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# WICKED

Rebecca Goings



WHAT I  
WANT

*What I Want*

*By*

*Rebecca Goings*

## What I Want by Rebecca Goings

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### **What I Want**

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**Dedication**

To everyone who encouraged me by saying  
that my hot stuff was good stuff.

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*Forest Ridge, Colorado, 1879*

"I want to kiss you until you can barely breathe. I want to lick you up, down, and sideways, until I'm covered in your scent. I want you to scream my name when I come inside you. That answer your question?"

Katherine Krieg stared at Jason Shepherd with her mouth wide open. He'd shocked her beyond speech. She'd never thought he'd be so blunt, and it didn't help matters any that he'd cornered her in the barn in an empty stall.

She'd come out here to tell him dinner was ready, only to find him shirtless and sweaty, pitching straw with a vengeance. When she'd turned to leave, he'd grabbed her arm, dragging her into the stall. Katherine vowed then and there never to ask another man what he wanted again.

Swallowing hard, she attempted to speak, but nothing more than a squawk escaped her mouth. She licked her lips and tried once more. "You...you shouldn't talk to me so."

"Why not? We're both adults. You think I climbed this mountain for my health?"

Katherine had a hard time holding his piercing brown gaze. His eyes were so dark and expressive, she could usually read his moods. Apparently, in all the times he'd visited her, she hadn't read his lust. Now that she knew what drove his thoughts, her nipples stood at attention, chafing behind her blouse, aching for his touch.

"I th-thought you climbed the m-mountain to help me."

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Jason shook his head slowly and with such intensity, her entire body trembled in response. He was handsome man who could have his pick of any of the available ladies in Forest Ridge, and yet he had chosen to make the trek to the top of Alder Mountain twice, sometimes three times a week. He'd chopped her wood, exercised her two horses, milked her cow, and even offered to help her with light housework.

Truth be told, Katherine enjoyed his visits. Every time she saw his black gelding approaching from the south, her heart hammered. He had a way of making her blush all the time, telling her she looked nice in blue, or that she should wear her hair down more often, but never once had he been as bold as he was being right now.

"It's been more than a year, Kathy." His deep voice rolled over her like water. "I miss Richard just as much as you do, but he's gone now. It's just you and me up here. You've made me plenty of dinners, and I've stayed late plenty of times. But tonight, I want to *spend* the night. In bed. With you."

She knew the entire surface of her skin had to be red, as her cheeks were ablaze with heat. Her legs wobbled, and she was unsure whether or not they could stand any more of Jason's heated confessions. Her husband Richard had never talked to her in such a manner. She'd been married to him for two years before he'd died suddenly, from some kind of heart condition he didn't know he had. Katherine had found him herself, already dead, behind the chicken coop. Jason had been the first person she'd told, the one to whom she'd run, the one who'd taken care of everything. He'd been Richard's best friend, and over the years, he'd proven to be hers as well. No one else visited her; no one else seemed to care. If it hadn't been for him, she'd have been all but forgotten in her tiny house on the hill.

"We're not married." Her voice sounded small, as if she were talking from far away. But her senses were on high alert. Jason wasn't wearing a shirt, which left the smooth skin of his chest for her to take in. His large body towered over her, his hands braced against the walls on either side of her head. She was trapped, not only by him, but by her own lust as well. More than once she'd wondered what it would be like to

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make love to Jason, to touch him, taste him.

Richard had been a loving man, but there was something untamed in Jason that made her want to lose control. That realization made her suck in her breath as he smiled down at her.

“You want to be?”

It took her a moment to realize he was responding to her previous statement.

“Don’t be absurd, Jason.”

His eyes narrowed. “Why is the notion of being married to me absurd?”

“I’m a widow, in case you haven’t noticed. Forest Ridge doesn’t care if I live or die. I barely make ends meet by selling the eggs from my chickens and the butter I manage to make from my one old cow. Richard and I tried for our entire marriage to have children, but I never got pregnant. Perhaps I can never *get* pregnant.”

A long silence followed her words. Jason took a deep breath. “All the more reason for you to spend the night with me. We won’t have to worry about making babies.”

His slow, easy smile ignited something within her. Dear God, this man tempted her beyond reason. She wanted to fall into his arms, but it wasn’t proper. However, when his eyes glittered with sinful promises, she couldn’t help but groan at the sight and damn propriety to hell. She placed one hand on his arm for support.

“Jason, I—”

Swooping low, he interrupted her with a kiss. Perhaps it was her groan that undid him, or her gentle touch. Whatever it was, he wasn’t holding back. He framed her face with both hands to angle her head to receive him and plunged his tongue into her mouth, conquering, claiming. Shivers wracked her, as well as an intense heat that swept through her body, making every nerve ending prickle with exhilaration.

For the first time in over a year, she was wet between her legs. Her skirts felt heavy, almost weighing her down when she stood on her toes to accommodate his size. Jason’s kiss was like wildfire, alighting every passion she’d once thought long dead. Richard had never kissed her with

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such unbridled abandon. He'd been adoring, to be sure, but the contrast between the two men was jarring.

Katherine ceased to think about anything but the man consuming her. Jason took a step that pressed her against the wall, bringing her flush with his body. She brought her hands up to his chest, touching him lightly before stroking his skin and encircling his neck. He growled and thrust forward, leaving no room for doubt exactly how serious he was. He was hard and ready, one hand weaving into her hair, while the other bunched up her skirts.

"Tell me right now you don't want me, Kathy," he said, kissing her neck. "Tell me, and I'll stop. I'll go away."

The thought of him leaving her when she burned for him sent a shudder through her. Threading her fingers through his hair, she threw her head back and allowed him to lick her throat.

"Jesus, you taste good." His voice turned her inside out. A fiery warmth spread upon the back of her thigh and she realized it was his hand, finally under her skirts, plundering.

"Are you wet for me?"

His smile was knowing as he reached her drawers, rubbing her through the fabric. It wasn't until he touched her clit with a gentle hand that she gasped and answered his first plea.

"Don't stop, Jason, please."

He locked his gaze with hers, his eyes accepting, almost triumphant, but he didn't say a word. Instead, he watched her as he pulled down her drawers, finally cupping her bare skin with his hands.

He bit his lip as he stroked her, his fingers gliding through her wetness. "Kathy, baby," he croaked, "your pussy's so soft, so warm. Better than I've ever dreamed."

His words shot a bolt of electricity straight through her. She held on tight, unsure of how to help him, feeling suddenly inexperienced in the midst of his passionate assault.

Ever so slowly, he entered her with his finger, bringing forth a cry from her lips. Jason's mouth smothered hers, swallowing her cries. She answered his tongue in kind, tasting his exotic flavor, which was so very



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different from that of her husband. Sexy and sensual, that was Jason—a man unafraid of his own sexuality.

“I want to make you come with just my touch alone,” he mumbled against her lips. “I want to drive you wild with my fingers, sweetheart.”

He was already doing a damn fine job of that. She bucked against him again and again, riding his hand, asking for more.

“You like to be fucked by my fingers?”

Katherine blushed. She couldn’t help it. He managed to say all the wrong things but make them sound so very right. She should have been scandalized at the language he’d just used, but glory to heaven, it only served to make her grind against him even faster.

Too shy to engage in his bawdy talk, all she could do was nod in answer to his question.

“Imagine my cock filling you, baby. Imagine what it feels like to have me moving inside you, with my mouth sucking on your tits.”

One finger became two within her, plunging deep, keeping up her rhythm. He held her skirts high with his other hand, allowing him to wedge his thigh between hers, spreading her legs even further.

“Want my mouth on you? Where my fingers are? Damn, honey, I want to know what you taste like.”

That image shattered Katherine’s control. Pleasure thundered through her, radiating outward, down her arms and legs, as she pressed against his hand. Jason kissed her hard, swirling his thumb over her clit, demanding every last bit of her desire.

“So sweet,” he murmured.

For a few glorious moments, Katherine savored the feel of his hand between her legs, stroking and soothing, before opening her eyes to catch his gaze. Now, he barely rubbed her, giving her much-needed time to recover from her violent release.

“Jason,” she whispered. “Dear God. We shouldn’t...”

“You didn’t want me to stop a moment ago,” he growled, interrupting her. “Are you so determined to fight this attraction?”

He was panting almost as hard as she was. With her skirts held high, he angled his hips to nestle against hers and she couldn’t deny the

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stiff flesh that met hers through the layer of denim. All he had to do was unbutton his trousers and thrust deep, becoming one with her body. She had to close her eyes or risk losing her sanity.

"You are my husband's best friend."

"I *was* your husband's best friend. Who better to look after the woman he loved than me, the man who cared for both of you like my own family?"

Katherine sighed, counting the years she'd cared for him, too. Jason and Richard had been boyhood friends, sharing many life experiences. Even the first time she'd met Jason, when Richard had first brought her to Colorado from Boston, there had been a connection, a bond they'd shared that brought them close. It wasn't until Richard's death that the bond had been allowed to grow into something more, something that was now raging out of control.

"I'm afraid."

"Of what?" he asked, his demeanor instantly changing. He leaned back, giving her room and looking at her with such concern, her stomach rolled inside of her.

"Of this, of *everything*. Before I left Boston, my mother passed away after battling a long, horrid disease. Thank goodness I met Richard at university, or I might have gone mad. Then *he* passed away." Unwanted tears fell from her eyes and she sniffled, wiping her face. Jason brought her wet fingertips to his mouth and kissed them, tasting the salty moisture with his tongue. That touch had her sucking in her breath.

"You're afraid of losing me." It wasn't a question, but a realization.

"I've lost the two most important people in my life. I cannot lose another." Glancing away, Katherine forced herself to focus on his chest. He was such a beautiful, well-made man, almost as if he'd been sculpted from stone by a master. She rested her hands on his shoulders and realized she longed to explore him, to know every nook and cranny his body had to offer. Her own thoughts made her cheeks heat.

Jason caressed her face. His eyes were now soft and filled with another emotion she couldn't quite read. Perhaps she didn't know him as well as she'd thought.

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"You aren't going to lose me," he said gently, running the pad of his thumb over her bottom lip. "I'd come out here every single day if I didn't think you'd get sick of me. Hell, I'd bunk out here in this barn. I don't care. Just so I can be near you, Kathy."

She was silent for so long, he didn't think she'd respond, but finally she tentatively threaded her hands through his hair, sending shivers across his skin.

"Let me make love to you," he whispered in her ear. Christ, if she denied him, he didn't know if he had the strength to walk away. She'd been the object of his dreams for far too long. Sexy, torrid dreams he'd had no right to fantasize about until Richard died. Jason couldn't help but feel a brief pang of remorse for lusting after his best friend's wife, but she was a fine woman—and now that she had no ties to any man, he'd be damned if he'd let her go.

"Kathy, I'm begging here. Please."

Jason closed his eyes, rested his forehead against hers, and simply inhaled, taking in her flowery scent. Her essence. She was the only woman he'd ever cared to pursue; the only one who'd touched his heart.

He'd been in love with her since the moment he'd first seen her, stepping off the train in her finery, her dainty hand reaching for his best friend...

Memories of that day were branded onto his brain. Katherine's honey-colored hair had loosened from her bun, and soft tendrils whipped across her face as her timid blue eyes pierced him to the core. She smiled at him, and he could have sworn he was gazing at an angel. But she'd belonged to Richard.

Until now.

A soft whisper of touch fluttered across the skin of his chest, only to float down to caress his belly. Jason snapped his eyes open, looked down, and found her hand on him, slowly exploring. She was absorbed in what she was doing—and he didn't have the strength to stop her, nor did he want to. The moment seemed so fragile. If he said another word, he just might shatter it. If she came to him, he wanted her to come because she wished it, not because *he* did. He couldn't help his raging lust, but she'd

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seemed to enjoy what he'd given her before.

Now, she seemed determined to drive him to the brink of insanity.

She smoothed her hand over his skin, lower and lower, until it rested on the top of his jeans. Beneath the fabric, his erection strained to be set free. He longed to press himself into her palm, eager to feel the relief of her skin sliding against his.

"Jason?"

Her soft voice penetrated his lust, bringing his full attention back to her. "What?"

"If we do this, will you still come to visit me?"

"Of course I will, Kathy." He blinked. "Every damn day, if you'll have me. Every damn night, too." To accentuate his words, he pushed forward, brushing his sheathed cock across her knuckles. She gasped, but didn't break eye contact. Neither did she remove her hand.

The sun was going down, but Jason didn't care. His entire world was focused on this one woman. She alone had the power to make him complete, or crush his heart beneath the heel of her boot. In the twilight, her face was bathed in pink and gold from the small window above them. Her beauty never ceased to amaze him; not just her face, but her heart as well. She was loyal and gave her entire being to the ones she loved. Jason longed to be the one to whom she gave herself, heart and soul.

"If you c-come up the mountain every day, you m-might as well move h-here."

She was nervous. What the hell did she have to be nervous about? Didn't she know he belonged to her? All she had to do was ask.

"I thought you didn't want a scandal." He purposefully kept his voice light. Now was not the time to scare her away, but he had to make her think of the ramifications if he moved in without a proper wedding.

"I don't know what I want right now."

Once again, his thoughts turned passionate. "Oh, I beg to differ," he breathed, giving her the grin he knew made her blush. "You want to touch me. You want to make love to me. I've seen the way your eyes drink me in."

Bold words, he knew, but her fear had melted at the sight of his

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grin. Of that, he was sure. The look on her face gave him the courage to be direct; to tell her things he'd longed to tell her for years.

Her fingers just barely delved beneath the waistband of his jeans before tugging him closer. "Not in the barn."

A blaze of white-hot desire nearly tore him apart. She was his. *Finally.*

\* \* \* \* \*

Katherine couldn't keep up with him. He'd grabbed her hand and stormed out the barn so fast, she had to run to avoid being dragged. His eagerness made her giddy, and there was no help for the broad smile that spread across her face.

"I'm sorry," Jason tossed over his shoulder. "But if I don't have you now, I just might die."

The seriousness of his tone prompted a giggle to escape her. With her heart pounding wildly, she retorted, "If you slow down, I just might kill you."

He chuckled, and the sound of it nearly brought her to her knees. She hadn't realized how much she wanted him until that very moment. The thought of lying in the shelter of his arms as he made love to her brought a calming peace to her heart. This was right. This was where she was meant to be. She'd never been more sure of anything in her entire life.

She raced with him up the three stairs to her wide porch, only to trip on the top step, tumbling to the floorboards in a heap.

"Ow!"

Instantly, Jason hovered over her, concern written on his beautiful face. "You all right, Kathy, baby?"

The look in his eyes made her laugh out loud, releasing the tension that had been winding its way through her body. In answer to his question, she grabbed his face with both hands and brought him down with her, kissing him almost as savagely as he'd kissed her not more than a few moments ago.

He groaned in surrender before covering her body with his. In only

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a moment, he took command of the kiss, pressing her against the porch and delving within her mouth, demanding her participation. Katherine's tongue battled with his, warring for dominance in a losing battle. Nothing was gentle about him now. He was going to take her right here on her porch—the bed be damned.

Every inch of her skin burned for his touch. If he didn't make love to her now, she'd be consumed into nothing more than ashes by her own carnal lust.

Without shame, Katherine bucked her hips toward him.

"Lift my skirts," she breathed into his mouth. He obeyed without hesitation, helping bring her backside off the wood to raise the fabric to her hips. The cool kiss of the evening breeze brought goose bumps to her flesh, but she wasn't cold in the least. Her drawers had been tossed somewhere within the stall they'd occupied earlier. Nothing hindered Jason from claiming her other than his own jeans.

He cupped her breast, and Katherine hadn't noticed until he touched her that her nipples had hardened almost painfully to fine points.

"I want to rip these goddamned clothes off you."

His words were barely spoken before he popped the first five buttons open on her blouse. Peeling back the fabric, he dipped his hand inside only to discover she wore no corset.

Jason's eyes flared with desire, and he popped more buttons in his eagerness to reveal her breasts. Her chemise was no match for him as he bared her to his eyes. She only had a second to be shocked before liquid heat engulfed her nipple. His mouth teased her mercilessly, gently biting, then suckling hard, as if he wanted to swallow her.

Katherine held onto his head while spreading her legs wide in open invitation. But he was too preoccupied to notice, and she was too abandoned to care. Shudders slammed through her when his tongue flicked her back and forth, bringing a rush of wetness to her pussy.

"Jason," she whispered. "Jason!"

He didn't answer, merely lifted his head to feast on her other breast. She tried rubbing against him to ease her fiery ache, but he lifted himself above her, hindering her efforts. She almost scolded him for it, but

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that's when he released her nipple and scooted lower, coming to rest between her legs.

His eyes caught hers, and she knew without a doubt what he was going to do. The expression on his face was one of passion, one of possession, and Katherine wanted more than anything to be branded his woman.

"Give me your hands." His words were a command. Before she could lift them off the floorboards, he took them in his, bringing her fingers to her own pussy. "Hold yourself open, baby."

She should have been modest; she should have been aghast at being spread wide before a man, but she'd wanted Jason for far too long. He was her only stable rock, the only one who was still with her after the entire world fell away. She'd follow him to the ends of the earth if he asked. That shocking revelation made her suck in her breath.

*Am I in love with him?*

Her thoughts scattered to the winds at the first touch of his silken tongue. Up and down his head bobbed, making her writhe in ecstasy. She spread herself even wider, opening her folds for his plunder and grinding her hips into his face.

"Oh, just like that, Kathy," he whispered, before lowering his head once more. Her taste was exquisite, like hot honey melting in his mouth. He couldn't get enough. Again and again he lapped at her, holding her hips to plunge his tongue inside her. She cried out and arched like a cat, flexing her muscles to his rhythm.

A fresh wetness greeted him and he licked it up greedily, groaning aloud at her response. He'd only dreamed she'd be so willing, never actually believing it himself. But he wasn't going to waste this moment; he was going to make sure she enjoyed herself, if only to make her remember it was *he* who brought out the animal in her.

He backed off a bit, tracing her sex with his tongue, and giving her chaste kisses on her wet, engorged skin. Her moan of protest brought a smile to his lips.

"Patience," he said, caressing her thighs, marveling at the heat of her skin.

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"Don't stop," she whined, bucking once more to get his attention.

"Oh, don't you worry," he said, grinning from ear to ear. "I've no intention of doing any such thing."

With his fingers alone he stroked her, marveling in the glorious woman spread before him. If he were dreaming, he hoped like hell he'd never awaken. Seeing Kathy gasping for breath at the heat of his touch swelled much more than his male pride. His cock demanded to plunge inside her, to mark her as his own, to claim this woman once and for all. But he wasn't willing to deny himself the pleasure of this fabulous view, not now. Not yet.

Her delicate feminine skin glistened with moisture, coating his fingers in her unique essence. With one effortless move, he slid his finger into her depths, then pulled it out slowly. Kathy groaned and rolled her hips. He gave her another thrust, amazed at her zealous response.

"Jason, don't tease me."

Her voice was husky, telling him all he needed to know about the height of her arousal. His gaze caught hers, and his stomach leapt within him.

"I want to feel *you*, not your fingers." She reached out for him, and he was powerless to resist. He scooted closer, allowing her to pull him on top of her once more. Her breasts bounced at the movement, drawing his eyes. Their tightened peaks grazed across his bare chest, stealing his breath away.

He was only vaguely aware she was attempting to unbutton his jeans. Good Lord, who'd have ever thought demure Katherine Krieg was a sexual wanton? Jason smiled inwardly. He sure as shit wasn't complaining.

Reaching between them, he brushed her hands away and unbuttoned his pants himself, pushing them down to his knees.

"Hurry," she pleaded. That one word undid him.

Without taking the time to shrug off his pants, Jason positioned himself against her and slid into her wet channel with ease. Kathy hid her face in his neck and shuddered from head to toe. She wrapped her long legs around him, holding him still. Her moist heat scorched him from the



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inside out. She engulfed his body, taking his cock to the hilt. The moment he stopped his advance, she bit his shoulder, almost tearing him in two right then and there.

“Kathy,” he whispered in her ear, reveling in the knowledge he was buried deep inside her. *“You’re everything I’ve ever dreamed.”*

Before she could respond, he sought her lips, plunging his tongue deep, swallowing her soft gasps. Her tongue slid through his mouth with slow determination, prompting him to pull out of her pussy just enough to thrust forward with a sharp jab.

Kathy broke the kiss. *“Again.”*

Planting his hands on either side of her head, he pumped, watching in awe as her tits trembled beneath him. He couldn’t resist tasting them and dipped his head to pillage.

*“Harder...”*

Christ, her pleas would be the death of him! Using his teeth, he raked her nipple within his mouth. Jason grabbed hold of her hips and began a harsh rhythm, driving deep, grinding his hips into hers. Kathy held on tight, twisting one hand in his hair and digging the other into his back. With every thrust, she whimpered, until her gasps became cries of desperation.

*“Kiss me!”* she demanded. *“Jason, please.”*

Without hesitation, he took her mouth, suckling her bottom lip, continuing to possess her. His pleasure was building—it would only be a matter of moments before he fell apart in her arms. But Kathy came first, swift and sure against him, her muscles milking his cock. That alone was enough to send him hurtling toward completion, shattering his control into a thousand pieces.

With one final cry, he pressed forward, ending his intimate dance through a haze of desire. Nothing could have prepared him for the intensity of his climax, nor the dizziness that overcame him. He laid his head on Kathy’s shoulder, trying keep his weight from pressing down on her, but it was nearly impossible with his arms trembling so violently. He was convinced making love to Katherine was the single most amazing thing he’d ever experienced in his entire life.

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She kissed his cheek. "It's all right. Don't cry."

With a sniffle, Jason was shocked to find he was indeed crying, as tears rolled down his cheeks.

"My God, baby," he said brokenly. "That was...that was..."

"I know." Moisture filled her eyes as well.

He stroked her cheeks with his thumbs, kissing her swollen lips tenderly. "I want to make love to you every night."

Her gaze softened at his words, giving him the courage to continue.

"I want to hold you in my arms every day."

Kathy's breath hitched in her throat. "I want that, too. I don't want to be alone anymore."

"You're not alone, sweetheart. You've never been alone." He gave her another soft kiss. Her words pierced his heart. In the many months since her husband's death, Kathy must have been so very lonely. Even Jason's scattered visits had probably not been enough to keep her loneliness at bay, despite the fact she'd been damned happy to see him each and every time.

He read her fear in her eyes; they were so expressive, like an open book. "I'm not leaving you, Katherine."

The moment he said it, he realized the truth. He was in love with this woman. He wasn't going anywhere.

His home was here, with her.

Katherine sighed, unable to hold back her emotions any longer. He'd melted her with his magnificent loving, and now he was proving to be the one man with whom she wanted to spend the rest of her life. She'd been married to Richard, but she had no doubt in her mind she was meant to be with *Jason*. Whenever he touched her, sparks flew, and she knew beyond the shadow of a doubt she'd want to feel him again and again.

His unwavering gaze held hers. Even though he'd just had his way with her on the front porch, she couldn't help but wonder and hope he was telling her he wanted something more than mere sex.

"I don't ever want you to go home." She bit her lip, unsure of his thoughts. Baring herself to him emotionally was much harder than baring her naked skin. He could crush her dreams with just one word.

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He traced the skin of her neck with his fingers, only to lift them up and thread them through her hair. *"I am home."*

Relief swept through her like a rushing wind. Katherine embraced him, kissing every inch of his skin within reach of her mouth. His cock was still rooted deep inside her when he sat up, bringing her with him to sit firmly in his lap. That position had her straddling him and she couldn't help the blush creeping up her cheeks. The feel of him pressing against her most sensitive spot inside her pussy had her working her hips back and forth in shallow thrusts, if only to feel it once more.

*"I want to marry you."*

His words came out of nowhere and blindsided her. She gasped, bringing her hand to her mouth in shock. Her thrusts were all but forgotten when she looked into his beautiful eyes.

*"I love you, Kathy."* His voice was firm and filled with purpose. He curled his arms around her like a pair of steel bands, unwilling to let her go even a few inches away. *"I've always loved you. Since that first day I met you at the train depot. If you weren't already married to Richard, I would have fought him for you."*

Katherine blinked at his admission. *"Really?"* was all she could think to say.

Jason nodded. *"I want to take care of you. I want to be your husband and tell the world you're mine. I don't want any other man touching you but me."*

*"Are...are you sure? I might not be able to have children."* She absently stroked his face.

*"I don't care. We'll have each other. That's all that matters."*

A long moment passed as she collected her thoughts. Finally, she decided to tell him what she'd only just realized herself. *"I love you, too, Jason. I can't stand it when you leave me."*

A wide smile spread across his face, making him more sexy than any man had a right to be. *"You won't have to worry about that again. I won't ever let you go."*

Katherine smiled through her tears and placed her forehead on his. *"You promise?"*

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“With all my heart.”

She pressed her lips to his, stroking his tongue, hoping he’d know just how much she loved him by that one kiss alone.

“Jason?”

“What?” he breathed.

“Take me to bed.”

He gave her a wicked grin and flexed his hips beneath her. Katherine bit her lip and gasped at the same time his cock thrust deep, as far as it could go.

“Ah, so you *like* to be fucked, my dear?”

Leaning in close, she took his earlobe playfully into her mouth and suckled. “Only by you.”

Jason groaned and fisted his hand in her hair, bringing her face within inches of his own. His eyes were alight with passionate mischief. “Then let’s get to fuckin’, baby.”

Katherine shrieked when he suddenly stood and swept her into his arms. She couldn’t contain her giggles as he shuffled through the front door, trying in vain to kick it shut behind him.

“Ah, to hell with it,” he growled with a grin. He made his way slowly down the hall to her room, leaving the door wide open, with his jeans still wrapped about his ankles.

Katherine laughed until he tumbled her onto her bed, where her laughter soon faded into heated, pleased gasps.

The End

### Author Bio

Rebecca Goings has had a passion for writing ever since she was a little girl. At age seven, she decided to be an author and tailored her schooling around her dream, taking creative writing courses along with typing and computer classes. Ever since she found her older sister's stash of romance novels at the tender age of twelve, she knew her true calling. After a stack of rejection letters, Rebecca never gave up and has now established herself as a successful e-book author with over twenty books, novellas, and short stories to her name. She lives in Portland, Oregon with her husband Jim, their five beautiful children, three precious kitties, and one annoying, stubborn muttley.

To learn more about Rebecca, please visit her author website at [www.rebeccagoings.com](http://www.rebeccagoings.com) or join her growing chat group at <http://groups.google.com/group/themagicromance>