

ELLORA'S CAVE *Sophisticate*



ASSUME THE POSITIONS
COUGAR CHALLENGE

MARI CARR

Assume the Positions

Mari Carr

Book five of the Cougar Challenge series.

Damn Cougar Challenge!

Rachel's thankful for the new friends she met while attending an erotica-book convention. They instantly connected and began sharing the relationship woes unique to older single women on their Tempt the Cougar blog. Then Monica issues that challenge... How is Rachel going to convince a younger man to have sex with her? Hell, even *she* doesn't want to look at herself naked. To control her growing angst, she makes a list of eligible men then... Nothing. It's been too long and her divorce was too painful. She'll never be able to do this.

Ethan, one of Rachel's physical therapy patients, is pissed when he learns of the challenge. Not because he finds it silly—because he's not on Rachel's list! So he does what any self-assured young stud would do. The luscious police officer gives her a copy of the *Kama Sutra* then asks her to make a new list.

And assume the positions...

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Assume the Positions

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ASSUME THE POSITIONS

Mari Carr

Dedication

This story is dedicated to the ladies of International Heat. Your support of my writing has been a godsend to me this past year. Jess, Joy, Jayne, Jambrea, Lexxie, Lila, Valerie, Viv, T and Rhian—you gals ROCK!

Author Note

You'll find the women of Cougar Challenge and the Tempt the Cougar blog at www.temptthecougar.blogspot.com/

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Chapter One

Rachel Bridges stared at the computer screen and sighed. She was generally a happy-go-lucky kind of girl, but lately she couldn't fight back the brief spurts of depression that plagued her.

Since her friend Monica had issued that ridiculous dare—Cougar Challenge, she called it—more than a few of her online pals had actually gone out and found themselves younger men. Crap, a couple of the girls had actually hooked up with *two* younger men. Her friends were turning out to be fearless and adventurous, and Rachel couldn't help but be envious as she read about their sexual liaisons on the Tempt the Cougar blog they'd created together.

She'd met all but one of the women at RomantiCon, a conference for erotic romance novel fans. In one weekend, she'd formed a tighter bond with these women than with any friends she'd made in all of her thirty-seven years. Besides their shared love of hot books, they'd really connected personally as they shared their struggles to cope with the harsh realities of getting older. They'd been a godsend for Rachel at a time when loneliness and her own mortality had begun kicking her in the ass on a daily basis.

She clicked on her IM list, grateful to find Autumn online. Since buying a ranch on eBay and finding the hunkiest cowboy in Texas, her friend had been on the blog less and less. Having too much great sex all the time was clearly cutting into Autumn's computer time. Bitch.

Rachel: Hey.

Autumn: What's up, buttercup?

Rachel: My life sucks.

She was aware she was whining, but she didn't care. She was PMSing and the damn vending machine ate her last three quarters without giving her the Milky Way she wanted. Now her hip hurt from beating the machine and the stupid son of a bitch was still dangling there, taunting her from across the room.

Autumn: Why?

Rachel: I'm never going to be able to complete Monica's challenge. There's no way I can find a younger man to sleep with me. Hell, I can't find an old man to have sex with.

She'd never been into the club scene and she basically sucked at flirting. In fact, the entire concept of using her feminine wiles to attract the opposite sex struck her as downright silly. The few times she'd gone out to bars, she'd spent the entire time laughing at the antics of other women as they attempted to hook up. Her bizarre sense of humor clearly overshadowed every girly personality trait she possessed.

Her mother viewed her lack of relationships differently, saying she was far too practical for her own good and teasing her good-naturedly about the fact there wasn't a romantic bone in her whole body. There was probably a basis of truth in both theories.

Autumn: Men would love to sleep with you. You're pretty, successful, funny. Oh hell...where are you, sweetie?

Rachel stared around at the empty physical therapy office where she worked and grimaced.

Rachel: Work.

Autumn: That's what I thought. Get the hell out of there. It's Friday night. Get dolled up and hit a bar.

Rachel: I can't. I have a client coming in.

Autumn: Dammit, Rach. You're not even trying to find a guy. I hate to break it to you, but you aren't going to find Mr. Right by hiding out at work all the time. You've got to get out there and take some chances.

Rachel: I know, but hitting the pick-up scene again is just too damn depressing.

Autumn: I really think this lack of confidence is your ex-husband's fault. You're letting him win.

Rachel: Voldemort already won.

Autumn: LMAO. He'd shit himself if he knew that's how you referred to him.

Rachel: Truth hurts. Besides, can you blame me for being trigger shy? My whole life has been one big fucking cliché. Worked my ass off to support the shithead so he could attend medical school then dump me.

Autumn: He didn't deserve you.

Rachel: No, apparently he deserved his twenty-something blonde nurse. You do realize the only way I'm going to get the image of them screwing in our bed out of my mind is to scratch my eyes out.

Autumn: At least you kicked the bum out on his ass.

Rachel: Wasn't much of a kick. He wanted her, so he left. Catching them in the act just saved him the trouble of telling me.

After she'd divorced her husband, Rachel had pursued her own dreams, going back to school to work toward her physical therapy degree. For nearly six years, she'd managed to work herself into oblivion in hopes of avoiding the concept of "getting out there". During the stressful time after her divorce, she'd turned to erotic romance as a means of escape. Curling up in bed with a hunky fictional character was a hell of a lot easier than dealing with a real flesh-and-blood man.

Autumn: Christ, Rachel. Don't you miss hot, sweaty, set-the-sheets-on-fire sex?

She rolled her eyes. The only man she'd ever had sex with—her ex-husband—had made reading the changes in tax laws seem exciting in comparison.

Rachel: Hard to miss what you never had.

Autumn: All the more reason to get out there.

Rachel: Yeah. I guess you're right. Thanks for the pep talk.

Autumn: Is that what this was? Because, sweetie, you don't seem much peppier. Guess it's a good thing I never went out for cheerleading in high school. Of course, with my lack of hips, I'd have spent the entire time cheering with that little skirt around my ankles. Nothing to hold it up.

Rachel grinned. Even through IMs, Autumn always managed to make her laugh.

Rachel: Talking to you always helps. Give Mitch a kiss for me.

Autumn: I will. Bye, sweetie.

She closed her computer rather than go back to the Cougar blog. Tonight, listening to all her friends chatter about their fun lives just deepened her depression. Hearing them talk about overcoming their problems and finding their dreams left her to wonder if there was something seriously wrong with her. She'd been dragged along with the Cougar Challenge and now they were expecting her to go out and have a fling with not just a man, but a younger man.

Shit.

She'd never be able to do that. She was too sensible to go around flirting with younger men who in all likelihood wouldn't even notice her pathetic efforts. She was more the gal-pal type than the "pick up a stranger in a bar" sort of woman.

She pulled out the tatty notebook she always carried with her and flipped through the pages until she found the list she was looking for. She'd started keeping lists back in high school and the habit had never gone away. Once she filled a notebook, she bought a new one, loading the pages with list after list on every subject under the sun. In the

beginning they were a way to stay organized. As she got older, they'd begun to also serve the purpose of reminding her of various things as she tended to be more forgetful.

She found the page she was looking for and scanned her pitiful list of potential younger men once again. She'd been keeping a running list since the night Monica issued the challenge, adding and marking out names for months. Unfortunately, the list was as pitiful now as it had been when she'd started it. There were currently seven names on the page, but four of those had been scratched out for various reasons. The three remaining prospects weren't exactly thrilling. She leaned her head against her desk chair and fought back a groan. Apparently, she wasn't cougar material after all.

She glanced at the clock, closed her eyes and sighed. Ethan was late again. Officer Russell was her most disgruntled patient. As a physical therapist, she was used to treating people who preferred to ignore their injuries, who chose instead to carry on with their normal activities without regard for the fact they were doing themselves more harm. Ethan took the award for stubbornness.

For the past eight weeks, she'd worked with him as he recovered from a gunshot wound to his upper leg. If not for the police department's strict policy on the treatment of work-related injuries, she was certain Ethan would never have darkened her door, and it had taken more than a little bit of convincing on her part to get him to take the exercises and recovery strategy seriously.

If she had any feminine wiles at all, she'd be using the handsome twenty-eight-year-old officer to practice her seduction skills. But her work ethic prohibited her from becoming involved with a patient and her damn practicality prohibited basically everything else in regards to Ethan Russell.

"Whatcha doin', Doc? Sleeping?"

"Oh shit!" She jumped out of her chair, her heart racing at the sudden sound in the room. She hadn't heard Ethan walk in. There he stood, six feet four inches of mouth-watering perfection, with wavy dark brown hair and a smile that reduced her insides to

utter mush. His hot-chocolate-colored gaze should be registered as lethal as his work-issued gun.

His grin at her alarm was remorseless. "Tsk, tsk, tsk. Napping on the clock," he teased.

She shook her head and ignored his comment. "You're late. Again."

He shrugged, unconcerned. "Caught a bad guy right at the end of shift. Lousy paperwork took awhile."

"You couldn't call?" she asked, aware her voice was snippy, but he'd truly frightened the hell out of her.

He looked at the clock that hung on the wall. "I'm only five minutes late, Rachel."

She gave him a crooked smile and acknowledged the truth of his words. "Sorry," she muttered. "Bad day."

"Lose a list or something?" he asked, gesturing toward her notebook. He'd teased her relentlessly about her list fetish ever since asking about the book one night. She'd foolishly shown him the thing and for some reason, he'd found her fervent list-keeping hysterical.

"Ha ha. No, Mr. Smart Ass, I didn't lose a list. I just don't happen to like the one I'm working on."

He quirked his eyebrows with interest and she cursed her loose tongue. The last thing she needed was to give the man another reason to ridicule her. He already had far too much fun at her expense. A fact, she had to admit, she sort of enjoyed. They seemed to share the same twisted sense of humor. In addition to being too hot for words, Ethan was funny and friendly and it hadn't exactly been a hardship to volunteer to stay late to accommodate his crazy work schedule.

"Forget it," she said quickly, hoping to deter his sudden interest.

"Let me see your list. Maybe I can help you with it." Ethan grabbed her notebook and she swiftly attempted to pull it out of his grasp. They struggled over the book for several seconds before she lost her grip.

"It's personal," she said loudly when he won their tug-of-war. Her protest was too late as he read the heading on the page.

"Potential Younger Men for Cougar Challenge?"

Rachel prayed to God he didn't know what "cougar" meant. She'd only learned of the term while reading her erotic romance novels. She'd been shocked to discover how much the idea of an older woman hooking up with a younger man turned her on, pushed her hot buttons.

"It's just something silly...something stupid, really. Give me back my notebook and we'll get started on your exercises."

Ethan ignored her and she watched as he scanned the list of names. When he closed the book with a snap, she flinched at the unfamiliar look on his face. She'd never seen him look so serious or...angry. "What are you doing, Rachel? What the hell is this list about?"

She took a step back, confused by his reaction. Over the course of the past two months, she'd felt a friendship forming between her and the young cop. As a result, she now found her fears, her anxiety over the challenge falling from her lips uncontrolled.

Even though she was sure she was making a mistake, she told him everything—from meeting her friends at the conference to the blog to the dare to sleep with a younger man. She didn't leave out a single detail and throughout her entire confession, Ethan was quiet. In the end, it was his silence that unnerved her more than his initial anger.

"So there," she said at last. "That should keep you busy in the teasing department for months. I'm an insane, horny-as-hell woman who's actually contemplating throwing herself at a younger man on a dare. And before you say anything, yes, I know...I'm old

enough to know better." She walked away from him as she said the last, too embarrassed to face him.

She'd only made it two steps when he reached out and gripped her forearm, turning her back around. "Old enough to know better?" he asked. "You think you couldn't land a younger guy?"

"Maybe I could," she said, surprised to find him taking this conversation so seriously. "I mean, I don't think I'm unattractive, just sort of out of practice with the whole dating scene."

Ethan grinned and she spied the usual mischievous sparkle in his gaze that she'd grown accustomed to over the past few weeks. "Wish you'd mentioned this horny problem of yours earlier, Rach."

"It's not something a polite woman advertises," she said.

He continued pulling her toward him until they stood face-to-face, close enough that she could smell his skin, a pleasant combination of fresh shower, soap and—*yummy*—man. Rather than look up, she stared straight ahead, placing her line of vision at the top of his chest. There was no way she could look at his handsome face and not spend the rest of their session imagining him naked. He wore a tight T-shirt and she could just imagine what his bare pecs would look like. She swallowed heavily, her mouth watering at the thought.

"Isn't that a shame," Ethan added. "Advertisements like that sure would take a lot of the guess work out of dating."

"I haven't been doing a lot of dating since my divorce from Voldemort."

"Mm hmm." She felt certain if she hadn't been standing so closely, she wouldn't have heard the small, guttural sound—a growl?—that emanated from him. Did it make him angry to hear her mention her ex? "Look at me, Rachel," he said as she felt his gaze bore through the top of her head.

"I am," she said, her eyes remaining locked in place, several inches below his chin.

He reached down and gently forced her head back with firm fingers at her jaw. She took a deep breath and faced him. His head was cocked to the side, his lips painfully close to hers. An impractical woman would lean forward and initiate a kiss. A woman without any common sense would rise up on her tiptoes, close the gap separating them and take a nice, long taste of him. An adventurous woman —

Her mouth stroked his briefly and her mind struggled to understand how she'd gotten close enough for that touch. Had she moved?

Her lips brushed his again, but rather than move away, she continued to push closer.

Oh shit.

She was kissing Ethan. Her brain kicked into high gear.

Red alert! Abort! Abort!

Her practical side was practically screaming for her body to step away from the hot man. But apparently her body had its own agenda.

His fingers moved from her chin and along her cheek, taking up residence in her hair. His hand pulled her closer and he deepened the kiss, forcing her lips open with his, exploring her mouth with his tongue.

Holy crap. He was kissing her back. She wrapped her arms around his neck and struggled not to moan when his other hand traveled up and down her back, rubbing delicious patterns through her shirt that made her want to purr like a kitten.

They continued to kiss, but Rachel's racing mind kept fighting for the control her body had seized.

This is wrong. He's so far out of your league I'm not sure you can consider yourselves inhabitants of the same planet. He's a patient.

The last thought jarred her enough that she pushed away abruptly.

"Shit," Ethan muttered when she struggled out of his embrace. "I was wondering when that head of yours was going to get in the way."

"What?" she asked.

"You think too much," he replied.

"That's not true. I just don't think it's professional for me to be kissing you in the clinic."

He grinned. "But it would be okay if you kissed me outside? The door's right there. Let's go."

"It's not professional, period. I shouldn't have — It was wrong of me to —"

"Kiss me?" he supplied, and she could see he was enjoying her predicament far too much.

"Yes," she hissed.

"Did that overactive brain of yours happen to notice that I was kissing you back?"

Oh, her brain noticed — it just didn't want her to be happy. Meanwhile, every other major organ and nerve in her body was singing — big time. Her nipples were cutting through the satin material of her bra, her stomach was still doing happy flip-flops and she was noticing regions south of her waist reappearing after deserting her years ago.

She shrugged. Seemed like the easiest thing to do.

"Why wasn't my name on your list?" he asked.

She burst into laughter.

"I'm serious," he persisted when she continued to chuckle.

"You sound as if you're hurt by the omission," she said. "Is this some male ego switch I've triggered? I would think you'd be relieved. You don't have to worry about some sex-starved divorcee setting her sights on you. Trying to lure you into her lair." She raised her hands in a claw-like fashion and made a scary face.

He didn't smile at her joke, so she lowered her hands and shook her head. "I like you, Ethan. You've become a good friend these past couple of months and I wouldn't dream of annoying you like that."

"Annoying me? You think I'm not attracted to you? Sexually?" he asked, setting off her laughter again.

"Oh damn, now that *is* funny," she said between giggles. "Well, I guess I'll just have to say it. You're hot, Ethan. Super hot. And about a decade younger than me."

"I thought that was the point of this challenge of yours," he argued.

"Well, let's just say there're younger men and then there're younger men. In the world of women like me, you fall into the untouchable category."

He nodded, but she could see he didn't like her answer. "I didn't see that 'untouchable' thing holding you back a few minutes ago."

She sobered up at his scowling face. "As I said, I shouldn't have done that."

He was silent for several uncomfortable moments and she wished she could read his mind. "I've screwed up everything tonight, Ethan," she added, desperate to fill the void. "Can we just start this whole PT session over? I'll even let you sneak in and scare me again."

His face cleared suddenly and his cocky grin returned. She took a deep breath of relief – until his next words knocked it out of her again.

"Put my name on your list," he demanded. "The *top* of your list. And then mark out every name under it. You're going to follow through on that dare...with me."

Chapter Two

Rachel stared at the ceiling in her bedroom the next morning, trying to wrap her head around Ethan's proposition. After his insistence that his name be added to her list—he'd waited until she'd picked up the pen and actually wrote it on the damn thing—they continued with their usual physical therapy routine as if nothing unusual had occurred. As he was leaving the clinic last night, he'd given her a quick peck on the cheek and told her he would be in touch. What the hell did that mean? In touch when? And what would he be touching?

She groaned as the same nagging feeling in the pit of her stomach returned. She'd tossed and turned all night with an ache that wouldn't go away until she'd dug out the vibrator Monica had sent all the cougar ladies for Christmas. Rachel had treated the gift as a joke, throwing the thing in her nightstand and never touching it again...until last night.

She squeezed her legs together tightly and debated going for round two with the wickedly fun toy. Just the mere thought of Ethan had her dying for sexual relief. This sudden, unfamiliar sex drive was going to put her in an insane asylum or break her Laundromat bank. The man had only kissed her, for God's sake, and yet she'd had to change her panties twice during the night, she'd gotten so wet...dreaming of Ethan and imagining all the things she wanted to do to him.

She was just reaching toward the nightstand for the vibrator when her phone rang. Screwed by the bell.

"Hello?" she said.

"Good morning." Ethan's deep voice shot through the telephone line like an electrical shock and she squirmed again at the juices his sexy, masculine tone produced. Shit, she was going to give up wearing panties altogether at this rate.

"Hiya. What's up?"

"Not you, by the sound of your voice. Have to admit I sort of saw you as an early-to-bed, early-to-rise kind of girl."

Well, he certainly had her pegged. Normally she was up at the crack of dawn. It was his fault her usual routine was out of whack.

"It's the weekend and I have nothing to do. Thought I'd give myself a nice, relaxing sleep-in."

Liar, liar, pants on fire.

She was about as relaxed as a stockbroker hopped up on Starbucks.

"Well, I wouldn't say you have nothing to do," he replied.

She paused for a moment and considered her schedule. Was she supposed to be somewhere? She didn't recall making any plans. Certainly none with Ethan. She'd sure as hell remember that. "I don't understand."

"There's a package outside your door. I want you to go get it. Your instructions are inside."

"Instructions?" she asked, her heart rate accelerating. Ethan had been by her place? This morning? Why oh why hadn't she heard him? He could have taken the place of the lousy vibrator.

"Don't sound so worried, Rachel. You'll like this assignment. It involves making a list."

She grinned at his joke. "You know, there's nothing wrong with making lists and being prepared. It wouldn't hurt you to be a little more organized—might actually prevent you from being late all the time." She could tease as well as the next person.

"Yeah, well. You won't have to worry about that tonight."

"Tonight?" she asked.

"I'll be at your place at seven sharp."

"You will?" She realized her voice had taken on a higher pitch with each consecutive question and she cleared her throat. "Why?"

"It's all in the package," he replied enigmatically. "And Rachel, wear something sexy. See you later."

He hung up the phone with a light chuckle before she could wrap her lips around the word goodbye. Her brain was actually still trying to process the "something sexy" comment. She didn't do sexy. She wouldn't know sexy if it bit her in the ass. Her mother had trained her well and she was quite firmly ensconced in the land of prim and proper.

Dammit.

She jumped out of bed and walked to her front door, not sure if she wanted to see what was in Ethan's surprise package or read his instructions.

Rachel opened the door and found a small square box neatly wrapped in brown paper. Carrying it into the living room, she dropped onto the couch to open it, grinning as she tore the paper. She loved presents.

She gasped when she lifted the lid on the box. Inside was a new copy of the *Kama Sutra*.

Holy shit.

She picked up the book and flipped through the pages, her mouth dropping open a little bit farther with each subsequent photographed pose.

An envelope dropped out of the front cover and she bent to retrieve it from the floor. Inside were Ethan's instructions, as promised. It was a sheet of paper much like the paper in her notebook. He'd numbered down the side column one to ten and had even supplied a heading.

Kama Sutra Positions I Want to Try with Ethan.

Holy, holy shit.

Time to call in reinforcements.

She grabbed her laptop from the coffee table and fired it up.

She sent an email to all the ladies on the Tempt the Cougar blog. She'd mentioned hot cop Ethan and a few of her racy fantasies involving the man in past posts and several of her friends had suggested him for her cougar experience. She'd always brushed off the suggestions, saying it was as unlikely as Donald Trump getting a decent haircut.

Subject: Help me!

Ethan wants to help me fulfill this damn cougar challenge—TONIGHT! He's serious about it too. What the hell am I supposed to do? He just gave me a copy of the *Kama Sutra* and told me to pick out some positions to try. Then he told me to wear something sexy. What the hell is that supposed to mean? I'm as sexy as the Queen of England. Oh my God. Kill me now. How did I let you girls talk me into this?

Monica popped up in a chat window almost immediately and Rachel laughed aloud at her friend's advice—so typically Mon.

Monica: OH. MY. GOD. If you do not do this you will regret it for the REST OF YOUR LIFE. First, pick some positions that don't require circus acrobat training. If he's totally hung, try the Claspings or Indrani positions. But my personal favorite? The Tigress. Rawrr. Um, Sam likes that one too.

Rachel: And the sexy part?

Monica: I hate it when men say that. How do you know what he thinks is sexy? I mean, maybe he totally digs the French maid thing. Or plain cotton underwear. If I were you, I'd just open the door naked. I bet he won't object.

Rachel shook her head, feeling only a bit less freaked out. Monica was the queen of free spirits. She didn't have an inhibited bone in her body. Open the door naked. As if.

An email from Cam came next.

Subject: re: Help me!

What to do? Enjoy the heck out of it, honey! As far as the *Kama Sutra* goes...well, if it was me, I'd grab a mirror and try out positions to see which ones are the most flattering. But hey, that's me and my insecurities. Go for it. And post details tomorrow.

She closed the laptop and walked to the bathroom carrying the *Kama Sutra*. As she stood in front of the mirror, she looked at her reflection more closely than she had in a very, very long time. Shortly after her divorce, she'd stopped looking in mirrors completely. It had taken her several months to come to grips with the fact that Alex, her ex-husband, hadn't left her because of *her* problems, but because of his. He was a shallow, self-serving asshole who ranked image above love, honor and respect in order of importance.

She was much better off without him, and she'd even developed a nagging sense of pity for his new wife, Carolyn. A leopard didn't change his spots, and she wondered how much longer the bride behind door number two would shine bright enough for Alex to keep her around. Eventually Carolyn would be tossed aside for a newer model, and she actually felt sorry for the woman—to an extent.

Usually until she remembered finding the bitch in bed with her husband and then she just laughed with glee at the old “what goes around, comes around” saying.

Her reflection showed her just what she'd expected—a woman in desperate need of a dye job. The roots peeking out were grayer nowadays than the mousy brown of her youth. She checked beneath the sink and found a box of L'Oréal—light auburn. Thank the hair dye gods. At least she would be saved a trip to the drugstore today. Placing the box on the counter, she leaned forward, examining her face. She'd dodged wrinkles so far, although there were definite laugh lines forming around her brown eyes and full lips. She grinned ruefully.

Guess there's nothing wrong with lines formed by laughter.

Turning around, she looked in the full-length mirror that hung on the back of the door.

I'd grab a mirror and try out positions to see which ones are the most flattering.

Cam's words drifted back to her and she quickly crossed the line from mildly nervous to full-blown anxiety attack. Her hands shook so badly she nearly dropped the *Kama Sutra*.

Crap. She'd never be able to take her clothes off in front of Ethan. She'd seen him shirtless, wearing nothing but workout shorts during a few of their PT sessions, and to merely say the man was built was an insult to Mother Nature for blessing women everywhere with the image of his physique, his male perfection. Meanwhile, the fates had clearly been drunk the day they'd made her, putting excesses of everything...everywhere. Wide hips, huge breasts, fat ass. The only places they'd skimmed on were her ankles and wrists.

She shrugged off the T-shirt and pajama shorts she was wearing and studied the profile of her shape.

Wonder if I can lose twenty pounds by seven o'clock tonight. Maybe she could find ten *Kama Sutra* positions that required the man to have his eyes closed.

Time to change the game plan.

Evasion tactics. Excuses. Outright lies if necessary. What to choose?

Professionalism. Ethics. Of course, it was so simple. The main reason she hadn't put Ethan's name on her list to begin with was because he was her patient. She couldn't have sex with a patient.

She rushed to the phone and called him.

"That didn't take long," he said dryly, rather than the customary hello.

"It would be unethical for me to have sex with a patient." She was proud of the strength and conviction in her voice. Hippocrates would have been impressed.

"I'm not your patient anymore," he answered calmly. "Before I called you this morning, I had my medical records transferred to Dr. Philips. He'll be doing the rest of my PT."

"You did? He will?" She dropped down on the couch, surprise turning her legs to jelly. Damn man had thought of everything.

"I only have a few more sessions until I satisfy the stupid workman's comp requirements anyway."

"Oh, well..." She wasn't sure what to say. A part of her was disappointed she wouldn't be finishing up his sessions. He was her happy dose of eye candy. She'd actually looked forward to going to work on days when he had an appointment. Of course, if he wasn't her patient, she didn't have to worry about facing him the morning after what was certain to be a fiasco.

"Have you made your list?" he asked.

"No," she replied.

"Get started on it. See you at seven." He hung up without the customary goodbye. She was going to have to talk to him about his lack of phone manners.

Returning to the bathroom, she picked up the *Kama Sutra* and studied the pictures again. She immediately found ten positions that pushed all her hot buttons just to look at. Then she pictured herself as the woman, with Ethan as the man.

Aw hell. She was so screwed.

* * * * *

In the end, Rachel settled for what she prayed Ethan would consider sexy. She'd pulled the tags off a skimpy little black dress she had hanging in the back of her closet and underneath she'd put on the only bra and panty set she owned. The concept of matching undergarments just seemed bizarre to her, but this set was new and completely impractical from a comfort standpoint. It was also sexy as hell. It pushed her breasts up and the panties were cut low and actually looked kind of hot on her.

She'd bought the entire outfit on a whim once after she'd seen Voldemort out and about with the blonde bitch, but she'd never had the nerve to wear it out of the house. It showed way too much of her figure, way too many inches of cleavage. There was a fine line between sexy and trashy and she was never quite sure where it was. A fashion expert she was *not*, despite the fact she never missed an episode of *What Not to Wear*.

At seven o'clock on the dot, her doorbell rang. She took a deep breath as she opened the front door – awestruck by the sight of Ethan on her doorstep.

He was wearing new blue jeans and a dark green button-down shirt. He let out a catcall whistle and grinned. She felt herself blush at his appreciative look.

Then her gaze drifted down to enjoy every yummy inch of him, her eyes lingering on his muscular arms before taking in the image of his strong legs encased in the tight denim. His light chuckle forced her eyes back to his face.

"Are you going to invite me in or are we going to do this thing on the front porch?"

She rolled her eyes at his cocky tone. "I'm not so sure we're going to do any *thing* at all."

She closed the door as he walked past her, surprised when he turned and slowly pushed her forward, pressing her stomach against the wood and caging her in. She was completely surrounded by his body, his strength, and she shivered with desire when his lips brushed against her ear.

"Assume the position," he said, his voice husky, deep, sexy as hell. "Or should I say *positions*? We're going to do so many things tonight, Rachel, you'll need to keep a list to remember them all. Now are you going to play nice or do I need to whip out the handcuffs already?"

"You brought your handcuffs?" she asked breathlessly, the idea of being restrained one of her favorite fantasies.

He laughed softly. "Oh yeah, what kind of cop would I be if I traveled without them?"

His close proximity, the smell of his cologne, slowly eased her fears and she felt her inner minx emerging, ready to play. "What about your gun?" she asked. "Did you bring that too?" As she spoke she reached behind her, teasing his erection with her fingers to make her meaning clear.

He took her hand in his and pushed her palm firmly against the front placket of his jeans, letting her feel his undeniable arousal. "Oh yeah, baby. I brought the big gun tonight and believe me, it's loaded and ready to roll."

She wanted to giggle at his jest, but she couldn't spare the breath as her body fought to draw in any air that wasn't filled with his amazingly seductive scent.

He moved far enough away to turn her to face him. Once he had her in the position he wanted, he crowded her against the door and leaned down to kiss her.

She'd expected awkward conversation, a slow buildup, anything except the power of this moment. Ethan was kissing her, touching her with such need, such desire, she wanted to cry with the realization that she'd spent a lifetime without this feeling.

She pulled away for a second to suck in a breath. "God," she panted. "Too much."

"Not enough," he muttered, gripping her head in his hands, claiming her lips once more.

She pulled him closer, her fingers digging into the material of his shirt. He deepened the kiss and she struggled to process everything that was happening to her. Her blood felt as if it were literally boiling.

This can't be happening. Stuff like this doesn't happen to me.

"Stop thinking," he murmured against her lips. "Just let it happen."

Let it happen. Let it happen.

The words played in her mind like the chorus of her favorite song as his hands left her face to cup her breasts. Why she expected him to be gentle now after the intensity of his kisses, she didn't know, but when he roughly palmed her sensitive flesh, pinching her nipples through her dress, she had to break again for air.

"God, need...air," she muttered as he growled, unhappy at being denied her lips. His freshly shaven face rubbed against her cheek as he descended on her neck. Damn, she loved having her neck kissed. The sensation sent a tingling feeling clear down to her toes. His hands tightened on her breasts as he covered her skin with hot, wet kisses. "Oh yeah. Right there. More," she demanded, reaching up to run her hands through his soft, dark hair, wrapping her leg around his to pull him even closer.

Ethan pulled back at her words and she hissed.

"My fierce little kitten," he said, attempting to take a step away from her. She followed his retreat and he gave her a husky laugh that sent her hackles up, harsh words rising to her throat. He stopped her tirade with a finger against her lips. "Hush, Doc. If we don't stop now, I'll take you against that door."

She shrugged. "Sounds like a plan to me," she said, yanking him close again.

"Not *my* plan," he said, untangling her fingers from his shirt and taking her hands into his. He pulled her toward the couch before seemingly changing his mind. "Where're the list and the book?"

"Bedroom," she admitted, foolishly thinking if she'd kept them out of sight, she could dissuade him from his seduction plans with a calm, reasonable conversation in her living room. She'd convinced herself all day that he'd eventually come to his senses and jilt her. Barring that, she'd made a list of all the reasons why they shouldn't embark on an affair.

As he tugged her quickly down the hallway to her bedroom, she scrambled to think of one of those damn reasons now.

Christ, she had a ton of them. What were they? Where the hell was her notebook?

Ah ha! The age difference.

"I'm way too old for you," she blurted out as they crossed the threshold into her bedroom. Mercifully, she knew how lame her willpower was and she'd changed the sheets and hidden the pile of discarded undies.

"Says who?" he asked, turning to pull the straps of her dress over her shoulders.

"Says me," she replied, swatting away his nimble fingers.

Undeterred by her pitiful attempts at evasion, he pulled the dress down to her waist while continuing to dodge her hands. When she realized she was practically naked from the waist up, she stood speechless for a moment as he gripped her waist and stared at her with a too-satisfied look on his face.

"Well?" she asked.

"Well what?"

"You know it's not too late to change your mind. I could always find another guy to 'do this thing' with me," she said, mimicking his words from the front porch.

He scoffed at her words, an honest-to-God scoff. "You try to find another younger guy and I'll be forced to beat the poor bastard to a pulp. This challenge is all mine."

She had to grin at his comment. It was so typically Ethan. Throughout his PT sessions, they'd had so many heart-to-heart discussions on such a wide variety of topics, she couldn't begin to remember a time when she hadn't felt as if she knew everything about him. He was open, honest and competitive as hell. Of course he would view this challenge as a game he wanted to play to win.

He reached out to tweak one of her nipples and she gasped, thrilled by the look of lust in his gaze.

"So you don't think I'm too old for you?" she asked again, foolishly needing his reassurance.

"I think you're hot as hell and I can't wait to fuck your brains out."

His words, so typically young and crude, caught her off-guard and she laughed. "Somehow I think I sort of proved a point on that one, but I'm not sure how."

"Give me your list and take off that dress. I want to see if your panties are as sexy as that bra." His face, his words, were too intent, too serious. She licked her lips, though not from nervousness but excitement. She'd worried about her body turning him off all

day, but he genuinely seemed to like what he saw. She retrieved her *Kama Sutra* list, handing it to him before tackling the zipper on the side of the dress.

She studied his face as she shimmied out of the tight sheath. He didn't look up, but instead read each position she'd listed on the page. She wished she could see his eyes, see what he thought of her choices.

"Did you list these in any particular order?" he asked.

"No," she whispered, trying to stop herself from tackling him to the floor and having her wicked way with him. "Aren't you going to get undressed?" Her need must have sounded in her voice because he glanced up.

"Damn. I knew it," he murmured.

"Knew what?"

"Knew I'd never be able to escape the image of you standing there, just like that. You are so sexy, Rachel."

"You think so?" she asked, turning slowly in a circle, grinning seductively when his gaze darkened.

"Take off the underwear and lie on your back."

His deep voice was demanding and she suddenly understood why he was such a good police officer. Criminals must fall in line under his commanding presence. Before she could think of another item on her list of reasons to refuse him, she unhooked her bra and shed her panties.

"What are you going to do?" she asked, immediately rolling her eyes at the inane question. They were in her bedroom with a list of *Kama Sutra* positions. What the hell did she *think* they were going to do?

"I thought we'd split the bamboo first," he replied easily. She shivered as she recalled the picture of that position. She'd chosen it because it was a fairly easy one to perform and didn't require her to be Nadia Fucking Comaneci. Splitting the Bamboo was actually one of the least risqué of her choices. She simply needed to lie on her back

while Ethan took her missionary style. The bamboo splitting was achieved when she lifted one leg straight up over Ethan's shoulder.

She wondered why he'd chosen that one at all. Then she stopped wondering and instead felt grateful for his thoughtfulness. Some of her other choices had taken every bit of her nerve just to write on the list. By starting simply, perhaps it would make it easier to work their way up to the much more challenging positions. Splitting the Bamboo would be an easy one for them to get to know each other.

He didn't move until she was in the proper place, then he stepped to the side of the bed. While she watched, he slowly unbuttoned his shirt. Each inch of bare skin revealed left her squirming and needy. He watched her movements with a pleased grin as he dropped the soft cotton to the floor.

His hands drifted down his stomach to the fastening of his jeans. As he worked at releasing the erection she could see clearly confined there, she gripped the sheets in her fists, fighting her body's overwhelming reaction to his sexy striptease.

"Hurry up," she whispered, not hesitating to issue a few demands of her own.

He shook his head and stopped undressing. "Are you wet?"

Heat crept to her face at his question. Her ex-husband's idea of dirty talk was wanting to know if she'd showered before coming to bed.

"Don't," he said, leaning over her, his hands on either side of her head. Though he covered her completely, no part of his body brushed against hers — more's the pity.

"Don't what?"

"Don't think. Not tonight. Give that lovely brain of yours the night off. Tonight is about the pleasures of flesh."

She nodded her agreement. "Pleasure sounds cool," she said, forcing a lightness into her voice that simply wasn't there. Every word, every move he made sunk her deeper into the well of need and desire.

He rose and repeated his question. "Are you wet?"

"Yes," she whispered.

"Show me." Her eyes must have betrayed her confusion as he clarified, "Open your legs and touch yourself. Let me see all that hot juice you've made just for me."

She spread her legs apart, slowly dragging her hands along her chest, toying briefly with her breasts and reveling in making Ethan do a bit of squirming as well. As her fingers made their way along her body, he resumed his undressing and she detected a definite increase in the speed with which he moved.

This is fun.

When her hands reached the hair covering her pussy, he pushed his pants down.

Officer Russell went commando.

He cleared his throat and raised his eyebrows, reminding her of her task. She dragged her hand along her slit, her fingers quickly covered with the glistening proof of her arousal.

He took his cock in his hand and she physically fought back a gasp at the sexy sight of him touching himself so intimately.

Clearly not all men were created equal and for a moment, she wondered if Ethan hadn't gotten her ex-husband's share of the booty as well. She chuckled to herself at the irony of that thought then quickly dismissed Alex from her mind as she watched Ethan pull his hand along his rock-hard, thick, long, unbelievably inviting cock.

"Wow," she muttered and Ethan grinned.

"You act as if you've never seen a dick before," he said lightly.

"Only one and it wasn't even half as big as—" She stopped talking and glanced up. Ethan's hand had stopped moving against his flesh and she wanted him to start again.

"Only one?"

She shrugged. "Um, yes?" she asked, not sure what it was about her confession that bothered him.

"You've only been with one man. Your ex-husband, right?"

"Of *course* my ex-husband," she replied.

"How long have you been divorced?"

For a man who'd previously been ready to skip the small talk and get right to business, he sure was killing the mood now.

"Six years."

His grin reappeared and his hand moved against his cock more roughly.

"Doesn't that hurt?" she asked, spellbound by the sexiness of his movements.

"No. I should warn you right now, I like my sex hard and sweaty."

As easily as that, he'd taken the temperature in the room back to something the equivalent of living on the sun.

He gestured to her hand with a nod. "Show me," he said, repeating his earlier demand. She ran her hand along the opening of her pussy, gasping at the feeling produced by just her fingers and his hot gaze. She lifted her hand to him. He took it in his own, pulling it toward his mouth.

She cried out when his tongue cleaned each digit, sucking them one by one into his warm mouth.

"God, Ethan. That is so hot."

He grinned. "You know what I like about you?"

She shook her head.

"Every thought you have, you say out loud."

"And you *like* this?" she asked with disbelief. Most people of her acquaintance found that little habit completely annoying.

"I never have to guess where I stand with you."

"That's not always a good thing, you know," she replied, and he laughed and shrugged as if unconcerned.

"Times like now, it's a very good thing. I want you to tell me exactly how you feel tonight. Maybe it would make it more fun if you added an 'oh yes' or a 'fuck me harder' or an 'Ethan, you're a God' to the end of every sentence."

She laughed. "I'll try to bear that in mind."

"We could always practice now," he added as he dropped to his knees on the floor and grabbed her thighs, pulling her closer to the edge of the bed. His hot breath caressed her aching flesh as he bent and she gasped when he placed a wet, open-mouth French kiss on her vagina.

"Holy shit," she muttered as he chuckled.

"That's not a bad variation either." He repeated the kiss, lingering this time, his tongue thrusting in and out of her pussy. She fought to remain still but her traitorous hips couldn't resist the temptation of following his mouth, his lips. His teeth teased her clit mercilessly until she cried out, "Fuck me, Ethan!"

He stood slowly and pulled a condom from the pocket of his discarded pants. He put it on while she fought the sensations pummeling her body, fighting for more.

"Oh God, please fuck me."

Standing beside the bed, he placed the head of his cock at her wet opening and she threw her head back against the mattress. "Get inside me. Get inside me," she demanded, unconcerned by her wayward tongue. It was clear she'd never be able to hide the truth of his effect on her body.

His push into her was too torturously slow, but every time she tried to lift her hips to take in more of him, he halted her with firm hands.

"Harder," she begged.

He shook his head, refusing her. He was big and filling her so perfectly, she knew she couldn't rest 'til she had every bit of him crammed inside.

"You said hard and sweaty," she taunted.

"Too tight," he said through gritted teeth. "Only halfway."

Her eyes widened at his words. *This* was only half?

"See why I'm going slow?" he asked, sweat running down his cheek. "Six years is a damn long time, Rachel."

He moved another inch forward and she gasped at the electrical shock that coursed through her body. "What the hell was that?"

He grinned. "Think I found your G-spot." He moved out a bit and hit the same spot. She cried out.

"Oh yeah," he said, rubbing along the same area until she was shaking, writhing, arching with the pleasurable sensations he was provoking inside her. "Christ, you're gorgeous."

She screamed as his strokes pushed her into the most powerful orgasm of her life.

"What the hell was *that*?" she repeated after several moments. Her body was completely sated, utterly replete, and she felt as if she were floating on air.

"Awesome," he whispered.

As she became more aware, she realized he was completely inside her and still hard as a rock. "You didn't come."

"I'm not finished. I believe you wanted to try a little something called Splitting the Bamboo."

He reached down to grip her right ankle, pulling her leg straight up until it rested on his shoulder. As he moved her into the position, she felt his cock push even farther inside, until he was so deep she wanted to cry with relief. This was how she wanted him. How she needed him.

"Ready?" he asked and she nodded with a grin. "Gotta warn you," he added. "After watching you come like that, I'm not sure I'm going to be able to hold back this time. My balls are about to burst."

She laughed and reached down with her left hand to cup his testicles. He sucked in a sharp breath at her tantalizing touch. "Oh Ethan, you're a God," she teased as she squeezed his balls.

He laughed only briefly before pulling nearly all the way out and slamming back inside her in one hard thrust. As quickly as that, her body responded and she felt another orgasm beginning to build. He paused for just a moment before repeating the motion. Each rough shove into her body was followed by a short respite. After five times, she realized he was still trying to hold back, still trying to make it last—for her.

"Fuck me," she said during yet another pause. He looked at her closely. "No more stopping. I want you to take me hard...now."

Her request released the dragon from his lair as Ethan gave her exactly what she asked for. On each thrust he stroked her G-spot, driving her so high she felt as if she were on top of the world. She was flying. She was soaring. For the first time in her life, she understood what all the fuss was about. *Sex rocked!*

"Come with me," he demanded and she dove from the cliff, not needing to be asked twice.

Chapter Three

Rachel wasn't certain how long she'd dozed, but when she awoke, she found herself facing her new best friend.

"Well hello there," she said to Ethan's very-awake, very-ready-to-play cock.

Ethan's chuckle came from somewhere around the region of her waist and his breath tickled the hair surrounding her mons.

"Congress of the Crow," he said.

"Ah." No other explanation was necessary. She'd placed that position at the bottom of her *Kama Sutra* list, although it was by no means her last choice. She'd often wondered what it would be like to do a sixty-nine with a man who wasn't so hung up on sanitary conditions that sex felt more like an experiment in cleanliness than something based on fulfilling basic desires and needs. Her ex had refused to participate in oral sex, calling it disgusting.

As she studied Ethan's well-endowed cock and actually felt her mouth water a bit at the prospect, disgust was the furthest concept from her mind. Yummy, exciting, forbidden in a very hot way all crossed her mind – then panic set in. "Um...Ethan?"

"Mm hmm?" he hummed as he dragged his tongue against her slit.

She sucked in a breath and for a moment forgot what she'd meant to say.

He stopped when she failed to reply. "Is something wrong, Rach?"

"I might need a little guidance on this one."

He rose up onto his elbow and looked at her over the mountain that sadly was her hip. "Are you sure you were married?" he asked.

"Of course I was married. Married and divorced. I have an album full of pictures that have been torn in half to prove it. I have six table settings of china instead of twelve. I have half a damn set of encyclopedias. What kind of question is that?"

"Which half of the encyclopedias?"

"A through L," she said with a giggle.

He laughed at her jest then shook his head. "I swear I've slept with virgins with more experience than you. You didn't know where your G-spot was. You admitted you'd never had an orgasm like that and now you're lying there telling me you've never given a blowjob."

She narrowed her eyes. "How many virgins have you slept with?"

He rolled his eyes. "That was a joke. Before you, none."

"I'm not a virgin," she said defensively.

"I'm not so sure. Follow my lead. Do what I do."

She scowled, uncertain how that could possibly work. "Don't mean to question you or anything, but you are aware of the fact I have an innie and you have an outie, aren't you?"

He laughed. "Shut up and pay attention." He leaned forward and took her clit between his lips. The sensation shot through her like a rocket.

"Oh my. I see," she murmured. Moving toward him, she opened her mouth and took the head of his cock inside.

He wiggled his tongue against her clit and after the small explosion stopped shaking the ground, she imitated his movement with her tongue against his cock. She found a tiny spot just beneath the head that seemed to produce the same earth-shattering response in him that his tongue did in her.

She'd just gotten her bearings when Ethan brought his teeth into play, lightly nipping her clit. She moaned, the head of his cock snugly encased in her mouth, and he groaned in response. They repeated the same routine several times until she wondered

if she would be able to hold on for much longer. She'd never come so quickly or so easily in the past, but every move Ethan made produced such incredible feelings in her, she wondered about this new hair-trigger climax of hers. Had it always been there?

His tongue teased her clit once more before drifting down to the opening of her body. He began that lovely thrusting in and out he'd done earlier. Gripping the base of his large cock in her hand, she mimicked his movements, taking him farther and farther into her mouth with each pass. Soon, it became a battle of willpower. Rachel was desperate to hold back her own imminent orgasm until Ethan came. She wanted so badly to make this good for him.

He broke away after giving her several minutes of pleasure so good, it hurt. "If you don't want me to come in your mouth, you'd better stop now," he said breathlessly.

She shook her head while still sucking on his cock and he groaned loudly. "God, Rachel. That looks so fucking hot and feels—" His words ended abruptly as she felt his climax begin. She moved faster, her grip stronger as she remembered how tightly, how roughly he'd played with his own erection earlier. He wasn't kidding about liking it hard and sweaty.

His come spurted out, hitting her throat in hot, thick jets and she swallowed rapidly, amazed by how much there was. His body trembled slightly as his flow slowed and she softened her movements, dragging her tongue along his flesh more to soothe than arouse.

"God bless virgins," he murmured.

"Hmm?" she hummed, unwilling to give up his cock just yet.

"What you lack in experience you sure as hell make up for in enthusiasm. That was incredible."

His head rested against her thigh as he spoke and she released him slowly, not able to resist the grin fighting to claim her face. She'd given him a blowjob, brought the hottest man she'd ever met to his knees—well, figuratively. He thought she was incredible.

No sooner had the pleasure of that compliment crossed her mind than Ethan's mouth was on her pussy again. His tongue caressed her clit mercilessly as his fingers entered the play. He pushed two inside her, fucking her with them as he kissed, bit and tormented her clit. Within seconds, she was giving in to an orgasm that must have been hiding just around the corner. She screamed as it claimed her, her body shaking with delight.

Not only was she a quick climaxer, she was a screamer. Who knew?

She felt Ethan move on the bed, his arms coming around her waist, his sweet kisses on her cheek. She turned her head to return the gesture, his lips rubbing lightly against hers. She tried to find the words to express what she was feeling, how incredible the entire night had been, but there just didn't seem to be a way, a word that would cover it all. Even his "incredible" seemed lackluster in the face of what they'd done.

He moved a bit closer and deepened the kiss. For several minutes they lay side-by-side, content to merely explore each other's lips, tongue and teeth. Ethan's hands gently gripped the side of her face and his rough, calloused fingers softly stroked her cheeks. God, she loved the sincerity, the sweetness of that touch.

His hard cock brushed against her leg...

Hard cock? What the hell?

She broke free of the kiss. "Are you kidding me?" she asked.

His grin covered his entire gorgeous face. "Benefit of hooking up with a younger man, Doc. We're always ready to roll."

She laughed, reaching down to grip his erection in her hand. He jerked back, surprised by her impetuous touch. "Guess there are all sorts of benefits to be found tonight. I've waited thirty-seven years for a man to play sex games with. Twenty bucks says you konk out before me."

"You're on. Sit up."

She forced her muscles to obey, perfectly aware she'd never felt so pleasantly relaxed in her life. Ethan perched himself on the end of the bed, donned a condom and beckoned her over. "Milk and Water Embrace."

She moved faster at his words. She'd picked the sitting position originally because it meant Ethan would be behind her and less likely to see things she didn't want him to see.

"Sit on my lap. Face the mirror."

Well, hell. So much for that plan.

Damn man had put himself directly across from her dressing table, which pretty much gave him the best—or worst—seat in the house. He'd be able to see every nook and cranny. Of course, he'd already seen it all and hadn't run from the room screaming, so maybe this would be okay too. The position certainly had other definite, too-hot-for-words merits.

She lowered herself onto his lap. She'd expected him to move in for the kill immediately, but this one short evening with the man should have proven he never did what she thought he would. He pulled his erection toward his stomach when she made a move to guide it into her body.

"Not yet," he mumbled. "Just sit on my lap and spread your legs apart."

She glanced ahead and saw her body—*all* of her body.

"Better than watching a porno," he said, studying her face reflected in the mirror. "Way better."

She grinned and shrugged. "I've never seen one of those the whole way through. The one I saw was a bit icky."

He laughed. "They're probably all 'icky' when it comes right down to it. This won't be though," he said. "God, I'm going to love watching you come this way."

She sat down. She never seemed to win in their small physical skirmishes. His hands pulled her legs open as he put her knees over his to hold them in place. She kept her head lowered for a moment, not quite willing to look up and see the damage.

"Damn, you have no idea how hot that looks," he whispered into her ear.

She decided to take his word for it, keeping her eyes averted, choosing instead to watch the action through her limited vision rather than through the hi-def reflection offered by the mirror. The live action was overwhelming enough. His hands drifted along the inside of her thighs and she inhaled sharply when they paused just before touching her clit.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"You really have to ask?"

"I like when you talk dirty to me. Tell me what you want. Say all the naughty words."

Her mind whirled over all the things she'd really like to say to him, but she wasn't sure she'd have the nerve. Saying things in the heat of passion was a hell of a lot easier than throwing them out as foreplay. It seemed more forgivable if she was out of her head. Right now, she was far too cognizant and aware.

"We've got all night," he said softly.

Maybe *he* did, but her body was already well on its way to Hornier-than-Hell City.

"Touch me," she whispered when his hands continued to rest on her upper thighs.

"I am."

Bastard.

He clearly intended to make her work for this.

"Touch my clit," she said, not needing to look up to see that she was blushing furiously.

He rubbed her clit lightly.

"Harder," she added. "Pinch it."

He obeyed as she started squirming again. Man had her dangling like a worm on a hook every damn second.

“Oh yeah, just like that. Put a finger inside me. No, two...two fingers.” She couldn’t believe she was actually saying these things.

He complied again, slowly pushing two of his thick fingers inside her pussy. Guess it was true what they said. Big hands, big...

His fingers, once inside, stopped moving.

Asshole.

“Move them.” And then before he asked her to elaborate, she added, “Hard and fast.”

He began working his hand against her and she groaned at how good his touch felt. Her head fell back against his shoulder and before she thought better of it, her eyes landed on the reflection of him finger-fucking her in the mirror.

“See what I mean?” he asked, his eyes capturing hers in the mirror. “Fucking hot.”

He was right. Well, sort of right. She could definitely pick out the flaws in her body – damn cellulite – but as a whole? Fucking hot.

His fingers continued to move but she was too captured by the image and she shook her head. “Not enough. I need you. Inside me.”

“I am inside you.”

“Not your fingers,” she said.

“What then?”

Prick.

She caught his gaze in the mirror and held it for just a moment before speaking her heart’s desire. “I want your cock. Inside me. Deep inside me. Now.”

It was his turn to groan. “Lift up.”

She obeyed, reaching between her legs to greedily snatch his cock in her hand before he could take it away from her again. She guided him to her opening and slowly sat down.

"Fuck," he whispered and she looked up to see his pained expression in the mirror.

"Am I hurting you?" she asked.

"Only in the best possible way. Ride me, Rachel. This one is your show."

Her show? She hadn't considered that when she'd picked out the position, but he was right. She could direct this one, taking him any way she wanted. Should she tease him with a long, slow ride, as he'd done to her earlier, or pound against his flesh the way she loved?

Decisions, decisions.

She stood up slowly, careful to keep the head of his cock nestled just inside. His hands supported her waist but he was true to his word. He wasn't taking control. She moved back down, leisurely, relishing his hushed curse. There was something very heady, very exciting about holding a man's passion in her hands. She repeated her easy lovemaking, even when his grip on her waist tightened.

"You're killing me," he muttered, his voice low and so sexy, her already hard nipples tightened even more.

"Tell me what you want," she said. Now it was her turn.

His chuckle was cut off abruptly as she sped up on her next return. "Goddammit, woman. I want you to fuck me. I want to watch those gorgeous tits of yours bounce as you pound yourself on my hard cock."

All hail the King of Dirty Talk.

"Tits?" she asked instead, feigning offense.

"Breasts, boobs, jugs. Jesus, Rachel. If you have an ounce of compassion in you, you'll move."

She laughed – and then she moved.

* * * * *

Ethan mindlessly clicked through the television channels as Rachel rested her head on his lap. After round four hundred and thirty-nine in the bedroom, the hunger in their stomachs finally surpassed the hunger in every other part of their bodies. She'd thrown on a T-shirt and panties despite Ethan's assurances he wouldn't mind watching her make sandwiches in the nude. She'd declined the offer, watching with shock as he walked to the kitchen stark naked. What must it feel like to be so comfortable in your own skin, she wondered? She knew for a fact she would never suffer such a fate. Her modesty was far too ingrained to be so easily overcome. Although with Ethan, she felt adventurous enough to consider trying it. Maybe next time.

Next time.

She sighed softly and closed her eyes. There wouldn't be a next time. She was in the midst of her very first, and likely only, one-night stand. She lazily stroked his thigh, her mind drifting aimlessly over that thought, fighting back the depression that accompanied it.

He'd stopped on a sports channel and was watching some basketball game recap. It had been a long time since she'd even seen a sporting event on TV, generally breezing through them straight to the repeats of her favorite sitcoms. Her fingers encountered his scar and she stopped, touching the puckered bit of flesh.

"How were you shot?" she asked, rising up on her elbow, suddenly aware she'd never asked him about the injury that had brought him into her life.

He glanced down and noticed where her attention had fallen. He muted the game and grimaced. "I was the first man on the scene at a breaking and entering. Instead of waiting for backup, I decided I could handle things alone."

"I take it that was a bad decision."

He nodded. "I knew another patrol car was on the way and would be there in five minutes, tops. I figured I'd get a head start. Snuck in the back door with my gun drawn and caught the two thieves red-handed, trying to lift the stereo."

"Sounds okay so far," she said.

"I didn't see the third guy come out of the kitchen. He pulled his gun as I turned to point mine at him. He was faster."

Her heart raced at the idea of Ethan being in such danger. Suddenly, his job as a hot cop didn't seem so cool.

"What happened then?"

"Backup arrived. They rounded up the bad guys and called the ambulance."

"You're lucky you weren't killed."

He grinned. "Tell me about it. Thing is they were just young guys. I think the one who pulled the trigger was as surprised he shot me as I was. They were thieves, not killers. Gotta tell you, though, there's nothing like getting shot to adjust a man's priorities in life."

"How so?" she asked, sitting up beside him. He pulled her legs across his lap and she fought against the growing arousal that struck any time he touched her. His gesture had been a friendly, innocent one, but it was taking all the concentration in her body to focus on his words and not on his hand draped across her thigh.

"Until my injury, my life was pretty simple. Work my ass off all week in a job I thought was the most important thing in the world. Then I'd get drunk and laid all weekend."

Well, that got her attention.

"Ah, a womanizer, eh?" she asked.

He narrowed his eyes but dismissed her teasing barb. "Yeah, well. I'm not proud of it, but there it is. If there's a pickup line out there, I can pretty much assure you, I've used it."

Giggling, she said, "Oh no, tell me you never tried the 'What's your sign, baby?' on someone."

His shoulders shook with his laughter. "God, Rach. You kill me sometimes. No, I never used that line. Think it sort of died out a generation or two before I was born."

"Damn. I knew it was just a matter of time before the age jokes came out. For your information, that line was passé for me too. Disco had pretty much died out before I hit elementary school. So what was your best pickup line?"

He rolled his eyes. "I'm too embarrassed to tell you."

"Now you have to. What was it?"

"How *you* doin'?" he said, in his best impersonation of Joey from *Friends*.

"Shut. Up. Please tell me women didn't actually fall for that."

"Hey, what can I say? I'd throw it out there just like that, laugh at the end, maybe flex the big guns," he flexed his muscles, "and they'd fall all over themselves around me."

"Good God. Cocky much?"

He shrugged good-naturedly before sobering up. "Like I said, I'm not exactly proud of it."

She looked closely at him and realized that what he said was true. "So what part of your life changed after the shooting?"

"All of it," he said softly. She studied his face, wishing she could read the expression there. Sadness? Regret? "I figured out there's a hell of a lot more to life than work and sex. That damn bullet made me realize I'm not immortal."

"Oh yes. That's a biggie—discovering your mortality. I have to admit that's probably one of the things I miss most about my younger days. In my twenties, I had all the time in the world. As I approach my forties, I realize I've squandered all of it."

"I don't know about that. I'd say you've put the last few hours to very good use."

She laughed. "So I have. Well then, what are the new priorities, Mr. Mortal?"

"I've decided that work is just a paycheck. Don't get me wrong. I still care about my job—hell, it's a calling really. I love being able to help people. I just make sure that when I leave the precinct, I leave. Not just physically, but mentally as well."

"Good for you. So am I to assume you've stopped the bar hopping too? Thrown the little black book away?"

He shook his head at her questions, chuckling. "Uh, Rachel. Generation alert. It's not really called a 'little black book' anymore."

"Shit," she grimaced. "Do I want to know the new lingo for it?"

"Probably not. I referred to it as my 'booty call list' and the numbers were stored in my cell, not a book."

"Gross."

He laughed and turned the sound on the television back up. She rested her head on his shoulder and considered what he'd told her. She'd spent so much of their time together wrapped up in her own feelings of inadequacy that she'd never considered the fact he had problems too. She'd looked at him and seen a guy who had his act together, a good job, good looks, great personality. It was funny to think that inside, he was just as lost as she was.

They were simply two people looking at the world through different eyes from where they'd originally started. His entire outlook on life had been shattered by that bullet. Sort of like how her ex-husband had destroyed her self-esteem, her plans for a future she'd thought was solid. Difference was, Ethan had moved on and she hadn't.

Autumn was right, she'd shut down after the divorce. Wasted six fucking years of her life, never taking a risk with her heart.

Now she'd jumped from the frying pan into the fire—because she was afraid she was going to fall hopelessly and madly in love with Ethan. And when that happened, she was destined to be destroyed again. Maybe this time the damage would be irrevocable.

"Ready to cry uncle?"

She jerked at his question, suddenly aware he'd turned the TV off and was looking at her.

"Sorry?" she asked, confused.

His fist engulfed his aroused cock, focusing her wavering attention very quickly.

"Yowza," she whispered.

"There's twenty bucks on the table. You ready to concede and get some sleep, or is the game still on?"

She grinned at his dare. "Are we still working from the *Kama Sutra* list?"

He shrugged. "I want to take you doggy style."

Nodding, she upped the ante. "Standing up. In the shower."

"God, I love your style," he muttered, rising and pulling her up.

"Really? Not too old-fashioned? Out of date?" she joked.

"You're perfect. Now take off that stupid T-shirt before I rip it off you."

She giggled as she started for the bathroom. Dragging the cotton material over her head, she dropped it in the hallway. Ethan was hot on her heels as she bent to turn on the water. He peeled her panties over her hips from behind and caressed her ass as she pretended to adjust the water temperature. Soon his caresses turned more daring as he dragged his fingers along her slit. She opened her legs to grant him better access, gripping the side of the tub for support.

His fingers explored her pussy, playing with the moisture he found there.

"Ever done any anal play?" he asked, drawing his fingers back to her hole.

She gasped when he wiggled the tip of one finger inside her anus.

"Jesus," she muttered. "I'd never given a blowjob before tonight, Ethan. What the hell do *you* think?" As she spoke, she pushed back against his finger, curiosity outpacing the tiny bit of panic emerging.

"I think I can't wait to expand your horizons. Get in." He slapped her ass playfully then helped her into the shower before following. The steam in the shower was nothing compared to the heat rising off her body from his provocative comment.

Damn, he was right. She would need a list to remember all the amazing things they were doing together. In one night, the man had more than made up for thirty-seven years lived as a virtual nun.

God bless sinning!

He pulled her back against his chest, his hands wrapping around to engulf her breasts. "I love how well you fit me."

"Fit you?"

"You're the perfect height to have sex with," he answered.

"Ah well, nice to know what your requirements are. No age hang-ups, but women must fall between the five-foot-six to five-foot-eight range."

"Guy's gotta have his principles. Not to sound completely shallow, but mine also include big tits and an ass that a man can sink his fingers into." He illustrated his point by palming the cheeks of her rear end and squeezing.

She rolled her eyes. "Nope, that didn't sound shallow at all. I think I want to get out of this shower now, caveman."

He chuckled. "I'm just teasing. I told you, I got rid of the booty call list. I'm not looking for easy hook-ups anymore."

"So what are you looking for now?" she asked, fairly certain he wasn't looking for a thirty-seven-year-old divorcee. Dammit.

"Someone fun to hang out with. A sweet woman with a good sense of humor and intelligence. Someone I wouldn't mind spending forever with."

Her breath caught in her chest as he spoke. She wanted the same things.

Well, not a woman.

She looked over her shoulder and gave him a quick kiss. "I think everyone wishes for someone like that," she said softly.

"Do *you*?" he asked.

She nodded and he offered her a sweet grin. Christ, was he thinking of *her*? He didn't give her time to ponder that thought.

"Turn around and put your hands on that wall. If I'm not inside you in thirty seconds, this won't end well."

Impatience. Now *that* was something she could understand. She turned, thrilled when he kept his word and pushed his cock inside her in one hard thrust. While she loved his foreplay, sometimes it was better to simply get down to business. He took her exactly the way she'd discovered she loved—hard and fast—and she sensed an urgency in him she'd never seen before. She met him thrust for thrust and her orgasm, as usual, built quickly as his position behind her ensured he hit her sweet spot on every pass.

"Oh. My. God," she cried as her climax crashed down on her. She knew from his breathing that Ethan was close as well.

"Fuck," he muttered as he pulled out quickly. She was shocked—until she felt hot jets of come landing on her back.

No condom. They'd forgotten and they'd almost made a whopper of a mistake.

"I'm so sorry, Rachel," he whispered as the water continued to pound on her sensitive skin.

"I forgot too." She turned and wrapped her arms around his waist. He moved her into the direct stream of the water, using his hands to rinse away his sperm. "No harm, no foul."

"I didn't want to pull out," he confessed.

"What?" she asked, surprised when his grip tightened.

"I realized on the first thrust I'd forgotten the condom. I couldn't make myself stop. I..."

She pulled away and tried to understand what he was saying, what he was trying to tell her. "It's pretty close to period time for me, so chances are good we would have been okay anyway." She wondered if he was feeling guilty for putting her at risk.

He shook his head. "The thing is...I don't think I would have minded if you'd gotten pregnant."

She jerked, pressing herself against the tiled wall at her back. "Well, *I* would have minded. I'm too damn old to have a baby."

He scowled. "You are not. Are you telling me you don't want kids?"

A pain shot through her heart at his question. She'd always, always wanted kids, but she'd given up on that dream long ago. "I wanted them, but Alex— According to him, it was never a good time. He was in medical school for years and then trying to build up the practice the years following that. Of course, by that time, unbeknownst to me, he was already looking ahead to the next wife."

"I'm sorry, Rachel. Your ex sounds like a grade-A prick."

She smiled sadly and shrugged. "That he is."

"I want kids," he said. She imagined him with a brood of boys, him wrestling with them in the living room, playing cops and robbers in the backyard with Nerf guns. Then she saw him sitting on the edge of a bed, reading a bedtime story to a little girl with dark hair like his. "I never thought much about it until I got shot. Now I think about it all the time."

"You'll be a wonderful father. Your kids will be the luckiest on earth."

"Maybe." He reached around her to turn off the water before helping her out. He dried her off before grabbing a towel for himself.

"Well, apart from the amazing sex, that was a pretty useless shower. I didn't scrub one inch of my body."

"I wouldn't say it was useless at all. I love talking to you," he answered. She had to agree. In just a few short minutes, she'd learned more intimate details about the man

than she had in all the weeks of their budding friendship. She was shocked to discover how many dreams they shared.

“We’ll try it again in the morning.” He wrapped the towel around his waist. “I’ll even wash your hair for you.” She stared at him, trying to convince herself this night was truly real and not some elaborate fantasy she’d created in her mind.

Ethan was turning out to be very different from the man she’d thought him to be. It was disconcerting to realize her handsome playboy possessed a serious, thoughtful side. He’d never been as attractive to her as he was now, as he talked about falling in love and having kids. Suddenly there was a small part of her that was afraid to go to sleep, afraid she’d wake up in the morning to discover none of this had happened.

“There goes that head of yours again. Come on, Doc. Let’s get some sleep.”

Chapter Four

"Good morning, sunshine."

Rachel opened her eyes and blinked hard against the bright light. She sat up as Ethan walked into the room with two cups of coffee. He'd put his clothes on, but had left his shirt unbuttoned so she had a crystal-clear view of abs she could bounce a penny on.

"It wasn't a dream," she mumbled as he handed her a mug of much-needed caffeine.

He shook his head with a big grin, seemingly pleased by her surprise at finding him there. "You sure are good for the ego, Rachel."

She attempted to shake herself awake, shake herself aware. "Yeah, well, don't go getting a big head about it or anything."

"As well as for keeping a man grounded. You're a woman of many talents and incredible beauty."

At his words, she panicked. Oh shit. There he was looking like Mr. Universe and she was sitting in bed, naked from the waist up with morning-after hair and no makeup. She hastily put her coffee on the nightstand and looked for any piece of clothing close enough for her to lay her hands on.

Of course, it probably didn't matter. Their night was over. The challenge completed. Prior to last night she would have been surprised to find him still in her apartment. Part of her would have expected him to simply leave a note saying thanks for the shits and giggles. Now that she knew him better, she knew he was enough of a gentleman to stick around and at least say his goodbyes in person. Her heart ached at the thought. She'd prefer the damn note.

"I need to get dressed," she said at last.

"Okay," he replied easily, sitting at the edge of the bed.

"I suppose you'll be going then."

"Going?" he asked.

"Yeah. I mean, the night's over. I completed my dare. Thank you very much, by the way. So I guess this is the part where I say 'It's been fun', right?"

He scowled. "You aren't serious?"

"That it was fun?"

"I suppose we should get this part out of the way or the rest of this relationship is gonna suck," he said.

She narrowed her eyes, wondering at his words and the sadness of his tone. "I don't know what you mean."

"Your ex-husband—" he began, but she cut him off.

"I don't want to talk about him."

"Then I guess you should have left old Voldemort out in the hall rather than dragging him into the bedroom with us," he said.

"What the hell are you talking about?" she asked angrily. She wasn't about to go into the dirty details of her decade-long disaster of a marriage. Ethan already knew too much.

"He clearly fucked with your head. Made you feel insignificant, maybe even a little stupid, right?"

She sucked in a painful breath at his astute comments. As always, when faced with a question she couldn't answer, she merely shrugged.

"He convinced you that men don't stick around, right?"

"I—" she began, but Ethan cut her off.

"Well, he was a dumbass," Ethan said hotly. "And you're a dumbass for believing any of that shit."

"Excuse me?"

"I said you're a dumbass."

"I'm a dumbass," she repeated louder.

"Yes," he replied, his voice rising as well.

She rose up on her knees and poked her finger in his chest. "Well, if *I'm* a dumbass, then you're a liar."

"Liar?"

"*Liar*. You lied to me. You lied about your intentions. What is this crap about a relationship?" she asked.

"What the hell did you think last night was about?" he asked.

"What I was supposed to think it was about. A one-night stand. You were helping me live that cougar fantasy." She pulled the sheet up to her neck to cover herself and wondered about the frustration on his face. She knew she hadn't messed that up. She'd have remembered if he'd even slightly insinuated they were entering into a relationship.

"Fuck," he muttered. "Yeah, that was what you were supposed to think. Christ, I've screwed this up."

She forced a grin, hating how lost and forlorn he looked, wishing she could put a smile back on his face. "Well, you've certainly screwed something, but I don't think it's this," she joked. He looked too intense, too serious. She just wanted her lovely, easygoing Ethan back.

Unfortunately her lame jest missed the mark.

"I've been trying to figure out a way to ask you out for weeks, but I knew you'd throw the patient/client thing and the age difference up in my face. When I saw that stupid list of names, that cougar challenge, I latched onto it," he admitted.

She stared at him, trying to process his comments. His lips were moving, but the words she was hearing simply couldn't be right. He wanted to date her? *Her?*

"You wanted to go out with me?" She closed her eyes and groaned at her stupid question.

"Why is that so fucking hard for you to believe, Rachel?" he yelled.

She jumped at his harsh tone, his angry face.

"Look at me," she said. "I'm too old. I'm divorced. I'm—"

"Come here," Ethan said, gripping her upper arm in his large hand and dragging her to the mirror attached to her dressing table. Her attempt to hold on to the sheet failed, and she wanted to crawl under the bed as her naked body came into view. "Tell me what you see."

She fought against closing her eyes and blocking the image, knowing Ethan wouldn't allow her even that small escape.

"I see me," she said, her voice laced with her usual smartass tone.

"And?"

"You," she added with a smirk she hoped hid the despair closing in on her.

"Cute, Rachel. Real cute. Jokes work for you, don't they? You don't want to be serious, don't want to handle any heavy stuff, so you laugh it all away. Does that help when you're in bed alone at night?"

"I don't have to stand here and listen to—"

"Yeah, actually you do, because I'm not leaving this house until you see in that mirror what I see."

"Is that right?" she asked, sarcasm dripping off her tongue. "And what exactly would that be, Ethan?"

"The hottest woman I've ever laid eyes on. The funniest, sweetest, most compassionate woman I've ever met. The physical therapist who's had me rock-hard and aching since the first damn day she made me do those stupid stretching exercises and the woman I'm going to make love to all day and most of tonight. We haven't even scratched the surface on that list."

"All day?" she whispered.

"And night," he repeated.

"Oh my."

He shook his head ruefully. "Hell, who am I kidding? I wanna fuck you every night and pretty much every day for as long as you'll have me. So does that answer your question?"

She stared at her reflection in the mirror. He saw all that? She recalled her perusal of her face just the day before. All she'd seen was a woman in need of a dye job and with flabby upper arms. She studied her face again, looking at herself through Ethan's eyes and suddenly the blinders of her pain, the hurt inflicted on her by her ex-husband's infidelity, fell away.

"I don't think I've ever seen all that."

"You're living on an island, Doc, and you've burned down every bridge to the mainland."

Had she done that? Yes, she had. Her gaze left her reflection and moved to his. She studied his dear, sweet face and realized he'd been building a bridge, trying to reach her since the first day they'd met. He'd offered her friendship and fantasy all rolled into one delicious package.

"Is this a bad time to say I'm sorry?" she asked.

He grinned. "I don't want an apology, Rachel. I just want you to trust me. Believe the words that I say without always waiting for the other shoe to drop."

"That's not going to be easy for me, you know?" she admitted.

"All I want you to do is try."

"I can do that. Ethan?"

"Yeah?" he asked.

"Kiss me."

He gave her a hot grin that oozed sexual intent. "Oh, I can do even better than that. Go lie down on the bed."

"So," she said, walking to the bed, "Indrani or the Lotus?"

"Both. They're a nice complement to each other." His answer was quick and sure as he pushed her to her back.

"You younger men, so greedy," she teased.

"Lucky you," he joked back.

"Lucky me." She grabbed his unbuttoned shirt and tugged him toward the bed, pulling him down on top of her. She pushed his shirt off his shoulders as he captured her lips in a kiss hot enough to set the room on fire. "Why do you have so many clothes on?" she murmured when they broke apart.

"Mistake," he replied between kisses. "Won't happen again." He rose briefly to shed his jeans and don a condom before leaning over her once more.

"You taste yummy," she murmured, savoring the oddly intoxicating combination of toothpaste and coffee.

"You haven't had your morning caffeine hit yet," he teased.

"Don't need it with you around. I feel amazingly energized."

"Lucky me," he said, mimicking her words.

"Lucky you. Now fuck me, Ethan."

He grinned evilly and she moaned. "Not so fast, Doc."

"Oh God, Ethan. I really don't think I can wait."

"Tough." He bent down to take one of her tightly budded nipples in his mouth, toying with the sensitive skin until she was squirming beneath him. She gripped his hair in her hands, torn between forcing the "fucking" issue and keeping his lips on her breast. Once he'd sensually tormented the first one to his satisfaction, he moved to the other breast, giving it the same heated attention. He sucked hard, sending a lightning bolt of need straight to her pussy. Her back arched against the bed and she whispered

desperate pleas for relief, but his sole focus remained on her breasts, specifically her nipples, and she wondered if anyone had ever treated them with such adoration, such unrestrained need.

Soon his lips left her breasts and wandered down her stomach. She giggled when he thrust his tongue into her bellybutton playfully. Her laughter died in a hiss when his mouth landed on her clit, his tongue pressing forcefully. She fought back the climbing climax, not wanting to succumb so quickly. She was in heaven and ready to unpack her bags for a nice, long stay.

"More," she whispered breathlessly. Ethan answered her plea with actions rather than words, moving even farther down to plunge his talented tongue inside her pussy.

"I love the way you taste too," he said, looking up at her with a cocky grin that said he knew just how much he was turning her on. His tongue thrust inside her and again, she tamped down the need to give way to her orgasm.

After several moments, he replaced his tongue with his fingers, two of his long, thick digits stroking her higher and higher until she had no choice but to dive into the whirlpool of sensation.

"Holy shit," she cried out as he positioned himself above her once more, driving his cock into her as she was in the midst of her climax. His quick, hard thrust threw her into another orgasm, but he showed no mercy as he continued to move in and out, visiting that lovely G-spot he'd introduced her to last night.

"Indrani," he demanded on one retreat, gripping her legs and pulling them up until her knees were pressed along her sides. The position left her more gloriously vulnerable to his cock as he powered into her.

"Ethan," she cried as another climax began to emerge. He must have sensed her imminent eruption because he stopped moving.

"Wait for me, Rachel," he demanded.

"I'm not sure I can," she confessed and he grinned, kissing her lightly on the nose.

"Wait for me or I'll get out the handcuffs and keep you on the verge of an orgasm for the rest of the day."

"You wouldn't dare."

"Hell yeah I would and I'd have fun doing it."

"I'll wait for you," she reassured him quickly.

Ethan kissed her, returning to her body with a slow, tantalizing glide. "Don't worry, Doc. I'm pretty much a man on the edge. This won't take too much longer."

She laughed lightly at his confession. "Then I suppose we should try the Lotus."

Careful to keep his cock buried deep within her, he pushed his upper body away from her chest as she moved her legs inward, crossing them in front of her lotus style.

Both of them groaned as the position forced him in just a tiny bit farther.

"Hold on," he said, pulling out until just the head remained. He returned with a thrust that left her gasping. Over and over, he moved until she was screaming his name.

"Now," he said, and she plummeted into her climax, the sensations in her body struggling for supremacy, racking her body with more pleasure than she'd ever known.

"Damn that was good," Ethan said, helping her as she attempted to untangle her limbs, her legs feeling like wet noodles in the aftermath of her orgasm. "Honest to God, Rachel, I thought my balls were going to implode for a second. I don't think I've ever come that hard." He glanced down at his lower body while removing the used condom and Rachel laughed at the image he presented.

"Is it all still there?" she teased.

He grinned ruefully. "Doesn't hurt to take inventory every now and again. You seriously knocked my cock off."

She shook her head, pleased by his comment. "You sweet-talking fool."

"Yeah, well, I'm about to get a whole lot sweeter." As he spoke, he stood up and reached down to retrieve his jeans from the floor. She gasped when he pulled a pair of handcuffs out of the back pocket. "I'll let you decide who gets cuffed first."

"You'd let me put them on you?" she asked.

"If you wanted to," he said, placing the heavy metal in her hands.

She smiled seductively at the thought of all the things she wanted to try, a lifetime of fantasies and desires. And now she'd found the perfect partner in crime. Ethan's libido certainly seemed to rival her newly discovered one.

"Assume the position," she said, standing and swinging the handcuffs in her hand.

His gaze darkened with lust and she watched his erection come back to life.

"What are you going to do?" he asked as he stood, turning his back and placing his hands behind him. She clicked the cuffs in place, amazed by his acquiescence.

"I thought I could use a bit more practice on the blowjob concept."

"Practice does make perfect," he said, his rock-hard cock telling her without words how much he approved of her choice. She moved to face him and fondled his balls. He moaned at the touch before leaning forward to kiss her. "Just bear in mind that once you've had your turn, I get mine."

She felt a fresh rush of arousal streak through her body. "What will you do once you have me bound and at your mercy?"

He placed a light kiss on her cheek before whispering in her ear, "It's a surprise."

"I love surprises," she confessed.

"I love blowjobs," he said and she laughed briefly as she sank to her knees.

She glanced up at him, taking his cock in her hand. "Maybe this would be a bit more fun if you added a few comments to the play. I think 'Rachel, you're a goddess' or something to that effect would be nice."

"Rachel, you're a goddess," he said quickly. "Now suck my cock."

She laughed – and then she sucked.

Epilogue

Thanks to Cam's suggestion, I will now be sharing expert advice on the Tempt the Cougar blog in regards to various *Kama Sutra* positions—LOL. Not quite sure when I crossed the line from horny divorcee to sex expert, but believe me, I'm loving it on this side of the tracks. Check back next week for my first installment!

* * * * *

Position of the week—Clasping

This position is achieved when the couple lies on their sides and the man spoons the woman from behind. It certainly helps if your guy is well endowed, like mine! Clasping is great for slow, deep, sensual lovemaking and extra special for the woman, as it leaves the man's hands free to explore other parts of her body as well.

Hey, gals. Ethan and I are really putting a dent in that *Kama Sutra* list he made me write. Oh, did I mention that I just keep adding to it? Hee hee. I still can't believe we've been going out for nearly a month! Last night, we ordered pizza in—you know how much my cooking sucks—and started watching a movie. Ethan whispered "Clasping" in my ear and before I knew it, we were naked on the living room floor, kissing and holding each other. I swear that man knows the positions better than I do. It was so incredibly romantic, simply lying in each other's arms, so close it was as if we were one person. Of course, the fact that he has a huge cock certainly helped. LOL. He'd kill me if he knew all the things I share with you girls. Oh crap, there he is, beating on the door. Damn man never remembers his key.

Talk to you later.

* * * * *

Position of the week—Tigress

The one really puts the woman in control. It involves the man lying on his back while the woman sits on top facing away from him. Sort of like riding a horse backward, but what a ride, ladies! Talk about hitting all the hot spots. I had multiple orgasms with this one.

Grwrrr! Holy crap. Ethan showed up at my work yesterday and demanded that I take the rest of the day off. Said we were going somewhere special. We went out for a super-romantic lunch then he surprised me by booking a suite in the swankiest hotel in town. There was champagne and strawberries in the room and he'd even brought some romantic music and we slow danced! I was so hot for him by the time the music ended, I accidentally tore his shirt trying to undress him. We ended up on the floor as always and that was when I pushed him down on his back and gave him my personal brand of thank you in the form of the Tigress. Oh yeah, who's queen of the jungle now?

* * * * *

Position of the week—The Pair of Tongs

I looked at the picture of this one and just laughed. Talk about superhuman strength. Who makes this stuff up? In this position, the woman hangs off the bed sideways, supporting most of her weight on one arm. The man straddles the woman's lower leg while holding her upper leg...well, up. Might have to lift weights for a few months (or years) to be able to achieve this one.

Well, you gals threw out the challenge and all I can say is we tried our best to do The Pair of Tongs position. Sweet Mary. I'm not sure who worked that position out, but God bless their upper-arm strength. Ethan tried to help me get in the right position and we even—sort of—held the pose for a few seconds before I started giggling uncontrollably. At that point, it went downhill fast. My arm gave out, Ethan tripped while trying to break my fall and we both fell onto the floor in a heap of naked body parts. I have to admit it will go down as my favorite pose regardless of the fact we never did it, because as we were sitting on the floor laughing our asses off—Ethan told me he loved me. He loves me!

About the Author

Some people fall apart on their 30th birthday, others on their 40th. For Mari Carr, 34 was the year that took her down. After she spent the day crying and saying, “I haven’t done anything I thought I would,” her husband finally asked what was left undone. Her answer was simple—she hadn’t written a book or decorated her house. “So do it,” he said.

Five years later, the house is sparkling with fresh paint and new furniture and her computer is jammed full of stories—novels, novellas, short stories and dead-ends. The lesson: It’s never too late to achieve a goal or two!

High school librarian and English teacher by day and mother of two busy teenagers, Mari Carr finds time for writing by squeezing it into the hours between 3 a.m. and daybreak when her family is asleep and the house is quiet.

With the publication of her first book, her latest goal—publishing before 40—has been achieved with a couple of years to spare. Phew!

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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