

Rosette

HOT

Eliza  
March

Scarlet Rose

# Highland FLING

FROM THE SERIES

*Destination Pleasure*





# Hot Highland Fling

by

Eliza March

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Hot Highland Fling

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## **Dedication**

To my family

## **Acknowledgements**

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I must acknowledge my fellow TARA – RWA chapter members who have been inspiring and encouraging.

And finally, I reserve a very special thank you to my critique partners, Donna, Sharron, Rosemary, Catherine and Amanda. What a great group of co-conspirators you are!

*PRAISE FOR AUTHOR*

***Eliza March***

“Ms. March delivers a short but hard punching tale in HOT HIGHLAND FLING. The imaginative sex could breathe life back into a dead man, but the emotions that Ailsa and Colin discover during their sexual contact is a bonus for any reader wanting romance with a lot of Zing!”

*~Faith V. Smith, Author and Reviewer*

## Hot Highland Fling

Ailsa Jackson grinned to herself when the massive stone structure came into view. Castle Claidhearnh Mor, translated as *the great huge rock*, ruled the valley from the vast gray-blue lake in the east, to the rocky cliffs on the northwest horizon, and past the heather-strewn moors to the west. The fortress could only be described as breathtaking, even at this distance.

“Ah, Scotland. Katie, the land is beautiful. The untamed Highlands, the rugged moors, the burly men and their kilts!” Cell phone coverage was good. None of that, *Can you hear me now?* stuff going on up here.

“Yes, it is all that and more, dear.”

“Why do you live in London with those puritans when you could be here?” Ailsa asked.

Katie laughed on the other end of the line. “The magazine has a silly requirement—they prefer their senior editor to reside near the publishing house, and if you must know, I prefer civilization to the Highland wilds.”

“Well, I’m happy *you* are my contact. I’ve long suspected you’ve got a wild streak and a few secrets. You’re not like the others. It’s why I can talk to you.”

“Don’t tell anyone. And thanks, I’m glad we’ve become friends, too.”

For the millionth time since Ailsa came here from Boston to take this assignment, she wondered, this time aloud, “What do you think a Scotsman wears beneath his kilt? Tighty-whities? A plaid jock strap? Boxers?”

Katie’s shocked laughter rang through the

phone. “No! Ailsa, what I really imagine is the same as you.” Her voice dropped low and conspiratorial. “I think they wear nothing beneath those kilts, nothing at all!”

Ailsa would have laughed at her own ridiculous thoughts if the image Katie conjured hadn’t sent heat sweeping through her core, settling between her legs, and priming her with a gush of creamy liquid. Horny! Just thinking about the kind of man this land demanded had her turned on and lusty.

The drab gray castle brought to mind the men who once defended the walls and this rugged land against all invaders. Butterflies fluttered in her stomach, and something tickled her fancy when she imagined their brawny bodies, their wild raw nature.

“Katie, I know you’ve got Gavin, but it’s been quite some time since I’ve been with a man. I need to get thoroughly laid while I’m here. As soon as I can find one, I’ve just elevated a hot romp in the heather with a hottie Scottie to the top of my to-do list.”

Katie giggled on the other end of the phone. “You wouldn’t consider Lord Brantham?”

“What? My assignment? First of all, I never mix business with pleasure, *and* he’s American—”

“Born a Scot, you can’t argue—” and then Ailsa heard Katie say, muffled through a hand, “Oh, yes, sir. Yes, Miss Jackson is checking in. I have her on the line now, sir.”

“Tell Mr. Langston I’ve arrived, safely.”

“I believe she just arrived, sir. Um hmm. Yes, sir.” Katie returned her attention to Ailsa. “He said he hopes you have a successful trip.”

“Mmm. Me, too.” She giggled naughtily.

The estate gates were up ahead, just up the *ben*. *Ben*, the Gaelic term for *mountain*, sounded so human, so friendly, so male. She liked it.

*Warning! Warning! Hormones on overload!* She



fanned herself with the directions. *Cool down.*

The gate opened automatically when her car entered the long driveway. At first, she wondered if the subject of her article would greet her, then dismissed the ridiculous thought. Her assignment was a privileged American, the CEO of a successful importing business.

She grimaced. Probably another suit, stuffy and asexual. He was, after all, the favorite nephew of a great aunt who'd left him these lands and a title if he wanted it.

Like anyone would turn that down!

"Is someone there to meet you?" Katie asked.

"I haven't arrived at the main entry yet. Besides, no way will *he* be the one meeting me. He'll probably send the butler or some other employee to handle me until he's ready for the interview. I've worked with his sort before."

"You're sounding unusually out of sorts."

Ailsa adjusted her T-shirt and wriggled in her seat. "I'm horny. Maybe there'll be someone local, the hired help, some *braw* lad to provide a little pastime diversion." Specifically, the sexual type she sought.

Katie's laugh pealed through the phone. "You've got it bad, lass. One of our nice Highland lads sounds like just what you need."

Ailsa drove the car past the gate, looked around, and whistled. "Oh my, you should see this place." Shirtless males flaunting mouthwatering bodies, climbed ladders, hammered, painted, and plastered. They sported tool belts, and an array of golden muscles rolled and flexed as they worked. She blew out a breath, fascinated by the smorgasbord of glorious-looking men with tight asses in worn jeans. Every single one was in peak physical condition and on display.

"I've heard it's gigantic."

Ailsa's attention returned to the building. "That's an understatement. And it's under renovation."

Two men in work jeans and muscle-hugging shirts sorted through bricks below a scaffold. On the scaffold, another well-built guy leaned his back against the stone wall, one foot braced on a low pile of stones, his elbow resting casually on his cocked knee. They all turned as her car passed through the gate below. She heard a wolf-whistle and laughed.

"There are construction workers teaming everywhere—young, brawny men." A little shiver of anticipation swept over her. "How lucky for me."

She glanced in the rearview mirror and wiggled her eyebrows. The smile that crept over her lips looked as naughty as she felt.

"I'm about to leave my inhibitions behind."

Something in her voice must have given her away because Katie gasped on the other end of the line. "Ailsa, I'm trying to work here."

Scotland was where she planned to scratch the sexual itch months of abstinence wrought. "This time around, I want hot, muscular, and brainless. All stamina, sex, and no commitment."

"Oh, that does sound luscious."

Here, where no one knew her, she could be anyone or do anything she'd ever fantasized about with no judgmental colleagues or stifling relatives to criticize. Now, her choices would be so different from the men in three-piece suits she usually dated.

At twenty-eight, she was desperate for sexual fulfillment and excitement. She smiled, watching the shirtless guy on the scaffold working, his muscles glistening in the sun. She was up for a little experimentation before her prime threatened to drift by without some man snagging it.

No way. She wasn't about to let that happen.

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Colin Fitzgerald waited as the small rental car maneuvered the switchback driveway up the mountain and approached the main building. As it drew ever closer, apprehension stabbed at him. Why the hell had he agreed to this interview?

Talking to the press was something he never did cooperatively if given an alternate option. There probably wasn't a recent stock photo of him anywhere thanks to his history of being camera shy. For the last ten years, he'd made a game of winning the battle with the paparazzi, and now here he'd practically sent Ms. Jackson an embossed invitation when she requested the interview. To add to his insanity, he'd offered her the use of his estate while she researched the Highlands for her follow-up article. Understandably, she had jumped at his hospitality.

If he wanted to be honest with himself, his past acquaintance with Ms. Jackson and the recent photograph he'd seen of her had everything to do with his decision. Curiosity? Maybe. But if he was being totally truthful, it was pure lust.

His senior year at the University of Maryland, she'd been a popular freshman while he'd been a studious nerd. Even as young and innocent as she had been back then, there had been something irresistible and so very alluring about her. She held a sexual promise he craved. She was an erotic fantasy come to life.

And he'd never fantasized over a woman more than he had over her.

He'd wanted her then, and he wanted her now. Ten years later, nothing had changed. Except him.

*The truth?* He hadn't refused her request for the interview because he hoped she'd find him as fascinating as the story she planned to write about him and then the other one about the Highlands.

Indulging in this fantasy was a whim,

something he'd never succumbed to before. The anticipation of her presence for the next few weeks was the reason he now sported an adolescent hard-on. Thinking about being with her, night and day while she shadowed him, learning the culture, the politics, and the way of the Highlands had his body hoping for more intimate action, even though his conscience kept reminding him to remain professional.

His executive background certainly prepared him for the task of running a village. Yet he was tired. No, more than tired. He was bored with his life. Horny, frustrated, and sick of the same old dating game.

Soon he'd be playing host to a woman he found irresistibly desirable. This time would he bother with the preliminaries? Would he resist as he always did, be the upstanding citizen, the conservative CEO, or would he be the someone he wanted to be for a change?

He didn't want to hold back. An image of her hair draped over him while he drove into her wet heat made him even more hard and edgy. He turned from the parapet and took the winding staircase, two steps at a time, down to the main hall.

Enough. He'd waited long enough. He'd be in the driveway to greet her when she rolled in. It wouldn't be long now.

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Ailsa braked the vehicle slowly in front of the main building, gawking in awe at the enormity of the gardens and the intimidating structure as she shoved the gear shift into park. She opened her door, swung her legs around, stood and stretched, lifting her arms to pull the scrunchy from her hair. Then she squared her shoulders and slammed the door behind her. The finality sounded just right to her. One door closing, another opening.

What was the old adage? Use it or lose it. First chance she got, she planned to throw it around...before any more time went to waste.

She needed a real man, one who needed her back and wasn't afraid to step into a sexual fantasy or two. Desperate for someone sexual and passionate, she also longed for creativity. A tingle trickled down her spine when she thought about her needs. With all the eye candy around here, she didn't think she'd have a difficult time taking care of business on both fronts.

For now, first things first. She had an assignment to meet and business was business. The new Lord Brantham would have professional expectations. She looked around the front seat. Where had she put her bag, the one with her host's information? He'd certainly want to see her I.D. and credentials before inviting a total stranger into his home.

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When Ailsa Jackson stepped from the car and flung the mass of thick dark hair over her shoulder, and stretched, Colin's breath hitched in his chest. Her movement exposed a hint of pale skin above the waistband of her cropped red pants.

Colin felt the heat snake through him as he stared at every teenage boy's idea of a wet dream. And although he had passed the teenage stage of his life years ago, he reacted in kind. Blood pooled in his groin and his balls tightened.

Getting caught checking out a woman seldom fazed him, and by all accounts, she would be well worth any potential embarrassment if he were caught. Especially since she was one of the hottest examples of a female he'd ever encountered. He took in everything about her in one long hard perusal. From her too-long legs and full pouty lips, to the sooty thick lashes surrounding her almond-shaped

eyes. She turned and reached inside the car. His throat tightened, his mouth went dry, and he would have groaned if he had been able to breathe.

*God, what a great ass.*

He wanted to run his hands over her hips, down those firm rounded cheeks, and slip his fingers between them, searching for her warm wet folds.

She had a cell phone at her ear. "I'm here safe and sound and ready to play with the locals. I'm done with stuffy Americans."

Her throaty announcement made his balls clench. He remembered the few times he'd heard her speak back in college. Her voice alone had turned him hard. No, nothing had changed.

His cock jerked when she looked over her shoulder at him and smiled. The smile, merely a polite upturning of her lips, turned into a quick enticing grin. Then, he sensed more as he watched her curiosity peak.

"Oh, here's a local Highland lad waiting for me now...in a kilt." She punched a button to end the call, shoved the phone in her bag, and turned to face him.

Her brows knit, studying him. Her breasts rose as she inhaled.

*Shit. Shit!* His breath caught in his chest. His balls slammed up against his groin. If they tightened any more, he'd have to have them surgically removed from his abdomen.

Her areolas showed darkly through the pale shirt, and her nipples puckered, poking up at him.

Surprise, not recognition, registered briefly on her face when she looked him over. Slowly. Thoroughly. She took his measure once, and to his amazement, started the brazen tour all over again. The smile changed when she reached his bare knees the second time.

Amusement? Her brow arched. Interest? Attraction?

Her gaze lifted back to his, and the corners of her mouth twitched in unison with his cock. He adjusted the damn sporran hanging over his groin and hoped the Scotsman's version of a leather pouch would hold down his rising urge long enough to get her inside, before he frightened her away.

The smile he attempted in return felt more like a grimace than a grin. If he remembered correctly, she didn't have a history of frightening easily. At least he could be thankful for that.

"Hi, I'm Ailsa Jackson, here to see Robert Desmond III, the new Lord Brantham, I believe."

She extended her empty hand, and the movement thrust a breast higher, forming more visible cleavage for him to admire. As if he needed more. He should say something in the way of a greeting, but his dry mouth went drier. "Hmm..."

"So, do you work here, Mr..."

He really shouldn't leer at her breasts, but he couldn't stop ogling them. Fear prevented him from dropping his gaze any lower. He was, after all, her host. However, those damn pert nipples struggling against the thin fabric of her white T-shirt had him so mesmerized he couldn't tear his attention away from them long enough to look into her eyes.

Besides, he wanted to look his fill, and a subtle message in her body language told him to *go ahead and enjoy*.

When he broke the spell and focused on her face, he remembered her extended hand. She waited for him to take it and fill the silence with an answer. He still hadn't said anything. Actually, for the first time in a long time, he didn't know what to say. Colin thought about the comment she made to her friend on the phone regarding "stuffy Americans." He wasn't sure where that put him, but he did a quick mental check.

Would she encourage him to keep looking when

he admitted who he was? *No*. The realization dawned on him like sunshine on a hangover. He bet the flirting would come to an immediate halt as soon as she discovered he was her assignment—

And, until recently, one of those *stuffy* Americans.

An admission now would have her covering those breasts, and he'd lose the view. Not to mention he'd have to experience the disappointment of seeing her attraction to him deteriorate before his eyes. Determined not to spoil the sexual tension zipping between them, he decided to keep his mouth shut. Here in Scotland he was Colin, and he enjoyed the way she looked him over with such keen fascination. He wouldn't risk ruining the moment.

When he finally took her hand, need hit him hard and fast. "Colin," spilled out of his mouth before he could stop it. "Everyone around here calls me Colin, Miss Jackson." And, one of his names was *Colin*. It just wasn't a name anyone in America knew about.

Being struck by lightning bolts would have had less impact than the reaction he had to the velvety touch of her skin when he took her hand. He lost his train of thought. Stepping close enough to inhale her scent, his nostrils filled with her fragrance, lemon and heather and fresh air.

"Okay, Colin, what's all this construction about?" Her husky voice thickened as he stepped closer to her. He liked the way she said his name.

"The people in the area need work, and the estate needed updating. The older craftsmen are training the younger men." After spending the better part of six months isolated up here in the Highlands, immersed in the heavy brogue and the language, his old accent had returned, taken on the colorful rhythm of the Highlands, much as it had in his youth. So much so, a foreigner wouldn't notice the



difference.

She looked impressed. Her expression softened as his gaze darted to her lips. He wanted more. He needed to taste her. "Mmm..." he hummed, thinking about it. He brought her hand to his lips and nibbled lightly at her fingertips instead of bending in and following his real desire.

Nothing could have pleased him more than watching her lips part in surprise and her breath catch as she responded to his touch. Her body language spoke for her, sending encouraging messages straight to his cock, inspiring him to go for it.

So he ignored her question about working there. It wouldn't do to start their re-acquaintance with an outright lie. Besides, if truth be told, he did work here. He'd been working his ass off, actually, getting all the estate's affairs in order.

Since she hadn't recognized him, he let the charade continue. "Have you been in the U.K. long?"

"About three months, but I've not been to Scotland before. I'm thrilled for this opportunity." She sounded sincere, and the way she eyed him, he hoped *he* was the opportunity she was thrilled about.

"It's a pleasure to have you, Miss Jackson." Or it would be, once he had her naked beneath him, and that couldn't happen soon enough to suit him. Lucky for him he'd heard her earlier phone conversation, or it wouldn't stand a chance of happening at all.

He needed time to persuade her he could be everything she was looking for—better than the local lads. He had to convince her to try him before she found out he was the subject of her article.

That only gave him until the next morning. There was no time to waste.

"Please, call me Ailsa," she said, sounding almost out of breath. Cocking her head to one side, her gaze sparked with heat.

“Aye, Ailsa.” He stepped in closer, near enough to feel her heat. Blood pounded in his head. Who could blame him for wanting to fulfill an old dream? If he wanted to seduce the delectable writer to relive some youthful fantasy and release some tension, especially sexual tension, and all it took was posing as a Highlander to do it, well, what the hell. He’d just inherited the castle, gained the title of a Highland Lord. There had to be some advantages to both.

Her lashes lowered. The look she gave him suggested sex—*come and get it, hot and heavy, nail it to the wall* sex.

The way his cock jumped to attention for this woman, left no doubt. He wouldn’t risk blowing this opportunity.

Anyway, she looked like she might handle a hot Highland fling without wasting time worrying about whether or not the music playing was the right tune.

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Had he stroked the top of her hand with his thumb as his lips grazed her fingertips? How hot was that? He stepped closer still, and oh, the man smelled delicious.

And...Colin wore a kilt. Something large, beneath his sporran, kept bobbing. What a hunk of A-1 prime Highland man. His broad shoulders narrowed to hips covered in a plaid, and good sturdy calves promised stamina.

“So ye don’t mind a man in a skirt, hey?” The expression on his face turned predatory as he moved into her personal space. She felt like Little Red Riding Hood had come upon the very big, very bad Wolf, and she so wanted him to eat her. As far as she was concerned, he could *have* her all he wanted.

The silence between them was charged with sexual tension. “You look...ah, great.” Ailsa’s gaze took him in again. She’d have to settle for *great*. Any

other term would just be insufficient. Yet *great* almost seemed an inadequate description under the circumstances. Vocalizing her true feelings—terrific, yummy, fantastic—might be a tip off about her fascination with him and his kilt.

She decided to hold it there. Anything other than *great* would be over the top.

No sense scaring the hell out of the first man she encountered in Scotland. She certainly couldn't ask the question she longed to ask or lift his kilt and satisfy her curiosity.

He frowned and tilted his chin to one side, puzzled by her perusal.

She tried to explain. "Don't get me wrong. I was surprised to see the native dress. You know...the kilt and all. Sorry, I'm babbling. I didn't know kilts were daily attire."

"Do ye have something against kilts, then?"

"Oh, no! Absolutely nothing. I actually have a certain proclivity for men in kilts." The only thing she wanted against his kilt was her body. From the rising action going on under the sporran, she imagined he'd meet her sexual requirements, and then some. How well would he fill her? Her inner muscles clenched at the mental image.

His eyes narrowed and his nostrils flared.

"Do you, now?" Colin suppressed the smile on his lips, but it crept into his eyes.

She played with fire, boldly flirting with him, "Yes, I do." She lifted her chin defiantly and let her smile say *try me*.

His eyebrows twitched as he shifted, brushing his body against hers. Ailsa didn't back up. Instead, she stood her ground against the car and looked straight up at him, batted her lashes, and ran her tongue across her lower lip, daring him. He looked surprised, maybe even pleased with the challenge.

She risked the question. "Is it true what they

say about men in kilts?”

“I don’t know. What would they be saying?”

“Y-you, w-wear nothing beneath them?” The thought of sliding her hand up the back of his kilt, running her hands up his thick muscled thighs and caressing his firm rounded ass made her breathless, had her stuttering.

Colin stepped closer, putting both hands on the car roof, surrounding her. His gaze focused on her mouth. “Why don’t you find out for yourself, lass.” He leaned in, invading her space, and lowered his mouth, tasting her lips the way he’d wanted to for so, so long. He pressed his body against hers, wanting to bury himself between her thighs, but his damn sporran prevented him from feeling her mound when he tried to push his cock between her legs.

“You Highland men are big ones, aren’t you?” Her hands cupped his hips closer to his waist than his ass and kept him splayed against her.

He smiled. The double entendre didn’t get past him. “Move yer hands a bit lower and slide them under my plaid. Ye’ll be finding out the truth of the rumors fer yerself.”

He wished she’d try. She’d find out just how little the men wore and exactly how big they got. The mystery could be solved and his immediate need satisfied, if only slightly, for the moment.

“And I love your Highland welcome. Funny, no one told me to expect this.” She tilted her head back to look up at him. Her eyes narrowed when she inhaled. “You smell so good, too.”

“Aye? Thanks. We’re a friendly lot up here.” His voice dropped an octave as he whispered in her ear, “And big, even without the impetus.”

He chuckled and thought about flicking his thumb over her nipple just to hear her quick intake of breath. The pleasure of watching her nipples

pucker beneath the fabric was almost more than he could take. “Lovely. Perfectly lovely.” He remembered the workmen on the wall and stayed his hand before he touched them. Instead of touching her the way he wanted, he glanced around and stole another quick kiss before he stepped back.

Ailsa felt the loss of his body pressing against hers like a void. They were in the driveway, and there were still workers and people milling about the estate. She suspected it wouldn’t do for Colin to seduce Lord Brantham’s guest, right in front of God and everyone, or anyone who happened by.

“Here then, I’m sorry to keep you standing about. Let me help carry something inside.”

She picked up a bag, handed him her computer case, and spun around to admire the castle and grounds. “This place is fabulous. Will I have time to settle in tonight, or does Lord Brantham expect to begin working this evening?”

“Nothing’s planned for tonight. A late dinner has been ordered, and you’re scheduled to begin work in the morning—after breakfast.”

“I’d like to freshen up and relax.”

“Aren’t you hungry?” His voice lowered to a soft rasp, and the gravelly tone made her hungry, but not for food. When he spoke, her insides wept.

“Oh, ah, yes. Yes, I am...very hungry, but...” She looked at him out of the corner of her eye and cocked her head to one side, pointedly glancing at his groin, hoping he understood her meaning.

“O-oh,” he stuttered. “I can manage something, I’m sure.”

There, good. He finally recognized the invitation, and by his reaction, he liked it. She smiled when his eyebrows twitched. Making him nervous was the first step to breaking him down.

She ran her hand through her hair as she followed Colin. She must be a sight after traveling

since...Hell, how long had it been? Well, maybe it had only been since early this morning, but she felt like she'd been traveling for days. Here she was with the hottest prospect she'd seen in years, and she wished she'd had a chance to clean up first.

He stopped, and she almost bumped into him. Suddenly aware of her surroundings, she stopped and stood in the awesome entry. Up to that very moment, instead of appreciating the interior, all she'd managed to do was size up the man with her.

"Ailsa?" He'd spoken, asked her something she hadn't heard. "Miss Jackson?"

"Please, call me Ailsa." Hadn't she already asked him that?

"Okay then, Ailsa. Please, follow me. I'll take you to your room and have Rodney bring the rest of your things in straight away. What about a tray?"

"Oh, yes, please. A tray would be wonderful. If it isn't too much trouble for Rodney." Her usual silky voice roughened with arousal. The man's pheromones swirled around her, driving her wild.

"I don't think I'll bother Rodney with that tray."

Butterflies danced in her stomach in anticipation. She grinned as they approached the huge, carved wooden door.

When his arm brushed her breast as he stretched around her to turn the knob, she leaned into him. He paused but stepped past the threshold into the spatial suite, without acknowledging the contact, and held the door for her.

The sitting room, exquisitely decorated with tasteful modern furniture, painted a picture in stark contrast to the fortress impression the castle made from outside.

Her body heat revved up a notch just being alone with him. And if she needed any more encouragement, the room screamed sex—intimate, steamy sex—despite the size and grandeur.

From the warm tones of the Persian rug, to the dimly lit wall sconces, something—no, everything—about the room intimated get-down-and-get-dirty sex. The lamp bases were nude statues of amorous lovers wrapped seductively around one another. The oil painting in the main entryway depicted a blindfolded nymph in a garden surrounded by muscular men attending to her every need.

As a way of apology, Colin said, “I haven’t been in this suite since it’s been redecorated. Lady Celia had it commissioned before she died.”

Ailsa giggled. “What was she thinking? Never mind...don’t answer that. I think I know.”

“She was a scheming match-maker, always encouraging m—the heirs to find true love.”

Colin guided her in the direction of the bedroom with his hand at the small of her back. Heat spiraled through her core at his touch. When they reached the bedroom, he took her elbow and shifted her in front of him.

She stepped into the room and gasped. “Love? This is a bit more than love!” The pulse low between her legs throbbed with a steady beat.

She could almost see the silk braided golden cords hanging from the swag drapes wrapped around her ankles and wrists while Colin did unspeakable things to her aching, needy pussy.

“Lady Brantham believed in sexual expression between lovers,” Colin said, trying to explain his eccentric aunt as he stepped inside the bedroom. He lifted his head, absorbing the incredible effect of the décor. Four enormous posts made of intricately carved wood, rose-colored marble, and metal filigree marked the corners of the oversized king bed. Some kind of flimsy crimson material was draped delicately over the frame.

More than the décor had his breath coming in shallow bursts as Ailsa turned to face him. She

looked perfect, standing with the bed as a backdrop. Visions of her body beneath his, pressing into the thick mattress, filled his head. What he'd really like to do was keep her up all night as he licked every inch of her, up her long legs to her petaled inner lips, feasting on her succulent nectar. He would sip her hot liquid as the fragrance of her arousal urged him on. While his hands explored all the secret places on her body, he wanted to drive deep into her hot wet channel as she clenched around him, holding him like a tight fist. He wanted to empty himself into her until he achieved some measure of relief from the tension in his aching balls and his rock hard cock.

He tried to feel guilty about his lustful intentions, especially when he imagined how exhausted she must be from her trip. Even guilt didn't stop his rampant desire. Nothing but taking her would satisfy him. Nothing would diminish how much he craved her.

When she sat on the bed and tested the mattress, he almost swallowed his tongue. She plopped down, spread eagled, on her back in invitation, and the groan she uttered crashed into him with the sound of her desire.

Try as he would to refrain from letting the moan on his own lips escape, he failed.

She looked up at him with need in her hooded eyes, and he stepped between her legs, parting her knees with his thigh. He ran a hand up the inside of her leg and paused, waiting for her reaction. When her thighs parted slightly wider, defining the invitation, he skimmed his hand higher to her cleft and massaged her through the thin material of her capris. She was already wet for him. Her woman's tempting scent filled the air and his nostrils, encouraging him, driving him wild. He closed his eyes for brief moment and inhaled deeply, feeling satisfied she desired his touch as much as he desired



hers.

She pressed herself against his hand, her eyes fluttered shut, and she let loose with a little sigh. He rubbed her nub harder, applying speed along with more pressure. Braced with his other hand against the mattress, he bent over her, took her nipple through her shirt into his mouth, and nipped. He shifted higher over her, and looked deep into her eyes to watch the expression on her face as she reached her peak. The flush of her cheeks accented the deep midnight blue of her eyes when she opened them in surprise. Her sighs turned into desperate whimpers before she let out a controlled screech of delight and came against his palm. He'd never seen anything as lovely.

Every muscle in his body screamed for her touch. God, he wanted her. He dropped a kiss to her lips before uttering something, a grunt or groan of frustration. The small sound escaped as he slid lower and pressed his face against her belly. Her hands tangled in his hair, and she released a long satisfied sigh.

She was as much and more than he expected. Now he was sure he couldn't risk losing her, yet how should he proceed? With the complete truth? Or by fulfilling her every fantasy until she couldn't walk away? The truth was always best, wasn't it? "Ailsa, I have to tell—"

"Your turn next?" she asked, her eyes hooded and sexy.

"We'll have plenty of time for me later."

She pouted, "What's wrong with right now?"

He shook his head. Certain parts of his body wondered the same thing. "Give me a minute, lass. You don't want me going off like a young lad with his first woody, now do ye?" He needed a few minutes to think, to decide how honest he should be and then to argue with himself.

He took her hands in his, and rolled off her as she started to reach for his hips. “No, not yet. You need to get settled and eat something. Uh, I’ll see to your tray. We’ll have plenty of time for this later.”

Before she could argue, he shifted and stood, offering her a moment to compose herself. Then he brushed her lips with his again and headed for the door. The war being waged beneath his kilt would be obvious any minute now. His sporran was fighting a losing battle with his raging hard-on. If he stayed, he’d take her before he could think through the logic of his plan, and there was still that risk of embarrassing himself by possibly shooting his wad like an untried youth.

Her lower lip jutted out, still in a slight pout when she answered. “Okay, thanks.” Her voice sounded deep, sleepy—satisfied. “Maybe later?”

One corner of his mouth twitched. “Until, later, then.” He only had tonight to convince her to stay. Tomorrow, the truth would come tumbling down around him whether he wanted to reveal his true identity or not.

“Uhhmm, okay. You will be back?” Was that interest in her voice again? She lifted her head off the bed, eyes heavy-lidded, and smiled a secret smile of promise.

“Aye, lass, I’ll be back, later.” Sexual tension zipped through the room like lightning. *What have I unleashed between us?* Sparks had been snapping between the two of them since they’d lain eyes on each other in the driveway.

Since they’d touched, this attraction was more. Different. Heady stuff. Desperate, wanton, lusty stuff. His fingers itched to touch her again, but if he started now, he’d never get around to feeding her, and she’d need real sustenance for what he had in mind for them.

He’d get himself under control, bring the tray up

himself, and then he'd find out what a freelance writer wore to bed. He already knew this one didn't wear a bra under her T-shirt. "I'll see about your tray." He winked as he turned and closed the door behind him.

This attraction wasn't just because he'd been without a woman too long. Ailsa's sexuality had always called to him on some primal level. Something about her attitude appealed to his baser sexual instincts. His groin clenched with need, making navigating the steps downstairs tough. Maybe he would take time for a self-induced release before he returned so he didn't embarrass himself. If—no, when—he got lucky and she asked him to stay the night, he'd need the holding power.

Not only didn't she look like a one-night-stand, something told him one time or one night with her would never be enough. A fling might not be enough, either. He'd never been one of those guys who chased casual sex. Yet his balls gripped when he thought about sinking into her.

No, there'd be nothing casual about the sex when they finally indulged.

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Ailsa took a moment to fan her flushed cheeks. His ass, those shoulders, the rugged square jaw. That face. Great hands.

Wow! There was no mistaking the sexual heat emanating from the man. When she'd plopped down on the bed and looked up, she thought he was going to go down on her right then. He'd licked his lips like dinner was on the table.

*Where has he been all my life?*

So far, everything about him was perfect. Even the 'I-forgot-to-get-my-last-six-haircuts' hair and his ten-o'clock shadow.

He had the look of an artist, not a...? What was he? Certainly not the butler. Whatever he was, on

him, the disheveled effect seemed like a nose thumb to society and shouted 'fuck you' to the Wall Street banker types. She liked the idea and his style, but Lord Brantham probably cringed when he dealt with all Colin's tousled hair and blasé attitude.

Who was he anyway? Maybe he was the estate manager? That would make sense. Colin, the cocky Scot.

She smiled, already admiring him in so many ways—putting older men to work training the younger ones, using local workers to renovate the estate.

Her insides melted all over again thinking about his secret dimples, the ones beneath the beard-stubbed cheeks. *Mmm, sexy.* They weren't girly dimples. No, exactly the opposite. They appeared with that certain sly grin of his. The provocative one he pulled out when he thought about fucking her, the one he'd flashed at her at least three times already.

Oh, yes, he'd been thinking of fucking her since she turned and caught him sizing up her ass in the driveway. She recognized the pull. The question wasn't *if* he'd fuck her, it was *when* and moreover, the question remained...how well?

With her eyes squeezed shut, she visualized kissing his mouth, tonguing his full lower lip, and drowning in his masculine flavor. She wanted to explore every body part, memorizing the taste and feel of him with her hands and tongue. The man's mouth was definitely kissable, not a bad starting place, but from what she could make out, so were a great many other places. She wanted to nip his jaw, run her hands over his wide muscular shoulders, and lock her fingers in his thick, black hair while he drove the promising length of that iron-hard erection he'd been sporting into her pulsing, hot core. She wanted his soft hair draped over her and his hands

cupping her breasts while his lips and tongue titillated her nipples. She wanted to go drag him back right now.

Instead, she opened her eyes and surveyed the room. The bathroom door gaped in invitation. She picked up her overnight bag, thinking a quick shower would be refreshing and necessary if she ever planned to let the man within sniffing distance again. He would come back, of that she was certain. Wasn't she?

Maybe the shower would revive her and a light meal might give her energy to hunt Colin down in his room...if she had to.

The suite had a built in music system playing some haunting Celtic song. She turned up the volume, undressed, and stepped into the luxurious streaming waterfall. Walls of clear glass blocks wrapped in a semi-circle around the shower. Inside, they contained adjustable pulsing spa jets. She relaxed as warm titillating streams of water vibrated against every inch of her body from all directions. She massaged the fragrant shower gel over her body and shampooed her hair with the rich suds from the wall dispenser. Instead of relaxing and refreshing her, the jets of water aroused her. The pulsing spray teased her nipples and hammering jets pounded against her mound. Her womb throbbed with need.

She looked forward to meeting her host and spending time with him tomorrow, but for now, his accommodating shower helped the aching pressure building between her legs. That one special spot, the nub at the top of her folds, had needed attention even before Colin stoked her fire.

Ailsa slid her soapy hands over her body, one massaging her pinpoint sharp nipples and the other touching the sensitive pearl under her hood, rubbing her swollen clit until the tingling sensation began to

escalate. She closed her eyes and worked herself into a frenzy, imagining Colin's mouth and hands on her. Her fervor built. Her urgency climbed higher as heat coiled in her belly. She came to the edge of desire, tumbled off, and groaned his name as she climaxed.

Not the way she would have preferred, but...

She opened her eyes and looked straight into his.

In the mirrors surrounding the bathroom, she saw his reflections watching her from the bedroom, raw desire stamped on his face, a hungry need in his eyes. She didn't try to cover herself. There was no point. He'd seen her orgasm, heard her call his name.

The tray rattled in his hands as he bent over to place it on the bedside table. He never took his gaze from hers. When he straightened, the damn sporran bobbed, tempting her, melting her insides, stoking the flames of desire all over again.

This hadn't been enough. Nothing would be enough when all she wanted was him, his hands and mouth on her, his thick length inside her, pumping forcefully into her.

His eyes narrowed. He flashed those damned dimples at her and turned away without a word.

*Damn, damn.* What had she done? She shouldn't let him go. *Hmm...* A hot Highland fling with Colin was just the thing she needed. What kind of plan would it take to totally seduce the man and persuade him she'd be okay with a brief affair?

And if she could convince him, so would he.

Ailsa rinsed off, let the water run cool, and grabbed a towel to dry off. When she returned to the bedroom, besides two glasses of red wine on the nightstand, Colin lay on the bed. Naked.

"I wasn't mistaken? That was my name you called when you came, wasn't it?" His provocative smile was back.

Ailsa nodded, but she wanted to kiss the smug expression off his face. Her hair dripped down her back when she dropped the towel in her hand to the floor, everything but Colin in his naked glory forgotten.

“When I get credit for something, I like to be the one doing the work. Let me show you.” He patted the bed holding out his broad hand to her. “Come here, lass. Pick up the towel, I’ll dry your hair and...”

Ailsa picked up the towel, giving him a good view of her ass, walked over to the bed, then boldly stood in front of him. When she handed the towel to him, his lids lowered, and he took it, motioning her closer with a single threatening finger. She knelt on the bed beside him, and without warning, he wrapped the towel behind her neck and pulled her body against his. He tussled her hair for a minute, discarded the towel, and forcefully dragged her up and over his lap, until her thighs straddled his hips.

Staring at where their bodies met made the moisture bubble from her folds. His breathing slowed, but the pulse at the base of his throat picked up speed. His hand caught her behind the neck and gentled as he pulled her toward him. Closing his eyes and releasing a sigh, he slanted his mouth over hers.

The cool air dancing over her skin disappeared when his body heat enveloped her. The rough texture of his hair-sprinkled thighs rubbed the soft skin between her own, intensifying her arousal.

Testing her lips, he nipped, licked, and drove his tongue into her mouth. She imagined his cock driving into her cunt, his body rubbing against her tingling clit. She wanted his length thrusting and pumping inside her pussy the same way his tongue pierced her lips and explored her mouth.

As his cock teased her entrance, she squirmed so hard the velvety head pressed against her sensitive

nub. He ground against her mound, building her arousal, then grabbed her wrist, restraining her hand when she reached between their bodies to stroke him. He held her back, and she knew her touch would send him over the edge.

She lifted her head. "I'm really disappointed."

"You are? Already?"

Her cunt dripped with evidence of her aching desire, obviously leaving no doubt she wanted him.

"Give me a minute, lass. I'm just warming up. I'm usually very good at this." His lips tugged on a distended nipple, and he slipped his fingers inside her without preface, using his thumb to tease her swollen clit, strumming.

Her clit reacted, still super sensitive from the spa jets and her recent orgasm. "No." Barely able to speak, she hissed with the pleasurable sensation. "Not with this."

She opened her mouth and tangled her tongue with his in an erotic mating dance, pouring her desire into the kiss. The passion was meant to reassure him that her disappointment wasn't over his performance. His touch and his size were impressive. No, she kissed him partially to appease him, but mainly because he tasted fantastic.

"I've been planning on taking a peek under your kilt since I turned around and saw you in the driveway. Now, I've missed my chance to find out what a Scotsman wears under his kilt."

"Ah, so that's what the look meant." He gently shoved her back on the bed and stood up. Facing her—huge, proud, and fully erect—he grinned. "Hey, I don't want to disappoint. Take a good look, lassie, 'cause this was all that was under the kilt. Should I get dressed, and we can start all over again?"

She reached out, licked her lips, and took his straining erection in her hand. Leaning over, she put the bulbous tip in her mouth and lapped him from



base to tip. First, she circled around his mushroom head, slipping her tongue gently into his tempting slit, and then traced the burgeoning venous sides down to his thick base. Finally, her mouth slid down the shaft. Unable to take all of him in her mouth at once, she tilted her throat to a better angle and swallowed, letting his cock slide to the back of her throat.

He groaned and leaned into her. "N-never mind. Tomorrow. I'll wear the damn thing tomorrow, and you can peek under my kilt all day long."

Her insides melted. She loved when a man lost control during sex. She took another long slide up and down his long shaft with her tongue and released him. She murmured, "Hmm. I'll never be able to concentrate on work."

He tossed her back down on the bed and lifted her knees, separating her legs to his view. Ailsa squirmed beneath his scrutiny. "No, hold still. Let me look. Oh, woman, you are so perfect." He dropped to his knees on the carpet and lifted her hips, draping her legs over his shoulders so he could have better access to her. He kissed her clit, laved it, and closed his mouth over the nub, licking and stroking the sensitive flesh.

Her hands shot to his head, gripping him in place while his tongue lapped her juices and his lips suckled. She exhaled, unable to hold back the breathless gasp forced from her, the one brought on by the sensation of having his mouth pressed against her most intimate lips.

"I need..." She thrashed beneath him until he backed up, and then she released her hold in his hair and collapsed, weak and unfulfilled.

"What, lass? You taste sweet and tart and fresh." He stood up, climbed onto the bed, leaning over her on elbows and knees. "Tell me, what do you need?"

“More, I need more.”

“Oh, I’m going give you more. Have patience.” He spread her thighs open wider. “Open up so I can see your pretty pink cunt. Let me look at all of you.” He took her hand and placed it over her mons. “Touch it. It’s so wet and swollen.”

He took her fingers and made her play with her clit while he worked her slit. He ran his fingers inside her cunt, rubbing around the lips to her vagina, sliding back to her rear entrance and ringing it with her body’s fluids.

His eyes dilated beneath his heavy lids, his breathing shallowed, and he watched her reactions while he worked her cream over her dripping pussy and probed deep into her cunt with his long thick fingers. No one had ever looked at her this way, paid attention to her needs or touched her like this. No one had ever appreciated her so much. Her insides felt molten and her skin too tight. Rubbing her clit while he watched made her feel naughty, and yet it felt nice.

He sat back on his heels and fisted his hugely engorged cock, stroking as if he were priming a pump. “I can’t wait much longer, Ailsa.” His voice sounded rough, ragged, and his need tore at her when he spoke her name. “I need to fuck the hell out of you.”

“Don’t wait, then. I want you inside me. All of that long, thick cock, deep, hard, thrusting inside me.” She laughed. “Fucking the hell out of me. Now.” Who knew talking dirty would make her hot.

Colin searched the sporran on the nightstand and pulled out a condom. Ailsa grabbed his wrist, stopped him with a gentle tug. “Here, lie down. Let me.”

He rolled onto his back, his throbbing cock quivering in anticipation. He swallowed a breath when she ripped open the foil packet with her teeth,

tossed it to the floor, and put the lime-flavored condom in her mouth. Then, he stopped breathing.

She stroked his velvet steel once, twice, with her hand, and then bent to take him in her mouth. Her lips surrounded his sensitive tip before she rolled the condom over his turgid staff with her tongue, stroking him as she took the full length of his immense erection down her throat.

He gripped her hair, internally begging for restraint while she deftly worked the condom over him and teased him with her tongue. With a feather light touch, she cupped his balls in her hand, squeezing gently before releasing him. His eyes rolled back in his head with pleasure. The pressure building inside him rose, threatening to erupt.

He was on the verge of losing control, when all he wanted was to make this last. But she made him want to lose control, to fuck her with abandon, and forget about any consequences.

To slow them down, Colin caught her hand in his and stilled.

“Come on, Colin, fuck the hell out of me, now.”

Her crude words of invitation sent him soaring. He flipped Ailsa onto her back and surged into her hot slick pussy with one long, hard thrust. Her tight channel contracted around his cock like a fist. Feeling overly engorged from the wait, he thoroughly appreciated the way her warm internal walls pulsed around him. Every muscle in Colin’s body turned as taut as ice-forged steel and tensed until he thought he would explode.

“Kiss me, Ailsa,” he growled. “Kiss me like you mean it.”

“Oh, Colin, when I feel you inside me, filling me like this...I so mean it. No one’s ever made me crazy like this.”

Ailsa sucked his tongue into her mouth as he drove his rod into her, plunging so deep he felt his

cockhead pounding against her womb.

As he nuzzled her breast, tempting a tight beaded nipple with his tongue, he enjoyed the way her breath caught in her chest. The internal pressure in his balls increased with the rhythm as he pumped into her, and they rose tight against his body. He slipped a hand to her pussy, caressing her distended flesh, and plucking her clit like a banjo.

She screamed his name as the madness enveloped her, and her internal channel clenched his shaft. This time, he'd righteously earned the mention when her hot juices poured over him in a soul-wrenching orgasm.

The tension in his cock peaked, begging for release. She held on to his flexed hips, moving against him as he plunged inside her, increasing the force and the desperate tempo.

When the fever swept through Colin, urging him to finish, he pumped harder and faster, until sweat poured off both of them like warm dew on a summer morning. Yet he didn't let up. Their slick bodies slid across each other's, his chest against her breasts, his chest hair abrading her nipples. His thighs pressed outward, separating hers, he rode higher inside her. Wanting to be deeper, he lifted her hips, wrapped her legs over his shoulders, and buried the length of his cock to the hilt.

She begged him through shallow breaths, "Harder, Colin, more."

Although he couldn't wait to shout her name as he came, he didn't want this pleasure, the pleasure of having her slippery heat fisting his cock, to end. He smoothed his hand over her firm rounded cheeks, and slid his fingers between them. He followed the crevice of her ass to the small puckered hole. He massaged it and pressed his finger inside, testing the resistance. Her ass was untried, tight, oh, so tempting. His cock hardened further in anticipation.

Later. That would have to wait until he properly prepared her to accept his size. Almost reluctantly, he moved his fingers on to the sensitive skin between her ass and her cunt, satisfied when she pushed against his hand. He continued to stimulate the sensitive spot with continuous light pressure. He could feel her climax mounting as his own orgasm pulsed behind his balls.

"Come again, Ailsa," he demanded. "I want your thick cum pouring over me again when I erupt inside you."

"I'm almost there. So close...Colin!" Her nails dug into his biceps, her teeth held her bottom lip. His tongue swiped across her lips, and his mouth captured hers in a binding kiss.

He reached between their bodies, rubbed her swollen clit, and her whole body clenched, seeming to explode around him. Her hot, wet fluid poured over his dick as he pumped one last time, urging his release while her after-spasms gripped him. He cried out, her name sounding like a warrior's yell of conquest on his lips as his orgasm shot, pulsing streams inside the condom.

Ailsa watched the painful pleasure contort Colin's expression. His head was thrown back as he pounded the pace to assuage the need gripping them both, the pace that would take them to completion.

When she could breathe again, he lowered his head to hers and the corners of his mouth lifted in a smile.

"Pleased with yourself, aren't you?" Ailsa asked.

He nodded. The grin twisted. As he held himself above her with his muscles still clenched so tightly every definition showed, he admitted, "I'm not sorry I intruded on your shower."

"You don't look sorry, either."

"I wish I could have walked out and been considerate enough to let you rest. But I couldn't

help myself—I wanted you too much.”

“You knew I wanted you, too.”

He gathered her against him, flipped over onto his back, and held her. “Damn, you are a fantasy come to life.”

“You just participated in the best sex I’ve ever had.” Ailsa tried to bite back her words. Too late, she wished she hadn’t said them. Why did she admit it? She should have let him think world-class sex was her norm.

“Ever?” he asked.

She frowned, but nodded, feeling a bit insecure. “What about you? Never mind...don’t answer. If it wasn’t, I don’t want to know.”

“Aye, best ever.”

“Really?”

Colin rolled to his side and palmed her cheek. “Yes, really. Was it truly world-class sex for you?” He looked concerned, nervous. Was he insecure about his prowess?

How many times had she come before he let himself go? Since she spotted him in the driveway, she’d peaked at least four times to his one. The aftershocks of her orgasm continued to make her shudder as he played with her breasts.

Ailsa collapsed into his neck and whispered, “Oh yes, this was the best—definitely world-class.”

He was an exceptional lover, and one fantastic male.

Lifting her head, Ailsa inspected him again, letting her fingers trail everywhere her eyes landed. He had a six-pack. No eight, actually. The man sported an eight-pack ab. His thickly muscled chest, sprinkled with a fine array of dark hair, expanded when she checked out the thin line running down the middle to his groin.

*Nice, so nice. Thick. Oooh, still big. Heavy balls.* He had narrow hips and strong thighs. Her hand

fondled his butt. *Great ass.*

A contented grin crept over his face. He closed his eyes.

“Colin, how did you like the condom thing? I’ve never ever done that before.”

“Did I like it? Didn’t ye see my eyes roll back in their sockets, woman?”

She’d surprised and pleased him. Good. “I’ve never had multiple orgasms or ever desired anyone like I do you.”

“Aye? Nor I you.”

“You make me so hot! Can I ask you something?”

“Sure, anything.”

“For a long while now...I’ve wanted to experiment, try new things, but...until you, I haven’t found anyone I’d be comfortable doing those...you know...other things with.” He’d had the tip of his finger in her ass, and she’d wanted him to push it in all the way. The sensation had felt so tempting, she wanted to ask him to fuck her there, but how was she going to bring it up? “What do you think about a little adventurous sex while I’m here? I’d like to try new things with you. Do you mind?”

*There, that’s one way of getting several fantasies fulfilled.*

“Mind?” The dimples peeked at her. “Was ever a man so blessed to be asked such a question?”

“So, you like the idea? Because something about you makes me wild, wanton, and yet, you make me feel safe.”

“We’ll think of all sorts of ways to satisfy your wanton needs.” He wiggled his eyebrows playfully.

“Promise.”

“I promise.” He smacked her hip softly.

“Hmm, do you have any hand cuffs handy?”

His eyes darkened as his gaze traveled over her breasts and then down to her curl covered mound.

“For you? I might be able to dig some up before tomorrow.”

She giggled. “Not for me, silly. For you.” Thinking about handcuffing him to the bed while she teased his cock with her lips and tantalized his balls with her tongue made her insides churn with power.

He tapped her nose gently. “Okay, but I’m shopping for a feather duster and an apron.”

“Isn’t your kilt enough?”

He chuckled. “But I want to tickle your fancy with the feathers and see what you do.”

“Sounds wicked.” Ailsa squirmed closer and enjoyed the heat coming off Colin’s body.

“Ah, yes. My kilt is for you, the feather duster is for me. I can’t wait to see you naked in the apron with your pretty pink pussy peeking out below the ruffles. And I’m looking forward to the breeze on my balls again.

She sat up and squealed. “Then it’s true, after all, isn’t it? The men wear nothing beneath their kilts.”

“Didn’t you believe me when I showed you?”

“I think I was preoccupied with the view. That was mighty impressive.”

Ailsa couldn’t believe he actually blushed when he cleared his throat. “Won’t it be more fun to discover the kilt secret for yourself?” he asked.

“Oh, yes, it will.” She gave him a long simmering look, and liquid fire ran through her blood. “You better be prepared to weigh down your sporran. Every time I look at you, you’ll know what I’m thinking.”

She stared at his erect shaft and watched his cock jump. A new surge of hot fluid coated her pussy. “I love it when the evidence twitches.”

And another thing she liked was his generosity. She had come repeatedly before he let himself



climax. And he was handsome, very handsome and built with the best ass, by far. He was also nice and considerate, too. Hadn't he been *almost* sorry for keeping her awake?

Another giggle bubbled inside her, but before it escaped Colin pulled her down beside him and leaned in to kiss her parted lips. Their tongues entwined, and he wrapped a leg across hers, moving over her. She wrapped her arms around his waist and ran her hands down that great ass.

Lifting his head, he looked hungrily at her breasts and cupped them in his hands, kneading them both until her nipples were distended. His tongue laved a tasty path from her neck to her nipples, licking and suckling until she couldn't hold back the groan any longer. She arched into his mouth and his hands, loving how enthusiastic he was about tasting her. What an insatiable appetite the man had.

He unwrapped her arms from behind him and cuffed her wrists with his fingers, lifting them over her head, then whispered against her neck, "I'm keeping you until we've exhausted our imaginations. I'm warning you, I have a very good imagination."

He nibbled her ear lobe and chills spread over her skin as his warm breath teased her. She laughed to herself, and something light burst in her heart. Warmth spread through her belly, and fingers of desire reached lower when she thought about all the things she wanted to try with him. "My imagination's not too shabby either. This could be a long siege, master."

He lifted his gaze to her face. "Master, hmmm. I like that." His expression grew serious. "Ailsa, are you too tired? I really should let you get some sleep."

"Here, let me show you." She tugged her hands free and put his hand between her legs, letting him feel how much she wanted him again. Her juices

were flowing hot and heavy from the verbal foreplay.

One, two, three fingers playing, stroking her wet folds. He murmured against her ear, "I need to be buried inside you again." He placed her hand on his throbbing cock and chuckled a little, right before he sheathed himself and pushed inside her. They sighed simultaneously.

"Ailsa, we're going to have so much fun." He kissed her and picked up the pace with his hips.

She arched against him, moaning in needy pleasure, then grinned at him. "Fun sounds good."

The friction of his hard stiff cock pumping inside her felt incredible. Her flesh burned, still sensitive and swollen from their last round of lovemaking.

He drove ever deeper into her soul. "Your hot pussy feels so tight, so wet and slick wrapped around me. I could stay inside you like this forever."

"I'd laugh at the image if the concept weren't so enticing." Ailsa gasped as Colin increased his strokes. "Th-that's the way I like it. Hard, rough, and fast."

The tingling sensation warning her of an imminent orgasm rolled through her core and over every inch of flesh on her body before the climax shook her. Colin's release followed with his last thrust before he collapsed on top of her.

Through ragged breaths, he mumbled, "It seems we're going to have to get this uncontrollable lust out of our systems before we take the time to be more...creative." He dragged her head back by pulling her hair and growled into her neck. "I don't know if I can get enough of you."

He lifted his head and perused her body, stopping back at her eyes. "You're so...perfect." His voice went deep and gruff with need. "I still have so many things I want to do to you."

"Okay," she soothed him. "We have time. I don't know if we have to do them all tonight. Let's save

something for later. We have three weeks after all.”

“Right, three weeks.” His eyes went dark, then sparkled. “Maybe by then, we can start on the imaginative stuff.”

“You think it’ll take three weeks to get over the lust?”

“I don’t know. Maybe longer. But I want to fuck you in every room and on every surface in this castle. Maybe in the barn and the keep, definitely on the moor surrounded by heather. Did you know your eyes are the same color as the hills in bloom?”

*Oh, my God, he’s a romantic. This one I could come to lo—*

Too shocked by her own realization to speak, Ailsa kissed his lips. *What happened to no commitment?*

“And in the garden with all those flowers. Oh, and the loch...”

She finally had enough. Her breathing came faster. “Okay, okay. I get the picture.” When she looked up at him with a wicked grin, she asked, “Can we fuck against the bailey wall?”

“God, I could fall in lo—lust with a woman who wants to fuck standing.” He laughed and scooped her into his arms, nuzzling her neck. “Mmm. Definitely against the wall. In the tower and on the parapet—”

“Oh, yes. You’re right. We better get going. This task may take awhile.”

“If we hurry, we can get through this wing by Monday.”

“I’m never going to get any writing done.”

“Sure you will. If you don’t mind writing naked or while I’m buried balls deep inside you.”

She looked up into his anxious blue eyes and saw desperation. “I won’t mind if Lord Brantham doesn’t.” She’d have to juggle her time wisely to fit in all her plans with Colin around her workday with Lord Brantham.

Colin's hold tightened around her, spooning her back against his chest. Her ass fit perfectly against his abdomen and his semi-erect shaft twitched against her cleft. He sounded worn out when he said, "Later. Now get some sleep."

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Before morning, Ailsa awoke, smacked a hand over a muscled buttock and squeezed. On his side, with his arms wrapped under her breasts, Colin's erect cock poked her hip and jerked.

"There's more where that came from if you like it. Just a little playful stimulation." She turned to face him, sat up, and bent over his butt. She nipped his ass, mumbling a seductive question. "So, do you like it?"

"Maybe." He mumbled and rolled on his back. His proud hard cock stood rigid, high against his flat stomach. He pulled her over and cupped her ass. He slapped a wide hand down on her bottom with enough force to warm it. "What about you? How does it feel?"

She had to admit it felt good. Tingling sensations danced in her folds. "My cunt contracted. Mmm. Do it again. It felt...hot."

He spread her legs a little wider and slapped, not hard, but with a cupping pressure. His fingertips brushed the back of her slit. "Talk dirty to me."

"Dirtier? I just said *cunt*." Her insides tightened and a gush flooded her folds. She tugged his hand and placed it over her pussy. She let out a breath. "Okay. See...feel what you did to my cunt. I'm liquid fire. My pussy is dripping wet, waiting for your big, thick cock, needing it buried hilt deep inside me, with your balls slapping my ass as you fuck me hard."

Colin groaned. Her words were a whisper, low, rasping a pledge of desire. "God help me, I'm already so hard I feel like I'm going to burst." His fingers

played with her slick clit while he nibbled a puckered nipple. When she gasped, he asked, "Hmm, more?"

She put her hand on his and wove her fingers through his, stilling him. "No, not yet. I want to bathe you, my Lord. Come into the tub with me. I promise an experience you won't regret," she purred in promise.

*Lord?* His heart skipped and dropped to his stomach. Her smiling face confirmed she was teasing him. But maybe he'd feel better, less guilty, if he told her the truth.

No, he needed more time. He was already sure he wanted to keep her. She was everything he'd ever wanted, even more. He needed time for her to want him as much. "Yeah? I could get used to this 'my Lord' stuff too easily. You better remember I warned you when I reprimand you later."

"Oh, don't worry. We'll see who'll be doing the reprimanding. I have some interesting plans for your punishment."

"Oh, I can't wait to hear them."

"I'm going to torture you with pleasure." She stilled his hand when he increased the pressure and speed against her clit.

"No, not yet. I want to play chambermaid to the Lord of the castle. I want to bathe you, my Lord. I want to slip my soapy hands over your broad chest. I want to tantalize your nipples, slide my slippery hands down your body over your bobbing cock, and cup those generous balls. I want to clean every orifice and penetrate you until you blow with my hand gripping your thick, hard cock, my mouth surrounding your crown and my fingers teasing inside you. I want to swallow your cum and take your essence inside me."

Colin shuddered. "A man could wait a lifetime and never get an offer like this."

“Come into the tub with me, then.” She dragged him off the bed and into the bathroom. “I promise you won’t regret it.”

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All her sexual fantasies were possible with Colin. Ailsa dreaded her meeting with Lord Brantham, not only because she anticipated he’d put a damper on her activities with her new lover, but also because he represented every conservative, ladder-climbing businessman she’d come to dread.

She looked at her notes. Her research uncovered quite a bit about him—rich, owned a couple of successful companies, came from a good family, dated the society types but had never been married, no long term relationships. Ailsa closed her notebook and walked down the hall. She clicked the pen in her hand, trying to place him. Coincidentally, he’d been a senior at UM when she’d been a lowly freshman, but she couldn’t put a face with his name. He eventually graduated from Princeton, with his doctorate, Magna Cum Laude. Smart—no, he was brilliant. Classic suit.

The fact she couldn’t remember him niggled at her. The only thing she didn’t know about him was what he looked like. There’d been no recent photos to be found.

The clock in the hall chimed ten as she rounded the last corner. She was surprised Lord Brantham hadn’t sent someone to find her by now.

Colin stood alone in the library when Ailsa arrived. She glanced around the room looking for the man, the reason she was here. There was only Colin, who looked almost as good in a black silk shirt and slacks as he did naked. His muscles bunched beneath the thin material making her want to touch him.

A flush touched her cheeks when she remembered he’d left her earlier this morning after

she'd finally fallen asleep. They'd both succumbed to exhaustion after he fucked her against the wall as promised. Not in the tower yet, but in the shower. They'd never made it out of her bedroom last night.

"Where—"

He ran his hand through his still damp hair. "Now, Ailsa, I've something to admit. Maybe you should come here first and kiss me one more time. I already miss the taste of you on my lips."

She slipped into his arms, enjoying his heat and strength, and accepted the touch of his lips on hers as the embrace surrounded her. "I'm supposed to meet—"

"Yes, I know. You will in a minute." He turned the kiss deeper.

She pulled away, laughing nervously. "Colin, we're going to get caught—"

"No, we won't." His expression grew serious. "You're supposed to meet...me." His arms tightened around her with each word. "Robert *Colin* Fitzgerald Desmond III. The Fitzgerald Clan chief on my paternal grandmother's side, Desmond on my father's side, and lately, Lord Brantham. All my names, all my titles. Bob Fitzgerald back in school and now, Colin to you, my love."

She stared at the handsome man holding her, not quite knowing what to make of his admission. "You're Bob? Bob Fitzgerald, from UM? And Colin Fitzgerald? *You* are Lord Brantham?"

Colin watched her reaction closely. So far she hadn't run screaming. He risked flashing a smile and putting it all out there. "Y-yes, I am Colin Fitzgerald, *the* Lord Brantham, Ms. Jackson. I might add, it's been a pleasure to make your acquaintance, and it's been a lovelier pleasure having you, Ailsa." By the look on her face, the information was processing around in her head. He bent to take her lips but stopped when they thinned into a tight line.

His admission had finally struck a chord with her. His identity hit home. She looked thunderstruck. “Y-you.” Her body stiffened, and she struggled in his embrace. “I should have known. My research didn’t pick up on it, but I should ha...”

He frowned and let her pull away. “What, why should you have suspected?” His arms felt so empty without her

“Ten years out of college may have made the difference between a skinny kid and a gorgeous man, but...” She sized him up with that distant look he hated and turned away. “I should have known.”

“Don’t. Don’t put up walls between us now.”

She swung back at him and narrowed her eyes. “Did you enjoy making a fool of me, making me feel stupid?”

He shook his head and tried to take her arm. “I never intended either of those things.”

She tugged herself free of his embrace, but Colin was determined to make her to listen. He followed her, placing his hands on her shoulders, he forced her to look at him. The expression on her face, the one he’d avoided last night, the one that would have prevented her from acting out her fantasies and his, told him he’d been right.

Her iron chin lifted, and she asked behind folded arms, “Why did you lie?”

“I didn’t lie, exactly. Everyone here calls me Colin—”

“Why did you allow me to believe you worked here?” Her eyes began to shimmer, and suddenly he was so afraid he wasn’t going to get through to her.

What would happen if she didn’t understand his desperation? He didn’t know what to say. “I do work here—”

She pushed him away. “You know damn well what I mean.” She backed up, putting her hands out to stop his approach. “Don’t. I’m warning you. Stay



back.”

“Then stand still and listen. I heard you don’t date ‘suits,’ and I bloody well knew you wouldn’t give me a chance if you knew who I was.”

Ailsa arched a brow at his zipper as something twitched behind it. She turned aside to keep from betraying her feelings of desire. Her pussy started to leak warm thick cream the minute she saw him standing in the room, and despite his admission and the gut wrenching disappointment she felt, God help her, she wanted him to impale her with the cock stirring in his pants. Wanting him, in spite of who he was and what he’d done, made her disgusted with herself. She whirled on him. “You’re right. I wouldn’t have. You’re my damn assignment. This is so unprofessional. Something I would never have done if I’d have kno—”

“Exactly my point!”

“But wait...the kilt! When did you take to the native dress...oh, and the language?” She delivered the last, not really as a question as such, more of a statement, sarcasm-filled, with very little curiosity and pure venom behind it. Now the set up for her confusion was all very obvious.

“What? The language? The brogue returned after being isolated up here for the last six months. And the kilt?” His laughter rumbled through her, sending heat to impossible places despite her irritation with him. “The town had a...I’m not sure what they call it...*parade* for lack of a better term.”

“*Tattoo?*”

“Aye, yes, that’s it. However, the clan chief,” he pointed to his impressive chest, “now, that would be me, is required to show up in full regalia.” He chuckled, this time the sound rumbled lower and deeper. A sensual edge flickered through his laughter. “I had just returned from the village when I saw you climb out of the car and look me over.

Damn, I wanted—no—needed you like I've never wanted or needed a woman before."

He moved quickly, backing her up against the desk, trapping her within his embrace, tilting her chin up so she had to meet him eye to eye. "And the look you just gave me, the one when you found out who I really am, was the look I couldn't risk yesterday. Not when I heard you tell your friend you were 'off stuffy Americans.'"

She struggled in his iron grip, but her resolve melted. "You heard that?"

"Mmm. I didn't want to miss this chance to be with you." His warm breath blew over her neck as he whispered in her ear. "I've waited for you for so long."

He pulled her hips against his erection and lifted her. She loved the way his hard cock felt against her aching pussy.

She held onto him, wanting him desperately, but couldn't look at him. "You wanted me?"

"Always." Colin slipped his hands under her skirt. His eyebrows rose in surprise, and his lips curved in delight when he felt nothing but her naked flesh beneath the flimsy material. He groaned. "You were meeting Fitzgerald with naught beneath this skirt?"

Ailsa raised her chin. "Aye." She imitated his brogue. "I have naught beneath anything—skirt nor shirt. I figured you'd be around later and would want quick access."

"Aye, you're right. I do." He nuzzled her breast. "No bra."

She sighed as he searched for her nipple beneath her shirt. He suckled when he found it taut and straining against her light, black blouse.

She opened her legs wider for his access, and his hand found her mound. Her head bent to his. Her voice soft and low against his ear, she admitted in a

whisper, "You know, I wanted *you* back in school, when I was too young for you to even notice me."

His head jerked up and his lips touched hers. "There was never such a time." His fingers slipped inside her.

She gasped in pleasure, straining into his hand.

He shook his head, murmuring his frustration. "Damn. We've wasted too much time." His voice thickened with desire. "Ailsa, when I held my dick in my hand, it was your sweet pussy I envisioned sliding over me. Back then, last year, yesterday. Always you. Forgive me for deceiving you. Please."

He could easily charm her out of her indignation. She suspected he'd already seduced her heart. Just the timbre of his need-filled voice did that to her.

"I have to think about it." She'd never have believed she could be comfortable with someone of his background. Now she had to admit her attraction to Colin Fitzgerald was more than sexual. She felt a certain affection for him.

She had needed the fantasy and asked him for it. He understood she'd never have indulged with her subject. *So he made it easy for me to ignore what I should have known.* That proved he cared.

It was impossible to fault the man for wanting her so badly he'd arranged all this. Instead, she should be flattered. Especially, since what he wanted was what she wanted as well.

Could she stay mad while he fingerfucked her pussy? The tingling, the warning of the approaching orgasm, crept over her skin like gentle pinpricks. His thick fingers, driving into her, the pressure of his thumb strumming her clit. They almost satisfied her as much as his large cock.

She tried to recall her sense of anger, but since yesterday, well, if she didn't count three months of research, he'd become more dear to her than she'd

ever imagined.

The thrusts inside her increased, both pressure and speed, instinctively with her need. The little death approached and suddenly erupted within her. Her insides exploded as she collapsed against his chest, giving in, forgiving him for tricking her into the best sex she'd ever experienced. She kissed him lightly on the nose but said nothing.

He whispered one word. "Stay."

He'd offered her a place to stay while she worked on his article and the other piece about the Highlands. She should accept his offer.

He brushed his mouth across her lips before he said, "You have three weeks to decide if you want to extend this Highland fling. It's up to you. I've already made up my mind."

"Let's not rush—"

"No, let's not. We'll take 'til Tuesday in this room alone." He growled into her neck. This time he dragged her mouth to his for a drugging kiss, his lips devouring hers, their tongues tangling as their bodies embraced. His one hand massaged and gently squeezed her breast, flicking her nipple to a peak while his other cupped the back of her head.

Breathless with pleasure, thrilled by his words, she said, "Okay, but I've got my own plans for you, my Lord *Brantham*. Later."

"The sarcasm is hard to miss." Colin looked into her eyes for reassurance. "I'll be at your mercy."

Something in her heart melted. "Come here, my lord. I think we should check the library off our list."

"On the desk or the ladder?"

"Both, if you're up to it. But don't forget, I've still got my own plans for you in the heather, my Lord, and remember I haven't finished with you in the bathroom, either."

"Really? There's more in the bathroom? Talk to me. You know how I love your intriguing ideas."

Here, feel what the anticipation alone does to my cock.” He took her hand and pressed it against his straining zipper.

She grinned. “Later.”

Ailsa put his hand back under her skirt. He slipped two fingers inside her, rubbing, stroking, tickling her to distraction.

“Colin, stop teasing. Please touch my clit, rub it. Faster, harder, I’m coming. Please, please, please.”

“I’m going to eat you up first. Have patience.” Colin stopped long enough to lift her onto the desk, laying her down and letting her long hair flow down the other side as he rolled up the executive chair, sat, and placed her legs over his shoulders. He tilted her hips up to his mouth for better access and pressed his tongue deep inside her cunt, making a meal of her juices. He rubbed her clit with deft rapid motions of his thumb until her whimpering became a series of little screams.

Her breathing turned into nothing more than short panting breaths, riddled with gasps of desire. She was desperate to feel the building crescendo explode, but he kept her an instant away, taking her to the edge then backing her down. “When I fuck you this time, you’ll never forget this.”

He was right. She’d never forget any of this. She heard him unzip and the sound sent a shiver of pleasure up her spine. She was so close to orgasm she could almost anticipate the spasms, but he wouldn’t let her come. She was ready to beg when he pulled a dildo and the moisture jelly from the side drawer. A frisson of fear laced with excitement raced through her.

“You’re wet enough if you want to try it. I want to take you in your firm little virgin ass while this big daddy fucks your sweet pussy. Are you game, lass?”

“Game?” She nodded. She would have fucked a

football team in the middle of Times Square to satisfy the driving need he'd built in her.

How did he do it? How could he bring her to this point, this mindless state where she was nothing but wet, hot flesh straining to finish? And somehow, she trusted him to do just that, finish her.

"Okay, then roll over onto your stomach. It'll be easier if I enter you this way."

She rolled over and leaned on the desk as he spread her legs wide. He pressed his gelled finger against the ring of her rear hole, massaging gently and then slipped inside.

"Oh, yes!" She shoved back against his hand, enjoying the stretching feel of him filling her soft opening, begging for more. He added a second finger, preparing her for his girth. This time the sensation reminded her of her first time fucking. The stretch was a slow burn, not really unpleasant but, tight, almost pain, almost pleasure.

She groaned adjusting to the sensation, clenching his fingers as she bucked against him, needing something, needing more. "Colin, damn it, now. Please I need you inside me and don't forget that big boy there. Fuck me now, damn it!"

He squeezed the gel onto the rubber tip, slid the dildo between her folds then into her cunt, and waited until she settled around it. She felt full and started moving back against the rubber cock in the ancient rhythm.

"Wait." He stilled her with a hand at the small of her back, soothing her as he lubed the condom he wore. "I'm going to turn you over. Lie on your back and drape your legs over my arms."

She rolled on her side and did as he directed.

"Scoot closer to the edge." He watched as she slid toward him. "Mmm, that's perfect. You're perfect." He placed one leg over his arm and positioned his cock behind the dildo. He raised her

other leg and angled her hips higher for greater access. The sight of the huge dildo protruding from her cunt turned him on almost as much as the anticipation of burying his straining cock in her tight ass.

He pressed the large bulbous head of his cock against her anus and squeezed inside, first one inch, then another and another, slowly until he was satisfied she could take no more.

Finally, when he was fully seated inside her, she let out her breath and risked moving against him. She squirmed and groaned, holding onto the edge of the desk for leverage. He turned his head to kiss the inside of her knee and nipped her soft flesh with his lips. Then, gripping her with one hand, he pumped the dildo and his cock into her simultaneously.

“Oh, God, I feel like my skin is going to explode. I’m so full and aching. Give it to me harder, Colin. Go ahead.”

“I’m going to give it to you, all right. Only, slow and mercilessly.” He started his slow slide out, hitting the base of the dildo with each stroke back in. “This feels so good, you’re so tight, and I can feel the dildo sliding against my cock through your vaginal wall. It feels, well, strange. Good strange.”

“Oh, this is so fantastic. I’m so...” She didn’t finish her thought. “I-I don’t think I can take any more.”

“Oh yes, you can.” He plunged the dildo into her and released it to allow him to fondle her swollen clit with his fingers. She clutched the desk tighter, keening. He rubbed the nub rapidly as her breathing came fast and hard, and until he sensed she was ready to explode. While he stroked in and out, her tight channel squeezed him in a pleasurable grip.

“How’s that, Ailsa. Are you ready yet? Because as much as I’d enjoy fucking your sweet ass all day you’re killing my self-control. You’re so tight,

grasping me, sucking me in like this...I can hardly hold back. I want to...bang you hard and fast.” Colin panted, his words sounding gravelly with his arousal.

“Do it! Go ahead now. I need to come. Now!” Her cunt gripped the rubber dildo while her internal muscles gripped his dick and spasmed around him. He let go of the dildo long enough to adjust her hips so he could thrust ruthlessly into her. Pin prickles of electricity burst from every pore on her body as her orgasm erupted. She screamed her satisfaction as he tensed and pumped his release. His cock pulsed as his cum spurted inside the condom. He let out a deep breath and collapsed on top of her, his heart beating a desperate tattoo against hers.

After their rapid breathing transitioned to a slow relaxed pace, he nuzzled her neck then straightened to slowly remove the dildo from her dripping pussy and his still-hard cock from her tight rear opening.

He picked her up off the desk, carried her to the couch, and laid her down. “Wait, I’ll be right back.”

He returned from the bathroom with a washcloth and towel. After cleaning Ailsa gently, he pulled her shirt over her head and shoved her skirt down her hips.

He ran his hand over her breast, cupping her fullness and tweaking an erect nipple to a point then took a moment to admire her nakedness before he carried her to the ladder. “Can you stand?”

She nodded. “My knees are a bit shaky.”

“Hold on to the rungs over your head. There, step up one, no, two steps. Good. Hold on. Trust me.”

He teased her dark curls with his fingers, separating them and stared at her labia, swollen from the dildo. He bent and licked her tiny bud, evoking a scream from her.

“I’m so sensitive there.”



“Good.” He straightened and ran a finger around her nub, then pressed his thumb against her, putting pressure to the one spot where she needed it. She tried to pull him toward her, but he resisted. “I said hold on to the ladder rungs.”

Sliding his hands up her silky smooth belly to her breast, he lowered his head to take a beaded nipple into his mouth. He taunted each breast, cupping them with his hands, teasing one nipple with his lips and tongue, sliding his thumb across the other.

Ailsa was naked and exposed while he remained clothed except for his huge cock, jutting shiny and wet, emerging like a promise of fulfillment from his black silk pants. “My skin feels like fireworks might burst from my body at any minute.”

“Good, let’s see what we can do to set off the fireworks.” His fingers slid in and out of her while his mouth explored her body.

He spread her folds, examining her pussy, watching her reaction to his touch. Her muscles clenched in need as he played with her, fondling, petting, stroking, pinching, poking, prodding. She loved it all.

Colin took a package from his pocket and handed it to her. She opened the wrapper and rolled the condom onto him.

He entered her pussy with one long strong stroke. She was slick and swollen, tight. Her muscles gripped, massaging his cock as he filled her. Sliding his member in and out of her wet heat, he groaned as she came again and again. He held back his release, waiting for her.

She took short rapid breaths, nothing more than a succession of gasps, as the aftermath of her climax receded. When she could speak, she threatened him with a smile. “I’ll get even with you for this I promise.”

“I’m counting on it, lass.”

He stroked her clit, ready to bring her around again.

“Oh Lord, I can’t stand anymore. My knees will give way.”

“If they do and you let go of the rungs, I will have to punish you. Your soft pink ass will look better with a little more color from the heat of my hand. Don’t you think?”

She let go of the ladder with one hand to caress his cheek and grinned at him. “Where is your stamina coming from?”

“I feel nineteen again. I’ve been waiting for you for a long time, lass.” With that, he tugged on her clit and lightly slapped her rounded ass cheek between the rungs. She screamed and creamed all over his hand. Her knees did collapse, and he caught her in his waiting arms.

“Oh, God, I love the feel of your naked body in my arms.” He was still erect like a horny schoolboy when he carried her to the couch and laid her across his lap for easy access to her body.

“And I love the sensation of my naked flesh against the texture of your silk trousers and the contrast of the rough wool of the couch.”

She knew all the right things to say, things that sent blood surging straight to his cock. His hand cupped her pussy while two of his fingers thrust inside her folds, and he reveled in the spasms he felt as she experienced wave upon wave of after pleasure. The sensation was slow torture. He was growing more erect and waiting for her attention when she gasped, “Oh, my God. What happened?”

He laughed. “You had a multiple orgasm. Nice?” His little houseguest liked a little slap and tickle mixed into her sex play.

“I want you inside me. I want your big, thick cock filling me.”

Her words made what control he held on with nothing more than a wish. "I can't wait much longer, Ailsa. I want to take you from behind." She smiled and turned over. She raised her round ass in the air as he bent her over the arm of the couch. He slapped her cheeks once each before plunging into her hot, wet entrance.

With his hands gripping her hips, he held her firmly in place and pumped long and deep, thrusting, enjoying how her sweet tight pussy clenched around his cock. He slipped one hand around to stroke her clit, strumming her closer to another orgasm. When he felt the tension in his balls building and the muscles inside her channel clenching his cock with her release, he exploded, spurting a thick load of cum into the condom.

"We can sleep in tomorrow, can't we?" she asked between gulps of air. "You are the Lord of the manor, right?"

"Aye." He struggled for his own breath. "But you won't be sleeping. I promise you."

\*\*\*\*

Ailsa looked out the turret tower, down at the bailey where Colin directed the workers. He'd promised the bailey would be empty tomorrow. He would fuck her there in the open, but he wouldn't allow the workers to be their audience. He claimed the only Scotsman's kilt she'd be rummaging under would be his.

Scot? The irony suddenly made her want to laugh. She came all the way to the Highlands to find a hot Scot, and the first one she discovered, tempting her beyond reason, was an American. Not to mention, he was her assignment.

Other than that, and oh...the brains, he almost fit her criteria. He was definitely hot, definitely muscular, but certainly not brainless.

He proved he could fill most of her fantasies and

then some.

Stamina, check.

Sex, check.

Impulsive, check.

Creative, check, check.

No commitment? They'd see about that.

After all, there were still so many rooms left in the castle and so many roles to play.

## **About the author...**

While interning as a search and recovery specialist in her college library, Eliza discovered she could merge her love of reading with her secret 'Nancy Drew' persona. When she discovered the characters in her head wanted out, she became the conduit for their stories to get told.

The gypsy in Eliza's blood kept her moving until her roots sank deep into the white sands of South Florida. Traveling still influences many of the stories she needs to tell. Romance is food for her soul.

Visit Eliza at [www.elizamarch.com](http://www.elizamarch.com).

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