



Lust Bites

INTERMISSION

Desiree Holt

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Intermission

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Warning: This book contains sexually explicit content which is only suitable for mature readers. This story has been rated *Total-e-melting*.

Wet Dreams and Fantasies

INTERMISSION

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Dedication

To Michele, editor par excellence

Chapter One

Rain had been scarce for so long that the entire state was approaching drought conditions. Lisa Graham, looking at a perfect cerulean sky through her office window, sympathised with the people who were nurturing lawns or raising cattle. They certainly needed the rain. But not as desperately as she did. Six weeks without a drop of moisture and she was so horny she could get herself off just by rubbing her cunt back and forth on the seat of her office chair.

It was the damn bar. Or pub. Or whatever a place like *Interlude* called itself. She'd taken refuge there during a stormy night when her car was in the shop and cabs were scarce. All she'd been looking for was a drink or two to take the edge off her nerves after a piss-poor day. Instead, she'd found the sexiest stranger who was pure sin walking and found herself having sex in public.

Something had happened to her that night, almost as if a stranger had entered her body. A powerful lust that apparently had been buried deep inside her all these years had burst forth like a raging beast, consuming her, until now it seemed it occupied her every waking moment. And many of her dreams, as well.

Even now as she thought about it, a flush consumed her body and she had to fan her face. Oh, the very naughty things they'd done, she and sexy Mark. She thought of the waiter who'd once joined them, and another wave of heat rolled over her. Then, on the only subsequent visit to *Interlude*, Mark and Damon, the owner, had taken her into the very private back room where she'd indulged in erotic fantasies she hadn't even known lived at the back of her mind.

But damn! The fucking place only showed up when it rained. And how weird was that?

The day after her first visit, she'd gone back there to retrieve her umbrella, only to find herself in a noisy bar called *Danny's Pub*. Nothing like the place she'd been in the night before. *Interlude* was a dimly lit place with curtained booths, barely audible music and people enjoying each other in various sexual activities without any apparent inhibitions—the same thing she'd done, mesmerised by Mark, his voice and his touch. Stranger still, when she'd

asked the people in *Danny's Pub* about *Interlude*, no one seemed to know what the hell she was talking about, nor could she find her umbrella.

But the umbrella now stood in a corner of her office, delivered with a note that said, "See you when it rains again." And that had led to the night in the private room. But damn it, since then, not a drop of rain, no matter how many coins she tossed in the fountain in the lobby of her building. And no sign of Mark.

She looked at her watch. Four o'clock. She had work that needed her attention, but it was impossible to concentrate. Not when she needed an orgasm so badly. Maybe she'd pop down to *Danny's Pub* and see if, by any odd chance, *Interlude* might have shown up again, despite the dry spell.

"Cutting out early?" her secretary asked, looking up from her desk.

Lisa hefted the briefcase in her hand, justifying her early departure. "Going to work from home."

Liar!

"Oh. Well, shall I hold your calls or forward them to you?"

"Hold them," Lisa told her. "One reason I'm leaving is to get away from the phones."

Liar, liar, pants on fire!

"Okay, then. See you tomorrow."

Lisa tapped her foot impatiently as she waited for the elevator then drummed her fingers on her briefcase as they seemed to stop at nearly every floor on its way down. At last, they reached the lobby, and she literally pushed her way out of the group of passengers. Her heels clicked on the polished tile floor as she hurried to the street and quickly turned left to the door she was seeking.

Before she turned on the sidewalk to look at it, she closed her eyes, shifted to face the building, made a silent wish and opened her eyes.

Damn!

A solid black door with *Danny's Pub* emblazoned in ugly white letters over it.

Sighing, she opened the door and entered, captured at once by the din of voices and the blaring of two large television sets hung at either end of the bar. Just like the other time she'd been here, the place was jammed. There was a mixture of couples and singles, and she was sure the singles were looking to be a couple. With someone. Anyone.

Lisa turned to go, chalking this up as a bad idea, when she saw a woman at the far end of the bar leave her seat and lean against the man who'd been whispering in her ear. Lisa managed to wedge her way through the masses of people and snag the empty stool before someone else could grab it. Hoisting herself up, she took off her suit jacket, ran her fingers through her hair and took a deep breath. Surely there was someone here who could tell her she wasn't imagining things. Someone who would give her answers about this very strange place.

"Okay if I lean over you to catch the bartender's eye?"

The male voice was deep, smoky, and vaguely familiar. She turned her head and nearly fell off the stool.

"Mark?" It came out as a squeak.

It *was* Mark. Only...not Mark at all. This man, instead of being impeccably turned out in an expensive custom-tailored suit, was wearing jeans and a v-neck sweater. His hair was just as dark, but instead of being carefully cut, it lay in thick, rumpled waves on his head, almost touching the tip of the sweater. A definite stubble shadowed his square jaw.

Lisa stared, unable to tear her eyes away from him. Was someone playing a trick on her? Or had she truly lost her mind?

The man stared back at her, humour dancing in his eyes and a wicked grin on his face.

"Were you expecting someone?"

She shook her head as if to clear it. "No. You just reminded me so much of someone I...sort of know."

"Well, I'm Jake, and now, you sort of know me." He winked. "Can I buy you a drink to cement the introduction?"

Lisa was tempted to refuse, but maybe, this was a sign. Fate had sent a man closely resembling Mark to this bar with a different name. Maybe he'd be the one to clear up the mystery. Besides—and go figure this—she got the same throbbing beat in her cunt, the same release of cream soaking her crotch that she did when Mark spoke to her. Just his words, his voice, could make her hot and ready in seconds.

"Um, yes. Thanks." She wriggled in her seat, trying to still the quivering muscles in her pussy. "That would be nice."

He tilted his head, studying her. "Let's see. I'm pretty good at this. You look like a vodka stinger kind of woman."

Lisa's heart almost stopped. How would he know that? Usually when she was out on a date, or a possible hook up, she stuck to wine. It didn't fog her brain as much. But vodka stingers were what she'd been drinking both times with Mark. Something was definitely weird here.

She waited until the bartender came over and took their orders before asking her question. "So, do you come here a lot? To this place?"

"Now and then. I don't think I've ever seen you here. Have I?"

She shook her head. "I'm sure I'd remember. It's just that..." She let her voice trail off, wondering how to phrase her next sentence.

"Just that what?" he prompted.

"I know this will sound like I need a straitjacket, but sometimes do you ever find this place, well, different?"

"Different?" He raised one thick eyebrow. "In what way?"

"I mean..." She wet her lips. "Like different inside."

Holy shit. He'll really think I'm a head case. I would if I were him.

But Jake just laughed. "Not that I recall. Danny's just...Danny's. You know?" He leant closer to her, his head less than an inch from hers. "Your hair smells like roses. Does the rest of you smell just as good?"

"Excuse me?" Lisa took a deep breath and let it out slowly. What was going on here?

With his free hand, he brushed her hair aside and licked the nape of her neck. "Tastes good, too."

She knew she should push him away. Express outrage. Throw her drink in his face. But the touch of his tongue to her skin sent shivers skittering down her spine. She looked around, wondering if *Danny's Pub* had suddenly turned into *Interlude*, but everything seemed the same. Loud, noisy, crowded, open booths, jammed tables.

Except...

Suddenly, she had the same uninhibited feeling she'd had with Mark, in the bar that it seemed didn't really exist. Was it her hormones going crazy or was this place really...

No! Stop it! You're so horny you're letting your brain run away.

Still...

And Jake continued nibbling at her neck, his breath warm against her skin.

"I'll stop if you tell me to," he murmured.

Instead, she shifted in her seat and leaned further back, bending her head to give him better access. Heat sizzled through her body, and her hardened nipples pressed painfully against the restraining fabric of her bra. She couldn't find *any* words, let alone the ones to tell him to leave her alone.

"So you *don't* want me to stop." He tossed back the rest of his drink. "You can also tell me if you don't want to take me home with you. But I think you do."

Take him home with me? What kind of slut am I turning into? No, I'm not taking him anywhere. In fact, I'm getting out of here right now. This is some kind of madness. Maybe I'm dreaming the whole thing.

So then, whose voice was it that said, "Yes, I do."

Jake threw some money on the bar. Lisa looked up and knew she had to be mistaken. That couldn't be a knowing, barely perceptible nod Jake and the bartender exchanged, could it?

She slid off the barstool, grabbing her briefcase and jacket. She walked just ahead of him to the door and called over her shoulder, "My car's in the garage next door."

The smoky sound of his laugh reached her even through the din of the crowd and sent another round of shivers skating through her.

Only because he reminds me of Mark.

On the drive to her house, Jake fiddled with the radio until he found something soft and bluesy he liked then he eased one hand over to her thigh.

"If you distract me, I won't be able to drive," she warned him.

"Oh, I think you can multitask," he told her. "You seem like a very smart lady to me."

One hand slid beneath her skirt and she wished she didn't have on pantyhose. His fingers caressed her inner thigh, soft as a feather, dancing on her skin in time to the music. His pinkie finger wiggled to her crotch, probing through the thin material of her pantyhose.

"Nice and wet," he murmured. "I knew you would be. You have no idea the things we're going to do together."

Lisa didn't know how she managed to get to her house without killing them, what with Jake probing her pussy and telling her what he wanted to do with her body. They were barely inside before he pressed her against the wall and took her mouth in a bruising kiss, his tongue probing, demanding, locking with hers. His fingers threaded through her hair, holding her head in place as he licked her lips and nibbled on them, slanting his mouth this way and that to give himself a better angle.

When he finally broke the kiss, they were both panting.

"I want you naked," he said in a guttural voice. "Now."

She managed to get her jacket off before he brushed her fingers aside and took over himself. Buttons popped as he ripped open her blouse, deft fingers unclipped her bra. No sooner were her breasts free than he pulled one nipple into his mouth, circling it with his tongue over and over again. His hand kneaded her other breast, squeezing and rubbing it, chafing one finger back and forth over a nipple.

Lisa moaned low in her throat, heat sizzling through her body from her breasts to her cunt and all points in between. Jake's mouth was a hot caress on her hardened, aching nipples, pulling them with his lips, drawing them out until they were swollen and engorged.

She wriggled her hands down to unbutton and unzip her skirt, barely kicking it away before Jake grabbed her pantyhose and thong and ripped them away.

"I'll buy you new ones," he whispered, dropping to his knees and trailing his mouth from the valley between her breasts to her mound. He hissed in a breath when his lips encountered naked skin.

"Do you like it like that?" she could barely get the words out. She'd shaved last night, hoping against hope that today it would rain and she'd find *Interlude* open again.

"I love it." His words were muffled as he buried his mouth against her, his tongue following the line of her slit, lapping at her like a man dying of thirst.

He nudged her legs further apart, and she anchored her fingers in the thick silk of his hair for balance. His tongue was doing wonderful things to her, licking at the lips of her cunt, flicking the throbbing nub of her clit. His big hands gripped her thighs and his thumbs slid against her outer lips.

Then his tongue was inside her, fucking her, while his thumbs moved up to tease and torment her clit. Her lips moved as much as he allowed, and she rode the stiff surface of his

tongue. In and out it slid, in time to the movement of his thumbs on her clit. Faster and faster he moved, until the orgasm burst from her, shaking her so hard she would have fallen except for her grip on Jake's hair.

His tongue never stopped until the last tremor had pulsed through her body and she pressed limply against the wall.

Jake rose to his feet, her juices glistening on his skin, a self-satisfied grin on his face. He kissed her, giving her an intimate taste of herself.

"One of us is overdressed," he said, nuzzling her neck. Then he lifted her in his arms. "Which way's your bedroom?"

Chapter Two

The only word Lisa could think of to describe Jake's cock was...magnificent. Thick and swollen and long, with a broad, dark-red head that looked like velvet. From her position in front of him on her knees, she saw it in every tiny detail, framed by a pair of well-muscled thighs. Below it, the heavy sac holding his testicles tempted her to reach out and touch it, but it was impossible with her hands bound behind her back with handcuffs.

"What a dilemma I had," Jake said, his voice thick with lust. "I couldn't decide if I wanted to fuck your pussy first or your adorable ass with that enticing brown hole winking at me. But then I thought, if I fuck your mouth and pull out before I come, I can have the best of both worlds. Does that make you hot to think about it?"

"Yes." Oh, god, did it!

"Throw your shoulders back more," he ordered. "You have beautiful breasts. I want to see them thrust out. See those mouth-watering nipples pointing straight at me."

Lisa straightened as much as she could, boldly thrusting her chest forward. Jake's cock bobbed less than two inches away from her. The musky scent of him tantalised her nostrils, and she licked her lips in anticipation.

"All right, then," he said softly. Taking his thick shaft in one hand, he guided it to her lips, rubbing the head against the bottom lip, letting the drop of pre-cum moisten the flesh.

Lisa swiped at it with the tip of her tongue, pulling the tiny bead of liquid into her mouth and savouring its taste.

Jake's eyes smouldered as he looked at her. "Like that, do you? Let's see how you like the whole thing. Open wide, Lisa. Take me all the way in."

He was gentle with her, easing himself into her mouth just a little at a time. Lisa tilted her head back to be able to take more of him as his cock slid over her tongue and down her throat. He stretched her mouth to capacity, enormous as he was, but it was a welcome feeling and teased her with how it would feel when he was inside her cunt.

Or her ass!

Jesus, would she be able to take something that big in her ass?

As if reading her mind, Jake chuckled, a strained sound as he rocked his hips and fucked her hot, wet mouth.

"Don't you worry, sweet thing. When we get down to the real business, you'll be able to take me. No problem."

Lisa sucked harder on his shaft, fluttering her tongue against the underside, wishing he would increase the pace of his movements. She felt her own juices on the insides of her thighs and the insistent throbbing deep in her pussy. She brought her teeth into play, raking the tender skin just enough to draw a faint growl from Jake.

"No," she protested when he jerked back his hips and withdrew completely from her mouth.

"Oh, yes, sweet thing. I might spill myself in your mouth another time, but not the first time."

He reached down and lifted her to her feet, then as if she were nothing more than air placed her on the bed, on her knees, face down, hands still bound. Pulling the pillows towards them, he placed them beneath her so her head rested comfortably and there were sufficient pillows beneath her tummy so her ass was raised in the air.

"Beautiful," he murmured, stroking his hand over the flesh of her buttocks. "What a gorgeous playground. Let's see what kind of toys you keep around here."

Knowing what he'd find, Lisa blushed as he opened the drawer of her nightstand.

"Um, Jake? I don't think—"

"Oh, but I do." She could hear the heat of desire in his chuckle. "I definitely do. What an interesting collection you have. I think we can add to our pleasure here."

Lisa turned her head to see what he'd chosen and blushed even more to see the small, tapestry-covered box that held her Ben Wa balls, and the slim case that contained the vibrating feather. Jake placed all of them on the nightstand, along with the tube of gel she kept in the drawer. The images paraded in her mind made her even hotter. As wet as she surely was, she was sure Jake could smell the scent of her arousal by now.

He climbed onto the bed behind her, kneeling between her outspread thighs, and ran the tip of one finger up and down the length of her slit. *Inside me!* she wanted to shout, but she sensed Jake would go at his own speed.

He caressed the lips and inner flesh of her pussy in a slow, rhythmic stroke until she was sure she'd lose her mind, but when he leaned down and licked the entire exposed area, she couldn't help the groan of need she emitted.

Please, please, please, she pleaded silently.

"I've always liked the way these worked," Jake said, pulling the lips of her cunt wide with the fingers of one hand and inserting the feather with the other. "I've watched it drive women crazy to the point where they'd do anything to finally get off. Don't you agree, sweet thing?"

But Lisa could only grit her teeth against the assault of sensation she knew was coming.

Jake slowly inserted the feather into her vagina, its spine thick enough to feel but hardly enough to fill her. Instead, the little feather extensions brushed against her vaginal walls, setting off all the tiny nerves embedded there and making the wet flesh quiver. She knew when he turned the handle at the end, because the spine started vibrating and the feathering extensions began their erotic dance. It was like having a hundred tiny fingers tickling her inner flesh, teasing at it, sending sensation upon sensation racing through her body.

Almost immediately, she was aware of something that both conflicted with the effect of the feather and added to it. She recognised the feel of the cool gel Jake squeezed onto the flesh surrounding her anus. He massaged it into her skin, loosening the tight ring of muscle. When he added a little more and slid one finger inside her rectum, that was all it took for a mini-climax to race through her.

The walls of her pussy clamped and pulsed, incited by the feathery fingers dancing inside her, stimulated by Jake's long finger sliding in and out of her ass. It went on and on, tiny spasms that rose and fell, rose and fell, stimulating her more than satisfying her or giving her release. Then Jake pushed a second finger inside her ass, and a third, and twisted the handle on the feather to its highest speed.

Lisa screamed out as her body convulsed, her pussy spasming over and over, the orgasm pushing her from one plane to another until she couldn't even catch her breath.

And as suddenly as it began, it stopped. The feather ceased vibrating, and Jake removed his fingers from her ass. But her body, far from satisfied, shook with aftershocks that wouldn't seem to stop.

"Oh, yes," Jake said, a grin in his voice. "I could have kept this going until you begged for mercy. Isn't that right, sweet thing?"

But Lisa couldn't find the strength to answer him. All she could do was nod her head and hope he didn't start up again.

The bed shifted as he climbed off.

"I think you need a little cooling down, don't you? I want you to enjoy everything we do together. Not peak too soon." One hand slapped a cheek of her buttocks. "Be right back."

She had no idea what he was doing. She heard him in the bathroom then moving around her house in the direction of the kitchen. Then he was back, kneeling between her thighs again.

"This ought to help." He leaned down and kissed both cheeks of her ass then spread the lips of her cunt and inserted first one, then a second ice cube.

The cold made her shiver, but it was a delicious shiver brought on by the combination of heat and chill racing through her. Then she remembered the waiter at *Interlude* who'd knelt under the table and slid ice cubes into her while Mark had urged him on. What *was* this with the ice cube fetish? All of this had to be related somehow. It just *had* to be.

Her thought process fractured as ice cubes slid into the hot tunnel of her rectum. The dual sensations of hot and cold in both of her openings made her blood race and all of her pulses throb in overtime. She felt as if someone had zapped her with jolt after jolt of lightning, a combination of pleasure/pain that threatened to throw her into another orgasm.

While she shivered under the onslaught of feelings gripping her body, Jake moved again. She heard the familiar rip of foil and the snap of latex as he sheathed himself. She shook with a delicious shiver of anticipation. It might not be raining and this might not be *Interlude*, but she had a feeling that she didn't need the titillation of exposure to fuel the giant orgasms she sensed were coming.

But just as she braced herself for the first hint of pressure against her anus, he shifted again and braced his hands on her thighs. The wet flame of his tongue lapped at her cunt, swirling, licking at every inch of her labia. Flutters low in her tummy were a counterpoint to the quivering of muscles in her pussy. She pushed back as much as she could, silently urging him to thrust his tongue inside her and lick up all of her juices.

His warm chuckle vibrated through her needy tissues, sending another fresh flood of cream onto his tongue. When he moved his head just a little and closed his teeth lightly over her clit she shouted at the arrow of heat that shot to her breasts and spread its fire throughout her body.

As she rocked back and forth on her knees, she again felt the coolness of the gel at her tight little hole, now dripping from the melting ice. His hands moved up to the cheeks of her ass, spread them wide, and the thick, flared head of his cock breached the taut muscle around the opening. Now, Jake was the one rocking back and forth as he eased himself into her.

"Deep breaths, sweet thing." His voice was uneven and gravelly. "Time your breaths with me. You know how to do it."

Yes. She did. Breathe in as he pulled back, out as he penetrated more. In. Out. In. Out. In. Out. In increments that huge, thick cock worked its way into her well-greased rectum, filled with soothing gel and the last effects of the ice cubes, her tissues stretching, stretching, stretching to accommodate him.

Breathe in. Breathe out. In. Out.

This was surely the biggest she had ever taken into *any* orifice of her body. Including Mark's, to which she had previously given top prize.

When Jake was fully seated, he reached beside him. In the next instant, the feather was in her pussy, doing its tortuous dance, the whole maelstrom of sensations stretching her on such a rack of pleasure she was sure she would snap.

Jake held her firmly in place with his big hands, pressing her against the pillows stacked beneath her, his hips now rocking in a steady motion, harder and faster. The friction from the tight fit made her crazy, setting off firecrackers everywhere in her body. And the damn feather. Jesus! She'd only used it once, alone, and had been driven so nuts by its teasing that she'd put it away, forgetting it was there in the drawer. Until Jake had pulled it out to use it to drive her to a higher plane of pleasure than she'd ever reached before.

The climax began to build inside her, invading every part of her but still hanging out there beyond her reach. She yearned for it, strained for it, wanted it with a hunger she'd never felt before. And still it dangled beyond her, someplace out in space.

Jake had picked up the tempo of his strokes, and his fingers dug harder into her buttocks, pressing into the soft flesh.

"Damn it, Lisa," he groaned. "You're gonna burn me alive. God, this ass of yours is tighter than a hot fist. Fuck, I don't know how much longer I can hold off."

"Do it," she cried. "Do it and take me with you."

"Okay, then. Get ready."

He drove into her harder, pushing her body forward with each powerful thrust. And then... Oh, yes, then. In one unbelievable burst that hurtled her into a whirlpool of stars and meteors, she exploded, Jake right there with her, pulsing in the tight sheath of her rectum as he screamed her name. Her pussy clenched over and over and over again. Juice dripped from her, nipples beaded and hardened with painful urgency, and her body threatened to shatter with the power of the spasms. Jake's cocked pulsed again and again inside her, filling the thin latex reservoir.

At last, she collapsed forward, her skin covered with a fine sheen of perspiration, breath heaving in uneven gasps, heart banging like a kettle drum against her ribs. Jake lurched forward covering her, catching his weight on his forearms so he wouldn't crush her. She felt his sweat blending with hers, heard his rasping breath in her ear, felt the beating of his heart shaking her.

She had no idea how long they lay that way. With a sigh, Jake pulled himself from her ass, reached between her legs to retrieve the feather and levered himself off the bed.

"Be right back," he told her in a hoarse voice, heading towards the bathroom to dispose of the condom and clean himself up.

Lisa closed her eyes, trying to ease the strain on her arms and shoulders. Then Jake was back, removing the handcuffs, straddling her and massaging her arms and shoulders and back with an incredibly gentle touch. His fingers were feather-light as they kneaded her flesh, working out the kinks and easing the stress in her muscles. She had never realised what erotic places shoulder blades and the bumps of the spinal column could be. Or elbows. Or wrists, for that matter.

She found herself relaxing into the gentle, soothing strokes until she fell into a light doze, but not before one thought tickled her mind. The sex with Jake had been cataclysmic and raunchy, hard and demanding, but it was missing the one thing she'd shared with

Mark—the erotic stimulation of knowing other people watched. Of feeling other people touched her. What on earth was she turning into?

When she awoke, she was in the tub, filled with sweet-smelling water—her new bath salts!—lying back against Jake's broad chest. His cock was seated firmly in her pussy, his hands pinching and tugging on her nipples. His lips had found the nape of her neck and were doing wicked things to the nerves there.

"Mmm..." she hummed, shifting just a little.

"Welcome back, sweet thing," he murmured. He gave her nipples one last squeeze before letting his hands drift down over her tummy over her naked mound to her pussy lips. His fingers were incredibly gentle as they danced over her well-used flesh, teasing lightly, rasping his thumbs over her clit with the barest of touches.

Jake's cock flexed inside her, sending tiny arrows of heat racing through her body, but again, the sensations were less intense, softer, as if Jake were trying to coax a gentle climax from her.

"You dozed off, sweet thing," he whispered in her ear. "I figured I needed to do something to wake you up. Did I guess right?"

"Mm hmm," she sighed. "Just keep doing what you're doing. Maybe forever."

"I'm only disappointed we didn't get to the Ben Wa balls, but I'll put them at the top of the list for next time."

Next time? Oh, god, I hope so.

She felt surrounded by him. Even the touch of his skin on hers beneath the surface of the water felt like a velvet wrap, cocooning her. She closed her eyes and drifted, aware on some level that he was cleverly manipulating her highly sensitised clit, rubbing it again and again. His legs bent between hers keeping her thighs wide apart to give him room to play.

As if it was happening to someone else, she felt a more intense flexing of his shaft inside her and the tightening of muscles in her womb that heralded the beginning of a climax. She lay there pliant but aroused and waited for the spasms to take her. When they came, they were as gentle as everything else in the tub had been. She pulsed against Jake's throbbing cock, shivering and spasming as he reached his own climax.

When it was over, she once again lay back, letting her body recover in Jake's arms. They were still physically connected when she drifted off to sleep again.

Chapter Three

A bell was ringing somewhere, loud and obtrusive, intruding on Lisa's dream. She tried to hold onto her feeling of pleasure as long as she could, but the damn bell wouldn't shut up. Swimming up through the fog enveloping her, she realised it was her phone on the nightstand, bleating into the air with unpleasant insistence. She fumbled, nearly dropped it, then mumbled into the receiver, "Who the hell is this?"

"Nice way to talk to your friends," came a cheery voice.

God, how she hated people who were perky in the morning, and her friend, Glory Tickner, was the president of the club.

"Glory," she groaned. "What do you want? It's the middle of the night."

"It is? That's really weird when my watch says nine-thirty. *In the morning!*" She paused. "And you were due in at work thirty minutes ago. You've *never* late, so what's wrong? Are you sick?"

"Nine-thirty?" Lisa sat straight up in bed, shoving her hair out of her face. "Oh, shit."

"Better get moving, girlfriend. Staff meeting at ten, remember?" Glory and Lisa worked for the same marketing company, with a boss who didn't like surprises or deviations from routine."

Shit!

"I'm on my way. Tell my secretary I had an early meeting I forgot to put on the calendar. Please, Glory. I'll hurry."

She slammed down the phone, threw back the covers and swung her legs out of bed. And stopped. Had she really gone to bed with all her clothes on? Well, not quite *all* of them, she realised. Only her skirt and blouse. Her lingerie, including her pantyhose, lay in a neat pile on her little slipper chair. She still wore her skirt and blouse and all her jewellery. When she steadied herself on her feet, nearly every muscle in her body screamed in protest, and erotic images flashed through her mind like a DVD on fast forward.

Wait!

What the hell?

Where is Jake? I know for a fact I brought him home with me.

She looked wildly around for the man who had taken her through a wild night of unbelievable sex then gentled her to sleep. Hadn't he?

Hadn't he?

She yanked the covers to the foot of the bed, as if expecting to see Jake hiding there. Then she searched the nightstand and her dresser for some sort of note or reminder that he had actually been there. That she had in fact truly brought him home with her from *Danny's Pub*, the noisy place where *Interlude* was supposed to be. She remembered meeting him as clearly as if it had just happened. His dark good looks. His eyes that flamed with lust. His cock that she'd ridden and then ridden again. And again. No way could she have imagined it.

Impatiently, she yanked open the drawer to the nightstand and pawed through all her toys. None of them looked as if they'd been touched. The damnable feather still lay in its case exactly as she'd placed after the one time she'd used it. Everything was just the same. She chewed on her bottom lip. It just was not possible she'd imagined the entire evening. Not when her body told her differently.

She stretched out her arms and turned in a slow circle. Nothing. She was losing her mind. That had to be the only answer. Except neither her ass nor her pussy agreed with her. They felt completely well-used. And she knew for a damn fact she hadn't gone to sleep in her clothes.

Her eyes landed on her bedside clock. Damn. She'd better get to work and worry about this later. She just hoped she could keep herself focused today.

Showered and dressed in a suit and silk blouse, she was just heading into the garage when her phone rang. She was tempted to let the machine pick it up but realised it might have to do with work.

"Hello?"

"I'm calling with a weather report." The deep voice sent shivers down her spine. "You might want to take your umbrella. It's going to rain today."

The conversation ended, and just like that, her fresh panties were soaked and her nipples hardened enough to almost poke holes in her brand new bra.

* * * *

Lisa didn't know how she made it through the day. All during the staff meeting, she kept staring out the window, waiting for the first fat drops of rain to splatter against the big windows. Finally, her boss interrupted himself to ask her if he was perhaps boring her. That grabbed her attention for a while, but back in her own office, she found it almost impossible to concentrate on her projects, especially when the rain finally made its appearance, invoking a strong feeling of anticipation.

Lisa operated on automatic pilot as she ploughed through the day. She was thankful for the pile of work that didn't take much brain power. Glory stopped by twice to check on her, even asking her if she wanted to go for a drink after work.

"Thanks, but I...have plans."

Glory's eyes lit up with mischief, and she arched an eyebrow. "Oh? It wouldn't happen to be with whatever hunk made you late for work today, would it?"

"I overslept," Lisa said, eyes on her desk. "Plain and simple."

"There's nothing plain and simple about it, Lisa," Glory objected. "You never, ever oversleep. I don't remember a single day before now that you were late for work."

"I said I overslept," Lisa said then was instantly contrite when she saw the hurt look on her friend's face. "I'm sorry, honey. I just have a raging headache."

"I'm sorry I pushed. Go home and take some aspirin."

"Good idea. I might do just that."

Finally, *finally*, it was five o'clock. She shut down her computer, gathered her things and rushed for the elevator. Elbowing three other people aside, murmuring, "Excuse me," she managed to jam herself into the car just before the doors closed. As soon as they hit the lobby, she rushed outside, grateful to feel the raindrops kissing her skin and dampening her hair.

Yes! She wanted to shout and clenched her fist to keep from high-fiving a nonexistent person. She hurried the few short steps to the recessed doorway, and there it was. The heavy oak door with the discreet sign, *Interlude*, atop it. She pulled open the door, holding her breath as she did, and took a step inside.

This was it! The place! She wouldn't find Jake here, but maybe Mark...

A hand touched her elbow, the heat of the fingers burning separate imprints through the nubby linen of her jacket. She felt each one individually etching itself on her. How had she lived without this touch for six long, miserable week?

"I was afraid you wouldn't get here." Mark's voice wrapped itself around her.

And just like that, the moment he touched her, the lust surged to the surface, any lingering inhibitions disappeared like smoke, and she was overtaken with an urge to strip herself naked and expose herself to the rest of the patrons. What *was* it about this place, anyway? Or did Mark have some magical touch that turned her into a completely different person?

"I've been waiting." She looked up into Mark's sensuously handsome face, her knees suddenly weak and that familiar flutter setting up in her cunt.

"How could I not?" she asked.

"I have our regular booth reserved." He nodded towards the far corner. "But I think you're way overdressed."

He unbuttoned her jacket and slipped it from her shoulders. She felt every little nub of the unlined linen as it slipped down her arms. Then he did the same with her silk blouse, the whisper of the sheer fabric like a caress against the sudden gooseflesh rising on her skin. Almost like a lover's caress. She stood exposed in just her apricot lace bra, aware that a number of eyes had turned to her and looked at her with mild curiosity. Lisa was rooted to the floor, unable to move forward. Mark kissed the nape of her neck, his lips imprinting themselves on her, then trailed his lips along the column of his neck. While she lost herself in the sensations he created, he casually reached around and thumbed open the front clip of her bra. Her breasts were swung free, the nipples contracting. Mark palmed her breasts, and she heard an appreciative murmur hum through the room.

"Let's get to our booth." His breath was warm against her ear.

But as he walked her through the crowd at the tables, he paused now and then to allow others to touch her breasts and pinch her nipples. One woman, a lascivious look in her eyes, closed her mouth over one nipple and sucked it hard. Lisa shook from the sensation and never would have made it to the booth without Mark's steadying hands. But at last they were there, and she slid into the sequestered area, Mark following her. He signalled the waiter just before he pulled the curtains closed.

"I've missed you," he told her, his voice thick. His hands caressed her breasts, his thumbs chafing her nipples.

She trembled with need, the person she thought of as the *other* Lisa, the uninhibited exhibitionist, quickly taking possession of her. She arched into his touch, a low moan vibrating in her throat.

"You could have called," she told him. "Like you did today."

"Ah, but I have to call at the right time." His hands kneaded her breasts. "Did you like having all those people looking at you? Touching you? Tell the truth, angel face."

"Y-yes. I did."

"Remember what it was like in the private room?"

Oh, god, did she. He had promised to fulfil her every fantasy, and they had barely gotten started. Then the weather had hit a dry spell, and she'd been edgy and horny and praying for rain.

"Yes," she said again. "I do."

"We're going in there again tonight, angel face. But first we have to get prepared."

The curtains parted, and the waiter from her previous visits smiled at her. "Nice to see you again, Miss Graham."

"T-thank you," she told him.

"I think he'd like to see all of you," Mark said. "Let me help you stand up here."

He shifted her to the end of the booth and lifted her to the seat.

Lisa wasn't shocked by the conversation. The very first time she'd been here, after two drinks had completely relaxed her, not to mention Mark's attention to all her erogenous zones, the waiter had crawled beneath the table to play with her pussy and cool it by inserting ice cubes into it.

Ice cubes!

That reminded her of Jake and last night. That was, if last night really happened and hadn't been some weird erotic dream she'd conjured up. She wished there were some way to find out for sure, but she didn't think tonight was the night to pursue it.

The waiter ran his hands appreciatively over her shoulders and arms and caressed her breasts, his eyes glowing with appreciation. His hands dropped to the waist of her skirt, his

fingers warm against her tummy as he popped open the button. She heard the slide of the zipper, felt the arousing slither of the fabric as it brushed her thighs and pooled at her feet.

Mark lifted each foot one at a time to free the skirt. Then the warm fingers were back again, rolling the whisper of nylon down over her thighs and her calves until her pantyhose and thong were gone, too. A few deft movements and she stood naked before the two men.

"She's a prime piece," the waiter said, all but drooling.

He slipped his hand between her thighs, rubbing the edge of his fingers through her slit. "And very, very wet"

"You shaved again," Mark said, touching her naked mound himself. "You know how much I like it." He looked at the waiter. "Would you like to peel back her lips and see her little clit peek out?"

"Oh, yes," the man nodded. "Please."

He was gentle as he open the lips hiding that hot little nub, bent his head and flicked his tongue over it.

Lisa had all she could do to keep her balance, trembling as she was. Mark, seeing the effect the waiter had on her, put both strong hands on her hips and held her firmly in place.

"I've got you," he murmured then looked at the waiter. "I think that will be all for now."

The waiter licked his lips. "Yes, sir. Thank you, sir." He removed a box from his tray and placed it on the table. "As you requested, sir." He backed away and closed the curtains.

Mark lifted Lisa in his arms and placed her on the seat, then lifted her drink and put it in her hand. "Something cool and refreshing, angel face. Vodka stinger, right?"

Of course, it was. She was sure that first night he'd memorised everything about her and hadn't forgotten a thing.

"What's in the box?" she asked, curiosity getting the better of her.

"Aha!" Mark's gleamed as he saw the avid look in her eyes. "A few toys for us to play with."

He flipped back the cover and lifted out a string of plastic beads, graduated in size, with a handle shaped like a cat's face. Next to it he placed a bullet vibrator—small, shiny and powerful, reflecting the dim light of the lantern on the table. And finally three butterflies linked by chains.

Lisa took a healthy swallow of her drink, wondering what was coming next.

"We're going into the private room again tonight," Mark told her, kissing the edge of her ear. He took the hand not holding her drink and slid his thumb back and forth on the inside of it, sending waves of lust through her. Just a simple caress on the inside of her wrist and she was wet enough to slide off the seat.

"I-I'd like that," she finally managed to say. Her mind raced in a hundred different directions, wondering what each of the toys would do and how they would play into whatever happened in the private room.

"Good. I know you would."

He took her drink and placed it on the table, then cupping her chin, turned her head to him and claimed her lips. His tongue slid back and forth across her lips before pushing through into her mouth. He swept it across every surface, tangling with her own tongue, twisting his around it, licking the insides of her cheeks. She had no breath left when at last he lifted his head.

"Kissing you is like swallowing a live wire," he said, a little breathless himself. "It almost makes me not want to get to...other things." He grinned, a slow, sexy, wicked grin. "Almost."

He traced her lips with his tongue again then drew a line down the column of her neck, pausing to trace circles at the hollow of her throat where her pulse was beating wildly. Unable to help herself, she cupped her own breasts and lifted them to him, silently pleading for him to move his mouth *there*. Right *there*. Where her nipples were almost bursting with need.

But Mark took his time, planting kisses here and there, all the while whispering erotic things to her.

"See these beads on the table?" He licked the upper swell of one breast. "I'm going to insert them in your ass. You'll love the feel of them. There are so many, many nerves in that tight, dark tunnel that those beads will wake up. They'll be sending messages to your entire body, especially that beautiful, naked cunt. I can't wait to see your cream dripping from it."

Lisa squirmed on the seat, feeling that same cream pooling beneath her.

"Then I'm going to put the little bullet vibrator in the cat's mouth, right where there's a place for it, and turn it on. When those beads start to vibrate in your ass, you won't care who fucks you. Or how many. Because you'll be so aroused almost nothing will satisfy you."

She clenched her hands on his upper arms, trying to steady herself, to keep from self-destructing just from Mark's words alone.

"And those butterflies?" he went on. "One for each of those bursting nipples I love to nibble, one for the sweet, sweet clit that's so easy to see without all those silken curls to hide it. Thin gold chains to link them together. And a remote control that sets them all vibrating. Oh, my sweet angel. I can't wait to see you that hot. And when we get into the room, I have a big surprise for you."

She blinked. "A surprise? How much more surprised could I be?"

"You'll see. Now, be a good girl, get up on your knees for me and bend forward. Just like you've done before."

Lisa moved sideways and positioned herself on her hands and knees, legs spread as wide on the seat would allow. She jerked slightly at the first touch of the cool gel on her anus, but then Mark slid two fingers inside, massaging the gel into the tissues of her rectum, and she relaxed into it. As much as she could relax. Her entire body was strung taut as a bow in anticipation of what was to come.

"Beads now," Mark said from behind her. "One at a time."

The first one slipped through the tight ring of sphincter muscle then a second and a third. Mark took his time, pausing between each bead to let her adjust to the feel. At last she felt the bottom outline of the cat handle against the cheeks of her ass and knew they were all inside her. She felt Mark's hands manipulating the handle and knew he was locking the bullet vibrator in place.

"All right, angel face." He ran a hand over the smooth flesh of her buttocks. "Let me help you lie down here."

With great care, being careful not to disturb the beads or bullet, he turned her until she was flat on her back, knees bent, feet flat on the buttery soft leather. The first time she'd been here she'd wondered at how wide the booth seats were. Now she knew.

"You'll love this," Mark assured her, tugging her nipples to enlarge them and clipping a butterfly to each one. When his fingers trailed down to her cunt, he slipped two fingers

inside, rubbing them against her hot inner flesh then scooping out some of her copious juice and rubbing it on her clit. "One more little toy and we're ready."

She'd thought it would hurt when he attached the butterfly to her clit, but the clips were padded with some type of soft, foamy material, so rather than causing pain it only excited her more.

Mark backed off the seat and very slowly began removing his clothes. His eyes held hers the entire time he undressed, a hungry need darkening them from deep blue almost to navy. Lisa licked her lips as his hard-muscled chest was bared, the flat male nipples barely peeking out of the curled dark hair. She followed the arrow down to his groin, swallowing hard when he divested himself of slacks and boxers and his magnificent cock sprang free. Even though it wasn't a new sight to her, she had all she could do to keep herself from drooling.

Lips kicked up in that wicked grin again, Mark leaned down between her thighs and sprinkled soft kisses all over her tummy and the insides of her thighs. When he ran his finger through her slit, circling the opening to her vagina, he widened his grin and held up his finger, coated and shiny.

"I think we're almost ready," he told her.

"What else do we have to do?"

Mark lifted her up again and positioned her on her knees facing him. Taking his shaft in his hand he rubbed it back and forth across her lips. The skin was velvety against the steel beneath it.

"Open your mouth, angel face. Before we move into the private room and the mob scene erupts, I want a little of this all to myself." He winked. "Shall we let anyone who's out there watch?"

"Of course," she told him in a shaky voice.

Mark pulled the curtains open, motioned to the waiter to gather their clothes and store them in a locker, then pressed the head of his cock against Lisa's lips. She opened them wide, tilting her head back, letting him push himself in as far as he could go. With a gentle rocking of his hips, he began to fuck her mouth, her tongue setting up a friction on the underside of his rod.

Reaching between his thighs, she cupped the heavy sac holding his balls and manipulated them with her fingers the way he'd told her he liked it done. She watched his face, seeing the taut look come over it as his body began to gather itself for release then rolled her eyes sideways. The couples at the tables in the open and those in one or two booths with open drapes were watching avidly.

Lisa set up the motion with renewed vigour, sucking hard, scraping her fingernails over the wrinkled flesh of the sac, reaching back to tease at Mark's anus. When she pushed the tip of one finger into that puckered opening, his eyes widened, his body tightened, and almost without warning, he ejaculated into her mouth, his semen coming in thick spurts, her throat working as she swallowed it.

Finally, spent, he rolled his fingers around his cock, pulled it slowly from her mouth and pressed the head to her lips.

"Lick it one last time." His voice was hoarse, raspy, like gravel on cement.

Lisa knew he was trying to maintain his all-important control in front of the people watching. Obediently, she licked the last of the drops from the smooth head, even dipping the tip of her tongue into the slit.

Mark let out a long sigh then reached out a hand to help her slide out of the booth. Damon, the manager/owner, who had materialised from someplace, smiled at them and took out his key for the nearly invisible door.

"Ready?" he asked.

"Almost," Mark told him. He reached behind Lisa and turned on the little bullet, immediately sending shock waves through her rectum. Then, pressing a button on the little remote he'd taken from the box, he set the butterflies to dancing.

The myriad sensations nearly brought Lisa to her knees. She didn't know if she'd even be able to walk. Thank god, Mark put a steadying hand on her elbow.

He nodded to Damon. "Now we're ready."

Chapter Four

"Hello, Lisa."

Lisa was so consumed by the vibrations running through her system she almost didn't hear the words spoken to her. Mark had to nudge her and whisper in her ear.

"Someone's saying hello to you, angel face."

Clenching her fists to try for some semblance of control, Lisa looked up and nearly fainted from shock. Naked and gorgeous, Jake stood grinning at her, stroking his cock, both laughter and lust in his eyes.

"I-I..."

The two men exchanged glances. "Mark, I do believe the lady is speechless."

With the sinful vibrators working away on her, Lisa was beyond speechless. She could hardly hold herself upright.

Mark kissed her cheek and swirled his tongue in her ear. "Jake and I are brothers," he whispered. "We exist on two different planes, but every now and then, we're able to get together."

"Mark told me about you," Jake explained. "I figured if I hung around *Danny's Pub* long enough during a dry spell I might run into you. But the way things have worked out, tonight we get to enjoy you together."

Just as in the previous evening here, Lisa was placed on a small elevated stage in the middle of the room, and a booming voice sounded of the speaker system.

"We are pleased to have Lisa Graham with us again tonight. For those who enjoyed her last time, you'll be happy to know she's returned. This is her first night with the anal beads, so you know what to do. And please remember, we are all ladies and gentlemen."

Lisa blinked and Jake was standing in front of her, his big, warm hands on her waist, head bent, tongue moving back and forth across the upper swell of her breasts.

"Damn, those vibrating butterflies make your nipples shake like crazy. And make *me* hard as a spike." He traced his tongue across her lips. "Remember how great it was last night, you on your knees in front of me, my cock in your mouth?"

She nodded her head, about all she was able to do. She heard voices murmuring behind her.

"We're going to do that again tonight, while Mark fucks the beautiful naked pussy of yours. God, I could get off just by thinking of it." His hands moved up to her shoulders, pressing down lightly on them. "You need to get on your knees again, sweet thing. Then brace yourself on your hands."

Lisa did as he told her, her body shaking so hard now from the combination of vibrators she didn't think there was one nerve or muscle not in motion. Behind her, soft hands stroked the cheeks of her ass, and a soft female voice said, "Hello, Lisa. So nice to see you again."

Fingers touched the beads and pulled until one popped out of the round opening of her anus. The same fingers reached between her legs and stroked her cunt, slipping inside before lightly scraping long nails across the now very sensitised lips. Then two soft kisses on her buttocks and the woman was gone.

The next hands touching her were larger and rougher. Male. A thick finger circled her anus again and again before pulling a second bead free. This time the person bit her ass cheeks lightly then licked them with a rough tongue.

"Later, Lisa. Believe me, there are many, many things I want us to do."

Mark had moved to stand in front of her now, and she lifted her eyes to his. "I think I'm going to come," she cried, trying to hold herself in check.

He cupped her chin in his warm hand. "Not until we say you can, angel face."

Jake was beside him now. "Trust us, it will be worth it."

"Oh, god, then hurry, please," she begged.

Mark's low chuckle was filled with lust. "Not too fast, now."

Two more people had come up behind her, one at a time, probing her cunt, pinching the soft lips, teasing at the sensitive flesh between vagina and anus. Each one pulled one more bead from her rectum, kissing and nibbling on her ass as they did so until Lisa thought her control would snap completely.

Then Jake moved behind her. She felt the bullet vibrate harder briefly, and he pulled the last of the beads from her dark tunnel. At the same time, Mark knelt in front of her and very gently removed the butterflies. The absence of the vibrators didn't relieve her arousal. If

anything, it made her even more needy. From her position on her hands and knees, she let her eyes roam the room. There were couples engaged in various sexual acts, sometimes a threesome, even one or two foursomes. One woman straddled a man who had his cock fully seated in her while another man rammed into her ass and two others pressed their cocks into her mouth. Kneeling beside them was another woman playing with the first one's nipples, squeezing and pinching them.

Lisa felt the need inside her erupt so strongly she was ready to do anything for her release.

"I think she's ready," Mark said to his brother.

"I agree."

Gel was applied liberally to her rectum, fingers stretching and tormenting her heated and ready tissues. She saw Mark take two condoms from a drawer in the table she was on and hand one to Jake. As soon as they were sheathed, Mark lifted her to the floor, raised one of her legs to his hip, and holding his cock in his hand, plunged into her pussy with a heavy roll of his hips.

Lisa grabbed his arms for support, glad he pulled her tightly against him. Behind her, Jake separated the cheeks of her ass, and in a moment, his cock pressed relentlessly into her waiting tunnel. She had never felt so full, never so completely taken. Tiny shivers skittered through her, and the muscles in her cunt clamped around Mark's cock.

She had closed her eyes when Mark entered her, leaning her forehead against his hard chest. But now, she opened them to see a circle of people watching them with eager interest. And that drove her need even higher.

The brothers began to move in concert, a smooth rhythm that told her they'd done this many times before. When one pulled back, the other drove in and vice versa. She concentrated so hard on the movement of the two cocks, riding them as hard as she could, that she was startled when small fingers reached from either side of her to pull and tug on her nipples. She glanced left and right and saw two absolutely beautiful, naked women grinning at her.

"You have nipples to die for," one of them said.

Lisa couldn't have said anything if she wanted to. Between the two huge cocks thrusting in and out of her and the soft fingers manipulating her nipples, her orgasm built stronger and stronger, rising within her.

"I'm going to come," she cried, unable to hold back any longer.

"Come, then," Jake said. "Right now."

The brothers each thrust harder once, twice, and as the heavy shudders overtook her body, her pussy convulsing, both cocks flexed and pulsed and thick spurts of cum filled the sheaths in both of her tunnels. She shivered and shook, her nails digging into Mark's arms as Jake's came around from the back to enfold her. Even as he continued to erupt, Jake pistoned his hips in a steady rhythm, continuing to fuck her ass until the last burst of thick liquid was drained from his shaft.

In front of her, Mark did the same thing, rocking his hips, holding her leg against his body as his body shuddered with his climax.

It seemed to Lisa it would never end. She felt as if she'd been tossed into a whirlpool filled with sparkling stars and shooting arrows of blinding colour, tossed about again and again as the orgasm wrung every last response from her body.

Barely able to breathe, she pressed her forehead against Mark's chest and moved her hands to clutch Jake's arms still around her. Only the sound of clapping brought her back to awareness.

"Well done," someone said.

"I think she deserves a drink," someone else said.

Mark released her leg, and in an instant, a naked waiter holding a tray appeared with drinks for the three of them. Lisa had to stop herself from drinking hers down in one swallow.

Jake picked her up and carried her to a couch against one wall, laying her gently on the soft fabric. He was busy kissing her and licking her lips when Mark urged him out of the way.

"Remember the word 'share'?" he reminded his brother.

He sat down on the couch, lifting Lisa's head and placing it in his lap. His cock bobbed against her cheek, and even as exhausted as she was, she was tempted to turn her head and place her lips over it.

"So what happens now?" she asked, curious as to the arrangement the two men had.

Mark cradled one of her breasts in his hands while Jake, sitting on the floor beside her, caressed her cunt. His fingers danced tantalisingly over the bare skin, bringing tiny nerves to life again.

"It's the weather, you know," Mark told her.

"The rain," she nodded.

"At least, for one of us," he agreed. "But Sunday, it's supposed to be partly rainy."

"Or partly sunny, as it were," Jake grinned.

"So," Mark continued, "we were hoping you'd like to go on a picnic with us."

She frowned. "A picnic?"

"Yes," Jake nodded. "At a very interesting place, where we'll be playing a very interesting game."

She wrinkled her forehead, trying not to be distracted by Jake's fingers pinching her nipple or Mark's sliding easily into her pussy. "What kind of game?"

"Oh," Jake said, "where's the fun if we tell you ahead of time? Besides, it's another rare opportunity to be with both of us."

She shrugged, her interest piqued. "What do I have to lose? Of course, I'd love to go."

"Excellent," Mark said. "A car and driver will call for you exactly at noon."

"Wear nothing," Jake ordered.

Lisa raised her eyebrows. "You want me to get in a car with a strange man completely naked?"

Mark wore his wicked grin again. "Are you up for it?"

Was she? Well, why the hell not. She nodded.

"And bring your little toy collection from your nightstand," Jake said.

"Will I see either of you before then?" she asked.

Mark answered for both of them. "Not possible."

"Why not? What's the problem?"

"It's the damn weather," Jake told her.

"Right," Mark nodded. "We need to wait for the right time. Like this Sunday. We call it an intermission."

Lisa clenched her pussy muscles around Mark's fingers and let out a sigh. "Okay. Here's to intermissions."

About the Author

I always wanted adventure and change in my life, and I certainly got it. I grew up in Maine, a beautiful place to live, then lived in the Midwest and Florida. Now I make my home in the Hill Country of Texas, truly God's chosen place on earth. My husband, David, is a sixth generation Texan, tracing his roots here back to the time when Texas was a Republic, so retiring here was a dream we finally fulfilled.

I've had a lot of firsts in my life – first female sports report on The Michigan Daily at the University of Michigan; first woman to own a rock and roll agency in Detroit, the home of Motown; first woman president of the Pasco (Florida) Economic Development Council.

I graduated from the University of Michigan with a double major in English and History, and a minor in Economics, and went on to have at least four careers. When my children were small, I satisfied my need for writing by working for weekly newspapers. I had a wild and wacky time managing rock and roll bands. I joined the insanity of retail with a string of shoe stores. I worked in fundraising, public affairs and community relations. But writing fiction was always my dream. I had a lot of stops and starts, but it wasn't until we retired that I could devote myself to it full time.

My wonderful husband, David, encourages me and supports me in my dream. Our children are all grown and on their own, and are my biggest fans.

When I'm not writing I'm an avid reader – anything and everything – and watching football, especially my beloved Michigan Wolverines. David and I golf and target shoot, and of course enjoy life in the gorgeous Texas Hill Country, where most of my stories are based.

I am a member of Romance Writers of America, and San Antonio Romance Authors, Diamond State Romance Authors, and Passionate Ink chapter of RWA.

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