

ELLORA'S CAVE PRESENTS

ELLORA'S CAVE
Quickies

Beloved
BROTHER

KATIE BLU

An Ellora's Cave Romantica Publication



www.ellorascave.com

Beloved Brother

ISBN 9781419916489

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

Beloved Brother Copyright © 2008 Katie Blu

Edited by Helen Woodall.

Cover art by Syneca.

Electronic book Publication July 2008

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

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

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

BELOVED BROTHER

Katie Blu

Dedication

To all inhabitants of postcode 4401 and the Equine Studies Department at the University of Queensland. For J, L and D for all the late nights at the pub and unplanned trips to Toowoomba. RIP Bernborough.

Trademarks Acknowledgement

The author acknowledges the trademarked status and trademark owners of the following wordmarks mentioned in this work of fiction:

Berber: Mohawk Brands, Inc

Frisbee: Wham-O, Inc.

Hanes: HBI Branded Apparel Limited, Inc.

Chapter One

Six Years Ago

Phoebe Marks squeezed further into the shadows of the wraparound porch, trying as hard as she could not to pant in unison with Mrs. Gilfoy who keened low and fast with each thrust from her lover. Mrs. Gilfoy, her back to Phoebe, had her sexy black dress pulled up around her neck. Her body glistened like polished alabaster in the moonlight.

Her lover's fingers dug into her hips. Mrs. Gilfoy's bottom hopped on the banister with each impaling thrust from his lustful cock. The top of his dark head on her shoulder told Phoebe he nuzzled against Mrs. Gilfoy's neck as she clung to his broad shoulders.

Heat pooled between Phoebe's legs. Her breath caught at the shuddering squeal of release when the lover pounded harder and faster into Mrs. Gilfoy, not stopping until he grunted his own satisfaction.

It was the first time she'd actually seen him fuck someone. Phoebe had imagined it many times in the last two years, but never like this. Never the primal drive to screw she had just witnessed. Her breath was still coming hard as she watched Jared reclothe Mrs. Gilfoy and tug her hem into place. His hand drifted over her ass as he walked her to the door.

Phoebe's thighs throbbed, her body clenched deep inside. She'd seen him neck her best friend in high school. She'd even watched him cup one girl's breast, stroking over it, making her kiss him with frenzied intensity. That was college. Phoebe's nipples had contracted tightly at that. And there had been the time she'd seen his car in the parking lot outside his dorm building, rocking vigorously beneath a tree. But Jared Larabie, her new stepbrother, had never made her ache so badly, before tonight.

Mom had to be crazy to marry his dad. What's worse was she hadn't given Phoebe any warning—just up and married him in a courthouse. Not that Phoebe begrudged her remarrying after the way Dad ran off, but did she have to marry the father of her daughter's nemesis? The guy who'd made high school hell and college life torture once she'd looked past his mocking sneer to his handsome face and still had to hate him for past sins?

Okay, she'd been at the bar celebrating her twenty-first birthday and had made the odious mistake of hitting on the sexiest man who'd walked in the door. Imagine her horror when she'd quit staring at his hot bod long enough to take a gander at his face. Two years ago. Two years and that instant attraction after years of avoidance hadn't left her, damn him.

When Mom called to announce the wedding today, Phoebe had dropped everything to come home. It appeared Jared had done the same. She eyed Mrs. Gilfoy. Well, maybe not everything. The only dropping he'd done on Mrs. Gilfoy was her panties. Phoebe stifled a snort.

Mrs. Gilfoy kissed Jared goodnight and slipped into her house. It was then Phoebe realized Jared knew she was there. His gaze locked on her through the shadows and he smirked. His loping gait brought him to the spot where he'd fucked Mrs. Gilfoy into next week. Leaning on the banister, Jared stared into the shadows where Phoebe stood.

"Did you get a good look, Phoebe?" He hopped off Mrs. Gilfoy's porch and approached.

Phoebe gasped and ran for her mom's backyard. Anything to avoid the embarrassment of getting caught. He chased after her. She could hear the dry grass give beneath each rapid step as he followed her into the backyard. The house lights were off with the exception of her mother's bedroom. Consummating the marriage? Oh God, Phoebe would love to *consummate* with Jared.

Jared caught her around the waist and pushed her back against the tree. Phoebe pelted him with ineffectual hits to his chest. "Let me go!"

"Not until we chat," he said. Jared grabbed her wrists and held them above her head with his large hands. "How much did you see?"

His breath fell softly on her cheek. She glared up at him. "Enough to make Mr. Gilfoy pretty pissed."

"Mr. Gilfoy ought to spend more time pleasing his wife than his secretary."

"She's old enough to be your mother," Phoebe snapped kicking out to nail him in the groin.

Jared blocked her kick and parted her legs easily, using his hips to pin her. "Only just. She's forty-five and a great-looking forty-five."

Phoebe grunted, arching her back to shove him off, but he was too heavy. Still, she repeated the attempt. "And you're twenty-four. That's like twenty years."

"Good job, squirt. You know your math. But the fact that Mrs. Gilfoy needed a fuck-buddy for the night should be a little out of your interest area. Don't you think?"

"Piss off. We're both here to talk some sense into our parents not fuck the next door neighbors."

Jared laughed. His body quaked heartily against hers. And much to her irritation, her body began to respond to the seductive, husky sound of him laughing at her. Her legs wobbled and her already hot apex throbbed uncomfortably. Phoebe whimpered, unable to explain the thick, hungry coil inside her that pebbled her nipples and made her ache to rub them against his warm chest.

She bucked against him, her breath shuddering in her lungs when her hips ground hard against his. There was no ignoring the long ridge between them or the way Jared's laugh stopped short. Unable to stop herself, Phoebe rubbed her hips along his. A quiet whimper escaped her.

Jared stared hard at her. His gaze narrowed on hers as he carefully studied her expression. She tried to guard the sharp arousal she felt, but he saw it anyway because he swore under his breath. His nostrils flared. "You're horny," he said flatly.

"I'm fine." She bared her teeth at him and glared. "Let go of me."

"You saw something you liked tonight. Interesting considering how much you hate me. Or do you hate me Phoebe? Is that the problem?"

"Ha! I saw you and Mrs. Gilfoy hammering the porch posts in. That's what I saw. Don't flatter yourself, asshole."

"Really," he said, his voice a challenging whisper. Jared hovered over her. Locking eyes with her, he brushed his mouth across the corner of hers.

She gasped, instinctively turning her head to him. "Go away, Jared."

His lips feathered the other corner and she sealed her eyes against the very near temptation he presented. The memory of him with Mrs. Gilfoy made the temptation more difficult to resist. Stumbling across him fucking her, Phoebe hadn't been able to look away. She tingled between her legs like it was her channel he had speared with his cock.

Jared's ticklish brush across her lips had done nothing to ease the longing. Phoebe squirmed. "Please..." Oh dear Lord, had that been her voice begging him to kiss her?

His mouth settled on hers. She whimpered for more, hating herself as she did. With tender exploration, his lips molded to hers. She parted beneath him, but his mouth remained closed. Phoebe arched her hips into his, grinding him to relieve the sting of arousal. "Make it stop," she pleaded.

"What stop?"

She moaned, not able to bring herself to tell him that her crotch ached for something and wanting him to give it to her. She'd never felt this way before. She'd never been out of control with the agonizing sting between her legs. "Jared, it hurts." She pushed her hips against his, moaning when his erection centered between her thighs.

Jared tracked a hand from where he held her wrists, drifting down her arm. His hard palm cupped her breast and Phoebe cried out as pleasure thrummed from the

heated contact through her bra. "You're a big girl. Go up to your room and take care of it."

"How?"

"What do you mean how?" he asked. His thumb slid over her nipple and her body jerked violently. Damn, Phoebe was well on this side of turned on. If she ground her lithe body on his one more time, he was pretty sure he'd lose the last vestiges of his control and fuck her with twice the enthusiasm he'd shown Mrs. Gilfoy. But his dad might frown on his son fucking his brand new stepsister.

She was hyper responsive though and from the glazed look in her eyes she needed release. Didn't she know how to take care of herself? Didn't every girl in her twenties know how? "Touch yourself," he growled.

"I don't know how," she gasped, blinking at him like she was scandalized. "How – What do you mean?"

Well, shit, wasn't her mother supposed to have had "the talk" with her? Sex ed? Something? Jared hauled her off the tree, taking her place and pulling her to him. Her butt nestled sweetly around his cock. He had to bite down on the inside of his cheek to keep from thrusting against her when she squirmed, lodging him firmly between her ass cheeks. His balls drew up tight. Fucking her was a bad idea. But helping her get off couldn't win him any points. If he didn't do either soon, they were both thoroughly, irrevocably, blissfully screwed. His dad would be shitting bricks.

In letting her hands go, he encountered a new problem. She kept reaching behind her to grab his ass and pull him further against her. She spread her thighs, opening herself to the ridge at her back and Jared blindly groped beneath her shirt to unhook her bra. His hands shook.

If someone had told him Phoebe the prude would be dry humping his cock half an hour ago, he'd have told them they were insane. The Ice Princess had provided him

with plenty of wet dreams but fuck if he ever thought she'd let him near her. He still wasn't convinced she wouldn't scream and bring down his father's wrath.

Jared clutched her left hand and guided it under her shirt, beneath her bra. Fine, she wanted release, he'd show her, but he would not touch her and have the gates of hades open on him for his part in heavy petting Dad's new little girl.

His hand on top of hers, he cupped her, stroked her, teased her nipple with her own palm. His head dropped back wondering what he'd done to be placed in this hell. He was touching her tight body without feeling a goddamned thing. Fuck. Bloody brilliant of him. He'd have blue balls for a week.

She shuddered, a moan escaping her lips. "What are you doing?"

"I'm not fucking doing anything. You are."

He guided her thumb and forefinger around her nipple and made her squeeze. Phoebe yelped then shoved hard against his groin. Time to get this show on the road, he thought grimly, hoping he got her off before she wrecked his inhibitions.

He flicked open her snap and unzipped her shorts. Guiding her other hand inside her panties he used her hand to stroke her pussy with gentle pets. His middle finger pushed hers inside. She bucked, her head dropping to his shoulder.

"Take it from here, sweetheart, before you kill me."

"Don't know what to do," she panted.

"Rub your clit. C'mon honey. Rub it so it feels good."

Her tentative touches were leaving her frustrated. She squirmed against his cock. Pre-cum dampened his cock. Jared bit back another body-racking moan and worked her finger over her clit, sliding round and round.

Phoebe's knees buckled and he dropped his hand from her breast, wrapping his arm around her waist to hold her up. In the dim light, he watched her fingers continue to fumble beneath her shirt without his encouragement. Her breaths stabbed the air in hasty gulps and pants. He rubbed harder, faster, switching directions and intensity.

Suddenly she came, her body convulsing in silent ecstasy as air hissed from her mouth. Cream leaked through her fingers onto his in silken, hot spill.

Slowly regaining herself, Phoebe stiffened in his arms and shoved away from him. Her face contorted with fury as she drew up her shorts with shaking hands. She wiped her hand on her shorts. "You bastard!" She raised her arm. He waited for the slap. She didn't disappoint as her hit knocked his face to the side and made his ears ring. "You're such a fucking bastard!" Phoebe ran for the double sliding glass doors, disappearing from his sight.

The prospect of meeting his new mommy now had no shine to it. Walking in there after that entrance would raise all kinds of questions he didn't feel capable of fielding at the moment. Not with his cock poking up in the air, begging for attention. He'd meet her another time.

"Fuck that," he muttered, feeling no small amount of chagrin for wanting to stroke Phoebe, forcing her completion upon her. He unzipped his jeans letting his eager cock spring out. His hand still wet from Phoebe's juices, he fisted himself and began pumping. Her dulcet pants filled his mind as he imagined her coming for him, sobbing sweetly for him as her orgasm mastered his shaft, tearing his cum from him. With a shout, Jared spurted into the darkness.

Chapter Two

Four Years Ago

"Jared, this is ridiculous. We can't have a peaceful holiday around here with you two acting like mortal enemies," Mrs. Larabie said. Exasperation sped her words and she looked to his father for support.

"She's right, son. I don't know what put you two in opposite corners, but this fight has to come to an end."

Jared leaned against the entry wall hearing his parents admonish him to "fix" his relationship with Phoebe, yet again. He folded his arms across his chest. Dad helped Mary with her shrug then handed her the small clutch bag. "Nothing to fix, Dad."

Mary huffed. "Of course there is." She closed the distance to him and lightly rested her hand on his forearm. Her eyes begged Jared to agree with her. "I know it's been rocky since your dad and I got married, but we really love each other."

"We do, son."

"I realize you miss your mother but didn't your dad deserve to find happiness again?"

"And I found it." His father nodded sagely behind Mary.

Jared withstood the urge to roll his eyes. He wasn't a kid and his dad wasn't Ward Cleaver, so where was this crap coming from? "You two married when Phoebe and I were already adults. Hell, we'd even both left home already. You can do whatever you want. You don't need my permission."

"Yes, but you two haven't ever got on," Mary pressed.

"And yet she's an adult. Twenty-five years of life behind her. Can we just chalk it up to difference of opinion?"

"Jared," his father warned, "whatever it is between you and Phoebe, make it right. No more arguing. I want the next holiday to be peaceful and not this refusal to talk or avoidance thing you have going on right now."

It was Easter. That gave him 'til Thanksgiving to "fix it" as he had no intention of being home on the Fourth of July.

"Now, Jared. Not later," his dad said as if reading his mind.

The door closed behind them just as Phoebe skipped down the stairs. He eyed her suspiciously. She glared. She looked way too succulent in her snug low-rise jeans. Her slinky tank top clung to her with the help of mere threads crisscrossing her shoulders and back. Crap.

"Where's Mom?" she asked.

Phoebe fidgeted, tugging on her light brown ponytail. Her pretty brown eyes flicked to the front door, the kitchen, anywhere but settling on him. As it had been for two years since he jacked her off in the backyard.

Fuck but he still remembered the smell of her liquid heat. The texture of it, the way it made his cock shine in the moonlight. Her sweet sobs were marked forever in his mind. She'd made it impossible for him to commit to another woman when the thought of her itched below his skin, made him restless.

"She and Dad went out."

"Oh." Phoebe turned and started back up the stairs.

"Phoebe. They want us to talk."

She paused, looking at him over her shoulder. "I have nothing to say to you."

It took him three steps to reach her, take her wrist and spin her to face him. With her being one step higher, they were eye-level to one another. He watched her pupils expand. Phoebe tugged on her earlobe. "What?" she asked.

"There's a lot to sort out." He didn't want her to walk away. Where moments ago, he'd have given his left nut not to have to talk to her about the sex play, he couldn't think of anywhere he'd rather be at the moment.

"There is nothing to sort out. You're a horn-dog who looks for the nearest female to get his rocks off. What's there to say?"

"As I remember it, Phoeb, you asked me to take care of it for you."

Her cheeks bloomed with color. "And you did. Very gracious of you. Nice to know a girl can depend on her *brother* to take care of such things," she snapped.

His body hardened before her eyes. His brows drew together and his lips thinned. Every instinct in her told her to get the hell away, and now. Her heart pounded the warning, but a thrill shot through her and taunted her. What would he do if she made him mad enough to chase her again? Would he touch her? Could she tempt him to do more?

The walls of her core clenched at the thought of him riding her, claiming her as he had claimed Mrs. Gilfoy that night. God, was she a hussy for wanting Jared to pound his cock into her as far as he could? To make her scream as she came and know that as she did so, he surrendered to her?

"Well?" she taunted. She tapped her chin in mock thoughtfulness. "You know, I'm pretty sure Sharon's boyfriend has never taken her up the ass. I think he's been remiss. What do you think, Jared?"

His muscles bunched and she had seconds to spin and dart up the stairs. Jared's fingers curled around her calf and tugged. Phoebe fell. He dragged her toward him, easily flipping her onto her back. She tried to scramble backward up the steps, but Jared held her thighs apart. He crawled toward her. She squirmed under his grip disbelieving as his teeth flashed and he sank them into her jean-covered crotch. His gaze blazed into hers.

Beneath his hot breath and possessive nip, her pussy flooded. He released her crotch and jerked her thighs until she was laid out below him. Jared kneeled on the step between her legs then pinned her shoulders down with hands which were both tender but insistent.

"And yet you watched, didn't you Phoebes? You watched me take Mrs. Gilfoy. Watched her come. Watched me come. Why?"

Only his hands touched her in this position and only on her shoulders, but his body was a muscled barrier she would not be able to free herself from if she tried. "You were on the porch. What did you want me to do? Offer you tea?"

His smile twisted humorlessly. "You could have gone inside at any time." He leaned down, flicking his tongue over her earlobe when she turned her head aside. The tip tickled along the whorls, as sure a kiss as if he'd taken her mouth.

A moan escaped her. Phoebe tried to cover it up with a frustrated grunt. She planted her hands on his chest and shoved, to no avail. "Hindsight's twenty-twenty," she muttered through her teeth.

"Indeed it is. And if I had it to do over again, I would have made you beg for my hands on your body. Just to avoid a future like this." His lips trailed down the side of her neck, nipping and licking the taut tendon. His eyes roamed her top when he pulled back.

Her nipples puckered under his perusal. The cool satin fabric over them was the only covering she had and it did nothing to discourage him from seeing his effect on her. He looked into her eyes, his hazel gaze more green than brown. A smile quirked his handsome lips. Phoebe tried to slow her breathing, but it was no use.

"Doesn't look to me like you hate the reminder of that night," he teased.

"My body doesn't dictate my actions."

"Oh no?"

She swore silently, knowing she had just issued him a challenge. Said body zinged happily and her chest felt warm and tight with exhilaration. Crap, even her nervous system was revolting against her better judgment. "No," she muttered, sealing her fate.

His green eyes heated. With a quick flip of his wrist on her floss-like straps, her top snapped free. She gasped at the sudden exposure, covering her breasts from his gaze. But he didn't look. His eyebrow arched waiting to see what she would do.

"Forget our parents are married, did you?" she questioned, breathlessly.

His nose touched hers. His hand skimmed down the side of her body and up her torso, resting below where she cupped herself. "We aren't related. We didn't even grow up together like a family. Unless of course you *want* to pretend you're fucking your brother."

She gasped wiggling up the stairs. Too late, she realized she'd done little more than put her cleavage under his nose. "I'm not fucking you. In your dreams," she spat out.

His hand on her torso undid her jeans and her panties dampened further. Was there going to be a repeat of that night? Oh, God, yes, she thought. He grabbed her hips and dragged her pants and undies to mid-thigh. Phoebe yelped as Berber tickled her bare bottom. Jared climbed up her body until he was again face to face with her. "No fucking."

He easily pulled her arms above her head as he had done that night. Though she was exposed to him, his gaze held hers. His free hand, however, glided over her torso, stroked under her breasts, between them. His thumb stroked the swollen flesh and Phoebe bit her lip to keep from making any noise that he might construe as acceptance. Secretly her body rejoiced in the tantalizing caress.

Jared settled his mouth against her neck, sucking her where her pulses fluttered. The back of his hand brushed her nipple. Phoebe inhaled sharply, arching to bring him back into contact. His chuckle cleared her mind, firmed her resolve not to give in to him easily. But the almost touches continued, driving her crazy. Her nipples pinched so tightly they ached. The very air drifting over them was enough to send tremors through

her and make her hips twist for relief from the heat building in them. Moisture slicked from her nether lips, tickling as it seeped out.

His thumb circled her navel before he cupped her pussy in his hand. "For someone who doesn't want it, you sure are wet, Ice Princess."

"Screw you. If I wanted it, I'd call my boyfriend."

"And yet I'm the one between your legs making you cream. Interesting predicament you're in."

She was panting and tossing her head. Why didn't she just admit she wanted him inside her? Why did she have to play this wicked game with him? And why the hell couldn't he move past her and find some other woman who openly agreed to fucking him?

He nipped her shoulder wishing he could feast his eyes on her but knowing if he did, he'd be lost. She'd control him then and what he wanted was for her to say it. Say out loud she wanted him. He would sell his soul for that admission, because fuck if he didn't want her everyday for the rest of his life.

He could acknowledge the truth though it was bitter to swallow. Loving her the way he did when she wanted nothing more than sexual release from him, which she could scorn later, didn't sit well. He couldn't refuse the way she made him feel, but he could refuse to look at her and let her see the longing in his eyes.

"I don't want you," she panted. "I don't." But her breaths and soft sighs argued with her.

By way of punishment, he refused to touch her nipples. Refused to roll her clit between his fingers. Instead, he shoved three fingers deep inside her pussy and began to rub the bundle of nerves hidden in her sheath.

Her hips jerked and she cried out. Her body arched, no doubt aching for the friction of his chest against her turgid peaks, relief he wouldn't provide for her. No. She'd get

nothing more from him than his fingers in her silky channel, relentlessly rubbing her G-spot. He stopped kissing her, refusing her even that contact, and fucked her with his fingers.

Phoebe twisted and bucked beneath him. Tears slipped from the corners of her eyes. He could see her unspoken plea, but unless she said the words, asked him to touch her, take her, he wouldn't give her more than this shallow victory. He turned his head aside, and plunged deeper into her body. His fingers rubbed firmly over the spot that created so much tension in her. He twisted them, rotating as he finger-fucked her, making the sluice of her juices sound erotic and obscene at the same time.

"Bastard," she panted in agitation.

"You could say the words anytime. Tell me you want me and I'll give you whatever you need, honey."

She howled with frustration. The hair on her temples had grown moist and her legs shook, waiting for release to descend mercifully on her. "No," she gasped.

"Why?" he growled. "You want it. I can see that you want it. I'll give it to you. Just ask."

"I don't need you. I don't..." Her voice gave out.

Phoebe moaned and tossed her head. She was so close. Her eyelashes spiked outward, so tightly had she closed her eyes. Watching her come undone, continue to insist she didn't want him, made his heart ache. With renewed energy, his fingers worked inside her building the friction. Her channel was slick. He crammed in a fourth finger. Phoebe screamed and her body shook violently as an orgasm consumed her in wave after wave of release. She clenched around his fingers, her inner muscles tight and throbbing. He waited until she collapsed on the stairs.

Calmly, Jared pulled his hand from her pussy. Without looking at her, he walked through the front door, leaving her where she lay.

She heard the door close. Tears dripped down the sides of her face. She didn't need Jared. She didn't.

She hadn't needed her father to stick around for her mother either. But her mother had been crushed when her father left nine years ago. And though Phoebe knew finding her father screwing Sharon's mother wouldn't have changed the outcome of his leaving them, she did blame her mother for making Phoebe love her dad so much it hurt when he left. And kept hurting every year he pretended Phoebe didn't exist and all the family vacations, riding his back or playing Frisbee in the surf meant nothing to him and everything to her.

Her mother had remarried. It was only a matter of time before Tom left her too. Then Phoebe wouldn't have to wish Jared loved her when he and Tom left them behind like Dad had done.

Her body ached from the cold fucking she'd been given at Jared's hands. There had been no tenderness in what he did. She'd been a thing he'd cranked so she could get off. Again. She could have asked for more but it was easier this way. It wouldn't destroy her when he exited her life as he exited her mother's home. Phoebe had learned her lesson well.

Hollow and not at all satisfied, Phoebe dragged herself upstairs to take a shower and go to bed. Screw Jared Larabie. Her hands trembled as she gathered her top and closed her jeans. Screw him.

Chapter Three

Present Day

Jared couldn't stand seeing Phoebe in pain. Dad had left half an hour ago to tend to the friends and family crowding the home he had shared with Mary. Phoebe sat motionless on Jared's couch, taking up as little room as possible and staring at the floor. She had been unable to handle the hugs and tears and recounting after recounting of how good it was Mary had not suffered with cancer longer. Jared and his dad had insisted she come here to get away.

They could tell her how her mother was somewhere happier now, that she wasn't weak, in agony, any longer. But having been there himself, Jared knew none of it mattered to her. Grief was grief, with its own time frame, its own memory, its own need for precious space.

Jared sat forward, taking in every nuance of her position. Phoebe took shallow breaths. Her fingers flexed rhythmically into the couch seat cushion. Her knees were perfectly lined together past the edge of her black skirt. Her ankles touched. Her toes peeked through her black slingbacks, feet side by side.

Jared got up and moved about the kitchen filling a tall glass with ice and fresh water. Walking to her side, he squatted before her, looked into her face. Cancer had taken Mary from them day by day over the last three years. He would not let it make a ghost of Phoebe.

Phoebe didn't take the water and he set the glass down on a coaster across from her. "I'm alone," she whispered.

"You have Dad and me," he said just as quietly.

She lifted dry eyes to him. "Mom was the last of my family."

"We're family too."

"It's not the same," she said, dropping her gaze to the same spot on the floor she had been studying far too long.

Jared needed to break the funk. Carefully, as though fearful she might crack in his arms, he lifted her and carried her to the chaise. He settled her on his lap so her right shoulder brushed intimately against his chest. He tucked her head on his shoulder and held her. She wasn't alone. It was time she realized it. "Our relationship has been tumultuous, but I'm here for you. Dad and I both are."

Phoebe drew her knees up and leaned heavily against him, angling her upper body toward his. She seemed to sink into his arms, sighing at the strength he offered her. She turned her face to his neck. Her breath whispered across his skin. Despite the purpose of holding her in his lap for comfort, his body took immediate notice. He grimaced. With his luck, she'd feel the hard-on and misunderstand his intentions.

Within moments, his cock became impossible to ignore when she snuggled closer and pressed her lips to his neck. Her kisses were shy at first, gaining boldness. He made no move to stop her.

Her hand cupped his jaw and she turned his face to hers. He hadn't kissed her since that night in the backyard. Lust crashed through him as her mouth found his. She sought him, leaned into his kiss. She shifted on his lap to face him, parting her lips and inviting him inside to taste her.

Jared shuddered. The warm, wet textures of her mouth mingled with his. Their lips melded. He rubbed his tongue over hers, tasting and exploring. He tipped her head backward, angling her so he could reach her better. Phoebe moaned. Her hand dipped to his waist. "Do you want me, Jared?"

"You know I do."

Her smile didn't quite reach her eyes. She fell back pulling him on top of her. His lips took hers with renewed urgency. He cupped her breast through her blouse and she arched beneath him. She reached between their bodies, touching his cock before

unzipping his slacks. Jared's cock sprang free and he moaned into her mouth as she stroked him.

"Fuck me," she said breathlessly.

She could have said anything but that. It stopped him cold. He pushed away looking down into her face, seeing the deadness in her eyes that told him she didn't want him so much as the oblivion of his penis buried inside her. He shook his head slowly. "No." What the fuck was he saying? His brain warred with his body. Everything in him had wanted her since the night he'd showed her how to please herself. What possessed him to refuse her now? Damn moral consciousness. Yes he wanted to fuck her. Hell, yeah. Now, later, every second in between with her enthusiastic cries for more.

Logic beat him to it. "No. Not like this. You want me to take you, to be the aggressor. Then later you'll call me a bastard or slap me and say I took advantage of you at a time when you were weak. When I fuck you, Phoebe, I want you there with me, an active participant."

"Then do what you did last time," she argued. "Fuck me with your fingers. Make me scream when I come."

Jared sat up afraid he'd give in just to have her beneath him. He wanted her badly. If she knew how much, it wouldn't take a lot of convincing to get him to back down and slide into her heavenly sheath while he pounded through her taking his fill of her body.

Phoebe followed him. "Your cock says you want me. Your eyes say you want me. So be a man and fuck me, goddamn it."

"You're right Phoebe, I do want you. But if you intend to get fucked tonight, then you'll have to take your pleasure on me. Ride my cock. Use it," he growled. Jared leisurely reached into his pocket and smoothed on a condom with clinical motions. No matter what, he refused to come like a trained dog. She could fuck him, but he would keep emotion out of it. He didn't know how much more he could stand of opening his heart to her so she could slam the door on him.

Oh God, this is not how she wanted him. But she needed him inside her so badly. His cock stood proudly upright from his zipper. Her mouth watered, but she wanted his rod sinking into her first before she sucked him.

Jared's face turned stony, his eyes shrouded. He slouched down on the chaise. From the set of his jaw, so similar to the finger-fucking frenzy on the stairs, she sensed he would refuse his release. Phoebe decided she'd not only take her pleasure but his too. He might not want to come, but he was going to, damn it.

She stood and shucked her panties. She started to straddle him, but he shook his head. "What you want to do has nothing to do with love. If you want a condolence fuck, turn around and face the other way."

She did, climbing backward onto the chaise. Phoebe shot him a glance before she grabbed his cock in her trembling hand and sank on to it. His groan made her smile in satisfaction.

She lifted and dropped on his staff, taking only half of him as her body quivered to adjust. Oh God, he was so thick and long. Her body trembled to take him. Phoebe rose then dropped again finally accepting his whole length stretching and filling her wider than any man ever had. This was what she'd wanted. Jared's iron rod between her legs. Her pussy creamed around him. Every other guy paled in comparison.

Jared made a choking sound and his fingers flexed on her hips.

"I thought you wanted me to use you."

He didn't remove his hands and she didn't ask him to.

She ground against his hips, lifting and impaling herself, reveling in the jumbled nervy feeling of his thick, blunt head hitting her womb. "Oh, not yet," she begged. She lifted and dropped. Her body began to tremble as arousal drew tightly inside her.

Her pace quickened. She began riding harder, grinding deeper, rotating her hips at the last moment to wring the most pleasure from her position. She moaned, mindless as

she pounded him. Her ass thumped his hips. His shaft burned her pussy with its heat. "Oh God, I think I'm coming." Every nerve ending in her channel pricked with wicked sensuality. It racked her, rendered her motionless.

Jared grunted when she stopped moving, took her hips and lifted her. He plunged into her pussy, pulled out and plunged in again. She screamed as her world shattered around her, clenching on his hot length until she sobbed with ecstasy. The waves continued to roll over her.

When she came to herself, she realized Jared had not come. No way in hell was he getting away with that. Phoebe ripped off her shirt and stripped off her bra. She unseated herself from his engorged, throbbing flesh and shimmied out of her skirt. Standing before him completely bare, Phoebe then impaled herself a second time. She wanted his hands on her breasts, wanted him to be tempted to touch her while she rode him.

His heavily lidded gaze washed over her, lingered on her breasts and the erotic juncture where their bodies were joined. Her body began another slow coil as he sank into her to the hilt. Phoebe rocked on him, his thick length opened her wide enough to brush her clit if she tilted just so. Knees planted on either side of his hips, she turned her attention to fucking him.

Her mouth found his and she grabbed his hands, holding them to her breasts as she rode. Jared broke the kiss and swore viciously. Her eyes locked on his. Phoebe arched her back, throwing her breasts forward and tipping her hips to hit that spot she craved.

His hands worked her body of their own accord. Jared rolled her nipples and when she arched pulled her into his mouth. His hands roamed her, grabbed her ass to help her lift then slammed her down until his balls snuggled against her pussy.

He made a move to rub her clit, but she pushed his hand away. "Your turn," she said between gasps, "if I make it."

"You first," he challenged.

She rode him hard, her pussy a slick furnace over his sensitized flesh. The walls of her vagina shivered on the verge of another orgasm. "Jared, I can't," she moaned. "Oh God, Jared fuck me."

Jared's cock rammed into her, bouncing her with each upward thrust. Her breasts jiggled. He leaned forward and caught her nipple between his teeth. The slight roughness made her come hard, her belly muscles trembled with the force of her orgasm as she milked him. Jared's head dropped back, he gritted his teeth and buried his cock in her several more times until he finally felt her orgasm subside. Then with a shout, he erupted inside her, spurting his hot cum hard into the condom.

Phoebe collapsed against him utterly spent. "I should go back to my apartment before this gets too awkward."

* * * * *

"Fuck, no," he muttered. "You aren't going anywhere."

"I used you. Now I'm done," she said coolly, but her eyes didn't meet his.

Jared stroked his hand over her hair. "Can't go. You have to wash your cream off my pants."

She sat up suddenly. "What?"

He laughed humorlessly. "Kidding. But you still aren't going anywhere until I sort this out."

"You chauvinistic, alpha male, pig." Phoebe tried to climb off him, but he held her fast against his chest. "You had your fuck, let go."

"That's the first thing we're getting rid of. The bitch has to go. I don't like her. Make the bitch go away, and tell Phoebe to stay here with me. I'll take care of her."

"Don't you think Tom would find it odd for me to stay here?"

"No. He'd think I was doing the proper thing in looking after you."

"Mom would." Phoebe closed her eyes, shuttering her gaze from him. Her rapid breathing had nothing to do with their coupling and more to do with the tears

gathering in her eyes. Her brow wrinkled, her façade cracked. "God, it hurts so much to lose her."

Jared held her naked body. His hands stroked up and down her spine, one stopping to cup her bottom. He knew from experience there was nothing he could say to help her through her grief. Being there for her, letting her talk, would give comfort. He made an acknowledging murmur.

"She suffered a long time, didn't she?" Phoebe asked without asking.

"Mmm-hmm," he agreed.

"I'm being selfish, aren't I?"

"In the best of ways," he said softly. "I'd worry about you if you didn't miss her."

She shivered. Jared picked her up and carried her to the bedroom this time. Putting her down on the edge of the bed, Jared removed his clothes and pulled back the covers. "Climb in. I'll be right back." He watched her for a minute until she nodded. If she left now, he'd have to chase her down naked, but hell if he cared. She seemed to recognize her need for his company.

After retrieving a wet washcloth from the bathroom and throwing out the condom, Jared returned. Phoebe hadn't moved or made any effort to cover herself. She blinked up at him, her vulnerability filling her eyes. Every protective instinct in him flared to life. Dropping to his knees on the carpet before her, he gently pushed her thighs apart. Phoebe made no resistance.

Carefully he cleaned her. Finally, she wrapped her fingers around his wrist. "Jared," her voice broke, "don't hurt me."

He sighed. "For the past six years you have been hell-bent on pushing me away. Have I ever left you?"

Her eyes grew troubled. "We had our own lives. You left me quite a bit."

"If you had asked me to stay, to come back, what do you think I would have done?" he asked her.

"I don't know."

Jared put the washcloth aside. "Don't you? I told you once on the stairs."

"That was just about sex."

"It's never been about sex. Never."

Phoebe stared down into his earnest face. Would he really have stayed if she'd asked him to? The answer was written in the tender look in his eyes, the quiet smile playing about his lips. It seemed impossible to believe it was that easy. Wouldn't her mother have seen the same look on her father's face? Did she miss it and marry him anyway? And what about Tom? Tom had never left her as Phoebe had feared he would, even when she was diagnosed with cancer.

Tom stuck by her through the chemo, through the radiation, the hair loss, the nausea, the times he had to carry her to the bathroom and clean her and all those other little times when his actions surpassed romantic love and touched a spiritual plane Phoebe had not believed possible. Was that what her father had been lacking?

Even with their history, Phoebe loved Jared. She'd never confessed it, but it was there coloring all her memories and touching her heart with whispers and secret longings. Was it enough? Would it grow like her mother's and Tom's? If she took the risk, opened her heart to him, would he turn out to be like her father or like Tom? And was it worth the risk to find out?

"I don't know what it's about," she said, wishing he would spell out his feelings for her.

"I don't think there's a definition for what we have. The night you saw me with Mrs. Gilfoy –"

"I hate Mrs. Gilfoy," she muttered under her breath.

"Was the night I realized you weren't the annoying kid from college anymore. You appealed to me unexpectedly and I'm thrown into this attraction without warning and

find a fully aroused young woman in my hands. It had been easy to put off looking too closely at your body or staring into your gorgeous brown eyes when you were busy pissing me off. But as a sexual, mature woman, I wasn't prepared to deal with what that could mean to me. It scared me even more when I pushed you against the tree and nothing I could think about cooled how my body responded to yours. I swear I tried everything from images of grandma in curlers to fuzzy kittens to get my body under control."

"You had a hard-on. I'd never felt one before."

He cocked his eyebrow and looked up at her. He wasn't particularly comfortable on his knees but the view was great. "Yeah, I couldn't believe it at first. How the hell did a woman like you make it to twenty-three without sexual experience? And then you didn't know how to relieve yourself. God, Phoebe, that was heaven and hell rolled into one. I was touching you but not touching you and it felt incredible to see your first orgasm yet torture to not do anything more."

"Why didn't you?" Phoebe touched him, ran her fingers over his tousled hair and let the strands sift through them.

"Because you were young. I don't mean in years, but you didn't know about sex. I wasn't going to be the pervert to introduce you just because your libido had suddenly kicked in. Besides, we didn't exactly have a friendly relationship at that point."

"And on the stairs? You still didn't. Did you know how badly I wanted you?" she whispered.

Jared kissed the inside of one knee. "I knew. I don't think you did. You were so busy yelling at me and ready to blame me for being deviant that you weren't ready to see what we could have together. I would have though, if you'd asked. Why didn't you ask?"

"I couldn't," she shrugged. Phoebe closed her eyes. "I had," she paused, struggling with the words, "feelings for you and I didn't want you to know. There's power in knowing how someone feels about you."

"My dad just stomped all over our hearts when he left. When you and Tom took his place, I thought you'd do the same. It seemed I was right when you touched me but you never came back to finish things."

His laugh was harsh. Jared rested his cheek on her thigh. His fingers brushed the curls at her apex. Phoebe squirmed a little but opened the leg he wasn't leaning on. The ticklish petting felt good. Having Jared pet her, made her breath catch for reasons she hadn't yet explored.

"I would never have left if you'd said the words, honey. And if I didn't want to force myself on you, leaving was the only option after watching you come so hard your hips rocked and your vagina squeezed around my fingers. I had a handful of your cum and I applied it the way I had the last time your cream was on my fingers."

"How?" she asked breathlessly, as his fingers threaded in her trimmed curls. He leisurely caressed the length of her pussy. Her flesh, already sensitive from their fucking, began to ready itself.

"I lubed my cock and jacked off thinking about the way your body tried to reach mine and how sweet your breasts would taste and how you moaned so exquisitely when you came and how —"

"Okay! Stop," she laughed.

He grinned at her, then dragged the tip of his finger back and forth along her slit. "I practically begged you to ask for me that night. Do you remember?"

"Uh-huh," she agreed. His finger traced her slit several more times. Thought was becoming very difficult.

"That night, I couldn't even touch you or look at you for fear I'd lose control and take you on the stairs." He laughed in a self-deprecating manner. "I'd call myself a real gentleman if I hadn't had my hand shoved inside you stroking you like mad to watch you scream for me."

"What about today on the couch?" Her eyes drifted over him. His penis rose between his thighs and she couldn't help but notice the glistening tip.

His finger stopped teasing her outer lips and she protested. "The couch was about you being angry. I've always been yours to command, Phoebe, but I have feelings for you and you have the ability to crush me."

Her eyes met his. "How do you feel about me?" Her heart pounded in her chest. Fear, hope, panic that she'd dared to ask shot adrenaline through her as she waited for his answer.

"I love you," he said simply. "So you were right. There is power in knowing how someone feels about you. What are you going to do with yours?"

Chapter Four

Her hair tumbled just lower than her shoulders, catching the waning light from his bedroom window. Her eyes were soft, luminous and a little fearful. Phoebe licked her lips, drawing his attention to the pink fullness of her mouth, still swollen from their kisses. Traces of beard burn marked her right breast and Jared decided that was the most erotic thing he'd seen in awhile.

With her hands flat on the bed, her body had to recline a few inches to make the contact with his mattress. The position made her full breasts push forward. The bottom swell curved in firm round spheres upward to where her nipples puckered their raspberry colored points into the air. Her frame was slight which made the narrow cleavage on her small rib cage dramatic.

His gaze traveled down her sternum to where her bellybutton tucked half in, half out at the narrowest point of her waist. Her hips flared on a narrow slope. Phoebe's hip bones protruded slightly and curved to the cradle her hips made. Her trimmed mound sloped up from her flat stomach, her labia puffy where her legs split. As he watched, moisture seeped from her opening. *God, what an invitation.*

"Don't answer the question yet," he murmured, not taking his eyes from the crevice he longed to taste. Jared hooked his hands behind her knees, tugging her until her hips cleared the edge of his bed. Pushing her legs apart he stared with fascination at her slick pussy and pink petals barely hiding the tiny rose colored bud of her clitoris. Lower, her opening looked too snug to fit him, but he knew her body could easily accommodate him, something not altogether common in his experience.

She moaned when he pushed her wider, making her legs press the edge of the bed. He leaned forward blowing softly on her curls. Phoebe shivered.

"Show me your clit, honey. Open for me," he commanded in husky tones.

Phoebe slid both hands between her legs holding her petals apart and fully spreading herself open to him. Her pussy clenched and seeped. Under his heated gaze, she stroked her fingers over herself and tugged her clit, panting as she did so.

"So sexy, honey." Jared nuzzled her curls and with a long swipe, licked her from anus to clit. His mouth opened over her and pressing into her spread folds, he sucked her, laving his tongue on the slick pink skin between her channel and her nub. He sucked, burying his face in her lips, inhaling her scent into his lungs.

He pressed her inner lips between his top teeth and the flat of his tongue, treating both sides equally when Phoebe's breath caught and then raced ahead.

With a light push, he encouraged her to lie back, then busied himself in earnest, tasting, sucking, licking, biting her pussy as it wept and she sobbed. His tongue found her nub and he lashed it violently. Jared held her lips apart, pulling her clit into his mouth and curling his tongue on the bud as he sucked her. He shoved his finger inside and rubbed the high inner wall she had enjoyed him touching four years ago.

Phoebe's head tossed and her panting turned into loud incoherent sobs. *Fuck yes.* He moaned around her clit and it only seemed to heighten the sensations. Sucking hard he captured her nub with his tongue and teeth, scraping her, sucking her. Phoebe bucked. Glancing up her body, he found her playing with her nipples, alternately rolling and pulling on them.

Clear liquid shot into his mouth and he sucked it greedily as her body trembled and broke, her stomach clenching and unclenching. Even after she quieted, Jared sucked her, bringing her down and laving his tongue in her channel to taste all of her.

He crawled onto the bed and pulled her to him, wrapping his arms around her as her body continued to shudder through the aftershocks of orgasm. "I hope you let me do that at least once a day from now on," he murmured in her ear.

"You can do that to me whenever the mood strikes you."

"Really?"

She turned to face him. Her eyes took on a suspicious glint. "Really."

He suspected she wanted to add an amendment but to his pleasure she didn't. "Good. I intend to suck your pussy at every available opportunity."

"Can't let you have all the fun," she said grinning. Phoebe shimmied down his body. His cock scalded her cheek and she rubbed her face against it, reveling in the satiny texture over rigid muscle. "There is nothing quite like sucking cock," she decided aloud.

"Don't let me stop you."

She pressed her lips to his shaft. Nibbling up his thick length to the top, Phoebe pressed an open mouth kiss to the plum-shaped head, flicking the slit. Pre-cum saltiness coated her tongue.

Jared's breath hissed. His fingertips stroked through her hair, a gentle encouragement.

Cupping his testicles in her palm, she passed her thumb in a rolling motion over the sac. The action rolled him gently and stroked the hidden balls in a way that made his thighs tighten and his buttocks clench. Control in the palm of her hand. The nails of her other hand lightly scraped from inner knee to the crease on one side of his cock. His penis flexed and she laved another drop of him into her mouth.

His breathing grew ragged.

She dipped her tongue below the crowning ridge, circling him with tentative swipes. His heat warmed her tongue and the roof of her mouth with sensual demand. She loved the feel of him inside her. Loved watching him writhe under her mouth. Six foot three of tightly sprung muscle could toss her over and fuck her senseless if he wanted to. The thought made her vaginal walls flex. Between her legs moisture slicked her thighs. She squeezed them together to ease the throbbing.

Phoebe relaxed her jaw, taking him in. She fixed her eyes on him, wanting to see his pleasure as he had seen hers. The intimacy of the act nearly stole her breath. She

couldn't admit to loving him, but she could show him. Saying the words was too permanent, too powerful. She wasn't sure she could say them even though he had.

His cock head pushed beyond her hard palate to the soft palate with exquisite pressure. He filled her, stretched her mouth and throat. She moaned, his hips jerked from the vibration and Phoebe had a wicked idea. Forcing her throat to relax further, she took all of him until her nose nestled in his curls. Humming, she began to suck and pump her head. Loud slurping sounds filled the air. Her pussy clamped, breath rushed through her nose.

Jared's hips rocked up and Phoebe swallowed around his cock. A low growl of restraint rumbled in his chest. She would have smiled if she'd had enough mouth to smile with. As it was, her lips, tongue, throat, were completely involved in sucking him off. He was delicious, musky, salty, earthy. With a possessive spark, Phoebe rolled his balls in her palm, massaging them roughly in her hand.

He arched into her mouth, holding her head still with his hands. Wild excitement filled her. Jared arched again, groaning. His eyes opened and he stared down at her sucking his cock. Emotion filled his gaze and he began a slow pump into her mouth. Her tongue swirled around him. She swallowed repeatedly. Jared gritted his teeth but the urge to move seemed to be too much for him and he pumped faster, fucking her mouth with sure strokes.

Phoebe sucked on every partial withdrawal, creating a vacuum she hoped would drive him over. Sweat beaded on his chest. Phoebe rolled his balls against each other, verging on rough handling. Jared moaned, pumping harder. His cock slid easily in and out of her mouth, coursing down her throat. She rolled her tongue on the base of his cock, cradling his shaft with the bowed, suctioning length of her tongue. The back of her teeth scraped the veined ridge on the underside of his cock as she swallowed. With a shout, Jared thrust into her mouth, fucking her violently until cum squirted down her throat in a thick, spurting stream. Stinging her, it shot forcefully against the heated flesh clenching around him.

Her lips felt numb as she sucked him off, cleaning him with gentle flicks and swipes. Her tongue tip swirled over his head, dipping in his slit. Finished, she sucked the plump head and crawled up to him.

"That was amazing. You were amazing," Jared said, planting a kiss on her forehead.

"I like the way you taste."

"Ditto."

Phoebe's thighs still ached. Couldn't she get enough of him? She taken him inside her, made him come after she'd taken her pleasure on him. He'd tongued her until she'd gone blind and then sucked him off too. What was wrong with her that she couldn't seem to tire of him? Be done with him? She'd dated men before. Slept with them and enjoyed the pleasure they had to offer, and broken off with them.

But Jared had been on her mind since she had been a wistful twenty-one-year-old watching him make out with her roommate and listening to her go on about him. Seeing him again in the bar under dim lights and pumping music had lit the fuse to her youthful longing, turning her interest into a gnawing emptiness that outweighed mere fascination. Her desire had grown to full throttle, coming in her first wave of orgasm under his tutelage. She'd welcomed his talented hands into her body and fantasized about him touching her, taking her. Panic swirled in her breast. Oh God, now that she'd had him, her longing had only increased. Why? Why couldn't she have fucked him out of her system?

But she knew without a shadow of a doubt she had only imprinted him on her heart further. And after Jared's demand that if she wanted him, she'd have to take her pleasure on him, Phoebe knew she had misread him all these years. When she had thought he meant only to tempt her, tease her, get what he wanted out of her before leaving her bereft, she had been mistaken. Completely mistaken.

Phoebe closed her eyes on a hiccup. A tear slid over the bridge of her nose and dripped to the bed. Jared wrapped another arm around her and drew her close. He

kissed her eyelids and held her. No questions. Had there ever been? Had Jared ever forced anything on her? The resounding answer was “No”.

She snuggled deeper, hoping she could feign sleep.

Thinking back to every life-changing event with him, she could see his actions with different eyes. When she’d watched him with Mrs. Gilfoy, she’d been aroused, painfully so. He’d chased her down and in the process of teasing her had discovered her state. He could have taken advantage. He could have touched her until her inhibitions left her. Phoebe knew he could have taken her that night if he’d chosen to, but he hadn’t. His touch melted her and she’d have had no defense against him in her inexperience.

Instead, he’d encouraged her to take care of her own needs without him. It had been she who begged him to show her how. His hands had never touched her body. She shivered at the memory of him guiding her hands, relieving her needs and yet when he’d asked her to take over, when it got difficult for him to continue, she’d insisted he keep going.

And the night on the stairs. He’d been aroused then too. That sexual hunger opened another memory. One of him stroking her to completion as he begged her to ask for him. She had refused and even though her passion had slicked his fingers and made her body explode, he had respected her refusal of him and left. God, she was a shrew. A succubus, taking what he offered without returning anything to him but misery.

No wonder he’d given the house a wide berth after college. The rejection must have wounded him. She knew it would have wounded her if their places had been reversed. And then to come to him on the night of her mother’s funeral and demand he satisfy her again—the shame overwhelmed her. She was toxic for him.

“Why are you still here?” She had not intended to ask the question aloud.

His body stiffened. “You want me to leave?” he asked warily.

“No. You live here. I mean, why are you comforting me?” Needing to know the answer as intensely as she needed to keep breathing, Phoebe opened her eyes. She wanted to see his answer in his face before he spoke—see if his words matched his

automatic reaction. Would they? Or would he humor her by saying something he thought she wanted to hear, not mirrored by the expression of his eyes?

His brow furrowed. "Our mother died. Where else would I be?"

"Yes, she did. But why do you care about me? I've done nothing but create problems for you. Why are you still here, taking care of me?"

Jared stroked her cheek. Tenderness filled his smile. "I have always cared about you. I always will. Nothing could keep me away when you need me."

Phoebe propped herself up on one elbow, looking down at him. His arm fell off her shoulder and slid around her waist. "Why?"

"I don't need a reason to love you Phoebe." His expression turned serious. "I don't know why you believe there has to be a specific accounting behind feeling the way you feel."

"Dad said he loved me and he left. He wrecked us. Mom's gone and he's still not here. He didn't just leave her. He left me too."

"That's not love. That's selfishness. You fell in love with your dad the same way your mom did. He took that from you and used it up until you were left shriveled. Love never runs out, Phoebe. Not ever. If anything it grows and cannot be contained."

She shook her head not understanding. "That's a romantic's notion. I felt his love for us every time he took us to the park or tugged my ponytail. I saw it in the way he tickled Mom, bent her in a dip as he kissed her. How can you tell me that was all a lie?"

"I can't. But you have to test the weight of what you know against the weight of what you feel. Dad became your dad, didn't he? I know you didn't trust him at first, but you do now, right?"

"Yes, I trust him. He took care of Mom even when her body withered and she lay unconscious not knowing him from anyone else."

"That's love, honey. That proves that your Mom got it right. That it was different from what she had with your father. Your mom became mine. My dad became yours. The family was made complete, whole."

"How could you love me after all I have done to keep you away?"

"I already told you there wasn't a definition or an explanation. I just do. You are in my heart, my life, my soul and I cannot imagine my life without you. Why do you think I keep coming back? I. Can't. Stay. Away."

"But why?"

"Because I love you." Jared took a condom from his nightstand, dressing his eager cock.

He rolled her onto her back. His fingers laced with hers. His erection nudged her apex, and Phoebe parted to him. Eyes open, he kissed her, sheathed himself in her. Her body sighed around his, welcomed him with each slow stroke.

Their breaths mingled, sharing air. Their eyes locked in an intimate dance as their bodies connected and celebrated in each other. His strokes pulled at her heartstrings, each one a deliberate, smooth reminder that he entered her on purpose and without regret.

Tears filled her eyes but she refused to look away. The love shining in his eyes proved too intoxicating for her to shut him out. It had always been there and she'd been a fool to have missed it.

His hot shaft plunged in, dragged out, branding her with his emotion chipping away her defenses until her heart was laid bare for him to see. She knew the minute he saw the love burning back at him from her gaze. His pupils flared behind a sheen of moisture. Tenderly his lips brushed hers. Jared kept his relentless pace.

Phoebe's nether lips began to throb and her core burned with fiery heat. A tingle spiraled inside her. Jared tilted his hips, never changing his stride, but unerringly his cock rubbed the tight bundle of nerves inside her channel. Without warning, her climax

gripped her, shooting the heat outward from her womb and hugging his cock until he spilled inside her.

Still connected, he kissed her. He tasted her tears, brushed his lips over her eyebrows, down her nose, her chin. "God, I love you, Phoebe. I love you so much."

She wrapped her arms around his neck holding him close. Her heart demanded she say the words back, but her lips remained sealed.

Chapter Five

"I'm pretty sure you aren't supposed to make a confession like that to your sister, even though I'm a stepsister."

"Phoebe, there is nothing sisterly about the way I feel for you."

She grinned up at him. "I noticed."

Jared shot her a look. "My dad married your mom. That doesn't make you my sister in any way that counts."

"I wonder if Mom would see it that way. What would your dad think?"

Jared shrugged. "It's not up to him."

After cleaning up, separately because she seemed to need her space, he'd found her cooking dinner for them. He hadn't thought she could look any sexier, but seeing her in his boxers and thin cotton tee cooking for him had made him instantly hard. It certainly didn't hurt that he could slide his hand inside the front panel of the boxers and right into the tight, wet folds of her pussy. Hell, he could bring her off before dinner was served. The idea had merit.

Visualizing her head rolled back onto his shoulder, her dark pink nipples visible beneath the white fabric—God bless Hanes—as she panted and moaned for him, spatula in hand, her mouth open, her pussy juices leaking into his palm...

"Earth to Jared." Phoebe said, exasperation lacing her voice. "Can you set the table?"

"Only if you promise to eat dinner on my lap." He'd love to feed her, watch her suck his fingers clean like she'd sucked his cock. Oh, yeah.

Amusement flickered in her eyes. "I do enjoy a hard cock in my mouth and I find yours rather savory, but I think it would bring a whole new meaning to 'Pigs in a

Blanket' to have your sausage wrapped in these pancakes. A little painful for you, too, I'd think." She eyed the bulge in his pants with interest.

"The syrup would be fun." He winked. "I meant you sitting on my lap."

"Considering we will be eating on the balcony for all your neighbors to see, maybe I should keep my own chair and settle for sausage patties until later."

"Fine," he grouched.

Jared shoveled in his breakfast-inspired dinner then waited impatiently for her to finish. It was torture watching her breasts jostle against the table when she leaned over her plate. Her nipples had remained erect, teasing him through the thin veil of the well-worn Hanes tee.

Phoebe pushed her plate away. "Quit staring at my boobs."

"I can't."

A wicked gleam lit her eyes and she tossed a glance around the apartment complex courtyard. All the apartment balconies opened onto the courtyard, but the evening had already dimmed the sky to dusk. She stood up and whisked her shirt off over her head, then shimmied out of his boxers to stand before him naked.

Jared choked on his orange juice.

"What? I thought you were interested in public displays. I mean Mrs. Gilfoy—" Her sentence never got a chance to finish as Jared leaped from his chair and wrapped her in his arms. His mouth crashed down on hers, his tongue delved into her mouth.

Jared's hands were everywhere and she couldn't help but laugh. It took some shuffling, but she managed to extricate a condom from his pocket before ridding him of his jeans. She was pleased to see he hadn't put on underwear. It made rolling down the condom happen that much faster. After trying to eat dinner with the backdrop of Jared's cut muscular chest and wide shoulders, she was more than ready for him to take her back to heaven.

He dropped to his knees, pulling one of her legs over his shoulder.

“What are you doing?”

“You have to ask?” he mumbled, his mouth full of pussy.

“Oh, God.” Phoebe grabbed the wrought iron pressed against her back and held on. The combination of the public display, the warm evening air on her bare breasts, and his hot mouth on her clit had her climaxing almost immediately. Even before the tremors subsided, he turned her around, opening her ass cheeks. Jared rubbed his condom covered member in her slit, coating it with her juices and plunged inside her virgin opening. Pleasure overrode pain. Orgasms still racked her body. Jared reached around her and opened her pussy lips as he nudged her pelvis forward against the iron balcony bars. The cool metal pressed her sensitive nub and she cried out with shock and pleasure.

Jared ground his hips forcing hers to buck the iron bar. Now confident her labia were splayed to the erotic rubbing of iron on her clit, his hands moved upward, to her breasts. His fingers pinched and rolled her nipples. She came again suddenly, but Jared wasn't through with her yet.

Across the courtyard a couple of college guys lifted their beers and cheered as she came. Lust coiled sharply in her womb, refusing to release her from its gossamer web. Jared began pumping her ass. His fingers tugged on her nipples, palms massaging her breasts and all the while, his hips had hers pinned on the iron bar that mercilessly ground into her clit. Her thighs shook. Orgasm took her screaming a third time with a fourth immediately building up behind it as Jared fucked her ass like a piston, pumping her hard enough to lift her onto her toes.

One hand shifted her off the iron bar only to shove his fingers deep in her well and rub that spot that was quickly becoming her favorite. The fourth climax sagged her over the bar and only ended her spasms when his molten semen shot deep inside her anus.

The cheers across the courtyard mimicked her gasps of pleasure and crescendoing cries. Her cheeks flamed but God, she felt incredible. She looked up noticing the two had been joined by three more balconies of spectators. The clapping resounded and a

couple of wolf whistles made her laugh nervously. Lifting a hand she gave a shaking wave.

Jared nipped her neck. "A fantastic fuck, my lady. Even the peasants agree."

"I can't believe we did that out here."

"Hey, it was your idea. I just happen to get off on public sex."

"Can we go inside now before I melt with embarrassment?"

"Sure, but don't expect me to slide out." He slapped her ass. "Let's move."

* * * * *

Dawn winked though the window. Phoebe curled against his chest. Jared stroked her side, resting his hand on her hip. He knew she loved him. There would be a day when she admitted it. But she hadn't been able to hide the look on her face when they'd made love all night. His cock never failed to rise to the occasion. It was a pretty spectacular realization that even his cock knew its place—inside her.

He heard the key in the front door latch and debated whether or not he should wake Phoebe before his dad walked in on them. He'd given his dad the key so he could escape the house whenever he needed to get away from the memories. Evidently eight in the morning had ended his father's tolerance. Jared didn't blame him. He couldn't imagine sleeping in the same bed he'd shared with Phoebe and knowing she'd never return to it, make love to him in it.

There was a soft tap on the door. "Jared?"

"Come in," Jared whispered.

His dad poked his head in. Jared pulled the sheet to cover Phoebe's naked body and his answering erection from view.

"Oh, sorry. I didn't know you had someone—" His dad froze in the doorway, eyes wide. "Is that Phoebe?"

Phoebe yawned, her eyes blinked open. She looked up at Jared with a smile and kissed him. Her hand snaked down and she wrapped her fingers around his cock. She hadn't seen Dad yet, but from the look on his father's face, Dad was pretty amused.

"When are you going to fuck me again?" she purred.

"Phoebe," Jared choked, "we have company."

"Huh?" She looked around the room, her gaze colliding with Tom's. "Oh my God!" she yelled, ducking under the sheets.

Tom laughed. "I'm sorry I interrupted. But I'm glad you're both here. I was worried when Phoebe didn't return my calls. Listen, do you mind if we have a talk? I'll give you a few minutes but there's something I need to say."

"Sure, Dad. We'll be out in ten."

Phoebe dragged her feet out of the bedroom. The last thing she wanted was to face Tom after being caught begging for a fuck from his son. There were social mores which frowned on a relationship like theirs.

She pulled on a pair of Jared's boxers and his tee again. Jared immediately crossed to her and made her change into one of his rugby shirts and a pair of old jeans. Aside from the gigantic excess of fabric, the jeans fit her okay. She tugged at them, but figured if they fell, the shirt would have everything covered well enough.

She'd wasted enough time and Jared finally grabbed her hand and dragged her into the sitting room.

"What's up, Dad?"

Jared and Phoebe sat down. She fidgeted. What should she expect from him? Ridicule? Rejection? Would Jared stick around if his father disapproved?

"I'm actually glad you two are together. Your mom would have been happy to see this."

"What?" Phoebe asked, feeling as though the question were ripped from her throat.

"She always suspected you two could have a great relationship if given a chance. Looks like she was right."

Jared dropped his arm around her shoulders, a smug grin curling his gorgeous lips.

Phoebe shrugged him off and sat forward. "Mom thought we should get together? Why wouldn't she tell me that?"

"You fought Jared so hard. She felt confident it was because you recognized something great about him. She told me she hoped you'd open up to him one day."

"That's ridiculous. She would have been horrified to see me sleeping with Jared. I'm sure of it," Phoebe insisted.

"No. She was very much in favor of your relationship developing. As am I. You aren't siblings. You weren't reared together either. You were fully grown adults when your mom and I married. There's no reason you and Jared shouldn't explore a relationship if you want to."

"I told you Dad would be okay with us," Jared said to Phoebe's back. He rubbed her spine. "It's you who hasn't come to terms with it."

She whirled on him. "What the hell does that mean? That I'm some kind of emotional black hole who can't get past a sucky father figure?" Phoebe dashed the tears from her eyes angrily. She felt like she'd hit a wall and couldn't figure out a way around it. What more did they want from her?

Jared's gaze leveled on her. He pulled her into his arms despite her shoving at his chest. "Phoebe. The problem with us has never been from an outside influence. It's always been about your emotional availability to love someone."

"That's not true."

"It is true. Every other barrier you erected to keep us apart has been torn down. You hung on to the assertion your mother and my dad would be bothered by a relationship between stepchildren, with the tenacity of a bulldog. But Dad just blew your theory out of the water. So where are you going from here, Phoebs?"

Phoebe wrenched away from him, scuttling to the corner of the couch. Her eyes darted over Tom and Jared. She could feel the emotion as much as see the concerned looks on their faces. Tom, who'd loved her mother beyond reason with patient consideration and devotion, calmly watched her with the same ready desire to help her over this hurdle too.

Jared draped his arm over the back of the sofa, his fingers near her shoulder. His other arm relaxed on the armrest. He didn't crowd her space. But then, he had never given her more than she was ready for. His expression was guarded, cautious.

"I love you Phoebe and I'm not your father," Jared said quietly. "Dad," Jared turned his head with a pleading look, "think you could give us some time?"

"Sure. I just wanted to know she was okay when she didn't call me back. I'll head home. The minister is stopping by at ten anyway. I should get back. But I'm here for you both."

Of course he was. Tom had never relaxed his care of them. Her gaze searched Jared's. She saw the same tenderness in him she saw in Tom. Jared was right. She'd fought an attachment to him with everything in her, subconsciously knowing he would have the power to destroy the last pieces of her heart if he so chose. The excuses had been cut away leaving only truth in her path.

Did she let him in or send him away forever? The prospect of pushing him out of her life seared her with pain. She could not face a future without him in it any better than she could live her life hoping he'd pop in from time to time with glimpses of a life she'd neglected to claim.

The wall she'd built had been built on the lie of a father. Why was she ready to throw her father up as an example of love when she had two better examples in her life? Why was she willing to let fear keep her away from having what her mother had with Tom? *Was* she emotionally unavailable?

Jared was ready to crawl out of his skin in the ensuing silence. What was she thinking? Was she weighing the pros and cons of being with him? What would he do if she told him to take a hike?

It didn't take any thought. He'd keep fighting. He knew her to be smart, passionate, funny, and giving. He wanted her to open the floodgates to him where now only a trickle had escaped. It was enough to whet his appetite for more. Catching glimpses of the woman Phoebe had become beneath the pain motivated him to keep trying, keep drawing her out.

Phoebe looked at him, tears glistening in her eyes. "I've been so unfair to you. You aren't my dad and neither is Tom. I know it, but it's hard to let go of something I've nurtured all these years."

"Is it worth nurturing?" he asked, hoping she knew the answer in her heart.

She shook her head. His chest tightened.

She crawled across the couch to him, curling herself on his lap. Phoebe wrapped her arms around his shoulders. "I've shut you out when all I really wanted was for you to stay with me, hold me. Please don't leave."

"I'm not going anywhere without you, Phoebs. Don't you understand?"

"I'm beginning to."

"Okay, then." He kissed her, gently cradling her in his arms as he did so. "It's a start."

"It's a start," she repeated. "I love you. I think I've loved you since the day we went home to meet our parents," Phoebe confessed on a whisper.

His body stilled. "That makes two of us."

"How long will it last?"

"Forever," he answered, taking her mouth with tender urgency. His hand coasted up her ribs and cupped her breast, feeling her nipple harden through his rugby shirt.

Phoebe wriggled on his lap, sighing when she nestled against the evidence of his arousal.

"I want you," she said. And he knew from the depth of her look and the fear of rejection reflected in her eyes her words meant more than just this moment on the couch but something far more meaningful, permanent.

"You will always have me. In fact, I recommend forgoing your apartment since you will be spending all your time here with me. Unless you want me in your tiny one-bedroom place?"

Phoebe reached into the pockets of her borrowed jeans and dangled a condom in front of him. "I'll put in the change of address this afternoon." She silenced him with another lingering kiss. Her hand cupped between his legs and she began to rub. Easing down his zipper, she pumped her fist on his cock a couple of times before covering him in the latex sleeve. "Can we take care of this first?"

"Hell yes." Jared removed her shirt and his before yanking off her pants. She nearly tumbled off his lap in a fit of laughter at the hasty awkwardness. He stepped out of his jeans and dragged her toward the bedroom.

Before they'd reached his bedroom, Phoebe grabbed his ass in both hands and squeezed.

"That means war," he said laughing.

Jared grappled her around the waist and pushed her to the wall neatly sheathing himself inside her. Phoebe gasped, holding his shoulders for balance. On a moan, she wrapped her legs around his hips and arched. "I need more of you."

He pulled partially out and thrust fully inside her, balls slapping her butt cheeks. Jared nipped her raspberry-tipped breast. She hissed with pleasure.

"Better?"

"Ask me again in ten years," she groaned.

Jared grinned, putting extra punch behind his following thrusts. Phoebe thinking long-term was a very good thing. Ten years of fucking her senseless ought to go a long way toward his cause.

Yeah, he could live with that. Her sheath quivered on his staff and his next thrust brought her to climax with a scream. God, he was really going to enjoy spending the next ten years convincing her.

About the Author

Katie doesn't let the fact that she has lived in the same small town her whole life keep her from experiencing all life has to offer. A hopeless flirt, Katie has had her share of embarrassing moments and red hot encounters. She believes in living life to the fullest, and standing in her way just gets you run over. Katie loves to hear comments from readers.

The author welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and email address on her author bio page at www.ellorascave.com.

Tell Us What You Think

We appreciate hearing reader opinions about our books. You can email us at Comments@EllorasCave.com.

Also by Katie Blu

Ellora's Cavemen: Jewels of the Nile I *anthology*

Surprised by Desire



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

www.ellorascave.com