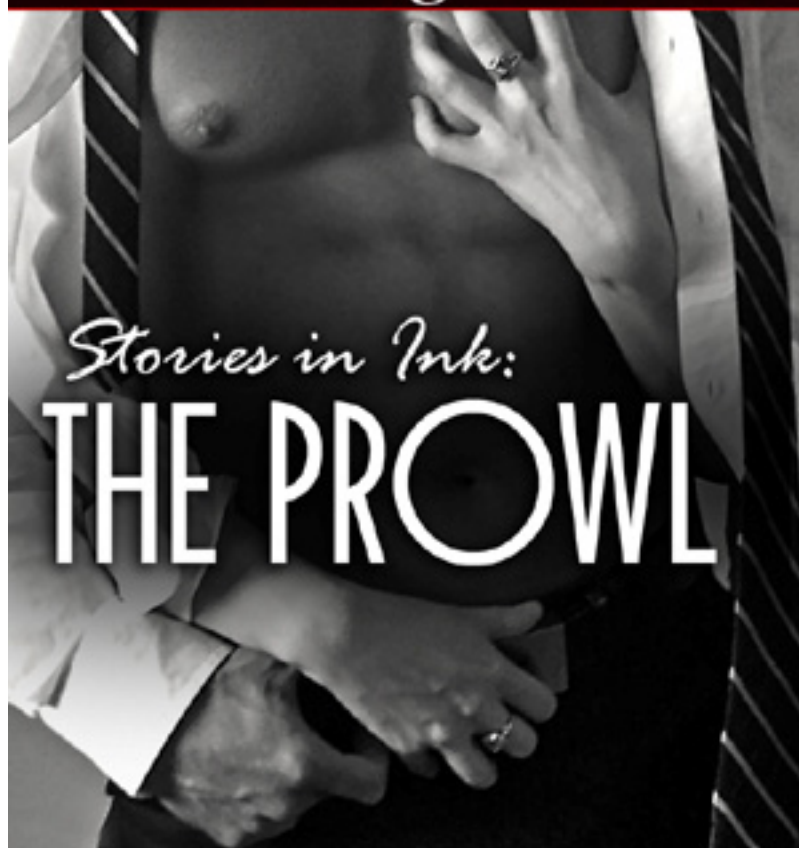


WICKED

Morgan Sierra

Stories in Ink:

THE PROWL



Stories in Ink:

The Prowl

By

Morgan Sierra

The Prowl by Morgan Sierra

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously and are not to be construed as real. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, organizations, or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

The Prowl

Copyright© 2009 Morgan Sierra

ISBN: 978-1-60088-465-8

Cover Artist: Dan Skinner

Editor: Susan Greene

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be used or reproduced electronically or in print without written permission, except in the case of brief quotations embodied in reviews.

Cobblestone Press, LLC

www.cobblestone-press.com

Prologue

My name is Nick, and I own this parlor. It's old, but clean. And most importantly, reputable. The smell from the bakery next door sometimes wafts in, and I consider that a plus. No matter what, this baby is mine. I own her free and clear. Been in this business a long time, and I plan on working until the day I drop.

People come to see me when they want to decorate themselves with piercings or tats. I understand the urge to do it. Hell, I've got enough holes to start a mining company and enough colors to be called a walking rainbow.

But sometimes I wonder about the people who come to see me. What makes them decide a piece of art represents them *so much* that they want a permanent reminder?

Most times, I just do the job they pay me to do. Sometimes I ask about it, though. And more times than not, they're willing to share.

When I asked for the details behind the stylized cougar I started to etch onto her hip, this is what she told me....

Chapter One

She walked with her spine erect, head held high, and advanced straight for the gold-plated door. Often, hotels hid the elevators out of direct sight, but thank God, not this one. The people in the lobby might as well have not been there. The whole place could have been on fire or a clown convention spilled out into the halls—it didn't matter. Her eyes stayed on the prize. In a few short minutes, she would be in his embrace, and the wait would finally be over.

His instructions had been very clear. It didn't matter what she wore, so long as it could be removed with ease. He didn't care about the garments beneath. So long as they stuck to the agreed upon plan, tonight would be an unforgettable event. Although they'd never met, not in person at least, she trusted him implicitly.

Her heart thumped with enthusiasm. What did it mean when she could feel the beat in her throat, then feel it travel down her arms and pulse with life in her wrists? Her belly tightened, and between her thighs tingled with anticipation. In less than five minutes, he'd put his hand between the soft lining of her panties and her delicate folds to find the evidence of her arousal slick and glistening for him.

Already she could imagine the way his fingers would slide into her moisture, testing how much she wanted him. How badly she needed this night.

No matter how much her insides quivered with excitement and with apprehension, she would enjoy this. No fear. Too much planning, too

many nights of fantasizing and way too many hours of flirting outrageously with this man went into preparing for this encounter. She *would* enjoy it.

Watching the panel illuminate the numbers in sequence distracted her from thinking too much about the man who waited for her arrival. The drone of the elevator's motor provided a backdrop with which to settle scrambling nerves. But when the bell dinged and announced her arrival, a flutter of anxiety rifled through her.

What if he didn't find her attractive despite his many reassurances? What if he wasn't anything like he had been in his letters? What if tonight was a colossal failure?

Ten years separated their ages and right now, a single decade seemed like a lifetime.

She'd never forget the way the lush carpet gave beneath her heels when she exited the elevator. He'd chosen a room down the hall, directly across from it, so she'd know exactly where to head once she left the elevator. Although the walk could have seemed like the longest in her life for all the wrong reasons, it was the longest ever for all the *right* reasons.

She slowed, for the first time her mind whirling with more doubt than she'd ever faced before. Fighting to keep her nails out of her mouth, she instead disentangled hair from dangling earrings and pushed the strand behind her ear. Movement off to the right caught her attention. Whirling, she gasped at the sight.

Who was this woman in the reflection? This woman with long auburn curls and bright blue eyes? The woman standing in the mirror with high cheekbones and pouty lips would make anyone stop in their tracks. The dress she wore, wrapping around curves that any sports car enthusiast would envy, dipped so low in the front the rounds of her breasts peered out. Strategically located, a simple pendant hanging from a thin, gold chain nestled at the dip, inviting him—especially him—to look there first.

Her legs were her best feature. She didn't have to look down to know how enticing her flesh-toned hose looked above two-inch heels. Too bad she didn't know how to walk in something taller, but he'd assured

The Prowl by Morgan Sierra

her she would turn him on no matter what she wore. Still, she couldn't help but pass her hands over her dress one more time as she moved away from the mirror. Surely some wrinkle somewhere needed straightening.

She chuckled, a half-hearted attempt at calming frazzled nerves. Somehow, she managed to make her way to the other end of the hall. A quick glance at the plaque provided verification of the room number.

Then she took another long look. Four twenty three.

April 23rd.

The day they'd met online.

She stared at the number, recalling the first tentative email. The shy exchange of messages that started off slowly, but soon built up in number and intensity. The way he could use the English language to make her breath catch.

I want to touch your body with my tongue. Taste between your breasts, between your thighs. I want to inhale the scent of your perfume as your skin heats beneath my fingers. I'm going to explore every inch of your body, teasing you, pleasing you, bringing you to orgasm with the soft caress of my breath over your clit. I want to excite your mind, torture your body. Everything I do will be designed to heighten your pleasure; elongate mine. How long will you be able to stand it before you beg me to fuck you? And I will fuck you, lover. I will take us to places you have only imagined on our special night.

His seductive words aroused and then taught her how to enjoy the light touch of her own fingers. Every time she read his poetry, she imagined it was him there with her in the dark. Teasing. Pleasuring.

He'd said tonight would be perfect. He'd said if she could find the courage to use the keycard waiting for her at the front desk, he would fulfill a fantasy as best he knew how.

Looking at that number, she was struck with the understanding of what kind of man she was about to turn herself over to. He'd planned everything...down to making sure this tiny, but very exquisite detail hadn't been overlooked.

Just like that, the bubble of fear burst.

Gabrielle inserted the card into the waiting slot, watched the indicator light turn green and turned the knob.

Chapter Two

She held her breath while her eyes adjusted to the darkness inside the room. Although she couldn't see him yet, she could feel his presence. Could sense that he studied her as she stood there, almost immobilized by thrill and tension. It took a direct mental command to her legs to move, but she managed to take one step and then two, further inside. The door slipped from her fingers and closed behind her with a soft sigh. The click that sounded immediately after assured her that the automatic locking mechanism would now keep them from being interrupted.

"I wasn't sure if you were still coming," a deep voice said. It startled her. Not because he'd spoken, but because she hadn't expected such a soulful sound to come from him, even after all this time. From the moment she'd learned their age difference, months before they'd talked on the phone, her imagination went wild. Twenty-eight sounded so young; he might as well have said twelve. Only the eloquence of his emails shattered that particular image all to hell.

"Jay?"

"Good evening, Gabrielle."

Oh, God. He'd opened every single letter with those three words. And now, to hear them spoken, to hear him say her name with such *want...*

Her body responded exactly how it did every time she'd open an email from him. A stirring in her pussy, tingling in her nipples, and a shiver down her spine were well-timed reactions that he knew as well as

she did by now. With trembling fingers, she described her arousal for his reading pleasure.

Six months of teasing had culminated into tonight.

On shaky legs, she took another two steps forward, still trying to locate him. He'd left the bathroom light on, but even with the door cracked, she could scarcely see anything beyond its threshold. But then, that's what he wanted, wasn't it?

"Remove your clothing, please."

The hushed command riveted her to the spot. He knew her. Knew this fantasy, but again, the reality of it staring her in the face made her breath catch. "I can't see you," she replied.

"You're not supposed to." His voice had a smile in it. "Now, remove your clothing, please. Or do I need to come over there?"

He would. She had no doubt of that. "Should I—"

"Gabrielle, don't make me ask a third time. I don't want to have to do that."

Her purse tumbled to the ground and she moved forward, estimating where the bed should be. She'd chosen the wrap because it would be easy to remove, but clumsy fingers refused to loosen the knot holding its belt closed. Her mind spun; too many thoughts about Jay struggled to be the foremost. Despite his youth, despite that they'd never laid eyes on each other, he could send her emotions on a joyride like no other had.

Finally, the knot untangled and the belt dropped. Shirking her shoulder, she started to push the rest of the dress from her body.

"Slower," Jay said. "Take your time."

So, he *could* see her. She, on the other hand, now guessed he sat in the darkest corner of the room. Shifting, she moved so that he would get a perfect view. Tonight was a fulfillment of his fantasy, too.

With a small purposeful move, she lifted her torso as the dress fell to the floor. Before him, she stood braless, her nipples tightening as the cool air caressed their tips. She didn't think she would be able to do this so easily. She wasn't in her twenties anymore. That they were bared for the first time before him should have reignited more apprehension, but she

heard the sharp intake of his breath. The slow, appreciative exhale. If Jay had a problem with the way her body looked, he did a poor job of showing it.

“And now your panties, please...Gabrielle.” His whisper sounded shaky, and that fueled more of her courage.

She kept her gaze toward him as she slipped her hands between the satin material and her hips. The gentle shimmy, the way she undulated her waist might perhaps rock the self-confidence he wore around him like a coat. Wetting her lips, she widened her stance and let her panties drift to the floor. And there it was again. The lovely sound of an unsettled breath.

He shifted in his private corner, and she imagined it was to lean forward, to study her more closely. “My God, you are beautiful.”

“Thank you.”

“Are you very wet?”

The question shocked her, and she knew how stupid her reaction was. She’d come here for a tryst, but his bluntness caught her off guard. But how could she deny the dampness between her legs, the pulse in her pussy? Her arousal perfumed the air from the moment her panties no longer covered her sex.

“Very,” she murmured.

“Show me. Sit in that chair and spread your legs.”

As he bid, she sat down on the nearby cloth-covered seat. Its scratchy material scraped against the backs of her thighs. Her pussy ached so much to be touched that she dragged herself across it as she scooted forward. Anything to help quench some of the need building there.

Licking her lips, she separated her thighs, planting her heels three feet apart on the plush carpet. Spine erect, she sat wanton before him, her dripping pussy bared for his inspection. Even though she hadn’t seen him yet, God help her, she wanted to please him.

“Now, Gabrielle, close your eyes. Listen to my voice...”

Only the pounding of her heart would drown it out. He held her captivated.

“Touch yourself, lover and show me how to please you.”

She whimpered a soft sound of need. It wouldn’t take much to

The Prowl by Morgan Sierra

bring her to the edge of climax and back again. “Jay, please—”

“Make yourself come, Gabrielle. I have to see.”

She whimpered again, but closed her eyes and rested her fingers on the soft curls of her pussy.

“Come for me, lover,” he ordered softly.

Chapter Three

His voice whispered over her skin, igniting a trail that spread like wildfire, heating her into a fever. His online seduction began six months ago with written words, and it was appropriate that his physical seduction began almost the same way.

“You’re more beautiful than I imagined you would be, Gabrielle. You’ve greatly under exaggerated your sexual appeal. As I watch the soft curls of your hair touch your shoulder, I envy it. My fingers should be there, touching your skin, learning it.”

She grazed the carefully groomed hair on her pussy, careful not to move lower yet. For as much as she wanted to come for him, she wanted to listen to his gravelly voice. It’d been her internal voice reading his words almost all of this time, and her heart craved to hear his for a change.

“And your breasts,” he continued. “I could spend a lifetime loving them. Their perfect roundness, the deep flush of your nipples contrasting against pale skin. I’d never imagined they would be so full. That your nipples would be so captivating. You’ve told me that they’re sensitive. I’m going to enjoy pulling each one into my mouth, flicking over them lightly with my tongue and then sucking hard on each one. There’ll be pain when I do that, lover, but it will hurt so good.”

A low moan rumbled through her belly. It vibrated against her hand still circling her lower abdomen. Time had taken its toll on her body, but he made her sound desirable. His words were a gift. He had no idea

how much.

"Jesus, that sweet pussy of yours is heaven made. From here, I can see how turned on you are. How puffy your lips are. How they shine from your body's moisture. You do realize it's the last place I'm going to touch, right? Tasting your cum will be the final straw for me, and I'll have to fuck you then. I'll need to feel your pussy close around me, tighten around me, take all of my cock." He groaned. "Wet your fingers for me now, honey."

Her knees fell to the side, her hand bypassing her clit screaming for relief. They'd both been so right about her wetness, her body's readiness for him. A flood of slick moisture met her fingertips. She slid them inside, pushing forward with ease until one knuckle and then two sank into her heat. Without conscious thought, she curled her fingers and touched the soft interior spot that made her tremble every single time. Her thighs shook with excitement, with pleasure if she moved even the slightest bit.

"Show me." Oh, how she loved the tremor in his voice. The poorly disguised restraint of his husky words. Jay probably had no idea how his need for her peered through. When she'd first entered the room perhaps he'd been very much in control, but now, after only minutes together, he sounded close to losing it.

With great pleasure, she withdrew her fingers from the soft walls of her pussy. Only, she made certain to take her time. To make Jay wait in excruciating agony for her to show him her prize. Before she left the comfort of her sheath, however, she stopped, leaving just the tips of her fingers inside. Slowly, she used her thumb to circle the hood of her clit, concentrating sparks of ecstasy there.

"Mmm...it feels so good, Jay," she moaned. He adored her voice when it got like this. He'd told her so more than once. It had taken her four months to gather the courage to call him on the phone. Another month before she'd allowed herself the freedom of coming while he was on the other end of the line listening. Just once, but it had been enough. He'd demanded they meet in person.

"Gabrielle." Her name spilled like a plea from him.

With an exaggerated sigh, she gave her clit one last flick and pulled her fingers out all the way. Her mouth curved into a smile because Jay

cursed low. He may not have realized it, but the soft, “*Fuck, fuck, fuck...*” cadence betrayed his arousal almost as much as his aura did. From across the room, power and sexuality radiated from him and filled the air until all she could feel was him. Not the chill of the air conditioner. Not the fever of her own skin. Just him.

“Damn it, show me your fingers, Gabrielle. Show me how much you want this.”

It had been part of the agreement, of course. If things became too much for her, if she became too overwhelmed, she could back out at any point in the evening. But until then, he’d advised, he would push her limits and brook no disobedience. She placed her trust in him and agreed.

Her heart pounded a steady beat as she raised her hand. As his must have, her eyes adjusted to the dim lighting of the room by now. The moisture on her two fingers glistened in the glow of light. It captured the slick sheen that covered them, and proved just how deep she’d inserted them. Her breathing slowed as she spread the digits, and inspected them for herself. So shiny and wet. Her body’s arousal clearly evident and if ever he did, her lovely Jay could have no more doubt that she intended to see this all the way through.

“Now come. Fast and hard.”

Two words flickered to life in her mind. *My pleasure.*

The first stroke of her slick fingers over her clit made her breath catch. The second sent a shudder through her body so violent, she cried out. But it was the third stroke that did it. The third stroke on a body wound so tightly, where the sound of his breathing alone could snap her in two, that sent her catapulting and spiraling into the a crescendo where the evening’s tension, arousal and expectation shattered her into a million starbursts of brilliance and bliss.

Slowly, the world around her focused and a racing heartbeat and rapid breathing slowed. At some point her head had fallen back and she raised it now, her cheeks flushed from her efforts and maybe, from just a hint of embarrassment. Never in her wildest dreams had she imagined doing that in front of him. It was one thing to be done over the phone, but in person? She couldn’t help feeling a little bit bashful.

The Prowl by Morgan Sierra

Lamplight flooded the room and immediately afterward, movement caught her attention. She looked up to follow it and her embarrassment fell away, forgotten. Jay walked toward her from what was his dark corner. When he stood two feet away, the light fell across his features and for the first time, she laid eyes on her soon-to-be lover.

And he was beautiful.

Chapter Four

He's so young. There had to have been way more than ten years between them. She couldn't remember ever being that young.

Certainly, based on the strength of his carriage, the swagger of his walk, she had no doubt he was older than his face misrepresented. But couldn't he have had a few crow's feet around his wise eyes or a few strands of gray on his black temples? Even a little bit of jowl sagging beneath his strong jaw would have helped matters. Jesus, there wasn't even a little beer belly there to help out.

Instead, what she got was an artist's dream.

"Jay," she said on a breath. Her stunned mind refused to cooperate and provide another word. All she could do was stare at him.

His shirt hung open revealing a sculpted chest and abs, shadows reflecting on the cuts of muscle. A tie hung on either side of the gap. Her gaze traveled across his hairless chest, and followed it down to the narrow strip of curls that lined his abdomen. The tent outlining his proud arousal beneath his waist made her breath catch and she brought her attention back up to his beautiful face.

Intense black eyes peered at her from beneath dark brows. Eyelashes long enough to make any supermodel envious softened his masculine glare, but did nothing to hide the flames of attraction fanning in it. His nose was a little too broad, his lips a little too thin. On such an angular face, though, she couldn't have imagined a better fit. He was, in fact, just short of perfection. Except, she was way too old for him.

Suddenly, she no longer felt like a sexy siren waiting to bait to his doom an unsuspecting male. Now, she felt every one of her thirty-eight years, along with the new onset gray hair and tired body that went with it.

Her thighs closed tightly, her legs crossing at the ankles. Arms folded over her chest, hiding breasts that fought against gravity and lost ground day after day. She managed to hunch a little and cover her slightly rounded stomach. The scratchy material of the chair she sat upon no longer provided comfort against an erotic ache, but instead became uncomfortable and flared a throb in her lower back. The beginning of arthritis there, her doctor had advised her.

She dropped her face toward the floor, unable—unwilling—to look at him. How could she have thought tonight would be a good idea? It was the fantasy of a woman desperate for attention years after a brutal divorce. Jay had ridden up on his white stallion and on the wonderful anonymous place that was the Internet, rescued her from the dragon of self-recrimination and self-doubt. She shook her head because now...now, his presence made her feel foolish.

“Gabrielle.” He had a way of saying her name that sent a shiver down her spine and this time was no exception. He extended a hand. Without thinking, she took it.

Jay lifted his hand, bringing her to standing with the motion. She raised her head, able to look directly into his fathomless eyes with the assistance of her heels. Her eyes closed lightly when he leaned forward and kissed her cheek, a gesture as sweet and romantic as she could have asked for.

“Thank you for sharing that with me, Gabrielle. I’ve been looking forward to tonight for a long time. So please, don’t close yourself to me now.”

He couldn’t understand. He still had the world ahead of him; he had another ten years of knowledge and heartache to experience to catch up with her. And even then, it wouldn’t be enough, for she would always be the winner in life’s race against time. “I think perhaps, Jay, I might have rushed things. This...you...”

The corners of his mouth edged up in a sad, fragile smile. “You

took one look at me and changed your mind. I will always be too young for you, won't I?"

She shifted her gaze away and nodded. It was time to find a graceful way to bow out and leave. She'd reimburse him for the expense, but this was a colossally bad idea. Before she could open her mouth to speak, Jay placed his hand beneath her chin and tilted her face toward his.

"If you want to leave, if you *really* want to leave, I won't stop you. I promised you that. But damn it, Gabrielle, give me a chance. There is nothing I want more than to be with you right now. You are a fantasy—no, more than a fantasy. You are everything I could have ever hoped for. You once told me that you've missed the comfort of a man's body with yours. Here I am, ready and waiting before you. Don't deny us this chance."

Her ears buzzed, her mind swimming. She kind of shut down in the middle of his speech after zeroing in on one aspect of it. "You still think I'm a fantasy?" she asked timidly.

He groaned. "For Christ's sake, yes! Look at me," he said pointing to his erection, still standing proudly between them. "I will forever carry with me the expression on your face when you came. My only regret is that I didn't put it there."

Silence stretched between them as she weighed her options. He must have sensed her vulnerability and pressed his advantage. "I'm still the same man who exchanged stimulating conversation with you across the Internet and telephone. I still want to fulfill your fantasy tonight. I'm the man who wants to get to know you beyond the confines of the bedroom, but..." He sighed. "I can do so only if you let me."

She wouldn't make him wait any longer for an answer. Stepping closer to him, she rested her hand on the belt of his trousers. Trembling fingers worked on loosening the strap. His chest rose and fell faster, his breath fanning across her face. She couldn't look at him yet, her cheeks still burned too brightly, but her hesitation faded with each passing second.

"No regrets," she assured him—or was it for her benefit?

Taking another deep breath, she exhaled the tension from her neck

The Prowl by Morgan Sierra

and shoulders.

No.

No matter what happened, there would be no regrets.

Chapter Five

His eyes glittered as he looked down on her, and she could see every one of his emotions arcing in them: self-confidence, pride and most importantly, desire. For her. He stroked the side of her face, pushing a fallen curl out of the way. "May I kiss you now?"

She nodded because her voice refused to work. A ramrod stiff spine became fluid; knees threatened to buckle. Every part of her being vibrated with tension...the oh, so very good kind. She wanted his kiss. Needed it like air, in fact. The thirty seconds of doubt that tried to put an end to their night would find no home here.

The way he wrapped both of his hands around her neck, tilting her face to him had to be one of the sexiest moves anyone had ever laid on her for its simplicity and meaning. His gaze left her eyes to travel to her mouth before meeting her eyes again, a question rising in them. She wouldn't back out of this again. Gabrielle closed her eyes and waited.

There was nothing youthful in his kiss. Only a man of experience, who knew what he wanted, could capture her mouth with such demand, such need. She parted her lips and allowed him entrance, moaning when his tongue teased in to touch hers. Jay moved in closer, their bodies now touching and sparking heat between them. Her bare breasts pressed to him, and the way he rubbed his torso slowly, sensuously over hers aroused her nipples into tight buds. Pleasure rippled out from the two pressure points, and her muffled moans rose. God, he'd paid attention to every word she'd ever told him. He knew exactly how to drive her to the

point of insanity and back again with simple mastery.

Jay left her mouth to kiss her chin, her jaw, her nose. He kissed each eyelid before travelling down to her lips again. He nibbled over them, making her breath come faster and in hitching gasps. His thumbs stroked her neck, holding her in place to accept what he offered. By the time he pulled away, she was boneless.

Her lips stung from the burn his five o'clock shadow created there. No matter. The rough strokes of his face over hers served to heighten her senses. Any temporary marks left by him she would treat as trophies. She stood panting, her senses reeling with the aromatic, woodsy scent of his cologne now rubbed into her skin.

His hands worked at finishing the job she started. He made quick work of the button holding his trousers closed. The zipper lowered seconds later. She licked her lips and waited for his nudity to be exposed.

Although a gap hung open, offering a tantalizing view, he didn't remove his clothing all the way. "Earn it," he taunted her, then jerked his head toward the bed. "Ready?"

She prowled like the cougar she'd become on all fours onto the bed, face down, and heels still on. They'd played and replayed this fantasy often enough that she knew exactly what would happen. Her mouth went dry, her limbs were shaky. She knew one more thing: she couldn't wait.

The bed shifted beneath Jay's weight as he moved over her. Gabrielle closed her eyes.

A low moan broke free when his tongue touched the back of her neck. It made a small circle before pressing a trail of hot moisture and breath onto her sensitized flesh. His sensuous touch was like a line straight to her pussy, and her hips lifted from the bed. Jay lowered himself to hold her in place, only that was worse. Now she could discern every hard line of him between her ass cheeks and bless him, his erection felt like heaven nestled there.

His tongue traced along her spine. As little sense as it made, each inch felt different from the last. When he reached between her shoulder blades, she wanted to cry with joy. By the time he reached her lower back, she wanted to sing with rapture.

She curled her spine, encouraging him, pleading with him. "Jay," she gasped.

"You want me to fuck you, don't you, Gabrielle?"

She nodded, her throat too parched to say another word. Her teeth clamped together too tightly to allow a single syllable through.

He dragged his teeth across her shoulder blade again, his stomach sliding against her back. The kiss he pressed burned a memory there.

"You think I'm not old enough to fuck your pretty pussy, but I'm going to show you how well I can. I will prove to you how well your body will fit on my cock."

"Ohmygodpleaseyes." Her words ran together, nonsensical and begging, but it didn't matter. The only thing that mattered was the growing emptiness in her pussy. The loneliness seeping into her body for every minute he left her hovering and unfulfilled.

Jay's hands kneaded the soft globes of her ass. If he were a masseuse, she would have paid good money for the treatment he supplied her with now. But when he separated her flesh, and ran his tongue down the center of her crack, it was the kind of service only provided in a very private arena.

"Jay," she moaned breathlessly. Her body tightened against his ministrations. The taboo nature of the act, the lewdness of it, turned her on that much more. His tongue moistened sensitive nerve endings, made her fluttering heart skip beats. Cries of pleasure had to be muffled against a pillow.

"You like that lover?" he murmured against her flesh. He didn't wait for an answer, deciding for himself by teasing her mercilessly with his clever tongue. Slow circles of pleasure, stabs of molten sensation made her hips buck, but Jay held her in place. The firm grip of his fingers on her hips served as a place to center her mind against a rapid descent into decadence.

Then he moved lower, his mouth nibbling over new flesh. He tasted her, dipping his tongue into her pussy's wetness. She writhed on the bed, encouraging him with rolling hips and wanton cries to touch that glorious spot on her clit. To make her come again. He deftly avoided it,

The Prowl by Morgan Sierra

however. His tongue came so close to what she needed, but not nearly close enough.

He lifted his head, his harsh breath fanning across her skin. "Ask me, Gabrielle. Tell me to fuck you and make you come. Beg me, lover."

Her body was aflame. She would have crawled across hot coals at this point if it would provide even the scantest amount of relief. Begging him to fill her would be no problem whatsoever.

She raised her heavy head, turned and looked him in the eyes. There was nothing youthful about the lust radiating from him or from the glint in his gaze. A man who knew exactly what he wanted and how to deliver on his promises was ready to take her to soaring heights.

"Jay, please...*I'm begging you*...fuck me. Make me come."

Chapter Six

She'd never be able to say how or when his clothing left his body. Her mind—and body—had been way too distracted to notice or care. What mattered was the fact his hard cock pointed beautifully against the hard cuts of his abdomen. What mattered even more was that it leaked his excitement, those pearly tears dripping down the sides and making her mouth dry.

But it was his words, always his words that threatened her heart. He talked her through arousal, his voice low and sensual. His words brought her to this room tonight; his words would go home with her later too. He knew exactly what he did to her when he spoke.

He crooked a finger at her. His mouth turned up in a naughty, devil-may-care smile, and she fought down a shiver from the sight of it.

Gabrielle followed the motion of his hands and draped herself across the bed, her head hanging over its edge. Upside down, she viewed the cityscape through a small gap in the draperies. Beyond it, a canopy of dark skies and sparkling stars enhanced the city's appeal.

She gripped the soft mattress between both hands, her bent arms on either side of her head. The bed shifted, and without seeking him out, she knew he'd left it. The powerful presence of him was like a magnet and she could feel it by her feet. Jay stood over her, watching her. Studying her, perhaps? Thank God for gravity, pulling down the weight of her abdomen and making it appear flat. She brought one arm close to her chest, using it to plump her breasts for his scrutiny if that was what he

desired. Of course, she kept her thighs spread, her pussy on full display for him. That he might be staring there, that her moist lips held his attention, thrilled her.

Blood flushed her cheeks as it rushed in because of the supine position. The sensation wasn't unpleasant; almost a high if she had to put a description on it. Trust Jay to find yet another way to titillate her.

Warm breath that ran along the join of her thigh was the only clue. Before she could react, Jay's mouth covered her clit and pulled with suction that made her scream and her toes curl. An orgasm rocketed through her, immobilizing every limb of her body. Her fingers tightened on the mattress, her legs splaying wider. Every cell in her body responded, every nerve ending seeking out his attention. Jay worked his mouth, his lips and his teeth, in coordinated expertise. He pushed her senses, her world, to a place so erotic, so earth shattering that she vaguely wondered if she might ever return.

Her lower back lifted from the bed. Her hips beneath his mouth flexed and encouraged his touch. Jay's low growls of appreciation spurred her cries. Her mind refused to form a coherent thought, to tell him that it was too much. That she could take no more. But then his mouth left and his lovely cock took its place in one thrilling and tenacious thrust.

The abrupt change in sensation startled her. She lifted her head to catch his intent eyes focused on her face. In that moment, she knew his want, his desire to please her. There was concentration spelled in his tightened jaw, feeling deep within his brooding gaze.

Thoughts of how young he was, how they were an odd pairing tumbled away when he shifted, his hips rolling over hers. Jay pushed forward, filling and completing her in short thrusts before withdrawing in a single drag. He did it again and again. Each surge forward left her heart beating wildly against her ribcage, a frenzied uncoordinated act that left her breathless. But then each time he withdrew, each time he left her emptied, her body pulsed with regret, with a longing to have him near.

"You are so tight, lover. So good." He dipped his head and captured a taut nipple between his teeth. Sparks of pleasurable pain gathered there. "For six months, I've dreamed of this. Of fucking you."

Always his words swept her away. She would listen to him speak of lust and fucking and know it would make her body respond.

"Oh God, Jay," she cried hoarsely.

"I've wanted to feel you come on my cock since that very first time we exchanged letters. I belong here. In your wetness. Your heat."

She wanted to respond with some coherent, sexy reply, but her intelligence and ability to speak had long since left the building. Her pleasure boiled her vocabulary down to simple cries or sighs of pleasure.

He nibbled his way to her other breast, licking over the pointed tip with short flicks until it ached. "Once more, Gabrielle. Come for again."

"I can't." It was the truth. She didn't think she had one more in her. Not so soon.

His moist lips touched down on hers. "Oh, but you can," he purred. "Now, lover. Come for me now."

She slammed her eyes shut against the way he rocked over her. The way he rode her body with this new rhythm. Long strokes that emphasized every hard inch of him. Shockwaves crested away and swept through her lower body. His fingers worked magic over her clit while they fucked and, as he all but promised, she realized she could come again. She would.

Her thighs tightened around him, her legs moving to bring him closer, to force him deeper. She needed this. Needed him. It had been way too long.

"Goddamn it, Gabrielle, come!" Behind the demand, she heard his desperation. He was close too.

She opened her eyes to stare deep into those jet-black depths. This was her fantasy...and his. "Make me come, Jay. Give it to me, and make me scream your name."

He moaned this time and it sent another thrill deep into her belly. Perspiration dotted his brow, and his chest was slick with sweat against hers. "You feel so good inside of me," she added. "Do I feel good to you, baby? Do you enjoy my pussy?"

"Jesus," he groaned before capturing her mouth with his. She grinned against his lips, pleased with her progress. Especially with the

ability to make him lose just a little bit of his control.

He sped up the work of his fingers and the waves of excitement spreading through her clit began to carry over and swell. With each surge, her breath quickened, her body tightening against the onslaught inevitably on its way. She tried one more time to tip the balance, to make the last of his restraint snap like a frayed thread, but her lover broke her first.

An orgasm raced through her, freezing her in place beneath him. All conscious thought shut down, her body only recognizing the singular place of his attention. The fullness he provided, stretching her. Her pussy gripped his cock, milking him until at last Jay spilled into her and fed her body's hunger.

She made certain to watch his beautiful face locked into an expression of extreme pleasure. He shuddered as his cock pulsed, his eyes clenched tighter with each jet of his body's cum. By the time his tremors subsided to occasional shivers, his hips no longer driving into her with uncontrolled desperation, he opened his eyes and met hers. She tightened her arms around his back, and Jay kissed her again.

About an hour later, after drifting in and out of sleep with him at her side, she groaned and sat up. As lovely as the evening had been, it was time to go. It was too easy to be comforted by lying next to him in a posh hotel, the sounds of the city serenading them. The longer she stayed, the harder it would be to leave when time to do so.

Jay had been caressing her arm with long, feathery strokes and frowned when she left his reach. She didn't want to look at him, but forced herself to face him. She owed him that at the very least. Besides, what was one last look at him stretched out in all his naked splendor?

"Thank you for everything, Jay. You have no idea how much I needed that."

He smiled and her heart lifted. "So is it my turn now, then?"

"I'm sorry?"

"My fantasy. You've had yours. My turn now, right?"

Had she really misunderstood what his fantasy had been all this time? This was supposed to be about the both of them. Not just her.

"I—I'm confused." Not just confused; she felt stupid. "I thought this was your fantasy, too."

He elevated himself on his elbows and studied her with a crooked grin curving his lips. "No, lover. This was for you. My fantasy is very different."

Heart pounding, she made the offer she damned well knew she at least owed him to listen to. "Tell me yours then. I'll do my best to fulfill it."

His face straightened, as serious as she'd ever seen it. "My fantasy, Gabrielle, is to lay here a few more hours with you. I want to order room service, watch TV and make love to you. This time nice and slow."

Stunned, her mouth parted. It wasn't too much to ask of her after all.

"And then in the morning, I want to watch the sunrise with you. Eat breakfast with you. Make love again."

What did all of this mean? What game was he playing?

"After that, maybe we could go catch a movie or walk through the park. Shopping if you want. But then come back here later and make love again—"

"Jay," she interrupted. "That isn't a fantasy. It's a...relationship."

He lifted a shoulder in a shrug. "Call it what you want. It's my fantasy. It's up to you to decide if you're willing to see it through. All the way through...to wherever it leads."

She nibbled her bottom lip, considering his words.

"Tell me, Gabrielle. Are you?"

Epilogue

I put the final touches on her tattoo, pretty amazed if I do say so myself, at how it turned out. Then again, all of my tats are works of art.

I gave her final instructions on how to care for it as I handed her the change from her bill.

"Mind answering a question, ma'am?" I asked. I kind of already knew she would answer, so pressed on. "Why exactly a cougar tat? I still don't understand what it means."

She pressed her lips, not saying anything for a moment. Motion from outside caught her attention and she looked toward the glass window. A smile curved her lips. "Do you see that car that just pulled up?"

I turned to follow her line of sight. "Yes'm."

Her eyes glassed over, a dreamy quality shadowing her face. "Jay's outside waiting for me. It's been two years since that night. I'm forty and he's thirty, and I haven't looked back since. If it makes me a cougar to love him, I'm gonna wear that label with pride. That young man has my heart."

Who was I to argue her point? Not many women wore a smile like the one she had now. "Yes'm," I replied.

She didn't give me another glance when she walked out. I turned around and gathered my tools. Needed to get them sterilized and prepped for the next customer. There's *always* another customer. You see, I've been in this business a long time and I plan on working until the day I drop.

The Prowl by Morgan Sierra

The End

Author Bio

Morgan Sierra—who holds nothing back—is the pen name for Dee Carney. Dee began writing short stories in middle school, but did not attempt completion of a novel until almost ten years later—which, despite good intentions, she never finished. Ten additional years later, she challenged herself to begin writing again, and her love for storytelling was rekindled. Now, Dee is a best-selling, award-winning author who lives at home in Georgia with her husband, two dogs, and a cat. When not writing, Dee is usually curled up on the couch with a good book!

To learn more about all of Morgan's books, please visit her on the web at <http://www.morgansierra.com>.