

ELLORA'S CAVE PRESENTS

Kayla's Birthday
Present

Ashlyn Chase

Naughty
Nooners

An Ellora's Cave Romantica Publication



www.ellorascave.com

Kayla's Birthday Present

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Edited by Helen Woodall

Cover art by Syneca

Electronic book Publication September 2009

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KAYLA'S BIRTHDAY PRESENT

Ashlyn Chase

Dedication

Dedicated to my best friend, my husband, my everything.

Chapter One

On Kayla's fortieth birthday, the unthinkable happened. She slept with her best friend, Marcus.

Upon awakening, a vague feeling of impending doom surrounded her. Rolling over in bed, she saw the slow rise and fall of the hard chest she had leaned against and cried on the night before.

He'd been overseas in Kuwait, working on an oil pipeline for eight months. Now his job might take him to Alaska. Dammit! Losing his steady companionship had been hard enough the first time. Now the loss could be permanent. That must have been what prompted her insane actions.

With the sheet only covering him to the waist, Kayla admired the tight abs and sparkling gold hair shaped like a V, pointing to his... *Dear Lord! What was I thinking?*

Grabbing the sheet and pulling it up to her chin, she accidentally roused him. When he opened his sleepy, sexy green eyes, a gentle smile crept across his face. "Morning, beautiful."

"Just because we had sex last night doesn't mean you have to treat me any differently."

He pushed himself up and leaned against the red velvet headboard, exposing his... *Eek!*

"What's the matter? I can tell you you're beautiful if I want to. You are."

She tried to act casually but averted her eyes. "Oh, I'm sure. My eyes are probably puffy and bloodshot. My hair..."

She reached up and stroked her coarse, mousy brown, pixie cut. A good chunk of it had shot up in the air while the back was plastered flat against her head. "Oh lovely.

What is it about fortieth birthdays that can turn happily single, independent women into simpering idiots?"

Marcus smiled and shook his head. "Why are you being so hard on yourself? I enjoyed the hell out of last night. We made love, Kayla. Face the fact that we're not able to undo that. I, for one, wouldn't want to and if you think our relationship isn't going to change, you're still asleep and dreaming." He reached over, cupped her chin and stoked her cheek with his thumb. "I intend to treat you right and make you want to do what we did a lot more often."

Truth be told, she wanted to fuck again too but blamed it on continuing temporary insanity. Wait a minute. Wasn't that called permanent insanity?

"Are you just feeling sorry for me and saying what I want to hear?"

"Absolutely not. When have I ever lied to you?"

Kayla thought hard before she answered. "Never."

"Then you should trust me. I think you're beautiful, even first thing in the morning after a crying jag and right now I want to hold you." He slid down close to her. "And kiss you." He leaned over and gently nibbled her sensitive neck working his way along her jaw to deliver a soft peck. "For a long, long time, sweetheart." He crushed her lips in a long, deep, mind-blowing, toe-curling, orgasm-promising kiss.

Marcus's heart beat steady and strong, like the man himself. Maybe she did have a shot at her secret dream—the one in which she was happily married with a kid or two and able to keep her career with the work-from-home option.

Melting into his kiss and warm, safe body, she let her hand wander down his chest to stroke his thick erection.

His hand cupped her aching breast and thumbed her puckered nipple. All embarrassment melted away, replaced by a deep longing between her legs. Her core ached to be filled with him again and again. As she noticed the musky smell of their previous night's sex, she inhaled the tantalizing scent and wanted to perfume the whole room with it. Making love with Marcus had been playful and passionate and if Kayla

remembered correctly, she had initiated it. He was immediately responsive and seemed to know exactly how to please her. *Dear Lord. If I let this man go, how crazy would I be?*

He moved his mouth to her breast and sucked her thoroughly. Tracing a finger down her abdomen, he massaged her mound. He'd awakened a craving in her and she could barely wait to be touched everywhere and then filled with his succulent cock. Her skin tingled as he explored. He licked his way down her side, tickling her ribs with his tongue. She giggled and tried to scoot away but he held on tight until he reached his destination.

He teased at first, barely touching her clit with his tongue, then nipped at it with his lips and, when she thought she'd lose her mind, he lapped her slit and zeroed in on her sensitive bud, flicking it with his tongue. She wanted them to come together. Arching and moaning, she twined her fingers in his hair and begged him to fuck her, now, hard.

He raised his face and grinned. She spread her legs and in seconds he was on his knees between them. She guided his cock to her soaking wet center and he plunged inside. They moaned in unison, Kayla feeling the rightness of being filled with him.

He gave her exactly what she had asked for—a hard, vigorous, luscious fucking. He was right. She wanted this. She opened her eyes for a moment and caught him watching her with a hooded stare.

"I love you, Kayla."

At that moment, familiar rippling sensations vibrated through her. She closed her eyes and allowed herself to lose control over her body. Like greased lightning, she exploded in sheer bliss. Wave after wave of delicious orgasm rushed through her trembling body and Kayla screamed her soaring release. Marcus followed her to completion, jerking several times with his own climax and aftershocks.

"I've never had an orgasm from my G-spot without my clit being stimulated before. It was a whole new sensation. My orgasm felt deeper, richer somehow, and I want to experience it again sometime."

"Do you think psychology might have something to do with it? I mean, with my finally telling you what's been in my heart for years? They say for women, sex is ninety percent about what's going on from the neck up and for men it's ninety percent about the sensations from the neck down."

She laughed. "I believe that."

They lay together, still coupled and Kayla wrapped her arms around his back. She squeezed him tight and sighed. "Happy birthday to me."

* * * * *

Over breakfast, they'd played footsie under her kitchen table, cracked stupid jokes about getting older and laughed. Her pink satin robe teased him by dipping low enough to flash her gorgeous cleavage. Happily, she showed no signs of wanting him to leave. He didn't want to leave either.

He wanted them in her bed again, as soon as possible. Maybe this time, he'd take her from behind. Doggie style drove cocks even deeper and he'd make sure she felt it in her G-spot, her clit and all the way to her nipples. If she liked the good, hard fucking she got last night, she'd love it doggy style, having him slam inside her cunt, balls deep, while he squeezed her breasts.

Kayla removed their breakfast dishes and let them sit in the sink. Then she strolled over to him and sat in his lap. "All I can think about is fucking you again."

His breath hitched.

"That's all you had to say." He reached through the gap in the robe and fondled her breasts. She moaned. "I'd like to fuck you until we're completely spent, Kayla. Do you have any plans for today?"

"If I did, I'd cancel them."

She found his bulge beneath her bottom and stroked. His cock swelled and thickened within seconds.

Fuck, I can't believe how much I've wanted her and now she wants me too. He scooped her into his arms and carried her to the bed. "Shall I tell you what I'm going to do to you or do you want it to be a surprise?"

"Oh...tell me! And don't spare the dirty talk."

He grinned. What a perfect pair they made. He set her down and crawled over her like a predator. "Well, first I'm going to suck your luscious breasts like they're my last meal." He pulled her satin robe open and dived for her heaving breasts.

"Ohhh..." she moaned. "Yes, I love that. Suck me. Suck me deep, just like that."

Her breasts drove him crazy. He always knew they'd be generous and her cleavage was gorgeous on the rare occasions when she flaunted it. Now he had one cupped in his palm, felt the weight of it and sucked. When he pulled away, she whimpered in disappointment until he latched onto the other one and gave it the same treatment.

She shuddered and gasped. Then, already familiar looking spasms racked her body. How responsive was this woman? She'd climaxed simply from having her breasts sucked – and sucked by him. That had to mean something.

"I want you, Marcus. I want you now."

"Not so fast, my beauty. I have plans for you. First, I'll go down on you. Then I'll suck and nip your clit until you come at least three times. Only then will I fuck you. And I'm going to give you the fucking of your life."

She giggled. "Then you'd better get going, because when you put it that way, I can't stand to wait much longer." She bent her knees and spread her legs in welcome.

He crawled between her knees, bent down and kissed her mons. "Remember, three orgasms before you get fucked."

"Yes sir!" she said and chuckled.

He kissed her inner thighs, then ran his tongue over her labia. She wriggled as if trying to bring her clit to his tongue. He wouldn't tease her. Not this time. He was hard enough to cut steel and wanted his own satisfaction too.

He barely touched her clit with his tongue. She jumped. Oh yes, he wouldn't have to wait much longer. He lapped at her clit and hastened the speed as she writhed and moaned. In no time at all, she shattered. Kayla screamed her release so loudly she might as well have announced she was having sex to the whole block.

"Stop!" She pushed at his head. "No more."

As much as he wanted to continue, he also believed in respecting a woman's wishes. She panted and stared at him with glazed eyes.

"Are you sure you've had enough already?"

"Yes. I'm positively boneless."

He smiled. "Then, I'm afraid I'll have to punish you. You'll have to suck my cock."

She grinned. "My pleasure but I can't move yet."

"I'll come to you." He straddled her body, walked up the mattress on his knees and positioned his cock right over her face. "Suck my cock, Kayla."

She licked her lips, opened her mouth and took it in as he sunk to meet her. "Ahhh..." This had to be the most wonderful feeling in the world. Not just any woman, but his Kayla had her lips wrapped hard around his shaft and sucked at him greedily. She kept at it, with hard suction until the familiar tingles at the base of his spine warned him of his impending climax.

"Stop, Kayla. I'm gonna come..."

She grabbed his ass and dug her fingers into it as she continued to pull on his cock with her talented mouth.

"Dear God!"

He exploded into her mouth. Spasms racked his body. Wave after wave of delicious orgasm hit like the surf against the rocks and he jerked with each release. Instead of letting go, she hung on tighter and milked every last drop out of him.

At last she relaxed her grip and he collapsed beside her.

"Oh, God, I love you, Kayla." There it was. He let it slip again and she hadn't said it back. Well, tough. She would. He just knew she would eventually.

Chapter Two

A solid week of sex in every position and with every possible twist they could think of had left Kayla sore and sated – not that she’d have changed any of those encounters! Not even the wheelbarrow position – don’t ask.

Now, at work, she smiled to herself as she reflected on her “staycation.” Funny but sex with a friend meant more trust and more freedom to try things she wouldn’t have ordinarily done. Even anal. Okay, so it wasn’t really her thing, but she was glad she’d tried it. Maybe when the inspiration struck, they’d try it again sometime.

“What are you smiling about?” her coworker Tara asked.

“Huh? Oh, nothing.”

“Yeah, right.” One side of Tara’s mouth curled up in a half smile. “You met a guy on your vacation, didn’t you?”

“No.”

“Don’t lie to me. I recognize that goofy grin. You met someone.”

“I’m not lying and I’m not goofy – and I didn’t *meet* anyone.”

Tara frowned and appeared puzzled. “If you say so.”

Relief washed over Kayla when her coworker returned to her own desk. Gossip traveled like wildfire through the newsroom. You’d think journalists would be sick of spreading news like manure. Especially when they had seen and heard stories far more shocking than a grown woman sleeping with a close friend.

But maybe Marcus was more than a friend. She had to admit they had chemistry, despite knowing each other as platonic friends for so long. How long had it been? Fifteen years? Twenty? Wow, time passed quickly when a woman was busy building a career.

Kayla loved her new gig as a regular columnist. She had worked hard for the position and it afforded her the luxury of taking the already reported news and adding her sharp commentary. In the past her job had been grubbing around to find the news worth reporting and doing so without adding her viewpoint.

"Hey, Kayla! Someone's here to see you," shouted the receptionist a little louder than necessary.

"Jeez, Bonnie, why didn't you just use a bullhorn and announce it to the whole building?"

The receptionist chuckled. "Sorry. It's just that he's cute and he said he's meeting you for lunch. I thought you'd want to know."

"He's just a friend. Don't get so excited."

"Oh." Her face fell. "Well, have a nice lunch, anyway."

"I will." Kayla grabbed her coat and purse and headed toward the lobby. Marcus stood just inside the newsroom at the receptionist's desk, a decidedly somber expression on his face.

She stopped before reaching him. "What's the matter?"

"I'll tell you over lunch."

Bonnie pretended to be on the phone but peeked over at them with one raised eyebrow.

Great, she probably thinks we're a couple and I'm getting dumped. "Bad day, huh?" she said, hoping to throw the focus off herself.

"You could say that."

He held the door for her as they exited the newsroom. His expression didn't change in the elevator or out on the street.

"Come on, Marcus. What's wrong? I don't think I can wait until we're seated and ready with cocktails."

"I'm being transferred."

"To Alaska?"

"Yeah."

She halted. "Fuck!"

Passersby turned their heads but hurried on. Marcus held her steady with his big hands on either arm. "Let's have lunch and talk about it."

"What's to talk about? Your job wants you in Alaska. That means you'll be living three thousand miles away. It's not like we can get together on the weekends. Damn!"

"Kayla. I need to talk with you about it. I'm not prepared to lose you now."

"So, what does that mean? You want me to move to Alaska and report on sled-dog racing?"

He cracked a smile, then his pained expression returned. "No. I wouldn't ask you to do that. But, if I knew how you felt about me... In other words, if I could trust that this relationship is permanent, I'm prepared to quit."

"But what would you do?"

He shrugged. "I have plenty of money saved. My job in the Middle East paid well and there was nowhere to spend it. I'll find something. But what about the rest of it, Kayla? Do you love me?"

"Of course I do. I always have."

"Not like before. Not as just friends or even friends with benefits. Do you love me enough to commit the rest of your life to me?"

The breath left her lungs and for a long moment, didn't return. "What are you asking?"

"I'm asking you to marry me, Kayla. Live with me first if you're afraid I'll drive you crazy by leaving the toilet seat up. I promise to do everything in my power to make you happy, though."

"Oh," she squeaked. "I-I..." This was so sudden, she hadn't been prepared or even had time to think.

"You need time to think about it," he finished for her.

Standing there, holding onto him just to remain upright, she flashed forward to a future without him. How could she stand it when eight months without him had seemed so empty. Bleak. Cruel. And now that she had discovered what they had sexually...." *What are you, stupid?* she asked herself.

"No." She shook her head vehemently.

He looked at the pavement and his posture slumped. "I didn't think so."

"Huh? I meant, no, I don't need time to think about it. Yes, I'll marry you. I can't stand the thought of losing you, either."

His jaw dropped and then he grinned. He scooped her up in a strong embrace and lifted her right off the ground. "Kayla! Oh my God," he cried.

"Oomph... Can't...breathe," she managed to eke out.

"Oh! Sorry." He set her on her feet again and kissed her.

She returned his kiss with a passion she hadn't felt for anything or anyone in so many years, she'd forgotten she could feel like this.

When they finally ended the kiss, she whispered, "Let's skip lunch and go to my place. I can call the office and say I'll be late coming back."

"You read my mind." He placed his forehead against hers and said, "I'd rather eat you for lunch, anyway."

About the Author

Kidnapped by gypsies as an infant, Ashlyn Chase was left on the doorstep of the Massachusetts home in which she grew up—at least that's what her older siblings told her. It seems that storytelling runs in the family.

Ashlyn worked as a psychiatric nurse for several years, holds a degree in behavioral sciences and has been trained as a fine artist, registered nurse, hypnotherapist and interior designer. Writing is one career she wasn't formally educated in, yet by sheer determination she's become a multi-published, award-winning author.

Most writers, whether they're aware of it or not, have a "theme", some sort of thread that runs through all of their books, uniting the whole mishmash into an identifiable signature. Ashlyn's identified her theme as involving characters who reinvent themselves. It's no wonder, since she has reinvented herself numerous times. Finally content with her life, she lives in beautiful New Hampshire with her true-life hero husband and a spoiled brat cat.

Ashlyn 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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