

ELLORA'S CAVE PRESENTS

In the
Bare
LACEY THORN

ELLORA'S CAVE
Quickies®

In the Bare

Lacey Thorn

Book 6 in the Bare Love series.

Reluctantly, Charlie Tate heads out to a cabin in the woods offered to him by close friend and fellow detective Gil Daniels for a few days of enforced leave. Some beers, a hot shower and a sexual fantasy featuring his dream girl, Detective Miranda Duncan. It could only be better if she were with him.

Determined to seduce Charlie, Miranda follows him to the secluded cabin. When he answers the door in nothing but a towel, the gloves come off—along with said towel! Before the weekend is over, she will love every inch of Charlie and convince him they belong together. Little does she know, he has the same plan.

Let the seduction begin...

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IN THE BARE

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Dedication

This book is dedicated to the following people:

To the fans of Bare Love, thanks for reading and for all the emails demanding more stories... You are the best.

To all the women out there who have found your Charlie... You lucky, lucky souls!

To Jodie, Shelly and Melissa... You keep me sane. You keep me laughing. Thanks for being my sisters!

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Corona: Cerveceria Modelo, S.A. de C.V. Corporation

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Chapter One

Charlie sat in his car and looked through the windshield without really seeing anything. It was a first for him. Hell, his keen observation of details was one of the reasons he had made detective so fast, just one of the ways his nerd status in high school had paid off. But this new case was getting under his skin. He couldn't shake the feeling that he was missing something. And the one thing that Detective Charlie Tate didn't do was miss anything.

His boss had ordered him to take the weekend off, to give himself some down time away from work. His choice for now but the implication was clear. If he didn't then his boss would go through the proper channels to make it mandatory. So here he sat wondering what the hell he was going to do for the next few days if he wasn't working. He didn't take time off. His job was his life. His friends were constantly accusing him of all work and no play. And since he had worked with fellow detectives Gil Daniels and Ben Marcum, it seemed the Daniels family had tried to adopt him. They were always inviting him to their get-togethers and dinners. It was actually nice.

Especially for a kid who had never fitted in with his own family. His older brother had joined the military and been killed within his first thirty days of action. Friendly fire they said. Fire was fire as far as Charlie was concerned. Bottom line was that his older brother was dead and Justin had been the only real friend and ally that Charlie had. The entire family seemed to shut down after the funeral. And Charlie, who was only fourteen at the time, had fallen even deeper into his books and studies.

The only commotion he had made was when he joined the police academy after college. His mother had gone into her room and not come out for days and his dad had just sat and pretended that Charlie was already dead. Instead of living with him, celebrating and talking, they had died with Justin and only their shells remained. He'd

been angry once. He'd felt cheated and resentful of his brother. But Justin had loved him and would never have wanted their parents to make the choices they had.

So Charlie had made the decision to move away and he hadn't looked back once. There were days he regretted it, days he wondered if they were still alive or if something had happened and they had finally joined Justin. But most days they weren't even a passing thought. And though some would find that sad, Charlie had lived with it for too long to notice much anymore. Of course he still kept to himself and now instead of falling into a book, he studied case files.

He had his job. And now, with some pushing on their part, some great friends. And as of thirty minutes ago two days off with no idea what to do.

His phone chirped and he answered without thinking. "Detective Tate."

"Hey, Charlie. I just heard you got two days off, you lucky bastard," Gil's voice sounded on the other end of the line.

"Yeah, it looks like it," Charlie agreed and made no pretense of sounding happy about it.

Gil just laughed and Charlie thought of how much the man had changed since he'd met his wife, Moira. The couple was great together. One of those where you could feel the love between them whenever they were together. Charlie wished he had that too.

"Well listen up," Gil interrupted his thoughts. "You are not hanging around that apartment going through files on your time off." Shit, the man knew him well. "You, my man, are going up to the lakes and staying at Jack's cabin."

Jack Madigan was Gil's father-in-law and a legend in his own right. He was a retired military man, and perhaps a mercenary at one time if the rumor mill could be believed. He'd recently returned from an out-of-town trip with a new woman. They'd met while Jack was working on something and Charlie wouldn't be surprised if there weren't wedding bells in the future for the couple. The Daniels family seemed to like her, and Jack's daughter took to her at once. Plus the lovely lady was currently one of two new detectives on the Legacy PD, both of them drop-dead gorgeous women. The

men were going nuts and the police department had fallen to locker room status it seemed.

Charlie just smiled and nodded. Bottom line was that both women knew their jobs and were damn good at them. That was all he cared about. He'd never been one to chase women. He was quiet and knew he wasn't someone the women would fawn over. His body was good but he liked his clothes loose enough so that he could run easily if he had too. He wanted his gun unnoticeable under his suit jacket. His hair was short and he kept it that way. And though he didn't have many freckles, with his red hair he'd been called Opie a lot growing up, and some people still wanted to call him that.

"Earth to Charlie," Gil interrupted again and Charlie almost laughed.

"I'm here," Charlie grunted. "But I'm not sure that I want to head up to the cabin. I'm not much of an outdoorsman."

Gil just laughed. "Yeah, well this cabin has all the luxuries of home. So you don't even need to leave. Fridge is stocked as is the bar. Huge lake to swim in if you like." Gil's voice lowered before he continued. "Look, man, this case has you wound. You need the break. Remember when I took some time off after the serial case?"

Yeah, Charlie remembered that one. That had been when Gil met his wife, who had been the killer's last choice of victim. Luckily Moira had survived.

"Yeah, I remember," Charlie confirmed. "But..."

"No buts," Gil interrupted. "Pack a bag and change out of that damn suit into some real clothes. Ben and I will swing over in thirty with directions and the key. You need this, man. Relax, recharge your battery. It might be just what we need to find the break in this case."

Charlie sighed, knowing that Gil was right. As much as he wanted to deny it, he did need some time to recharge his battery. And if he stayed home that would never happen. "I'll see you in thirty," he agreed before disconnecting. With a sigh that betrayed just how weary he was Charlie got out of the car and headed inside to pack for two days of nothing. Absolutely nothing. Yippee.

* * * * *

Four hours later, after getting lost once, Charlie finally pulled up in front of the cabin. No one would be able to find this damn place without a really good map. There were roads everywhere out here that led to who the hell knew where and it would be so easy to get lost and never find your way out. But the cabin looked good from the outside, though a little rustic. Charlie was hoping that Gil hadn't been lying when he'd promised it held all the comforts of home. If not, Charlie couldn't even call and complain as he'd lost his cell signal long ago.

But it was a sigh of pleasure that left his lips as he moved through the cabin. No television signal but there were all the movies he could possibly want available as well as an Xbox with every game imaginable. Fridge was full, bar had plenty of Corona, which was his beer of choice, and the bed was huge and comfy. He'd sat down to test it but could very easily flop back and go to sleep. He hadn't realized just how mentally exhausted he was, or how it was affecting him physically. This weekend might not turn out so badly after all.

The air had more of a bite to it here but the sun would be bright in the morning and he'd take a walk around outside then. For now he was most interested in a long hot shower, some dinner and a few cold beers. He thought about starting with a shower but vetoed that one. Maybe a beer to start. God knows he needed one. He stopped and grabbed an ice cold beer on the way to the bathroom instead.

Clothes landed haphazardly on the floor as he tried to juggle stripping, drinking and getting the water started all at once. But finally the beer bottle was empty, the water was steaming and he was naked. He stepped in and let the hot water wash over him from head to toe. It felt so good.

Now he could put everything behind him for just a bit and think about the other thing that had been on his mind. Miranda Duncan. She'd been a constant thought since she'd been promoted to detective. There was just something about the woman that he

couldn't shake, giving him something in common with the other men he worked with. But a man would have to be dead not to notice her.

She had the lush body of a Venus with shoulder-length dark-brown hair and the biggest brown eyes he'd ever seen. His cock grew hard just thinking about her. He had that problem around her often, which was why he just ignored her for the most part. Better for them both if she never knew that he had a lust attack every time she was near. The woman even smelled good and God knew that he'd like to eat her, just nibble along every inch of her skin.

He reached down and took his cock in hand, beginning to stroke up and down in the slow rhythm he liked best. He thought of the way she had looked earlier today in her slacks and short-sleeve button-up shirt. Her breasts had been high and full, drawing the eyes of every man in the room. Her hair had been up in some haphazard style that only served to make her neck look longer, her eyes bigger. She'd smiled at him and he'd had to grab his coffee and head out the door before he embarrassed them both with his burgeoning hard-on. Wouldn't do either of them any favors if that was noticed.

But here in the shower with his cock in his hand he could think about her all he wanted, in any state of undress, in any position. And he had a great imagination. Of course she had been the star of all his fantasies since he'd first laid eyes on her. He stroked as he pictured her on her hands and knees on that big comfy bed in the other room. Her ass would be perfect right there for him to grab and maybe smack just a little bit. He'd never been into major kink but he did like a little bit of roughness to his sex every now and then. When he had sex. Which wasn't very often in the last year.

He wanted more than a booty call, more than a woman who was sleeping with the badge instead of the man. He wanted a relationship and that should scare the hell out of him, but it didn't. That was the thing with Miranda. He wanted to fuck her. But he wanted to know her even more. What made her tick, what she liked and disliked both in and out of bed. He wanted to be inside her head and her heart as well as the tight wet heat of her pussy.

He squeezed and pumped as he thought of mounting behind her, sliding his rock-hard cock deep inside and just holding steady until neither of them could take it anymore. He had a feeling she would be wild in her passion, just as wild as he was. He might be the reserved cop, the thinker, but in bed he was like most other red-blooded men. He liked it hard, fast, slow, easy, deep, shallow, or in other words any way he could get it. But with her, it would have to be fast and hard, at least the first dozen times. Then maybe he'd be able to control himself.

He laughed as he pumped into his hand. He seriously doubted he would ever be able to slow down with a woman like Miranda. If he ever got his cock in her it would be like plugging an electrical cord into an outlet. His power button would be stuck in the on position. And he'd – no, they'd – enjoy every minute of it.

He visualized that curvy ass, her hair over her shoulder and her eyes glancing back to lock with his and he came with a harsh grunt. He continued pumping until he was empty, his legs weak from his great imagination. The water was lukewarm so he finished quickly, then wrapping a towel around his waist, he headed down the hall toward the bedroom and his duffel. A knock at the door stopped him in his tracks. One of the guys must have come looking for him. Not caring about his lack of dress, he knotted the towel at his hips and went to see which of the guys had come to check up on him.

And there on his doorstep stood the woman who had just given him one hell of an orgasm. And she didn't look happy. Myriad expressions flitted across her face as she took him in from head to toe before pushing past him and into the cabin.

"Are you alone?" she demanded and Charlie quirked an eyebrow and nodded.

"Good," she said though he doubted she would have cared. She looked pissed at him and he had no idea why.

"Look, I'm up here on captain's orders—" Charlie started wondering if maybe something had happened on the case. But Miranda wasn't on the case.

"I'm not here about the case, Charlie," she answered before he could continue. "I'm here because enough is enough."

"What are you talking about, Detective?" he queried, suddenly regretting his decision to answer the door in a towel.

"My name is Miranda," she said and took a step toward him. His towel would soon be showing the wood he was close to sporting and probably already would be if not for his little relief session in the shower. "And I want to know why you don't like me."

"What?" He was startled into looking her straight in the eyes. It jolted him all the way to his toes and his cock came back to full mast.

"You go out of your way to ignore me, you don't flirt with me like all the other guys," she said and she looked hurt by it. "Hell, I can barely get a hello out of you before you are rushing out to do something. I want to know why you are avoiding me, Charlie."

He shifted and her gaze dropped. Her mouth parted and her eyes got big as she took in just how happy he was to see her. With nowhere to go he'd just have to stick with the truth.

"Didn't think you'd like the basic reaction I have when you're around," he answered and turned to hold the door for her. "I thought maybe I would save us both the embarrassment my reaction to you would cause." He wouldn't have to worry about leaving when she was near anymore. After this she would be the one hiding. But instead of running out the door she stepped up to him, let her hands reach out to catch a few drops of water on his chest and hummed as she touched his skin.

"I've wanted to do this since the first time I saw you, hiding under those suits you wear," she murmured.

"I don't hide under my clothes," he grunted as her hands roamed over his chest and shoulders. "I like to be able to move without constraint."

"Makes sense," she whispered. "You are unlike any man I've ever met and I can't get you out of my head. And after seeing you here, like this, I'm glad." She reached out

and let her hand trace his cock where it poked at the towel. "I can see that you are interested in me too. So how about we take the next two days and leave the office behind?"

"What are you saying?" Charlie asked, wanting to understand just what she was talking about.

"I'm saying that I'd like to spend the next couple of days with you, Detective. I want to help you relax. I want to fuck you until we are both too exhausted to move." Her eyes locked on his and refused to let him look away. "I want you, Charlie Tate. I want to leave the department behind, the detective shield aside and just be a man and a woman enjoying the best sex of their lives."

He pushed the door shut and flipped the lock. "The bedroom's that way," he motioned toward the room he'd been headed for before answering the door.

"I think I want to start right here," she said and went to her knees in front of him.

It was a close thing but he managed not to come as she reached for the towel.

Chapter Two

Miranda had been thinking about Detective Charlie Tate for a long time, almost from the moment she had joined the police force, certainly from the first moment she had seen him. There was just something about him that got to her like nothing else ever could. He was quiet when others were outlandish. Maybe it was the way he didn't jump when she entered a room, or puff out his chest and try to make the bulge in his pants look bigger. Charlie was just himself.

She'd done her best to get his attention and he had acted like he didn't notice her. He would leave the room or head the other way when she was there. She'd busted her ass to make detective and she hadn't slept her way into the position. She didn't have sex with the men she worked with. Usually. But she wanted Charlie. Always had. And she was going to get him. Enough was enough.

Her partner on the force was the only other female on the detective squad, Julia White, fiancée to Jack Madigan. Julia was a power of her own and Miranda had liked her immediately. The two women just clicked. Neither cared about appearance or any other bullshit while on the job. It was about the job. And when Julia had called her out about constantly throwing looks Charlie's way, Miranda had confessed. Julia, being herself, had told her to fuck him already.

So when Julia had told her that Jack was loaning Charlie the cabin and about the big comfy bed there Miranda had demanded directions. She'd almost got lost several times. There was no way anyone could find them unless they knew exactly where they were going. And she was going to make the most of the two days she knew Charlie would be here. She was going to get her man for once and all. And if it was only for the weekend then she would deal with that and walk away. But just maybe she could convince him that she was worth keeping.

She'd had it all planned out. What she would say, what she would do, how she would seduce him. Then he'd opened that door in nothing but a towel and everything had gone out the window. Her mouth had gone dry, her mind had emptied and her cunt had clenched with need. How the hell had the man been hiding a body like that for so long? He was built like a freaking Adonis.

Chiseled and defined abs stood out above the towel. His pecs were solid and his shoulders were wide above them. His arms, while not overly muscular, were very well defined. His legs looked like the good detective spent some time running with his tight thighs and developed calves. And that cock that had thickened and grown right in front of her eyes was every fantasy she'd ever had. He was big, thick and built for pleasure. She planned to make sure she made the most of that wickedly delicious-looking shaft.

She'd held her breath as she ran her hands over his chest and shoulders, throwing out the dare that he spend the weekend with her. The door had been open and she was afraid he would kick her out. Instead he'd shut it and pointed down the hall toward the bedroom. As if either of them would make it that far. She'd wanted him for too long, wanted to lick him from head to toe. But dropping to her knees in front of him, she decided to start with the really yummy part first.

She reached for the towel and with one tug he was naked in front of her. His cock bobbed out just above her mouth and she couldn't stop the flick of her tongue over her suddenly dry lips. Charlie groaned over her and she looked up to meet his eyes. That moment was the most erotic of her life. The shared connection of eyes to eyes while he stood tall and proud, completely naked in front of her. The way she was on her knees in front of him was empowering. Maybe it was the fact that she was still completely clothed. Or maybe it was the way he looked at her as if she was the only other person in the world. She would always think of it as the moment she had fallen out of lust and into the beginning of love.

She bent forward and nuzzled into him, right where his left thigh met the promised land. She breathed in the fresh clean scent of him and the soft musk of the man. It was

arousing. His balls were tight and she leaned down to lick over the taut flesh, making them both groan with pleasure. Her tongue bathed his skin and when she could resist no longer she gently sucked one globe into her mouth, batting it with her tongue. And Charlie jumped and placed one hand on the top of her head, cupping it and holding without controlling.

She wanted to make him lose control, wanted to feel his fingers clenching in her hair, wanted him fucking in and out of her mouth in a preview of how he would fuck her pussy. She wanted him hot and wild, just as she would be, and just with her.

One hand reached up to wrap around the base of his shaft and her tongue moved to the mushroom-shaped head of his cock. Perfect the way it bloomed over the shaft at least an inch thicker there. Her tongue swept over it, probing at the hole for a taste of what he would give her. She could feel the tension in his arm but still his fingers caressed. She wanted that tingle across her scalp when he clenched, the tug when he claimed control from her. Just the thought was making her hotter, making her pussy weep with need.

She closed her mouth over the head, pumping her hand up and down his shaft. Sucking him softly at first while her tongue explored until it found that tiny notch at the base. That little v-shaped dip that always seemed so sensitive to touch in most men. And Charlie was no exception. His hand finally clenched in her hair, the other coming up to cradle the side of her face as he held eye contact with her. Watching him as he watched her sucking his cock was the most stimulating act of her life. Better than sex with any other man before.

And when he pumped his hips and pressed a little more of his length into her mouth she almost came. He must have seen the lust and passion on her face. She certainly wasn't hiding how much sucking his cock was turning her on.

"God, you feel so good, Miranda," he breathed out. "Better than any of the fantasies I've had."

So he had fantasized about her too. She moaned around his flesh at the mere thought. It made her hotter than hell to think that maybe they shared some of the same fantasies. Perhaps this weekend they could make all of their collective fantasies come true. And this was apparently one they shared. She'd make it better than either of them had hoped for.

Relaxing her muscles, she slowly moved her mouth forward until he was at the back of her throat. Her hand still held an inch of flesh that there was no way she could fit in her mouth. Fuck he was big. And she couldn't wait to feel him pounding inside her pussy hard and fast. It would be sheer perfection. She liked her sex wild and hot and she felt Charlie just might be the same.

She breathed through her nose and swallowed around his cock.

"Fuck," he cried out and that hand tightened, giving her the tug and burn on her scalp. He was almost there, almost to the point where he would fuck her mouth just the way she wanted him to fuck her pussy.

She moved back slow and easy, making sure to keep her suction firm as she released his inches. Then it was only the head again and she stroked and sucked it before sliding her teeth along the crown as she released it. And the entire time she had looked him in the eye. Watched as his eyes flared, his pupils dilated. Watched as his breathing changed, as he fought for control.

She ran her tongue over him, finally getting the taste of pre-cum she wanted. She ran the drop over her lips, spreading it before licking over it again and savoring the flavor that was uniquely Charlie.

"I've always thought you were the most beautiful woman I've ever seen," Charlie said, his voice thick with the lust that surrounded them. "But seeing you on your knees with my cock in your mouth, stretching your lips. You've never been more beautiful."

She grinned, just couldn't help it. "I bet you say that to all the girls."

He laughed. His stomach muscles rippled and his cock bounced. And she dived in. Licking, sucking, nipping and sliding him deep into the back of her throat. Her hand

moved in rhythm with her mouth and her other hand moved down to caress and fondle the taut globes of his balls. And finally Charlie lost his control and took it from her. His fingers clenched in her hair while the other hand cradled the side of her head, holding her in place.

He fucked her mouth, dictating the faster rhythm he desired. He wrapped his fingers around hers at the base of his shaft and showed her how to squeeze the flesh just the way he wanted. His breathing grew harsher, his nostrils flared and his eyes were bright.

"If you don't want me to come in your mouth say something now, Miranda," he grunted out. "Because in a few more moments I'm not going to be able to stop."

She didn't want him to stop. She had watched Charlie for a long time. She knew him and his habits. And she'd snuck a look into his personnel file when he'd had his last physical a few months ago. He was clean and she knew for a fact he hadn't been with anyone since then. She was clean too and she'd share that information with him when her mouth wasn't so full. But for right now she wanted to suck him dry, literally.

She tightened her lips and sucked harder as he pumped, doing her best to convey with action as well as her eyes that she wanted everything he had to give. He seemed to understand without words. His fist tightened further and he fucked her mouth hard and fast. Shallow and then deep. And as she felt the first spurts of his taste hit her mouth, she tightened her thighs and came with him. Each swallow sent her higher within her orgasm until she was trembling as hard as he was.

And what she found the most erotic of all was not the blowjob she'd just given him. Not the way he'd made her come with only his cock in her mouth. But the way he held her gaze and shared the sheer intimacy of the act with her. It was the best blowjob she'd ever given in her life and she couldn't wait to do it again.

Charlie felt his knees grow weak. That was the best fucking blowjob of his life. He'd known she would be hot. To be honest maybe that was part of the reason he'd run. She

was everything that he wanted in a woman and one weekend, two days, would never be enough time to work her out of his system. A lifetime wouldn't be enough. And all he could think about at the moment was getting her to that bed and stripping her naked. He would definitely be returning the favor. But only after he'd licked every other inch of her body first.

He reached for her hand and slowly helped her to her feet. The blowjob had been incredible but even more so was watching her face as she came with him. And he knew she had reached orgasm. He'd seen women come before and Miranda didn't bother to hide it. He'd never had a woman come while giving him head. It was amazing to know that she took that much pleasure in pleasing him. And made him that much more eager to get her naked and spread before him like the banquet he would make of her.

Her hair was wild around her face. Her eyes were bright and so dark a brown that they reminded him of chocolate. Her lips were flushed red and swollen from the way he had fucked her mouth. Her breasts were rising and falling and her nipples were tight buds against her shirt. He could smell the musk of her release and couldn't wait to get his tongue on the wet flesh between her thighs.

He bent and wrapped one leg behind her knees, lifting her to cradle her against his chest before moving down the hall to the bedroom.

"Now it's my turn," he informed her and felt her squeeze her thighs together. He vowed he'd make her scream with only his mouth before he finally plunged his cock inside her. He'd do his best to convince her that he was a man looking for more than a good time. He was a man worthy of forever.

He set her on her feet beside the bed and when she reached up to work the buttons on her shirt he stayed her hand. "Let me," he whispered to her. "Unwrapping you will be like Christmas morning when I was a very little boy." He looked up at her and knew the lust he felt was there in his eyes. "Only I never got a present this fantastic."

"Never?" she asked and it seemed to Charlie that there might be just a touch of vulnerability in her voice.

“Never,” he swore and started working down the row of buttons.

She didn’t wear an undershirt and with each opening there was a flash of the soft sun-bronzed skin beneath. She smelled divine. He had no idea what perfume she used but he would gladly smell it every day for the rest of his life. It was spicy and yet soft at the same time. And it blended with her body so well that it was hard to tell what was her and what was perfume. It was much better than the women who bathed themselves in some floral scent that overpowered and choked anyone who was unfortunate enough to enter the room they were in.

Her shirt parted and beneath was a leopard skin bra that hugged her curves and lifted them up like the gift he saw her as. The material was sheer enough that he could make out the dark red of her areolas. Even as he looked her nipples tightened further, the tips pressing hard against the material of her bra. He wanted to bend and nip and suck, giving them both pleasure. But if he started now he’d never get her naked before they had sex. And he wanted her as naked as he was.

He pushed the shirt from her shoulders and reached for the snap of her slacks. She sat on the edge of the bed while he knelt before her to remove her socks and shoes before pulling the pants the rest of the way off. He held a foot in each hand, tugging them apart so that she sat with her sweet cunt right at eye level. She was wet. The material of her matching panties was wet with her desire and he closed his eyes and just breathed in her scent.

He released her feet and let his hands run up the inside of her legs, not willing to give her the chance to decide to close them. She’d had her mouth on him, driven him to the brink of insanity. And now it was his turn to return the favor.

“Do you always wear panties like this?” he asked as he nuzzled the inside of her thigh.

“Yes,” she hissed and he was happy to see her hands were clenched in the comforter.

"You have a lot of matching pairs?" he queried, letting his fingers slide along the edges of her panties.

"God yes," she moaned, "drawers full."

"Good," he said, and grabbing the top of her panties between his fingers, he gave a sharp tug and smiled as the material ripped. "I never was patient with opening presents." He pulled the ripped material aside so that her pretty pussy was displayed. He had managed to rip it free on one side and so with another sharp tug he snapped the other side free and pushed them over to the sides so that the only thing keeping them in place was her ass.

He moved forward, using his shoulders to spread her legs all that much wider. Grabbing her hands, he moved them to her chest where her bra was still in place. "Lie back and play with those gorgeous breasts, Miranda. Let me see just how you like them touched."

He was happy to see that she did just as he said. She popped the front clasp and pulled the material aside, revealing the naked splendor of her full breasts. He could spend hours, days, weeks sucking and pleasuring her, and eventually he would. But his cock was already rock-hard again and if he didn't get a taste of her soon he was going to die of thirst. But there was something else he needed to do first.

Standing quickly, he pulled two pillows from the top of the bed and helped Miranda balance as he placed them behind her head and shoulders. This helped to prop her up so that with him on his knees beside the bed he could still see her eyes and watch as she pinched and tugged at her turgid nipples. He wanted to make sure that she enjoyed this as much if not more than she had the blowjob she'd given him. When she came this time, he swore he'd make her scream his name.

He leaned in and let his tongue slide over the dewy lips of her cunt. Just a slow tease for now. From the bottom of her slit all the way to the top and then back down again. He slipped his tongue just a tiny bit into the sweet opening of the pussy before

pulling back and running his tongue back up to the top. He dipped in, searching for and finding the swollen knob of her clit, giving it a jab before pulling back once more.

She moaned above him and her eyes were glazed with passion. Her thighs were trembling where they rested beside his shoulders on the bed. He lifted her legs and let them drape over his shoulders, moving just a bit closer. He blew over the wet folds and heard the catch in her throat, saw as she swallowed hard.

"Stop teasing me, Charlie," she moaned. "Give me what I need. Eat my pussy."

He grinned. Man, did he love a woman who wasn't afraid to say what she wanted. Using one hand, he opened her up to his gaze, spreading the lips of her cunt so that nothing was hidden from him. He leaned down and thrust his tongue hard into her cunt, rolling it and pumping it in and out like a small cock. Her taste exploded on his tongue. He loved it, could eat it forever. She was sweet like wine with just a hint of musk.

He worked her with his tongue, enjoying the sounds she was making, the way her legs continued to tremble. Her juices poured from her and he did his best to lap up every sweet drop. He could feel it on his chin as well as coating his lips and he loved it. He moved his mouth up to her clitoris and jabbed around it with his tongue. He slid his other hand down and thrust two fingers deep inside her just as he finally wrapped his lips around the swollen bud he was playing with and sucked greedily on it.

Her hips thrust up off the bed. Her fingers moved from her breasts to clench in his hair. And she rode him to the point that it was more her working herself on his fingers than him working her with them. She was a fucking sex goddess. And if he wasn't damn careful she'd have him spilling his cum again before he ever got his cock inside her.

He turned the hand holding her open so that the palm rested on the top of her mound, his first two fingers continuing to hold her cunt on display. He used that hand position to press her hips back down to the bed, allowing him to take back control of

her pleasure. She cried out and he could feel the tension in her as she struggled to obey his silent command.

“Faster,” she cried. “Suck me harder.”

Fuck she was hot. He dived in and did just as she asked him to. He fucked her with his fingers, working them hard and fast in and out of her snug pussy, adding a little curve at the tip of his fingers to get the hard rub along her channel. He sucked and flicked at her clit and when he felt she was close enough to orgasm he nipped her with his teeth. Not hard, just a tiny nip, a grip and tug that sent her screaming over the edge.

And he felt triumph sweep through him as she chanted his name, over and over again while her orgasm ripped through her. He tugged his fingers from her and moved his mouth down to lap up the tangy juice spilling from her. With his now free hand he reached blindly for the dresser drawer and the box of condoms he had discovered earlier. He tugged and searched blindly until he had what he wanted. Pulling his other hand free, he ripped it open and taking his throbbing cock in hand rolled the condom on.

With one last lap of her juicy pussy he stood between her sprawled thighs. Gripping the base of his shaft, he placed the head of his cock into her opening and began to press forward and into her. They both groaned as he worked himself inside her. She was hot and so fucking tight around him that he knew he wouldn't last long. He prayed she didn't want soft and slow just yet. He would give it to her, wanted that badly, but doubted like hell he could manage it right now.

Finally he was fully inside her. She thrashed her head back and wiggled her hips as if she needed to adjust to him. When she looked back up at him her eyes were a deep dark chocolate. Her breast heaved and she reminded him of something wild and untamed.

She leaned up to him, wrapping her arms around to pull herself up to him. It pressed him all that much deeper and they both groaned with the pleasure that was tearing through them. She took his mouth, devouring it, and it aroused him further to

know that she seemed to enjoy the taste of herself on his lips and tongue. She licked his lips and when he slid his tongue into her mouth she sucked it greedily.

Pulling back, she looked him in the eye. "Fuck me," she demanded. "Fuck me hard and fast until neither of us has the energy to leave this bed."

Yeah, this was a woman he could spend forever with. He leaned down so that she rested against the pillows once more and braced his hands on either side of her shoulders. Her legs had slid down his arms when he stood and now she wrapped them tight to his hips. He moved within her and groaned at the carnal explosion in his blood. It was as if she had been designed specifically with him in mind, as if they were meant to join together.

He rode her fast and hard with her urges for more ringing in his ears. Her cries echoed off the walls around them and he figured it was a damn good thing that they were out in the middle of nowhere. He didn't think his neighbors at his apartment would appreciate her enthusiasm as much as he did.

He could feel his balls swelling, could feel the pleasure traveling from his sac around and up his spine as he drew closer and closer to orgasm. And she was with him. That tremble was strong, her breathing was shallow and the way she was arching her breasts up to him let him know she was as close as he was.

He bent low over her, sliding his hands down to grip her hips to help maintain the rhythm she was demanding. He clamped his lips around one distended nipple and sucked hard. Strong pulls at her flesh before giving it a soft love bite. And just like that she was screaming again. Her cunt rippled and pulsed around his shaft and with two more thrusts he threw his head back and shouted his release.

It was minutes before either of them could move. Charlie knew he needed to get rid of the condom and get something to clean her up. They were both covered in a fine sheen of sweat and if he thought either of them could stand for very long he'd have them both in the shower. But his knees were weak and he was a big enough man to admit it. She had gotten her wish. He was too exhausted to leave the room. But he knew

women always liked to clean up before they could rest, at least that was his experience. So he pulled back and, placing his hand at the base of his cock to hold the condom in place, he pulled out.

She groaned and her eyes opened as he moved from between her thighs.

"Where are you going?" she asked around a yawn.

He removed the condom and, tying off the end, threw it into the trash can on the other side of the end table by the bed. "Thought I'd get something to clean you up so you could rest."

She reached out her hand to him and he gladly took it. She tugged him back to her as she managed to sit up on the side once more. "The only thing I want right now is for you to get under these covers with me and hold me. Are you okay with that?"

There was something in her eyes, as if there was more to the question than just getting into that big bed and holding her. But it didn't matter. He'd gladly agree to anything she wanted right now, even if she wanted him to walk away. He was in way over his head with this woman. He nodded and caught his breath as she stood to pull the covers back before replacing the pillows at the head of the bed. She slid under the covers, moving only far enough away so that he had room to slide in beside her. She waited until he was beside her before turning to him.

"Do you sleep on your side or your back?" she asked.

"My side usually," he answered.

"Good," she smiled and leaned up to kiss him softly. "Me too. You can spoon me."

She rolled over and he found himself mimicking her position so her tight little ass was snug against his groin. He was thankful his cock seemed to be content for the moment and didn't swell. He wrapped his arm over her, letting it rest under her breasts, and hugged her closer. She curled her fingers around his forearm and held on as if she was afraid he might let her go. And Charlie felt a stutter in his heart. If she only knew his greatest fear at the moment was that he might not be able to ever let her go.

Chapter Three

Miranda woke snug and warm and with a moan on her lips. As she came closer to wakefulness, she took in the presence of the man in the bed behind her with his rock-hard morning erection snug against her buttocks. She wiggled back, trying to disguise it as a coming-to-wake stretch. His low moan greeted her. She smiled and wiggled again and Charlie's hand came out to grip her hip and try to keep her from moving again. She did it anyway and found herself rolled onto her back with Charlie looming over her. And she caught her breath.

He was gorgeous fresh from sleep with the five o'clock shadow on his face that was almost more of a reddish blond than the red of his hair. His blue eyes were bright and alert and she wondered how long he had been lying there waiting for her to wake up. And she realized that all the time she'd spent watching him, longing for him to notice her had led her to now. And every moment she spent with him brought her closer to being in love with him, the man, and not the person she'd dreamed he would be. In fact, Charlie was better than she had imagined.

She brought her hand up to his chest and slowly trailed her fingers down to his rock-hard abs. Man she loved his abs. She could spend hours licking each tightly packed muscle there. She traced them and grinned when his cock jerked and a tiny drop of fluid appeared on the crest. She slipped her hand down lower and using only her thumb smoothed it over the broad head.

"You're playing with fire this morning," Charlie hissed out between his gritted teeth.

"Burn me then," Miranda whispered huskily, her need and desire for him showing in her voice. "Consume me with it."

Charlie groaned and bent to her lips, taking possession and dragging her into a morning kiss that had her reaching for him with both hands, frantic for more skin-on-skin contact. Obviously morning breath was a non-issue for him and damn, if that didn't excite her. He moved over her and lowered so that their bodies were perfectly aligned. She gripped his shoulders with her arms, her hands around the back. Her knees clenched his hips and she pulled herself up to rub wantonly against him. She was anticipating that first thrust when he took her pussy. It was going to be so fantastic.

He broke the kiss and nibbled a trail to her ear and then down her neck to her collarbone. She could feel the rasp of his shadow on her skin, the firm sucks of his lips and the sharp nips of his teeth. He eased down so that her knees were at his waist and his lips hovered over her beaded nipples. Slowly he bent his head and licked the nipple. Just the nipple. Only a few slow, thorough licks of his tongue over the taut buds making them harder. She didn't even realize that she was arching up toward him until he put one hand on her under her breasts and pressed her back to the mattress.

"Be patient," he told her and she groaned. She had never been very patient.

He moved to the other nipple and it was the same torture. Long slow licks touching only the nipple. Back and forth he went until both buds glistened, rising toward him as if begging for more. Which was exactly what she would be doing very soon. He lifted his head up, his gaze rising to hold hers, and he blew over her wet nipples. It was as erotic as hell. She gasped and arched again.

"You're killing me here, Charlie," she moaned. And he laughed. The man had the balls to laugh. And it lit his entire face. In all the time that she'd watched him she'd rarely seen him really laugh, the kind of laughter that was from the inside out. And she realized that she would suffer whatever torture he desired just to hear that laugh again and again.

She slipped one hand around to his chest and found his nipple easily. Holding his gaze, she pinched and watched his eyes flare. Yeah, he liked that. She did it again and his head lowered breaking eye contact. His lips caught her nipple and sucked it deep

against the roof of his mouth. She cried out with the pleasure. Though her hand was now caught between them she continued to pull and tug on his nipple. She loved the way he used his entire mouth to pleasure her. He sucked, nipped and tongued her breasts to the point where she knew there would be red marks when it was all over. And she had to admit that she liked the idea of being marked by him.

She maneuvered her hand lower between them until she could grip the top of his cock. There was no room to stroke it but she could play over the large head, rubbing the pre-cum there and grazing her thumb in the tiny notch under the head. Charlie pulled away from her breasts with a moan that she echoed. She'd never felt so swollen, her nipples never so engorged.

"Condom," he breathed out and pulled back from her.

"Where?" she echoed, panting to get him inside her.

"Drawer," he said and before he could move she did.

Rising to her knees in front of him, she turned and bent over to pull the drawer out and grab a condom. His hands gripped her hips and held her so that she couldn't turn back around.

"I've dreamed of you like this," he whispered, his hands sliding over her ass. "I've dreamed of you on your knees with me pounding into you. Dreamed of watching your ass bounce while I made you come."

He'd dreamed of her? Her heart swelled and her eyes filled with moisture that she quickly blinked away. It made her glad that he couldn't see her eyes right now.

Slowly she moved back, letting his hands guide her until she was in the middle of the bed on her hands and knees.

"I love these dimples," he said and bent his head down to lick over the twin dimples that were in the small of her back just above her buttocks. She shivered at the feel of his tongue against her skin there. No one had ever done that. And he didn't stop there. His mouth trailed kisses down over the curves of her buttocks, making her shake

with desire as he moved closer and closer to where she knew her pussy would be visible.

His teeth nipped the bottom curve making her jump and his laugh washed over her skin as he finally used his hands to push her legs wider and lowered to the bed. She felt him turn just before his head was between her legs and he was lifting that hot mouth up to her cunt. His tongue parted her folds and traced a path up to her clit. He wasn't playing this time and she was very grateful. He found her clit and bit down softly before sucking it into his mouth. Two fingers pierced her pussy and he worked them hard and fast inside her.

She came. That easily she burst like a dam, the tremors like an earthquake through her body. He slowed, used his mouth and fingers to ease her back down while keeping her aroused. As her breath evened out he pulled away. She saw his hands move around her, felt him slide the pillow under her so that it supported her weakened muscles. She heard the condom wrapper and knew he was rolling it on.

"That was for you," he whispered as she felt the nudge of his cock against her pussy. Slowly he slid in until his balls were snug against her ass. He held still, his hands gripping her hips, his breathing slow and steady. "This is for me."

Charlie was determined to take her slow and easy this time, to love her body the way she deserved. He wanted to drag out the pleasure for both of them. She was so snug around his cock, so tight and wet, so fucking hot that he was straining to keep from pounding into her. He loved her ass, loved the full, rounded cheeks that grazed his belly every time he thrust fully inside. He liked the way her waist curved in and the flare of her hips. He loved the way her head stayed high, her hair falling over her shoulders and down her back. She was quite simply breathtaking.

Slow and easy he stroked his cock against the walls of her cunt. He'd pull back until just the head rested inside her and then push back inside plunging as deep as he could go and holding it for just a second before repeating the entire process.

"Charlie," she moaned his name. He felt his cock jerk but kept the slow, steady pace.

"Charlie," she cried out and pushed back against him. He could feel the sweat on his chest and abs, beading against his skin. He could see the flush of hers, the tension in her shoulders as she continued to hold herself high. Her head was thrashing now and with every stroke her trembling grew. He could feel her legs shaking slightly and gripped her hips tighter. He slowly increased his tempo, just enough to have her panting harder.

"Charlie," she said again and he swore he could come just from hearing her say his name in that sex-glazed voice of hers.

A little faster now and she was rocking back into him, shredding his control with every stroke. He could feel the ripples of her pussy and knew that she was getting close to coming again. And that was what he wanted. He wanted that ripple and grip of her orgasm when he finally let go.

He slid one hand down along her belly leaning into her so that his chest was almost touching her back until he found the straining bud of her clit. He rubbed it with his thumb, tracing small circles over it. He could hear her breathing increase, the tremble was strong, and she was so close to orgasm he could almost taste her on the air. He pressed down firmly against it, keeping up the circular motion. She tensed and cried out. He leaned down fully over her so that his head was by her shoulder. He nudged her hair out of the way and bit down on the muscle where the back of her neck met her shoulder. Not hard enough to tear skin, just hard enough to give that sharp nip.

"Charlie!" She screamed his name as her cunt rippled and almost strangled his cock. Her orgasm washed through her and a second later he could feel the wash of her juices slicking over the condom, making her wet and ready for the pounding he needed.

Sliding back up, he gripped her hips once more and took her hard and fast, riding the wave of her orgasm with her and taking her higher and farther than before. She was thrashing and screaming and he could hear the pleasure in her voice. Within minutes he

was joining her, a harsh cry leaving his throat as he filled the condom. He didn't realize how he strained so hard against her that her knees were literally lifted from the bed. Nor did he realize that it was her name he cried.

But she did.

He reluctantly pulled out. He could easily stay inside her forever but safety came first. He could feel his cock softening with repletion and so he held the condom in place as he slid free. He slipped it off and tied it before tossing it into the trash beside the dresser. Miranda had collapsed to the bed beside him and he grinned at the boneless look of her. If nothing else he had given her pleasure, several times. He dropped beside her and traced circles on her skin. He couldn't seem to keep his hands off her.

"You okay?" he asked and then felt silly.

She laughed, and tugging the pillow from under her, she rolled to lie on her back. "I've never felt so relaxed in my life," she swore. "You could make a woman forget that there is life outside your bed."

He liked the sound of that. It gave him hope. "Any woman?" he queried. "Or you?"

"All I can speak for is myself," she said and for some reason she couldn't look at him. He didn't like that.

Gently he tilted her head back up to him until their gazes locked once more. "What's going on, Miranda?" he asked. "Why so shy suddenly?"

She let out a big sigh and if he didn't know better he'd swear her eyes glistened with moisture for just a moment. "I have a confession to make," she said, taking him totally off guard.

If the guys had sent her up here to help him relax he'd never get over it. In fact he might just find himself behind bars as he *just might* kill someone.

"What is that?" he asked, trying to brace his heart for the bomb she seemed afraid of dropping.

"I came up here planning to seduce you," she said and when he smiled and started to say something she shook her head and placed her palm against his lips. "Let me finish please before I lose my nerve." He nodded and placed a kiss against her palm, watching as she shivered before pulling it away. She sat up and pulled the pillow into her lap, hugging it against her as if taking support from it.

"I've watched you for a long time. Watched you and slowly fallen for you. I couldn't seem to get your attention and I didn't know what to do or say around you. I built fantasies in my head around you, around us, and I came here hoping to make you wake up and notice me. And instead I woke myself up. You are more than I ever expected. Better than I ever wished or hoped. You are a man who I could spend the rest of my life with and never know a moment of boredom or uncertainty. I know how you are with the people that matter to you. I know how hard you work because justice and right and wrong are ingrained in you. I know the way you run your fingers through your hair when you can't figure something out. I know the way you tap your pen against the desk when you're frustrated." She laughed as she took in what had to be a look of surprise on his face. "I've seen you make a person break into a confession with just a look. And I've seen you comfort a victim with an ease that many struggle with."

"So what are you saying?" Charlie asked.

"I came here to seduce you, to make you see that I was worth taking the time to get to know. I walked through that door promising you a weekend of no-strings sex," she looked up at him and his heart melted at the look in her eyes. "And I'll stand by that if that is all you want."

"But?" he prompted when she stopped.

"But I think I'm falling in love with you, Charlie," she confessed and it was as if his heart literally stopped for a moment before coming back stronger than before. "Not the man I imagined, not the cop I see every day on the job. But the whole you, every part of you that makes you the person you are. And if you think that you might be interested in seeing where this, where we, might lead... Well, then I'd like that as well."

He gently tugged the pillow from her grip and eased her against him so that her head nestled against his chest. "I've never had anyone make me feel the way you do, Miranda. I have noticed you from the beginning," he laughed. "Trust me, I've gotten hard every time you walked in the room."

She glanced up at him.

"I probably always will. But I've noticed your spirit. I've noticed the way you take the guys' teasing in stride and yet are quick to put them in their place if they are stupid enough to step over the line with you. I've noticed the way you play with the hair above your right ear when you are concentrating. I've noticed the way your nostrils flare when you get mad. I've seen you take a guy twice your size down without breaking a sweat and I've seen you show compassion and understanding when it was needed. You're one of the strongest women I've ever seen in my life. I think my heart stopped when I opened the door in the bare to see you standing there."

She laughed now and the sound washed over his skin and for the first time he realized that he really was relaxed. He wasn't thinking about work or the case or anything. He was with Miranda and she was all he was thinking about.

"Actually you were in a towel when I got here," she said with a wicked grin. "But I got you in the bare as soon as I could."

He laughed. "Yeah, you did." He reached down to cup her cheek to run his thumb over her plump bottom lip. "I always heard that when you were with the right woman you would just know. Everything would be better. Everything. And I'm starting to believe it." He bent and placed a soft kiss against her lips. "You did seduce me. My body, definitely. But so much more than that as well. All my senses came alive with you. I swear that I experienced things with you that I've never had before. Hell, I haven't thought of the case since you walked in that cabin door. I'll forever be grateful that for some reason you chose me and followed me here." He held her gaze and this time knew that it was unshed tears that shimmered in her eyes. "I would count myself as the luckiest man on this earth if you wanted to stick around and see just where this

thing between us might lead. 'Cause I have a confession of my own, Miranda." Her breath caught and maybe his did as well. "I think I might just be falling for you as well."

And one tear fell down her cheek. He bent and licked the salty drop from her skin. "I can't promise I won't get jealous every once in a while. I can't even promise that I won't knock a few skulls together at work when I catch one of the guys eyeing that perfect ass of yours. But I can promise that it won't be because I don't trust you."

She laughed and more tears fell but he could tell they were happy ones and it was empowering to know that such a strong, confident woman felt comfortable enough with him to let go.

"So does that mean that we are exclusive? Only seeing one another?" she queried softly.

He felt silly for a moment, like he was back in high school asking a girl to be his steady. But then if that was what Miranda needed he'd give it to her. "Yeah. That is exactly what it means."

"Good," she said. "I'm not as nice as you so don't say I didn't warn you when I claw the eyes out of any woman who starts to ogle my man."

He laughed. Just threw his head back and gave a deep belly chuckle. This woman was the one he'd been waiting his whole life for. She'd keep him on his toes for sure. She'd argue with him without fear. She'd tell him when he was wrong. She could and probably would make him grovel and beg. And she'd love him with every fiery inch of her body and soul. In that moment he realized what Gil, Ben, Jack and all his friends with strong women in their lives had already discovered. That when you met the right woman and opened up enough to let her inside, well then, you were the luckiest man in the world.

About the Author

Lacey Thorn spends her days in small-town Indiana, the proud mother of three. When she is not busy with one of them, she can be found typing away on her computer keyboard or burying her nose in a good book. Like every woman, she knows just how chaotic life can be and how appealing that great escape can look. So toss aside the stress and tension of the never-ending to-do list. For now, sit back, relax and enjoy the ride with Lacey as she helps you to unlace and unleash the woman inside.

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

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