



He always wanted what he couldn't have...

Playing With Fire, Book 1

Forbidden desires, secret needs...that's not what girls are made of. At least, that's what Michaela's past boyfriends told her when she revealed her darkest, dirtiest fantasies. She knows she's better off without the exes, but she's lonely—and horny. It doesn't help that her roommate, Austin, is the most gorgeous man she's ever laid eyes on. Too bad he's bisexual...or so he says.

There's a reason Austin hasn't been with a woman in a long time. The only one he wants is Michaela. He's fought his attraction for months, waiting for a sign, desperate to show her she's everything he wants in a lover. One illicit kiss leads to an explosive night of sex that leaves her wanting more—yet afraid. But Austin is a patient man, more than willing to tear down her boundaries piece by piece. Exposing her to pleasures she's never known.

Trust leads her to whisper her most deeply held fantasy. One that rouses a new emotion Austin didn't expect: jealousy. Possessiveness. He's the only man he wants in her life. And he'll do whatever it takes to prove it...

Warning: Contains m/m sex, m/f/m sex, naughty, delicious punishments and naughty, delicious everything. It's filthy good.

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Forbidden

Karen Erickson

Dedication

To my friend Red Garnier for being the best cheerleader and always saying just what I need to hear, both the good and the bad. Love you, honey. And to my editor Bethany. Thanks for believing in this story.

Chapter One

“Why don’t you face facts and admit you want her?”

Austin turned, watched carefully as Brad shut the bedroom door behind him, twisting the lock with a quiet click before he leaned against the wood frame.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

The skeptical look his friend and occasional lover shot him said he knew better. “You know exactly what I’m talking about. Or make that *who*.”

Austin sat heavily on the edge of the bed and closed his eyes as frustration welled up inside him. It figured Brad would see right through his facade and call him on it. He’d been hiding his feelings for Michaela for months. He’d never done a thing about it yet. He’d been attracted to her since the first day they met.

Because he didn’t think the feeling was mutual. She had written him off as her gay friend and roommate and left it at that. She’d flaunted herself in front of him countless times without even knowing it. Always figuring she was safe because he preferred guys.

Michaela had no clue how tight he kept his control reined in. How close he’d come multiple times to losing it, tearing off her clothes and fucking her senseless. On the couch, the kitchen counter, against the wall. Hell they’d even watched movies together in her bed, snuggled up cozy and tight.

Every moment with her pushed him further and further over the edge.

It had been years since he’d been with a woman, almost just as long since he’d been attracted to one. So why now? Why Michaela?

“You don’t want to tell her?”

Austin opened his eyes and glanced up to find Brad standing before him, a sympathetic expression on his face. This was a man who understood him despite their differences, who realized his complexities and didn’t push. He accepted Austin for who he was and in return, Austin did the same with him.

They’d had a mutual understanding for years, and they both appreciated it. Needed it.

“How can I tell her? She’s not interested.”

“She’s a fool.” Brad knelt in front of him, rested his hands on Austin’s knees, and gazed up into his eyes. “But then again, so are you.”

Austin chuckled. “Thanks.”

“Denying yourself something you want is unhealthy.” Brad reached forward, the tips of his fingers brushing against Austin’s crotch. He reacted, naturally. Already his mind was filled with thoughts of Michaela, and Brad knew how to touch him.

“I don’t deny myself anything. You know this.” He drew in a harsh breath when Brad’s fingers curled around him, stroking his cock through the heavy denim.

“You don’t let yourself have the one thing you want more than anything in the world, which I don’t understand.” Brad smiled knowingly, his brown eyes sparkling with mischief. “And it’s a girl to boot. I don’t get you sometimes.”

“The thing is, Brad, I think you get me better than anyone.”

Brad arched a brow, his fingers moving to the button fly of Austin’s jeans, undoing each snap one by one. “Better than Michaela?”

“She’s close. If Michaela really got me, I think she’d realize what I want.” Her. He wanted her. Yes, he sat here with Brad reaching for his dick but really he wanted Michaela. Imagined it was Michaela’s slim fingers wrapped around his cock, stroking him, drawing her thumb across the head, smearing the pre-come that gathered there.

But it was Brad’s fingers that held him firm, Brad’s thumb that grew sticky with fluid. And then it was Brad who bent his head, wrapped his mouth around the tip of Austin’s cock and drew him in.

A guttural groan escaped them both and Austin leaned back, resting his elbows on the bed. Brad eagerly moved with him, never breaking his stride, his head bobbing up and down on Austin’s cock, his tongue licking, lips sucking, his hand reaching for and squeezing his balls.

It felt good. It felt amazing. Brad had every trick up his sleeve and knew how to use them. Austin closed his eyes, let his imagination run wild.

Michaela kneeling before him, her pretty blonde head dipped over his lap, her lush pink lips wrapped tight around his cock. She would cup his balls in the palm of her hand, her long hair would tickle his thighs and her soft moans would make his entire body stiffen in preparation.

Ah fuck, he could come right now just thinking about it.

Brad anticipated his every move, his mouth tightening, slurping along the entire length of him, up and down as his fingers tugged on Austin’s balls. Jesus, he was fully clothed, his cock thrusting from the open placket of his jeans and in Brad’s mouth and he couldn’t believe he was doing this.

“Fuck me.” Brad released his hold on Austin and leaned back, resting on his haunches. His mouth glistened, his eyes heavy lidded with arousal, and Austin dropped his gaze, saw the unmistakable ridge of Brad’s erection poking against the front of his shorts.

“What?” Austin shook his head, ran his hand through his hair. It had been months since he and Brad had fooled around. He thought Brad had a new someone who he spent time with. Austin had been so hung up on Michaela he hadn’t had sex with anyone for a while, since he and Brad had last been together.

His mind was foggy with pent-up lust and right now he just wanted someone, it didn't matter who it was. It sounded harsh, but it was true.

"Fuck me, Austin. Take out all your frustrations on me." Brad's eyes gleamed and he smiled, predatory and assured. He was always a bottom who liked it particularly hard and rough. Sometimes, Austin gave it to him just as he preferred. "Pretend I'm someone else, I don't care. Just fuck me."

"God, Brad, where's your new boyfriend?" Austin stood and shucked his jeans, ripped his T-shirt off. Brad followed suit, standing and removing his clothing as well until the both of them stood naked, their cocks straining, the scent of male arousal filling the air.

"We split up. Asshole was cheating on me." Brad shook his head and went to the bedside table where Austin kept a box of condoms. "Here."

He tossed a wrapped condom to Austin and he tore into it, stroking the condom onto his erect cock, fisting it for one pump, then another. His eyes slid shut, and he held his breath. God, he was close. He was thankful Michaela wasn't home. That she was at work and had no clue what he was doing. It almost felt like he was cheating on her, being with Brad.

"Come on, big boy." Austin opened his eyes to find Brad already on the bed on all fours. "I'm ready."

Austin swallowed hard then approached the bed, his hand wrapped around his cock, his other hand reaching out to stroke Brad's ass. Brad pushed against Austin's palm, the low groan emanating from him indicating he was indeed ready. Austin climbed onto the bed and sat up on his knees, wrapping his hands around Brad's slight hips to position himself.

Brad was small and Austin was six-foot-one and one hundred and eighty pounds. But he was careful and always gentle, he'd been told that many times. He never wanted to cause pain to the ones he was with.

Unless they wanted him to and right now, Brad was practically begging for it.

"Slap my ass, Austin. Spank me." Brad's voice was whispery soft, his breathing accelerated, and Austin did as he asked, the smack loud in the quiet of the room.

Brad bucked against Austin's palm, a little hiss emanating from him. "Do it again."

Austin did, his palm smarting from the extra hard smack he gave Brad. The red mark on Brad's flesh aroused him. He couldn't help it. Made him desperate to get inside and Austin nudged against the crack of Brad's ass, his aim true.

He penetrated Brad with one sure thrust, knowing that Brad enjoyed the element of rough surprise. It knocked the breath out of Austin, stilled Brad, his head hanging low. The two of them hung there, sweat drenching Austin's body, his chest expanding with every heavy breath.

"You're so big," Brad murmured, shifting his weight, and the movement sent Austin even deeper. The both of them groaned and Austin watched Brad wrap his fingers around his own cock, squeezing tight.

The hot warmth of Brad's ass clamped snug around him and he closed his eyes, his hands again gripping Brad's hips. If he concentrated hard enough he could almost imagine what Michaela would feel

like when he was inside her. The hot, tight clasp of her pussy, her legs wrapped around his hips, her hands fluttering over him, stroking his back, pushing his ass so that he would surge deeper inside her...

He thrust once, twice, buried deep inside of Brad, reckless in his movements, and Brad encouraged him, yelling at him, his body pushing back just as hard. Their damp skin slapped against each other, Austin's hips bounced against Brad's ass, and when his orgasm came upon him, Austin reacted instinctually.

"Fuck yeah, give it to me," Brad encouraged, fisting his cock, his head thrown back, and Austin groaned, about ready to give him all he had.

Reaching out, he blindly grabbed at Brad's head, tugging on the hair at the back of his neck, pulling so hard he heard Brad yelp. But he didn't care. He was beyond caring. His orgasm took over, drained him of everything he had, everything he felt.

And for one brief wild moment, he imagined it was Michaela beneath him, her scent filling his head, her soft cries making him pulse and throb with need.

Michaela pulled her car into her assigned parking spot and cut the engine. She reached for her purse on the passenger seat and paused before grabbing hold of the door handle.

Huh. Another Friday night spent alone, most likely with a tub of Ben & Jerry's and a cheesy cable movie on TV. The thought of that alone made her want to cry.

Her roommate Austin would leave soon if he hadn't already since he worked every single weekend as a lighting director at a local theatre. She'd never minded his not being around on the weekends but lately, she found it depressing.

Being alone sucked.

Her girlfriends were all married, engaged or firmly attached with the exception of her friend Carly. They were the lone holdouts even though Michaela thought she'd found the man of her dreams, the catch she'd been looking for.

Preston James, investment banker and overachiever extraordinaire. They'd met nine months ago at a cocktail party. He was handsome, hardworking and so wonderful that she'd felt lucky to catch his eye. Charming and polite and intelligent, he'd been the perfect boyfriend.

On paper and on the surface. Beneath the charm and the pretty face and the designer suits was a...well...boring man. A man who lacked passion unless it concerned his career. A man who would rather watch a period drama on pay-per-view while drinking a single glass of white wine on a Saturday night.

Michaela secretly wanted to slam a couple of tequila shots back and watch a porn movie just for kicks. They could start out by making fun of the bad acting but slowly become aroused. Until they couldn't stand it anymore and had to tear each other's clothes off so they could fuck like bunnies.

She'd suggested that very idea about a month ago and the look of horror on Preston's face had told her everything. She'd made a grave mistake, one she couldn't recover from.

Preston broke up with her less than a week later. Said something like he wanted to focus on his career or some such nonsense. She knew she'd freaked him out over a mere porn reference.

If he only knew what she was secretly interested in, he'd probably have a heart attack.

She climbed out of her car, her gaze catching a slim, familiar man briskly walking away from her apartment building, headed toward the opposite end of the parking lot.

Squinting into the fading sunlight, she held her hand over her eyes, wished she could see his face. She was fairly certain it was Brad, Austin's sometime boyfriend.

Longing filled her and she pushed it away, much like she slammed her car door, with an aggressive shove. The last thing she needed to mope over was her newfound crush on Austin, her gay roommate.

So very gay and so very gorgeous, she'd noticed him the moment they first met but knew he was unattainable. That's what made their pairing ideal. He was a friend of a friend who had needed a place to live, and she'd needed a roommate. They'd been together ever since.

And lately, for whatever reason, misfired hormones or maybe plain old loneliness, she found herself attracted to him. Intensely attracted, like she found it hard to contain herself when she was around him, and they were around each other a lot.

It didn't help that he had a sexual aura that drew her in, drew practically anyone who met him. She'd gone out with him to gay clubs, though that had been a long time ago, when they'd first started living together. The stream of handsome men hitting on him had been endless. Austin would flash that boyish smile and turn them away, swearing he would pay attention to only her that night.

She'd ignored the kick her heart gave at his words, the sizzle of awareness that flushed over her at the look in his eyes, the sincerity on his face. He was sweet, he was kind and yet there was that sexual thing she couldn't quite put her finger on lying just beneath the surface.

It had been a way too sobering moment seeing Brad leave their apartment. And it was definitely him. She saw him get into his older model Honda and drive out of the parking lot.

She knew why Brad was over at five in the afternoon, she wasn't stupid. He and Austin had probably fooled around. Restless need welled within her and she imagined walking in on them, catching them naked and touching each other. Their hands stroking, mouths fused, limbs entangled...

What would they do if she did happen upon them together? Would they be embarrassed and stop? Would they continue on and let her watch? Or maybe they would let her join in...

Sweat beaded her brow at the thought of watching them. Or...gulp...being with them. All three of their bodies entwined, mouths fused, cocks in her hands, fingers in her pussy.

Good Lord, it was hot outside. She shifted her thoughts, wondered idly who preferred to be on top, a thought she'd entertained more than once. She had a strong suspicion it was Austin.

God. This was the very last thing she needed to think about.

Michaela hurried up the steps that led to their apartment, her pounding feet making the entire stairwell rattle. She was desperate to get inside, lock herself in her bedroom and change her clothes, maybe throw on a simple tank and cotton shorts and lounge around in bed for the rest of the night.

Pull out her vibrator and have a little one on one session once Austin left for work.

She paused at the door, a frown curling her mouth downward. Yes, it was confirmed. She'd definitely entered into the I'm-a-pitiful-loser realm. Who knew she would get there so fast at the mere age of twenty-five.

The apartment was quiet when Michaela entered and she closed the door, heard the unmistakable sound of the shower running coming from Austin's bathroom. Probably washing off the scent of sex before he headed to work.

Michaela winced. God. She really needed to stop.

But this was perfect. She could sneak by and lock herself away in her bedroom. He might not even know she was home and she could avoid him, though that normally wasn't her style.

She really didn't want to see him after he had had sex with Brad. Just the idea of it kind of freaked her out, why she didn't know. She'd never been freaked out by it before, and he'd had his share of dates over in the time they'd lived together.

You know why. Because you're jealous and you wish you were the one having sex with Austin, not Brad.

Yes again, a futile thought on her part. Lusting after a man that wasn't interested in her or her entire gender. Oh, he'd claimed he was bisexual to her before, more than once and that he'd had a few relationships with other women, but she didn't believe him. He'd been only with men since they'd met. Had never shown much interest for any woman besides the occasional Victoria's Secret model, and they didn't count in her eyes. Babies and senile old ladies thought they were beautiful so, of course, he would too.

She shook her head as she walked down the short hallway, pausing at the open door of Austin's bedroom. It was clean, though the bed was sort of a mess. Kind of made, kind of not. Like someone—or a couple of someones—had rolled all over it.

Ugh. Yeah, she needed to get moving and quick.

"Hey. I thought I heard you come in."

Michaela nearly jumped out of her skin at the sound of Austin's deep voice. She turned in his direction, grabbed hold of the doorframe for support when she caught sight of him.

He was standing in front of the open bathroom door, steam pouring out of the doorway, his skin and hair damp and only clad in a towel. The towel clung low to his lean hips, revealing acres of skin she would gladly explore with her hands and mouth and tongue.

She swallowed hard, searching for something to say while he stood there, one dark brow cocked, his fingers clutching the side of the towel. It looked ready to slip off. She was tempted to walk up to him and tear it off.

What would he do? Laugh and smack her butt with the end of the towel? Get an erection and jump her bones?

God, she wished.

"I saw Brad." She swallowed again, noticed a sketchy expression slide over his face. "Did he come over?"

"Uh, yeah, he just stopped by to drop something off. He couldn't really stay. Why, did you, uh, talk to him?" He looked uncomfortable, and she wondered why.

"No, he didn't even see me. He was across the parking lot."

The relief on Austin's face was clear, and he took a step closer to the bathroom. "Ah yeah, that's too bad."

Okay this was weird. "Don't you think you should dry off? Don't you need to be at work soon?" She needed to get him away from her and quick.

He smiled, revealing perfectly straight teeth, his eyes crinkling at the corners. Too cute for words. One minute he looked like the boy next door and the next he was a sex god, and she wanted to beg him to fuck her. "Yeah, I do. What are you doing tonight?"

She shrugged, wished like hell she had a more exciting answer. "No plans. Just hanging out here."

"You should come out with us after work. We're going to a new club tonight," he suggested as he walked back into the bathroom.

"Right, you so don't want me there." She followed him, she couldn't help herself, and she stopped in the doorway, watched him as he studied himself in the foggy mirror.

His gaze met hers in the reflection. "Why not? You need to get out and have some fun. Sitting around here drowning your sorrows in ice cream is not the way to spend a weekend."

"I'm allowed some mourning time," she said defensively. A little pissed he had mentioned the ice cream bit.

"That guy isn't worth the amount of time you've mourned. Trust me." Lifting his arms, he slicked his dark hair back with both hands, the towel slipping lower with the movement. If it went any lower, she'd catch sight of bare ass and her gaze dropped, hoping for a slip.

"You'll be getting off too late anyway. I'll probably be asleep by then." She inwardly winced, wishing she hadn't used the term getting off. How awkward could this get? And why did everything have to turn sexual when it came to Austin?

"I'm done by midnight at the latest, just when the clubs really start hopping. Come on, you should go." He smiled, his gaze locked on her in the mirror, his hands linked at the back of his head. In this

position his biceps bulged, his chest puffed out. He wasn't overtly muscular, but he was long and lean and she found his body incredibly sexy.

"Is it a gay club?" She felt bad for asking, but she had to know. The last thing she wanted to do was watch him hit on or get hit on by a bunch of beautiful boys.

"Nope. Scarlett told me about it. It's a huge place, some sort of warehouse downtown, and they play great dance music. I really want you to meet Scarlett. Say you'll go. You can meet me at the theatre and we'll make you up, and then we'll all hit the club. Come on."

"Make me up?" Oh, boy. Now he wanted to change her look because he didn't think she was pretty enough. She needed to put an end to this right now.

"Make you hot." He dropped his arms and turned to face her, grasping the side of his towel once again. "You're going."

"Austin..."

"You are. Meet me at the theatre at eleven thirty. Say yes, Michaela."

Well, when he commanded her like that how could she resist? "Fine, yes."

His smile grew. "You won't regret it."

She didn't think she would.

Chapter Two

The club was busy. The line to get in wound all the way around the side of the old industrial building. Michaela shivered when the surprisingly cool late summer breeze hit her, and she wished she had something more substantial on.

Austin's friend Scarlett had helped her dress, allowing her to rummage through the heaping closet that she kept at the theatre. Scarlett was nice, pretty in an exotic way that Michaela would never be but had always yearned to look like.

Long, dark curling hair, tilted espresso brown eyes and lush red lips, Scarlett looked like some sort of gorgeous hippie of yesteryear. Flowing skirts and gauzy tops, layers of necklaces that clanked noisily when she walked, Scarlett even wore a tinkling ankle bracelet that sang an endless tune with her every movement.

She found Michaela a jersey dress that looked straight off the disco floor of Studio 54. Electric blue with spaghetti straps, the fabric draped over her breasts, crisscrossing to tie at her right hip and with a full skirt that ended at the knee. She'd never worn anything like it before, and she felt kind of ridiculous.

"Do I look stupid?" she whispered in Scarlett's ear.

"You look beautiful," Scarlett whispered back, a smile curving her ruby lips. "I bet you'll garner a lot of attention tonight."

Michaela nibbled on her lower lip. She didn't necessarily want to catch a bunch of attention tonight. She'd rather catch just one man's attention.

But he wasn't interested.

She was nervous. She couldn't help it. She'd gone out to clubs before, mostly with her girlfriends though she'd also gone out with Austin. Tonight there was something going on, though, something she couldn't quite put her finger on. The energy between her and Austin had shifted, subtle but definitely there.

The sexual energy had amped up. The way he looked at her, his blue eyes smoldering when they landed upon her more than once when she first came to the theatre. The appreciative whistle he gave when he first caught sight of her in the dress had warmed her from the inside out, sent her pulse skittering and her clit throbbing.

And then when he'd made up her face, oh my. Having him so close, the constant touching, the gentle grazing of his fingers on her skin had nearly been her undoing. His warm breath had wafted across her face, minty fresh and making her tingle, anxious.

Needy.

She glanced up, watched Austin approach with Trevor, another friend and coworkers, walking at his side. Austin's smile grew when his gaze lit upon her, and she allowed herself to admire him unabashedly.

He wore skintight black jeans that emphasized his long muscular legs, heck, every glorious part of him, and a vintage gray Bowie T-shirt covered with gray and white rhinestones. His black hair was spiked in the back and swept across the side of his face. Black eyeliner rimmed his eyes, smudged heavily, and it emphasized the sparkling beautiful blue. He was completely not her type yet she looked at him and her entire body yearned to get closer.

She noted she wasn't the only one checking him out. Appreciative glances were cast his way from both men and women as he walked past the line of hopeful club goers, and Trevor was certainly nothing to sneeze at either. Two gorgeous, well-dressed males were bound to attract a lot of attention on a Friday night.

Great. It was pointless to think she even had a chance when he strutted around looking like *that*, good enough to eat and lick and suck...

Well, forget it.

Michaela returned his smile as he came closer, taking a deep breath in hopes of calming her nerves, easing her restless mind. He reached for her, his hand cupping her bare shoulder, sending currents of electricity throughout her body.

"Come on, we can get right in," Austin said, leading Michaela out of line as he shot a smile in Scarlett's direction. "Drake's working the door tonight."

"Ooh, Drake." Scarlett batted her eyelashes, and Trevor laughed. "I wonder if I could get him to buy me a drink too."

"You've been chasing him for months, Scarlett," Trevor pointed out as they all got out of the line and started toward the door.

"I know. He's just playing hard to get. I'll land him. Eventually." The assured smile on Scarlett's face made Michaela jealous.

Really, so stupid but she couldn't help herself. She wished she had that sort of confidence, to go for what she wanted and damn the consequences. She'd never been so full of doubt about her choices, the way she went about her life. Preston's dumping her had put her off center, made her question herself, and she didn't like it.

Lusting for Austin didn't help either. Wanting a man who didn't want her was self-defeating. She could read all she wanted into the suggestive glances and sweet words but in the end, he preferred dick.

Yeah, blunt but she needed to think that way. Be hard on herself so she'd give up these hopeless thoughts. It was for the best.

It didn't help that he still touched her, his hand sliding down to press at the small of her back. He walked beside her, his stride even with hers as if they were some sort of couple and she had to force herself not to think that way, not to think there was something behind his almost possessive touch.

They entered the club without a problem, Drake guiding their way with the flick of a hand. Immediately they were immersed in darkness and smoke and flashing multicolored lights. The music was loud, a heavy throbbing beat that made her insides pulse in time. She glanced around quickly, drinking in the atmosphere before they went and checked their purses, Trevor checking his leather jacket before they headed deeper inside.

The place was packed, filled with all sorts of pretty people, many of them edgy in appearance, pushing the envelope. Most of the women were dressed in revealing clothes, their flesh proudly bared, decorated with body glitter that reflected in the spinning lights. The men were just as pretty, their clothes dark, many attired similarly to Austin. Some stood around in small groups, posing with a drink clutched in their hand as they checked out those who passed by.

Almost everyone was on the dance floor where a popular tune played, the crowd yelling their encouragement with their hands in the air. It was hot, the air stifling, and already Michaela felt faintly sticky with sweat, her hair heavy against her neck.

"Drink first and then dance?" Austin tilted his head toward her, his mouth awfully close to her ear.

"I don't know if I'm going to dance," she started but he shook his head, his brows raised.

"Hell yes, you are. Let's go now. We'll get drinks later. Come on, Scarlett," he called to his friend. All three of them headed to the dance floor, Trevor hanging back to talk with someone.

They pushed themselves onto the crowded dance floor, Austin leading them, Scarlett grabbing hold of Michaela's hand so she wouldn't get lost. Michaela thought she would be uncomfortable, awkward in her dance movements since she really was terrible at it, but she wasn't allowed to even think, let alone worry.

Austin grabbed her hand and yanked her close, their bodies meshing together, Scarlett right behind her, pushing her even closer to him, and they began to dance, the three of them all in sync.

She copied Austin's movements, impressed with his ability, the way he thrust his hips and moved his body as if he was totally comfortable, in his element. And he was. He danced with a natural grace that most men didn't have, and she wondered at his prowess in bed.

Her cheeks heated at the thought, especially with the suggestive manner of their dancing, and she stumbled, thankful when he caught her, his hands gripping the crook of her arms and hauling her even closer, if that was possible.

"Just let go," he murmured, so close his lips brushed her ear, and she shivered, nearly jumping in surprise when she felt Scarlett smack her on the butt with an open hand.

She glanced back to see Scarlett laughing, her eyes sparkling, her hair a wild mass of curls about her head. "Sorry, I couldn't resist. Your ass is awfully cute in that dress."

Michaela turned back to find Austin smiling at her. “She’s harmless,” he yelled above the throbbing music. “And she’s right. Your ass is cute in that dress.”

The music changed, the tempo downshifting, giving her no time to contemplate Austin’s comment. He thought her ass was cute? Who knew?

People exited the dance floor with the start of the new song, giving them more space, but Austin didn’t let her go. Scarlett moved away, turning to dance with the man behind her. Michaela was left alone with Austin, in his arms, their legs and feet tangled, their lower bodies pressed together. She glanced about the floor, noticed that it was filled with couples holding each other close.

The song was suggestive, the lyrics sexual, the beat throbbing and sensual. Austin slid his hands around her until they rested at the lowest point of her back, just above her ass, and her knees went weak at the way he touched her, looked at her, danced with her.

Like it was some sort of public foreplay and she was lost to it. She gripped his arms, slid her hands up until they linked behind his neck, her fingers teasing the hair that rested there, thick and soft, and she’d give anything to touch him, really touch him like she wanted to.

His hands splayed, gripping her butt, and he pulled her into him as he ground against her. She returned the favor, her pussy throbbing, her panties soaked and his erection nudged against her, shocking her. Michaela glanced up to find Austin studying her, his expression dark, sexy.

Oh good Lord, it was as if her every dream was coming true but still she doubted it, doubted all of it. Maybe he was caught up in the dancing, the atmosphere. Hell, maybe he forgot that Michaela was a measly ol’ girl and he wasn’t interested in girls.

She didn’t know. But there was no denying that erection. And it was large. And impressive.

Very, very impressive.

The song ended and he relaxed his hold on her, his hands loose at her sides. She sprang free, suddenly uncomfortable, and she ran a hand through her sweaty hair to hide her shaking fingers.

“Want to get something to drink?” He watched her carefully, his expression closed though she saw the lingering heat in his eyes.

Michaela nodded, didn’t say a word, and he took her hand, leading her to the back of the club where a cluster of tables and booths surrounded the gargantuan bar. A group of his friends were seated in a large booth, including Trevor, and they joined them, scooting in so close that Michaela was plastered to Austin’s side.

She wasn’t complaining. His hard thigh pressed firmly next to hers, his body heat ratcheting up her internal temperature another one hundred degrees.

God, it was hot. She lifted her hair away from her neck with both hands, wondered why she hadn’t put it in some sort of ponytail and then she felt a faint breeze waft against her sensitive skin.

Michaela turned to see it was Austin, his beautiful lips slightly pursed, blowing across her neck, cooling her down, heating her up. Her sex tingled, her breath caught in her throat when he did it again and she felt the little hairs at her nape move, tickling her.

“You looked hot,” he said when their gazes met.

“I...am.” In more ways than one.

His mouth curved upward, just on one side, a rather secretive smile that said he knew exactly what she referred to. The air was heavy, and not just from the heat, but with sexual tension. It crackled around them, gave her courage, gave her hope that maybe she wasn't imagining this.

A waitress appeared with a tray of drinks for everyone already at the table and they took turns telling her what they wanted, Austin dropping a ten-dollar bill on the tray to hurry the order. Michaela thought she might die of thirst and was thankful when someone offered a spare glass of water. She gulped it, savoring the cool liquid sliding down her throat, and when Austin nudged her, she offered the glass to him, which he took gratefully.

How could a man arouse her by drinking a glass of water? She had no clue but it was happening, watching Austin's lips curve around the edge of the clear glass. He tipped his head back and drank. Throat working with the movement, his Adam's apple bobbed with every swallow. His neck was tanned, strong and corded with muscle and her mind drifted.

Back to earlier in the afternoon when he'd stood in the hall draped only in the towel. The smile on his face, his hair wet, his skin wet from the shower...

She shivered and he caught it, slowly setting the glass on top of the table. He reached for her hand, his fingers curling around hers.

“Don't tell me you're cold.”

She was damp with sweat, her heavy hair stuck to her head, and she had a feeling she probably looked terrible. “I'm not.”

His eyes darkened, his other arm slid across the back of the booth seat and his hand landed on her bare shoulder. She held her breath, waiting for his next move.

What was he doing? What was she doing? And why did he look at her like that? As if he wanted to devour her in one bite, consume her, do things to her that she only imagined in her darkest fantasies.

Michaela reared back, desperate for some distance. Okay. Her imagination was running on overdrive. He wasn't looking at her like that. And his fingers weren't stroking her shoulder either. No, it was all in her vivid imagination.

“We're headed to the dance floor,” Trevor said, interrupting her thoughts. “You two going with us?”

“We're going to stay here and wait for our drinks,” Austin answered for her, giving her shoulder a little squeeze.

“Have fun.” Trevor gave them a little wave and the entire group from the table followed him out to the dance floor, leaving her alone with Austin.

“Are you having a good time?” he asked once everyone left.

She nodded, traced her finger down the edge of the sweating glass of water. She didn’t want to look at him, was afraid of what she might find there. “I am.”

“You’re a liar, you know.” His voice was soft, hot and melting all over her, and she glanced up, caught him studying her, his head tilted toward her.

“What do you mean?” Had he realized her secret? Did he know how much she’d lusted for him lately? Embarrassing if he ever found out.

“You can dance.” His fingers drifted, over her shoulder, down her upper arm and goose bumps followed in their wake. “Very well, I might add.”

Only because he had led her so well but she didn’t want to admit that, decided to bask in his compliment instead. It was almost too much, though, having him touch her, sitting so close. The hard press of his thigh burned into hers, his arm around her, his body leaning toward hers. He was wrapped all around her, and he didn’t even need to be since they had the booth all to themselves.

The waitress suddenly arrived, setting their drinks in front of them with a quick clink of glass, and Michaela grabbed at hers, drinking from it greedily. She needed the bite of the liquor to bring her back to reality, the effects of it to mellow her overactive imagination. She was clearly losing her touch on the real world, and she wanted to get back out on that dance floor as soon as she finished her drink.

She needed to lose herself in the music, in the dancing, maybe find someone else to dance with, maybe Scarlett. Not Austin, no way, he would hold her close again and give her another nudge of his glorious erection, fuel her fantasies and make her think she had a chance.

A chance to suck him deep, a chance to fuck him, have him buried in her body. What would it feel like, Austin entering her for the first time? Did he like to go down on women? Her favorite thing in the world was a man who knew how to use his tongue. She’d had a few good lovers but none of them had taken her beyond the vanilla realm.

She wanted to be pushed over that edge. Taken out of her comfort zone and into un-chartered territory, doing kinky things she’d only read about or imagined.

Oh, how she’d imagined. Preston wasn’t the first boyfriend to be put off by her antics, and all she’d done with him was mention the word porn. She’d freaked out her high school sweetheart too when she suggested they tie each other up. It had happened after they’d been together a couple of years, in their early twenties and going to college.

He’d allowed her to strap him to the bed with scarves and had nearly lost it when she touched him in what he thought were inappropriate places. She’d stroked him just behind his balls, had read somewhere it was an extra sensitive spot on men and could cause an intense orgasm.

She'd only been doing him a favor. He thought she'd tried to finger his ass. Their relationship had never been the same.

"You look awfully wholesome but deep inside, you're just a deviant," he'd said to her that awful night when they got in a raging fight and ultimately broke up.

That had hurt. More than she cared to admit.

"Hey." A single finger drifted across her jaw to land beneath her chin, tipping her face up so she met Austin's curious gaze. "I think I lost you there for a minute. Are you all right?"

"I-I'm fine." She nodded, casting him a tremulous smile. She needed to get away from him and fast. This couldn't be good, the yearning he fired within her. "I want to go back out and dance."

"Really?" His thumb grazed her chin, swiping upward so that he edged the very bottom of her lower lip. "I thought you wanted to cool down."

Fat chance that would ever happen, having him so close. She wouldn't mind getting hotter if it involved him. And her. Naked. Wrapped around each other, lips attached, hands everywhere.

"You're too close, and I'm still hot." She pulled away from him and he tried to keep her in place, his hand tightening on her shoulder, but she slipped from his grip. Standing, she pushed the hair away from her face and stared down at him. She admired the way he sat sprawled in the booth, his long arms stretched wide across the back of the padded seat, his legs spread in that typical way men sat.

He may be gay but there was no denying he was incredibly masculine. No queeny, feminine gestures from this guy with the exception of the eyeliner, and even when he wore that, he looked very much the sexy male.

"Where are you going?"

"Dancing." She shrugged and grabbed her drink, taking one last sip before she set it on the table. They needed some distance. Distance from him and his sexy looks and his sexy voice and that way too sexy body.

"I'll go with you." He started to exit the booth but she shook her head, then made a mad dash toward the floor.

"Meet me out there later." She wanted to get lost in the crowd and slip out. She'd grab her purse and bail, get a taxi to the theatre so she could pick up her car and head home.

She was out of her element, she realized as she took a roundabout way to get to the dance floor, pushing through the clusters of people that lingered and watched the dancers. She walked along the edge of the floor, hoping Austin would go straight into the crowd so she could lose him.

Oh, she was being rotten but she couldn't help herself. It was down to self-preservation now.

"There you are." Long fingers curled around her upper arm and turned her around. Austin appeared troubled, confused, and he pushed her so her back was against the wall. "What are you doing?"

“I, uh, I need to go.” She looked away from him, stared unseeingly at the front entrance of the club, but he gripped her chin with two fingers, forcing her to look back at him.

“Why are you running away from me? What did I do?”

“You did nothing, I swear. I’m just tired.” She tried to smile, knew it probably didn’t look real but she just couldn’t make any more effort. “I’ll see you tomorrow, okay?”

“Michaela.” He shifted, moved in closer, and she tilted her head to look up at him. He towered over her, his shoulders so broad he obliterated everything and all she could see was him. Smell him, feel him, God if he came any closer, taste him. “Don’t go.”

His husky voice curled around her, filled with promise. Of what, she couldn’t be sure.

“I have to.”

He rested his hand against the back of her neck and reached for her hair, tugging so her head tilted even more. “Don’t. Please.”

She wanted to speak, her lips parted, ready to protest but he pressed a single finger to the center of her mouth, silencing her.

He’d said please. And she couldn’t resist that. Not even if she wanted to.

Chapter Three

Austin had Michaela right where he wanted her. In his arms, his body pinned her against a wall, one hand in her silky soft hair, the other touching her mouth. A mouth he'd fantasized about, dreamed of taking, kissing, licking and nibbling.

Jesus. The way she looked at him, her green eyes wide, unblinking, her lips soft and pliant beneath his finger. He dipped his head, realized he had her positioned perfectly for a thorough kissing and without thought he did just that.

He took her mouth in an almost angry possession, nothing gentle or tentative about it. He didn't want gentle and searching, he needed it hot, he wanted it wild. Her lips parted for him immediately, allowing his tongue to search, seek and find hers and he tangled with it, the slick hot feel of her making him groan, shift against her so he could get closer.

His cock was a raging thing, already with a mind of its own just with one kiss and he nudged his erection against her. The slinky feel of her dress against his jeans, his entire body nearly did him in. She was soft, her small breasts nuzzled against his chest, her fragrant skin calling to him, and when she wound her arms around his neck in a sort of surrender, triumph surged through him.

Tugging harder on her hair, he deepened the kiss, barely allowing her to breathe. He just took and took, his tongue dancing with her tongue, his teeth nipping at her plush lower lip, his hand cupping her cheek. She whimpered, the sound small and needy deep in her throat, and he softened his approach, his tongue bathing the spot where he nipped her and she sighed.

They were in the middle of a nightclub, and he had her slammed against a wall like some sort of sex fiend. Even in his wildest days, he'd never made a true spectacle of himself.

Well, he took that back. He'd made a spectacle of himself but never in such a sexual manner and certainly never while making out with someone else. Definitely never with a woman.

He hadn't been with a woman in years. Had forgotten their sweet taste, their whisper soft skin and the way they smelled. No one smelled like Michaela. Innocence and sweetness and sex, such a complex mix, multi-layered.

Austin wanted to peel each of her layers back, reveal her bit by bit, until all that remained was the real her. He sensed something bubbled just beneath her surface. She had secrets, things she'd never shared with him and she'd shared a lot.

He wanted to know them. He wanted her complete trust so she was comfortable enough to admit what she wanted. Needed.

And he was more than willing to give it to her.

“Austin.” His name was a benediction dropping from her lips and he paused, savoring the sensation of her mouth moving against his as she spoke. “What are you doing?”

“I thought it was obvious.” He kissed her ear, the side of her neck, licking her, tasting salt and sweet skin.

She gave a sound of frustration and tried to shove at his shoulders, but he wouldn’t move. He smiled against her throat, continued to kiss her there, and her hands curled in his hair, bringing him closer.

“You should stop.” Her protest was weak and he lifted his head, studied her carefully. Her skin was flushed, her lips swollen and she licked at them, the sight of her little pink tongue making him release a shuddering breath.

Michaela had so much power over him, and she didn’t realize it. Just looking at her made him weak, ready to give in to anything she wanted from him. If it meant she wanted him to stop, of course he would stop.

But hell, he didn’t want to.

“I don’t think you want me to stop.” He kept his voice low, even, didn’t want to push or scare her. She studied him. He saw her visibly swallow and, unable to resist, he touched her mouth, found it damp, sinking beneath his touch and when she swiped the tip with her tongue, he groaned.

“You like boys,” she whispered and he laughed, he couldn’t help it he was surprised by her statement. Her expression told him she didn’t appreciate his reaction, and he sobered immediately.

“Not always, Michaela. I like *you*.” He leaned in, this time going with gentle and the kiss they shared was exquisite, a connection of lips that made his skin sizzle, his entire body ache for more of her.

“We’re friends, we live together. This complicates things.” She released her hold on him, waved her hand around.

“It doesn’t have to. Not if we don’t let it.” He meant that though he wasn’t quite sure how they’d make it work. It could get very complicated very quickly. Was he ready for that?

Complicated wasn’t his thing, it never really had been. He’d kind of thought he was in love, once, but it had ended badly. Kind of. He wasn’t good at it. Relationships.

So why did he get the feeling that he could be good at it with Michaela?

“Easy for you to say.” She shoved at his shoulders and this time he backed away from her, letting her go. She looked surprised but quickly gained composure, her expression docile. Standing a little straighter, she ran a hand over her tangled hair and he thought she’d never looked sexier.

“I-I need to go. You can stay here if you like but I need to go home. I’m, um, tired.”

She could say what she wanted, but he knew the truth. She was uncomfortable, thrown off by what they'd just shared even though he knew without a doubt she'd enjoyed every second of it.

"I'm not letting you leave here by yourself. I'll take you home." She was crazy if she thought he'd let her go out into the night in the mostly abandoned industrial district. Who knew what sort of scumbags lurked out there?

"Can you take me to the theatre so I can pick up my car?" She lifted her chin, her fingers tugging at the bodice of her dress. Drawing his attention to her flushed skin, her hard nipples pressed against the thin fabric.

His mouth watered and he cleared his throat, searching for control. "Why don't we head straight home now and grab it tomorrow?"

"No." She shook her head, her voice panicked, and he wondered if she didn't want to be alone with him in the car for an extended period of time.

Not that he blamed her. His libido was raging, his cock more than ready for some action and he'd probably try to jump her the second he got her alone, horny bastard that he was.

"Okay, I'll take you to the theatre."

Relief washed over her face, and she pushed away from the wall to stand next to him. "Shall we go?"

He nodded his answer and they left the club together, walking in silence to his car in the parking lot. The air was cool, a hint of ocean in the breeze, and he longed to sneak an arm around her shoulders, haul her close and keep her warm.

But she didn't want that, her body language was clear. She kept her distance, her heels echoing in the quiet night against the blacktop and she didn't say a word. Neither did he.

He didn't know what to say.

She behaved as if nothing mind-shattering had happened between them, the murmured thank you she gave as he unlocked the passenger car door for her just like every other little thank you she'd given him. The passionate woman of just five minutes ago was gone, in its place the cool, composed woman he lived with instead. The same woman he hung out with, talked with, secretly wanted more than anything.

Not so secret tonight and she'd responded in kind, which had surprised him, thrilled him. And just like that she'd pulled away, both physically and emotionally until he was left stunned, mulling over it all. Stewing and brooding and a little pissed off, he slumped behind the steering wheel, his hands gripping it so tight his knuckles went white.

"Are you going to start the car?"

Austin did as she asked, his hand automatically turning the key, the engine roaring to life. Like a robot, he turned his head, backed out of the parking slot and pulled out of the lot, headed in the direction of the theatre.

He'd blown it. How he had no clue. But he vowed then and there he'd have that passionate woman back in his arms and soon. Not tonight. He needed to give her some space, let her muddle over this on her own but soon, very soon he'd have her.

Any way he wanted her.

Here she was again. Sitting inside her car just like she had a few days ago. Things had been different then. She'd known where she stood with Austin, hadn't had her world turned completely upside down by a ten minute moment in a nightclub last Friday night.

Memories flooded her of Austin's kiss. The savage way his mouth had taken hers contrasted with the gentle way he'd held her, touched her. His tongue, his decadent taste, how he'd groaned, nudging his humongous erection against her in a very insistent and delicious way.

It had been the singular most intense sexual experience of her life. And all they'd done was kiss.

She would probably die if they did anything else. An orgasm brought on by Austin? She would probably go straight into cardiac arrest.

Michaela sighed, pressed her head against the top of the steering wheel. He'd be inside the apartment, waiting for her. She'd worked late, had met her friend Carly at their favorite Mexican restaurant for dinner afterward but it was still only nine o'clock.

She'd been avoiding him since Friday night. Had run errands and wasted time all of Saturday and then had gone to her parents on Sunday, attending a family barbecue that had made her want to lose her mind. It seemed as if every member of her family was there, and all of them asked questions.

Where was her boyfriend, was she seeing someone new and when was she going to get married anyway?

God. She was a twenty-five-year-old spinster in their eyes. Not one of them acted as if this was the twenty-first century. Her parents had been together since they were twenty. There was no history of divorce on her mother's side, only one divorce on her father's side and that cousin was considered the black sheep. She came from an anomaly.

What would her family do if she brought Austin to one of the family gatherings and introduced him as her boyfriend? That would certainly turn heads. With his eyeliner, his multiple earrings and edgy attire, they'd probably freak. They had their heart set on her ending up with a banker.

She'd had her fill of bankers, thankyouverymuch.

A car pulled into the lot, its lights cutting across her, illuminating the interior of her car and she lifted her head, taking a deep breath. She needed to get over herself and go inside. Talk to Austin and tell him they couldn't do this anymore.

Yes, that was exactly what she needed to do.

Resolve filling her, she exited the car, locked the door with one press of the keyless remote and headed toward the apartment. Her steps were quick as she hurried up the stairs, the telltale rattling jarring her and if he was inside, surely he heard her approach.

Good. He'd be prepared, much like her. And she'd hit him with her wish and being the gentleman that he was, he'd agree with no argument. Then she could go to her room and lock herself away.

Away from him and his tantalizing scent, his beautiful eyes and his dazzling smile. Denying herself what she wanted while having it sit directly in front of her was going to be difficult.

Maybe she needed a new roommate.

Michaela turned the handle easily and opened the unlocked door, walked right inside. No other lights were on but the TV blared, casting shadows about the room. Austin sat sprawled on the couch, his long limbs practically taking over the entire length. His dark brows rose when he caught sight of her and he righted himself, sitting up straight.

"Finally done avoiding me, hmm?"

Leave it up to him to cut right to the chase. "I've been busy." She shut the door behind her with a final click.

"Uh, huh." He nodded but the doubt was there, in his tone, on his face. "We should talk."

"There's nothing to talk about." She smiled, pushed away from the door and headed toward the kitchen. Depositing her purse on the counter, she grabbed a bottle of water from the refrigerator and twisted the cap off, taking a long drink.

Gathered her thoughts, prepared what she wanted to say next. She'd had a plan just a minute ago. What the hell had happened to it?

Damn the man for unnerving her so.

"There is definitely something to talk about." He followed her into the kitchen and when she turned around she found him standing close, too close.

She took a step backward, set the water bottle on the counter beside her. "It was a mistake, Austin." She kept her tone measured, her gaze alighting upon his face, and she noticed the flicker of irritation in his eyes. One moment there, the next moment gone.

"A mistake." He didn't say anything else, just stared at her as if she might be crazy.

Which she probably was, putting a stop to this when it could be so good between them.

But there was no *them*. There could be nothing between them because even if he was interested, she was just a novelty. Experimenting because he had no better prospects and she was around so hey, why not?

"We got caught up in the moment and it just...happened. We won't let it happen again."

He continued watching her, his entire body still, his expression blank. Chewing on his lower lip, he looked contemplative, as if he was digesting her words. And he probably didn't like what he had heard.

Well, too bad. Again, it was all about self-preservation. And fooling around with this man, though it had the potential to be a sizzling hot encounter, would probably end in sending her heart up in flames as well.

“You’re in denial,” he finally said, leaning his hip against the kitchen counter, mimicking her position. “I’m sure you think what’s happening here between us is impossible, and I can see why you’d feel that way. I get it.”

He pushed away from the counter and took a step toward her, then another. Coming closer, closer until she could smell him, feel him, his body heat reaching out toward her and luring her in. “So the ball’s in your court. I’m ready, willing and able, Michaela. I’m not going to deny that I want you. That I’ve wanted you for a long time.”

Silence filled the room, the sound of the TV growing distant as his words sunk in, making her head spin. He left it at that on purpose. Just to screw with her.

It was working.

“If you want *me*, you have to come to me. I’ll wait. It’s all up to you.” Leaning in, Austin kissed her fleetingly, the imprint of his mouth on hers lingering there long after he moved away from her.

She watched him exit the kitchen, her gaze dropping to his firm ass emphasized by the dark jeans he wore. Touching her tingling lips with shaking fingers, she released a shuddering breath, marveled at the fact that he could unsettle her so terribly with just one pitiful kiss.

Michaela couldn’t sleep. She lay flat on her back, staring up at the ceiling. Her blinds were cracked open, allowing the play of shadows to dance across the walls from the occasional light flashing outside. It was early, barely eleven, and the apartment complex was off of a very busy street. Luckily enough that usually didn’t bother her.

Tonight it did. Everything bothered her. From the sound of her neighbors clanging up the stairs to that infuriating man in the next bedroom who’d basically dared her to come to him, it all drove her nuts.

She rolled over on her left side, punching the pillow beneath her with a clenched fist. It wasn’t fair, what he asked of her. Telling him it was a mistake—he’d taken that as some sort of dare. As if he knew she would come to him eventually and give in.

Damn it, she wanted to give in. She’d wanted to give in for weeks, for months. It was fine to drool and lust and dream when she thought he wouldn’t reciprocate. A harmless crush, she told herself. So what if it was his face she imagined when she touched herself while using her vibrator late at night? It meant nothing.

Now that he kissed her, wanted more from her, it had all changed. It became reality. And reality was a whole lot scarier than fantasy.

But what if the reality is just as good, or even better than the fantasy?

She wanted to tell that nagging little voice to shut the hell up. It wasn't thinking of protecting her heart, it wanted her to go for it, forget the consequences.

Sitting up, she tugged on her ponytail, tightening it. She wasn't dressed for seduction. She was dressed for bed. Thin, pale pink tank top and panties, makeup long gone, her hair in a sloppy ponytail, she wasn't going to impress. If she would slip into Austin's bed, didn't she want to wear something provocative, have her hair just so, her makeup perfect?

Michaela slapped her hands over her eyes. Oh, this was difficult. She didn't remember agonizing like this over having sex with any of the men she'd been with before. Well, the exception being her very first time ever but that didn't count. Yes, she'd been anxious and a tad nervous with every new encounter but that was normal.

This was not normal. The possibility of a friend turning into a lover was intimidating.

The possibility of her *bisexual* friend turning into her lover? It was impossible to even comprehend.

Go to him, the voice whispered. Show him that you want him. You know you won't regret it.

It was tempting. Her aching pussy certainly encouraged her. She thought about whipping out her trusty vibrator but it wouldn't be enough, not tonight.

She wanted *him* to be the one who touched her, kissed her, filled her. She wanted the flesh and blood man. She wanted Austin.

Throwing her covers off, she knew then she was going to him. The consequences and regrets be damned.

Chapter Four

Austin's sleep was fitful, his dreams a whirlwind of montages, endless scenes of him and Michaela strung together. In bed, out of bed, arguing, making up, kissing, him slowly undressing her. Naked and in his bed, her bed, on the couch, her riding him nice and slow, his hands wrapped around her slim waist. Her down on her knees in front of him, whispering that she'd do anything he wanted.

Whispering...it seemed as if someone whispered to him now, close to his ear, hands on his skin, feathery touches brushing the sheets down low, lower. He rolled over on his back, slowly opened his eyes to find an angel hovering above him. Green eyes wide, small hands upon him, resting on his chest and he stared up at her, blinked once, twice.

It wasn't a dream. Michaela was there. The three fat candles he had left burning on his dresser in hopes she'd show sputtered, their flickering light casting across her beautiful face.

She smiled, a tremulous curve of lips, and she looked nervous, skittish. "I did as you asked."

"Huh?" She confused him, distracted him with her hands touching him, fingers stroking, sliding down and he remembered he'd gone to bed naked.

Which meant his raging hard-on wasn't contained.

"I came to you. I brought the ball back over into your court." She tucked a stray hair behind her ear and he blinked again, bringing her more sharply into focus.

She knelt beside him on the bed, clad only in a thin tank top and a pair of panties. Her hair was pulled off her scrubbed-clean face, her skin fragrant with the lotion she slathered on just before she went to bed. He'd seen her this way countless times, knew her nightly ritual like he knew his own but somehow, tonight, she reminded him of a siren.

Prepared to seduce with her most basic arsenal, herself. It was all he needed. Reaching out, he touched her, ran his hand down her arm, felt her tiny shiver and he smiled, triumph surging through him.

Finally. He had her in his bed, barely dressed, staring down at him as if he hung the moon. Hell, he felt like he'd just hung the moon, it was so satisfying to have her like this.

"Aren't you going to say anything?" Her voice was a raw whisper, a little wounded, and he lifted his hand, sunk it in the hair just beneath her ponytail.

"Come here," he urged and she bent her head, bringing her face in perfect alignment with his. She gazed into his eyes, hers big and unblinking, and she let forth a trembling breath, the sound stuttering in the

quiet room. The candles bathed her skin in golden light and she appeared ethereal, reminding him of the angel reference that had popped into his head when he first opened his eyes.

She did remind him of a pretty little angel. Innocent and sweet smelling and so, so soft. Rich blonde hair, creamy skin, with the flushed cheeks and those bottomless green eyes, she drove him crazy. Fucking insane.

Now here she was. In his bed, ready and ripe for him. He slipped his arm around her shoulders, crushing her against his chest and then he lifted his head, brushed the softest kiss to her lips.

Their mouths clung, his hand curling tight around the back of her head, bringing her closer. Darting his tongue out, he drew along the seam of her lips, causing her to open to him on a gasp, allowing him in. He searched her mouth leisurely, took his time to savor her flavor, the way her tongue swept against his, her hands moving to clutch at his shoulders.

Austin slipped his arm down, around her waist, and hauled her up so she lay sprawled across the top of him, the only barrier between them her miniscule clothing and the thin sheet. She straddled him, her legs sliding down around either side of his stomach, and his cock surged forward eagerly.

He deepened the kiss, angling her head with a touch of his hand, his fingers sliding across her soft cheek. Her mouth opened wider, their tongues more insistent as they dueled, and the need to say fuck it and just *fuck her* was overwhelming.

But he didn't want to take this too fast. This was Michaela, after all. He'd waited for this moment for a long time. For all he knew she was giving him one shot and then she might withdraw. Hide back in her little shell and pretend this moment had never happened.

Shit. Why did the thought of that make his chest ache?

Pushing all negative thoughts aside, his hands wandered freely about her body. His left hand trailed down her throat, across her collarbone to cup one small breast. His right hand moved lower, sliding over her pert ass, his fingers playing with the elastic leg of her panties.

He swore he could feel her feminine heat emanating from between her legs, the scent of her arousal filling the air, and she wiggled against his touch. A breathy little moan sounded against his lips, needy and full of such longing, again he felt a knock in his chest.

Unfamiliar, uncomfortable, he didn't want to deal with *feelings*. He wanted to explore Michaela first.

Austin traced the curve of her butt cheek with the tips of his fingers and she shuddered, spreading her legs farther. He reached up, tugged at the waistband of her panties and gave a violent pull.

"Take your panties off," he murmured against her mouth and she helped him, lifting her hips so he could drag them off her, pushing at them with her hand until she finally kicked them off.

The shock, the reclaimed newness of touching a woman so intimately washed over him, made his cock swell, his entire body tighten with need. Her skin was soft, her movements subtle, her moans sweet

and whispery. Her little hands smoothed over his shoulders, his chest. Her mouth fused to his and when she shifted downward, ground herself against his dick, he let forth a groan of his own.

The woman was unashamed in her movements, something he found refreshing especially when he remembered the last woman he'd been with. On the other hand, there was rarely any subtlety when he was with a man. They grabbed, they took, they shook their ass and begged to be fucked. Much like Brad had done a few days ago.

Jesus. What the hell was he doing thinking about Brad when he had a wet and willing woman in his arms? And he knew she was wet, could feel the heat of her pussy against his stomach. He needed to touch her there, experience for himself how soaked she was.

"I knew you would be a good kisser." She broke their connection and lifted her head, watching him with an intensity that almost made him squirm. Her breathing was loud, ragged, and he caught a glimpse of damp sweat coating her skin.

He smiled, let his fingers trail over her butt, close to the crack of her ass, closer to her damp center. "You thought about kissing me?"

"Constantly." She kissed him hard, maybe to prove her point, and he captured her lower lip with his teeth, giving it a firm tug. She yelped and reared away from him, her tongue sneaking out to dab at her injured lip. "Ow. That hurt."

"Do you like it when it hurts?" He was desperate to know what she preferred, what aroused her. Did she like it slow and soft with the lights off and in the missionary position all the time?

He fucking hoped not. He really doubted it too. She seemed to have a more adventurous spirit, though she probably wasn't into much kinky shit. Not that he was either but a man had his preferences and well, he liked to push it beyond standard issue sexual encounters.

Her face went somber and her eyes darkened, he noticed even in the dim light. "Why do you ask?"

"I just want to know what you like." Hmm, there was something behind her question. He could see it written all over her face.

Michaela dipped her head and pressed her cheek against his, her mouth at ear level. "When you kissed me in the club and pulled my hair? Remember that?"

"Yeah." His fingers dipped lower, so, so close to her pussy but he wanted to tease. Wanted to drive her crazy.

She wiggled against him, probably trying to direct his fingers right where she wanted them. "I loved it when you did that." Her voice had lowered to a harsh whisper, as if that admission had taken a lot for her to say.

Austin squeezed her closer, loving that she trusted him enough to share that. "Are you saying you're a naughty girl, Michaela?"

“Should I be punished?” She nibbled on his ear, her teeth sharp on his lobe, her tongue bathing the sting.

“You want to be?” He finally let himself touch her there, his fingers brushing against her swollen pussy lips, circling, playing with her. She arched against his touch, a little moan sounding in his ear, and he teased her entry.

She was hot, wet and creamy and he couldn’t wait to get inside her tight heat.

“Ohh, Austin, that feels good,” she crooned before she dabbed her tongue in his ear, making him shudder.

“You like that?” Maybe she was a talker. Sometimes he liked to talk, say wicked things but it depended on the person.

He had a strong suspicion he would enjoy talking to her.

“Yes.” She drew the word out into a hiss when he pushed inside her pussy, the tip of his finger sinking just to the base of his fingernail, and she bore down on him.

“Not so fast.” He withdrew his finger, grabbing hold of Michaela and flipping her onto her back, the sheet falling away from him. Her eyes flew open, lips parted in surprise, and he reached behind her, propped the pillows up so she was more comfortable. “Take off your top.”

She did, her gaze never leaving his except when she pulled the shirt over her head. She let the tank top fall from her fingers onto the floor, exposing her body completely to him.

Austin sucked in a harsh breath, drinking her in. She was perfectly shaped, with slight curves and small breasts, berry colored nipples that were rock hard, beckoning him. Her arms rose over her head, clutching the pillows above her, and the pose was provocative, though she nibbled on her lower lip as if she might be nervous.

For someone so short she had endless legs, legs she was waving back and forth, her knees bent and spreading ever so slightly until finally, they fell open, revealing everything she had.

Damn. She was pure temptation. He’d wanted this woman for so long and finally he had her, spread out on his bed like some sort of feast, and he couldn’t wait to consume her. His cock twitched, arced up toward his stomach, and he automatically reached for it, wrapping his fingers around his erection.

Her gaze dropped, watching him with unabashed interest as he continued to stroke himself. Pre-come dribbled from the slit of his cock, and he used it to lube himself. He had to admit he was putting on a show, her admiring glance fueling his actions and the flare of heat in her eyes telling him she liked what she saw.

“You were naked under that sheet.” She pointed out the obvious.

“I was.” He slowed his strokes, not wanting to get ahead of himself. He already felt ready to explode, having Michaela naked in front of him, the musky scent of her arousal filling the room, filling his head.

“Why are you touching yourself when you could be touching me? When I could be touching you?” She arched a delicate brow, her legs moving restlessly against the sheets.

“You have a valid point.” He repositioned himself, kneeling in front of her so he was eye level with her pussy. She was definitely a natural blonde, the scant trimmed amount of pubic hair covering her mound told him. Plump, glistening pink flesh, her clit was a hard, protruding nub at the top of her slit. He hadn’t been face to pussy in so long he wondered if he’d remember what to do.

He decided to give it a try and see if it would come back to him.

Michaela clutched the pillows above her head tight, her breath lodged in her throat as she watched Austin study her between her legs. No man had ever checked her out so...thoroughly down there before, and she almost wanted to clamp her legs shut and push him away.

Almost. There was something about Austin, the way he watched her, goading her on without saying a word that gave her courage. Made her want to be more forward, flaunt herself in front of him, speak her mind, tell him what she wanted.

She believed that if she did, he wouldn’t judge her. It seemed that he wanted nothing more than to encourage her, unlike any of the past lovers she’d had before.

His body was amazing, all long, lean muscle, a smattering of dark hair on his chest, defined abdomen and an impressive cock thrusting upward between his strong thighs. When he started stroking himself her mouth had gone dry, awed by the sight.

Aroused by it too.

He drew a finger down the inside of her thigh and she quivered, her legs already weak because of the position she’d been in. Propped on one elbow, he glanced up at her, his searing blue gaze meeting hers. “Put your legs over my shoulders.”

She did immediately, his commanding tone turning her on. He sprawled out before her, her legs wrapped around his head, her pussy right in his face. Leaning in, his tongue dabbed at her slit, parting her pussy lips to search her folds.

Michaela moaned at the sensation of his long tongue searching her thoroughly and his hands slid up around her waist, holding her to him. She let go of the pillows, her hands falling limply at her sides, and he reached for her. His right hand clutched hers, his thumb stroking across the back of her hand, and she thrilled at the connection, at the tender way he touched her while his tongue so thoroughly licked her pussy.

He licked and sucked, thrust his tongue just inside her entrance, his thumb continuing to stroke her hand, all of it driving her wild. She moaned, she writhed beneath him, her breath coming faster, her eyes sliding shut, taking in the sensation of Austin between her legs.

“Oh God,” she moaned and he drew her hand down, rested her fingers just over her clit and pressed.

“Touch yourself,” he whispered and she did, didn’t even hesitate, began stroking her clit just as she liked.

He groaned against her pussy, encouraging her, his tongue thrusting in and out of her greedy little hole, and she moved faster, one finger, then two rubbing her clit. Surging upward, he licked at the pulsing little bundle of nerves, and she shifted, her legs drawing up, feet resting on his broad shoulders.

God, she was close, so close. She'd always wanted to masturbate in front of her past lovers but none of them had ever suggested it, and she'd never been brave enough to do it.

Slowly she opened her eyes to find Austin watching her, his face buried against her cunt, his tongue concentrated right on her clit, licking over her fingers. It was intense, too much for her to take, and she slumped against the pillows, turned her head away from his gaze.

Her moaning increased, grew louder as the orgasm bore down on her, and she tried to catch her breath. Her legs trembled, her toes curling into his shoulders, she rubbed her clit faster, his tongue mimicking her movements until she fell apart. Her free hand moving to clench at his hair, tugging on the ends hard.

The orgasm rippled and flowed through her, her entire body shuddering, her pussy clenching rhythmically. She tried to push him away, her flesh too sensitive, too agitated by the intensity of her climax.

Austin wouldn't let her escape from his grip. His mouth gentled, as did his tongue, and he helped bring her down, his big hand stroking the back of her thigh slowly. His tongue lapped at her and the low rumbling sounds of pleasure coming from him made her sigh, relaxed her limbs until she felt like she was melting.

Oh, he was good, too good. For a man who hadn't been with a woman in who knew how long, he knew exactly what he was doing.

He moved up her body until they were face to face and when he bent his head to kiss her, she could smell herself on him, taste herself on his lips. She didn't care, in fact, it aroused her all over again, and she leaned into the kiss, her tongue licking at his lips.

Withdrawing from her, he reached across to the bedside table, yanking open a drawer to pull out a condom. He tore into it and sat up on his haunches, rolling the condom onto his thick length. She watched, anticipation curling through her. Absorbing the utter maleness of his movements, she grew a little weak when he started stroking himself again.

Oh, she could watch that all night, his sure fingers wrapped tight around his cock, his thumb stroking the head. She'd always been curious as to how a man really liked to be touched and though she'd asked previous partners what they preferred, they always deferred to her.

She had a feeling if she asked Austin what he wanted from her he'd spell it out down to the very last letter.

Lifting his head, he caught her staring and the wicked smile that curved his luscious lips made her heart flutter like a wild thing. Slowly he came back over her, sleek and dangerous like some sort of animal

ready to devour his prey. She waited, breathless as he positioned himself over her, his cock nudging against her pussy, his hands pressed on the mattress on either side of her head.

“You like to watch.” It wasn’t a question so much as an observation. He was one hundred percent right.

“I love to watch.” She reached out, rested her hand against the center of his chest. His skin was hot, damp, his body hard, and the wild beating of his heart thumped beneath her palm. “I love to watch you.”

He kissed her, quick and hard, before lifting his head again. “Maybe you could watch me sometime. And then I could watch you.”

She’d had the orgasm of a lifetime not five minutes ago and already her pussy ached for him, her clit throbbed for his touch. His words, the way he looked at her, all of it a heady combination that told her she was in way over her head.

And she liked it.

“I’m sure that could be arranged,” she got out just before he shifted, his lips wrapping around her distended nipple. All words, all thought flew out of her head as she gave over to the sensation of his mouth on her breast, his hand cupping her other breast, thumb playing and tweaking her nipple.

Michaela groaned, her hands sinking into his thick, soft hair, holding him to her as he continued his hungry assault on her breasts. They were small, she’d always been a little embarrassed with their size, but Austin didn’t seem to mind. He drew his thumb and index finger together to give her nipple a hard tug just as he bit down on her other nipple, and the zing of fire that shot through her made her buck against him.

Good God, that hurt. And felt so good at the same time. He gentled his touch, his lips and tongue playing first with one nipple, then the other, and he lifted his hips, his cock thrusting against her, making her writhe beneath him.

“Please,” she whispered, restless, needy and desperate for him to be inside her.

Austin lifted away from her, sitting back on his haunches once again. Gripping his cock with one hand, he guided it over her pussy, circled the crowned head around and around her clit. She moaned, arched into him, her insides going liquid at the heavy lidded, sexy expression on his face.

“Austin.” He glanced up, his smoldering gaze meeting hers, and her voice went breathy. “You’re teasing me.”

“You like it.” Again no questioning in his tone, just a statement and damn his hide, he was right.

She fucking loved it. She couldn’t wait for whatever else he had planned. And when he entered her, rammed himself inside her, she opened her body to him, her legs going wide, her arms holding him close. He held himself still for a moment, his cock pulsing, filling her, physically and emotionally, and she was suddenly overwhelmed. He pressed his forehead against hers and closed his eyes, expelling a long, steady breath as if he’d held it for hours.

Nerves jangled within her at the importance of this moment. The fact that her friend and roommate, one of her favorite people in the entire world, was with her, naked in his bed, well, it was major.

Major.

“Austin.” He opened his eyes, his searing blue gaze burning her from the inside out. “This, um, I don’t want this to ruin our friendship.”

He smiled. “Too late.” He bent his head down to whisper in her ear. “In case you didn’t notice.” Another pause. “I’m inside you.”

“Oh, yes. I—” Her breath hitched as he went deeper. “I noticed.”

He began to move in earnest. Propping himself up on his hands, he moved within her, pulling almost all the way out before plunging back in, over and over again, faster and faster. “Wrap your legs around me,” he urged and she did, her legs snaking around his trim hips.

Already another orgasm grew within her, trembling low and deep in her belly. She ran her hands over him, her fingernails scrapping lightly, and he shivered, she felt it beneath her touch.

“That feels good. You. Feel.” He punctuated each word with a thrust. “So.” Another thrust. “Fucking. Good.”

Oh yeah, so did he, he felt amazing. Like nothing she’d ever experienced. His cock stretched her, filled her to the limit, to the point where she didn’t think she could take much more and then he’d surge deeper, making her cry out, her limbs shaking, her head spinning.

Her clit throbbed, her orgasm teasing her, and she reached for it, strained beneath Austin. When his sure hand snuck between their bodies, his finger twirling around her clit, she exploded.

This orgasm was even more intense than the second one, longer, turning her into a shivering mass of flesh. Her belly, her pussy and clit throbbed and pulsed, her inner walls clenching around his cock, and he groaned, drove himself so deep inside her she cried out from the intensity of it all.

“I’m gonna come,” he whispered and she encouraged him, her hands pressing against his ass. She swiveled her hips, drawing him deeper, tightened her pussy around him and then he was coming. His body shuddering, the sound of his gut-wrenching groans loud as he thrust once, twice more before slumping against her in a heap of exhausted man.

She held him close, her legs falling away from him, her arms sliding around his waist. His heart pumped fast and strong, matching hers beat for beat, and she smoothed her hands over his back, savoring the play of muscles that shifted beneath her touch.

This was dangerous, this moment right after sex. Too intimate, bringing them too close. She suddenly didn’t know how to deal.

She didn’t know if she wanted to deal. Panic flared within her, and it took everything she had not to push away from him and flee to the safety of her room.

It had been the most intense sex she'd ever shared with another person. And she didn't know if she could take it.

Chapter Five

Michaela stared listlessly at the notes she'd just written. Her yellow legal pad blurred in front of her and she stifled a yawn behind her hand, not wanting to offend her boss by appearing bored at their weekly Tuesday meeting.

She worked at a car dealership in the business office, handled the accounts payable desk and normally she looked forward to going to work. Her coworkers were fun, she enjoyed flirting with the salesmen out on the floor and her actual job, though sometimes monotonous, did give her a sense of satisfaction.

It certainly wasn't her life's dream job but she made decent money and paid the bills. At least she wasn't miserable.

But today, she felt a little miserable. And a lot tired. Staying up most of the night and into the early morning getting her brains thoroughly fucked out by Austin had something to do with it. Sneaking out of his bed without saying goodbye had a bit to do with it as well.

Ah, she was such a bitch. She didn't even leave him a note. Just slunk out of his bed like some sort of common slut, took a hurried shower, threw some clothes on and got out of there. She was lucky she wasn't late to work.

Everyone droned on in the meeting, going over sales figures and losses, discussing what next month's strategy was. Usually she was alert, full of one, maybe even two Starbucks grande iced mochas by now and offering ideas wherever she could. Today, she was lucky to keep her eyes open and when her cell phone vibrated in her blazer pocket, she whipped it out, saw the text notification that appeared and opened the message.

You're a naughty girl.

Her cheeks went hot and she shoved the phone back into her pocket. Was it wrong that those four words brought a rush of awareness that flowed through her body and landed right between her legs? Of course it was from Austin and that bastard, he knew just how to get to her.

How *did* he know anyway? It was as if he was so completely attuned to her he could read her mind, her every next move. The way he touched her last night, God. She couldn't even begin to describe how good it had all felt.

Her cell vibrated again and she checked it a bit more discreetly now, not wanting anyone to see.

Want to be punished?

Okay, yes she kind of did want to be punished. She liked the way he asked versus just telling her she was going to be punished. As if he was trying to figure out what she wanted. A shiver slithered down her spine as she hit the reply button and punched in three simple letters.

Yes.

She sent it off and waited, anticipation coursing through her, and she shifted her legs, crossing them at the ankles. He took forever to answer, probably only ten minutes though it felt like an hour, and when her phone finally vibrated again she quickly took a peek at it.

Take off your panties.

Huh? Her brows furrowed in confusion. Why would he want her to take off her panties? Yes, it was kind of hot to suggest but she could think of endless other ways he might punish her.

All of them wicked. All of them wonderful.

Her phone buzzed again, and she checked the inbox.

Call me in fifteen minutes.

Hmm. Something was definitely brewing. Luckily enough, the meeting was winding down and within ten minutes, she was walking out of the boardroom. Stopping off in the bathroom, she hurriedly took care of business then decided to hell with it. Moving fast in case someone came inside, she pulled off her panties and stuffed them in her blazer pocket.

She'd made such a mad dash when she got dressed this morning she hadn't really paid attention to her underwear. Just grabbed them and put them on. Did he want to check them out somehow? They weren't that exciting. Pale pink cotton and lace, they were nothing extravagant.

It felt downright naughty walking around without any panties on though. The smooth fabric of her skirt rubbed against her bare ass and she grew self-conscious, worried that she might give a coworker a flash of something if she didn't watch it.

Michaela went to her desk, saw that the voicemail light on her phone was flashing. She checked it, thinking it might be Austin but it turned out to be one of the vendors she'd contacted yesterday returning her call. Settling the receiver back in the cradle, she turned to her computer where she checked her email.

Really, she should just call him and get it over with. There was something about it, though, the anticipation, the worry, the knot in her stomach when she thought about talking to him. What would he say, what did he want from her? She hadn't expected him to continue this game. She thought last night might end up a one time moment and then they'd go back to the same ol' relationship/friendship/roommate thing.

Of course, not like that could ever happen after everything they had shared last night. Talk about an intense sexual experience. She'd never come so hard in her life and multiple times on top of that.

Maybe this could turn into a game they could play for a while. It sounded fun. Better than fun. She'd never had a fuck buddy. All of the men she'd been with she'd felt committed to, in a relationship with.

Not that she didn't feel committed to Austin but really, this wasn't much of a relationship. They were friends, yes but that was it, or that's what she told herself. This was definitely all about the sex.

And what delicious sex it had turned out to be.

Glancing about the office to make sure no one was paying attention to her she grabbed her cell phone and punched in Austin's number. He answered on the top of the fourth ring, almost letting it go to voicemail, and she wondered if he did that on purpose.

"That was longer than fifteen minutes."

"Well hello to you too." She paused, waited for him to say something but he was silent. "I'm at work, Austin. I was in a meeting. I couldn't get away."

"Can you get away for lunch?"

"I think so." She glanced at the time on her monitor. "It's almost twelve already, I had no clue. What time did you want to meet?"

"Twelve."

It took almost an hour for her to get to work during the morning rush hour. It would take a half hour now. "Won't twelve-thirty work better for you?"

"Michaela." He was quiet for a moment and she swore she could hear him breathing, soft and even across the line. "Did you take your panties off?"

She looked around again, thankful everyone was doing their own thing. "Yes."

"You're a good girl." She swore she heard the grin in his voice.

"I don't feel like a good girl."

"Why not?"

"Walking around like this." She crossed her right leg over her left, her sensitive pussy tingling with the movement. "It's rather—arousing."

"That's the point." His voice lowered an octave, deep and sexy, reminding her of what he had sounded like when he whispered in her ear last night. "I'm in the parking lot."

"You are?"

He ignored her question. "Come down here at noon and meet me at my car."

A thrill rippled through her. “Which parking lot? Are the salespeople bothering you?”

“I’m in the back lot, the employee lot. Come down here, Michaela. At noon.”

“All right.” Her mind raced. What did he want to do? Would he take her somewhere and get naked so they could go at it for approximately thirty minutes? But where? She had no idea where people went for illicit encounters. “Where are we going?”

“Just meet me, Michaela.” He paused, the moment heavy with tension. “And bring your panties.”

He hung up, the click loud in her ear and she slowly lowered her cell phone until it clattered on top of her desk.

It was totally wrong that her body was on high alert, ready to meet Austin in – she glanced at the clock again—approximately eight minutes. What did he have planned?

She couldn’t fucking wait to find out.

After a night of unbelievable sex, the disappointment Austin felt at waking up alone had been overwhelming. Irritating. He wasn’t one who liked to linger in bed until the early dawn. He preferred to sleep alone, no distractions, and besides he was usually exhausted after a bout of satisfying sex.

The sex with Michaela had been beyond satisfying. He had given her at least four orgasms that he knew of and he’d had two. They’d fallen asleep in a tangle of limp arms and legs, her head resting on his chest, his cheek on top of her head. Holding each other close, another thing he really didn’t enjoy post-coital.

But with Michaela, everything felt so damn right.

She’d snuck out of his bed, and he hadn’t even heard her. He’d reached for her upon waking, found his bed empty and hell if his heart hadn’t felt empty too.

He was damn pitiful, mooning over a woman. He’d been lusting after her for so long he thought by finally having her it would get her out of his system.

It didn’t work. And he was fooling himself if he believed that was his true intention. He’d wanted her, and he knew once he had her he’d continue to want her.

And continue to have her. He was just enough of a cocky bastard to believe that.

Sending her the text message had been his plan to rile her up. It worked. The thought of her up in her office in some prim skirt suit like she usually wore with no panties on had his cock surging against the fly of his jeans. He should be spent, worn the hell out, yet all he could think about was getting inside Michaela.

Now he waited, and he hoped she was a little late. That way he could punish her, draw it out, drive her crazy, drive himself a little crazy too.

He had a feeling she’d like it. That she could take whatever he dished out. That maybe she *wanted* him to dish it out.

She was bad, his Michaela. Naughtier than he thought she would be. Or maybe he just brought it out in her. He had no clue.

He certainly wasn't complaining.

At five minutes past twelve, he watched her exit the building, a harried expression on her face, the hot early afternoon wind blowing tendrils of hair all around her head. She wore a navy blue blazer and matching skirt with a pale yellow tank top beneath the blazer and she shrugged out of it, curling the jacket over her arm.

Oh, damn she looked good, the skimpy top skimming her slight curves, the cut of her skirt making her ass look amazing.

He couldn't wait to get his hands on her.

She approached his side of the car and he rolled down the window, the blast of hot air smacking him in the face. "Sorry. Had to take a phone call."

He cocked a brow, going for macho asshole. "You're late."

"I know." She brushed the tangled hair away from her mouth. "I'm sorry."

"Get in."

Michaela rounded the car and got in on the passenger side, her scent filling the close confines of the car immediately. He breathed deep, held it in, savored her unique sweet scent and then he glanced down at her lap.

"Did you bring the panties?"

Nibbling on her lower lip she nodded, patted her right pocket. "I did."

"Show me."

Slowly she reached into the pocket and drew the flimsy material out until her hand was in front of him, the pale pink panties in a crumpled ball in the middle of her palm. He stared down at them, arousal smacking him swift and hard at the sudden vision that swam in his head of her completely bare beneath that skirt.

And that she was mere inches away from him. It would only take him five seconds to reach beneath the fabric and touch her silky hot flesh.

Austin took her panties, shoved them into the front pocket of his jeans before reaching for her, resting his hand on the inside of her thigh. Her skirt had slid up, revealing her slim thighs, and he allowed himself the pleasure of stroking her skin once, twice, his fingertips tingling.

A little whimper escaped her and he looked up into her face, saw the needy expression there. She was just as turned on as he was, maybe more so.

"You want me to touch you?"

She nodded, didn't say a word.

"Want me to get you off with my fingers stroking your clit?"

Another muffled whimper, another furious nod of her head.

He withdrew his hand from her thigh. "I'm not going to. That'll be part of your punishment."

"Oh God." Her voice was strained, her breathing accelerated, and he marveled at this woman sitting next to him.

Who knew she'd be this unbelievably hot? He'd had his suspicions but he hadn't expected this.

He decided to push her further.

"Can you sneak me in up there?" He nodded toward her work building.

Her gaze met his, green eyes wide before she glanced at the building. "Where?"

"Somewhere private where no one can walk in on us." He reached for her chin, grasped it between his fingers so she was forced to look at him. "I have a task for you."

"A t-task?" Her voice trembled, and she moistened her lips with her tongue.

Austin held back the groan that wanted to spill. "Mmm, hmm. You're good at tasks, right, Michaela? You're doing them all day long at work."

"Okay." She paused, a little hitch in her breathing when he stroked the soft skin of her jaw. "What's my task?"

He leaned in close, the better to relish her response. "You'll see. Now will you sneak me in or not?"

"I can. But we have to go now." He released his grip on her and she opened the car door, scrambling out as quickly as her high-heeled shoes would take her.

Austin followed her, admiring the swish of her hips, the shift of her ass beneath the tight skirt. Her long legs were sleek and smooth, her feet encased in sexy shoes, and he marveled at how easy it was to be aroused by her.

After years of being with men, she just did it for him. He couldn't remember the last time a woman turned him on so much. And not only was he attracted to her, but he also liked her. Considered her a good friend.

Which meant he was treading in dangerous territory and putting himself at risk. Was he fucking crazy?

For her, yes.

She took him around the side of the building and they entered through another door by her punching in a code on a keypad. She waved him inside, her expression anxious and he went in, both of them walking quietly up the stairs.

"We'll go to the boardroom. No one will go in there because it's lunch. We can lock the door," she murmured when they came to another door.

He nodded, watched as she opened the door that led to a hallway that was on the second floor. He recognized it, he'd been there before a few times to pick Michaela up or drop something off. Some of the salesmen were jerks. A handful of them always had something to say, snickering and laughing behind his

back because of the way he dressed or his sexual preference. He'd heard them a couple of times, usually brushed it off.

He also knew that a few of them were hot for Michaela. She'd so much as told him so, letting him in on the dealership gossip. Who banged who, who flirted with who.

Wouldn't they be surprised to know that "the gay dude" as they called him was about to get blown by Michaela in the boardroom?

She opened yet another door, this one the last and they entered the boardroom together, the cold sterile air shocking him. He turned to watch Michaela close the door and turn the lock and then she stood there, unsure of what to do next.

He felt a little sorry for her. But not too much. "Come here."

With tentative steps, she approached him, her head down, her hands clasped in front of her. As if she was really getting into the role of disobedient servant to the all-controlling master. He'd never been into the S/M scene, didn't necessarily get off on public floggings and the like but he did like the idea of being in control of Michaela.

Telling her what to do seemed to turn her on. And who was he to deny her that?

Austin reached for her again, his fingers curling around her chin, lifting her face so she looked at him. Her eyes blazed with hunger and excitement and a matching hunger bubbled within him, threatening to overtake him.

"What's my task?" she asked softly.

That voice alone made his dick hard. "On your knees."

She moved away from his grasp and knelt down, bringing herself directly in front of his crotch. Tilting her head back, she stared up at him, her long hair trailing down her back in luxurious blonde waves. "What now?"

"Unbutton and unzip my jeans."

Her fingers went to the fly of his jeans and slowly undid the snap, then drew the zipper down, the sound loud in the eerie quiet of the room. He breathed deep, trying for control, and she waited for her next order, resting her hands on the tops of her thighs.

"I want you to suck my cock until I come."

She nodded, her hands going for the waistband of his boxer briefs, and he stopped her, his hand gripping her silky soft shoulder.

"I'm not going to touch you."

"What?" She gazed up at him, her fingers sliding beneath his underwear, touching his bare skin and...holy shit it felt so good.

"Your punishment is that this right now, is all about me. Not you. You get nothing."

"It'll please me to pleasure you," she murmured, the tips of her fingers brushing his cock.

Ah Jesus, she would have to go and say something like that. But he couldn't dwell on it too long because the next thing he knew she had his briefs yanked down and his cock out, her mouth wrapped around the head, her fingers curled around the base.

It felt amazing, all of that wet heat surrounding him, her lips plumped and taking him in. Her tongue licked, circled, lapped at him as if he was a treat and she was starved. He watched as he leaned against the edge of the board table. His hands dropped to the top of her head, his fingers threading through her hair, and he tightened his grip, tighter, tighter still until he saw her wince, felt it in the press of her lips on his cock.

"Does that hurt?"

She shook her head, drew him out of her mouth, her tongue lashing at the tip of his cock, sliding along the slit, gathering the pre-come that had just gathered there. Her eyes glittered when she stared up at him, her fingers clutching him tight before she dropped her hand, cupping his balls.

He wasn't going to last much longer if she kept this up. "You want me to pull harder?"

She nodded, licked down the length of him, and he yanked her hair even tighter, knowing that it must've hurt like hell. Michaela didn't seem to mind if the moan of pleasure she gave was any indication. She continued to lick, her tongue tracing the throbbing vein that ran the length of his cock, and he forced her to take him fully.

"I'm going to fuck your mouth," he gritted, shocking himself at his coarse directions. What was it about this woman that brought this dominant, possessive side out of him?

"Yeth," she whispered just before he started to thrust in earnest. Deeper and deeper he went, until he bumped the back of her throat but she took all of him, her lips working, her mouth a magical thing. Closer and closer his orgasm came, the familiar tingle at the base of his spine, the tightening of his balls, all of it indicating it was near.

She reached beneath his tight balls, her index finger stroking the sensitive skin there, and he pushed deep in her mouth, coming in long, wrenching spurts, sending his semen straight down her throat. He groaned, watched as she milked every last drop, the sexy little sounds of pleasure she made urging him on. So tired he wanted to collapse, he wanted to wrap her in his arms and hold her tight, stroke her hair and tell her how fucking great she was.

But he had a role to play and he knew she expected him to maintain it. He watched her as she slowly withdrew him from her mouth. Without his urging, she tucked him back into his underwear, zipped and snapped his jeans closed. She sat back on her haunches, waiting for his orders, and he was suddenly overwhelmed with emotion for her.

She was perfection. If he was smart, he'd latch on to her and never let her go.

So why did that thought scare the hell out of him?

Chapter Six

Michaela sat before Austin on her knees, waiting for what he wanted her to do next. She'd given her all in that blowjob and he hadn't even resisted when she touched him just behind his balls. Of course, he'd been with men—many men so he'd probably done things she didn't even know existed.

Still, he'd enjoyed her touch, the way she sucked his cock and when he came she'd almost become overwhelmed.

His semen had been endless, and she'd drunk every drop. The salty, slightly sour liquid had slid down her throat. The throb of his cock, the way he growled he was going to fuck her mouth, all of it had made her so wet, so achy that one touch, just one touch and she would shatter.

Austin rubbed the top of her head, his touch tender, the complete opposite of the way he'd yanked her hair just moments ago. She'd begged for that, loving the pleasurable pain it brought her, and now he ran his fingers in her hair. Smoothing it away from her face, his fingers trailed down to stroke her cheek.

She glanced up to find him watching her and he offered her a hand, which she took. Hauling her up, she stood before him, unsure of what to do next.

Austin was in control of this scenario. And there was something so freeing in giving him this.

"That was amazing," he murmured and her gaze lifted, meeting his. The sincerity she saw there warmed her, and she wanted to reach out and touch him but held herself back.

"Thank you," she whispered and he chuckled.

"Come here so I can kiss you."

She went willingly into his arms, cherishing the way he enveloped her in his embrace. Clutching at his broad shoulders, she lifted her head, offering herself to him, and he took it, took her with the sweetest, slowest kiss.

God, her pussy flooded with cream at the touch of his lips, the way his hands slid down, over her butt, gripping her there. She wished he would lift her skirt, touch her there just a little bit. She could come with just the brush of his fingers. She knew it.

"I should go," he whispered against her mouth, his tongue darting out to lick. "You probably have to go back to work."

Disappointment coursed through her, and she withdrew slightly with a frown. "Of course. Um, yeah, okay. See you later."

"Michaela." He wouldn't let her go, his arms tightening around her, and she hung her head.

What did she expect? He had told her what her punishment was. He wasn't going to touch her. She should consider herself lucky he hugged and kissed her.

But it wasn't enough. It wasn't enough to ease the ache that throbbed mightily between her thighs. She had to admit though, there was almost something pleasurable in wallowing in her needy pain. Knowing that later he would satisfy her and that little bit of anticipation would keep her going.

His hand went to the back of her head, tugging on her hair so she had no choice but look at him. "I want to take you out tonight."

She closed her eyes briefly, taking in the sensation of his hand trailing across her face, skimming over her eyebrows, down her nose. Gentle, sweet touches belied the forceful, dominant man of just moments ago.

It was a delicious juxtaposition that both thrilled and terrified her.

"All right," she finally answered, her eyes sliding open.

Austin traced her lips with his index finger. "Another club. I think you'll like this place."

Oh. She really didn't want to do that. The idea of going on an actual date like a long dinner at a favorite restaurant was her idea of the perfect night.

Guess Austin had other plans.

"Do you want to go?"

She wanted to please him. She wanted to spend time with him. "Yes."

He smiled and leaned in close, pressed another kiss to her eager mouth. "Lift up your skirt."

"What?" His command jarred her, threw her off balance.

Austin pushed at her shoulders so she stood away from him. "Lift it up, Michaela. Let me see you."

She did as she was asked, mortified at the little moan she gave when the fabric slid over her skin. She hauled the skirt up, until she had it gathered about her waist, and Austin shook his head, emitting a low whistle.

"You look pretty wet."

That was the understatement of the year. "Why don't you touch me and find out?"

He flashed that boyish grin again, shoved his hands into his pockets. That smile could melt the panties right off the most innocent of females.

Unfortunately, she wasn't one of them. She wore no panties. And after being with him for not even twenty-four hours, no way was she innocent either.

"I won't touch you, remember? It's part of your punishment."

She was this close to begging and he knew it. Hell, it appeared as if he might be waiting for it.

She refused to give in.

"I'll see you tonight after work then?" She lifted her chin and pushed her skirt back down into place, trying her best for dignified. Knowing at this moment, she was far from it.

He smiled, wicked and sexy and oh so cute. “You’re a good girl, Michaela.”

“I try.”

“Tell me your darkest fantasy.”

Michaela lay flat on her back, staring up at the ceiling, her heart beating so fast she feared she’d pass out. Austin lay next to her, his breathing as accelerated as hers, and she bet his heart beat just as fast as well.

The minute she got home, he had attacked her, his hands shoving beneath her skirt, fingers sliding deep inside her pussy. He’d gotten her off right there in the doorway. She’d exploded like a firecracker, coating his fingers with her cream and she’d watched, breathless as he licked them clean.

God, he was hot. After the fingering in the doorway, he’d led her to her bed, where they proceeded to go at it like two animals in heat. She felt like she was in heat. Always thinking about sex, when she would next get it, where she would get it, wondering if he thought the same thing.

He had to, if his doorway attack was something to consider.

“You want to know my darkest fantasy?”

“Definitely.” He reached for her hand, clasping it in his, interlocking their fingers.

She stared at their hands, the way his thumb stroked her, his long fingers curled around hers. This part, the after sex and connecting part, scared her. Thrilled her. Made her long for more, made her realize it would most likely not happen.

Confusion swirled within her but she wasn’t brave enough to ask. Not yet. It was too new, her emotions too raw and no way did she want to risk alienating him, let alone ruining the moment, the sex.

So she kept her mouth shut.

“I don’t know.” She shrugged one shoulder. “We’ve already touched on a few together.”

Austin turned to look at her, a slight smile on his face. “Really?”

“I’m pretty simple.”

“I don’t believe that.” His answer was quick.

“It’s true! I prefer the normal stuff.”

“You love it when I get—forceful with you.”

He was right. She loved it. She was a deviant. Her old boyfriend’s words echoed in her head. “You’re right. I do.”

Rolling over onto his side, he released her hand to reach out and trail his fingers across her stomach. It quivered beneath his touch. “You want more?”

Michaela didn’t know what to say. Could she come out and admit that she would love it if they participated in more of that play? She didn’t want him to take her to some sort of sex club and put her on display. Discipline and humiliate her in front of a crowd, that didn’t have any appeal.

But if Austin wanted to spank her, paddle her ass, use all sorts of toys on her? Her answer would be a resounding yes.

She wanted to trust him with this. She should trust him, he was one of her closest friends.

“Yes,” she admitted, her voice small. She rolled over onto her stomach, hiding her face from him, not wanting him to see her reaction.

“I can arrange that.” Again, he touched her, as if he couldn’t stop, his fingers stroking her ass, tracing the curve and slope.

A ringing sounded somewhere in the quiet of her bedroom and Austin sat up, ran a hand over his head. “That’s my cell.” She rolled back over and watched as he went to his jeans and pulled out his phone, answering it with a curt greeting.

Michaela observed him with curiosity, drinking in his nakedness, enjoying the view. He was beautiful, she couldn’t stop staring at him and when she heard the uncomfortable tone in his voice it drew her attention away from his body and more on what was happening.

He didn’t sound happy. His answers were short, curt and she wondered who was on the line.

“Who was that?” she asked when he hung up the phone. She knew she had no right asking since it wasn’t like she was his girlfriend or anything but she was curious.

“Brad.” The mood had been spoiled by the phone conversation, she could tell and she sat up, yanking the sheet so it covered her breasts.

“What did he want?”

Austin shook his head, waving a hand in a dismissive gesture. “He wanted to get together tonight, but I told him we had plans.”

“You told him about us?” She was stunned.

“Well, yeah.” He grabbed his pants and stepped into them, looking yummylicious with just the jeans on, still unbuttoned, and nothing else. “Since I’m sure he called looking for some sort of hookup.”

He’d just touched on something she really didn’t want to admit. The idea of watching him with another man aroused her like crazy. And the thought of being right there, watching them, participating in all of the action?

It sent her right over the edge.

“It’s not like we’re in a committed relationship, Austin...” She let her voice trail off, curious to see what his answer would be.

“I don’t want to be with anyone else.” He shut up, the words *right now* lingering in the air. “I definitely don’t want to be with Brad.”

“Well, if there are things I can’t satisfy I understand if you want to go to him...”

He rushed toward her, climbed right on top of her so that she had to lay back down, his face in hers. “I’m not interested in him or in anyone else. I’m interested in *you*.”

She pressed her lips together, the words she wanted to say nearly bursting from her throat. He was so close she could see the faint stubble shadowing his jaw, the thick black lashes that shaded his crystal clear blue eyes. He truly was the most beautiful man she'd ever seen. It was unlawful for a man to be so gorgeous with so little effort.

And right now, he was all hers to do with as she pleased. So why would she want to bring in another person—a man for God's sake—into the mix?

Because I'm a sexual deviant with a perverted mind and a flair for the sick and twisted.

Michaela pushed the thought out of her head, noticed the concerned light that flickered in Austin's gaze. "What's wrong?"

"Nothing." She shook her head, tried to push at him. He was solid as a brick wall. "I should take a shower."

"Hold on." He pressed down, trapping her on the bed. "You never did tell me your darkest fantasy."

"You don't want to know," she mumbled, which really got his attention.

"Oh, hell yes I do. Tell me, Michaela." He thrust his pelvis against her and she couldn't believe it but he was already hard again.

The man was like a machine. A very well oiled, never wanted to stop type sex machine.

"You'll think I'm gross." She sounded like a little kid, the whining and the use of the word gross. He smiled, ran a hand over her head, and she told herself to relax. It was just Austin.

"I definitely won't think you're gross. In fact, I'll probably like it. I know I'll like it. So tell me. What do you want me to do to you?" He whispered those last words in her ear, making her shiver, making her wet.

Taking a deep breath, she decided to go for it. "I want to watch you be—intimate with another man. And maybe—maybe I could join in. What do you think?"

The words came out in such a slurred rush she wasn't sure if Austin understood her. She waited, breathless, studied his expression as he absorbed what she just said.

"You're serious." He sounded skeptical, wary, and she wondered if she just blew it.

"Um, yeah?" Okay, this wasn't going as planned. She hoped he would grin, tell her yes he could arrange that and maybe then kiss her senseless.

None of that was happening. In fact, he withdrew from her to sit on the edge of the bed, his back to her. Disappointment socked her in the gut and she closed her eyes, draped her arm over them.

He was quiet for so long she became even more nervous. What was he thinking? Was he coming up with a way to dump her? Tell her that maybe this wasn't working out after all? Not that she could blame him. Her words must've been shocking and though he was a kinky guy with a healthy sexual appetite, maybe she'd pushed him over the edge.

Maybe he thought she was a desperate slut who wanted to get it on with a bunch of men at the same time. Which wasn't what she was suggesting at all. She was curious to see Austin with another man. Thought it would be arousing to watch him touch a man, kiss him, suck his cock, fuck him...

Oh, she was so dirty she was becoming aroused just thinking about it.

"The thing is, Michaela," Austin finally said, startling her from her thoughts. "I don't like to share."

She dropped her arm away from her face. "What?"

He turned to look at her, his eyes blazing. "I don't like to share what I consider mine. And right now, I consider you mine. Do you want to share me?"

Oh. Not the reaction she'd expected at all. He considered her his? She should be offended. She wasn't a piece of property, no one owned her. But the way he said it, the look in his eyes. Well, she had to admit, she found his possessiveness downright thrilling. Exciting. As if she wanted to belong to him and only him.

"I'm curious," she admitted, chewing on her lower lip. "To see you with another man."

"You'd like to watch."

"And participate. Maybe. If you'll have me."

He smiled. "Baby, I'll have you any way I can get you."

Her heart warmed at his words, his smile. "Think about it." She didn't want to push, didn't want him to make a decision now. "So what's your darkest fantasy?"

His smile grew and he shook his head. "If I get my way, I might make it come true tonight."

Curiosity filled her. "What is it?"

"You'll just have to wait and see."

Austin couldn't fucking believe what Michaela had said. He still couldn't believe it and that had been over an hour ago. She was in the shower, she'd offered for him to join her but he'd declined, claiming he had a phone call to make.

The excited light in her eyes when he'd said that had been unmistakable. He had a feeling she thought he might be calling Brad or whoever to arrange her just admitted darkest fantasy.

Shit. He didn't think so. He couldn't imagine having a threesome with another man and Michaela. What if the other man wanted to go down on her or worse, fuck her? Just the thought of it made him feel a little sick to his stomach.

You're jealous. You want her all to yourself, you greedy bastard.

He couldn't deny that. He did want her all to himself. With Michaela, he felt like he'd uncovered a hidden stone, polished it up and it was now shining like a diamond. His precious treasure he'd found, that's what Michaela was.

But he'd seen it on her face, in her eyes. She'd meant every word she said. She wanted to watch him with another man. She wanted to participate too.

Jesus. He ran his hands over his eyes, pressed his palms hard against his brow. He'd been in threesomes before, a couple of times with all men, once just him and two women and a few times with another guy and a woman.

He'd enjoyed all of them. As a friend said once—a mouth is a mouth, a hole is a hole. And damn if that wasn't the truth when you're a horny bastard looking to fuck whatever stood in your way.

But he wasn't that horny bastard anymore. Well, he was but for only one person. Michaela.

If someone had asked him three years ago if he believed he would feel serious about someone of the female variety he would've laughed in his face. Hell, three years ago he hadn't even believed in serious commitment, let alone that he'd be interested in a woman. That was during his male slut phase. When he acted like the biggest man whore alive, flirting with every attractive man he ran across and bedding almost every one of them as well.

Then he'd met Brad. And he'd tried to work it out with him, he really had. They'd realized they were better as friends versus an actual relationship, with occasional benefits on the side.

Earlier Brad had called looking for those benefits, he hadn't been lying to Michaela. The surprise in Brad's voice when Austin told him they already had plans had been evident.

"You finally bagged her, hmm? Took you long enough."

That had been it from Brad, thankfully. Austin expected a stronger reaction but he wasn't complaining.

He wondered what Brad would say if he asked him to perform with him, so to speak, in front of Michaela. With the possibility she might join in. Would he be up for it? Austin knew for a fact Brad had never even had sex with a woman so that might make him the ideal candidate.

Meaning he would have no interest whatsoever in fucking Michaela which would leave her all to Austin.

Austin rubbed the back of his head. Yep, he was a selfish bastard. If he planned this right, it could work out for the both of them. She would get what she wanted, and he would get what he wanted.

But first, he needed to focus on his plans for tonight.

Chapter Seven

“I’m going to stand out, don’t you think?” Michaela smoothed a hand over her hair. “Of course, you won’t even tell me where we’re going so I have no clue if I’m going to stand out or not.”

The irritation in her voice made Austin smile, and he parked the car in the large downtown parking lot. “You’re definitely going to stand out. That was the reasoning behind your outfit.”

She wore a white silky knit halter dress that was the sexiest thing he could find in her closet. He had no clue where she had worn it before or for whom but he considered himself lucky to see her in it tonight.

The neckline was embellished with clear stones, as was the band of trim that rested just beneath her breasts. It had a cut out between her breasts as well as on the sides and her entire back was bare. The white only emphasized her peachy golden skin, the short skirt showed off the long length of her sexy legs. Scarlett had come over and made her up with pale, iridescent colors, using a heavy hand on her eyes. Her cheeks were flushed pink, her lips matching, and he thought she looked like an angel set out for a night of sin.

The exact look he’d been hoping for.

They exited the car and he took her hand, clasping it tight in his as they walked across the lot and toward the row of buildings in the distance. The lot was half full, the sidewalk abandoned, and she glanced about curiously, drinking everything in.

“Where are you taking me?” she asked for what felt like the fiftieth time.

He lifted their linked hands and kissed the back of hers. “You’ll see. We’re almost there.”

She looked like she wanted to squirm. She hated surprises, she always had and he was torturing her on purpose. He wanted to keep her on edge, keep her guessing. It added a certain sense of anticipation to the night.

“You look like the devil and here I am in all white.” The tone of her voice caused him to glance at her, and he saw the nervousness on her face. She looked uncomfortable, uncertain, and he didn’t want that. He didn’t understand why she was such a bundle of nerves, though. Didn’t she trust him to take care of her no matter what?

“Why do you say that?”

“You’re dressed completely in black and with your black hair, the way you tower over me, I don’t know.” She shook her head, a little smile curling her lips. “You look like you’re taking me to the lion’s den to corrupt me.”

"You don't know how close your description is." He stopped in front of a nondescript three-story building, the lights within the windows dim, the double doors huge and painted blood red. "We're here."

There was no sign indicating what lay within, no people hanging out in front, no indication whatsoever that it was a place of business, and Michaela tilted her head back, taking it all in. "What is it?"

He yanked her close so he could whisper in her ear. "It's called Tom's."

She turned to look at him, a smirk on her face. "Sounds classy."

He chuckled. "It is. It's called Tom's as in peeping. Get it?"

Realization dawned on her face. "Like peep shows?"

"Close. More like a voyeuristic club."

Her delicate brows drew together in that look she got when she was a little confused. "What do you mean?"

"Let's put it this way. There are the watchers and then there are the doers." He leaned in closer, breathing in her scent, his lips touching her soft earlobe. "And I know how much you like to watch."

"So we watch people, uh, do stuff?" She shivered.

"Uh, huh." He squeezed her hand. "What do you think?"

"I think it's crazy that you even know about this place."

He shrugged. "I've never been here. A friend of mine told me about it."

"Who?"

"You'll never guess."

"Brad?"

"Hell, no." He moved away from her with a grimace. "Scarlett."

Michaela's mouth dropped open. "Scarlett? Really? Does she come here?"

"Yeah, though not as much lately."

"Is she a, um, doer or a watcher?"

"I think she's both."

"Oh." She shook her head as they started walking toward the double doors. "Wow. I'm surprised."

"You shouldn't be. You're a watcher, too, you know."

A pretty blush stained her cheeks. He loved that one moment she looked like a sweet innocent and the next he could have her begging for his cock. Such a contradiction. "You make me feel like a pervert."

"Baby, I love your perverted ways." He kissed her, a quick one, just to have that connection, and then he opened the door, allowing her to walk in before him.

The lobby was dark, dimly lit and the walls were covered in dark red, flocked velvet wallpaper. A tall man dressed in a tuxedo stood behind a counter, his expression neutral, almost bored. As they drew closer, Austin realized the guy's tux looked straight out of the seventies with the big lapels and the powder blue ruffled shirt.

Bizarre.

“May I help you?” The man smiled though it didn’t reach his eyes, and Austin wondered how long it took to work there for a person to look so damn jaded.

“We’re here to see Tom.” That was the code term—Scarlett had given it to him when he called her earlier—and the man nodded, flipping open a black leather bound notebook.

“Stand or deliver?”

“Excuse me?”

The man rolled his eyes, the disdain on his face clear. “Will you be *standing* to watch the entertainment or will you be *delivering* it?”

Wasn’t that clever? “Standing.”

“Two stands.” The man jotted it down in his notebook, his gaze flicking from Austin to Michaela and then back to Austin. “You two make a pretty couple.”

“Thanks.” Austin really didn’t know what to say, and he noticed that Michaela was completely silent. He reached into his back pocket to pull out his wallet.

“Pretty enough to deliver sometime, if you get my drift.” With a smile, the man snapped his notebook shut. “First time here, I take it?”

Austin and Michaela both nodded and Austin reached across the top of the counter, handing the man a wad of cash. The man took it with a smile, his fingers tracing Austin’s palm.

They were barely in the place, and he was already getting hit on.

“You can stare all you want but you can’t participate unless you’re invited to, with the exception of the staged performers. If they’re up on a stage or even a dais, you’re not allowed to join them, no exceptions. Keep it clean. No chatting while observing, it’s rude. If you must, touch yourself or touch each other.” The man gave a little shudder. Drama queen all the way. “Please do so discreetly. It’s allowed, but we don’t want to see anything too blatant. That’s what the deliverers are for.”

“Okay.” Austin nodded again, as did Michaela. The rules were pretty straightforward.

“There are condoms everywhere. Please use them. There is nothing worse than unsafe sex.” The man wagged his finger at them like a strict schoolteacher, then straightened his too large black bowtie. It nudged against his Adam’s apple it was so tall. “And if you’re going to use those condoms, please do so in the designated rooms. No sex in the halls allowed.”

Strict place, Austin thought as the man walked them to a closed door on the opposite side of the lobby. He’d been to a few sex clubs before and they usually allowed sex in the halls. That was the point.

“Enjoy your evening.” The man turned the door handle, holding the door open for them. “And remember,” he said just as Austin passed him. “Anytime you’re interested in delivering, you just let me know.”

The door closed behind them with a final clang, the darkness embracing them, and Austin reached for Michaela's hand again, guiding her through the narrow hallway until they entered what appeared to be the main room.

It was an open floor plan, the room large, the ceilings tall, and he glanced up, saw that the second floor balcony was visible above, as was the third. The layout of the building was designed as a circle with rooms surrounding the main floor. A tall, round stage was in the center of the room and it wasn't empty.

A red velvet couch sat in the middle of the stage, and a couple wrapped around each other perched upon it. They were engrossed in a passionate kiss, their naked bodies entwined, hands everywhere, legs everywhere, the sound of their lips connecting echoing throughout the room.

Austin figured there was a mic on the couple so that everyone could hear them. They were attractive, the woman curvier than Michaela, the man very tall, very thin and very white. His hair was almost black, the thick hair on his chest just as dark, and the woman's hand slid across the expanse, her fingers sinking into the curling hair.

Michaela stopped to watch, her entire body tense, and Austin released her hand to slip his arm around her shoulders. His fingers met bare, smooth skin and he stroked her there, already wishing he had her alone so he could give her the full attention she deserved.

"You like?"

She shook her head, wrinkling her nose. "They really don't appeal to me."

"Let's wander around then." Scarlett told him it was a place that had sexy little secrets hidden everywhere. Every room had a couple or multiple people inside putting on some sort of show. The rooms on the third floor were private, for those who couldn't stand it any longer and needed to get away to fuck.

Austin hoped they'd visit those rooms before the night was finished.

Michaela couldn't believe Austin had brought her to this club. She knew he'd been up to something, but she hadn't imagined the something would be *this*.

She should be scandalized, if she was normal. But she wasn't. She was thrilled, excited to be in such a place. It was like nothing she'd ever seen before and not what she expected from a sex club either.

Since she had no experience with a sex club she really didn't know what to expect, but she'd watched a few movies, ahem, porn, and she'd read some books. She expected Tom's to be a little dirtier, more blatant, the sounds of various people in the throes of sexual acts to be echoing throughout the building.

With the exception of the couple on the stage going at it when they'd first entered, she saw no evidence of sex whatsoever. Sensual music played in the background and the air was cool as it breezed against her bare skin. The lighting was low and warm, casting a golden hue within, and the same red wallpaper that lined the lobby covered these walls, making the place seem smaller, more intimate.

It reminded her of what a bordello would look like with the red and the many rooms. Curiosity made her want to explore and they wandered around as Austin suggested, passing both couples and singles doing the same thing.

Most of the men cast her appreciative glances, which made her look away in embarrassment. She hadn't worn the white dress in a long time. It had been a gift from a former boyfriend and she'd only worn it once for him. It wasn't her style, too flashy, too risqué, and she felt exposed with so much flesh showing.

Austin certainly seemed to enjoy it though. He was constantly touching her, his large hand splayed across her bare back, his fingers sliding lower as they walked past door after door. She slid a glance back at him, saw the way his lids were heavy, his full mouth curved in a secret smile.

Oh, how she loved that smile. The innocent boyish charm mixed with the dominant, sexy man was such a turn on. The shirt he wore was black and tight, stretched across his broad shoulders and wide chest, and she realized he was earning more than his share of interested glances as well.

Pride surged through her, nearly overwhelming in its intensity, and she wanted to shout to every single person in the room that this man was hers and no one else's.

He's not really yours, the evil little voice inside her head whispered. You two are just fucking around—literally. When the novelty wears off, he'll find someone else—like another man. Just watch.

She remembered what he'd said to her earlier, how he called her his. It made no sense. They'd been having sex for what, twenty-four hours? But they'd known each other for over a year, she considered Austin one of her closest friends.

It wouldn't take much to tip her right over the edge and fall in love with him. Especially since he seemed to take pleasure in every one of her kinks that turned off past lovers.

Sobering thought. One she didn't want to dwell on tonight when she was walking around a voyeur club watching strangers have sex.

She recalled the instructions from the man who had first greeted them. Would Austin want to participate? If a couple invited them to join in, would he be interested? Would she?

Oh, she was sick enough to consider it a possibility.

A woman sashayed in front of them, her butt twitching with her every step. She wore a knee-length black pencil skirt and black fishnet stockings and had an alluring walk, one even Michaela couldn't help but watch, and she suddenly heard Austin suck in a startled breath.

"Scarlett?"

The woman whirled around and it was indeed Scarlett. She looked as shocked as Austin sounded, her painted ruby red lips parting though no sound came out. Her usually wild hair was tucked into a neat French twist, and she wore a crisp white button down shirt though it wasn't buttoned very much. Michaela caught a rather generous glimpse of a black lacy bra playing peek-a-boo from beneath her shirt.

She seemed to be working the sexy yet stern look quite well. The appreciative stares from various passing men were more than obvious.

“I thought you weren’t coming here anymore,” Austin continued.

Scarlett shrugged, her cheeks flushing in embarrassment. “You caught me. I, uh, thought you two were coming later. I thought you might not build up the nerve to bring her here.”

“Don’t tell me you’re chasing Drake again.” Austin clearly ignored her remark, which Michaela found interesting. Had it really taken a lot for him to bring her to this club? He’d seemed all for it, excited even.

“I heard he’d be here tonight, yeah.”

Michaela watched the exchange with interest. Austin seemed to know so much about Scarlett’s love life. She knew they were friends but she didn’t realize they were that close.

Austin shook his head and drew Michaela closer to him. “Are you standing or delivering tonight?”

Scarlett laughed, adjusted the black-rimmed glasses she wore. The outfit was completely different than what she normally wore. She looked like some sort of hot teacher ready to discipline her rowdy students with the smack of a wooden ruler.

“I can do both,” Scarlett finally answered, a smirk curving her lips. “I’m a long time member. I have options now.”

Austin cocked a brow. “Nice. Well, the last thing I want to do is see you, uh, participating so we’ll be headed in the opposite direction.”

“I suggest you go into that room.” She pointed to her right. “There are always interesting things going on in there.”

Michaela headed toward the room, her curiosity roused. She peeked inside, caught sight of a rounded dais in the farthest left corner. Three rows of seats filled the room, and half of those seats were occupied. Mostly with men though Michaela saw a few women too.

“It must be a performance,” she whispered when Austin came to a stop by her side.

He slid his arm around her shoulders and drew her close. The warmth from his hard, lean body seeped into her, his scent, spicy and rich, filled her head. Delicious, she thought, and all mine...

The sound of music filled the room, slow and with an easy beat and two men stepped onto the dais, their hands linked and not a stitch of clothing covering their beautiful bodies.

They *were* beautiful. Tall, broad shouldered with six-pack abs and muscular thighs. Their bodies were completely hairless, sleek and gleaming from the single golden recessed light that shown from above, directly upon them. They stared out at the audience, identical smiles curving their lips, their expressions open, inviting.

“Welcome,” the dark haired one said, his deep voice loud and strong. “Any requests this evening?”

“Oh man, Scarlett’s told me about this,” Austin murmured close to her ear. “Couples will go on stage and do whatever anyone from the audience asks of them. Within reason of course, but the parameter’s pretty broad.”

“Sounds interesting,” Michaela said. And it did. Since this was her first sex, or ahem, voyeur club experience, then she wanted to make the most of it.

So why not get aroused watching two men go at it by the request of the audience?

“A shy bunch tonight, hmm?” The other man, who had spiky golden blond hair and a tan, chuckled, ran a hand over his jaw. He appeared completely unfazed by the fact that he was naked, semi-erect and standing in front of a crowd.

A shy crowd he called it, which Michaela found ironic. They were in a sex club. No one should be shy around these parts.

Withdrawing from Austin, she raised her hand and cleared her throat, drawing the men’s attention. The blond nodded toward her, an expectant smile on his face.

“I’d like to see you”—she tilted her head toward the blond—“give a blowjob to him.” She gestured toward the dark haired man. “While on your knees and with your hands tied behind your back.”

“Jesus, Michaela, get right to the point,” she heard Austin mutter which made her want to laugh.

“This is what I’m here for, right? What we’re here for?” She turned to look at him. “I want to watch. What’s the harm in watching?”

“There’s no harm in it, baby.” He pulled her close once more, his gaze locked on her lips, his expression hungry. God, she could never get tired of seeing that look on his gorgeous face. “You want to watch, by all means, let’s watch.”

“Come closer,” the blond man urged as he grabbed a silky looking piece of rope from a tray that sat on the edge of the dais and handed it to his partner. “Come see what you requested.”

Glancing at Austin, she waited for his approval. She went from being a strong woman asking for what she wanted to the woman seeking permission from her man. There was something erotic in asking for this man’s approval and receiving it. The possessive gleam in his brilliant eyes, the slight tilt of his head when he nodded his agreement, she loved it. Almost felt as if she needed it.

They walked together to the first row of chairs, seating themselves in the middle. The blond was already in position, on his knees in front of the dark haired man, seeming to wait for Michaela and Austin to settle themselves. The dark haired man’s cock bobbed before the blond man’s face, his chest heaving, as if he could taste the man’s lips on his shaft.

“Remember, no hands,” Michaela reminded them, feeling naughty that she delivered such commands to two complete strangers. But that was all part of the show, the allure, and she wanted to revel in it, enjoy it to the fullest.

“Yes, mistress,” the blond said, thrilling her to the core that he called her that. She squirmed in her seat, her scant panties damp with desire. Her heart rate accelerated, the throb of her clit matching it beat for beat. She was so aroused.

The men hadn’t even really done anything yet.

The dark haired man’s hips twitched, his cock nudging against the blond man’s lips, and he parted them in invitation. His tongue darted out, flicked along the flared head of the dark haired man’s cock, circling the edge, tracing the slit, gathering the pre-come that pearled there before bathing the head. The dark haired man groaned and thrust his hips, sending his cock deeper inside the blond’s mouth, and he murmured his approval at the invasion.

Heat blossomed low in Michaela’s belly, bloomed all over her skin. It was...beautiful, watching two gorgeous men together. The undivided attention the man on his knees gave to the other, the way the dark haired man cupped his head, his fingers curling into his hair. Strong and supple, their bodies moved together in perfect rhythm as the blond took the dark haired man’s cock deeper and deeper, again and again.

“You’re enjoying this.” Austin’s words weren’t a question. He had to know by the way she shifted in her seat and the sound of her increased breathing that she was enjoying this. It was exciting, thrilling to watch others perform such an intimate act in front of them.

It was as if everyone else in the room faded. As if this moment was just for the four of them to share privately. She wondered what she would do if Austin joined them. A tangle of three hard, beautiful male bodies, hands and mouths and cocks. Touching, sucking, fucking.

She shivered and nodded, leaned her head on his broad shoulder. “I want to see them do it.”

He chuckled, the gentle touch of his fingers on her cheek making her shiver again. “You want to watch them fuck?”

Oh yes, indeed. The dark haired man was essentially fucking the blond’s wide open mouth, thrusting deep, his thick cock disappearing and reappearing with his every movement. His entire body was tight, his muscles standing out in stark relief, his lips stretched firm. Exerting every amount of control to not just shoot his semen into the blond man’s mouth and be done with it.

And he was doing that for her. Putting on the show and making it last for her. Heady, powerful, the realization almost made her dizzy.

Austin’s hand rested on her thigh, startling her from her thoughts. His fingers stroked the sensitive skin, slid higher until his hand was almost completely hidden by the fabric of her dress, and she held her breath, waiting for his next move.

“We have a request.” Austin’s deep voice rang loud in the hushed quiet of the room and the two men paused in their actions, the blond releasing the brown haired man’s cock from his mouth. It waved enticingly, shining with saliva and pre-come, flushed red and thick and insistent.

“She wants to watch you two fuck,” Austin continued, his hand tightening on her thigh.

Her breath released in a stutter, skipping like rocks over a calm pond. She wanted him to touch her. She wanted his fingers searching her, pushing deep inside her, making her come. She could barely stand it, she was so aroused, so worked up.

“Who is fucking who?” The dark haired man spoke, his voice holding a slight accent which Michaela found mysterious. Sexy.

“You fuck him.” She pointed at Mister Mysterious and waved her hand at the blond. Her voice wavered, her entire body, her mind unstable. She couldn’t believe the things she was saying, thinking. The things she was doing. “Now.”

They both nodded and the dark haired man helped the blond stand, immediately going behind him and undoing his restraints. A condom was plucked from the tray. The commotion of more people entering the room sounded from behind Michaela. She didn’t care. Her gaze was riveted upon the stage, her concentration focused on Austin’s hand beneath her dress.

The varied stimulation assaulted her senses, made her feel as if she was floating on a cloud. Drifting, dreaming, drinking it all in as the blond clutched the back of a chair that suddenly appeared, his body bent over it, his legs spread. His ass open in invitation, ready to be taken.

This was so forbidden, watching this, doing this, taking it all in. Growing up she’d pushed the naughty thoughts from her head, telling herself it was wrong. In past relationships, she’d reached out, tentative in revealing her darkest wishes and dreams. Having them all slapped down, pushed away, told again and again she was wrong, dirty, deviant.

Now, it was all unfolding in front of her and she relished it. Enjoyed it. This was who she was, what she needed and she finally found someone who understood her.

Austin.

“Does it hurt?” Her whispered question caused him to lean toward her, his head so close, their faces brushing.

“Does what hurt?” His fingers moved up her thigh, so achingly slow and she wallowed in the anticipation.

When he actually touched her where she wanted him, it was going to be so good.

“Being taken like that. Anal sex.” She gestured toward the stage. The dark haired man stood behind the blond, his hands grasping his hips, his cock nudging against the blond’s ass.

“I prefer the top.” Austin nuzzled her cheek with his. “I like to be the one in control.”

“You’re so dominant.” She sighed when the very tips of his fingers brushed the front of her lacy thin panties. “Aggressive.”

“You like it.”

"I do." She held her breath as she watched the dark haired man smooth his hand over the blond man's ass, his fingers delving between his cheeks. He touched him, intimately, gently, and the blond sighed, spreading his legs wider, his head dipping in acquiescence. It stole her breath, watching this unfold, waiting for the moment when the dark haired man would possess the other.

She loved the way Austin possessed her, took her as if she belonged to him. They had fallen so easily into this, as if they belonged together. The thought was overwhelming, scary.

Delicious. Wondrous.

"You're hot," he whispered in her ear. "Wet."

"How can you tell?" He hadn't even touched her yet, was still lingering there, his fingers brushing over her mound, the lace fabric of her panties the only barrier.

"Your panties are wet. I can smell you." He tongued her ear, the hot, wet slick of it making her wiggle. "I love the way you smell. The way you taste."

Her knees went weak. The way he spoke to her weaved a sort of magic around them, a spell she didn't want to stop. She watched the man position himself over the blond, his condom-covered cock poised, ready, the blond urging him on with murmured words, subtle gestures.

Slowly, carefully, the dark haired man eased inside the blond, his cock sinking in inch by inch. Deep, deeper until he was all the way in, his balls brushing against the blond man's ass, and they groaned, the sound filling the room.

They weren't the only ones groaning. She heard the telltale sounds of low moans behind her, murmured words of approval, the faintly wet sounds of mouths connecting, clothes shuffling. Everyone was aroused, she realized. The scent of sex filled the air, the slap of flesh on flesh loud coming from the stage. Austin's fingers slipped beneath her panties, brushed against her pubic hair before flicking her distended clit.

"God, Michaela." He sounded tortured and she glanced at his lap, saw the unmistakable ridge of his cock. "You feel so good."

He played with her, his fingers searching her folds, one thick finger pushing deep inside her. She gasped, clutched at his arm, her gaze locked on the men on the dais. The dark haired man was fucking the blond with enthusiasm, their guttural grunts mingling with every thrust. She moved with them, her hips doing a subtle thrust against Austin's fingers, his hand. His thumb thrummed her clit, driving her on, driving her mad.

"Don't stop," she whimpered when he slowed. He shook his head, a naughty smile curving his lips.

"Never," he answered, shoving two fingers deep, finger fucking in time with the two men before them.

Michaela was close to orgasm, couldn't believe she was doing this in public, on a chair while watching two men have sex. She liked that the men were so in to each other, the way the dark haired man

grabbed the blond by the back of the neck, holding him as he fucked him hard. It was harsh, beautiful, their muscled bodies shining with sweat, their groans getting louder with every thrust. The blond had one hand wrapped around his cock, jerking it in time with the dark haired man's thrusts and then the dark haired man withdrew, yanked the condom off and fisted himself.

His semen pumped out of him, shooting all over the blond's tight ass in long, creamy streams. He rubbed his come into the blond man's skin, his other hand still wrapped around his cock, and then he bent, buried his face in between the blond man's ass cheeks, licking him there.

"Oh my God," Michaela croaked just as Austin flicked her clit. Her orgasm slammed into her, hard and fast and overwhelming, and she shuddered in the chair, against Austin's hand, gripping his forearm for support. Her eyes closed as it hit her again and again, wave after wave, leaving her a wrung out mess when it was all over.

She opened her eyes to see the dark haired man on bended knee, still licking the blond man's ass, people chanting their encouragement from the audience. Her gaze lifted, met Austin's and he watched her with such tenderness that she felt herself melt a little.

"I love to watch you come." He withdrew his hand from her slowly, grasping her hand in his. "Beautiful."

After all of that and she felt herself blush, the heat suffusing her cheeks. He had power with his words, his looks. A power over her, power that she gladly gave.

"Should we go?" he asked.

"What about you?" She gestured toward his crotch, his huge erection.

"I'll get mine later, don't you worry." He yanked her close and kissed her, his tongue delving into her mouth, searching it thoroughly before he withdrew. His kiss blew a few hundred brain cells and left her wanting more.

They exited the room in a hurry, but not before she caught a glimpse of naked flesh and clinging bodies, tongues licking and hands working. She straightened the skirt of her dress, smoothed a hand over her hair, and when she glanced up she caught Austin watching her, a wicked smile on his too handsome face.

"What?"

"Shocked at yourself?"

She shook her head. "No. I've always had these...urges."

"And I'm just lucky enough to be the one who figured that out?" He drew her close, planting a soft kiss on her lips.

"Yes," she murmured, touching the corner of his lush mouth with her finger. Oh, she could touch him all night. Explore him and savor him, lick and nibble and discover all of his secrets, his preferences.

But not yet. There was time enough for that. She wanted to see more, experience more with him here, at Tom's.

Michaela stopped at a partially opened door, peered around the doorframe to look inside. A woman lay sprawled on the bed completely nude, her arms and legs bound to each corner of the iron scroll bed frame with black velvet cuffs. Her eyes were covered by a sash of black satiny fabric, and she slowly arched her body as some sort of offering.

The man who stood next to the bed held a small flogger in his hand, squeezing and running his fingers over the tails again and again. He was clad only in black, tight-fitting trousers, his bronzed, muscled chest gleaming as if lightly oiled. His biceps bulged with his every movement, his intent focused solely on the woman tied to the bed.

She'd just had an orgasm not five minutes ago yet Michaela found it arousing, the hungry way the man stared at the woman. She entered the room, sidling alongside the wall so as not to disturb them, and she stood still, taking it all in.

Austin followed behind her, reaching out to take her hand and pull her in front of him. She melted into him as he held her, leaning against the wall, his arms wrapped around her center.

She felt as if he was staking his claim on her.

The man barely acknowledged their presence, his gaze flicking toward them once before he turned his attention back to the woman. Dangling the flogger above her body, he drew the soft leather tails across first one slim shoulder, then the other, before allowing it to tickle her pronounced collarbone.

The woman jerked against her restraints, a little whimper escaping her as he continued his gentle teasing. Down her arms, across her quivering stomach then back up to wisp across her breasts, the tails feathering back and forth across her large, rock hard nipples.

Michaela's skin prickled with awareness as if she were the one experiencing the flogger. It intrigued her. She'd never played with any sort of toys beyond a vibrator in the bedroom and she wondered what it would feel like. The soft leather brushing against her body, making her shiver and the rush that would fill her with the first smack of the flogger.

Would it plain hurt? Or would it hurt so good?

Just imagining it made her restless, wet all over again. She squirmed against Austin's hold, her breath catching when she saw the man drape the tails of the flogger over the woman's bare pussy. There wasn't a hair on the woman's body and with her legs tied open, every detail was on display.

Swollen pussy lips, dark pink folds and a large clit, much larger than Michaela's, the woman cried out when the man flipped the flogger to the other side, rubbing the handle against her.

He stroked her clit, circled it and then trailed the handle downward, teasing her entry. The woman arched against it, her harsh pants filling the air, and when he pushed just the tip of the handle inside her, she cried out.

Oh God. She couldn't believe she was watching this unfold right in front of her. The man slipped the flogger deeper inside the woman then withdrew, establishing a rhythm that caused the woman to move with it. He was fucking her with the flogger, the soft leather handle glistening with her juices every time the man withdrew it from her body. Michaela stared in awe, her breath lodged in her chest, her eyes fixated on the woman's pussy.

She shifted against Austin, rubbing her back against his chest, and his fingers stroked against her stomach, holding her still. Bending his head, his mouth hovered close to her ear and he nibbled her lobe.

"You like that?" His whispered question made her shiver, and she nodded.

His hand splayed across her front. He dragged his fingers across to her hip, then down until he was flirting with the hem of her skirt. She held completely still, watching the man continue to fuck the woman with the flogger while Austin's hand moved under her skirt and skimmed the outside of her thigh.

The woman was getting close to orgasm, Michaela could tell by the sound of her breathing, the increased frenzy of her movements and her partner could tell as well. He withdrew the flogger from her body completely and brought it to his mouth, his tongue snaking out to lap at the stickiness that remained there.

His gaze lifted, met Michaela's, and he drew the handle into his mouth, sucking the woman's cream from the braided leather. He was putting on a show for them, Michaela realized, since the woman couldn't see anything.

So fucking sexy.

Austin's fingers stuttered over her skin, as if he too was affected by the man sucking and lapping at the flogger handle. She bucked against his touch, hoping like hell he would continue his search, and he did. His fingers resumed their slow glide, now up her inner thigh to swipe against the silken front of her panties, and Michaela gasped.

The man smiled, a feral bearing of teeth, and she let her glance slide down to the very noticeable bulge straining the front of his pants. Austin's free hand slid up, his thumb brushing the underside of her breast, fingers teasing her skin exposed by the dress's keyhole cutout in between her breasts. She thrust her chest out and licked her lips, her eyes still locked on the man, and his chocolate brown eyes heated with awareness.

She was eye fucking this stranger all while Austin touched her and she couldn't believe it. Couldn't believe she was enjoying it. The way the man watched her aroused her almost as much as Austin's touch.

"Undo my dress," she urged Austin, her gaze not leaving the man's.

He paused in touching her. "What?"

"The clasp at the back of my neck, undo it. Please." She sounded desperate, she knew it but she didn't care. Tilting her head, she swept her hair away from her neck, draping it over one shoulder. Indicating where she wanted him to undo it.

His fingers landed upon her neck, warm and comforting, stroking her there. "You're sure."

Michaela nodded. "Yes." Oh, yes.

The poor woman writhed atop the bed, her whimpered words of agony getting louder and louder, but the man ignored her, as if this was part of the game, his gaze trained on Michaela. Austin undid the two hooks of the halter and the fabric fell forward, Michaela tugging it down more so it exposed her breasts to the man's gaze. Her nipples hardened and the man licked his lips, as if he might want a taste.

What would Austin say if that happened? Would he allow her to do this? Or would he tell her no?

And why was she thinking like this? She was her own woman, she wasn't in any sort of relationship with Austin beyond sexual so why did she need his permission?

Because she felt as if she *did* belong to him, at least for tonight. And she didn't feel right in doing things with another without his consent.

"He likes what he sees," Austin whispered in her ear, perfectly aware of what was happening between them.

"So do I," she admitted, her voice weak, and Austin stilled behind her.

Cupping her breast in his hand, Austin kneaded the soft flesh. She arched against his touch, her body undulating against his. His cock nudged the small of her back, large and insistent, and she smiled. The power she held, the fact that two men wanted her at this very moment was mind blowing.

Arousing.

The man turned his attention back to his woman, his face softening, as if he felt guilty for withholding her pleasure for so long. Taking the flogger, he reared back his arm and slapped the soft leather tendrils against her pussy. She cried out in agonized pleasure at the connection and he did it again, then again, the sound of the leather hitting her flesh reverberating in the close confines of the room.

The woman moaned with every hit, her lower body arching into it, her arms jerking against the restraints. Michaela stared in fascination, emitting her own gasp of pleasure when Austin pinched first one nipple, then the other.

The man halted his ritual, his big body vibrating, his shoulders rising and falling with his every breath, and he turned, taking a step toward Michaela and Austin, then another.

Holding his hand out, he offered her the flogger.

Chapter Eight

“I-I couldn’t,” she said, shaking her head.

The man held the flogger toward her, waving it so the tassels shook. “Take it. Use it on her. We’re inviting you to play.”

His voice was deep, gravelly, and her body jerked in response. She felt like a slut, reacting strongly to a man she didn’t even know while in the arms of a man she did know and care about.

But it seemed as if Austin only wanted to urge her on, encouraging her to go further.

He gave Michaela a nudge on her shoulder. “Do it, babe.”

She turned to look at him, saw that he was studying her carefully. “You think so?”

“Tickle her with it,” the man suggested. “She loves that.”

“Does she know?” Michaela waved her hand at the woman, who laid quietly on the bed, though her body quivered in anticipation.

“She knows you’re here, yes. She likes to be watched.” The man paused, his eyes darkening. “Do you like to be watched?”

“I like to watch,” she said.

“She likes both,” Austin said for her.

The man’s gaze met Austin’s. “May she play with us?”

Michaela’s gaze flickered from Austin to the man, shocked at the way he asked for Austin’s permission. As if Austin was indeed her master and she needed his approval before she could go and play.

Wow. This was heady stuff. She had no clue what she’d gotten herself involved in but this had turned into the most sexually adventurous twenty-four hours of her life.

“If she wants to.” He removed his hand from her thigh and she immediately missed the connection. “Do you want to?”

“Yes.” She nodded. “I do.”

Taking the flogger from the man, Michaela approached the bed, stood at the foot of it. The musky scent of the woman’s arousal was strong and Michaela stared at her pussy, the way her skin gleamed with cream, her lower lips puffy with need.

Michaela twirled the flogger this way and that, finally letting the leather tails drop upon the woman’s cunt. She drifted it back and forth, the soft black leather contrasting against the pink of the woman’s flesh.

Michaela's pussy grew even wetter as she continued, running the flogger along the inside of the woman's thighs, across her knees.

The woman giggled, twisting against Michaela's touch, and the man crouched down so he was eye level with Michaela. His expression serious, he said, "Fuck her with it."

Michaela almost dropped the flogger to the floor. "Excuse me?"

"Fuck her with it, like I did. With the handle." The man reached for her, swiped his index finger against the woman's clit and she nearly shot off the bed. "She's so close. She needs the release before we continue. Will you do her the favor?"

She couldn't believe this. He wanted her to fuck this woman with the handle of the flogger? Could she do this?

Austin approached, stood on the other side of her, and she glanced up to find him staring down at her, his expression stormy, his mouth tight. "Do you want to?"

"I don't know," she answered honestly.

"Suck his cock while you fuck her with it," the man suggested. Michaela whirled around to stare at him. "I'd like to watch. I'd like to invite the both of you to join us."

Austin rubbed his hand across his erection, and she knew he liked that idea. What man wouldn't? Of course, putting on a show for this man, a man she didn't know but found arousing, sexy, would be crazy.

And exciting. Terribly, terribly exciting.

"Please," the woman whimpered from the bed and all three of them startled at the sound of her voice. She hadn't spoken all night, but she must've broke because once she started she didn't want to stop. "Please fuck me. I'm begging you."

She continued her soft begging and the man comforted her, rubbing the inside of her thighs, tapping her clit with his finger. He took the flogger from Michaela and flipped it so she held the bundle of leather straps, and she pushed it toward the woman's open pussy, her hand shaking.

She was nervous. She'd never done something like this in her life, certainly had never been with a woman before in such a sexual manner. And she didn't want to hurt this woman, didn't want to screw it up.

Austin worked his belt buckle then the fly of his jeans, the unmistakable zipping sound loud, nearly making Michaela jump. She gazed up at him, saw the passion clouding his beautiful blue eyes and she wanted to make sure this was what he wanted.

"You don't mind?" She waved her hand around, the flogger slapping against the inside of her arm when she did so and she gave a little hiss of pleasure at the contact.

"My fantasy is giving you what you want," Austin whispered, his voice low, husky and melting her from the inside out. "And if this is what you want then I want to give it to you."

His words gave her strength. The man took Michaela's hand and guided it toward the woman's pussy. He wrapped his hand over Michaela's, urging her to rub the handle across her folds, and Michaela did,

marveling at the way the woman arched and mewled, her body seeming to go crazy even though she was completely restrained.

“Fuck her,” the man murmured.

“Yes, fuck me,” the woman cried.

Slowly, Michaela rubbed the handle back and forth against the woman’s pussy. She circled her clit, slid the handle down, nudging her folds before she finally, slowly thrust it inside the woman’s welcoming body.

Frantically Michaela grabbed at the waistband of Austin’s jeans, her fingers curling in the waistband of his boxer briefs. The faint trail of black hair that led from his belly button downward tickled her knuckles and she yanked on the opening of the jeans, suddenly eager to get inside.

He stepped closer, making it easier for Michaela to lick the head of his cock, all the while easing the flogger handle in and out of the woman’s body. The man had long let go of the handle, sitting back on his haunches to watch everything take place.

It was difficult, hard to maneuver the handle and lick Austin’s cock. She wrapped her hand around him, stroking his thick length up and down in the same rhythm she fucked the woman. Her pussy dripped with cream, coating the very inside of her thighs, and she wished she could touch herself.

But her hands were occupied.

The man came forward, his head dipping close to his woman’s pussy and he breathed deep, a smile on his handsome face. His features were stark, strong nose and jaw, high cheekbones and firm lips, completely different from Austin but handsome nonetheless. His eyes met hers, dark and foreboding, and she licked her lips, unable to help herself.

He growled and buried his face against the woman’s pussy, his tongue lashing out to lick at her clit before sucking it in between his lips. Michaela continued the fucking and the stroking, her gaze lifting to meet Austin’s, and she watched his hips thrust, the clear drops of fluid seeping from the head of his cock.

She let go of the handle and the man took over, pumping it repeatedly within the woman. Michaela turned her full attention to Austin, pulling him into her mouth. His salty sweet essence dissolved on her tongue and she sucked vigorously, drawing him deeper.

Wanting more, wanting all of him, she needed that exquisite power of making him come in her mouth. Increasing her efforts, ecstasy bloomed within her when she heard Austin’s strangled groan. His fingers threaded through her hair, controlling her movements, slowing her down. She gazed up at him, saw the desire and the want and something else, a flicker of emotion that called to something deep within her.

Seeing it made her pause and she withdrew from him, gazing up at him in wonder. He pushed back her hair with gentle fingers, the heat in his eyes warming her, and she wrapped her hand around the base of his cock.

How could he stare at her with such emotion, such tenderness all while they did such naughty, wicked things? She could only imagine what her previous boyfriends would say if they saw her like this. Pass their narrow judgment, call her terrible names, awful names that made her feel like a sick, perverted slut.

Yet Austin looked at her as if he couldn't get enough of her. As if he completely understood her wants, her needs. Her fantasies.

"You're beautiful," he whispered, his voice a little shaky, and she leaned in close to his cock, lapping at it gently with her tongue.

The woman on the bed gave a shout, indicating that she finally came. Her moans went on for what seemed like forever, and Michaela couldn't help but glance over her shoulder to watch the woman thrash about. The man had dropped the flogger on the edge of the bed, his mouth on her, lips sucking intently on her clit.

She felt guilty, watching the man slowly bring his woman down from her orgasm when she should be paying attention to Austin. But this was nothing like she'd ever witnessed before. Certainly not live and in person.

Austin's hand landed on the back of her head, soothing as he stroked her hair. "Go ahead and watch. This is what I brought you here for."

Michaela closed her eyes, savoring his touch. This man was perfect. It felt as if he could read her mind and the way he touched her, gave her exactly what she wanted...

It was uncanny. It almost felt too good to be true.

Michaela opened her eyes to see the woman slumped against the mattress, her body limp, her breathing slowly evening out. The man stroked the inside of her thighs with tender fingers, barely touching her skin, and the woman sighed in relief.

The man's gaze met Michaela's, hot and hungry. He slipped a hand down to his crotch, stroking over his erection that strained against his pants. Michaela felt an answering surge of wetness in her pussy and oh God, she wanted to do something to this man. This stranger.

But would Austin let her? Would he want to do something like this? Was she wrong to even ask him?

She wouldn't ask him, she couldn't. She should get up, take Austin's hand and run out of this place. Take him home and fuck him there, in the privacy of their apartment.

So why wasn't she moving?

Austin wasn't sure if Michaela wanted to take this a step further. He knew the man was interested. There was no denying that. He sent heated looks to him and Michaela. Austin knew if he told him to, the man would be on his knees sucking Austin's dick with as much enthusiasm as he just licked that woman's cunt.

How Austin knew this he wasn't sure. He just did.

He'd just told Michaela he didn't like to share and that hadn't been a lie. But it would mean nothing, to interact with this man. Hell, she already helped the woman get off, shoving that flogger handle inside her pussy with a curious enthusiasm he found arousing. He knew Michaela was a natural at this.

Wanting to play, wanting to explore, she had little fear in letting her inner bad girl come out and shine. He loved that. They could bring in some interesting elements to their relationship all the while keeping the intimacy, the connection between them.

Austin shook his head, blown away by his thoughts. He needed to tell her how he really felt, what he really wanted from her. She would be receptive. He knew it.

He decided he would show her first. By offering her exactly what *she* wanted. And give her the push, the permission that she seemed to so desperately want.

Reaching out, he touched her shoulder. She turned, a tentative smile curving her lips, and he offered his hand without a word. She took it and he hauled her up to her feet. Her dress hung halfway off her, revealing her breasts. The small globes of creamy flesh rose and fell with her every breath, her nipples dusky pink and hard as diamonds.

"Take the dress off," he commanded and her eyes flared at his request, the tone of his voice. Without a word, she shed the white garment until she stood before him in only a pair of white lace thong panties and her strappy silver stiletto sandals.

Austin curled his hands into fists. She was gorgeous, and he wanted to touch her so badly. "Don't be afraid of what you want, Michaela."

Her lips parted and she glanced over her shoulder yet again, indicating what she wanted. "What about you?"

"I want what you want." It was true. There would be requirements, limits but he was willing to let her imagination run wild if that was what she chose to do.

She sunk her teeth into her lower lip, nibbling as she was prone to do when nervous. What a picture she made, nearly naked, her hair a cloud about her head, the ethereal, angel-like makeup emphasizing her delicate features. Innocent, looking like a little saint when she debated letting her inner vixen come roaring out.

He took her hand again, hauling her close, his eyes sliding momentarily shut at her sweet scent, and the way her body fit so perfect against his. "As long as I get to participate, I'm all for this. Are you? Can you live with yourself in the morning after what we plan on doing tonight?"

Michaela tilted her head back, her green eyes drinking him in, lips parted. Her tongue snuck out to lick those lush lips and she gave a jerky nod. "I want to share it with you."

"Share what?" He needed to hear her say the words, believed she needed to hear herself say them too.

"Him." She flicked her head toward the man who now stood silent behind her. "I want us to be with him."

“Doing what?” Despite his feelings for her, despite how much he wanted her, his cock jerked at the thought of being with that man. Whatever his name was.

Her eyes closed and she visibly swallowed, as if trying to gain some inner strength just to say it. “I want to suck his cock.” Her eyes opened. “And I want you to suck his cock with me.”

Austin nodded once and tore his gaze from Michaela’s, pinning the man behind her with an intense stare. “What’s your name?”

The man lifted his firm chin. He was attractive, not normally Austin’s type but he would do. Even though he had the appearance of a macho ass, Austin suspected he was more of a submissive, at the very least a steady switch. There was too much softness in his gaze, too much acquiescence. “Jed.”

Austin cocked a brow. For real? “Jed?”

Jed shrugged. “Don’t wear it out.”

“Well, Jed, we want to thank you for including us in your activities tonight. We’d like to return the favor.”

The man smiled, spread his arms wide then let them fall at his side. “I am all yours.”

Austin nodded toward the woman who lay quietly on the bed. It was as if she might’ve even fallen asleep she was so still. “What about her?”

Jed turned to look at her. “She’s tired. I’ll take her out of the restraints so she can curl up on the bed and watch. She likes to watch.”

Of course she liked to watch. Hell, they all liked to watch. “Take care of her then.”

Jed went about unhooking the restraints from the woman’s bound wrists and ankles, his touch gentle, his words low and soothing. Austin turned his attention to Michaela who stared at him with wide eyes, an unmistakable hint of fear on her pretty face.

“Don’t worry,” Austin whispered close to her ear, trying to offer comfort. “We won’t do anything you don’t want to do.”

“I’m afraid I’ll want to do *everything*,” Michaela breathed and Austin couldn’t help but laugh.

“Just do as I say. If you don’t...” He paused, gripped Michaela’s chin and forced her to look at him. “You’ll be in trouble. Big trouble.”

Hell, he knew she liked all that punishment talk and he’d said it on purpose. The flicker of arousal he saw glow in her eyes made it worth it.

“I promise I’ll do as you say.” Her voice was soft, like a direct caress to his straining cock. “I only want to please you.”

Fuck me, a man could get used to hearing that every day. His heart beating heavy against his ribs, he slid a glance toward the approaching Jed. “Get undressed and lay on the bed.”

A look of pure pleasure crossed the man’s face at Austin’s harsh words and his hands immediately went to work on his belt buckle, sliding the sleek black leather from the loops of his pants and letting it

drop on the floor with a clank. Michaela watched, her gaze roaming over Jed with interest, and Austin dispensed of the rest of his clothing as well, until both men stood in front of Michaela naked.

Jed went to the bed and sat on the edge, his gaze lifting to stare up at Austin. "How do you want me?"

Austin approached him, gripping the base of his cock. Jed's mouth was so close it would only take Austin a subtle shift of his hips and his cock could slide between those firm lips. Said lips parted, as if in offering and Austin glanced at Michaela, saw that she was riveted to where she stood, drinking them in.

"Suck it," Austin said, his voice harsh, and Jed opened his mouth, groaning when Austin shoved his cock deep. Immediately Jed began to suck his cock, his lips wet, his moans loud, reverberating against Austin's throbbing flesh.

Austin reached out and gripped the back of Jed's head, forcing him to move faster. Jed did as he commanded, his movement quick, rhythmic, his lips sucking hard and firm and oh, so fucking good.

Tearing away from him, Austin breathed deep, trying to gain some sort of control. Jesus, the man knew how to blow a guy. "Lay back," he gritted from clenched teeth, glancing over at Michaela. "And you, come here."

Michaela trotted over to him, her gaze greedy, pupils dilated. She kissed him before he could even say anything, her mouth hungry, tongue lashing at his, and when she pulled away, the smile on her face touched him deep.

"I loved that," she whispered.

This girl, his girl, was wicked. Most women would lose their shit if they saw the man they were fucking getting sucked off by another man.

Not this woman. He'd bet a million dollars if he reached between her legs and touched her there, she'd be soaking wet. "You'll love this even more," he growled, his hand going to the waistband of her panties. "Let's take these off."

He clawed and tore, wishing he could rip the lace right from her but she moved away, stepping out of the panties before he got a chance. She waited before him, eager, naked and willing, ready to hear his next command.

Half of Jed's body lay flat on the bed, his feet planted on the floor and his cock arcing toward his stomach, long and thick. One of the thickest cocks Austin had seen, it had a large bulbous head and taut, smooth skin flushed red.

"Get on your knees." He gently pushed Michaela's shoulder and she fell to her knees with ease, coming face to cock with their new friend. Austin sunk to his knees as well, his fingers circling around Jed's girth, squeezing and kneading, earning a groan from Jed in response.

"Suck him." He offered Jed's cock to Michaela and she pushed her hair away from her shoulders before she drew the head into her mouth, her lips glistening, her eyes sliding shut as a moan escaped her.

Jed groaned as well, so loud it echoed in the quiet of the room, and the woman comforted him from her position at the top of the bed with a soothing murmur.

Austin watched Michaela handle Jed with wild abandon, her lips drawing him deeper, her lids lifting, her gaze meeting his. She withdrew Jed's cock from her mouth and slowly drew her tongue down the length of him, back up until she swirled around the head. Her tongue was long, wet, leaving a glistening path all over Jed's flesh, and Austin leaned in, watching her every move.

Still gripping Jed's cock, he pressed it closer to her lips. She nuzzled the tip of it with her cheek, her lips pursing in a loud, wet kiss on the head, her tongue licking, lapping, getting sloppy. It was the fucking sexiest thing Austin had ever seen, this woman, his angel, looking like pure sin while she sucked another man's cock.

"Kiss me," he uttered and she released her hold on Jed, as did he. Their mouths met, wide open and with tongues searching, circling, plundering each other's mouths. The taste of cock was on her tongue, her lips, he even detected the faint salty essence of pre-come but he didn't care. It aroused him more and Austin continued kissing her for long, delicious minutes until he finally tore himself away.

His gaze steady on her, he gripped Jed's cock once again and drew him into his mouth.

Chapter Nine

Michaela had never experienced anything hotter in her life than what was happening at this very moment. She and Austin kneeling before Jed, licking and sucking Jed's cock first before Austin took over. She'd put on a real show just for Austin, Jed's moans of pleasure indicating he was enjoying it.

But she was completely and totally focused on Austin. The way he'd watched her when she licked up and down Jed's cock, his gorgeous blue eyes heated, hungry, and when he kissed her with such passion he'd stolen her breath, made her weak, dizzy.

He drew Jed deep inside his mouth, his lips wrapped tight around the thick length, his gaze locked on her. Withdrawing from Jed, he stared at her, and she swore she saw a flicker of nervousness there, deep in his eyes.

Was he worried she wouldn't accept him for doing this? That she might be turned off because he was sucking another man's cock? On the contrary, this was exactly what she wanted to see, her curiosity at witnessing Austin with another man finally realized.

"Touch him," Austin whispered in that commanding way that made her so wet. "Stroke his cock."

She did, her fingers wrapped tightly around Jed's dick, doing a slow up and down glide. Austin continued, sucking the wide head back into his mouth before withdrawing, doing this again and again.

Michaela slid her fingers up until just below the crown, and she felt the touch of Austin's lips on her flesh. A shudder moved through her, and his eyes met hers.

"Lick him."

Her tongue dabbed at Austin's fingers before drawing down and then up in lush, languid strokes. Austin groaned, his lips teasing Jed's flesh, their heads so close their hair brushed, his hot breath fanning across her face. She loved sharing this with Austin, loved how he told her what to do and, she waited for her next command.

"Touch me. My cock," he muttered and her hand fell away, seeking and finding his huge erection between his legs. She wrapped her fingers tight around him, sliding up and down, watching him suck Jed's cock, and he invited her to rejoin him with his eyes, a flick of his head.

Grabbing hold of the base of Jed's cock, Austin offered it to her and she sucked and licked on one side of the head. Austin did the same to the other side, their lips and tongues brushing against each other, wet and slippery. Her hand never faltered on Austin's cock, her strokes becoming faster, and he groaned, allowing her to take Jed's cock between her lips.

She licked, Austin licked, their tongues circling, swirling around the turgid flesh, teasing each other and finally Austin kissed her, their tongues playing, Jed's cock momentarily forgotten.

"Suck me, baby," Austin said and she bent down, drawing his cock deep into her mouth, her head bobbing again and again. She gave him the same treatment as Jed, even more so, her fingers playing with his balls, the skin just beneath, her lips sucking deeper and deeper until she felt completely consumed with him.

The sound of Jed's agonized groans roared through the room and she glanced up to see him climaxing. Austin had moved his mouth away from him, his hand gripping Jed's cock tight, the semen shooting in long, white arcs over Austin's fingers, onto Jed's stomach. Her clit throbbed, her pussy felt empty and she wanted to touch herself but she didn't dare.

Austin hadn't told her she could.

He caught her staring and reached for her, his semen covered fingers sliding over her face, across her lips. She pulled away from his cock and sucked on his fingers, the taste of Jed's musky come filling her mouth, and she lapped at the creamy essence greedily.

"Fuck, babe, you are unbelievable," Austin said, awe tinged his deep voice. He rested his other hand against her cheek, his fingers stroking, so tender and she closed her eyes, nuzzled against his cock for the quickest moment before guiding him back into her mouth.

"Not this way." He withdrew from her completely, taking her hand and pulling her up with him. "I want to come inside you."

Oh, thank God. Her pussy was wet, her clit throbbed and she'd never felt so ready to be filled, fucked in all her life.

She saw Jed roll over to wrap himself around the woman, the two of them lost in their own world, their hands wandering all over each other's bodies. Austin reached for a condom from the basket that sat on the bedside table. He picked her up with ease, making her squeal, and he sat on the edge of the mattress, settled her above him so she straddled him.

"You still have the shoes on," he murmured against her lips before kissing her. "Fucking sexy."

She thrilled at his words, her hand going for his hard cock between them. He reached for her, his fingers brushing against her distended clit, dipping briefly into her wet pussy. He held his sticky finger to her mouth, drew it across her bottom lip, then her top, coating them with her cream.

"Lick it. Taste yourself."

Her tongue slid out and slowly, her gaze never leaving his, she licked every last drop of her juices. His groan ripped through her, rumbled deep in his chest, and she touched him there.

His heart pumped a steady beat, calming her, and she curled her fingers, playing with the faint dark hair that grew there. He felt good, solid and he handed her the condom, placed it in the palm of her hand.

"Put it on me, Michaela."

With shaking fingers, she tore at the wrapper and pulled out the condom, resting the ring at the tip of his cock. She rolled it on, her fingers brushing against his skin, making him shiver and she whimpered. Eagerness consumed her, and she couldn't wait to have him inside her.

"Hurry," she breathed and he grabbed at her hips, lifted her so he could settle her upon his cock. He filled her to the hilt, her inner walls clamped tight around him, already rippling along his length. "I'm close."

"Baby, I know. Me too." With little finesse, too eager to worry about it, he began to move inside her, guiding her atop him, lifting her up and down. She ground against him with her every down move, brushing her clit against the base of him, and she felt his crisp pubic hair.

He increased his movements, as if he couldn't wait any longer, and she squealed with her every bounce upon him. She tilted her head back, her hands clutching his broad shoulders, her fingers slipping from the sheen of sweat that covered them. She was sweating too, both of them a wet, tangled mess and she didn't care, she couldn't care. She was obsessed with finding that orgasm, it hovered just beyond her reach and she moved and strained against him, her little groans of frustration making him chuckle.

"Work with me, baby, you'll find it," he encouraged and then he thrust so deep, so hard that it hit her out of nowhere and she came with a shout. His name fell from her lips as she writhed atop him, her body shaking uncontrollably and tears formed in her eyes, it felt damn good.

"Oh, yeah, that's it, baby," he crooned, his hips moving, his hands squeezing her ass so tight as he brought her down upon him that he was sure to leave a mark. A mark she would wear proudly. "I'm right behind you."

And then he was coming, groaning, his mouth close to her ear. She pushed her hands into his hair, holding him tight, loving the way his big body shuddered against her, around her.

She never wanted to let him go.

"You two are fucking amazing," Jed muttered and Austin lifted his head, his gaze meeting hers before they both burst into laughter.

They'd forgotten they even had an audience.

Chapter Ten

“I know it’s been a scary morning, Michaela. That’s why I wanted to call you in here as soon as I could.”

Michaela sat before her boss Tania in her office. She’d overslept, hurriedly throwing herself together before she arrived at work barely on time. The place held a somber tone the second she stepped in, as if someone had just died. She felt as if she’d been run over by a truck, her body aching, her head throbbing from lack of sleep. Her mind was distracted, worried over everything that had happened last night.

Between her and Austin—and Jed. And that woman, hell she didn’t even find out her name.

What would happen if any of her coworkers found out what she’d done? She wouldn’t be able to face them. What if someone had seen her there last night? Someone she knew? Fucking that woman with the flogger handle, sucking Jed’s dick with Austin, fucking Austin with wild abandon when anyone else could’ve walked into her room, she still couldn’t believe it.

Risky, stupid behavior on her part.

Finding out that people were being laid off this morning had made her panic even more. The very last thing she needed to deal with was losing her job, and she’d arrived to find the dealership doing a mass layoff across all departments.

Lousy economy, she thought miserably, wishing she’d made the time to pick up a Starbucks. Her sleepy mind was working overtime at why she was in her boss’s office, and she needed caffeine pronto.

“There have been some changes made in the office. A few positions have been eliminated or combined,” Tania started and dread filled Michaela’s stomach, making her nauseous.

Great. What would she do if she lost her job? Times were tough enough. She couldn’t stand the thought of finding another position.

“I want to offer you the position of assistant office manager. Your current position will be absorbed by the accounts receivable desk and since we lost two people besides that, I think it would be perfect for you to step into this new job.” Tania smiled, clasping her hands atop her desk.

“Wait a minute.” Michaela shook her head. No way could she have heard right. “You’re promoting me?”

Tania nodded. “Now don’t go spreading this around yet since the layoffs have put so many in a negative mood. Let’s keep this quiet for a few days until everything dies down. But yes, this is considered a promotion and you’ll get a small raise accompanying it. It won’t be much now since business is slow but

continue at the rate you're going and when the economy turns around, I promise you'll see an even bigger increase in your pay."

"Wow, I'm flattered." Michaela pressed her hand against her chest, shocked at the offer. "I appreciate you thinking of me."

"Of course, Michaela. You've proven to be a valuable employee here, and we'd love to see you go further up the ladder. You have a lot of potential." Tania stood and Michaela did the same. "I take it that you're accepting the offer?"

She nodded, glee spreading through her. "Absolutely. Thank you."

"We'll start training on Monday. Clean up your accounts as best you can, and we'll start the switch over to Linda's desk tomorrow. The two of you can work together."

Michaela went to her desk, her head buzzing. She couldn't believe this. She couldn't freaking believe this. Propping her elbows on the edge of her desk, she rested her face in her hands, overwhelmed.

Too much had gone down in such a short amount of time, and she could barely comprehend it. It all floated through her mind, the things she'd done with Austin, the emotional mess it left her in last night. How he'd followed her to her bed when they got home and he'd held her close the rest of the night, his touch gentle, his mouth pressed against her forehead in a constant kiss.

Such a contrast from the commanding, dirty man at the club, it had confused her. Everything confused her. She didn't know how to deal with the emotional turmoil her actions of last night had caused her.

Recalling those moments, she didn't even recognize herself. Who knew she had it in her? Who knew she could do such shocking, scandalous things? She was a slut, a complete and total slut and God, the need to cry, the prick of tears at the corner of her eyes was overwhelming.

Breathing deep, she dropped her hands, glanced about the office. She saw the empty desks, the sad expressions on her friends and coworkers' faces.

She didn't know if she could deal with this.

Austin had warned her. His words of last night drifted through her mind yet again.

Can you live with yourself in the morning after what we plan on doing tonight?

She'd said yes.

She'd been wrong. Regret filled her, threatened to overwhelm her and she took another deep breath, trying to calm the ensuing panic that threatened to wash over her.

What was scary, what worried her was how much she enjoyed it. How comfortable she'd felt, sucking a strange man's dick in her mouth. Sharing the experience with Austin, watching him with another man, it had been exhilarating. Exciting.

The phone on her desk rang, startling her from her thoughts. She reached for it, answering it without checking who it was. "This is Michaela."

"Hey."

Her heart beat double time at the sound of his voice. "You're up awfully early."

"I didn't hear you leave. I missed you."

"I woke up late. I had to get ready for work." His words echoed in her head, thrilling her despite her worry about last night. "Sorry."

"It's okay." He paused, the silence suddenly heavy with tension. "Are you all right?"

"Um, not really, but can we talk about it later?"

"Yeah, that sounds good. Uh, do you want to do something tonight? Go out?"

Her eyes slid closed and she pressed her lips together. Was this all she was to him? A plaything to take out every evening and have a kinky good time with? "I'm too tired, Austin. I don't think so."

"Come on, Michaela." His voice took on that cajoling tone that usually worked on her.

Not today.

"I can't. I don't want to. I'm too stressed out."

He was quiet for a moment, then drew in a deep breath. "Are you freaking out over last night?"

How did he know this? He always had her pegged and it scared the shit out of her. "No."

His voice lowered. "Liar."

She opened her eyes, caught her boss studying her oddly from the doorway of her office. Ducking her head, Michaela turned around in her chair, away from Tania's questioning gaze. "I need to go, Austin. I have to get back to work. It's crazy here."

"Then let's order dinner in, talk a little bit before I have to go to work," he suggested.

He really was sweet, kind, thoughtful. Always wanting to take care of her even before they started fucking.

That wasn't nice of her, to think of it as fucking. What they shared went beyond that. Scary but true.

"I'm going to be working late tonight." She didn't know that for sure but she had a feeling. "I'm sorry, but I'm going to have to pass."

"Okay." His voice grew tight, chilled. "I'll see you later then."

The sound of the click in her ear a moment later made her start to cry.

"She's avoiding me."

"Yeah?" Brad shoved a forkful of chicken into his mouth. "Why? Because you're an asshole?"

Austin shot him a look from across the table. "Very funny."

Brad shrugged, wiped his face with a cloth napkin before letting it drop in his lap. "What can I say? You pulled the asshole move on me more than a few times. You still do."

They were at a restaurant not far from the theatre having dinner. Austin had become desperate over Michaela's withdrawal, needing advice so he'd called Brad and asked him to meet him.

Luckily enough, Brad had come through and now Austin was trying to get some feedback—at the minimum some sort of consolation over what happened.

Funny thing, he didn't really know what had happened. Well, he did. Michaela regretted last night. He just didn't know exactly what she regretted or what had sent her sailing over that point.

He needed to know so he could make it right. But typical Michaela, she was avoiding him.

"Do you really think I'm an asshole, Brad? Was I really that shitty when we were together?" Could he have somehow been an asshole to Michaela and sent her the other way? God, he hoped not.

Brad studied him, his dark brown eyes intent, his lips pursed. He had a pretty face on the rare occasion he enjoyed dressing in drag but he wasn't a full-blown queen. He was fun, adventurous and a generous lover.

They were better as friends. It was...easier. Not as much dramatics, not as much emotion. And Brad was all about the dramatics and emotion when things didn't go his way.

Now here he was confronted with emotion and potential dramatics again and he didn't feel the need to run from it. There was no panic in facing it, like he felt with Brad, like he'd felt with other lovers. No, now he panicked at the thought of Michaela running from him, at the thought of losing her.

Forever.

Austin blinked, grappling for his glass of water. He found it, brought it to his lips and drained it in seconds, the cold liquid doing nothing to calm his heated worries. He set the glass down to find Brad still studying him, his brows lifted in surprise.

"What happened? You have an epiphany in that moment or what? You looked like you just had the shock of your life."

"I think I'm in love with her," Austin whispered, his voice faltering over the word love. A word he'd never said to anyone ever besides family members.

"Duh." Brad shook his head and pointed his fork in Austin's direction. "You're not really an asshole. I just like to give you crap. You're a guy who runs from the serious stuff because you've never been ready. We had a good thing going, and you dropped it. Dropped me."

Austin winced. "Sorry."

"I forgive you. I forgave you a long time ago, why would I still fuck around with you if I hadn't?" Brad laughed for a moment, then let loose a big sigh. "You're different with Michaela, you always have been. The way you talk to her, take care of her. Even before you admitted it to me, I could tell you felt something for her. It made me jealous at first."

"I know." Austin smiled when Brad shot him a withering glance.

"Well, I'm not jealous of her anymore so screw you. Anyway." Brad waved a hand, as if he dismissed his old feelings. "Now that she's the one running, you're the one chasing. And you never chase. First sign of intensity and you're a goner. Now you want to stick around."

“I do. I don’t want to lose her.” The thought of that made his throat close up and he swallowed, pushed his plate away from him in disgust.

He’d suddenly lost his appetite.

“Right. So go after her. Tell her how you feel. How you really feel. And not some, oh-baby-let’s-fuck-and-get-wild stuff either. She’s worried over what happened last night so the last thing she wants to do is something like *that* again.”

“Since when did you become wise?”

Brad smiled and resumed attacking his plate. As if he didn’t have a care in the world. Austin envied his blasé attitude. “After dealing with you, my dear. And the endless string of sad little boys that came after you.”

They both laughed and Austin grew quiet, contemplative. Brad was right. He needed to approach Michaela delicately, not all crazy-beast-let’s-get-it-on as he had been. She was feeling vulnerable, probably even feeling a little disgusted with herself. He wanted to reassure her that everything they’d shared was just between them.

And if she enjoyed it, then she shouldn’t feel any shame. He certainly didn’t. What happened at the club last night had been unbelievable. He’d never shared anything like that with another person before. Though Jed had played a part in everything they’d done last night, he’d been so focused on Michaela he’d forgotten the other man had been an actual human being. He’d become more of a prop.

A prop for him and Michaela to suck and lick and slobber all over. Just the memory of it had Austin’s blood heating, his cock twitching. She’d been out of control, his wild little angel. Her enthusiasm, her overt sexiness had been such a turn on Austin couldn’t take his eyes off her all evening. She’d been just as intent on him.

Austin ran a hand over his hair, rubbed the back of his neck. His emotions were a rioting mass battling for space in his heart. The one single victor being love, love for Michaela, and it beat a fast tattoo in his heart, pounded steadily in his veins.

Dramatic thoughts for what he considered dramatic feelings.

He was in love with Michaela. He’d never been in love with anyone before. And he needed to tell her. Soon.

Chapter Eleven

She was such a chicken that she'd been avoiding Austin all over again, just like before, after that first time they'd kissed.

Only this time, they'd done a lot more than kissing. God.

Michaela closed her eyes, reliving that night at Tom's for what felt like the millionth time. The first few days she'd been consumed with an overwhelming shame over what they'd done, what *she'd* done. Sucking another man's dick, sharing that man's dick with Austin and fucking that woman with the flogger—crazy, crazy stuff she'd only seen in porn or her darkest imagination.

And she'd made it come true. Well, Austin had made it come true. He'd given her the permission to embrace her inner desires, and she'd done it. Big time.

The shame had eventually subsided. She began to realize there was no harm in what she'd done. She hadn't hurt anyone, those participating had only received enormous amounts of pleasure. So why should she beat herself up for her desires? So her wants were a little more extreme than others. She could accept that. She would *have* to accept it.

Austin accepted it. If he did, then so would she.

Work had proven intense, just as she predicted. Long hours with training, coming in early and leaving late had consumed her days. So technically, she wasn't totally ignoring Austin. She was working and she'd explained that to him, which he'd accepted. Kind of. She'd seen the flare of irritation in his beautiful eyes, the firm set of his sexy mouth that indicated he was frustrated.

But he'd understood, hadn't been demanding. A week passed, then two. And still she worked, still she didn't see him much until finally, one afternoon he'd called her and demanded that she have dinner with him.

She'd agreed. They needed to talk. She needed to tell him she wanted to continue seeing him, playing with him as they had. His dominant side, the way he commanded her and how easy she bent to his will...she wanted to explore that side of herself more. Wanted to see just how far she could take it and Austin was the perfect partner for her.

Perfect.

Would he agree? God, she hoped so. He'd been game so far and she doubted he would stop her now. He was a good friend, an amazing lover. A man she could easily fall in love with.

A man I'm already in love with.

She shoved the silly thought aside. He didn't love her—he lusted for her. Austin didn't do relationships, he ran from them. A sexual friendship, yes he did those. She knew he did. Brad was living proof.

Well, she wanted to bump Brad from his position in Austin's life and slide right on in. Permanently. She wanted Austin all to herself, no sharing with Brad allowed.

Hmm, sharing Austin with Brad. Her deviant mind would take that course, she thought as she walked through the apartment complex, winding her way toward their building. But a threesome with Brad didn't sound like a bad idea.

Would Austin go for it? More important, would Brad? He could be a bitchy little thing. Moody and flamboyant at times, but he was a lot of fun. She could understand the draw Austin felt for him. He had a wicked sense of humor and the prettiest brown eyes she'd ever seen.

She was jealous of Brad. She could admit it. He and Austin were close and she envied that. She wanted to be a part of that. She wanted to be just as close to Austin as Brad. Closer. As close as she could get.

Shaking her head, she started up the stairs, her legs growing more tired with every step. The last two weeks had been exhausting, overwhelming. So many things to learn. So many things to do. A nice dinner would be a joy. Especially since she'd been living on fast food lately. She wondered where Austin was taking her.

Opening the door, she sucked in a shocked breath, drinking in what was laid out before her.

The house seemed staged for seduction. Warm golden light glowed from the dim lamps. The shades were drawn, helping cast shadows throughout, and lit candles flickered on the coffee table, along the kitchen counter, atop the small dining room table.

Michaela shut the door behind her, leaning against it to take the scene in. Soft music played in the background, mellow and sensual. The apartment was actually clean—no thanks to her since she'd worked so much, the couch plumped and inviting, rich velvet pillows scattered across it.

"You're late."

She looked up, caught the broad shadowy figure standing in the kitchen doorway. Austin emerged from the shadows, breathtaking in a simple black button-up shirt, the sleeves rolled up to his elbows, and faded jeans. She couldn't move, could barely think as he approached her, his lips tilted upward, eyes crinkling at the corners just before his mouth broke out into that full smile she loved so much.

"I'm sorry," she said as he stopped just before her. "Work has been hectic and I tried to get out of there on time, but Tania needed to go over something with me..."

He silenced her with the press of his index finger over her lips. She quieted, her lips parting when he traced them, his touch sending shooting sparks of electricity spiraling throughout her body.

"You need to relax. You work too much." His velvety voice smoothed over her, made her limbs weak, her heart race. He was being kind, thoughtful and she'd been such a bitch.

She didn't deserve this. She didn't deserve *him*.

Clearing her throat, she forced the words out. "Did you make dinner?"

He laughed, the sound rich and inviting, and her panties grew damp. All because of his laugh. Lord, she had it bad. "I burn water. I ordered in. Your favorite."

"Chan's?" Their go-to for Chinese takeout. They both loved that place.

Nodding, he took her hand and led her to the table. It was set with her only placemats and her favorite dishes, cloth napkins that matched the placemats folded atop the plates. A cluster of cream candles burned in the center of the table, their wicks sputtering and flickering, and she turned to look at him, the surprise she felt surely written all over face.

"You did this all for me?" Her voice squeaked, and she felt her cheeks heat. Embarrassment flooded her that he would think of her like this and yet she had treated him shabbily.

"Yes." He pushed the hair away from her shoulder, his fingers lingering on her bare skin. "We haven't spent much time together. I wanted to make tonight special."

"Thank you." She went to him, stood on tiptoe and brushed a lingering kiss to his lips. "I'm starved."

His eyes sparkled with interest. "I'll bring dinner out."

He waited on her, bringing out plate after plate of steaming food, all of their favorites and she figured he must've spent a fortune. The food was excellent, she spent the first ten minutes just consuming food, no time to talk. She couldn't remember the last time they had ordered from Chan's.

Austin acted like the perfect gentleman, asking her about work, and she poured her heart out, giving him all the details of the last two weeks. She couldn't believe she'd kept all of this from him, had avoided him for so long. She'd done it out of fear, afraid that things would be forever changed between them and though they were, they still had this easy comfortableness together.

Yet she was aware of him as a man. A rather sexy man. The way his fingers wrapped around his glass, long and tapered, smoothing up and down. Reminding her of how they had touched her, glided over her skin, sunk deep inside her.

So not smart to go there. She squirmed in her chair, her panties growing damper by the minute, and he caught her staring, his gaze snagging hers, a knowing look on his face.

"I've missed you, Michaela." His voice was soft, husky. "But it sounds like things are crazy at work."

"They are." She paused and looked down, drawing her fork across her plate, playing with the leftover rice. "I've been avoiding you, though. It's not all been work."

"I know."

Michaela watched him, the way he slouched in his chair, his forearms resting on the edge of the table. He looked delectable. He always did, no matter what. "You didn't have to do all of this for me."

"I wanted to." He sat up straighter, his expression going serious. "We need to talk."

Oh, God, here we go. She should tell him how she really felt. It would be easiest now, with the table as some sort of barrier between them. She could spit it out and be done with it.

She only hoped he was receptive.

"We do need to talk," she said. "What happened between us at that club, it was crazy, you know? And it kind of freaked me out, that we took it that far."

"I figured." His expression was pained, as if he was prepared for the worst and the sight of it tugged at her heartstrings.

"The more I thought about it, though, the more I realized that it was exactly what I wanted. I enjoyed it. And I want to do something like that again. Soon." She bit her lower lip so hard it stung. "With you."

He blinked, so slow she watched the long sweep of his lashes, could see the startled look in his eyes. He looked completely natural tonight, his usually styled hair mussed, not a hint of the smudged eyeliner he liked wearing when they went out, no jewelry, flashy clothing. Just him.

She liked it. She wanted to crawl into his lap, unbutton his shirt and press her lips to the center of his chest. Smell him, taste him, absorb him, feel his arms close around her.

"You want to do something like that again soon with me? What do you mean, like go to another club?"

"Another club, or maybe Tom's again. Or maybe we can experiment at home with um, someone else." She could not believe she just said that. And here she believed she was comfortable with her newfound sexuality.

Her hot cheeks told her otherwise.

He cocked a dark brow. "Do you have someone in mind?"

If her skin could burst into flame, it would right at this very moment. "No."

"Liar." His murmured accusation was familiar, he'd said it to her before. And he was right.

She shrugged, dropped her fork onto the plate with a loud clink. "I don't think you'd go for it."

His brow rose even higher if that was possible. "That's intriguing. Now I have to know."

"It's, um, Brad." Michaela ducked her head, not even wanting to look at him. "Do you think Brad would like to?"

He was quiet for so long she had no choice but to look at him, peeking at him through her lashes. Flabbergasted was the first word that came to her upon seeing his face.

Maybe this wasn't such a good idea.

Not only did she want to do it again but she wanted to bring Brad into the mix? That sounded like the most insane thing he'd ever heard, let alone considered.

Here he'd showered gestures of love upon her, was fully prepared to even offer up the love word, something he never ever said and she hit him with this.

Austin didn't know what to think.

"See, I knew you wouldn't go for it." Her voice sounded muffled, as if she wanted to cry and he glanced up just in time to watch her flee the table, headed straight for her room.

Running like she normally did. Shaking his head, he got up from the table and followed her, smacking the door open that she'd just closed.

She whirled upon him, her face flushed, her eyes wild. "Get out. I need to change."

"You want me to leave because you're changing your clothes? Babe, you used to strip in front of me when you thought I wasn't interested. You stood around in your skimpy panties and lacy bra talking to me as if I were made of stone. The only thing rock hard on me had been my cock."

He stood towering over her and focused on her chest, the way her breasts rose and fell with her accelerated breathing. He wanted to touch them. Draw the dress over her head, rip the skimpy material away from her breasts and suck a nipple into his mouth. "I've seen you naked, Michaela. I've seen you sweaty, I've seen you touch another woman and I've seen you suck another man's dick. And you want me to leave because you need to *change your clothes*."

"Austin." Her voice was weak, her hands flying up in a sign of agitation. "You're angry with me."

"I'm not angry." He wasn't. He was fucking frustrated. And confused. Too many emotions swirled within him, overwhelming him, and he didn't know what to say.

Brad. Why did it always come back to Brad?

"Now you're the liar."

Her words were soft but they had bite and he sighed, ran a hand through his hair. "What do you want from me? Tell me exactly what you want from me."

She stared up at him, eyes wide, pretty pink lips trembling. She'd already told him what she wanted. She'd made herself perfectly clear.

An adventurous fuck buddy who'd take her over the edge sexually and rock her world on a regular basis. In other words, she was using him. No emotions allowed. Just crazy sex with him and whoever else they wanted to invite along for the ride.

It fucking hurt. Cut him right to the quick. He wanted to proclaim his love and she wanted to get her fuck on. He'd opened her eyes with all of this and she wanted to take it even further.

He'd created a monster. It was his own damn fault, he had no one else to blame.

"I...I already told you."

He gripped her arm and hauled her to him, his cock hardening at the brush of her body against his. "Say it again. I want to make sure I have it clear."

“Um.” She swallowed, her gaze skittering away from his. “I want us to continue what we’re doing. Have fun, you know? Experiment. Sometimes it can be just us and sometimes with other people.”

It probably took a lot of nerve for her to admit that. He shouldn’t feel this way, frustrated and okay, fine, *angry*. But he did. He couldn’t help it. He should get over it and agree with her. Participate wholeheartedly in her plan. But he didn’t want to.

Telling Michaela he was in love with her wasn’t going to work. It would end up freaking her out. The very last thing he wanted to do.

So instead of telling her, he was going to show her. Break down her defenses, one by one. Weaken her with whispered sexy words and tender touches. Make love to her, worship her body until she realized just how deep his feelings for her went.

And he was going to start showing her right now.

Chapter Twelve

The fear Austin saw on Michaela's face made him feel like an absolute creep. He relaxed his hold on her, his thumb brushing against the warm skin of her arm, and he tried to conjure up seductive words to woo her back into the bedroom.

"Come with me," he said instead, his voice low, rough, and his hand slid down to envelop hers.

She went with him, not saying a word, and he brought her back into his bedroom since he had a bigger bed. And he felt comfortable there.

He needed whatever he could get to make this right.

They stopped at the foot of the bed and he turned to face her, saw the trepidation still in her expression.

"Are you mad at me?" Her wispy voice made him feel worse and he squeezed her hand, slowly drew her near.

"Of course not." His other hand went to her cheek, his fingers stroking the petal soft skin. He could touch her all night. Hell, that was the plan. She felt so good, so unbelievably right and he wanted her to see that.

How much they belonged together.

She leaned her cheek into his hand, nuzzling his palm. "You think I'm crazy."

"Never." He pressed a kiss to her forehead, his lips lingering, and he heard the catch in her breath.

"You think I'm a slut."

He couldn't hold back the chuckle. "I love that you're open with all of this."

"But you think I'm too open because I want to keep doing it." She paused, kept completely still as he kissed her temple, her cheek, the skin just beside her ear. "You don't like that I suggested Brad."

"You threw me." Wasn't that the damn truth? "You've given me a lot to think about."

"Thank you for thinking about it at least."

Austin kissed the tip of her nose. "Baby, you don't have to thank me. I'd do just about anything for you."

"Oh." She sounded surprised, breathless.

Yet another point he needed to stress. Just how much he'd do for her no matter what it took. He'd felt that way before they'd started this. Now the feeling was only intensified.

He kissed first one corner of her mouth, then the other. Her eyes slid closed, her breath leaving her in a soft sigh, and he pressed his lips to hers, his hand cradling her cheek, his other hand sliding around her waist.

The kiss was simple, easy, just the way he wanted it. He needed to show her a softer side, not aggressive attack and immediate grope. She responded, her head tilting back, her lips opening wider, her tongue a tentative test against his lips. He answered in kind, their tongues brushing, retreating and brushing again.

A shiver moved through him and he pulled her closer, his hand splaying across her lower back. The dress she wore was soft and thin, the heat of her burning through the fabric, branding his palm. He wanted to feel her bare skin, kiss her everywhere he touched.

Eagerness made him clumsy and he yanked on the waist of her dress with little finesse, withdrawing reluctantly from her mouth. "Let's take this off."

She stepped away from him, her hands tugging the skirt up and then the entire dress over her head. Letting the garment fall to the floor, she stood before him in just a black satin bra and matching panties, looking like his every wish come true.

Emotion overwhelmed him, made him hesitant to touch her. Suddenly everything felt serious, intense and he wanted to get it just right, wanted to show her how much she meant to him. A little smile curved her lips but he noticed the nervousness in her gaze, knew that her instincts told her something was different about tonight.

Stiffening her spine, Michaela stepped toward him, her hands reaching out to settle upon his chest. He looked at those slender little hands, absorbing her touch, enjoying the way her fingers curled into his shirt. "You look serious tonight, Austin."

He smiled, trying to play it off. "Is that better?"

She shook her head. "It's fake." Her hands went to the placket of his shirt and slowly unbuttoned the first button. "You're making me nervous."

"Nothing to be nervous about. Just another night together, right?" She slipped another button undone, her fingers brushing against his pecs, and he shuddered.

Her smile grew and another button came undone. "Do you know what I was thinking when I watched you sitting across from me at the table?"

He shook his head for an answer and his stomach muscles constricted when he felt her touch.

"I wanted to crawl into your lap, unbutton your shirt and kiss you." She pressed her lips to his chest, right at his heart. "Right here."

Ah Jesus, he didn't know if he'd be able to take this. She continued to kiss him, her hands shoving the shirt from his shoulders, down his arms. He shook himself out of it, staring at the top of her blonde head.

Her hands settled at his sides, just above his hips, her mouth trailing across his chest until meeting his nipple.

She flicked at it with her tongue, sensation shooting through his body at her touch. He clutched her, his hands circling her nipped in waist, the feel of her satiny soft skin making his cock grow, harden.

Damn, she felt good. She teased his chest with her lips, licked at his nipples and he groaned, holding her tighter. He'd wanted to be in control, show her how he felt and she'd taken over, taken him under until all he wanted was to drown in the sensation of her. Touching him.

He didn't want her to stop.

She didn't know what was wrong with Austin tonight but she wasn't about to complain. He was being downright complacent, no commanding, rough dominant sex god for her. He stood in front of her, still as a statue, letting her do whatever she wanted to him.

And instead of getting all wild and crazy, she simply enjoyed touching him, exploring. Licking at his tight nipples, kissing his warm, musky skin. Her fingers trailed over his flat stomach, the muscles rippling from her touch. She followed the trail of silky dark hair that trailed from his belly button downward until it disappeared beyond the waistband of his jeans.

So sexy. She loved his body, the lean strength, the smooth muscle. She loved how his skin quivered beneath her touch and she curled her fingers into the front of his jeans, the sound of his agonized groan making her smile.

It felt normal, average, what they were doing. But there was nothing average about this, she thought as she undid the snap of his jeans, drew the zipper down over the impressive bulge of his erection. What she felt for Austin, the excitement bubbling up inside her at what they were about to do was overwhelming.

This was more than just sex for both her and for him. She could feel it, sense it, from the heaviness in his voice, the seriousness in his gaze. It was shocking since she knew Austin didn't do serious.

But he was doing serious for her.

Her hands slid to the back of his jeans, pushing the denim down, over his ass to his thighs. He stepped away from her and rid himself of them, though he left his black boxer briefs on. Austin's cock strained against the front, dying to get out, and she wanted to help him as best she could.

When she reached for him, though, he stepped back, shook his head. "Get on the bed."

A delicious thrill shivered up her spine, and she did as he asked. There went that dominant side of him again, the one that aroused her. She loved that he bossed her around, took control of their encounters, and she lay in the center of the bed, waiting for him to come to her.

He stood next to the bed, his eyes seeming to glow as he studied her, his hand going to the front of his boxers. She watched in fascination as he began to stroke, her pussy flooding with cream at the sight.

“Touch yourself,” she whispered but he shook his head again, his hand dropping fast, as if he hadn’t realized what he’d done.

“Let’s take off your panties.” He went for the tiny scrap of fabric, his big hands wrapping around her hips, tugging her panties down. It tickled her thighs, down over her knees, her calves, tangling around her ankles before he drew them all the way off. “Now take off your bra.”

She did, reaching behind to undo the clasp, pulling her arms out of the straps and tossing it onto the floor. She lay before him nude, wet and willing, her nipples so hard they ached. Spreading her legs, she gave him a view of what he was missing and the low growl he emitted made her widen her legs more.

Teasing this man was fun. Pushing him over the edge, delicious. And when he pushed her over the edge, she experienced the best orgasms of her life.

Austin joined her on the bed, his hands sliding all over her, across her nipples, her belly, tangling in the pubic hair just above her sex. She moved with him, her hands reaching but coming up empty, only finding his arms, his strong wrists, and she pouted.

“Let me enjoy you,” he whispered. “Let me touch you.”

Her body melted at his words, at the reverent way he touched her. His fingers skimmed along her collarbone, down to the slope of her breasts, into the valley between. Her skin tingled, goose bumps forming and slowly, so slow she wanted to scream, he circled first one turgid nipple, then the other with his index finger.

“Perfect,” he murmured just before he bent his head and licked first one, then the other nipple. He licked and sucked, nibbled and teased and when he bit particularly hard, she cried out, loving the pleasure/pain sensation that shot through her.

Her hands went to the back of his head, burrowing into his thick, soft hair, and she stroked him there, watching in breathless anticipation as he continued to suck her nipples. One hand kneaded her flesh, circling the neglected nipple while his mouth worked the other one.

Her clit pulsed. Her legs grew restless. No man had ever paid such attention to her breasts before, and she was going crazy from it. Wild. As if sensing her need he slid his hand down, cupping her pussy, a single finger sliding between her lower lips and testing her there.

“Always so wet for me, aren’t you, Michaela?” He sounded pleased, arrogant even and she couldn’t deny that it was all for him.

Always for him.

“Yes,” she moaned as he sunk his finger deeper, searching her folds before thrusting inside her.

“So tight, wet and ready.” He moved up, his face aligning with hers, his warm breath floating across her mouth. “I’m going to make love to you all night. I want to kiss every inch of your body.”

“Okay,” she giggled and she felt rather than saw his smile against her mouth.

"I love your laugh," he whispered before he claimed her lips, his kiss passionate, his tongue thrusting, purposeful.

She returned the kiss with equal fervor, his words lingering in her brain, turning over and over again. The way he said make love, the intensity in his voice, the way he kissed her.

Was he falling for her as she already had for him? Or was it too good to be true?

She couldn't think about it, overanalyze it. It would do her no good. She needed to live in the moment and enjoy Austin while she had him.

Her hands went to his ass, pushing his underwear down so she could touch bare skin. His skin was smooth and deliciously firm. He had a sexy ass, one that looked good in jeans, in anything, and she kneaded him there, enjoying the way his hips thrust against her, his cock urgent and thick.

"Don't," he muttered after he tore his lips from hers. "Not yet, babe. If you keep touching me like that I'll shoot off like a rocket."

And didn't that sound fabulous? Reluctantly she removed her hands from his butt and clung to his hips, her breath catching in her throat when he kissed her again, more gently this time.

Oh, she didn't want to wait for him to kiss her all over her body. She wanted him inside her now. Needed him. Her pussy felt empty, her body greedy for his invasion, and she broke their kiss, trailed her lips along his jaw, down his throat, the faint stubble growing there rough against her lips.

"Austin." She clawed at him, her hands pushing at his underwear once again, wanting them off. "I need you."

He got rid of them, reached for a condom from the box he kept in his bedside table. "Hold on, babe."

"I want you inside me." She felt as if her skin, her insides were on fire and she was burning up, consumed. She clawed at him, didn't want to stop touching him as he drew up on his knees and tore into the condom wrapper, sheathing himself quickly.

"Like this?" He grabbed her hips and hauled her to him so her legs wrapped on either side of him. His cock was huge and thrusting from between his legs and Austin took aim. She lifted her knees, pressed her feet into the mattress.

"Yes, like this. Now, *please*." She sounded desperate, lost and she felt that way too. All she wanted was him inside her, filling her, completing her.

Gripping the base of his cock, he eased the tip of it inside her, teasing her. His other hand rested atop her knee, slid down her thigh, and she arched against him, the groan leaving her so primal she shocked herself.

This is what he did to her, turned her into a needy, squirming thing that burned for him. He withdrew from her body, making her cry out and then he returned, slid deeper where he paused for a beat before withdrawing again.

She watched, the sight of his cock glistening with her juices making her bite her lower lip. His gaze lingered there too, rapt on the rhythmic plunder and retreat until he finally looked up and caught her stare.

“My little watcher,” he whispered. His velvety voice was a mixture of pleasure and sin, everything decadent and delicious and bad for you. “I should make you get on your hands and knees. Fuck you from behind so you can only *feel*.”

A fresh gush of cream escaped her at his words, and he laughed before withdrawing from her completely. She whimpered at the loss, her hands reaching, and he actually batted them away.

“Roll over, baby. I’m going to give you what you want. Just be patient.”

She did as he asked and got into position on her hands and knees. Rarely did she let a man take her this way, had always found it a little uncomfortable. But with Austin, she was willing to do anything he wanted.

Anything.

The mattress dipped and he approached her from behind on his knees, disappearing from her view. She closed her eyes, waited in breathless anticipation for his touch, his next move and he didn’t disappoint.

One thick finger slid inside her, going deep before doing a slow drag from her claspings pussy. She gasped, let out a ragged breath when he did it again, this time with two fingers. Then he brushed them against the rosette of her ass.

She stiffened beneath his touch. In all of their recent adventurous pursuits, he’d never touched her there. She’d always been curious, wondering what it would feel like and if she would like it. She wiggled her ass, teasing him, and he smoothed his free hand over one cheek, gathering more of her cream before slathering it all over the tiny hole.

Oh God. Was he going to actually fuck her there? She didn’t know if she was ready for that, funny enough. They’d done so many crazy things yet this one act made her incredibly nervous.

“So pretty back here,” he murmured and she could tell his sole intent was on her pussy, her ass. He stroked her swollen pussy lips, rimmed her entrance with the trace of a fingertip and then played with her ass once more. “Do you want me to fuck your ass? Has that ever been a part of your fantasy?”

“I don’t know,” she answered truthfully, her eyes closing when he nudged the very tip of his finger against the sensitive puckered skin.

“Well, I’m going to fuck you *here*.” He slowly slid his cock inside her pussy, filling her to the hilt, and she moaned at his possession. “Can you feel me, Michaela?”

“Yes,” she hissed, hanging her head low. He moved within her, in and out, again and again. He held her in place, his big hands sprawled across her back, her hips, and his right thumb slipped down, played with the tiny hole of her ass. Rubbing with every thrust, it pressed a little deeper, went a little farther.

She moaned from the pressure of his thumb, the fullness of his cock. Never had she experienced anything like it, the sensitive nerves of her sphincter tingling from his touch. His cock felt incredibly full

and long, taking her this way. She bounced back against him, her butt bumping against his hips, his balls brushing her pussy.

“Take me, Michaela. Open up, baby.” His thumb pressed hard, harder still. “Relax. Let me inside.”

Her muscles turned to liquid as if by his command, her entire body growing warm, limp. She felt an almost popping sensation and then his thumb was inside her, his entire fingernail embedded.

“That’s it. Ah God, Michaela.” He sounded as if he was in a sort of sexual agony and she squirmed against him, wanting more. Wanting to please him. He withdrew his thumb, his index finger replacing it and then he was in, all the way in to his knuckle. Filling both of her holes with his finger and his cock.

Low sounds of pleasure rumbled from his chest, his cock thrusting deeper though he kept his finger still. She panted, unused to such fullness, ecstasy swirling through her blood, spiraling to her clit, her pussy at the intense pressure.

“Oh, yes,” she whispered as he began to move his finger in time with his cock. His free hand smoothed over her butt, her back, making her skin tingle at his tender touch. She was so close to coming she could taste it, feel it. The tremble in her belly, the throbbing of her clit and she reached for it, strained toward it. He increased his pace, indicating he too was close.

“Come for me, baby. Come on my cock,” he urged, thrusting deep, so deep she cried out, her orgasm slamming into her she swore because of his words, his commanding tone. Stars burst behind her lids, like some sort of orgasmic fireworks show was going on inside her head, and her entire body was consumed, shaking, exhausted.

He murmured her name, the sound quiet, vibrating along her nerve endings and then he stilled, spilling himself into the condom. His body shuddered, his groans low, his finger rimming her ass and then he slumped over her, his chest heaving with exertion, his breathing ragged.

She collapsed on the bed, her body spent, her ass still tingling from the new invasion. He withdrew from her, lay beside her for a moment and she heard him get up, most likely disposing of the condom. She rolled over on her side, too worn out to say a word, let alone open her eyes.

“Move over so we can get under the covers,” he urged and she squirmed up onto the pillows, blindly helping him tug back the comforter and sheet until they both could crawl beneath them.

He joined her in the bed, hauled her close. Snuggling against his hot, hard body, she pressed her lips against his chest, her hand resting possessively on his lower stomach, just above his cock.

Mine, she thought drowsily, her mind drifting. This beautiful man was all hers. A gift and how she deserved him, she had no clue.

She couldn’t question it, didn’t want to. Only wanted to savor it, savor him.

For who knew when it all might end.

Chapter Thirteen

Michaela woke up to Austin hovering above her, his mouth on her neck, kissing and nibbling the sensitive skin just below her ear. She smiled, wrapped her arms around him and held him close, glancing at the clock on the nightstand to see it was only two in the morning.

“Can’t resist me?” she teased, her hands sliding up his back, down to rest against his tight ass.

“I can never resist you.” He lifted his head, took her mouth in a hungry kiss. His lips insistent, his tongue tangling with hers, and she returned his kiss, her own hunger blooming in her belly, in her entire body.

His cock nudged against her, hard and heavy and damp, leaving a streak of pre-come across her stomach. She reached between them, grasping her fingers around his thick length, and he groaned, thrust into her hand when she stroked him.

“I want you,” he whispered, his voice hoarse, quivering even. “All the damn time.”

Her brows furrowed. He sounded...concerned. As if he couldn’t quite believe he wanted her that much. She understood, she could relate. Whatever was happening between them was mind boggling, almost too much and it was reassuring to know she wasn’t the only one who felt that way.

“I want you, too,” she whispered, not knowing what else to say.

He withdrew from her touch, his hand grasping hers. He took both of her hands, hauled them above her head, pinning her there, and her eyes flew open to find him staring down at her, his hair hanging over his forehead, his expression wondrous and so, so beautiful.

She loved the way he looked at her, baffled and aroused and intent. The way he restrained her, his fingers curled around hers in a tender clasp. Her breasts were pressed against his chest, her nipples rubbing against the crisp curling hairs there, and she brushed against him, the sensation making her sigh with pleasure.

“You’re mine,” he whispered. His cock nudged against her entry, persistent in its quest. “All mine.”

“Yes,” she agreed, shuddering when he stroked the inside of her wrists with his thumbs.

And then he entered her, flesh upon flesh, heat upon heat. She stilled, as did he, their gazes holding for a heartbeat, then two, then five.

“Condom,” she whispered.

“Fuck.” He sunk deeper, the pure pleasure on his face arousing her even more. “You feel good, just like this.”

“Austin.” She squeezed his fingers with hers. “A condom. Please.”

“I’ve always used a condom. With every single person I’ve been with, I swear.” He withdrew nearly all the way before plunging deep inside her once more. She groaned. He did feel damn good. “I’m safe. I’ve been tested recently.”

“I’m on the pill,” she confessed. She got back on them when she was with Preston and had never stopped. She’d been scared out of her wits she might get pregnant. She’d even made him use a condom along with those pills.

She wasn’t about to take *that* chance.

But she was willing to take this chance with Austin?

He buried his face against her neck, his breath hot against her skin. “I would never risk your safety, Michaela. You’re everything to me. I would do anything for you.”

“Anything?” His husky words touched her deep, deeper than anything she’d ever heard before, and she was surprised at the shock of emotion that threatened to overwhelm her.

“Anything.” He thrust again, the base of his cock nudging against her clit, and she bit her lower lip. She wrapped her legs around his waist, anchoring herself to him. “You belong to me.”

She did. She was his and no one else’s. Though his words confused her, made her wonder if he would admit more, she couldn’t deny the truth.

He owned her body, he owned her mind and he owned her soul. They were perfect together. It would be stupid, useless to deny it.

“I want to please you, Austin.” She wished she could touch him, but he held her hands above her head. His hips circled, his cock slid in and out of her and her legs clung to him, her body ripe and edgy, needing him. “Tell me how.”

“Let me come inside you.” He thrust, deeper into her body, deeper into her heart and she couldn’t resist, didn’t want to resist.

He reared up, released one of her hands so he could touch her face, his fingers gentle. He stroked her cheek, stroked across her lips and she sucked his finger into her mouth, twirling her tongue around him.

“Come with me, Michaela,” he urged, and he withdrew his hand from her mouth, slid it between their connected bodies to brush against her clit.

Austin increased his pace, his cock pounding inside her, again and again and again. She moved with him, strained toward her orgasm much as he strained toward his. His fingers worked her clit, his cock worked her pussy and then he exploded, his semen gushing inside her, filling her, triggering her own shattering orgasm.

And when he held her close, her cheek pressed against his chest, his racing heart made her mind race as well. Over what he said, how he consumed her, possessed her, told her she was his.

Was she? Was she really? Could they take what they shared and turn it into an actual relationship? Did he want to?

She was too afraid to ask.

"I can't believe you're even asking me this." Brad shook his head, the look on his face almost comical. Austin would've laughed if he'd found this situation even remotely funny.

But he didn't.

"It's what she wants." Austin shrugged. "I want to give her what she wants."

"Hey, that's great but me, you and her? That's what she wants? Really?"

"Really."

It was a Saturday afternoon and Austin had called Brad earlier, asking him to come over with virtually no explanation. Knowing that Brad would balk once he found out the real reason for his visit.

"Where is she?"

"Down at the pool." It was hot, late August always was, and she was hanging out at the complex pool, soaking up the sun and reading a book.

She'd been acting odd lately. Not totally withdrawn from him like in the past but she was quiet, subdued. They spent every night together, even when he worked late but she was holding back, he could tell. A piece of herself she wouldn't give up no matter how hard he tried to find it.

And he'd been trying damn hard.

It had been a week since she admitted she wanted them to experiment with Brad. It had taken him seven days to work up the nerve to even approach his friend.

"And so she wants to get naked and get it on." Brad laughed, slapped his hand against his thigh. "This is fucking unreal!"

"Are you interested?" Austin was nervous, on edge. This was not going like he thought it would. Of course, he really had no idea how it *would* go.

It didn't help that Brad seemed to be making fun of the situation.

Brad sobered. "I've never been with a woman, you know that."

"Still?" Austin found it hard to believe. Even the gayest of gays had messed around with a girl when they were younger or at the very least made out with one in a club or at a party.

"Still. I haven't even kissed one with tongue." Brad paused. "I don't know if I really want to either."

"Broaden your horizons," Austin suggested though the thought of Brad kissing Michaela made his stomach churn.

"And I definitely don't want to lick a girl's pussy." Brad shuddered. "Just the thought of that freaks me out. Gimme a fat cock and I'm happy. Girl parts scare me. I don't know how you switch hitters do it."

“Well I guess everyone has to draw the line somewhere. Jesus, Brad.” Austin could not believe they were having this conversation.

Brad cocked a brow, his lips pursed. “Do *you* want to do this, Austin? You don’t sound very enthused.”

“I want to make Michaela happy,” he mumbled.

“At your expense?”

Austin shrugged. “It’s what she wants. I created this monster, you know.”

“I *do* know. Have you two gone back to Tom’s?”

“No.”

“Gone to any other clubs lately?”

Austin shook his head.

“Been seeing each other nonstop then I take it? I haven’t heard a peep out of you until this morning.”

“Yeah.” Austin shrugged. “What with work and spending time with Michaela, I haven’t had time to do much else.”

“Uh huh. Right. Sounds like you two might be in a relationship then, hmm?”

“I’d like to think we are,” Austin admitted. But he wasn’t sure if she wanted it. Again the withdrawing, the holding back on her part, her behavior made him nervous.

Made him believe she really didn’t want him. Not for the long haul at least. He wasn’t ready to put his heart on the line and admit he was in love with her. Hell, he’d never done it before. The possible rejection scared the shit out of him.

“Have you told her that?”

“Not really. I thought she’d figure that out by now.”

Brad sighed. “Did you not learn anything when we were together? Listen, you need to tell her this stuff, she needs to hear the words from your lips. Words of love or commitment or whatever else you’re ready to spill, you need to say it all now.”

“I don’t know if she wants to hear it.”

“Trust me, she wants to. She *needs* to if you want to take this further.”

The front door opened, cutting Brad off, and they both turned to see Michaela enter the apartment, clad in only a pale blue bikini, a beach towel slung over her arm, dark sunglasses on top of her wet head. Her eyes went wide at the sight of them and she shut the door behind her with a quiet click, a nervous smile on her face as she slowly approached them.

“Hi, Brad. What’s going on here?” Her gaze lit upon Austin, questioning.

“Ah, Brad just dropped by.” Shit. Austin did not want her thinking they were about to jump into this now. He figured she’d spend most of the afternoon at the pool. That’s what she normally did.

“Yeah.” Brad smirked. “I just dropped by.” He opened his arms to Michaela. “Come here and give me a hug, gorgeous. I haven’t seen you in forever.”

She went to him willingly, setting Austin’s teeth on edge. Her barely clad body pressed against Brad, her lips pursed for his quick kiss. Brad shot him a knowing look over her shoulder, his hands smoothing up and down her bare back in a quick caress, and Austin swore steam just poured out of his own ears.

He clenched his hands into fists. It infuriated him, seeing Brad with Michaela. He knew it was a platonic hug, he knew Brad was putting on a show for his benefit but it didn’t matter.

He was pissed. Damn it, he was jealous. And he didn’t want to share Michaela. With anyone.

Seeing her hug Brad just confirmed it.

“Maybe we could all go out together, grab some dinner, a few drinks?” She smiled at Brad before turning that same smile upon Austin. “What do you think?”

He thought the idea sucked complete ass. He wasn’t in the mood to pretend anymore. Brad was right. He needed to tell Michaela the truth.

“I don’t know...” Austin started and Brad disengaged himself from Michaela, his gaze meeting Austin’s.

“Listen, doll, sorry to say but I have to go. A very important date tonight with a big stud named Renaldo.” Brad wagged his brows, making Michaela giggle. “You two lovebirds have fun tonight, okay?”

“Thanks, Brad.” Relief flooded Austin and he walked Brad to the door, helping him making a quick escape. He shut the door, paused for a moment to gather courage—damn what a wimp he was proving to be, all over a freakin’ woman—before he turned around to face Michaela.

She didn’t look disappointed that Brad left. No, she looked smoking hot in that little bikini. It emphasized her feminine curves, her pretty little breasts. Her nipples poked against the sky blue fabric, her skin flushed from the sun, hair damp from the pool.

“Too bad he couldn’t go out with us.” She watched him, her expression guarded. As if waiting for him to say something about it. The Brad situation.

“I have to go to work in a couple of hours anyway.”

“Oh, right.” Her smile was faint. “I’ll miss you tonight.”

“Michaela,” he started but stopped when she approached him, her hips twitching with her every movement, drawing his attention to her delectable body clad in practically nothing.

His skin sizzled just looking at her.

“Do you have to get ready for work soon?” She nuzzled herself against him and his arms automatically went around her. Her skin was cool to the touch, almost cold, and she shivered when his hands slid down her back.

“In a little bit.” She was going to distract him with sex, and he couldn’t have that. Well, he could but he needed to tell her how he felt first. “Listen, Michaela, we need to talk.”

“Talk about what? Brad? Forget Brad. I realized a while ago it wouldn’t work but I didn’t know how to tell you.” She reached up on tiptoe, pressed her lips right at the base of his neck. “I got nervous, seeing him here. I thought you might’ve planned something and didn’t tell me.”

“You don’t think it will work?” Her words tripped over themselves in his fuzzy brain. Damn it, her mouth on his neck, her hands on his chest was obliterating brain cells by the second.

“No. You and Brad have too much history. I can’t expect you both to forget that and indulge my whims.” Her hands went to and then beneath the hem of his T-shirt, her fingers skittering across his stomach. “There. We talked about it.”

He grabbed her by the crook of her elbows and literally set her away from him. If he was going to get anything said, he needed at least a few inches between them. “I don’t want to talk about Brad.”

“Oh.” Her brows drew down in that cute way of hers when she was confused. “What do you want to talk about then?”

“What’s going on between us.” He needed to just get this out in the open, spit it out and dwell on the consequences later. If he hemmed and hawed over it too much, he’d never admit how he really felt. “How much I...care for you.”

Chicken shit.

Her eyes softened, and she wrung her hands together. “I care for you too, Austin.”

He took her hand and led her over to the couch where they both sat. “Do you want to continue this? Make this exclusive between us?”

She blinked, licked her lips. As if she didn’t know what to say. “Like boyfriend and girlfriend?”

Ah, it sounded a little corny but he had to admit, it also sounded damn good. He’d only had one real relationship and that had been with Brad. He’d been a shitty boyfriend, had only agreed to be with him anyway because Brad had forced him. Not a good way for a relationship to start.

With Michaela, he *wanted* to be there for her. Wanted to support her, enjoy her, love her like she deserved.

“Yeah.” He still held her hand and he drew his thumb across the back of it, her cool skin like a balm to his heated emotions.

“I thought you didn’t do relationships.”

“I’ve been waiting for the right person.”

“And I’m the right person?” Was that hope in her voice?

“You are.” He cleared his throat, squeezed her hand. “I’m in love with you, Michaela.”

“What?” Her voice was the barest whisper, her hand clutching his, her body leaning toward him.

He knew right then he had her. She was his. And he was hers. Nothing was going to change that.

"I love you," he murmured, hauling her onto his lap and settling back against the couch. She wrapped herself around him, her arms circling his neck, her legs straddling his thighs. "And I'm hoping like hell you can return the favor."

She giggled and kissed him, her lips cool and damp. He clutched the back of her head, his fingers threading through her wet and tangled hair, holding her to him. "I can return the favor."

"You can?" He kissed the tip of her nose, the corner of her mouth. One hand slipped down to the center of her back, where he slowly drew the tie of her bikini top undone with one tug.

"Austin." She gave a little gasp, feigning shock as his other hand undid the tie at the back of her neck, her top falling into his lap. "What are you doing?"

"Undressing the woman I love." He cupped her breasts, his thumbs playing with her nipples and she arched into his touch. "Hoping that she'll eventually say the words I want her to."

"Maybe I should string it out. It's kind of fun this way, no?"

"No." He schooled his expression, going for stern disciplinarian. Just how she liked it. "It's not fun this way. If you keep this up, I think I'm going to have to punish you." He pinched her hard, pink nipples for good measure.

"Promise?" Her voice grew husky, her stomach quivering beneath his fingers as one hand slid down to tease inside her bikini bottoms. Her pussy was hot, unbelievably wet, such a contrast to her cool skin and he groaned at the first contact.

"You feel so good, babe." He searched her folds, flicked her clit and she moaned, her hips thrusting toward him. "But before I take this any further, you're going to have to say the magic words."

"Pretty please?" She fluttered her lashes at him.

He withdrew his hand from her, brought his cream-covered fingers to his mouth. Salty sweet, just like the woman. "Not quite."

Her green eyes flared as she watched him lick her juices from his fingers. "Do it now?"

It was his turn to laugh. "I don't think so."

"Well then, how about this." She pressed her bare breasts against his chest, leveled her mouth close to his. "I love you, too, Austin. How's that?"

"Perfect," he said just before he took her lips in a sweet kiss.

Epilogue

Nerves flitted in Michaela's stomach and she checked herself in the mirror one more time, smoothing a hand over her already neat hair. She didn't look different from any other day. She wore a simple white sundress printed with delicate yellow and green flowers, the cut and color emphasizing her lightly tanned skin. Her hair was pulled back in a ponytail since it was hot and she had kept her makeup simple so she wouldn't melt outside in her parents' backyard under the intense afternoon sun.

But her eyes sparkled and her cheeks were flushed, not from cosmetics either. It was happiness, pure and simple. Pure, unadulterated joy at having found a man who understood her needs, her desires, everything about her.

A man who loved her. A man like Austin.

She flicked off the bathroom light and went out into the living room, glancing at the clock that hung on the wall. They had plenty of time to get to her parents when the annual Labor Day gathering started, but she still wanted to leave soon. Wanted to make sure they got there in time.

Then again, she also wanted to stay home, stay away from her family. They'd been asking a lot of questions, her parents, about her new beau. Her father had called him that, embarrassingly enough, and they'd insisted she bring him to the barbecue. They wanted to meet Austin, find out what all the fuss was about, and one part of her wanted to share him with her family, show him off.

Another part wanted to hide him away and keep him all to herself.

And yet another part of her wanted him to dress in full on crazy Austin attire and scare the shit out of everyone. The uptight banker wish didn't just extend to her, her entire family was filled with bankers, corporate heads, attorneys.

Her theatre-working, edgy-looking boyfriend would be just the ticket to send them into horror.

"You almost ready?" she called as she sank into the overstuffed couch.

"Gimme another minute," he yelled from his bedroom. Their bedroom. She didn't know what to call it.

She hadn't slept in her bed since they had declared their love for each other, the both of them much preferring his since it was so much larger. Oh and the things he did to her in that bed. Just last night he'd tied her to the posts with scarves so she lay sprawled across it, a blindfold covering her eyes. He'd touched her, licked her, drove her absolutely crazy, and when he'd finally rewarded her for the torture he put her

through by sliding deep inside her body she'd been beyond frantic to touch him. He'd untied the scarves, lifted the blindfold off and the love that had shone in his eyes when she first saw him had been a revelation.

It had been wonderful. She wanted to do it again. Tonight. Only he would be the one tied up and she'd do all the torturing.

Michaela smiled and squirmed, trying to push the forbidden thoughts from her mind. Now was not the time to get all worked up. They needed to leave soon. She couldn't get distracted by sex right now.

"I'm ready." His deep voice pulled her from her thoughts and she glanced up, a gasp escaping her when she saw him standing before her.

He looked downright...normal. Clad in dark blue jeans and a simple button up shirt, he was an everyday guy. He'd recently gotten a haircut and his hair was short, almost too short for her tastes though the top still had some length, enough to run her fingers through again and again. He wore absolutely no makeup, his beautiful blue eyes clear, the thick lashes dark and blinking at her in question. The only thing he clung to were the earrings, tiny black studs in each ear. He wore nothing she had expected him to.

"I thought you were going to get all gussied up." He looked delicious enough to eat no matter what he wore, but she wasn't about to tell him that.

Today was supposed to be all about the shock value. There was nothing shocking about him whatsoever.

Austin laughed, the sound wrapping around her and making her smile in return. "There's no way I could do that. Today is too important. I'm trying to impress, not scare them away."

"Impress them? My family? But why?" She stood and went to him, giving a little gasp when he grabbed her hand and hauled her close.

"I don't want them to freak out when they see me, Michaela. I understand your plan and would've gone along with it if our relationship had been the way it was...before, when we were just friends. Or maybe if we were seeing each other casually, and I wasn't so freaking crazy over you. But I'm serious about you." He touched her face, his hand cupping her cheek. "I have intentions, you know."

"Intentions?" Her voice shook, her entire body trembled and even though she knew they'd ventured into serious territory it was another thing that he actually acknowledged it.

"Yeah, like maybe I want to make a good impression so your parents understand how important you are to me. How much I love you." His fingers stroked downward, making her skin tingle. "And I do love you, Michaela. More than you know."

"I know," she murmured, tilting her face to accept his kiss. "I love you too. So much."

"Right." He withdrew from her, his dark brows lifting as he studied her. "So I can't walk in there with the eyeliner and the clothes and the punk ass attitude. I have to look like an upstanding citizen, you know. A man who might want to be a part of your family someday."

A thrill shot up her spine at the thought of Austin as her husband.

Sigh. A girl could certainly dream. Especially when her dreams were in sight, as in he was standing right in front of her.

How did she get so lucky?

“My dad will probably like you though he takes some time warming up to new people.” She tapped her lower lip with the tip of her index finger, studying him. “And my mom will think you’re hot.”

He rolled his eyes, and she swore he blushed. Her Austin blushing. She’d never seen such a thing.

“Don’t say that. The last thing I want your mom to think is that I’m hot.” He shook his head though he couldn’t stop the smile from forming. “But if she falls under my charms, I’m not going to protest.”

“All women fall under your charms. It’s part of your appeal. You’re very charming.” She went to him again and hugged him tight. Her face was nestled against his warm chest, the steady beating of his heart sounded loud and clear beneath her ear. “Are you ready to go?”

She pulled away and he breathed deep, the nervousness on his face clear. “As ready as I’ll ever be.”

“Are you nervous?” She’d rarely seen him nervous either. It was kind of cute.

“Well yeah. I’ve never met my girlfriend’s family before. I just want them to like me. To...approve.” He grabbed his car keys from the kitchen counter and she followed him, picked up her purse, which also rested on the counter.

She stopped him with a light touch on his forearm. “They’re going to love you.”

Austin turned to look at her. “You think?”

“I know.” Michaela nodded. “They’ll love you almost as much as I do.”

“Hopefully that’s enough.” He gazed into her eyes, hypnotizing, crystal-clear blue.

She could stare into his eyes for hours. Forever. “It will be.”

And she never doubted that for an instant.

About the Author

After leaving the crazy working world to become a stay at home mom, Karen realized she needed to get crackin' and pursue her lifelong dream of being a published writer. A busy mother of three, she fits her precious writing time in between chasing her children, hanging out with her wonderful husband and pretending she has a maid. She lives in California.

To learn more about Karen Erickson, please visit www.karenwritesromance.com. Send an email to Karen at www.karenwritesromance.com/contact or join her Yahoo! group to join in the fun with other readers as well as Karen! http://groups.yahoo.com/group/karenericksons_newsletter/

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He blew his chance once. Now he intends to blow her mind...

Jesse's Girl

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Rick blew it, and he's never forgotten it. It's bad enough his best friend Jesse showed his true colors and stole Blair, the girl Rick wanted. Rick never understood what Blair saw in the loser, and still kicks himself for letting her slip through his fingers. But what's done is done.

Blair is horrified when she realizes that Jesse's lies cost her the happiness she might have found with Rick. It's been over with Jesse, but he won't leave her alone. Help comes from a totally unexpected source—Rick.

When Rick sees them together, he's confused but tells himself to get over it. Until Jesse lays a hand on her in anger. Now all bets are off. A second chance is all he's ever wanted and he intends to use it...up against a wall, in his bed, over and over again.

Until she surrenders to the idea that she was meant to be his girl. Forever.

Enjoy the following excerpt for Jesse's Girl:

Rick's every freaking dream was coming true right here, right now. Blair standing close, offering herself to him. Her hands rested on his chest, her touch set him aflame and he breathed deeply, trying to gain some sort of control.

After she'd hooked up with Jesse, he never thought this moment could happen. He thought he'd lost his chance with Blair forever. Even after hearing about the break-up he figured there was no way she would be interested in him.

Guess he'd been wrong.

"What do you say?" Her soft voice wafted over him, caressing him much like the brisk fall breeze and he inhaled sharply, marveling at the gift she offered him.

Herself. She would be all his. For tonight at least. Did she want more? Would she want more from him?

He hoped like hell that answer was yes.

When he didn't answer, her brows lowered, her sexy mouth turning downward. She looked perplexed, confused and he reached out, trailed his fingers over the soft skin of her cheek. He heard her sharp inhale, let his gaze drift to her chest and saw her breasts lifting with her every breath.

He'd seen her breasts in the skimpiest of tops, dreamed of having his hands all over her countless times. He couldn't wait to get her naked, explore her soft skin.

If he didn't watch it, he'd burst his jeans.

“Rick? Are you all right?” She sounded upset and the last thing he wanted was for her to be upset. What had started out as just another Friday night was going to end hopefully as one of the best nights of his life.

No way did he want to mess this up.

“Sorry.” His fingers drifted along her jaw, then up to trace her full lips. He loved her mouth, the plump fullness of her lower lip, its berry pink color. She wore no lipstick that he could tell and still her lips looked juicy. Delicious. “I’m thinking how much I’d rather be anywhere but here.”

Those brows furrowed even deeper and he leaned in close, brushed his mouth against hers. Just once. It was the barest of touches and his entire body went on high alert. “I want to be somewhere else. Alone. With you.”

“Oh.” Her breathless answer told him she felt the same way. The blaze in her beautiful blue eyes told him that too. She was so beautiful he could stare at her all night. “Let’s go then.”

“Are you sure?” Once they made this next step there was no going back. He wasn’t about to let her walk away from him now that he knew her relationship with Jesse was really over and had been for a while.

This wasn’t going to be a one-night thing. With Blair, he wanted the real deal.

“I’m sure.” She nodded, her hands curling into the fabric of his T-shirt. He wanted to feel her touch his bare flesh, stroke him into oblivion, those delicate fingers curling around him. Just the thought of Blair touching him nearly had him ready to explode in his jeans.

Rick took her arm and they started toward the parking lot. “Let’s go then.”

He linked his fingers with hers, clutched her hand tightly as they moved through the crowds and toward the parking lot. Grim determination led him on, didn’t allow him to be deterred despite the fact that he saw people he knew. A few of them waved and looked ready to stop and talk.

Nope, he didn’t want to talk. He had other things in mind.

Three men, a tomboy...and one erotic game that could change everything.

Three for Me?

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A Children of the Goddess Story

Simon, Eric, Rafael, Lee...and Charli. It's never mattered that Charli is the only girl in the crowd. She's always been a tomboy, anyway. Just one of the guys.

Between work and Couch Potato Thursdays, life is pretty full. Sure, no man alive can get through the friend gauntlet, but thanks to her boys and her toys, she's got plenty of fantasy material. It's a win-win situation. Until Lee has a destination wedding in Cozumel—and Charli's "best man" duties take a kinky turn.

Through what looks to be foul play by Lee's new brides, Charli finds herself on a decidedly decadent shore excursion, playing "The Race Erotic". With each sexy challenge, it becomes clearer that down deep, she desires not one, not two, but all three of her remaining single buddies.

They're the only family she's ever known. She can't imagine living without them. Will she have to choose? Or will the final score be three to one?

Enjoy the following excerpt for Three for Me?:

"I wanted that outfit." Natalie glared at her, looking intimidating in a leopard print body stocking.

"I'm sorry?"

Shelly came and got between them. "Nat, you know you don't get to choose your outfits. Besides, you've already been the naughty schoolgirl several times now. Give someone else a chance."

Naughty schoolgirl. Charli covered her face with her hands, peeking at herself in the mirror through her spread fingers. She'd had her hair put in pigtails. She hadn't worn pigtails since she was nine.

The little Mary Janes and thigh-high white stockings were bad enough. The plaid skirt was so short she could see her clingy white underwear that had, thankfully, been in a store-bought package beside the ensemble. But it was the shirt, most of all that was giving her fits.

Button-down and white, it stopped right beneath her breasts, leaving her midriff bare. Already so thin they could see the shadow of her areoles. Shelly and the other woman had patted her with a damp cloth, making it entirely see through. She'd never be able to face the boys again.

"Don't be nervous. It's just two songs. And it's pretty dark in there. The game rents the upstairs club for as long as we're here, so no one but the other racers will see you dance. And I'm pretty sure they'll be too busy to look."

Charli was feeling a little warm. Maybe it was from the tequila, but she wasn't necessarily afraid of this challenge. She was the lifelong friend of four very manly men. She'd been to a strip club before. And she did love to dance. If only she didn't have to wear this humiliating outfit.

She remembered what Connie had said about her having the body of a pole dancer. Had she known this would be one of the challenges? She was going to have a good long chat with Lee's new wife when they got back.

Shelly led them all to a curtained doorway. "Up those stairs you'll find a main stage that will lead you to your individual walkways. Dance one entire song on that walkway for your men. When the next song starts, give him the lap dance of his dreams, and just be open to the pleasure. It's a wonderful experience. The men know what they have to do to get the next clue, so go on and show them what you've got!"

Shelly stopped Charli as the others went on ahead. "Your guys have already been told, but I wanted to let you know that you can only pick one to lap dance with, and the other men can watch, but they aren't allowed to touch you until the song ends. Okay? Great!"

She rushed off, clipboard in hand while Charli took a deep breath. Was she really going to do this? The music started, and she walked out onto the main stage. Of course she was. She never backed down from a bet.

Charli strode to the rhythm of the beat, watching her counterparts do the Time with a smile. Dawn, despite her shyness, seemed determined to do this for Tim. And from the expression on his face, Charli could tell he appreciated it. She walked to the end of her walkway and placed her hands on her hips. "If any of you laugh at me, I'll give you a wedgie. Or steal your lunch money."

"Charli?"

"Dear God. And thank you. Amen."

"Fuck, Chuck. You look—"

She lifted her chin threateningly, but Simon's gaze was focused entirely on her breasts. He sighed. "Amazing."

"Yeah?" She caught Shelly making a dancing motion and started to sway to the music. Eric, Raf and Simon were staring at her, looking dazed and totally enthralled. Heat pooled between her thighs. Being the focus of this kind of attention felt...well it felt great. Empowering. Something she could definitely get used to.

There was a pole, and Charli had always wanted to try one. All those mountain-climbing muscles were put to good use as she leapt up onto the steel cylinder, using her thighs to cling, her arms spread out in a backward arch that gave her the perfect, upside-down view of her audience.

"Sweet Jesus."

"Did you know she could do that?"

Simon didn't respond, barely took his blue eyes off her long enough to blink.

Charli's smile was wicked. She lifted herself up, sliding down the pole until she was on her knees on her walkway, crawling closer to the edge of the stage. "How are the others doing? Are we winning?"

"Who knows? Who cares?" Eric's cheeks were flushed, and Rafael looked over at him, before turning his attention back to Charli.

"I forgot. You're fulfilling Professor Eric's favorite fantasy, sugar. He's gonna have a hard time keeping his hands off you."

Charli stopped her forward motion, sitting up to rub her hands slowly over her damp shirt. Her nipples were hard. Sensitive. The three heartfelt groans made her chuckle. "What fantasy?"

"Nothing." Eric glared at Rafael, but Raf just smiled.

"No use lying about it, friend. Eric used to tell us that his favorite fantasy was of you as one of his students. One of his bad students. Who needed to be punished."

Charli blinked. The gush of arousal dampened her white schoolgirl panties, and she slid her hand between her legs unconsciously.

"She likes that idea, Eric." Simon's voice was rough, and she shivered as though he'd touched her skin. "She *really* likes it. Don't you, Chuck?"

She stuck out her tongue, but inside she was quaking. Images of her bent over Eric's desk, being spanked, being fucked, filled her mind. She closed her eyes, arching her neck as her hand disappeared beneath her skirt.

The music ended and Rafael made a sound of frustration. All three men shifted in their seats.

"Time for the next round, ladies. You know what to do. You too, guys." Shelly's perky voice jerked Charli out of her fantasy, making her blush. The new music was slower, sultrier. Reminded her of sex. As if anything didn't right now.

"You have to pick one, babe. Have to pick one of us to dance for."

It wasn't as difficult a choice as she thought. She'd been planning to pick him anyway, if only because she'd thought he was the least likely to tease her. But now. Now she wanted to choose him for an entirely different reason.

"I choose Eric."

There's only one man she needs to believe in. Him.

If You Believe

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Unbelievable, Book One

When it comes to her love life, the name of Aubrey Mathison's coffee shop says it all: "Bean There, Done That". There's only one harmless man in her life right now—the homeless one parked outside the shop. Except the crazy things he says keep coming true.

She has to laugh at "You'll meet your soul mate today", though. Divorce taught her that men as gorgeous as sexy police chief Price Delacroix are not to be trusted. She's totally up for a one-night stand, but more than that? No, thanks.

Price bears his own scars from the past, but he knows instantly that Aubrey is his. How to convince her he wants more than to be her personal jungle gym? Cut her off. That means no more mattress gymnastics—until she starts seeing things his way.

Aubrey is just as determined Price's campaign to wear down her resistance is going to fail, no matter how wickedly determined he is. Until her resident prophet spouts a new prediction: her soul mate's life is in danger...

Enjoy the following excerpt for If You Believe:

Mr. Crazy Man was back. He hummed a little before speaking again. "Dogs are bad luck for you today."

Shit. She hunched her shoulder and spun away. "Thanks."

If she went her normal route home, she'd have to pass by the dog park that made up a corner of the town square. Maybe she would try a different way. Just for the change of scenery. Change was good for the soul, wasn't it? If she went by the dog park, it just seemed like too much self-fulfilling prophecy.

Taking a left off the main path where she usually took a right, she wandered into the older district of town that had great Victorian houses. She'd always loved that style of architecture, but Scott had wanted modern. Now that she lived alone, it just seemed like too much upkeep. And maybe it was because she was afraid it would put her one step away from crazy cat lady to rattle around in a big old house like that. She turned the corner on to her street. She had four blocks left to go.

"Woof." Her blood ran cold at the deep bark that came from behind her. A lot of people walked these streets in the evening. And took their dogs with them.

A kid of about twelve had lost the leash on his Great Dane. The air went whistling out of her in what might have been a high-pitched squeak.

It wasn't that she believed Jericho or anything, but the fire thing had kind of creeped her out. Watching that pony-sized excuse for a dog running at her made her blood run cold. Anyone would freak out. It had nothing to do with Jericho's warning. Nope. Not a thing.

She backpedaled as fast as her legs could carry her just the same. The back of her ankles hit something that yelped and the next thing she knew she was going down hard on the pavement. Her back arched when her tailbone made sharp contact with the ground and all the breath rushed out of her lungs. Curling into a fetal position on her side, she wrapped her arms around her knees and tried remember why she didn't want to die right then.

When she opened her eyes, a pointy little muzzle snapped in her face as a dachshund yapped. Dog breath, *blech*. She groaned and pushed into a sitting position. A strong arm wrapped around her back to cradle her against a wide chest. *Price Delacroix*.

"Don't move, Aubrey." His deep voice rumbled, and that was all it took to get her hot and bothered. Her sex dampened at the sound of his rich, deep tones. The way he smelled. The hardness of his muscles against her body. *Thank you, Jesus*.

"I'm fine." She tried to pretend the breathiness of her voice was just from having the wind knocked out of her. The way her nipples tightened and her muscles softened told her it was a lie.

"You took a hard fall. Stay there." His words were almost harsh, but his touch was gentle when he brushed her hair away from her face. She fought the urge to lean her cheek into his palm. Everything about this man made her react.

Her original assessment that the two of them were destined to burn up the sheets was dead on. She really wanted to try him on for size. She'd bet he fit just fine. "I'm really all right, Chief."

"Price. You'll call me Price." His other arm slid under her bent knees and lifted her as he stood.

She squeaked and clutched his shoulders. His soft T-shirt bunched in her fingers as she held on tight. "Don't drop me."

A wicked grin flashed over his face before he focused on her eyes. Some of her panic must have shown because he cuddled her closer. "Not a chance, sugar."

"Is she all right, Chief Delacroix?" Mrs. Chambers, the biggest gossip in town, reined in her wiener dog and stared at the two of them.

"Oh, she's fine. Ma'am." He dipped his head in a nod, dismissing the older woman while he turned to walk up the driveway in front the big Victorian on the corner. She sighed in envy when she saw it.

She glanced over his shoulder at Mrs. Chambers. An avid gleam entered the older woman's eyes as he mounted the porch. Pitching her voice low, Aubrey had to warn him. "Look, I know you're new in town, but Mrs. Chambers—"

He nudged the front door of his house open, and then kicked it shut behind them. “Will spread it all over town that I carried you into my house? And will probably embellish it by saying that I practically stripped you on the sidewalk and fucked you against the street lamp.”



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