

ELLORA'S CAVE *Moderne*



## **Pet Me**

*Amarinda Jones*

When Drusilla Camm accidentally kills Arthur, her niece's wonky-eyed goldfish, she's desperate to find a replacement. The only one to be found is the same one that a hot, hard-bodied man wants and he's not about to give up. While this guy may be sex on a stick, Drusilla is determined to get that fish. As for the man, she might just have him as well.

Newspaper reporter Cormack Flint loves women and is rarely surprised by them—until he meets sexy Drusilla. Instantly in lust, he might just be persuaded to give up the fish if some sweaty sex is on offer.

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Pet Me

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# *PET ME*

**Amarinda Jones**

### *Dedication*

Inspiration comes to us in the strangest ways. Although I never met Lara PUNCHES, her love of life and all creatures great and small inspired me to write this book. Some people, without knowing it, shed light and wisdom in simple, quiet ways and lead others on to achieve. Thank you, Lara.

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## Prologue

The elastic snapped in her knickers as Cormack's hands tugged the sheer lace down her legs.

"Wait, wait, wait." Drusilla's voice was breathless with excitement as she gripped his shoulders. "What the hell are we doing?" She was flat on her back on the cream upholstery of her car's backseat. Her legs were akimbo and the most gorgeous man she had ever seen in her life had a loaded cock bobbing before her, looking for a place to call home.

Cormack threw her panties onto the rearview mirror. "You don't know what we're doing?" His eyes raked her body possessively.

A thrill of wildfire shot through Drusilla's veins. "I know what this is." Her legs were open and ready to receive. Never had she felt so exposed in her life. Her breasts ached pleasantly from the thorough sucking he had given them and all in all she felt fantastic. *This is too good to be true.* Things like this never happened to her.

"Then why the question?" Cormack hunched down and lifted her legs over his shoulders.

"This is crazy." The car was too small, he was too big and it was in the middle of the day. *But oh, how I want him...*

Cormack leaned forward and licked her inner thigh in one long stroke.

Drusilla shivered. *Oh yes...* "We don't know each other and er..." There had to be another reason but who could think when a hot tongue was making her shiver with anticipation?

"We have a mutual interest in Arthur." His eyes were hot on hers.

No man had ever looked at Drusilla like that before. Maybe it wasn't so crazy after all. Maybe it would be crazy *not* to take up what was on offer. "Arthur is a goldfish." It was funny to think an argument over a fish had them in the backseat of her car half naked and ready to fuck each other's brains out. *Mental note. Fish are aphrodisiacs. Buy an aquarium.*

"Arthur will be mine."

"You could be a nice guy and let me have him." It was a weird conversation to be having with a man whose head was in between her thighs.

Cormack smiled at her. "I want to give you something much better than a fish, honey." His mouth dropped down to her pussy.

His eyes were so wonderfully wicked with promise. *What fish?* "Am I going to like it?"

"Oh yeah." Cormack said no more as his mouth fastened on to her clit and sucked.

Drusilla choked back a scream of delight as her hands clutched at his shoulders. No one had ever sucked her there. She trembled as his lips and tongue devoured her. "What if someone sees us?" *Don't stop.*

Cormack lifted his head. "I'm giving you mouth to mouth."

"That's not my mouth."

"You talk a lot. I noticed that in the store."

Drusilla's hands stroked his broad shoulders. "Is it putting you off?"

"Oh no honey, I want in." Cormack sank two fingers inside her pussy and began thrusting.

"Um..." Drusilla having trouble forming words. The steady pumping of his fingers made her more excited for the cock that grazed her thigh impatiently.

"Yes?"

"I don't usually do this."

“We’re going to do so much more than just this.” His eyes were intent on hers. “Are you ready for me?”

“Yes.” What other answer was there?



## **Chapter One**

*Fifteen minutes earlier*

Drusilla Camm's car swung into the parking lot of *Brisbane Pet Haven*. She was on a mission. Find the right goldfish before her niece got home from vacation. "How hard could it be to find a reddish, orange fish with a white spot on its left side and a wonky right eye?" Even as she said the words Drusilla knew it would be almost impossible. She suspected those characteristics alone had to be the reason why Arthur had died. "That or I overfed him." But who knew how hungry a goldfish could be? "Maybe I didn't feed him enough." *Bugger*. Not that it mattered now. Arthur was in fish heaven and Drusilla had four hours to find a replacement fish.

She got out of the car and stalked into the shop. She had feigned illness to get off work early. It wasn't a lie. Drusilla knew the high-pitched whine of her precocious ten-year-old niece would set her teeth on edge and give her a headache if she found out about poor, dead Arthur. "And she won't. Who called a fish Arthur for cripes' sake?"

Cute puppy dogs and fluffy kittens jumped around in their cages trying to attract her attention. The idea of caging anything was abhorrent to Drusilla but she wasn't contemplating buying any of them anyway. She wasn't good with pets. Look at poor Arthur. Besides Drusilla was focused on finding where the fish hung out. She had toyed with the idea of sitting her niece down and telling her the truth about Arthur but as much as she loved her niece, there was not enough alcohol on the planet to survive that. Like her mother, Hayley was very dramatic and liable to grow up to blame her slack-assed Aunt Drusilla for ruining her life.

"Yeah, better to lie," Drusilla muttered to herself. "Why disappoint the kid at such a young age." There was plenty of time for that later. Besides Drusilla didn't want Hayley thinking she could not be trusted to look after something as simple as a goldfish. Cheating was the only option to keep in good favor with her niece.

When she found the fish tanks Drusilla was gobsmacked. There were dozens of glass aquariums with what had to be hundreds of fish in all shapes and sizes. She stamped her feet as she was wont to do in frustration. "Frig, how do I find an Arthur look-alike?"

After spending what seemed like an hour, Drusilla stopped dead in front of one aquarium. "Bloody hell, it's Arthur's twin." Okay, maybe it wasn't his twin but to a desperate woman, with aching feet and the need for a glass or three of wine, it was very close to it. "White spot—check." Only problem was it was on the right side. "Damn." Drusilla contemplated the fish. The fish contemplated her through the glass. The right eye was wonky but then all fish eyes looked weird to her. Regardless, it was a good sign and she was pretty certain she could come up with a lie to explain the relocation of the white spot. The kid was ten. Surely Drusilla would be able to baffle her with some made-up, half-assed scientific fact regarding the movement of spots. "I know I can. I lie all the time to get out of work." This would be easy.

Drusilla kept her gaze on the darting Arthur replacement and pressed the bell for staff assistance. The blue uniformed staff member came over to her, with another man following.

"I want this fish." Her fingers slid erratically over the glass as she tried to keep track of the wonky-eyed fish.

"That's the one I want," declared the man coming to her side.

*Oh, no fucking way.* "What?" Drusilla turned on him. Tall, blond and irritatingly good-looking. He was the sort of man who got what he wanted. Well, not this time. "That's my fish." There had to be another four-dollar-and-twenty-cent orange fish he could buy.

"Says who?" Cormack Flint smiled at her, his green eyes alight with amusement.

"Me." Thankfully for Drusilla she had dumped her salad and eaten a chocolate bar at lunch. Her hormones were calorie fuelled and ready to deal with a man who thought he could use charm to get what he wanted. *That fish is mine.*

The staff member backed away. "You two sort it out and I'll come back."

"Are you going to fight me for it, honey?"

Drusilla knew men like this expected women like her to be so dazzled by their beauty that they gave up the battle without a shot being fired. But Drusilla was not like most women. She had sworn off men after her lying, ratfink of a fiancé Wayne had slept with her ex-best friend and town slut Sharon twelve months ago. *It's 'cause she's got a great body, babe. We both know you need to work out.* Men—stupid or what? Ever since then, Drusilla viewed every man as her ex-fiancé. Maybe it wasn't fair but it was safer that way. She didn't have an ideal body. She knew that and closed up shop against them. Why men even persisted in pursuing her was beyond her. Couldn't they see the "no touching" sign?

If Drusilla wasn't so desperate for this particular fish, she knew she would just fight him on principle. He looked liked the type of man who got what he wanted. She was the type of woman who rarely did and, like an underdog, she wanted to score for her side. "No, you're going to be a gentleman and let me have the fish."

"Seriously?" Cormack leaned against the tank and watched her.

"Yes. Didn't your mother teach you 'ladies first'?"

"My mother taught me to survive at all costs and get what's mine," he responded. "That fish is mine."

*I really do not need this.* "Why do you want it? It's not like it's the only one in the tank and it's ugly."

"Why do you want it?"

Right, she would play the good auntie, caring card and make him feel bad. "It's for my niece."

Cormack grinned. "Oh wait—let me guess. You killed your niece's fish." The man laughed at her expression. "Bad auntie."

Drusilla stamped her feet. "No, it simply died." *Blond, annoyingly correct bastard.*

"And you're too chicken to tell her."

"Why do you want it?" Why did a man as gorgeous as he was hang out in a pet store looking at wonky-eyed fish?

"It's for my grandmother."

*Good one.* That lie had pathos and added guilt factor in it to make the hardest heart surrender the fish. *But not me.* "I suppose she's dying."

The blond man nodded. "Yes."

"Bullshit." Drusilla called him on it.

"Okay it's for my aquarium at home," Cormack admitted, totally relaxed in his stance as he chatted to her. "Why the look of disbelief?"

"I was just wondering how many real men had aquariums." Drusilla wanted to piss him off yet he just stood and smiled at her like she fascinated him.

"Do you want me to show you how real I am?"

*Yes please.* "Nah, I wouldn't want you to deplete your testosterone store for me. You may need it to lift something later." His husky chuckle sent a shiver down her spine. "Why do you want Arthur?"

"Arthur?" Cormack Flint was utterly captivated by the woman before him. She was like none he had ever met before. She made absolutely no attempt to flatter him or even be pleasant. That amused him. His eyes swept over her brown ponytailed hair and down to the cynical deep brown eyes that matched it. Cormack liked pissy women. They were so much more fun than those who agreed with his every word. And this one was even better and more desirable. She had a curvaceous body that made his cock jerk in anticipation of that first touch between them and he knew it would come. She was just the woman he was looking for. Hot, fiery and someone other women could identify with. *But should I?* She was perfect for the project he was working on.

"That's his name." Drusilla tapped the glass of the tank and Arthur dodged in the other direction.

"It could be a girl fish." Not that he knew. Cormack was still amused by her inference that he was less of a man because he liked to collect fish. Actually he didn't collect fish. It was an excuse to be at the pet store. It fit the article he was writing—*Seven Ways to Meet Real Women*. He knew it was bound to piss a lot of people off but then his daily column, *Set in Stone*, was designed to be controversial. People loved him. People hated him. The main thing was they kept reading him. This lady would be perfect for his story.

The pet store was just a way to meet women. Not that he needed it but Cormack wanted to show other men, his readers, that beautiful, desirable woman could be found anywhere and not to limit themselves to the clichéd bars and clubs where skinny, hyper-thin blondes hung out. He knew this lady had said what she had to annoy him but it'd had the opposite result. Cormack was finding himself bewitched by her. It was unusual that he wanted to instantly know everything about a woman. He loved women but none captured his interest straightaway. And yes, she was hot and sexy and excellent for the article he wanted to write but there was something more. This was the sort of woman he personally liked. The unpretentious, spit-in-your eye rather than agree with you type. Cormack liked feisty. *Maybe the article could wait a while...*

"How can you tell it's a female?"

"Men know stuff." Cormack did not have a clue but he was having fun fencing with her.

"Uh-huh," Drusilla settled her hands on her hips and looked at him in disbelief.

Cormack's eyes moved to her generously rounded hips. He could almost feel her plump thighs locked around his waist. "I like the unusual." Cormack gave in and looked at her breasts as he had wanted to do all along. They were real women's breasts, the outline of her nipples clear though the fabric of her shirt. He shifted his stance to give his tightening cock a chance to calm down. No other woman had ever had that

instant effect on him. Cormack wanted to push her up against the glass tank and kiss her into submission.

“Arthur is my fish.”

As far as Cormack was concerned, this beauty could have anything she wanted – Arthur included. The quirky looking fish amused him but battling with her over what was just a goldfish was more fun and the article was rapidly becoming more of a side issue.

“Okay then. Let’s settle this.” He reached into his pocket and pulled out a coin. “I’ll flip you for Arthur.”

Drusilla stamped her feet. “No, I never win coin tosses.”

*Oh man, a foot stomper.* The lady had passion. *And I want to explore it.* “Chicken?” Cormack knew the lady would not resist the challenge. This was the type of woman men should target. The strong, passionate ones and not the carefully manicured, stick-thin ladies who moaned dutifully on request when touched. A man needed more than that in his bed. He needed a real woman who wouldn’t care about breaking a fingernail or screaming.

“No,” Drusilla retorted. “So when I win you’ll walk away?”

*No way.* She could have the fish regardless of the toss. Cormack wanted her. He was not a great believer in love at first sight but lust was another matter. It could not be denied. “I can’t guarantee that. You’re kind of cute.”

“Kind of?”

Was he imagining it or was she interested in him as well? “Yeah, in that offbeat, pissy-goddess way.”

Drusilla arched her eyebrows. “Wow, you must have women fall at your feet with compliments like that.”

Cormack wanted to drop on his knees now and pull her to the floor and make love to her, pet shop or not. “I have had women on their knees before me.”

"What throwing up?"

*Oh yeah, this one is mine.* "I'm going to enjoy seeing you lose. Get ready to call it." Cormack tossed the coin in the air.

"Heads."

It came down tails. *I win you.*

Drusilla snorted. "Naturally, I never have any luck."

"You're not going to cry are you?" She didn't look like a woman who was about to give up.

"Would that work and get me the fish?"

"No." Yes, she had spirit. Cormack liked that.

Drusilla turned on her heel. "Fine—whatever."

Cormack could not let her walk away now. "Hey." He followed in her wake, watching the breathtaking swing of her hips and ass. *She is mine.* It was a call as ancient as time.

"What?" Drusilla called over her shoulder. She didn't stop. "You won."

"What's your name?" Cormack kept pace with her, edging slightly ahead so she had no option but to see him.

Drusilla pushed open the door to the shop and headed out into the bright sunshine to where her car was parked. "Why do you care?"

"I think it's karma we met here." He stopped when she did at her car. *How old was this car? 1970?* "It's something we can tell our kids." This woman had the look of forever about her and Cormack had been waiting just as long to find her.

"Is this a line you use a lot?" She unlocked the car and yanked the driver's side door open.

"This is the first time." Cormack took a chance and reached over and enfolded her hand in his. If she pulled away then he would let go. If she held fast, so would he. He smiled when she jumped in surprise when they touched. "Do you feel that?" A jolt of

electricity shot from between them making the air crackle with amazing possibilities. *So, I'll write the article tomorrow...next week...in three months.*

"Nope." Drusilla tried to pull her hand away.

"Liar." Cormack moved in close so she had nowhere to go but back against the rusty burnt orange of her car. "I want to kiss you, Mary Lou." He slammed the driver's door shut.

"That's not my name and I don't kiss strange men." Her eyes went to his lips as the words rushed out.

*Oh yeah, I am not the only one feeling this.* "Kiss me and I won't be strange anymore, Myrtle Anne." Cormack longed to rub his body against hers. It was madness indeed but he thanked the cosmos for bringing them together. The mental notes he normally made about a subject for his column were of no interest to him. This was a real woman who demanded his total attention. Cormack knew already she was not someone who could be defined by mere words.

Drusilla snorted. "I don't even look like a Myrtle."

"Penelope? Mavis? Misty?"

"Misty?" She smiled reluctantly.

*Be still my heart.* "Eunice?"

"Drusilla."

*Perfect.* It was a strong name full of attitude. "That was my next guess." He stroked his thumb against the soft flesh of her hand. "Hello Drusilla, I'm Cormack Flint."

Drusilla rolled her eyes. "Of course you are. You look like a Cormack Flint. Men like you never have normal names."

*I think I could love her.* "Men like me?" No woman had ever spoken to him like this before and clearly she never read his column for she hadn't recognized his name. Women tended to be polarized by him and his words. The militant, radical feminists thought he was a pig and the others wanted to nurture or marry him. His body touched



hers and there was a sudden silence between them that seemed endless. Cormack knew he was not the only one feeling the electricity that sparked between them.

Drusilla blinked several times as if to steady herself. "Yes — you're well, um, you're not like other men."

That she did not push him away made Cormack's heart beat with excitement. *I have waited forever for this one.* "How so?"

"You know." Her eyes were enormous on his.

"No." Who did she think he was? Cormack was nothing special in the scheme of things. But this one — she was. *I met the woman of my dreams at the pet store. See page six for more.*

"You're gorgeous and I have no idea why you are persisting with me."

Cormack looked at her in surprise. Was she serious? "Are you kidding me? I want to rip your clothes off and lick and suck your body until you beg me to slide inside you." Before she had a chance to respond, Cormack kissed Drusilla.

It was one of those moments that Drusilla would always remember for nothing had ever shaken her to the core as much as his lips meeting hers. Hot, wild heat charged through her veins and it was impossible to push him away. And yet she knew she could have, for his body only pressed lightly against hers and his hand was not cruel in its hold. But Drusilla did not shove him away despite all the reasons she should. She gave in and opened her mouth to the gorgeous man who growled with satisfaction at her response as she pressed her body into his. The heat of him burned straight through to her soul. She had never acted like this before but then this man was different. Drusilla knew that from the moment their bodies touched. It felt right.

"You are beautiful," Cormack murmured as his lips left hers. His free hand caressed her face.

Drusilla snorted. "Am not." She was many things but beautiful was not one of them. How many times had her ex-fiancé made that clear? Though it was nice to hear it from this man and the way he was looking at her made her want to believe, if only for a second, in fairytales.

"Are too, now open the door."

"Why?" Drusilla was pulling on the door even as she asked. She had visions of them stretched out on the backseat, hot, wet and naked.

"Because I want to side between your legs and bury my cock deep inside you."

*Oh my.* There was something about a man who got straight to the point. There was no pretense. Just plain, old-fashioned lust. "How do you know I would let you?"

"I don't," Cormack admitted with a grin. "I'm hoping."

Drusilla was disappointed as his body moved back from hers. Yet it made her feel like he was giving her the option to stay or go. "Does this work with most women you meet?" Drusilla refused to be another notch on a bedpost.

"I've never felt this with anyone but you."

"Seriously?" She wanted to believe the sincerity in his voice but it was hard to. "You're gorgeous. You could have any woman." *Why me?*

"I don't want just any woman. I want you. Can't you feel the heat between us?"

Oh yeah, Drusilla could. It was scorching her skin and seeping into her bones making her want to do things she shouldn't. And she had to admit she found this moment exciting. *Why can't I indulge this once? I deserve it.* "Do you have a condom?" And with those words her fate was sealed. Any worries she had about random sex or passersby seeing them were all forgotten with the smile he gave her.

"Of course." Cormack picked up her hand and kissed it. "I will always look after you."

Before she could think any further, Drusilla flung the door to the backseat open. *I could say no. I should say no.* Lord, it was hard to think with a gorgeous man so close and hot and doable and the backseat of her old car was so nice and big.

“An open door. Is that a yes?”

“I...um...I never usually...you know.” *And yet here I am sliding across the seat getting ready to you know.*

“And that means more to me than you can ever imagine.” Cormack followed Drusilla inside and slammed the door.

## Chapter Two

*Three minutes later*

Drusilla was still amazed that she had succumbed so easily to Cormack. She was not usually that desperate but he ignited a fire within her that had her wild to touch and taste and just be with the man. One moment she had wanted to get in the car and drive home fishless and the next she was pulling him down on top of her in the backseat. Any vague thoughts she had of someone seeing them wrestling each other's clothes off were dispelled when Cormack unsnapped her bra and his hungry mouth sucked on her breast. Then Drusilla had been incoherent and whimpering as she held his head and invited him to take what he needed. *People? What people?*

"Oh, Cormack," she moaned as her hands cupped his ass edging him closer to her. Drusilla could feel the hard pressure of his contained cock as it rubbed against her stomach.

He lifted his head. "I have to get you completely naked." Cormack pulled at the snap of her skirt and wrenched it down her legs. The fabric fell to the floor. "Oh man." His eyes zeroed in on the hot pink of her panties. "May I?" Cormack's hands reached out to remove the lace.

"You first." Drusilla stopped and blushed in shock at her own words. She had never asked to see a man's cock before. Usually it was out and in before she had time to think, see or touch it. But then her last lover had been Wayne and he had the finesse of a blunt holepunch. Despite the hurried rush of this moment, Drusilla wanted to see more than just the hair-roughened chest that her fingers caressed. "I want to see all of you." *Oh what the hell.* It was her fantasy and who knew when a moment like this would ever happen again?

"Anything you want, honey." Cormack could not get his trousers undone quickly enough. His cock jumped out as he worked the black serge down his legs, dropping them on top of her discarded skirt.

"Wow!" That was the only word she could think of. The hardened flesh before her was huge. Drusilla's gaze went from his cock to his eyes and back again. She had the overwhelming urge to touch the taut flesh and that was not something she had ever felt before.

"Whatever you want to do, do it."

Drusilla hesitated for only a moment before she reached over and stroked the firm flesh of his shaft. The heat of it made her hand tingle. His groan of pleasure made her bold. Drusilla squeezed his cock lightly, loving the feel of it thrumming within her hand.

"Oh, honey." Cormack sounded like he was in pain.

Drusilla's hand immediately left his cock. "Am I hurting you?" She felt totally gauche and inadequate. It was one thing to take a chance but another to look like you knew what you were doing. And how would a man explain a strangled cock to a doctor? Could a woman be charged with grievous cock harm?

"Only by stopping." Cormack placed her hand back on his distended shaft.

"Oh, you like it?" Drusilla boldly stroked her hand up and down in a milking action. *I am woman. I am in control and I like it.* It was an experience she'd never had before. Realistically Drusilla knew sex was a partnership but it had never been that way with her ex. He had always made her feel inadequate.

"Hell yes." Cormack sat back on his haunches and enjoyed her ministrations.

It was so sexy seeing a grown man succumb to pleasure. Drusilla was wet with need.

The flimsy lace barrier between her legs snapped under the pressure of his hands and her hot pink knickers went sailing into the air. Cormack gently pushed her hand

away and reached forward to lift her legs up over his shoulders. When his mouth descended and sucked on her clit, it took all her strength not to scream. Instead Drusilla clutched at his shoulders, trying not to score his skin with her nails. When Cormack's fingers thrust deep within her body, there was only one thing she could say.

"Condom. Now." She wanted to come with his cock buried deep and hard inside her. With her legs over his shoulders, there was only ever one way this was going to end. It was so terribly wrong but delightfully right to allow this man inside her aching body. Had Cormack ever been a stranger?

"Yes, ma'am." Cormack stopped what he was doing yet he kept her legs up high as he reached down and searched his trousers for a condom.

"You're a multitasker." Her words were so breathless, Drusilla barely recognized her own voice. But then she was not the old Drusilla at that moment. She was alive with need and feelings and that hadn't happened in forever. Drusilla licked her lips and reached down to touch the head of his cock as it pushed at her inner thigh.

"Keep doing that honey and I'm not going to be able think straight."

That was the plan. Why should she be the only one losing control? Just looking at his bulging cock made her realize how long it had been since she had been filled by hard, pulsing heat. But then, she hadn't wanted just any man. *I want him. And miracle of miracles, he wants me back.*

"Voila!" Cormack produced a condom with a flourish.

"Yay!" Drusilla clapped her hands. His delighted smile made her feel all girly.

Cormack quickly worked the rubber up over his shaft. "Sex with you is fun."

"The idea of fun and sex never occurred to me before."

Cormack snapped the end piece of rubber in place. "'Never liked sex?'"

"Not so much." But this was different. This was uncontrolled madness and need and giving in to the moment.

"Some men are stupid." He leaned down and kissed her.

*Oh boy, a man who knew how to kiss.* Her whole body felt liquid under his.  
“Cormack?”

“Yeah, honey?”

“I’m not real good at this.”

Cormack reached up and stroked her face. “You are fantastic and never think otherwise.”

*I think I love him.*

“Ready for me?” His eyes were on hers awaiting her permission.

“Uh-oh,” Drusilla muttered as she felt the tightening in her left calf muscle.

“What?”

“Oh yow, leg cramp.” Drusilla gritted her teeth and pointed to her leg.

Cormack’s hands massaged the affected muscle. “Not used to having your legs over a man’s shoulder?” He winked at her.

“Are you?” *I am either disgustingly unfit or out of practice or probably both.*

He chuckled. “You’re so cute.” Cormack eased her legs down and caught her around the waist.

Drusilla sat up in disappointment. “What’s wrong? Aren’t we going to—”

“Oh yeah but I want my lady to be comfortable.”

*My lady. Yes, I will avoid the indecision and fall in love with him now.*

“Climb on board.” Cormack tapped his naked thighs. “What?” He looked confused by her lack of movement.

“Um, well, I’m pretty heavy and I don’t want to crush...er...stuff.” And he had some mighty fine stuff on offer to a girl. Squashing that would be a crime to all womankind.

Cormack looked at her in surprise. “Are you kidding me? Did some man tell you that?” He sounded disgusted. “Well, he was an idiot. I need your body on mine now. Your thighs are the things men dream about.”

Drusilla burst out laughing. "Really?" They seemed more nightmarish to her. But then maybe lust made everything hazy and glorious.

"Yes and I need you sitting on my lap now. I will beg if I have to."

For the first time in forever, Drusilla felt like a goddess. *My hero*. "Are you sure?" As much as she wanted to sink down and impale herself on his cock, a goddess still had responsibilities.

"Please, Dru, honey."

The intense need and passion in his eyes convinced her. Drusilla swung her leg over his thighs and shimmied up until she was before his cock.

"Oh man," Cormack growled deep and low.

To Drusilla, he sounded like he was in pain. "I knew it." She started to remove herself but he held her down by her hips.

"You will kill me if you leave me now." His voice was tight with suppressed desire. "I love the way you shimmy, all wet and hot, up my thighs."

"Really?" *I must shimmy more often.*

"Oh yeah—this is you and me and no ghosts from the past." Cormack's eyes were sincere on hers. "So Dru, honey, please let me in."

And in that one moment she felt like the most beautiful woman on the planet. Her gaze locked with his as she took his cock and fed it into her body. She closed her eyes and just gave into the feeling of steel heat pushing into the emptiness within her. "Oh Cormack," Drusilla moaned as she held onto his shoulders. His lips met hers and she sighed under the warm, sweet pressure. This was perfect. Drusilla started moving in time with the gentle, yet firm hands on her hips. Her nipples scraped his chest as she moved. If anyone was watching Drusilla did not care. It was just her and Cormack in a world of their own.

"Honey," Cormack murmured in between kisses. "As much as I want to prolong this I think we had better be fast before someone sees us."



Yes, that was sensible but Drusilla wasn't interested in being rational. She was so caught up in the moment that she never wanted to leave Cormack's arms. "I don't care."

"Well, I do. I don't want anyone else but me looking at you."

Drusilla stopped moving, her eyes soft on his. "You say the nicest things." And, while realistically she knew he could not mean them, it was still nice to hear.

Cormack wrapped his arms around her, holding her close as he rolled them so she was under him once more. "How's the leg cramp?"

"I feel nothing but you." She eagerly lifted her legs once more, this time wrapping them around his waist.

"How was I ever so lucky to find you?" Cormack cupped her face in his hands.

It was sweet of him to say but Drusilla knew the truth. This was a fast fuck in a car. It was not a declaration of undying love. She groaned in despair as he pulled out from her body then squealed with delight as he slammed back in, thrusting his cock into her deep and hard. Drusilla hung on to him wanting more. Her whole body shook and she had no doubt the old suspension in her car was getting a workout under the pumping rhythm of their bodies.

As the orgasm hit, Drusilla's lips met his and they kissed in the hungry passion of lovers. She ran her hands down his back feeling his muscles tense and relax on his release. His growl of delight was so primal and fierce that Drusilla shivered at the sound of it. For what seemed like hours but was really only minutes, they lay bound in each other's arms enjoying the silence. It was almost too perfect to be true.

"What about Arthur?" Yes, that's right. This was supposed to be all about the pursuit of a wonky-eyed fish.

"Forget him."

"I need him." *Um, why was that again? Oh yeah. The kid.*

Cormack kissed her lingeringly. "You need me."

"Can you dress in orange and sit in a bowl and make a ten-year-old believe you're her fish?"

He laughed. "She'll get over it." Cormack's eyes searched hers. "You know, I don't think I can let you go."

Drusilla felt the same. This man, in essence a stranger, had suddenly become incredibly important to her and she wasn't sure if what she was feeling was orgasm-induced or something else. But what? "None of this is rational." No one she knew ever did stuff like this or if they did they weren't sharing it on their coffee breaks.

"Who needs rational?" Cormack twined her hand in his and kissed her knuckles. "Do you need that?"

"I thought so." *Until I saw you.*

"Come with me."

"I thought I just did that." That orgasm had rocked her boring little world and Drusilla liked it.

Cormack was not deterred by her confusion. "I have plans for us."

Drusilla raised her eyebrows. "That's probably the standard line from axe murderers." Yet as she said the words, she felt no threat from him. *Am I still buzzed from the sex?*

Cormack wriggled around and reached down to pull his wallet out from his discarded trousers. "Check me out." He opened the black leather billfold and presented it to her.

Drusilla tried to focus on his wallet and not the cock that was once more stirring to life against her thigh. She had never met a man who was aroused so quickly. It both amazed and pleased her. *I did that.* Drusilla pulled out his driver's license. "I just knew you would take a good photo." Some people had that ability. Drusilla's own license photo looked she had been in prison for ten years. She sifted through his cards—all platinum, gym memberships and loyalty cards to health food shops. They were poles

apart on lifestyle. Her credit card was turquoise, she had a trial offer card from the local gym that was three years old and her loyalty was solely for coffee and muffins.

“So do I look okay?”

The grin Cormack gave her made her body heat up with need. He was beyond okay. “Why me?” Drusilla knew she was average in the extreme and in her experience her species rarely mixed with his.

“Just because it was supposed to be.”

Once more Cormack was kissing her and everything seemed doable to Drusilla. “Cormack –”

“Don’t say the standard ‘we barely know each other’ stuff. Instead let’s get to know each other. People do this all the time.”

Not any people Drusilla knew. “Do they? Do you?” She didn’t want someone who jumped into bed – or in this case a car – with anyone just because they could. But then this was not a commitment that was going lead to marriage either. So what was this?

“No, I don’t.”

“Really?” That was hard to believe. “You must have women after you.” That was a no-brainer. Hot, sexy man equals lustful women devotees.

Cormack ignored the question. “I want you. Can’t you feel the connection between us? I don’t know about you but I don’t react that way with just anyone.”

Drusilla believed him. *Or do I just want to believe him?* It was all so confusing. She was there for a fish but she got a cock instead. As shopping expeditions went it was a great deal. And no, she had never had such an instantaneous reaction to any man as she had to Cormack. But anything so good naturally made Drusilla suspicious. “Um, what you plan to do?”

“Tie you up in knots so you cannot think of anything but us.”

*That shouldn’t be hard.*

## Chapter Three

"You meant real knots?" She pulled against the silken cords. She was naked and spread-eagled on a massive bed, which was fitted with satin sheets that were delicious against her skin. Drusilla's hands were tied over her head and her feet were secured to the bedposts. She was totally exposed and there was nothing she could do about it. It was embarrassing. It was exciting.

When Cormack had invited her back to his place, she had gone without thinking. Her need to be with the man overrode any other thoughts. Drusilla had barely taken in her surroundings as Cormack had lifted her into his arms and kicked the front door shut behind him. Any ideas she had of being heavy and awkward for him to manage were dismissed as he carried her with ease to the bedroom. Cormack had wasted no time in getting them both naked. That was good for Drusilla had been excited and ready for anything. But when the cords came out she had stiffened.

"You'll enjoy it," Cormack has told her as he gently pushed her to the bed.

"I don't know." While being tied up was a fantasy of hers, it was not something Drusilla ever imagined would happen to her. Fantasies were safe. Reality was scary.

Cormack toyed with the ropes, his eyes never leaving hers. "You only have to ask me and I will let you go."

"I don't know." Well, she did but on the good-girl scale of "nice" things to do with a man, tying someone up to have sex was probably well into the negatives. *But then, I've never been a good girl and I just had sex in a public car park in the middle of the day so...*

"I would never hurt you."

And the thing was, Drusilla knew Cormack meant it. She could see it in his eyes. "So if I asked you to stop?"

"I would." His tone was honest. "Come on, try it. Or are you scared to be under someone else's control?"

Yes, she was but Drusilla had always been adventurous and so far this journey had been excellent with the thrills and spills it provided. Maybe some women would have thought through a virtual stranger tying them up but Drusilla was not "some" women. "You will stop when I ask?"

"Say the word."

So there she was tied up and at Cormack's pleasure. The ropes were firm but not tight. Her arms and legs were bent allowing her to relax somewhat. "What now?" How did you have sex like this? Drusilla wanted to touch and taste and that was damn near impossible tied up as she was.

"Now I lick you."

"Oh boy." Her whole body trembled at the thought of his hot, wet tongue all over her skin.

Cormack smiled at her response. "You like that idea?"

"Yes." No other words were needed. It was as it was.

Cormack's tongue started on her shoulders and worked down, his naked body brushing hers as he did. No part of her was left untouched. He tongued her nipples until she was at the point of screaming and then Cormack moved his mouth to her arms.

"Hey." Drusilla needed him to suck her nipples not just toy with them and leave.

"My game, my rules." Cormack was undeterred. From her arms he moved over to her stomach, his fingers pinching her nipples as his tongue sank into the hollow of her bellybutton.

It was sweet, sublime torture and Drusilla was on fire with need for whatever Cormack would do next. She was wet from his mouth and her own need. When his tongue slid down her thighs she tensed. *Oh yes.* This was what she craved. His mouth

hesitated for a moment before his tongue slipped into her pussy and thrust up into the core of her, Drusilla screamed at the unexpected yet welcome invasion. Relentlessly Cormack thrust in and out mimicking what his cock would soon do.

"Cormack," Drusilla panted with need.

He lifted his head and removed his tongue. "Yes?" His green eyes were aglow with desire.

"I need more than that." She needed hard cock now.

"And you'll get it but not yet," Cormack changed course and started licking down her legs.

"Cormack?" Was he trying to kill her?

"What?"

"You can't just leave me like this."

He looked at her with interest. "How?"

"I want your cock inside me." She had never demanded that of any man but Cormack was a standout among them.

"It will be." He sounded certain of that fact as he began sucking her.

It didn't seem odd to her that a man she had only just met was sucking her toes. What was odd was he was not balls-deep inside her. "I want it now."

"You are too impatient."

There was nothing she could do. Drusilla wriggled and jerked but it brought no relief. "Please Cormack, I beg you."

"Hold on a little longer."

Drusilla moaned in frustration. Was the man blind? "I am never going to be able to do that with you. Besides I can see I am not the only one with issues. You want to be inside me." His cock was so hard that it had to be painful. "So do it. Fuck me." *Lord, did I just say that?* What the hell. It was what she wanted.

"Dru, honey –"

Her eyes locked on his. "I want your big, fat cock in me now. I want to grind my pussy against you as I come but if you're not up to the task..."

Cormack laughed. "You're funny and sweet and so beautiful." He moved up the bed toward her, his body rubbing hers in his progress.

"Please —"

"Or?"

"I will cry."

"Seriously?"

"To get what I want? Hell yes."

Cormack was amused. "What do you want?"

"You."

"How can I deny you then?" Cormack reached over to his bedside table and pulled out a drawer and snagged a condom.

Drusilla's eyes were on his ass. "Nice butt." She wanted to bite the firm, muscular cheeks.

"You know I can usually hold out longer than this." He made short work of covering his cock with the condom.

"What's the point when we know what we want?"

"Indeed," he murmured with a small smile as he untied her legs.

"My hands too." Drusilla wanted the freedom to be with the man as she chose.

Cormack leaned down over her and kissed her nose. "Why?"

"Because I want to be on my hands and knees. I want your balls slapping into my ass from behind." Oh the things she was saying yet this dirty talk was turning her on even more. "Please, Cormack, I want your cock inside me now."

"As you wish, honey." He was up on his knees instantly to untie her.

Drusilla was pleased she was not the only one feeling the strain. She rolled over and onto her hands and knees, her ass submissively up in the air awaiting him. "Now." They both needed this so there was no need to wait any longer.

"You're very bossy." Cormack got behind her, his cock rubbing against the crack of her ass.

"I am when I want something. Now stop chatting and do it now."

"You are going to drive me crazy." Cormack leaned forward and kissed her shoulders.

That was nice but hot, hard flesh was better. "Just drive that cock up inside me."

"Yes ma'am."

Drusilla almost swallowed her tongue at the penetrating force that pushed deep and fast into her vagina. Drusilla threw her head back and smiled. Oh yes this was what she wanted.

"Happy?"

"Delirious—now move—I need an orgasm."

"Hmm and if you don't get one?"

Her hand strayed to her clit. "Then I'll use my fingers."

"No way." Cormack wrapped one arm around her waist holding her tight as he reached over and grabbed a discarded cord. He pulled her hand from her pussy and then with his body only, pinned Drusilla still as both of his hands tied hers in front of her.

"Hey."

"You are not coming unless you come with me." Cormack slapped her ass.

Drusilla jumped at the shock of it. "You are so arrogant."

"But you like it." His hand smacked her butt once more.

*I love it.* Her skin tingled from the next blow. Who knew spanking would feel so good?



Cormack's hand went once more to her ass. "Beg me."

"No." His cock was so tight inside her that each slap jarred it forward slightly making her whole body shudder with pleasure.

"Do it," Cormack insisted, his voice low yet teasing as he spanked her once more. "I will not move until you do."

He sounded like he meant it and she needed friction. "Please fuck me, Cormack."

"Why?"

"Because I love it when you do."

"Why?"

"Because it's you and don't ask me why again, just do it."

He leaned in and whispered against her ear, "You make me feel so good."

"Now return the favor and – Whoa!" Drusilla gasped as Cormack pulled almost all the way out then plunged his cock back into her. "Oh yes – keeping that going." And he did until she was breathless and her knees shook and she began to doubt her ability to remain upright.

Cormack's hand went to her clit rubbing with intent. "Come with me now, honey."

She was his to command. To think otherwise at that moment was delusional. Drusilla pushed back against him, arching her back as the most amazing feeling rushed through her body. She screamed and would have fallen face down if Cormack had not held her up as he continued ramming against her butt seeking his own release. Drusilla moaned as she felt his body shake and the cry that tore from his lips made her happy. *I did that.* "We have to do that again."

"Anything for you, honey."

Cormack lay beside her, their hands entwined as they both stared at the ceiling. It was not an awkward silence. It was more a moment of realization that there was something going on between them that neither had contemplated happening. Well, that

was what Drusilla wanted to believe. Moments like this did not happen to her. She suspected was not the only one overcome by what had just happened. Cormack's hand was wrapped firmly around hers and his thumb softly stroked her skin almost as if he was reluctant to let go. *But then, am I wanting more than he can give? Does this mean more to me than him?* Surely neither that hot moment in the car nor this had been a fluke?

"Dru, honey –"

"No, don't say anything." She turned on her side and looked at him. What Drusilla saw in his eyes scared her. It mirrored everything she felt and as much as she was pleased by that, it also frightened her. "I think I need to go." Yet she did not move.

"Why?"

"Because this is just plain crazy."

"Crazy is sometimes good."

Drusilla pulled her hand from his. "I need time to think." She sat up and reached forward for the bedsheet. It was a superfluous action as he had seen and touched all her body yet Drusilla felt slightly more in control with the thin covering.

"You're scared." Cormack did not move. He just watched as Drusilla wound the sheet around her and pulled it away from the bed as she stood up.

"Yes." That was a fact. Drusilla was no prim and proper lady, yet nor was she a slut who jumped in and out of bed with any man at the first opportunity. Physically, they knew each other but there was more to life than sex. Cormack got up and moved toward her. Drusilla swallowed hard. *He is beautiful.*

"Relax, honey." He went over to a chest of drawers and picked up his wallet. "Just getting my card."

Drusilla was so absorbed with the taut, flexing muscles of his ass that momentarily she was bewildered when he turned back and handed the simple white business card to her.

"I respect the fact that you need time to think but I don't want you to forget what we have."

As if she could. The man was permanently inked on her soul. Drusilla looked down at his embossed name. "So this is a 'call me' moment?"

"No, it's a 'when you stop worrying come back to me' moment."

*Come back to me.* That sounded good. It had the sound of forever in it. Why was she leaving him now? Drusilla shook herself. *Bloody hell, I will want to marry him next.* "Um, okay – thanks." She told her feet to move. But how did one walk away from the love of their life? *Oh boy, you are losing the plot now, woman.* "Right, must go and er, do stuff."

"I'll be waiting for you."

Drusilla nodded, not trusting herself to speak in case she blurted out something dumb and needy like *I love you*.

Cormack made no move to follow her as she picked up her clothes and left the room. Yet, he wanted to. The urge to scoop her up in his arms and carry her back to the bed, to make love to Drusilla until she could not think straight, was so strong that it took all his willpower to stand and watch her leave. Cormack wasn't kidding. He wanted her to come back to him. But it had to be Drusilla's choice. He had never forced a woman in his life. Cormack had to know that what she was feeling matched his own thoughts and needs. In his heart, he knew it did.

It was only when he heard the front door slam that he realized he had been clenching his fists to keep control and not chase after her like some lovesick swain. Cormack knew there was no way he could even contemplate writing the series of articles he had planned. They had been too arrogant and cocky anyway. He saw that now. Dispensing advice to men about meeting women was tacky. It implied it was for the pursuit of sex and nothing else. Meeting Drusilla had changed his smart-ass thoughts. While he adored women, Cormack had never seriously thought of any one

being any more special than any other. The moment he met Drusilla in the pet store, he knew that notion had been blasted out of his mind for good.

“Flint, you have met your match,” he mused to himself as he started to dress. There was every possibility that Drusilla wouldn’t call him. He had seen the fear in her eyes. It was not of him, more of herself and what she was feeling. Cormack understood that. Love was an emotion that turned everything he thought he knew upside down. “Time to buy an aquarium.” If Drusilla wanted to procrastinate about her need for him, then her need for Arthur would bring her back to his door.

## **Chapter Four**

The next morning, Drusilla felt a little stiff, tired and sore but it was the kind of feeling that she could grow accustomed to. Her panicked flight from Cormack's home to her own had left her breathless with the realization that she had gone from suspicious to lover in a nanosecond and what did that say about her? Was she so desperate for a man that any male who showed her the slightest attention she would favor? Or was it fate? Could people be brought together by the cosmos through a goldfish?

"Crap! I forgot about Arthur." Her niece would already be home and awaiting her goldfish. "Well, lie three hundred and eighty-nine coming up." She sighed. It was hard being a good auntie. "Clearly I cannot go to work today. I'm too busy." Drusilla dialed her office and coughed a lot into the phone. "Too sick to come in. I'm sure I am contagious," she croaked out. Calling in sick was always best done before the first morning cup of coffee. That done, she then called her niece and lied as any desperate, half-assed auntie did promising Arthur's triumphant return in the next day. "I would do it sooner kid but work is so busy." Drusilla hung the phone up and blew out a deep breath. "Luckily I already have reservations in hell."

After a shower and three fortifying cups of coffee, Drusilla went to the pet store. She aimed for the glass aquarium that housed the Arthur look-alike. "Hmm, where is he? Hiding in the fluorescent pink castle?" She tapped on the glass to alert the other fish. "Anyone see Arthur?" There was no response but blank stares.

"The guy you were fighting with bought it."

Drusilla whirled around and faced the sales assistant. "Bugger." When had Cormack had time to take her fish?

"We do have others."

"I want Arthur."

"Who?"

"Arthur the fish." Wasn't it obvious that she was only interested in one fish? "I am a one-fish woman."

The staff member looked at her in confusion. "You're weird, lady."

Drusilla snorted. "Yeah, tell me about it." Seeing she was getting nowhere, she stalked out of the store and back to her car. As Drusilla saw it she had two options. One, she could be brave and confess she inadvertently killed the original Arthur. Or two, she could call Cormack and demand he give her the fish. "Damn it, he knows how much I need that fish." She riffled through her handbag for his card. "Anyway, it's not like I am ringing him for anything but the fish." Drusilla snagged both the card and her cell phone and punched in the numbers. "This is not a sex thing."

"Do you have Arthur?" was her first question on hearing the deep, throaty "hello" that echoed down the line. Listening to his voice made her thighs start to sweat with need. *Okay, maybe it is a sex thing.*

"And hello to you, honey," Cormack chuckled in response. "And yes, I do."

"Is he okay?"

"Of course. Jeez, like I would do anything to Arthur."

Okay, maybe she was being a tad irrational but under the circumstances she felt she was entitled to be. So much had happened in such a short time that every small thing seemed to be magnified. "Why didn't you tell me?"

"You knew I wanted him."

Drusilla stamped her foot. "But I have to have him."

"Your niece is suspicious huh?"

"I have a feeling she thinks I killed Arthur." Although Hayley never said it, her voice implied it. *Or am I imagining things? Maybe last night wasn't real.*

"You did, honey."

*Honey. Oh yeah. It was real.* "I prefer to look at as he went to his rest after a long fish life. How long do they live for?" *Did I cut Arthur's life short?* What penance did one pay for that?

"Depends on the fish."

Drusilla paced in thought. "He looked old." She ran her free hand through her hair. "Damn, now I feel bad. I'm a goldfish killer." His laughter warmed her. "I want Arthur."

"She'll know the truth."

"Not if I hand Arthur over with the latest cutesy-pop-diva-pubescent singer person CD." Bad things had to be sugar-coated at times.

"Bad auntie."

"I do what I must."

"So come and get him." Cormack's voice was low in invitation.

What would be the cost on that RSVP? "No strings, or should I say ropes, attached?" Though being tied up had proven to be fun.

"I cannot promise that, honey. Remember how it felt last night? You and I together?"

Like she could ever forget. "Cormack, I—"

"I won't do anything you don't want me to."

"Bloody hell," Drusilla muttered at his husky promise. She wanted everything he had to offer.

"Scared?"

"Terrified." The silence that followed was telling. What was he thinking? Did it mean as much to him as it did to her? Was Drusilla fantasizing about a happily-forever-after when Cormack just wanted a roll in the hay? *You know you could just be brave and go find out.*

He broke the silence. "If you just want Arthur then come and get him. It's about what you need, honey."

*Oh boy.* Drusilla knew Cormack was not talking about just a goldfish. "Okay, have Arthur ready." Thought what did a fish need to do in order be ready? It was not like there were clothes to pack.

Thirty minutes later Drusilla was at his door. Maybe she could have been there sooner but she had to go back home, change her underwear and spray on perfume. Why? She just had to. Did there have to be a reason?

"Hi, honey," Cormack's voice was as soft as his smile.

Drusilla wanted to walk into his arms and slump against his body. Instead she leaned as casually as she could against the doorjamb. "I want Arthur," she croaked out.

Cormack held his hand out to her. "Come in."

"Can't you just give him to me?" She knew touching his hand would lead to wanting to touch other parts of him.

"What are you scared of?"

"You – me." Her hand had a mind of its own and reached out for his. The flesh that enclosed hers made her knees wobble.

Cormack drew her inside and shut the door. "Why? Because you like how good we are together and that worries you?"

"Yes – I mean no...er...look, the thing is...um...we should go slowly." His other hand had snaked around her waist and she was inside his living room before she realized what was happening.

Cormack smiled in pleasure at her words. "There's a 'we'? That's encouraging. He gently pushed her down onto the sofa and sat down beside her.

Who could think when his thigh was hot against hers? "Well, yes – no – I mean – Where's Arthur?"

"In the aquarium in my office."



Cormack had an office at home. That implied he worked from his house. What did he do? *What do I know about him?*

"I work in the city for a large corporation. They allow me the freedom to work where I want," Cormack told her as if guessing her thoughts. "And you?"

Okay, polite conversation was good. "I sit on my ass and input numbers all day."

"So why aren't you at work now?"

"I'm sick."

"Contagious?" His smile was conspiratorial.

"Terribly. Can I have Arthur now please?" Drusilla had a feeling small talk would lead to bigger, more interesting conversations, that would lead to her legs up in the air – which in itself was not a bad thing but she was a woman on a mission. *I need sex – I mean Arthur.* Maybe Freud was right. Everything came down to sex in the end.

Cormack nodded at her request. "Certainly but on one condition."

*Uh-oh.* Conditions never worked in her favor. Drusilla took a deep breath. "What?"

"Tell me your wildest fantasy."

*Well, it's you.* "I don't have one." Drusilla started to stand up.

Cormack pulled her back down against him. "Do you want to know mine?"

Drusilla shivered. "I'm almost scared to ask."

"You are my fantasy." One long finger stroked her face.

*Oh boy! Or most definitely man in this case.* Drusilla swallowed hard. "Arthur?" She said it as if saying his name would break the spell between them.

"Arthur is a fish."

"Yes. One that I need." What other reason did he think she was there for? It was all about the fish. *I'm almost positive it is.*

Cormack continued to stroke her face gently. "Tell me what you need, honey? What do you crave?"

"You'll think I'm weird." Drusilla gulped. Cormack was like no other man she had ever met. He made her want to do things without thinking clearly. She hadn't planned to even answer this question yet here she was leaping in.

"You know I won't."

"Um..." Drusilla had never contemplated telling anyone her most intimate thoughts but then she had never met a man like Cormack before. She also trusted him, which was unusual for her as she trusted so few people.

Cormack's hand started stroking her thigh. "Tell me and you can have what you need."

Drusilla knew he wasn't just talking about a wonky-eyed goldfish. "This is embarrassing."

"What you crave never is, honey."

She licked her lips in thought. Tell him and see what happens? Feel like a fool? Have sex? Get the fish and go? Or walk out the door and look for another Arthur? *Tell him.* "Well, I always wondered what being doubly penetrated would feel like." Of course she knew she was going bright red in the face. Drusilla could feel the heat.

"You've never had anal sex?"

Drusilla shook her head. She had wanted to but it had not been something Drusilla had ever been confident enough to ask a lover for.

"Your fantasy is a threesome?" Cormack didn't look shocked.

"Oh hell no." One man was more than enough for Drusilla. "I just want you and me..." She stopped when she realized what she was saying. *Wait a sec, there is a you and me?*

"Me only?" Cormack's smile broadened as he stood up, pulling Drusilla to her feet. "Good, I don't like sharing."

"Anyway," she responded in a brisk tone feeling more in command as she did. "That's my fantasy. Now give me the fish." Fantasy was not reality. And the reality was

her niece would whine her ass off if she did not get Arthur — or a reasonable facsimile — to her.

Cormack's hands were at the buttons of her blouse. "After the fantasy."

"You're taking my clothes off." The man had fast fingers. Her blouse fell to the floor. Proactive men were good. Already her mind was off goldfish and on something much more interesting.

"I find sex works best that way." He tugged at the belt of her pants.

Her pants were down around her ankles before she could stop him. Not that she wanted to but she felt some reluctance was needed. "I need that goldfish." That was, after all, in theory why she was there.

"Honey, you need so much more." Cormack dropped to his knees before her freeing her feet and ankles from shoes and fabric.

Drusilla held onto his shoulders to steady herself. "Cormack?"

He looked up at her. "Yes honey?"

*Lord, he was beautiful.* "Why me?"

"Because you fire my soul like no other."

Drusilla rolled her eyes. "What's with the purple prose or have you been imbibing early?"

Cormack caught her around the knees and lifted her up and over his shoulder. "Because my beautiful Drusilla, you make me feel like more alive than I have in forever." He stood up easily carrying her weight. "Don't you feel this intense too?"

"Yes, I like you." *Actually I believe I am falling in love with you. How would you feel about that?* Drusilla caught herself before she said the words for real. Who was she? One minute she had sworn off men and the next she was being manhandled by a male and loving every minute of it. Her justification for this? Women were allowed to change their minds. "Cormack..." *Man, his ass looks fine even upside down.*

"Honey?" He carried her in the direction of his bedroom.

"I don't get this at all."

"What?"

"You – me. I'm not the slightest bit attractive and yet – ouch." His palm came down on her ass.

"I think you say things like that so I will spank you."

"I do not." *Maybe I do.*

Cormack chuckled as his hand came down once more firmly. "Liar."

"I was just making a simple observation." Her ass throbbed nicely from his hand. Drusilla trembled in anticipation at what else he could make tingle the same way.

"There is nothing simple with what's going on between us and your observation was dead wrong. I want to make love to you until you understand what that means."

That sounded mighty good. Cormack placed her on her feet on the bedroom carpet. "Strip." He left Drusilla and went over to a black shopping bag that was on the bed.

Her eyes widened when she saw the name of a local sex toy shop on it. She had always wanted to go there but had never been game to. "You have toys." This was going to be fun. Her bra fell to the floor.

"I was thinking about you, wondering what you would like." Cormack upended the bag on the bed.

*I like everything you do.*

"I also knew you would call me."

"How did you know?" Drusilla's eyes roamed the bedspread with interest. *What did that big ball-like thing do? Or that yellow thing? How long was the black number with the knob and the dials? Was it even legal?* Her panties hit the carpet.

"I bought Arthur to bring you over here."

Her eyes went to his. "Cunning plan." Smart men ruled in her eyes. "Why?"

"Because I wanted to give you whatever fantasy you desired."

"Cormack –"

"Honey, I want to give you pleasure. Do it for me." Cormack walked over to her, catching her hands in his. "Look, I have no idea what your last guy was like but I have the need to make you feel everything you possibly can."

It was a good need—a great one in fact. "Wayne—he was my fiancé. He thought I was fat so he screwed my best friend, who was a tramp, to teach me some sort of lesson."

"He was an idiot to let you go." Cormack leaned in and kissed her nose. "Actually a complete dickhead."

"No, more like a quarter dickhead and the rest was bluff." Cormack's innocent, teasing kiss meant more to her than any other. It was one of belief and love and not being afraid to show his feelings. "So the big black thing? Do you need a permit for that?"

Cormack smiled. "You like?"

"It could be interesting." Her thighs were wet just thinking about Cormack and it combined, pumping and thrusting. *Yes please...*

"Anything you want I will do."

"Fuck me." Drusilla walked around him and climbed on the bed, her legs spread open wide. There was no need for foreplay. Cormack'd had her at hello.

"With this?" He picked up the black vibrator and flicked a switch at the base. It started gyrating in his hand.

*Ooh, pretty.* "I want you and it." While she had the fantasy, it had never occurred to Drusilla to want two men. Maybe she was a hopeless romantic. Maybe she was just plain hopeful. Either way she wanted the man of her dreams to understand her needs and not condemn her for them. Cormack did. Drusilla loved him a little more because he understood her. Wayne? He couldn't understand how to order drive-through. She winced when she thought about the time she had wasted with that nitwit.

"What's wrong?" Cormack approached her, his cock bobbing and the dildo dancing to its own wicked tune.

"Just thinking about how much time I wasted on my ex."

"People make mistakes. The thing is you learn from it and move on."

Cormack was so sweet—and not to mention lethal with his lovely black helper. "Get on your knees, honey."

"You want me to pray?" Drusilla quipped as she did as requested. She expected a few "oh gods" would be said. Any thoughts of Arthur were banished. She was there for herself and for Cormack. *Fish? What fish?*

"You know what I like most about you?" Cormack crawled up behind her, his hands on her ass as he pushed her legs further apart. "You have a smart, delicious mouth."

Before Drusilla could respond, the head of the vibrator was sinking in between the lips of her pussy and whatever thoughts she'd had were gone. Everything was centered on what was happening between her legs. "Cormack?" She was so wet that the shaft slid inside her like a knife through butter.

"But wait—there's more." He ramped up the power on the base and begun the familiar push-pull motion in and out of her pussy.

Drusilla's hands clutched at the sheet. "Oh my..." There was no way free steak knives could beat this. But Cormack did. He pushed one finger into her anus.

"Calm down," he whispered.

"Easy for you to say," she whimpered softly as his finger pushed further inside.

"Do you want me to stop?" Cormack halted what he was doing.

"Oh hell no."

As he continued, Drusilla relaxed as she gave in to the double penetration of her body. The tightness was unusual but not unpleasant. "You know, I'm not saying this to flatter you but your cock is bigger than your finger."

Cormack's response was to slide another finger inside her ass and to twist the dial on the vibrator up a notch.

"Oohhh," Drusilla moaned as man and dildo plunged in and out. The third finger in had her gasping.

"You are so wet." Cormack leaned in and kissed her ear.

"You make me so but I need more." A plastic cock could not compete with a real live cock. "I want you."

"It could hurt."

"I trust you." And Drusilla did. She had gone from believing that men were stupid to one man who made her feel more special than she ever imagined she ever could. Cormack's fingers pulled out of her and his hand left the vibrator leaving it steadily pulsing inside her. "Where are you going?"

"I had to get this." Drusilla jumped as cool gel was squirted in her ass. "You like?"

"I like your cock better." She turned her head to see Cormack rolling on a condom over an erection that gave the black toy in her pussy competition.

Cormack chuckled as he reached over for a tube of lube. "And you will have it."

As he slathered his cock with the gel, Drusilla was mesmerized. It was the most sensual thing she had ever seen. There was something about a man rubbing the length of his cock that made her knees wobble and her heart pound. Drusilla believed there was beauty in everything and more so in Cormack. *If I never had sex again I could live on this one moment. Though thankfully for me...*

"Are you ready honey?"

"Yes." What other answer could there be? The crazy thing was that while the toy buried deep inside her was exciting, nothing could compete with the first thrust of Cormack's cock in her ass. She stiffened and whimpered. "Don't stop." The tight fullness of him pushing in through the resistant ring of muscle made her push out to meet his thrust.

"Oh, honey," Cormack groaned as he pushed further inside her inch by inch until his balls rested against her butt.

The pressure of the vibrator and his cock was amazing. It was a fullness Drusilla had never imagined before. Yes, she had dreamed it but her dreams had been sepia compared to this full Technicolor experience. "Cormack?"

"You're going to ask me to go faster aren't you?"

"Yes." Drusilla wanted the pounding beat of her heart to match the thrust of his cock.

"As you wish it."

Drusilla gasped at his change of pace as he pounded her ass. This was so different from any sex she had experienced before. She wanted more and harder. She had never felt more alive in her life. When his hands touched her clit it was almost as though an instant chain reaction happened, her knees shook, her back arched and she pushed back for more. "Oh my," Drusilla panted as she tried to keep up with the rhythm. But the beat was so wild it was beyond her. Not that it mattered. The only thing she cared about was being with Cormack. As the orgasm tore through her and he kissed her shoulders, Drusilla thanked god for her lousy pet-keeping skills. *Sorry Arthur, mark one, but rest in peace knowing you gave me joy.*



## Chapter Five

"What about Arthur?" Cormack's arms tightened around Drusilla. He never wanted to let her go. Nothing meant as much to him at this moment as being with her. His job? What job? Nothing existed but them and if he had his way it would always be like that.

"Arthur?" Drusilla murmured in lazy contentment. They had enjoyed a long, hot shower together and neither was inclined to move from where they were.

"You know, the fish." Cormack was pleased he had made her forget about everything other than him and her and what was happening between them.

"Oh, right him."

"Or her." Cormack had no idea. He had only just purchased the fish tank because of her. He'd had it for a day and yet the aquarium relaxed him as Drusilla did but in a different way. His column was all but forgotten—or would have been if his editor did not keep emailing him to ask where it was. The thing that amused him was Drusilla had no idea who he was. That was refreshing. They could be together without any preconceived ideas. *Set in Stone*, his column, tended to make women hate him or want to bed him. That Drusilla was oblivious to his fame or infamy meant she wanted him just for her. Cormack wanted to ask if she read the newspaper but he knew that would look a little obvious and he suspected Drusilla would want to know why. She was the sort of woman who wanted answers. Cormack planned to tell her eventually what he did and who he was but that was after she was as in love with him as he was with her.

"Yeah—you haven't even checked Arthur out to see if he's all right."

Drusilla snuggled into close to his body. "I trust you."

Those three words meant everything to him and yet how would she feel if she knew the truth? "You do?"

She turned in his arms to look at him. "Yeah I do and I'm not sure why."

Cormack brushed a loose strand of hair from her face. Drusilla was lovely. He wanted to give her everything he had and more. *So this is love? I like it.* "You know."

"Maybe." Her expression was unsure and evasive. "I should go look at Arthur and your aquarium. Why do you collect fish anyway?"

*Because of you.* He would collect thimbles or spoons if it meant keeping Drusilla in his life. "Have you worked out real men can have goldfish and still be manly?"

"You pissed me off when I first met you so naturally I took a blow at your inflated testosterone levels."

Cormack chuckled. He liked this about Drusilla. There was no pretense. If she thought he was an idiot he knew she would tell him. "All because I stood in the way of something you wanted." *Damn, I am glad I did. What if we had never met?*

"Yes."

"Your niece means a lot to you, doesn't she?" That was sweet. It showed a side to Drusilla that he doubted many people saw. Not many men would have pursued her after the pet store but Cormack knew front when he saw it.

"My niece can whine in the highest pitch I have ever heard, when thwarted."

"Could be that she follows her aunt in that."

Drusilla pushed back from him. "I don't whine."

"You scream though." It was the most delightful and primal sound a man could hear – a woman truly enjoying his cock as he made her come.

"Only because you made me."

That he had this effect on her made Cormack smile. He couldn't remember the last time he felt so happy. There was something about love that made Cormack feel that all things were possible. "Wanna see Arthur?" He sat up and pulled at her arm.

"Can he come to us?" The look Drusilla gave him indicated she wasn't going anywhere in a hurry.

She looked good in his bed. “Comfortable?” That Drusilla felt safe with Cormack was also important. Sex was one thing but intimacy—the small things, like just being together—was another.

“Uh-huh.”

“Too bad.” Cormack grabbed her around the waist and urged her up. He had this weird need to prove to her that Arthur existed, that there was more to this than just him going targeting a suburban pet store seeking women to write about. Eventually he would tell Drusilla about that. But for now, Cormack wanted to make sure she only thought good things of him. He half carried and half dragged the woman to his office.

Drusilla was agog at the professional room that she found herself in. “Wow, this is big.”

“Everything about me is, honey.” Cormack rubbed his cock against her naked ass.

“Yeah, whatever,” Drusilla murmured in cynical amusement. She moved over to the aquarium in search of Arthur. “I can’t see him.”

Cormack stood beside her. They were both naked in his place of work and searching for a wonky-eyed fish yet it seemed more natural than any business attire. “There he is.” His finger trailed the darting fish. Cormack had no idea what half the fish were called. He had just bought them on the advice of the pet store. The one that mattered most was Arthur.

“He’s a weird little thing,” Drusilla mused. “He doesn’t fit in with the others.”

“Ah but sometimes the most interesting things and people don’t. They are exceptional by their individuality.”

As was Cormack. Drusilla had made a judgment on him when she first met him that was wrong. He was not the superficial blond guy looking to score the perfect woman. He was sweet and caring and the man she loved. However, for the moment she

decided it was better she kept that to herself. Drusilla had no idea of Cormack's feelings and she wasn't about to push anyone into something they did not want.

"Okay – give me the fish."

Cormack arched his brow at her command. "Or what?"

"Or no more me."

"I can live with that."

His erection indicated that was unlikely. "Can you now?" Drusilla looked pointedly at his cock.

"I am a master of control."

He sounded pretty sure of himself and that made Drusilla want to test that surety. "Really?"

"Yes."

"So if I dropped to my knees right now and licked the tip of your cock you would feel nothing." Being with Cormack gave her a confidence in her sexuality that she never dreamed possible.

"Correct."

"Excellent." Drusilla did as she promised, her knees padded by the soft carpet.

Cormack smiled down at her. "Do you know what you're doing?"

"Nope." Drusilla didn't have a clue but that wasn't going to stop her. "You'll be begging me to allow you inside once I am finished."

"I'm not sure I have condoms down here."

The panicked look on his face amused Drusilla. "Oh well too bad for you then." She leaned forward. Starting at the tip of his cock, she licked down the shaft. Cormack's hoarse groan was her reward. "Still in control, master?" Drusilla did the same thing again.

"Dru, honey –"

"What?" she asked with a grin as she took the head of his cock into her mouth and sucked. It was not what she expected. It was not just about pleasuring the man—it was the power the woman had over him. Drusilla grabbed Cormack's thighs and sucked harder.

"Bloody hell." Cormack's voice was strained as his fingers threaded through her hair. "Okay I admit it. When it comes to you I have no control."

His cock popped out of her mouth. "I know." Once more she sucked it in, swirling her tongue around the tip. Drusilla wanted to drive him to the point of no return as he had done to her many times.

"Honey—you have to stop." Cormack pushed her head away.

"Why?" Drusilla licked her lips as she looked up at him.

"I'm going to explode." He moved straight to his desk pulling open the drawers in rapid succession. "Damn, no condoms."

Drusilla knew he was not going to make it upstairs in time to find one. "Poor boy. Do you want me to relieve some of the tension?" She stood up and pushed Cormack back so he was sitting on the edge of the desk. Her hands curled around his cock and started a slow pumping movement up and down the shaft.

"You are going to drive me mad."

"That's my fiendish plan." She had never given a man a hand job before. Wayne had thought it was "unnatural". But Cormack was no Wayne and he was willing to let her do whatever she wanted, whereas Wayne had no imagination past quick, missionary sex. Drusilla had found a freedom with Cormack she'd never known she could have. It was liberating and playing with a sexy male body was the best fun she'd ever had.

"This is going to get messy." Cormack's voice was as stiff as his cock.

"I can deal with messy." Drusilla's hands were gentle yet firm as she increased her pace, her eyes never leaving his. She wanted to see everything he was feeling. "Besides

it gives me another excuse for a long, hot, soapy shower with you.” Drusilla winked at Cormack. *Oh, the plans I have for you.*

“I love you.”

The words hung there in the air for what seemed like the longest moment. At first Drusilla had no idea what to say. She just savored the idea that Cormack loved her. It was thrilling. It was everything Drusilla longed to hear. “Tell me again when I don’t have your cock in my hand.” *I need to believe this is more than just sex.*

Cormack took her face in his hands. “I never say things I don’t mean.”

“Me neither.” What was the point of lying? The sincerity in his green eyes made her blink. *Lord, this is going to get even messier.* “That’s easy to say when you’re going to come.”

“So?”

“What?” Drusilla knew what he wanted and she could have easily said, “I love you” but she had said it once before and had been disappointed. The next time she said it she wanted to mean it forever.

“You are a perverse woman.”

“Careful—I have the crown jewels in my hand.” Drusilla could feel him starting to come. It was similar to when he was inside her, but not. This was more like holding a hard, wriggling puppy who wanted to be free. She smiled at the thought.

“What?”

“Thinking of puppy dogs.”

“At a time like this—oh god.” Cormack came in a gush of thick, milky white liquid that covered her hands and splashed her breasts.

“Funny how people become all religious in moment like this,” She kept working his cock until the spasms slowly subsided.

“I worship you, honey.” His words were choked as his body jerked to a shuddering halt.

"I'll remember that when I need charitable contributions."

"Smart ass." Cormack leaned in and kissed her. "But what about you?"

Drusilla licked her lips in thought. She needed a shower but first—"Well speaking of asses there is one thing I want to do. Turn around and stick out your ass."

"Um..."

"Just do it." *Bloody hell, I would if he asked me. Mmm...*

"Okay," Cormack murmured, unsure but happy to oblige her.

Drusilla leant down and grabbed one lean ass cheek. Her mouth descended on it, her teeth lightly grazing the taut skin. "Yum."

Cormack jumped. "Jeez, Dru!"

"I love your ass." She gave it one hard slap and stood upright. Drusilla smiled. She had shocked him. *Excellent.*

"And I have loved you from the moment we met."

The warmth of his words spread throughout her body. "Me too."

"You love me?" Cormack pulled her close.

"Yeah, it kind of snuck up on me."

Cormack caressed her face. "Thank you Arthur."

## Chapter Six

"That's not Arthur."

*Well crap.* "Sure it is." Drusilla held the round bowl up high enough so that only a flash of the darting goldfish could be seen. How the hell could her niece have seen the difference at such a distance? The warm, glowing feeling she had from being with Cormack was gone as she tried to deal with the realization that her niece had seen through her half-assed plan.

"No, it's not." The ten-year-old was adamant.

*Bugger.* "Are you saying I am lying?" There was something discomforting about an innocent child seeing through a fib.

"You killed Arthur didn't you, Auntie Dru?"

*Damn.* "Well the thing is..." What was the thing? Drusilla knew she didn't have a leg to stand on. *I murdered a goldfish.* She sighed and placed the bowl, waster sloshing, on her sister's dining room table. The Arthur look-alike's gaze was on hers, making Drusilla feel even worse. Condemnation by a fish. Was there anything more damning than that? She turned away from the stony-faced fish to her sweet-faced niece. "I didn't mean to kill Arthur—it just sort of happened." Drusilla felt like she was ten years old and Hayley was the adult. "I'm sorry. I thought if I got you another fish like Arthur you wouldn't notice. I am a complete failure as an aunt."

"You're not a failure, Auntie Dru, you're just a bad liar." Hayley leaned in to look at the substitute fish. "He's nice but he's not Arthur."

Drusilla sighed. "Cormack said you would know the difference."

"Cormack?"



"Just a guy I know and don't tell your mother or I will never hear the end of why I'm not married yet." Her sister Cecile often lectured Drusilla on her attitude and how it was unbecoming when it came to the pursuit of a husband. Drusilla's argument was if she had to pursue a man and not the other way around, then she didn't want him. Drusilla wanted a strong, sexy and confident man—not one who had to be dragged to the altar. *Not that I'm getting married.* That was a big no.

"Cormack Flint?" Hayley looked at her with interest.

"What, are you psychic as well?" Cormack was an unusual name. It was not one heard often. Where would her niece have come across his name?

"Cormack Flint is from *Set in Stone*."

"Huh?"

"The newspaper column."

"So?" Was this supposed to mean something to her? Drusilla rarely had time to scan the paper and the pontificating views of columnists did not appeal to her.

"Jeez, Auntie Dru, don't you ever read the newspaper?"

"I watch the television news. Do you?" Drusilla was not surprised when Hayley nodded. "You're ten." Ten going on forty that is. Drusilla sometimes forgot that when she dealt with her four-foot niece.

"So?"

Yeah, so what. Drusilla had to give her that. Age was irrelevant. The kid was smart. "What is *Set in Stone*?" How was Cormack connected to it?

"It's a newspaper column that is written about everyday people. Mum won't let me read it."

"But you do." That wasn't rocket science. This kid could run rings around her and her mother and probably most of the world leaders.

"Yeah." Hayley looked pleased at herself.

"Amazing, Grace."

"He's a reporter."

Drusilla was having a hard time reconciling how a ten-year-old knew so much about life when she herself still was floundering around. "Who's a reporter?"

"Cormack Flint."

"My Cormack?" Was he hers? Well, yes, sort of. Anyway how was that possible if it seemed like she knew nothing about him? Drusilla watched as Hayley stretched over and picked up the latest newspaper. She flicked through the pages until she came across the column in question and then handed it to her aunt. Drusilla's eyes narrowed in anger. "Bastard," she swore softly, her hands screwing up the pages as her eyes went from the black-and-white picture of Cormack to the heading underneath.

*Seven ways to meet real women. Number one – go out to the suburbs and trawl the small out-of-the-way shops like markets, florists and pet stores. Great beauty is to be found in the suburbs and these lovelies are less pretentious than their city counterparts. Do not limit your horizons when it comes to finding a lady. It may take several attempts but it will be worth the pursuit.*

Drusilla felt sick to her stomach. Cormack had used her for a newspaper article? She was one of the women from the suburbs. And he had found her in a pet store. This was no coincidence and it posed the question of how many more suburban women was he screwing around with? "To think I –"

"What, Auntie Dru?"

"Nothing." What Drusilla was thinking was not something she could tell her niece. *Damn.* "Why didn't he tell me?" She had fallen for him hook, line and sinker.

"Didn't you ask what he did?"

"Sorta." Drusilla saw the look her niece gave her. "I had other things on my mind." *Like having sex without thinking about who I was having sex with.* Had she been so dazzled by his unexpected flattery and charms that it had overcome her common sense? "Anyway, I've got to go." Where, she wasn't sure. But hunting Cormack down and demanding answers was high on her list. Drusilla hesitated. As pissed as she was she

didn't want Cormack thinking he had affected her in any way. It was just sex after all. Still, the man needed to be taught a lesson.

"Auntie Dru?"

"Yeah, kid?"

"I know you did your best with Arthur."

"Thanks. And hey, slow down with the aging thing will ya?" Hayley smiled at her. Drusilla was impressed with her niece. She was growing up to be a really great young woman. "And thanks for not whining and stamping your foot at me."

Hayley rolled her eyes in amusement. "Only Mom does that."

"And she does it very well."

\* \* \* \* \*

"What to do?" Drusilla muttered to herself as she drove home. She felt like a fool. She had fallen into Cormack's trap and she had no one to blame but herself. Any anger she had toward him was also aimed at herself. Had she been so desperate that she missed the obvious signs that he was toying with her? "But then he shouldn't have treated me like this." How dare he? She was not just any woman. Did she mean anything to him at all?

"Clearly not." And yet Drusilla could have sworn she did. She was not one to give so much of herself without knowing she was not giving in vain. But then she had never fallen in love before and maybe that screwed up her antenna when it came to people. With Wayne it hadn't been love. It had been momentarily lust and a case of indigestion that soon passed. Cormack seemed like a good guy but good guys did not profit from their lovers did they? Drusilla sighed. "So I ignore him." She drove in silence for another mile or so. "Nah. That would so unlike me." She was the vengeful kind. Cormack Flint needed to be taught a lesson.

Drusilla thought about the man in question. He was arrogant, a free agent and used to getting his way through lies. She smiled as a thought struck her. Lotharios like

Cormack were also afraid of commitment hence the reason they acted as they did with women. "I hear wedding bells," Drusilla muttered as she turned the car around and made for the nearest newsagent. She was no longer heading home. Drusilla had a plan.

\* \* \* \* \*

Cormack was stunned. "You want to what?"

"I think we should get married." Drusilla pushed inside his home, her arms aching from the bundle of bridal magazines she carried. She had bought every single one in the store.

"Why?" The words shot out of Cormack's mouth in amazement.

Drusilla handed him the bulk of the magazines. "What do you mean why? We love each other." *You lying toe rag. Toy with me? I think not. I may even marry you just to piss you off for life.*

"Yes, but it seems kind of sudden." Cormack juggled the magazines until he could put them down the coffee table.

"Sometimes you just know, sweetie." Drusilla had kept a couple of glossy bridal journals. She dumped her purse and quickly flipped through the wedding photos *oohing* and *aahing* enthusiastically at random, wondering how anyone could keep white so clean. Added to that, she had never been the sort of woman to consider matrimony. What was the point of it? She'd have to share everything and Drusilla wasn't big on that. But she was happy to pretend for a moment. She was most pleased by the stunned expression on Cormack's face. "I know technically I'm not entitled to the whole white wedding thing but what the hell – we only get married once."

"Dru, honey –"

"And I booked the most exquisite boutique hotel for the ceremony. I say why not spend a lot of money and make it memorable so when we're old and gray and bored with each other then we'll have something to look back on." Drusilla wanted him to feel trapped and was going to do her best to do it. How many men could handle a woman

they barely knew suddenly planning their wedding? “And the food? Well only the best for us. We want to show everyone how much we love each other don’t we? More food equals more love.”

*Okay – what hell was going on?* Had he missed something? Cormack had been delighted when he had opened his door to see Drusilla. That she felt free to visit him willingly made him happy in the knowledge that they had crossed an important barrier in their relationship. But then – *wham!* She had hit him with the wedding thing and it had knocked the wind out of his sails. Not because the idea of marriage to Drusilla was a bad one. In fact he liked the sound of it and he was certain their lives would never be boring. What confused him was why she was suddenly acting like this. It seemed out of character to Cormack. But then he had only known her for a short time and maybe there was something he’d missed about her. Like a rampant desire to get married. Cormack had written an article about the *Hunter Bride* who stalked eligible men. But it had been tongue-in-cheek. He had no proof this type of woman existed. *Until now.*

Drusilla smiled at him. “I know what you’re thinking, sweetie.”

*Sweetie?* That was new. “You do?” Then she was not only beautiful and smart but also psychic.

“Yes, the engagement ring,” she answered as she rapidly flipped through the pages of a magazine. “I would love one.” She pointed to one that had to be at least two carats. “This big flashy one is my particular favorite.”

The diamond was huge and the thing was if that was what Drusilla wanted then Cormack would get it for her. But he had a feeling it wasn’t. *So what was going on?* “Anything you want, honey.” Cormack decided to play along until he knew what was really happening.

“Really?”

Now who looked surprised? He smiled softly. Now he got it. Drusilla was trying to fake him out. But why? Had she planned to make him freak with the idea of a big,

splashy wedding? Did she think he would run from marriage? Cormack saw her eyes dilate. Then he knew. She was acting. There was no other reason to go from a commitment-shy woman to one who had already picked out place settings with matching napkins in her mind. In a flash Cormack knew what the answer was. Drusilla had found out who he was. She must have seen his column and jumped to all sorts of conclusions. The article wasn't about her. It was some random dross he had written to get his editor off his back. Not that he would be able to convince her of that at this moment. "It all sounds wonderful, honey."

"It does?"

"Yeah." Cormack pulled the last of the magazines from her hands. "Let's go get that ring." *Now what are you going to do, honey?*

*Uh-oh.* This was not going to plan. Drusilla wanted to freak him out and have him backing off from her at a million miles per hour. He was ready to buy her a tacky diamond engagement ring. Why was he acting like this? Why was she even pissed Cormack hadn't proposed, yet he was taking the whole marriage thing for granted? Did she come across as someone desperate to get married? And why was he keen to jump into matrimony anyway? What sort of person decided to do that just because a woman showed him a picture of a ring?

"Of course you'll understand we will need to stay celibate until the ceremony." *Let's see how calmly you take that.* Cormack was a very sexual man. Celibacy would kill him.

"That's fine. I actually think it's kind of sweet."

"Sweet?" *Am I hearing correctly? Is this the right house? Or am I in a parallel universe?*

Cormack gathered her hands into his. "Yeah, I like this old-fashioned side to you."

Drusilla's eyes narrowed in thought. *Is he trying to freak me out now?* It was hard to tell. "That's good because I want to start working on having at least six kids straightaway." *Take that.*

"I love kids."

*Crap.* That was not what she had expected to hear. "So I'll set the date for three months?"

"A month would be better."

Drusilla stiffened. Either Cormack was playing her or he really wanted to get married. Either way she was not marrying him. Sure she could stand him up at the altar and there would be a certain satisfaction in that but that was not who she was. She was not deliberately cruel no matter how badly she had been treated. *Not that I'm marrying him.* "Gee, a month will be hard to organize."

"Let's elope then."

*Fuck.* Was this the same misogynist pig who wrote *Set in Stone*? Drusilla had read all the back copies and the one about *Hunter Brides* had really irritated her. "No, I want a big, white wedding."

Cormack leaned in and kissed her forehead chastely. "You had better run along now as I want to fuck your brains out but I'll respect your wishes until the wedding night."

*Oh boy. What the hell was going on?*

## Chapter Seven

Drusilla had picked up the phone seventeen times to call Cormack to invite him over or just to hear his voice. But as soon as she lifted the receiver, she placed it down again. "He used you. Don't be a dummy." But it was hard to forget someone like Cormack in a rush. She was weak and needy and in love. "I want him."

The phone rang. Drusilla looked at it. It was unlikely it was Cormack. He would no doubt be home honoring the vow of celibacy or laughing his ass off at her idea of marriage. "Damn it." She'd grown accustomed to his cock and needed to feel the heat of his body on hers once more.

"Hello?" *Maybe I should get some wine and zone out for a while.*

"Dru, honey."

Cormack. Her thighs started to sweat on cue. "I...er...um..."

"What?"

His voice was low and teasing and her heart pounded. "How are you?" *Please come over. Please tell me what I believe about you isn't true.*

"I miss you."

"Oh," she murmured, unsure of what to say. She sank down on her sofa. Drusilla twisted the phone cord as she told herself that Cormack was an accomplished flirt who knew how to lull women into a false sense of security. She had to toughen up and see him for who he really was. Drusilla cleared her throat. "Cormack I think we should —"

"Get married as soon as possible? Absolutely."

Drusilla jerked bolt upright, unsteady on her feet, at his words. *Crap.* She had been going to say break it off for good. "Um —"



"I know honey, I'm just dying to touch and taste you and the sooner we can the better for me."

*Oh boy, oh boy...* "What about the celibacy thing?" It was probably one of the dumbest ideas she had come up with in a long time.

"What are you wearing?"

That didn't answer her question. Drusilla looked down at her panties and bra. She had stripped down only so far after coming home. Other thoughts had sidetracked her. "An old tracksuit and slippers." They were passion killers for sure.

"Liar." That one word was said in such a smug, knowing way.

"How would you know?"

Cormack chuckled. "I know you – sit down."

"Why?" How did he know she was standing?

"Just do it."

Drusilla sank down on the sofa. "Okay I am. Now what?" *What lies do you plan to tell me?*

"Put your hand down the front of your panties."

She choked on his words. "What?" That was not something she had expected to hear. His words were calm yet full of wicked promise. *Such a shame I don't like him anymore.*

"You heard me." Cormack's voice was soft and persuasive. "If you won't let me touch you then at least touch yourself and think about how good it feels when I do it."

Drusilla felt her face flame. "I'm not going to do that."

"Chicken?"

"No, it's just weird." Besides, self-induced orgasms were never the same as the real thing.

"Are you wet?"

Well of course she was. The minute Cormack had told her to play with herself Drusilla had felt the moisture pooling between her legs.

"My cock is hard just thinking about you and your fingers rubbing that sweet clit of yours, honey."

If he continued in that tone, she would come on his words alone. "Cormack—" Her fingers sneaked down under the lace of her panties to touch her clit.

"How do you feel?"

"Hot and horny." Drusilla had only meant to touch her clit then remove her hand but under his voice, and remembering how the man made her feel, she started massaging it in deliberate, firm circles. Her legs spread wider and her heart started to hammer.

He chuckled. "I can hear you starting to pant. How badly do you need to come?"

It was nowhere near the same as being with Cormack but the thought that he was listening and urging her on was exciting. Drusilla rubbed a little harder and moaned.

"Do not put your fingers inside," Cormack told her.

"Why not?" She hadn't been about to as her fingers were hardly a match for his cock.

"Because that's only for me to do."

The possession in his voice made her whole body tingle. "How would you know if I did?"

"I just would."

Drusilla knew Cormack was trying to drive her crazy. "Well I need more." Two could play this game.

"Wait."

"Why?" She was so close to orgasm that waiting was not an option she wanted to consider. The doorbell rang. *Oh crap*. What a time for visitors. She had no plans to answer it as it would have been only too obvious what she had been doing.

"Answer the door but don't take your fingers out of your panties." The doorbell sounded again.

Cormack was outside. Drusilla was excited and annoyed but mainly hot and needy. "You are so weird."

"But you love it. Now be a good girl and open the door."

Against all good sense and decency, Drusilla went to the door, hand in pants as requested. It was trash day in the neighborhood and she hoped none of her neighbors would be dragging out their bins and see her half naked and playing with herself as she answered the door. Neighborhood Watch was only good for burglars and having to explain to her fellow citizens she was screaming in self-induced passion and not in terror was not something she wanted to do.

It was awkward to open the front door as Drusilla was right-handed and that hand was busy. Her left hand freed the lock and the door swung open. It had never occurred to her not to do as Cormack suggested.

"Hi." His eyes were intent on hers as he snapped off his cell phone. "You're beautiful – no wonder I want to marry you." Cormack's gaze drifted down her body to her panties.

Drusilla gulped. "You do?" What had started out as a silly form of payback now seemed absolutely doable to her.

"Oh yeah." Cormack shut the door behind him. "Go back and sit down, honey." He started stripping off his clothes. They began to fall in a trail as he followed behind her. "I figure if we have to remain celibate, then we can have a little fun together without either of us touching each other."

"How?" His article about her was still in her mind, yet the play of her fingers on her clit and his naked body in her sight was taking her thoughts into another direction.

Cormack sat down on the chair opposite her. "We watch each other play." His hand fisted his cock.

Her mouth dropped open in surprise. "That's crazy." *Yet incredibly hot.* Already her hand was moving in rhythm with his.

"Honey, I want to honor your vow of celibacy." His smiled at her surprise. That was one of the things Cormack loved about Drusilla. She appeared outwardly in control but she wasn't. Nor was he when it came to her. He had almost come in his trousers when he first saw her with her hands down her pants. "Go get your vibrator."

"I don't have one of those." Drusilla's face went red.

"Of course you do." She was a sensual lady. It would be more of a surprise to Cormack if she didn't. "There's nothing wrong with pleasure, honey." He slowed down the pace of his hand. He didn't want to come until she did.

"But I thought you said you wanted to be the only one inside me."

*Ah, she remembers my words.* That in itself was an admission. If Drusilla was really angry at him over the article then she wouldn't have opened the door to him and anything he said would have been forgotten or considered arrogant. *She loves me.* "I want to watch you as you feed it slowly in and out of your body." Drusilla all but ran out of the room. This meant he had either shocked her or she was doing his bidding. Cormack smiled when she returned with a fluorescent purple dildo the length and girth of which would have given most men a complex. But not Cormack. It was just a toy and he was the real thing. "Excellent, now take off your panties and sit down."

"This is madness." Drusilla did as he bid.

"Yes, but don't you love it? Put it inside you." They both knew what "it" was.

Drusilla looked uncertain. "Cormack—"

"Please." He understood her reluctance. Some things, like masturbation, were private but he wanted no secrets or barriers between them. Cormack wanted Drusilla to know whatever she did was okay with him. He watched as, after some hesitation, she spread her legs wide and she held the tip of the plastic cock at the core of her body. He

could see the wetness between her legs and for one moment he almost demanded her to stop so that he could be the one between her thighs. But he didn't. Instead Cormack jerked more forcefully on his cock as he watched the length of purple plastic slide in and out of her body. He was mesmerized as one hand worked the dildo and the other went to her clit, rubbing hard. His cock ached for release as he increased his pace.

Drusilla's eyes were on his. "Is this what you wanted to see?"

"Yes," Cormack's voice was so hoarse he almost didn't recognize it as his own. He was so close to coming. There was pre-cum on the head of his cock and his balls were so tight he knew it would not take long. He yanked harder on his shaft.

"Need a tissue?" Her voice was lazy with satisfaction as she watched him.

Cormack watched her thighs flex and strain as her pelvis arched up to greet each thrust of the vibrator. For the first time since he was a teenager, he started to come in his own hands. Jets of milk-white cum exploded from his cock as he watched Drusilla moan and thrash under her own orgasm. She was the hottest woman he knew and marrying this lady was the best idea he had heard of in a long time. *I want this for life.*

"Was that good for you?" Drusilla shuddered with pleasure as she watched Cormack milk the last drop from his cock.

"Not as good as being inside you."

"Oh well," she murmured vaguely as she removed the purple vibrator from within.

Cormack smiled at her feigned disinterest. He knew he was not the only one under pressure. *How did I ever get this far in life without Drusilla?*

\* \* \* \* \*

Drusilla was as cranky as hell when she got up the next morning. She knew why of course. She was tired and on edge. The dildo had not relieved the ache she felt deep inside and although she could have used her vibrator again it wasn't the same as hot male flesh. How she got through the workday was beyond her ken. Everyone pissed her off and Drusilla knew her work was crap. *Too bad – so sad.* It was all Cormack's fault

of course. He had gotten her all tensed up then he'd left her. "Bloody man." Drusilla decided to pay out her bad mood on him. She drove straight to his home after work.

"Hi, honey." Cormack greeted her with a big smile as opened the door to her.

Why did he look so happy? Drusilla wanted him to be as cranky as she was. "I've been thinking about the wedding."

"Oh yes?" He invited her inside with the wave of his hand. "A bit tense about the celibacy thing?"

Drusilla could feel Cormack close behind her. The heat from his body and the smell of his cologne was making her dizzy. *Focus*. "Not me. If I never have sex again I would be okay." *Pissed off, but okay*.

"Me too."

Liar. But then so was she. "Really?"

"Absolutely," Cormack affirmed. "So why are you here? Not that I'm not delighted as always to see you."

Lord, he was smooth. "Can't I visit my fiancé?" On the drive over, Drusilla had the idea of trying another tactic – that of seduction. Make him all hot and bothered, get him to cave in and then see if he told her the truth when he was under pressure. And yes, while she knew the truth already, Drusilla wanted Cormack to admit what he had done. She stopped suddenly so Cormack ran into the back of her. *Yum*. "Oh, excuse me."

"My apologies." Cormack just smiled and moved around to face her. "How's Arthur?"

"I have no idea." For something that had once been so important to her, she had not seen the goldfish since she gave him to her niece. Drusilla had no doubt Hayley had given him a home as she loved all things animal. Fish included.

"I miss him."

"He's a goldfish." What? Was he more interested in something with scales than herself? *I'll make him focus*. Her hands went down to the top of his trousers.

"Arthur brought us together." Cormack looked down at her hands as she unfastened the snap. "What are you doing?"

"What does it look like?" Drusilla slid the zipper down. His cock jumped out eagerly. *At least someone is interested to see me.*

"What about remaining celibate?"

Drusilla stroked the length of his shaft. Just the memory of it inside her was making her wet. *Why were relationships so damn complicated?* "Touching is okay – you said so last night."

"Dru?"

"Yes?"

"I know you know."

She stopped and looked at him. "About what?" Was he going to admit his deception?

"About *Set in Stone*."

Finally, Drusilla squeezed his cock. "You are a bastard."

Cormack winced slightly and his hand went down to hers to release the grip she had. "How so?"

"You were writing about me." She withdrew the hold on his cock. There was no point destroying perfection. *And who knows? I may forgive him.* It would depend a lot on her mood.

"I never did."

Every time Drusilla looked in Cormack's eyes she wanted to believe him. "Seven Ways to Meet Real Women? In the suburbs? In a pet store? Could it be more obvious?"

"It may have started out that way but it changed when I met you."

Drusilla realized she was still holding onto his cock. She pushed away the hand that covered hers to free herself. "I was just easy sex to you."

Cormack laughed. "You are anything but easy, honey." He pushed his stiff cock back inside his trousers and zipped himself up.

That had to hurt. *Okay, maybe I feel a little pleased about that.* "Anyway I just want you to know that I am aware of what you were doing." *And now what do I do? Do I walk away and never see him again?* She hadn't thought that far ahead. There was always the forgiveness thing. Drusilla was not big on that though. Once crossed she remained crossed for life. It was a Scorpio thing.

"And what? You hate me now?"

"Yes." *No. I don't know.*

Cormack put his hands on her shoulders, drawing her in closer. "Liar."

"Am not and stay away." She made a halfhearted attempt to push him away. *He used me – and yet I love him. How does that work?*

"You came to me, honey." He lifted one hand and brushed the hair from her face. "Are you scared of how much you need me? If so that's going to make our married life awkward."

Drusilla scoffed. "I'm not marrying you." *At least I'm fairly sure I'm not.* Marriage, after all, had been her idea, not his.

"I went and got you a ring to prove my commitment."

She stiffened. "You did not." *I want to see it. No I don't. Maybe just a peek?*

"Do you want to see it?" He pushed back from her and kicked off his shoes.

Drusilla Camm was one hundred percent woman with all the hormones to prove it. Of course she wanted to see the ring. Seeing it did not mean commitment. "Why are you taking off your clothes?" Cormack did that a lot. It was usually followed by her clothes coming off too.

"Getting some rehearsal in for the wedding night."

"Cormack –"



His trousers hit the floor. "What happened to 'sweetie'?" He pulled his shirt off over his head.

"I don't want this."

"What? Us being naked? The craziness of real life? Making mistakes?" Cormack was naked and totally relaxed. "Come on. Hasn't this been fun so far?"

"Yes. I mean no." How was she supposed to concentrate when he was naked? It would try the resolve of any woman. "I mean how do I know you want me and not —"

"A headline?" His smile was soft and loving. "Because you know in your heart."

And what was in Cormack's heart was in his eyes and Drusilla was thinking maybe she had been a little rash. People did make mistakes. "I don't know." It was said more for her benefit than his. It was not like she hadn't stuffed up before. "This has all been pretty sudden."

"The best things are."

"You have an answer for everything." Drusilla shook her head in amusement. "Do you really have a ring?"

"Do you really want to marry me?"

*Yeah, I do actually.* Maybe a more rational person would not jump into matrimony like this but Drusilla was not one for following the rules. "I want to see the ring."

Cormack chuckled. "I see, to prove my love to you?"

"Maybe."

"I'd marry you tomorrow."

"As spontaneous and romantic and very much over-the-top as that sounds, tomorrow is my nail appointment." Drusilla could cancel it in a heartbeat but she wanted to make Cormack work for her. She was worth it. "What happened to the misogynist pig who wrote about picking up women? I read all your columns you know."

"The Hunter Bride? Three Ways to Ditch a Date Fast? Shackle Me Not? Check out Her Mother Before You Buy?"

"Yes, I think that was my favorite along with the shopper assassin and how she targets men to pick up the tab." When she had first read them, Drusilla had been appalled. Now that her anger had abated she realized how silly and tongue-in-cheek they were. Her pride had been wounded but not her heart. Therein lay the difference.

"It's an act to sell newspapers." Cormack dropped to his knee and searched his trouser pocket. Three condoms fell out. "I like to be Boy Scout prepared." He searched some more until he pulled out a ring box.

It was one of those moments that Drusilla always wondered how she would react to. With Wayne it had been a forgone conclusion. They were together so why not marry him. Of course she had been seven kinds of a dummy to accept but there it was. She had. But luckily she had gotten out of it before she got trapped. *Thank goodness for finding Sharon repeatedly rising up and down on Wayne's cock like that.* "What are you doing?"

"Proposing." Cormack flipped the lid of the box open.

Drusilla burst out laughing. The ring was huge, tacky and plastic. It looked like something that had come out of a gumball machine.

"Drusilla Camm, will you do me the honor of giving me your hand in marriage."

"No."

"What?" Cormack looked stunned and disappointed.

*Okay, so the man loves me. Excellent.* "I just wanted to see your reaction. Is this because we had sex?"

"A small part of it is," Cormack conceded.

At least he was honest. "It's killing you not having it, huh?"

"Hey, I'm not the one with the dark circles under my eyes." He looked at her knowingly. "Losing sleep over me?"

Yes, and probably everyone in her office wanted her sacked or relocated. “Why this sudden need to marry me?”

“You started it by announcing the big wedding, honey.”

*Oh yeah.* “I was trying to freak you out.”

Cormack grinned at her honesty. “You did for a moment but only because I didn’t expect it, but I soon realized it was the obvious thing for you and me. We are meant to be.”

“Yeah well, I’m not holding you to it.”

He slid the fake diamond on her finger. “But I’m not having you breach your promise to me.” Cormack leaned in and kissed her hand. “The real one we’ll get tomorrow.”

“I like this one.” It had more meaning than any diamond as it was a turning point in their lives. Yeah, they would make mistakes and fight but they would always stay together. *I just know it.* “Are you serious?” Drusilla was on the verge of throwing herself into Cormack’s arms and rolling with the naked man on the carpet.

“It’s not every day I spend three dollars and twenty cents at a gumball machine to win you a ring.”

Drusilla looked down at him. Cormack was on his knees before her, honesty shone in his eyes—honesty with a nice blend of wickedness. “I don’t want to rush this.” Which was, of course, crazy, considering that was all she had done since meeting Cormack.

“So we won’t.” He looked satisfied with that. “But I need you and to be honest, I can’t do the celibate thing much longer.”

Honesty rocked. “Me neither.” The ring on her finger didn’t sparkle so much as weigh her digit down.

“It’s a promise ring.”

“Of more cheap plastic to come?”

"Of a life together."

That sounded good. "You have silver tongue." Drusilla dropped to her knees.

Cormack opened his arms in welcome. "Let me use it then."

Snuggled against him, his hot body soothing hers, there was only one thing Drusilla wanted to do. "Let's go to bed."

"Yes, ma'am." Cormack sounded keen to do that. He rose to his feet and tugged on her arm.

"To sleep." Drusilla was so weary with spent emotion that the thought of sex, while fantastic, seemed all too hard at that moment.

Cormack lifted her into his arms, cradling her close to his chest. "Seriously?"

"Yeah. I'm knackered. Ever since I've met you I've had the worst sleep." But at that moment, in his arms, she felt relaxed and relieved. It was probably not flattering for a man to have a woman fall asleep on him but now Drusilla knew where she stood in his life, she felt all the built-up tension release.

"I blame Arthur for this." Cormack shook his head in amusement. "He brought us together."

Drusilla knew she was probably the first woman who genuinely wanted to "sleep" with Cormack. He was taking it pretty well. His cock was hard but not his heart. She loved that about him. Cormack understood her.

"Maybe that's what your next column can be about."

"Arthur?"

"Yeah – forget about roses and chocolates – give a goldfish for Valentine's Day."

"You're delirious."

"And you're delicious."

"Come with me." Cormack carried her to the bedroom.

"Maybe later."

Cormack chuckled. "This is not what I had in mind."

Drusilla kissed his cheek. "I promise I'll ravish you with intent in a couple of hours."

"Deal."

## Epilogue

*Set in Stone – by Cormack Flint*

*Friday, 4:49 p.m.*

*This will be my last column as a single man. For all of those who have said my fiancée is too good for me – you are right. For those of you who are worried I will lose my edge – that will never happen. I'll still write columns to piss people off. It's what I do. I expect I will annoy my new bride and I will pay the penalty. But she is one of the few people I have ever met who can face me down and make me a better man. I like that. I love her.*

*A year ago if you had asked me about the perfect woman I would have rattled off the standard male formula and I would have been wrong. But love changes everything and any delusions I had are now gone. One thing I know for certain is set in stone – love is forever.*

"I like it, especially the part about me being too good for you." Drusilla spun the plastic ring around on her finger. Cormack had offered to buy her the real thing but she liked the one she had. It freaked people out when they asked to "see the ring". They looked at her and then at Cormack and wondered. *Let 'em*. Drusilla did not feel the need to explain herself to anyone but the man she loved and even then she did so only when it suited her. A woman still had to maintain her secrets.

Cormack took her left hand in his. "I worry about your finger going green and dropping off."

"Will you still love me if that happens?"

"Will I have a choice?" He grinned at her.

"Nope."

"Then I will love you forever," Cormack told her softly.

"Correct response." Drusilla sighed. All was right in her world.

## About the Author

Amarinda Jones believes anything is possible and sometimes just asking for the impossible will surprise someone enough that they will give it to you. Writing is like that. Put it out there and wait for a response. There is always the possibility you may fall on your ass, but after all, that's what cellulite is for. Amarinda believes in taking chances, speaking her mind and aging disgracefully. Twenty years from now she plans on being the neighborhood witch who all the kids are scared of. But then, everyone has to have a hobby.

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

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