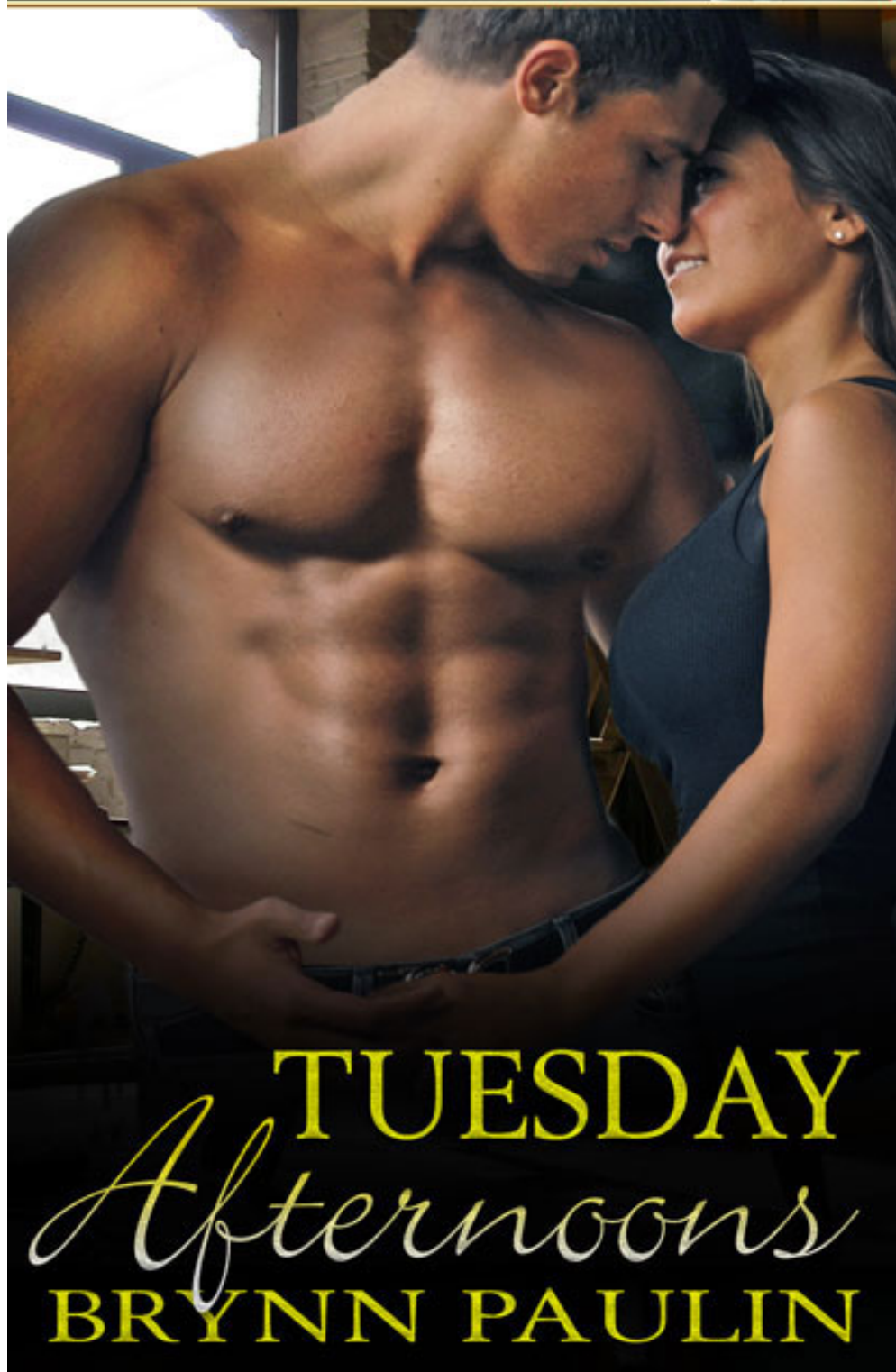


ELLORA'S CAVE *Sophisticate*



TUESDAY  
*Afternoons*  
BRYNN PAULIN

## Tuesday Afternoons

Brynn Paulin

*A normally uneventful walk home from work is about to become steamy...*

For months, Casey's had sensual fantasies about the stranger she encounters every Tuesday afternoon—a younger, unobtainable man. But this Tuesday, he proposes something more, an illicit encounter to indulge the desire simmering inside them both. Casey has a decision to make, but there's only one answer—yes.

It's time to release her inner bad girl for a no-holds-barred Tuesday like none other.

*Note: Part of the proceeds from this book is being donated to the family of Lara Anne PUNCHES, whose life ended tragically and too early.*

An Ellora's Cave Romantica Publication



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Tuesday Afternoons

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# ***TUESDAY AFTERNOONS***

**Brynn Paulin**

### *Dedication*

This story is lovingly dedicated to the memory of a lovely young lady.

Lara Anne Punches

10/4/1989 to 2/12/2009

You touched the hearts of more people in your short nineteen years on earth than  
you could have ever imagined possible.

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## **Chapter One**

Casey Billings loved Tuesday nights. She smiled all day at work, knowing at five, she'd see him. She walked the same way every day, traversing the path between the office where she worked as a legal secretary and her condo, also on the same street, five blocks away. There was nothing special along the way and usually, she listened to her MP3 player and thought about her day or the things she needed to do that night, but Tuesdays...

On Tuesday evenings, he walked the same path.

Her heartbeat thudded and a quiver shot through her pelvis as she thought of his blue eyes and easy smile. Her mystery man. Her Tuesday afternoon date for the last three months.

Earlier today, she'd caught herself in a full-on daydream about him. Even thinking about it now, her body heated and she felt invisible fingers sliding over her skin. He'd have just the right touch. She knew from his hand on her arm from time to time while they'd walked that he had slight calluses on his fingertips.

Her nipples tightened as she imagined his fingers rasping over the tips, pinching and pulling in a manner that had her panting. Yes... Then his mouth would take one of the peaks, sucking at it and rasping his teeth over the sensitive flesh.

A shuddering breath echoed through her empty office as electric excitement rifled through her to her pussy, accompanied by a heated rush of arousal. That slick sensation turned her on even more as she envisioned those same calloused fingers rasping over her clit and sinking into her slippery folds. Would he torment her until she cried out, begging in her need? Would he finger-fuck her until she fell apart around his hand, screaming his name —

“And just what is his name, Casey?” she chided herself, her body vibrating with desire. If only he’d touch her the way she dreamed. But as much as she might want it, that wasn’t the nature of their relationship.

Anxious to be on her way, Casey locked her desk, grabbed her purse and headed out of the office suite where she worked. Her shoes tapped on the black marble floors as she headed for the elevator without really noticing the decorative architecture that dated back to the building’s construction in the 1800s. Her only concern was getting to the sidewalk below and on the path to her mystery guy.

She swallowed, smoothing a hand over her glossy brown hair, as she thought of her “date”. At first, they hadn’t spoken, though she’d immediately noticed him with his dark, curling hair and chiseled features. A summer breeze had played the tendrils that had drooped over one brow. He’d grinned at her, mischief in his eyes, and she’d been hooked.

She didn’t know his name.

She didn’t know his age, though he was definitely several years younger than her thirty-three years.

She didn’t know where he went at five o’clock on Tuesdays and Tuesdays only.

By tacit agreement, they’d never shared details like that. *You’re an idiot with a huge crush*, Casey admonished herself as she left the building and marched half a block north. So what if his presence made her a little wet? Okay, *very* wet. So what if she thought of him when she was alone in her bed with only a battery-run toy as company? So what if she wanted to fuck him into next week?

She bit her lip and dragged her thoughts from the image of their slick, naked bodies sliding against each other as his cock —

“Might rain.”

Casey jumped as a deep voice interrupted her torrid thoughts. Pressing a hand to her cheek, she wondered if her face flamed from her arousal. God, she hoped not. Swallowing, she smiled as he stepped away from the building where they always met.

His warm hand enclosed hers, and a shudder of longing tore through her to flutter wildly in her womb.

“Ugh. Autumn rain is so miserable.”

He tapped the briefcase slung over his shoulder. “I’ve got an umbrella. I’ll keep you dry.”

*Too late for that*, she thought. Her panties were decidedly damp with need and getting damper by the moment as he spoke.

She grinned. “I’m not worried. I guess I’ll just have to hurry if it does.” She gestured at her body. “No designer brands here so if I get rained on...oh well.”

He stopped suddenly and pulled her against him while streams of people veered on either side of them like a river around a rock. He took her other hand and looked down at her. “But I don’t want to hurry.”

Casey looked up at her handsome stranger, her breath catching in her throat as he leaned toward her. No! For God’s sake, what was she doing? She stumbled backward, bumping into a hapless pedestrian as she yanked away her hands.

“I-I’ve got to go,” she said.

“No,” he exclaimed and reached for her, latching on to her arm and pulling her toward the alley between his building and the next. She saw fear in his eyes. Was he afraid that if she took off, he’d never see her again? If so, his worry was well founded. As much as she wanted to kiss him—and much more—she didn’t know him from Adam. Hell, his name might even *be* Adam.

“Let go of me,” she whispered even as excitement speared through her. She wasn’t frightened. They weren’t far from the sidewalk. If she yelled, someone would come to her aid. That was the kind of city this was. And after months of walking with him, he didn’t scare her.



He shook his head, his blue-eyed gaze never leaving hers as he slowly swiveled his head. "Is that really what you want?" he asked. He gently pushed her against the wall and caged her shoulders with his arms.

Her chest brushed against him as she tried to breathe. What did she want? She wanted this stranger to take her somewhere anonymous and make love to her for hours. Her breasts ached from the brief contact with him as they rose and fell, and she longed for his hands to drop from beside her then cup her aching mounds, rubbing his thumbs over her hard nipples.

She flicked her tongue over her lips and quickly shook her head. They'd been heading to this point for weeks with every smile, every conversation, every shoulder brush, every clasp of hands—that had been new two weeks ago, his calloused hand nonchalantly taking hers as they'd walked. She'd tried to act equally nonchalant while her heart had thundered in her ears.

"No, I don't want that," she admitted.

His thumb dragged over her bottom lip then slid down to her chin to make a little circle while he stared at her mouth. "What do you want?" he asked her. "Tell me."

"I..." She swallowed to moisten her sandpapery throat. "I want you to kiss me."

"And?"

She blinked. Wait? He wanted her to say that...

"I want you to touch me," she compromised.

He nodded and leaned forward so his lips were beside hers. "And you want me to fuck you?"

Sweet holy mother of God. She sucked in shuddering breaths as his rumbling tone sank right through her. Her thighs trembled with arousal, and she thought she might melt right onto the wall like spent wax melted by his heat.

His hips shifted toward her, pressing her more firmly to the wall. His rigid cock pushed into her slightly rounded belly. "Do you?" he demanded. "Do you?"

"Yes," she breathed, the sound barely more than a soft hiss, but he heard her.

He looked down at her with a feral grin stretching his lips, and she shivered as a possessive glimmer lit his eyes.

"Good," he replied. His fingers shifted from her chin to sluice into her hair like ribbons of water. They curved the back of her head, holding her, tilting her face upward.

Slowly, his head lowered toward hers as it had on the sidewalk, but this time there was no running. There was no getting away. She was his until he decided to let her go.

Maybe sometime in the next millennium she'd want to be free of him. *Or maybe not*, she decided as his woodsy scent enveloped her.

His lips pressed hers open as their mouths met, and his tongue surged forward claiming the mint-freshened interior. For him. She'd known, and she'd been ready...for this. She moaned as he seized her lips, her mouth, her tongue. His own tongue slid over her recesses with the confidence of a victor. She surrendered to his command and her merciless need.

Mindlessly, she arched away from the wall and against his chest, locking her arms around his neck. In turn, he held her in an inescapable embrace, his forearms tight across her back.

"This is crazy," she murmured when he momentarily lifted his head. He nipped at her swollen bottom lip.

"What's crazy?" he asked. "You're single. I'm single. No attachments. And you want me just as much as I want you." A hand slid down over her buttocks, and he lifted her to align with his straining cock. "You want this."

"I don't even know your name..."

"We don't need names. On Tuesdays, I call you mine. No strings just pleasure." He kissed her hard and quick. "I promise...lots of pleasure."

Her eyes narrowed. "You do this often?"

“Never. Never before today.”

Her mind whirled. What was he asking? Tuesday nights in his arms. Just plain anonymous sex with a perfect stranger. Her body heated at the possibility. Hadn’t this always been one of her secret fantasies?

Andrei Zakharin, Zak to his friends, stared down at the woman who’d haunted his dreams for the last three months. God, he looked forward to the Tuesdays when he came into town to check in with the clients who’d commissioned his work for their offices. They would have preferred him to paint on-site, but he liked working in his studio better than trudging into their office on a daily basis. Heck, he could work in his boxers if he truly wanted to—which sometimes he did, just to be contrary. But once a week, he dressed up and headed into town. He delivered artwork or showed them digital photos of his progress then he rushed out to the sidewalk so he could see her...

He thought of her as Tuesday though he was fairly sure that wasn’t her name. Her shining straight hair hung to her lower back, and she wore it in a carefree manner that spoke to him of little pretense. It swung around her slim shoulders, accentuating her luscious curves—lovely, plentiful curves he wanted to explore with his eyes, hands and mouth. His cock twitched whenever he thought of spreading her lush thighs and delving into the secrets hidden at the juncture of her legs. Her pussy would be heaven, and he couldn’t wait to sink into her welcoming warmth.

And he couldn’t wait to touch her. He wouldn’t wait. Setting her back on her feet, he studied her face. This woman who’d captured him had lovely features. Her green eyes seemed to flicker with passion. The same passion licked at his senses, drawing him deeper into this foolish alley escapade. *Wait until the hotel room*, his head screeched. But he couldn’t.

He skimmed his fingers up her thigh and pushed up the fabric, thankful she’d worn one of the feminine skirts she favored. Her warmth called to him as he drew closer to her center. Would she be as wet as he was hard? His cock pressed against his zipper

with increasing fervor. Maybe it was this situation, the alley, the anonymity, the unknown, the fact he hadn't had sex for months, or maybe it was this woman. All he knew was he'd never been this hard or this desperate.

Reaching her upper thigh, he found the edge of her stocking and encountered the bare flesh of her upper thigh. So smooth...so silky... He groaned, knowing something that would feel even silkier. And there was no stopping until he dipped his fingers into that corner of paradise.

He stared into her expressive green eyes as his hand moved toward her pussy. The proximity of their bodies hid his action, but doing this here where anyone could see visibly excited her. Just as it excited him. She took shallow, aroused breaths while she watched him, no fear and no plea to stop in her gaze. If anything, she wanted more.

His finger caressed over the damp silk covering her sex. Back and forth he stroked, the panties forming to her and delineating the crevice dividing her cunt. He wanted to push the fabric between those lips so he could feel her more fully. He wanted to yank it aside and delve into her lush folds. But he continued his gentle caress. This wasn't to be rushed. This was to be savored.

"More..." she whispered. Tiny trembles worked through her and vibrated against his fingers and his chest where they were pressed together. "Please more," she pleaded. "Be...a little rougher."

Good God, this was his dream girl. He tugged aside her fabric separating him from heaven then plowed two fingers into her wet slit.

"Like this?" he growled, careful not to hurt her as his fingers sawed forward and back across her clit and opening.

"Yes..." Her trembles became shudders, and her hands clung to his shoulders. Her eyes squeezed shut, and her head dropped back against the brick wall. The uneven texture caught her hair and kept it pooled at her shoulders, a silky lake of tresses into which he'd like to dive. Her breasts pressed into his chest with each aroused gasp.

Soon, he'd pull open that prim blouse and feast at the peaks that had tempted him for weeks.

Her pussy clutched at him as her release neared, and he drove his two fingers deep, sealing his mouth over hers as she screamed and her channel clenched onto him, her cream flooding down to his palm.

"Yes," he echoed then took her lips again, intent on bringing her another release. His arm tightened around her back as she shook. His body clenched, his balls tightening with the need to be inside her. That couldn't happen here. He'd suffer 'til their room, and it would make thrusting into her all the better. As if sensing his thoughts, she dragged a hand down his chest to his pelvis, and he groaned as her slim fingers closed around his cock through the worn fabric of his jeans. He'd never make it upstairs...

"I want in you so bad," he whispered, his voice harsh with need.

She nodded. "You must think I'm pretty easy, but I can't seem to care. Much. To let you—"

"No," he cut her off. "I don't." Gently, he righted her clothes while dropping light kisses over her face, neck and shoulders. She had to know how special she was. "You're a treasure I plan to explore as soon as we're alone. Such a sweet treasure I couldn't wait to taste." He lifted his hand and sucked away her juice, savoring the sweet tangy flavor and the spark that lit her half-lidded eyes as she watched.

The fingers of the other hand threaded through hers, and he pulled her back to the sidewalk, heading in their normal direction before he decided stripping naked in the alley would be a good idea then subsequently got them arrested.

"Where are we going?" she gasped, rushing to match his long steps. He slowed to accommodate her shorter legs and mid-height pumps.

"I've gotten a room at the Berkley House."

They'd passed the Berkley House, a small homey hotel smack-dab in the middle of the city, every time they walked this way. Once, she'd mentioned the original

architecture and vintage carvings. He knew from their conversations things of the past interested her, especially old buildings that had been returned to their original grandeur.

"You planned this?" she asked, pulling on his hand. He tightened his fingers, afraid she'd take off again. He was not screwing this up.

"I hoped this," he answered. "If you'd said no, I would have gone to my lonely room and had a drink and yanked off thinking about you." He raised his brows and looked into her wide eyes. "Does that worry you?"

She shook her head. Grabbing his collar, she pulled him down to her. "I want to see you do that," she said against his lips. "Then I want to take you in my mouth until you come." She blinked at him. "Does that worry you?"

His cock went ramrod straight at the thought. It throbbed in anticipation of having her on her knees in front of him, his hard length sliding to her throat while her sweet green eyes stared up at him. He fought the need to reach down and adjust. He found little else more erotic than a woman doing that, loving his cock while she adored him—and he wanted nothing more than to adore every inch of her as well.

He suspected she was a few years older than he was. It couldn't be too many. He didn't care. He wanted her. And he wanted her to need him to desperation and long to be with him forever before he revealed his identity. His name was always the deal breaker. Once a woman discovered his identity, they immediately connected his unusual name with his influential father, socialite and entertainment baron, Yerik Zakharin. To them, his name meant money and the opportunity for notoriety and fortune in Hollywood. Everyone wanted to see their name in lights or plastered across the internet and entertainment magazines.

This woman seemed different, and this situation presented a perfect opportunity to know her before she knew who he was. He could be a man with a woman instead of a man with a groupie.

"I want you so bad it hurts," he growled.

She grinned. "I'd feel bad, but I'm not exactly a make-your-knees-weak kinda girl. It's a nice change."

"You're kidding right. My God —" He broke off and smiled at an elderly couple as he and "Tuesday" entered Berkley House. He already had the room key so he ushered her toward the elevator. He buried his nose in the crook of her neck as he stood behind her. "You are a goddess who fills my thoughts and keeps me up nights." She trembled as he settled his hands on her full hips. In the mirrored doors, he saw their mottled reflection, saw the way her eyes went dark as he spoke and the way she bit her lip. He wanted to lean her against the surface, lift her prim little skirt and watch her face as he plunged his fingers into her pussy, making her nice and wet before filling her with his cock.

Would she bite her lip? Would her mouth drop open in an aroused O?

His hand slipped down to clench in the side of her silk skirt. He loved the way it flipped around her knees as she walked. He'd love it even more when it was flipped around her waist as he fucked her from behind. She favored this style of skirt, and he'd pictured pushing it up over her thighs and ass from the second he'd checked into the room earlier today. He'd stared at the bed with its low footboard with a scrolled top edge. It would be perfect for her to clasp as he drove into her.

She reached up her hand and cupped the back of his head while his lips caressed her neck.

"You do make my knees weak," he whispered for her ears only. "But if I ended up on my knees, I'd hold your perfect hips and taste your creamy cunt until you come. I'd suck on your tight clit until you scream and your thighs tremble and you fall into my arms then I'd roll you beneath me and fuck you until we couldn't move — until the next round."

The door dinged open and saved them from the public display he itched to initiate.

"You talk so dirty," she murmured.

"You like it," he replied.

She stepped away from him and moved into the elevator without answering, but there was a smile on her lips and the devil in her eyes when she turned and looked at him, her hands braced on the metal rail that ran three sides of the car. He followed her inside and pushed the button for the fourth floor. They were alone, but he leaned against the opposite wall, mirroring her pose and regarding her in silence as they ascended.

There was so much he wanted from her, but he shouldn't start something in the elevator that would be interrupted in a few short seconds. Shouldn't? Well, shouldn't and wouldn't were two vastly different things. Crossing the small space, he boxed her in with his arms and covered her mouth with his. Her lips parted as easily as if this move had occurred hundred of times between them. If only...

Languidly, his tongue delved into her waiting mouth. Need slashed across him, hungry and more insistent with each second of the kiss. The easy exploration gave way to ravenous demand. His hands slid down the wall to clasp over hers where they held the silver railing.

She lifted up, her body flush to his, as she met his kiss with the same eagerness that accosted him. Moaning, she slowly rubbed her pelvis over his cock while she enthusiastically submitted to what could only be termed as a dominant kiss. Taking, consuming, fucking her mouth with his tongue in the same way he wanted to take her pussy with his spike-hard cock. And his tongue. He wanted to lap at her, thrust his tongue into her folds and swallow every drop of her luscious cream.

Distantly, he heard a ding and a shushing sound followed by the same, but he didn't tear his mouth from hers, didn't stop devouring her. She made a small sound in her throat as if she wanted more.

Keeping their hands anchored together, he worshipped at her mouth, skimming his tongue into the soft, warm recess and showing her the care and attention he'd lavish on her body. She moaned as his lips traveled across her cheek. He sucked and nipped at her earlobe before trailing over the sensitive skin behind her ear then down over her



jaw to her neck. Her head dropped back as she shivered, her breathing ragged. She jolted as his mouth covered her pulse, giving a gentle pull. As he moved to the tempting hollow of her throat, she tried to tug her wrists from his grip, yet he knew it wasn't to escape but to engage. His fingers tightened, and she whimpered, the sound full of need.

Need... He needed her with the blinding desire of a teenager finally on a date with his fantasy girl. That same mix of lust and the unknown enveloped him. But he was a man, not short on experience, and he planned to use every ounce of it to entice Ms. Tuesday into many more trysts at his mercy. She was older than him, he knew, but it wouldn't make a difference as their bodies united and she found sweet pleasure beneath him.

Leaving her neck, his mouth recaptured hers, his hands now releasing hers to bury in her silky hair and clasp the back of her head. A gentle ferocity took over, demanding as he angled her, as he needed her and consumed her mouth. Her fingers clenched in the front of his shirt. The brief scrape of her nails sent a shudder through him.

In the back of his mind, he heard that shushing sound again, but nothing mattered but his connection to this woman.

His hand slid over her shoulder heading for her breast —

"Excuse me," an amused voice said to his right. "You know, this might be clichéd, but geez, get a room. Wait, I bet you have one, since this is a hotel..."

Dazed, Zak looked up at the woman who stood at the entrance of the elevator and held open the doors. Tuesday buried her face in his chest. "Oh God," she whispered.

She shook and he looped a reassuring arm behind her shoulders, but it took a moment for him to realize she was giggling, not crying.

He smiled at the interloper. "Excellent idea. Have a great day," he offered as he and Tuesday stepped into the hallway.

"I bet *you* will," the woman murmured, her eyes filled with nostalgic longing. The doors closed before the words settled.

Their room was directly across the hallway. They shuffled toward it as he took her lips again. Fumbling in his pocket, he found the key card then blindly punched it at the slot on their door. A moment later, they were stumbling into the dark interior and the promises of a passion-filled night.

## Chapter Two

As the door shut on the light from the hallway, reality plummeted into Casey. What the hell was she doing? Going to a hotel room with a stranger to fuck? That was what they were going to do too. She was going to take off her clothes with a man she didn't know and let him drive his cock into her.

God help her, another rush of arousal flowed to her pussy. She'd never done this, had never *dreamed* of doing this—okay, she'd dreamed of it. And with this man too. She'd just never dreamed of acting on her illicit fantasies. Yet here she was, and it excited her more than she could believe. Casey swallowed. What would happen after tonight? Would this be a standing Tuesday date? Would they do everything they could to avoid one another?

Tension threaded through her neck and shoulders. She had to fight from shaking. Being with him, the prospect of this sex, was an unbelievable turn-on, but part of her—the good-girl part of her—screamed for her to run. She pulled in a shaky breath. This was what she wanted. A hot night with this man who'd starred in so many of her fantasies. A younger man who excited her and had always seemed beyond reach. Even now, after the steamy kisses and what could only be described as mad groping—groping she'd welcomed with every tremble inside her—this all seemed unreal, an extension of those same fantasies.

His warm hand flattened on the small of her back, ushering her further inside. His firm, heated flesh was no dream. This was real. A nervous flutter caused her to catch her breath.

This was it. Time to cut and run or just do it. Instinctively, she knew once she turned back into his arms, she wouldn't leave before she'd experienced life-changing moments in his embrace. She stood still, looking at the bed as he crossed the room and

pulled open the blinds. Waning late-afternoon sunlight flooded through the windows and cast a surreal glow around them. The naughty part of her wanted this, and she wasn't going anywhere. For once in her life, Casey wanted bad-girl sex with a drop-dead-sexy, younger man.

Taking a few steps, she dropped her purse on the dresser. "Looks like it's not going to rain after all."

"Guess not. Do you mind that I opened the blinds?"

She slipped off the light fall jacket she'd worn. Would a bad girl want the blinds shut? Would she want to do this in total darkness? No. She'd want to take this man with light flooding the room. Tonight, she wouldn't be insecure about her extra pounds or her generous curves.

Casey wasn't sure she could tamp down that rampant insecurity the way a bad girl would, but she was sure going to try. She dropped her jacket over her purse and headed toward him.

"No," she replied. Her fingers played with the top button of her chiffon blouse, but she didn't release it, instead she dropped to her knees before him. She didn't miss his intake of breath as she hit the carpet or the quick puffs that followed as she smoothed her palms up his thighs to his waistband. She skimmed her fingers to the center and worked open his leather belt.

"You don't want a drink or anything?" he gasped.

"No," she replied.

"Neither do I." He took a few more breaths as she popped open his button and tugged down his zipper. She let fantasy take hold of her. It was easy, here with him, a man she didn't know. Today, she was here for his pleasure, his to command, his to take—it made her hotter just thinking it.

His dress pants slid to his ankles, and she pulled her lips over the bulge tenting his blue plaid boxers. She grinned at his selection but found his underwear sexy in its

geekiness. His heat seared her lips through the thin cotton, and she felt every vein and contour. Opening her mouth, she felt him with her tongue.

He groaned, his hand falling lightly to her head, and she hooked her fingers in the waistband of the boxers. She needed to see him. She needed his cock against her tongue. He was big, she could feel that through the fabric, but she wanted to feel that length stretching her lips as she took him.

She pulled slowly, revealing the rounded head of his cock. The smooth, flushed tip throbbed, and she leaned forward, flicking her tongue around it and collecting the pre-cum that gathered on the tiny slit.

"Mmm..." she hummed as she tasted the salty essence. Her belly tightened at her actions. She'd never behaved like this, and it aroused her so much she knew he'd barely need to touch her and she'd go off. Her pussy vibrated with the need to feel him there while her pulse throbbed through her clit.

As she pulled down the fabric, she followed the progress, taking him deep into her mouth until she had as much of him as she could. The boxers slid to his ankles as she teased his cock.

Casey slid her gaze upward while she sucked. He'd pulled his polo shirt over his head, and she had an unobstructed view of his sculpted torso. She itched to caress his belly and trace his hard lines.

He had his head tilted back, a supreme look of ecstasy on his face. She pressed her tongue to the underside of his shaft and pulled upward. He made a choked sound, his fingers tightening slightly in her hair, and looked down at her. His blue eyes were clouded with pleasure, his lips slightly parted. He and Casey stared at each other while he took what she gave and she received what he offered. In that moment, she felt more connected to him than she'd ever felt to another human.

"Oh God," he murmured.

She gently trailed her fingernails along his tight balls that had drawn up to his body with his arousal. His wiry curls tickled her nose as she relaxed her throat and took him

deeper. She could only take him that far for a moment though, and she pulled back, lightly scoring her teeth along him then putting hard suction on the head. His every groan spurred her on and told her she was doing everything right as far as he was concerned.

He bent at the waist, hauling her to her feet as she protested the loss of his cock, but her protest was silenced as his lips crushed over hers and he pulled her flush to his body, his penis pressing into her skirt and between her legs. His hand splayed over her ass, pulling her even tighter. She felt him move as he struggled out of the clothing binding his ankles. Then his hands were on her blouse, pulling at the buttons. They gave easily and soon the garment hung open while he and Casey both pulled her shirttails. As soon as her blouse fell to the floor, he stepped back. One hand reached out to cup a heavy breast then his fingers dragged up the silk-encased mound until he reached her taut nipple.

"Beautiful," he said as he toyed with the peak. Twisting. Rolling. Pulling.

"Oh..." she breathed. His caresses seemed to tug at the connection leading to her clit and another barrage of quivers took her pussy. The silk that covered her sex would be drenched by the time her panties were removed. He'd have no doubt as to how much he'd turned her on.

"Do you like when I touch you?" he asked, his voice ragged.

As if he didn't know, but she knew he wanted to hear her words, to get her confirmation.

"Yes," she said, drawing on that inner bad girl to straighten and face him bravely, wantonly, as she stood without her shirt. Her belly wasn't nearly as hard as his, in fact, it had a slight outward curve. What would her hot young lover think of her when he got the full view of her plentiful curves? That bad girl trembled but managed to stay firm.

Taking her hand, he pulled her toward the bed. At the end, he moved behind her, kissing her neck and smoothing his hands over her belly to her thighs then he clasped

her wrists and drew them forward until she bent. His fingers moved over hers, wrapping them on the footboard of the bed.

"Don't let go," he said, and she felt him kneel behind her. Her teeth sank into her bottom lip as he flipped her skirt on her back. "Oh..." he breathed. "Somehow, all this time, I just knew you'd wear lingerie like these." His finger hooked on one of the black garters that held up her stockings. She gasped as his lips pressed to the bare flesh at the top of her thigh. "So prim and proper on the outside, so sexy underneath. And all mine."

"Yes," she whispered as he cupped her behind. One hand slipped between her thighs, and he slowly ran a finger from the front of her pussy to her ass. She whimpered as he pushed hard enough to tease her clit and work the fabric between her folds.

"You're so wet for me. Such a naughty girl. You like the idea of fucking a man you barely know. A man whose name is a mystery."

How did he know the exact thing that had her aroused so much?

"Yes," she replied. "I want you to fuck me. I've wanted you for weeks."

He yanked down her panties and pulled them from her. He stood and forced her feet further apart with his own. As he pushed against her, his cock pressing to her ass, he reached around and pushed two fingers into her sopping folds. He wrapped a hand under her belly, supporting her while he finger-fucked her and teased her clit with his thumb.

"Oh God!" she cried as spirals of sensation shot through her and her orgasm threatened to overtake her. She shook, keening, as he added another finger to the two already thrusting in and out.

"Scream for me, angel. Let the whole hotel hear your release. Let them know how beautiful you are as you come. Oh yeah, I can feel you squeezing my fingers. You like that, don't you? The idea of others knowing you're getting off in a very bad way. I feel your honey coating my fingers as you think about it, as you squeeze my fingers some more. I can't wait until you milk my cock. I can't wait until I'm in you."

"Then fuck me already," she gasped.

"Oh no. Not yet. First, you're gonna scream. First, you're gonna come all over my hand, and everyone is gonna hear you. Mmm...yeah. I can feel how you like that. Everyone knowing what you're doing. The men will jack off, you know. Maybe not right away, but they'll take off their clothes, still hearing your cries, and they'll stroke their cocks thinking of the woman they heard screaming her pleasure. And they'll come for you, just like you're gonna come for me."

Casey buried her face in the side of her arm as she listened to his soft, calm words. She was on the edge, her body quivering as his fingers stroked her G-spot with unerring accuracy. Her fingers went white on the curved wood she held...and she screamed.

"Oh God," she gasped as she thrust her hips mindlessly at him and unintelligible words surged from her mouth. His arm held her up when her knees wobbled from her release. Over and over, the orgasm pulsed through her, amplified by his encouragement to "let them all hear, my angel".

Panting, she looked back at him in time to see him lift his fingers to his lips. "You taste so good," he said. "I could have you forever."

If only. Bad girls didn't do forever even if their hearts had opened to the man weeks ago. He didn't give her time to think. He stepped away. Before she could change her position, she heard foil rip, and she knew he was sheathing himself. A moment later, he was back and his cock prodded her opening. His damp fingers clasped her hips. "Gonna scream some more, honey?"

She grinned. "Probably."

And then she gasped as his length slid right in, parting her folds, stretching her wide. He felt so big, so right, inside her. Her channel immediately rippled around him. She let out a shuddering breath.



With his lover bent before him, his cock engulfed in her fiery sheath, Zak felt as if he'd died and gone to heaven. He held her full hips and slowly thrust in and out. She was so womanly. So perfect against him. So soft and feminine in his hands. When he'd seen her sexy lingerie, his heart had nearly beat out of his chest. She was just so right against his body. Around him...

He looked forward to holding her for a long, long time.

Her sweet cries went straight to his cock, filling it as surely as blood did. He wanted to thrust forever, just to hear those perfect sounds of pleasure. But he couldn't. His balls tingled with his release, and he knew he wouldn't make it much longer. Suddenly, she jerked, her body going rigid as a choked scream tore from her. Her cunt turned into a vise around him.

*Oh damn, this is perfect*, he thought as he came, black spots momentarily peppering his vision. They froze there in a tableau of ultimate sex, neither willing to break their connection.

Finally, when she shivered, he pulled free and lifted her into his arms.

"I'm too heavy!" she protested in alarm.

"Hardly." She felt good in his arms. He stopped beside the bed. "Reach down and shove the blanket aside, would you?" he said. After she had, he put her down then went to dispose of the protection he wore. She'd scooted to one side when he returned.

He dropped a new condom on the table beside the bed. With a content sigh, he slid into the bed and pulled her into his arms. She cuddled into him, her head on his shoulder, her hand on his chest.

"Wow," she whispered.

"Yeah." He kissed the top of her head. "My name's Zak Zakharin, by the way."

She tipped back to look at his face. He'd worried she'd be upset he'd broken their no-personal-information rule, but sex seemed pretty damn personal to him. Since he intended to keep her, knowing his name might be to her benefit. And he was pretty

sure at this point that she wouldn't turn into some mindless groupie. She seemed to really want him. *Him*, not his notoriety.

To his relief, she didn't look disappointed at his breaking their unspoken "no info" rule. She smiled. "Hi, Zak. So what do you do? How old are you?" She giggled. "And how fast do you recover?"

He stroked his fingers down her smooth arm. Her creamy skin was like silk beneath his fingers. He trailed his lips along her shoulder. "I'm an artist. My client has offices in the building where we keep meeting. I'm twenty-five, but don't let that put you off. I've always been quite mature for my age."

He pulled down one cup of her bra, and his mouth engulfed her pert nipple, pulling on it until she cried out and her hips bumped into his, her pussy searching for his cock.

"And I've always known what I want." He rolled her onto her back and insinuated himself between her thighs. His rod probed her folds. "And truthfully, I'm recovered now. A record but I'm not complaining."

"Me either," she sighed happily. "Zak, please... I want to feel you again."

He quickly sheathed himself with latex then, more slowly, sheathed himself within her. Again he started the slow pistoning that had driven her wild minutes before. Zak liked to go slow, to savor, to feel the burn engulf his thighs, begging him for that moment of release. To have his woman crying for the same.

He watched her face, entranced by the light and shadows playing across her beautiful features. Her eyes closed as pleasure filled her countenance. He wanted to paint her, to memorize her. God willing, she'd be in his life for a long time and imprinted in his consciousness.

Suddenly, her eyes opened and met his gaze. The green of her eyes had deepened and filled with the hazy smoke of sexual rapture. Leaning up, she flicked her tongue over one of his nipples then captured the taut nub between her teeth. Sparks seemed to fly down through his body, igniting his hips to a faster rhythm.

"Yes," she murmured. "Yes, Zak..."

He loved his name on her lips. His brow furrowed as he wondered about the name of this mystery woman who'd managed to enrapture him these last months.

"You feel so good. I could fuck you forever."

A naughty flicker lit her eyes. She liked him to use bad language...

"Are you gonna scream again for me, angel?" he murmured. "I've never seen anything more beautiful than the way you writhe beneath me as you come and squeeze me so tight. Never felt anything quite that good either. Your pussy like a vise while you gush over me."

Triggered by his words, her cunt clamped tighter, sweet ripples milking him, bringing him perilously closer to release. Not yet. He'd not lose it too quickly. He'd wring several orgasms from her first. His hand snaked over her belly, lingering a moment to feel the muscles undulating beneath him. Reaching further, he rubbed two fingertips over her clit.

Her resultant cry and the clamping of her pussy as she went rigid beneath him had his balls drawing up tight. Despite the increased friction, he continued his relentless drives. Her eyes opened and he saw his satyr-like smile reflected in their shimmering depths.

"That's it. Show me how you like this cock in you. You grip me so tight."

Her fingers dug into his shoulders as she frantically thrust her hips into his. "Harder," she gasped. "Fuck me harder. Faster. Oh...yes..."

Reaching up, he clasped her wrists and pushed them down into the pillows.

Casey jerked against his grip, another blast of arousal shooting to her pussy. He seemed to shove her higher and higher on the waves he created inside her. Taking her to levels of climax she hadn't imagined possible. She'd always been a one-off when it came to orgasms, but with Zak, there were more and more, each more powerful. Her

body seemed to have turned to liquid around him, yet enough friction remained that she knew another release was imminent.

Her mindless cries surrounded them as he held her wrists in one hand then returned to manipulating her clit, rubbing it until she thought she couldn't take a second more. She screamed as he pinched it and euphoria arched her back off the bed. Zak took advantage, capturing one peak between his lips. His teeth gently clamped down on it. He pulled and rolled the nub while he slowly exerted more pressure.

Tingling pleasure-pain wove through her torso amplifying as he suddenly released the breast.

"No," she begged. "More."

"Definitely more," he promised. He laved her other breast, circling the crinkled areola. "I want to see these pretty nipples in clamps. Have you tried them? Do you know the pleasure they can bring?"

"No," she gasped, hardly able to imagine pleasure beyond his cock pummeling her pussy and his mouth on her breast. When he pulled the peak between his lips and bestowed equal attention, she knew she'd try whatever he wanted. She'd never thought she was into bondage either, but every time he restrained her hands, it sent her neurons into a frenzy.

Her legs wrapped around his hips and she crossed her ankles behind him, riding him with all her energy. The new position had his balls slapping against her. Soon, his deep guttural moans joined her cries. He threw back his head as he bellowed, his hips driving him deep and his fingers tightening on her as he came.

With a contented sigh, he settled against her. She enjoyed his weight momentarily until he agilely shifted them onto their sides while he kept them connected. He rested his head on one hand and regarded her, tenderness in his eyes. Idly, he stroked his fingers along her hip. Damp strands of his dark hair flopped into his eyes. She pushed them back, her fingertips lingering on his brow. He kissed her wrist.

"Hungry?" he asked.

She shook her head. There was no way she was eating with him. She frowned as her own personal weight issues intruded on the moment. "I should be getting home —"

"No! Stay," he begged, turning her onto her back again.

"Do you always try to get your way with sex?"

"No. Is it working?"

She gave him a half-smile. "Maybe."

He pushed her hair back from her face. "Stay."

"Okay."

## **Chapter Three**

Zak seemed to have an unending supply of energy. Since her “okay”, they’d made love twice. Casey frowned. Had sex. They’d had sex. Love hadn’t been a part of it, though she could easily see herself entangled in that emotion. Hell, after all the time she’d spent with him over the past three months, she was halfway there.

She shoved the notion from her mind. This was tonight and for tonight only. Tomorrow...well, tomorrow was another day and Cinderella would turn back into her nondescript, non-exciting, non-bad-girl, thirty-three-year-old self. But she’d hold memories of this particular ball in her mind forever. Oh, how they’d danced here in this bed and in the shower. The illicit things Zak could do with his hands... He’d left no part of her untouched, even her virgin back passage. He’d stunned her as he’d eased first one then two soapy fingers into her until somehow, he’d managed to make her come.

Cinderella would be sore tomorrow from the exertions of unfamiliar muscles but Casey didn’t care. Every time she moved, she’d remember this time in Zak’s arms.

He teased her bottom lip with a cool spoon, bringing her back to the present. She opened her mouth and he slipped the bite of cheesecake inside. He smiled as she moaned then he flicked his tongue over her lip as if to retrieve a missing bit. She doubted there was.

“You’re the most sensual woman I’ve ever met,” he murmured, trailing the spoon lightly over her neck and following the trail with his lips.

“Me?”

“Mmm... I’ve never doubted that you’re enjoying every moment of what we’re doing or that you’ll allow yourself to surrender to pleasure and try new things. I love the way you eat.”

Wait! What? Heat traveled up her neck. The way her cheeks burned, she figured she'd just become an unbecoming shade of beet red. This was why she'd said no to being hungry earlier. He wasn't supposed to notice that, well, she *liked* to eat. Wasn't that obvious?

Unaware of her discomfort, he looked into her eyes while he ate a grape from her fruit plate then popped another in her mouth.

"How do I eat?" she ventured. Her mouth was suddenly dry despite the juice from the grape.

"With appreciation... Savoring... The way you did when you took my cock." He fed her another grape. "I don't know that I'll ever be able to see you take a bite of something and not see your lips wrapped around me."

"Zak..."

"And now when I watch you, you'll know exactly what I'm thinking." Nonchalantly, he fed her another bite of cheesecake, pointedly watching her lips wrap around the spoon then slowly pulling the dessert free. He pushed her fully back against the pillows. "Now, lie very still so we don't mess up the hotel's pristine white sheets."

Her eyes narrowed in question as he scooped chocolate sauce from where it had been pooled on the plate beneath the dessert. Before she could guess what he was about, he drizzled it between her breasts. Gathering more sauce, he swirled thin trails up around each peak and left a dollop of chocolate on each nipple.

"Zak—"

"Don't move," he warned. He winked. "I order extra sauce on purpose."

"I was wondering why you wouldn't let me have any. You know chocolate is the way to a girl's heart."

He continued his trail from her chest down over her belly, ending just above her pussy. "Now it's the way to something else too."

"I'm gonna need another shower, aren't I?"

He grinned a devilish smile she'd come to adore this evening. It always meant pleasure for her. Divine naughtiness. "I don't know. I'm going to get you as clean as I can. Even if I have to lick for hours." He blinked innocently. "You might get very wet."

She snorted then clapped a hand over her mouth and nose, shocked that she'd made such a sound. Zak looked amused and licked the remaining chocolate from the spoon then set aside the plate. He crawled over her, careful to keep his body out of the chocolate. Leaning down, he gave her a quick kiss. And another. The second deepened, their lips opening, his tongue thrusting against hers. She sucked it into her mouth, savoring the chocolate but mostly enjoying Zak.

"There," he breathed as he pulled back. "You've had your chocolate. Now be a good girl and lie still. Grip the headboard if it helps." He raised an eyebrow and looked at her speculatively. "On second thought..."

She watched as he got up and grabbed one of the terrycloth robes they'd left on the floor after their shower. Quickly, he yanked the belt free of the loops.

"Trust me?" he asked as he returned.

Trust a stranger to tie her up? After all they'd done tonight, stranger hardly fit him. He'd been nothing but...*perfect*. Putting her wrists together, she lifted them and wiggled her fingers at him. If she was going to have an adventure tonight, she might as well go for the full menu.

"Yes," she said aloud as an afterthought. The sensation of the fabric binding her hands sent a shiver through her body, and suddenly, as if the other play hadn't been enough to arouse her, molten lust flowed through her veins, igniting every bit of her with desire. He pulled the terrycloth firmly to tighten it. She couldn't help her moan. Wow... Bondage really did turn her on.

From the look in his eyes, he seemed to really like it too. He pushed the long ends of the tie beneath the pillow where the weight of her body held them and kept her from moving.

She started to twist, and he grabbed her hips. "Uh-uh. Remember...stay still."



"I don't think I can."

Zak just smiled and crawled back over her. His cock stood straight and tall and completely ready for her. Quickly, he sheathed himself. Relief settled in. He meant to fuck her again, not just torment her. Had she really doubted it? She wanted him now. Already, her pussy dripped with the anticipation of him filling her again.

His tongue sweeping along the slope of her breast distracted her. With unfocused eyes she watched him lick the chocolate from her in languid strokes. He took his time, gathering every drop as if he had nothing else to do with his time. And when he reached her nipple, he retreated.

Casey groaned in frustration, now burning for him to tug hard on her with his mouth. Instead, he started a similar path up her other breast. Then left her equally frustrated. Her fingers curled in desperation to grab him, to make him give her what she needed.

Slowly, he licked up the chocolate from between her breasts. He nibbled and sucked his way downward, never stopping until he reached her pussy. Spreading her with his thumbs, he dragged his tongue along her folds then gave her clit a gentle bite. Casey shuddered as her body instantly convulsed with an unexpected release.

"This is the best treat," he said. "Way better than chocolate." He lapped at her opening. "So hot." One thumb rubbed her clit while he thrust his tongue in for more. "So creamy."

Surging up her body, he roughly pulled first one then the other nipple into his mouth then his lips covered hers, giving her the chocolate and herself, not letting up in his fierce devouring as his cock drove inside her quivering channel and set up a rhythm that had her whimpering.

Over-aroused, Casey met his cock thrust for thrust as she sucked the essence from his tongue. Could she ever get enough of this man and the way he played? She could play too. Who was the bad girl here?

Pulling a move she'd once read in a magazine, she twisted sideways and brought her leg up to his shoulder.

"Oh God," he groaned as his penetration changed with the new angle. Together they sighed at the new position as his cock hit spots it hadn't before. After a few strokes, he lifted her in his arms, and freed her hands. Immediately, she twined them around his neck as he pressed her to the wall beside the bed. She lifted a leg around his waist while the other wrapped one of his legs.

Up against the wall. Hard. Yeah, she liked this. In only a few deep thrusts, they both yelled as they came in bone-shaking spasms. Zak stumbled and they fell across the bed, laughing.

"You're the best," he muttered, burying his nose in her neck.

"Funny...I was thinking the same about you," Casey murmured.

\* \* \* \* \*

A few hours later, Casey propped herself up on an elbow and looked down at Zak while he slept, his limitless energy temporarily depleted. The sun was down now, but moonlight flooded the room. It cast his face in silvery shadows. His young face. Eight years younger than her for God's sake. She held back a shuddering breath that might have woken him because it felt an awful lot as if she'd start sobbing if she let herself.

Bad girls didn't sob. They got out of bed, proud of themselves, and went on their way.

She carefully slipped from the bed, vigilant to keep from waking him. If she hadn't been so sad to leave, she would have laughed when she saw her wrinkled clothes were strewn about. They'd been so eager to fuck. She snatched up her bra and put it on then circled the bed, scooping up her shoes as she went. Her skirt and blouse came next. As she slipped them on, she glanced around the floor for her panties. They were a lost cause. Whatever. She had more. These would have had "Zak" imprinted all over them

whenever she wore them. Resolute in her determination to get out quickly, she gave up on the underwear and fastened the two buttons over her chest.

She glanced back at the bed as she reached for her coat and purse. She wanted to kiss Zak goodbye, but she dared not. That would wake him for sure.

Tonight had been a dream but that was all it could be. It was better to go now before she saw goodbye in his eyes and the speculation over why she was still there. This was a one-night thing. This was wham-bam-thank-you-ma'am. Oh God, this wasn't good, not good at all.

She'd been happy with her fantasies, with their talks as they'd walked together each Tuesday. Now that she knew the reality of his arms... Being with him was pleasure at its purest level. How was she going to proceed from here?

She shook her head as she crept from the room, hoping the light from the hallway wouldn't wake him then sprinted to the elevator and pushed the down button. Only after she'd stepped inside the car did she put on her shoes and allow her brain the full spectrum of thought.

She was too old for him. Too lumpy. Too boring—he was an artist for goodness sake, and a man who'd planned an illicit encounter with a woman he barely knew.

*But you participated*, her inner voice reminded. Casey frowned. She'd participated, but that wasn't her. No...a thirty-three-year-old, chunky legal secretary, that was her.

She zipped her coat before anyone saw her state of dishabille. Once she got to the sidewalk, she looked up at the fourth floor in time to see a light pop on. She hailed a passing taxi then looked up again to see a frantic-looking Zak come to the window, a sheet around his waist. His hand pressed to the window. He shook his head, and she thought he mouthed, "No."

Her heart breaking at his utter distress, she gave him a little wave then reached for the taxi's door. This was for the best. Going to the hotel, sleeping with him, was the stupidest thing she'd ever done. Especially since she could have easily stayed with him forever. But guys like him didn't stay. They came, they conquered, then they left.

\* \* \* \* \*

Zak Zakharin, aka Andrei Zakharin, was the son of one of the most influential men in Hollywood. Casey sat back in her chair and stared at the picture of Zak with his strikingly beautiful family. And they were beautiful. Every single one of them. His sister was an actress, his mother was a model turned philanthropist, his brother was a well-known director who'd won an Academy Award two years ago. Zak was the baby and the only one who didn't live his day-to-day life in the spotlight, though his art...wow! What she'd found of it online had been spectacular. He captured people with such stark reality, it was as if he'd cut to the heart of their personalities to show what they really were. Their hopes. Their fears. He had an eye for truth, and she wondered what he'd seen in her.

She shut her eyes, unwilling to consider it.

In addition to his art, she'd found page after page of websites dedicated to starstruck crushes and gossip about him. Zak was a celebrity due to association with his family. With his dark good looks, he'd captured the public's eye. There were pictures galore of him with starlets and socialites from around the world.

Casey had no question that Zak and Andrei Zakharin were the same person.

She shut down her computer and stood then straightened her gray, no-nonsense skirt and blouse. She wasn't getting any work done. Maybe lunch and some caffeine would get her head on straight for the afternoon. Doubtful. She'd try anyway.

"Hey, Case. On your way to lunch?" one of her coworkers asked when she stepped onto the elevator a few minutes later.

She looked up startled. "Oh hi, Dan. Sorry, I was on another planet. How are things?" They chatted on the ride down to the lobby and the walk to the sidewalk.

At the door, Dan caught her elbow. "You know that guy?"

She looked up to see Zak sitting on one of the wide concrete pylons a few feet away. He straightened and grimly jumped to his feet. Without taking his eyes from her, he shoved his notebook and pencil inside the case slung across his body. His dark hair was

windblown, but as he shoved a hand through it, she wondered if it was mussed more from his agitation than from the weather. Dark circles stained the skin beneath his eyes. A white dress shirt and beat-up jeans set him apart from the business people traversing the sidewalk.

She looked up at Dan and forced a smile. "Yes, I know him. I'll talk to you later, okay?"

"Yeah, if you're sure. He looks...pissed."

"I'll be okay." Zak wouldn't do anything to her. She was more a danger to herself with her rampant emotions.

With one last look at Zak, Dan veered away and headed for the deli where they generally had lunch. Casey turned to Zak. He stood a yard from her now.

"Name," he grated.

"What?"

"Tell me your name."

"Zak, I—"

He glared at her. "I couldn't believe you left after—" He broke off. "Then I realized you hadn't told me your name. Obviously what happened was just a lark. A tumble with a young idiot who thought it might lead to more. The proverbial one-night stand, and I was stupid enough..." He sighed. "Who's the guy?"

"Just someone I work with."

"Slept with?"

"No, actually." She let out a frustrated breath and looked toward the street as she spoke. "Look, I knew this would happen. I shouldn't have...well...I don't sleep around. I just don't. That's not who I am. And...well...last night was great—"

"Better than great. I want more. Lots more."

She looked at him then. He could have been one of the students going to the nearby college, and she felt a million years old with the weight of responsibility on her shoulders. “Zak, it wouldn’t work out between us. I’m too old for you—”

“What? A couple years?”

“Eight,” she replied in a flat voice.

He made a dismissive sound. “My mom’s ten years older than my dad. Try again.”

She opened her mouth then pressed her lips together. There was no way she was drawing his attention to her weight—as if he could miss it. She didn’t need to say it out loud. Pulling a blank face, she looked away again. “Look, I only have twenty minutes more of lunch. I need to go grab a drink or something so I can get back to my desk on time.”

“You’re blowing me off for lunch.”

She ignored his unintentional double entendre, though God, she wished she was doing that for lunch. She shoved away the unreasonable thought. Last night needed to stay in the past. Desperately, she tried to appear unaffected by his confrontation and prayed he couldn’t see the way this tore her apart. She’d made stupid mistakes. She should never have slept with him. She shouldn’t have entertained their relationship for the last three months. It wouldn’t be right for her to continue this no matter what it felt like in his bed—or just near him for that matter. He needed a cute, young girl at his side. Someone more in line with the starlets with whom he regularly spent time.

“Yeah, I guess I am,” she replied and made the mistake of glancing back at him.

His lips pressed together, and the muscle in his cheek worked as he held back his reaction. He stared at her and gave her a taut nod. “At least tell me your name. I think after last night, I warrant that.”

“Casey.”

“Kiss me, Casey,” he said.

“What?”

“Kiss me. Give me one last kiss before we say goodbye.”

Defensively, she turned her face away again and blinked furiously against the tears that stung her eyelids. Crap. How in the hell would she get through this? Was she going to turn into a freaking basket case before his eyes? How attractive.

Zak’s hand slid behind her head and drew her back around to him. Her hair bunched in his hand. With his other arm, he drew her flush to his body. His chin dropped when he saw her ragged face, but he didn’t say anything. As she parted her lips to take a shuddering breath, he pressed his over hers, his tongue immediately shooting inside to the place he’d so thoroughly claimed last night.

While he plundered her mouth, he pulled her blouse from the back of her skirt and slipped his hand underneath. His palm flattened on her lower back, warm and possessive. He didn’t try to touch her further. He just showed her with that small gesture that he knew she belonged to him.

She bunched her fists in his soft dress shirt. It took next to no effort from him to barrel past her weak defenses. It didn’t help that she wanted him and didn’t want to say goodbye. Sadly, her decision wasn’t about her wants. It was about what was right. But when he held her, he stormed right past her protests. The barest of touches from him aroused her, and this...the way he shoved past her defenses, weakened her with his kisses and possessive touches—if she lost much more of her senses, she’d let him take her right here against one of the concrete pylons.

“Please,” Zak said to her between kisses. “You can’t do this to us. We belong together.”

She shoved her palms against his chest and was met with rock-hard resistance. Obviously, he did more than paint. She pulled back her head, escaping his firm lips. He kissed her neck while she moaned.

“Zak, please,” she whispered. “This isn’t easy for me.”

“It’s not supposed to be. Come with me.”

"No...I can't. Zak...I have to go." Yanking herself from his arms, she drew a hand along his cheek. He grabbed it and pressed a kiss to the inside of her wrist.

"We're not done," he said as he let her go.

"We have to be."

She didn't walk. She sprinted back into the building.

Zak watched Casey scurry away. Casey...he loved her name. He suspected he loved her too. As illogical as it seemed, he'd gotten to know her well over the last months. Hell, they'd spent more time together talking about what concerned them, their views on life and their likes and dislikes than most people did before things became serious. And the hours they'd spent together last night...

He knew her, and he wanted her in his life. He needed to know what he was feeling wasn't youthful impulse, but a more grown-up, earth-shattering possibility.

Somehow, he had to make her understand that whatever problem she had with them being together was nothing compared to their need for one another. Casey Zakharin... He liked the sound of that. Would she want his last name? She didn't seem to give a rat's ass if his name was Smith, Jones or Zakharin, and that was refreshing in itself. Crazy enough, this time, he wanted her to care. He wanted her to love all of him, wild family background and all.

Turning, he noticed two people dashing down the sidewalk, but no one else really seemed to think anything was askew so he shrugged it off and headed to where he'd parked his car in one of the underground lots. Usually, he took the train into town then walked to the building where his client was located. Today, he didn't want to waste that kind of time. He'd tried to get to Casey's building before she arrived but had been too late. So he'd waited, hoping he could persuade her to come home with him. Now that he'd seen her, he was pretty sure she wouldn't react well to him still being there when she left work. It was time to regroup and start his next plan.



His phone rang, interrupting his thoughts. Looking at the caller ID screen, he saw it was the almighty Hollywood mogul, Dad himself, Yerik Zakharin.

"Hey, Dad," he greeted him, somewhat surprised at the call in the middle of the day from his father's direct line. Usually, an assistant called then patched through the line or gave him a message.

"Having fun with your new chippy?" Yerik asked.

"What?" Zak didn't really need the answer to his stunned exclamation. Instinctively he knew how his father had learned of his new relationship with Casey. Impotent rage built in his middle, and his free hand fisted beside him. He closed his eyes but didn't look around, afraid he'd see a camera in his face as he had regularly since he was a baby. He should have gotten used to it by now and accepted it as part of the landscape of his life, but he hadn't. The paparazzi were one of the reasons he lived so much of his life as a recluse. When he'd moved from California, he'd left a lot of it behind. In fact, there hadn't been a shot of him in the paper for two years except for when he'd visited home over July 4th.

"The young woman you're seeing. The one you took to a hotel last night. Andrei, you know you must let us know these things so we can take appropriate measures. What's her background? I'll have my staff check on her."

He hated that his father wouldn't call him Zak like everyone else. God, he hated that he couldn't be some Joe Blow who happened to be good at art and wasn't related to someone famous. "You're not doing a background check on my girlfriend, Dad. End of story."

Silence met his statement, and he clearly pictured his father drumming his fingers on his mahogany desk while he pursed his lips and thought of his next move. Yerik should have been a chess player, and Zak felt himself being maneuvered into a corner for checkmate. *Not this time, Dad.*

"What tabloid?" he asked, knowing the paper might not be on the stands but that his father's people often learned about "stories" ahead of time.

"*The Dirt*," Yerik replied, naming one of the national entertainment shows that aired every night before prime time. "They have footage of both of you going in and her leaving. Thankfully, they didn't follow the cab or her home would be staked out by photographers. Hell, it might be already, and we just don't know. Give me her address so I can have some security sent over there."

Well, shit...here was checkmate. Damn, damn, damn! And the photographers probably had pictures of their kiss just now too. *Andrei Zakharin Clinches with Unidentified Woman*. Once one group of so-called reporters got the story, they'd all be on it, and there would be no peace until the public's interest was exhausted. That could be a while.

That might just work in his favor. For once, Zak smiled in the face of his invaded privacy. "Gotta go, Dad. Call you later."

Snapping the phone closed, he turned on his heel and headed for the office building where Casey had disappeared.

## **Chapter Four**

"Can I help you—Zak! What are you doing here?" Casey demanded as he slipped into her office. This was just getting worse and worse. First, he'd waylaid her outside her building and now this? Coming right to her office? Her boss would have a cow. He wasn't the most understanding of men. Thank God, he was in court for the afternoon.

Zak didn't answer, just crossed to her and placed a quick kiss on her lips. "First, you need to understand I want us to have a real relationship. A permanent relationship. Side by side. Every day. This isn't a fly-by-night amusement for me. Second, I'm sorry. Third, I have a plan."

She stared at him, trying to digest his speech. "What are you talking about?" she asked, skipping the first part of what he'd said for now. "What are you sorry about? A plan for what?"

He crouched down in front of her, putting his hands on her knees. "Some people saw us last night. When we went into the hotel."

"Okay," she said slowly, not liking the direction this was taking.

"There are pictures."

"Oh God... Zak!"

"It will be all right."

Her life was over. Okay, that was melodramatic, but she was in for some major humiliation. She wasn't stupid. She'd seen the headlines on the covers of the glossy tabloid magazines. Hell, she was guilty of reading the stories a time or two, though she wasn't a regular consumer of the rags. And she knew what they'd say. They'd harp on her age and her weight and speculate on Zak's intentions any time his head turned away from her—if their relationship lasted long enough for people to consider them a couple.

She had to admit his kiss and his reaction to her attempt to sever her connection with him had weakened any argument she had. She couldn't deny wanting him even more now than she had before. His hands on her knees sent streaks of awareness up her thighs, and she knew she was getting aroused. All he'd have to do was lean forward, and he could press his mouth to her clothed pussy.

She swallowed. "What's your plan? Subterfuge? Pretending nothing happened? Or complete denial that it was you or that you even know me."

"No," he ground out. "I'd never deny you."

Right. That's what he said now while he was deep in lust. "Then what?"

He ducked beneath her desk and pulled her chair toward him so her knees were beneath the surface as the door to the office suite began to open. No one would see him unless they came around her workstation. She smiled at the UPS man and signed his log while Zak smoothed his hands down her calves.

"Thanks, Todd," she said, hoping her agitation didn't show.

"So what's going on outside?" he asked.

She stared at him. Beneath the desk, Zak had pushed a hand between her legs and pulled aside her panties. Two of his fingers slipped inside her damp channel.

"What do you mean?" Her voice quavered as she spoke, her whole body responding to her lover's touch. Slowly, he thrust in and out, twisting his hand so the angle was different every time.

She gripped the edge of her desk, able to smell her warm arousal. Not good. Not good at all. If Zak made her come in front of the UPS man, she'd kill him. As stealthily as she could, she kicked Zak in the side, trying to push him away and coughing to cover his soft "oof". He pinched her clit in retaliation, and she had another "coughing fit" to cover her cry. Blindly, she reached for the bottle of water she kept nearby.

"Are you okay?" Todd asked.

She nodded. "What's going on outside?" she croaked. She knew him well enough to know he wasn't leaving before he got an answer—if she had one. She adjusted her foot and gently pressed against Zak's groin in an effort to dissuade his ministrations. Swells of heat throbbed in her womb, and she struggled to keep a passive face as a massive orgasm twisted, threatening to explode.

"There are about ten people with cameras, just drinking coffee and waiting."

Zak thrust his fingers hard, his mouth hot on her thigh as he sucked on the sensitive skin. Her palm flattened on the desk, and she went stiff, holding her breath. Her folds spasmed around his fingers. *No, please no.*

"No idea," she gasped. "Maybe one of the other offices knows."

She panted as he turned, her hand going under the desk to keep Zak from licking her pussy. He wiggled past her hold to lick the crease of her thigh.

"No, Zak," she pleaded as soon as the office door closed.

"You taste so good, angel." His mouth settled over her folds, tasting her with long strokes along the length of her slit. When his lips closed around her clit, she was lost. Lifting her legs over his shoulders, he pulled her to the edge of her seat and fucked her with his mouth and fingers until she trembled, her head twisting back and forth on her chair back.

"You've got to stop, or I'm gonna come," she panted.

"I want you to come. Now, angel. Now."

His teeth rasped over her clit, and her release exploded, skyrocketing through her limbs. Her thighs hit the bottom of her desktop as she bucked, both hands pressed over her mouth to muffle the sound of her scream.

"Yes, angel, oh yes," he murmured as he lapped at her cream, collecting it all as it flowed to his tongue. Finally, he rubbed his chin on the top of her stocking, pulled her panties back in place then smoothed her skirt.

Her stomach rippled with each breath as her muscles continued to spasm from her orgasm. "You suck," she muttered. "I can *not* believe you just did that. *Now* of all times."

He laughed, crawling from beneath the desk. His eyes were dark with need as he stood looking down at her, his smile becoming that devil grin that turned her to Jell-O.

Stepping around her, he went to her office door and clicked the bolt, effectively shutting out everyone. Then he returned to her desk, this time leaning against it, his legs splayed, his arms crossed over his chest like the proverbial taskmaster. Despite her recent orgasm, a new flow of arousal flooded her pussy.

"What do you want?" she asked.

His brow raised. "You know what I want. You teased me down there talking about lunch—"

"I did not!"

"And you know what I think about when I think of you eating."

"Zak..." Her resolve was disintegrating like old, dry leaves and blowing away under the gusts of his persuasion.

"Casey, last night...I never intended that to be a one-night deal. I want to be with you."

"I can't be with a celebrity."

"Sure you can. Besides, I'm not really the celebrity. That would be the rest of my family."

She rolled her eyes at that false statement. Undeterred, he grabbed her hand, pressing it to his straining cock, but she immediately took over in the caress. Her fingers traced his length, feeling his generous proportions and the smooth, wide head. She couldn't help herself. She slipped right off her desk chair and onto her knees. Zak groaned as she opened his zipper and pulled him free.

She curled her hand around his length, sliding it up and down then wrapping her lips around him. Having him make her come beneath the desk had been naughty, but the illicitness of this was enough to steam up the windows. It was just so bad and so sexy and so totally outside the boundaries of okay. It was totally bad girl. He'd been in charge before. Now he was completely in her hands.

She set herself to bringing his release, wanting his cum more than she would ever admit to anyone else. Her hand cupped his balls through his jeans, squeezing lightly as she took his shaft deep.

"Casey, I'm gonna come if you—" He broke off with a gasp as she sucked harder. Her hand worked in unison with her mouth to fully cover his long cock. Slipping her thumb into her mouth along with his length, she pressed the spot just below the head.

Zak shuddered, his words tumbling from him incoherently as his cum shot deep in her throat. She swallowed convulsively, wanting it all. Loving the extension of last night. Knowing it couldn't continue.

"How was I so lucky to find you?" he murmured. He drew her to her feet and kissed her hard before releasing her and tucking himself back in his pants. The intimacy between them was cut short as he glanced at the window then crossed to it and looked down. His arms folded over his chest, and he scowled. "The delivery guy was right. About ten of the vultures."

"So what's your plan?" Joining him, she glared down at the group milling below. This wasn't her life. She might as well pack and move...to Mars. She'd never again be able to look at anyone who'd ever gone through a supermarket checkout. "I'll join a cloistered convent," she muttered.

He looked at her as if she'd sprouted an extra head—which would be handy on Mars. "No, that wasn't exactly what I was thinking. Does this building have a connector to the parking garage?"

"Yes."

“We’ll leave that way. The windows on my SUV are tinted. They won’t know for sure that it’s us.” He reached over and took her hand. “Then I think we’d better talk.”

Butterflies bombarded her stomach. As if things weren’t bad enough, “talk” sounded ominous.

She nodded. “Let me leave my boss a note and get my things.”



## Chapter Five

"So tell me why you don't want to see me?" Zak asked as soon as he'd maneuvered his black SUV out of the city. They'd easily evaded the paparazzi since they were all watching the front doors of the office. A drive-by of Casey's apartment had averted her request to go there. Several of the vultures waited there. They must have followed her the night before since she was still the "unidentified companion" according to his father's report.

"You mean *besides* your camera-toting entourage?"

"You ran last night before there was any sign of them."

She sighed, looking out the window. He'd noticed that she frequently looked away when she was embarrassed or upset about something. Now was no different as she played with a lock of the long, glossy brown hair that hung over her shoulder. "I'm too old for you."

"We've been over this —"

"And I'm too..." She took a deep, shuddering breath. "I'm too fat."

"Are you high?" he exclaimed.

"Oh for God's sake...open your eyes, Zak. I'm nothing like the cute little things you usually date."

"Thank heaven for that too."

She glared at him. "I've seen the pictures of the stars you date. I looked you up this morning. I must be stupid. I didn't recognize that you're Andrei Zakharin."

"Yes. I dated those women. Not for two years —"

"I don't know what sort of phase you're going through," she interrupted. "But I don't want to be dragged through the mud then dropped when you realize that I'm

nothing like your usual type. I've got carb hips. I like to eat...carbs, fat...chocolate. If I never ate a salad again, I'd be a happy woman. I'm never going to look like those model types."

Zak said nothing until they pulled off the road a few minutes later and through a pair of black iron gates that swung open for them then clanged shut behind. It wasn't that he had nothing to say. He just didn't want to be driving while he said it. When they were out of sight of the street, he stopped, turned off the vehicle and turned to her.

"So you've done your research."

"Of course, I did. I spent more time Googling you today than I spent working."

"So then you know that none of those so-called 'perfect for me' women are in my life anymore. They've been gone for two years. There wasn't anyone until a mystery woman took my breath away three months ago."

She didn't look convinced, but what could he say to break through her personal phobias about herself.

"You'll see." He brushed his thumb over her chin and leaned in to kiss her. Instant arousal flooded his cock, taking him from the semi-hard state he'd been in to full-fledged hard enough to drill concrete. "God, I can't do this here," he groaned. "I want to fuck you. But not in the car. I want you in my bed. I want to take my time with you. Besides..." His fingers stroked down her cheek, reluctant to tell her why he had no choice but to stop, but needing to be truthful. He restarted the SUV. "It's not safe to do this out here. Not until you say you'll be with me. They...um...jump the fence sometimes. I don't want to take any chances with you."

Though heaven knew he wanted to. He needed to be inside her again so badly his cock was like a rail once more.

"You should take me home before this gets any more out of hand. If you're nowhere around me, the reporters will lose interest. I'll have a few tough days, but I'll be okay."

Not be around her? Had she disregarded everything he'd said? Somehow, he'd have to make her understand.

"I'll take care of you," he assured her.

"Celebrities don't have much say in what's said about them..."

"You'd be surprised. We all end up in the rags from time to time, but damage control is possible. The rest you just learn to ignore as best you can. What really ticks me off," he said as he started back down the drive, "is when celebrities' families become a commodity."

"Like you."

He shrugged. "When I went into art, it opened me up to it again. But I was in the spotlight my entire childhood because of my parents. I couldn't get a bad grade in school without the world knowing about it."

His skin heated as she watched him, and he wondered if she wanted to touch him as much as he wanted to touch her. She hadn't flinched or protested when he'd declared he wanted to fuck her. A little crass but true. Of course there were other things he had to focus on now. Such as smoothing out this mess. From the things she'd mentioned, he knew her ego was fragile. She didn't need the Hollywood gossips to drag her through the mud.

Despite convincing her earlier that he had a solution, so far, it didn't have much merit. The plan was to get her out of the city and to his house, but she couldn't hide out on his estate forever—no matter how much he wanted to "fuck" her. She'd have to go back to work soon, perhaps even tomorrow if he couldn't get her to call in sick for the rest of the week. And outside the iron gates of his home, she was fresh meat for the raving animals.

"I won't let that happen to you. I won't let you be analyzed," he continued with as much conviction as he could. He'd find a way to make this right. "I lead a very private life, Casey. I do what I can to stay out of the spotlight."

"It's not working very well," she replied with a half-smile. "You've sure managed to be in the spotlight now – in spades. I couldn't even go home."

His phone rang before he could reply. Pulling it out, he groaned. That man just couldn't take a hint!

"Dad," he answered, his voice flat.

Yerik Zakharin was calling Zak on the phone! Casey shoved away a touch of starstruck awe she'd never felt around Zak. Of course, Yerik was calling him. He was Zak's father after all. He'd want to help clear up this mess.

"No, you're not speaking to Casey," Zak growled.

Her eyebrows rose, and her gaze jerked from the driveway to him. She heard a rumble coming over the cell phone line but couldn't make out the words. Reaching out her hand, she indicated for him to give her the phone. Zak shook his head then sighed as she frowned and gave him a stern look she used with her boss's difficult clients.

He handed her the cell in the middle of Yerik's tirade.

"Mr. Zakharin," she interrupted as he went on about responsibility and what Zak needed to do. "This is Casey Billings. You wanted to speak to me?"

"Ah, Ms. Billings. May I call you Casey?"

"Yes." She had a feeling he would whether she said yes or not.

"Let me get right to the point, Casey. How long have you known my son?"

She smiled. So this would be an interrogation. She knew how to deal with that. Her boss and her father were both lawyers, and she'd been on the receiving end of their questions more times than she was comfortable with. "Three months."

"Are you seeing him because of who he is?"

"No, sir. I just learned of his connection with your family this morning."

That information seemed to stop him for a moment. "What are your intentions for my son?"

"Intentions?" She almost giggled. She'd never been asked what *her* intentions were regarding a guy. Of course, Zak was eight year younger. She swallowed back bile, her brief amusement vanishing.

"The pictures from this morning make it look as if you're quite...cozy," Yerik said. *He'd seen them already?* It wasn't *that* long ago.

"Actually, I was telling your son I couldn't see him anymore."

Beside her, Zak growled. Yerik made a disbelieving sound. "Doesn't look that way."

"Zak doesn't take no very well."

"Mmm, yes, I know that about him. And now? Are you still telling him that you can't see him anymore?"

"How do you think that would go for me?" she countered.

Zak, apparently guessing the slant of the conversation, took her hand. "I'm not letting you go," he insisted.

An aroused shiver raced along her limbs as his possessiveness wrapped around her like a warm blanket. When his fingers twined with hers, she didn't fight him or the unity she felt with him. Would it really be so bad to open her defenses and let him in? To believe him when he said he liked her as she was?

Yerik sighed. "I think he's not about to let you go," he answered, without knowing he'd echoed his son's declaration. "What are your feelings for Andrei?"

"Andrei" threw her for a moment, and she glanced over at Zak again. He'd parked in front of a sprawling Victorian house. Like many of the heritage homes in the area, it was large enough to accommodate four families. Quite a few of those houses had been sectioned into apartments—something that made sense but always saddened her—but she suspected that wasn't the case here. It overwhelmed her but didn't change what she'd felt for him for three months.

"I haven't shared that with your son, sir. I don't think I should tell you first."

Yerik chuckled. "Fair enough. I'll look forward to meeting you, Casey. I have a feeling Andrei's going to keep you around, and I think that's a very good idea."

Really? He did? "Um...thank you," she said. After Yerik hung up, she handed the phone back to Zak. "I guess he's done."

"What haven't you told me?" he asked, a hopeful light in his eyes.

She lifted his hand and kissed the back of it. "I'm probably a big idiot, but...I'm not going to tell you we can't pursue this relationship anymore. I'm willing to try."

"That's really smart, not idiotic. Besides...I don't take no, well, very...well." He got out and came around the car. "Let me show you the house. I want you to live here with me." He kissed her quickly before she could protest. "Just wait."

Much of his home was closed up, but he showed her all the areas he used—except the bedroom. The rooms were neat and comfortable though decorated with traditional wall treatments and colors. This wasn't a home from the *Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous*. It was more *Better Homes and Gardens* or Martha Stewart. She could easily see herself in an apron and pearls serving up Toll House cookies to her family. She shook her head in surprise. She'd never thought anything like that before, even in her wistful teenage fantasies of married life. Weird.

Feeling dazed, she followed docilely as he took her hand and led her to the stairs going up to the attic. He'd converted it to a studio, and the big airy space was filled with sunlight. The scent of turpentine and oils filled the space, and she knew she'd always associate it with him.

"This is where I spend most of my time," he said.

"It's wonderful."

"I want to make love to you here. And paint you. Naked and wanting me." He pulled her flush against him, and she felt his thick arousal against her belly. She wanted him to make love to her here too. Everywhere. Anywhere. And it didn't escape her that he'd used the L word. A flutter in her womb was followed by a corresponding flow of

cream to her pussy. She turned quickly to look around the space before she begged him to take her to his bed and fuck her until neither of them could breathe.

Shock stopped her mid-turn. A group of canvases leaned against the wall. Three. All of her on various Tuesday afternoons when they'd walked together. He'd captured her face so lovingly, she couldn't doubt he wanted her.

He came up behind her. His arms circled her waist and he rested his chin on her shoulder. A hand splayed over her belly, arrowing down to the flesh that wept for his touch. There wasn't an ounce of hesitancy or judgment or disgust in his gesture as his fingers curved over her slightly convex stomach. He just...wanted her.

"I have a hard time working on anything that isn't about you. Somehow, you've become the center of my life—I know. Crazy. I mean...I didn't know your name until today. How could I need you so badly? I want to know you're somewhere in the house, or if you're not, that you'll be back soon. That you long for me as I long for you."

His forehead pressed into her neck as her legs trembled.

"I love you, Casey. Don't tell me it's too soon. It's been three months."

"I know. I mean, even with all the things that make me hesitate, well, that's all me, not you. And I can't deny the way you make me feel. I can't deny that I love you too."

"Oh God, Case," he breathed. "I promise you won't regret it. And the paparazzi..." He hesitated as if he shouldn't have brought it up.

"We'll handle it," she said. "I'm a big girl. I freaked earlier, but if having you comes with having them, I guess I can deal." She grimaced. "Just don't expect me to be perfect."

"They'll go away. And you will be perfect in my eyes, no matter what." His lips traveled up her neck to the sensitive skin behind her ear. He nipped it before he moved to her ear. "I need to be in you. I've gotta fuck you before I go mad."

"Yes."

"Why the hell didn't I put a bed or a couch or a Goddamn blanket up here?"

She giggled. "We'd better fix that."

"Yeah. Soon."

They started down the stairs, but he stopped partway then turned, his face level with her breasts. His mouth closed on one nipple, teasing the tip through the fabric of her chiffon shirt and satin bra.

She breathed raggedly as her arms circled his neck, her fingers burying in his silky curls. Tremors tore through her as her body readied for him. Suddenly, she doubted they'd make it to the bed.

"How do you feel about steps?" he asked, wrenching open her shirt. Miraculously, the buttonholes gave and the pearly buttons slid free. His mouth devoured her exposed skin.

"I hear they're erotic," she gasped as he lowered her. He shoved up her skirt and settled between her thighs. Her body aligned perfectly with his, and she had a feeling everything from here on would eventually click into place as smoothly and as perfectly as his cock into her pussy.

She pulled at his clothes, thankful when she heard his zipper then the rip of foil. Need drove them to haste. They were both ready, and there was no need for delay. There would be time for tenderness later. Now they needed fast, hard sex.

Zak yanked aside her panties and nocked his cock to her opening. Immediately, he thrust inside, as sure as an arrow, his thick shaft parting the tender tissues of her slick channel.

"Yes," they both groaned as he seated himself fully. She lifted her feet to the step beside his hips, taking him deeper and feeling him against her cervix. A completeness filled her along with his cock as he possessed her. The dread of having her life inspected by the media fell away. She was safe in his arms.

"I like this," he murmured.

"Mmm, me too."



“We should do this again.”

Again? She could hardly think as his cock slammed into her, sending waves of unbelievable pleasure, tightening the coiling tension inside her. As the first tendrils of her orgasm twisted out toward her limbs, she smiled. “Yes. Again. Every Tuesday afternoon.”

## Epilogue

*A year later...*

"Casey! Casey!"

She glanced up, unsure where to look as she clasped Zak's hand in a death grip. Cameras and press surrounded them as they traversed the red carpet toward the theater where tonight's award ceremony would be held. Her father-in-law was getting a lifetime achievement award tonight and all the family was in attendance.

Zak was stunning in his black tuxedo and glossy, black curls. He gazed down at her with unquestionable love gleaming in his blue eyes. When he adored her like that, she felt stunning. A goddess. And she knew she looked great tonight. Who wouldn't when dressed in a classic design of one of the world's top designers?

Thick, sapphire-blue silk draped her, cut in an alluring strapless style that revealed just enough cleavage and had a slit showing just enough leg and her strappy silver sandals. She felt beautiful, and she had to smile in secret pleasure after reading one of last week's magazines. Zak had made sure she'd seen it. In fact, he'd left it open on the table beneath her morning coffee and bagel. *Hollywood's Most Beautiful Royalty*, it had proclaimed. A picture of her and Zak was one of those just below the headline. He'd slipped a note under her coffee cup. *Told ya*, it said.

Lately, they'd played a game of one-upmanship, mostly in the bedroom. Her husband had a kinky streak she could never have imagined. Six months after their wedding, he was pulling out surprises that made her blush but still made her oh so hot. Always on Tuesday afternoons. Not that they weren't all over each other on other days, but Tuesdays were special. They'd missed that appointment earlier since they'd been with the family all day. Tonight, however, she had a surprise for him.

"Everything okay?" he asked.

As brave and serene as she tried to be, she was still squidgy about crowds, and he knew it. She nodded, and her smile brightened. "I'm really happy for your dad. But how late will this last?"

He shrugged. "Midnight-ish."

"Hmm...too bad."

"Why?" They stopped for a photo op, and he turned her into his arms for a classic clinch.

She pulled his face closer. "I have a surprise for you."

"You do?" A glint of anticipation appeared in his eyes.

"Three words," she whispered. "Restraints. Clamps. Flogger."

"Really?" he asked. His smile turned feral, and his cock hardened against her. That could be a naughty problem since they hadn't yet gotten through the doors and away from the press junket.

Turning her head, she kissed him near his ear. "Well, it is Tuesday," she whispered. "Anything can happen."

She waved to those around her as he rushed her inside. He'd transformed her, without changing a thing about her. Confidence was hers. Age and size didn't matter. She giggled when Zak pressed close behind, his thick arousal against her. Well, maybe the size of *that* mattered. Once inside the theater, he bent slightly and rested his chin on her shoulder as they waited in the queue for their seats.

The presentation thankfully went quickly—and Casey and Zak were out of there, Zak intent on his "surprise". Yerik smiled indulgently and winked as they'd slipped away as soon as he'd gotten his award. Casey knew they'd be in for a ribbing tomorrow morning when they surfaced at the family compound. They'd been the subject of good-natured jesting since Zak had introduced her to them.

As soon as they made it to the room they'd reserved, Zak closed in on her, memories of their first time in a hotel room coming back to both of them full force.

"You said something about a surprise," he rasped, setting the room card on the table then reaching for the zipper of her dress.

"Do you want to order room service?" she hedged. "You pulled me out of there before dinner."

"Oh, there you go talking about eating." He laughed. "You know what that does."

"Only if you're lucky."

"Am I lucky?"

She let the dress fall from her shoulders to leave her in just a lacy bra, stockings and garters. She turned to him with no self-consciousness urging her to shield herself or run. This was Zak and he loved her just as she was.

"No panties?" he asked. "I *am* lucky."

"I like the naughty things you do in the limo. Why impede you?"

"You're such a bad girl," he teased. He pulled her into his arms, and his hand immediately went to her damp pussy.

"I should never have told you about that," she moaned, widening her stance to give him better access.

"Oh, you so, so, so should have. Now I know how naughty you like to be." His fingers flicked over her clit, in the way he knew would make her tremble. He knew so much about her and he never seemed to tire of making her fall apart in his arms. His lips skimmed over her jaw to her ear. "Where are the clamps?" he murmured.

She knew he'd wanted to try them but she'd shied away, okay with so many things but not quite ready for that. Truthfully, she was a little afraid of the pain and he knew it. She was ready now...and had secretly tried them out on her own. With Zak it would be even better.

"In the drawer. By the bed."

"It's going to feel so good, angel. I promise it will."

She nodded mutely as he led her to the bed. While he'd showered earlier she'd attached the restraints she'd bought through the internet a few weeks ago. He hadn't seen them earlier but now he grinned.

"These first?"

"No. Clips first." When he tipped his head in surprise, she smiled. "However will you flog me if you have me face up to put them on?"

He laughed. "You'd make a lousy full-on submissive."

She shrugged. Since being with him, she'd learned to play a bit more—and she really like playing with *him*. "You know I mostly just like to be tied up."

"Then let's focus on that...and the clamps."

"Yes, Master."

"Tease."

She squealed as he yanked her up into his arms then dropped her on the bed. He immediately crawled over her and fastened her wrists in the cuffs before she moved away then followed suit with the ankle restraints.

"We need these nice and plump," he said, drawing his thumbs over them.

"We do?" Well, obviously, she'd had no clue what she'd been doing when she'd tried out the clamps. She sighed as his warm mouth covered her nipple and all thoughts, other than the pleasure he brought, evaporated. Her eyes closed and she sank into the sensations...the suction, his teeth, the slight pinch, the —

She shrieked as the first clamp went on and her eyes flew open in accusation, her hands yanking on the cuffs. "You—oh! Oh Zak..." she breathed as the sensation changed and the spikes of initial pain morphed to a sort of pleasure-pain then just pleasure all together.

He gave her that lazy satyr smile then turned to the other nipple. This time when the clamp went on, she waited for the arousal that she knew would follow.

Zak leaned back. "Beautiful," he told her. "Thank you for this. How do you feel?"

She grinned, empowered by his love and constant adoration and the knowledge that she could do things like this for him. "Good. Really good. Kiss me."

"Whenever you want. I'll start..." His mouth pressed to her inner thigh. "Here."

"I meant my mouth."

He kissed his way to her center, spread her pussy with his thumbs then stroked his tongue through her folds. He suckled at her clit until she jerked against the bonds holding her. "You don't want me to do this?" he asked.

"Don't stop."

His talented mouth kept working at her until tendrils of electric heat threaded through her, growing stronger and wider with each pull. She screamed as the threads seemed to explode into a cloud of energy. It pulsed through her in wave after shock wave of shuddering power.

As her mind cleared, she realized that Zak had moved away from her and now knelt at her side with the flogger in his hand. "I think we can use this after all. But you're not gonna get flogged."

"No?"

He grinned. "Not tonight anyway."

Slowly, he dragged the soft leather strips along her legs, one then the other. She shivered as the light sensation tickled her. Her body seemed to be on edge, knowing what this thing could do, what Zak could do with it yet trusting him at his word. The tails trailed up her belly. Then he pulled back and rocked his hand as if weighing the flogger's ability. Her eyes narrowed.

"Relax, angel. This won't hurt. Promise." Leaning forward, he kissed her mouth. His tongue pressed between her lips, and the flavor of her excitement flooded her senses.

When he pulled back again, she looked up at him in a daze. Kneeling back, he rocked the flogger in his hand. The tails flicked at her breast, the touch so light it felt like a dozen tongues licking up the underside of the peak.

“Zak,” she cried, arching into the motion as he brought the ends against her again and again, alternating breasts. Each motion brought the leather strips higher until they licked at her clamped nipples. Furious sensation raced through her, flooding her pussy and clenching the tiny muscles of her channel as an unexpected release shot through her.

And then his cock was there, driving through the tight tissues to claim her. He groaned, taking her mouth again. She yanked on the cuffs holding her, wanting to thread her fingers into his hair, to touch him, to adore him. She didn’t need to be bound to get off and he knew that. Being with him was enough for her.

As if reading her mind, he reached up and released the restraints holding her wrists. Her arms immediately circled him.

“I love you, Zak,” she told him. She moved in time with his hips, his wide cock filling her so perfectly. There would never be a day that she wasn’t thankful that she’d spoken to a stranger on the street or, that months later, she’d taken the chance on an illicit night of passion with him – one night that had turned into a lifetime.

His arms wrapped around her. “Casey, angel, I love you. More and more with every Tuesday that goes by.”

With a smile, she sank into the release commanded by his body, feeling him follow on her heels. She was cherished. His. Completely his.

And he was hers. Only hers. Forever.

## About the Author

When it comes to books and movies, Brynn Paulin has one rule: There must be a happy ending. After that one requirement, anything else goes. And it just might in any of her books.

Brynn lives in Michigan with her husband and two children who love her despite her occasional threats to smite them. They humor her and let her think she's a goddess...as long as she provides homemade chocolate chip cookies on a regular basis.

She attributes her writing success to '70s music, her local road construction crews, a trusty notebook and, of course, her husband and willing research subject, AKA Mr. Inspiration.

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

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