



Lust Bites

CHOCOLATE TEMPTATION

Aurora Rose Lynn

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Chocolate Temptation

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

Sex in Session

CHOCOLATE TEMPTATION

Aurora Rose Lynn

Dedication

To everyone who loves a little spice with their chocolate.

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Oil of Olay: The Proctor and Gamble Company

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Chapter One

Charlotte Heplewich, whom her close friends called Charlie, wanted sex in a bad way. Arranging for a man who wanted the love-em'-leave-'em kind of sex wasn't easy in the family courtroom filled with spectators and the attending litigants. Charlie kept her eyes on the judge who was her likeliest candidate, an appealing man in his mid-fifties—if, and that was a big 'if', she could get him to notice she was more than a bailiff.

"He's pretty sexy," she heard one of the females at the back of the courtroom whisper to her older, female companion who did nothing but frown. Though Charlie was trained how to handle most situations that crept up in court, she wouldn't care to meet that woman in a dark alley in the middle of the night. Charlie sighed. That frown could kill.

Enough of that, and back to the hunky judge. Charlie desperately wanted to walk to the front of the courtroom, face the judge, rip open her bland khaki bailiff's shirt and cry out, "What do you think of these?"

What would the judge do? What would he think?

He might roll his eyes and dismiss her with prejudice. Or he might kiss her sensitive nipples to drive her wild. Or he might just stare at her with those gorgeous blue eyes, just as other men did when she strolled by. She had what her ex-husband, Gary, had called 'big jugs'. Yeah, and that's why he had to go cheating on her after twenty years of marriage with a bimbo who had celebrated her first birthday the day Gary and Charlie had been married. Charlie had learned marriage wasn't for keeps in this day and age. Look at how busy the family court was.

One of the double doors at the back of the room opened, and her daughter, Celeste, stuck in her head and asked in a loud whisper, "Hey mom, have you done him yet?"

A multitude of heads turned to gawk them with questioning eyes. Charlie could have fallen on the floor and died right there and then. Only once, she'd mentioned to her daughter that she'd love to get into bed with the judge, and from that time on, Celeste had made a joke of it.

At the front, the judge must have noticed the turmoil in the rear of his courtroom and pounded his gavel on his desk.

"Is there a problem back there?" he demanded in the gravelly, authoritative voice Charlie loved. If he came with chocolate and whipped cream, she'd order him right up.

Not a thing except for wanting sex and plenty of it.

"No sir," she replied, surveying the court as if something might have gone wrong.

"We think you're a gorgeous hottie," the young woman shouted and cast a smirk in Charlie's direction.

Yeah, younger women, like that woman, always attracted the older men first, regardless of whether said guys were married or not. There was something about their tight, firm, young bodies that men immediately fell in love with.

The judge winced and settled his gaze on the prosecutor. "Overruled!"

Charlie couldn't see the prosecutor's expression from where she stood, but she'd bet the young man was as flummoxed as she was. What had Edgar Hanks overruled? That he was sexy, attractive and had a big package?

"So have you?" Celeste persisted, her head still poking around the open door.

Celeste's day had probably ended early in the next room where she was a court reporter. Charlie leaned closer, smiled sweetly and whispered, "When was the last time I took you over my knee and spanked you?" It hadn't been in quite a while, maybe fourteen years or more. Celeste was twenty-four now. Where had the time gone?

"You might use that line on the judge. He'll think it's kinky," Celeste retorted, flashing a wide grin.

Charlie gave up the pretence of being angry with her oldest daughter. "The competition's something fierce." Like the dozens of young women who ogled him constantly.

"Yeah, yeah. You're thinking the judge would compare you to all those young bodies and choose something else."

The proceedings droned on and on in the background, voices in a disembodied haze.

"Yeah, something less full-chested," Charlie muttered. It was hard to find a bra in her size. She had to have them specially ordered.

The door opened wider, and her youngest daughter poked her head inside. "Who's getting divorced today? Who's having to pay child support for a kid who isn't theirs?"

Charlie groaned. On the rare occasions when her daughters put their heads together and confabbed, she was in major trouble.

Celeste took over. "No one's doing any of those things. And Mom hasn't had sex with the judge yet."

Marly clasped her hand to her chest, heaved a deep sigh and rolled her eyes upward. "Oh my. We'll have to do the right thing then and get some action cooking here."

"No way," Charlie interrupted her daughter's theatrics. "The last time you two 'cooked' up a party, I got laid for two solid nights." Not that she'd been averse to sex with a younger hunk who was insatiable in bed, but a woman her age wanted more. If she could only figure out what it was.

Celeste giggled. "Divorced women..."

Marly added, "You can't blame us for trying to find you Mr. Right."

"Where did you two get minds that are so stuck in your underwear?" Charlie had no idea how she'd raised two sex fiends. Still, at their age, she expected their hormones to be stuck in overdrive.

"Court dismissed!" the judge shouted from his bench with a glare in Charlie's direction.

Marly ran her fingers through her tousled hair. The dark circles under her eyes indicated she hadn't slept in a while. "We better get outta here or else we'll be trampled to death. Then no nookie for us." With an ear-to-ear grin, she disappeared.

Charlie heard the click of her high heels on the polished marble floor outside in the hallway.

"Me too," Celeste said, moistening her lower lip. "It's like bulls rampaging to free themselves." She pecked Charlie on her right cheek. "Remember that line about spanking. Judge Hanks will love it!" Then she vanished, too.

"Ms. Heplewich!" Edgar Hanks called out from his bench as he got to his feet. "In my chambers!"

Charlie nodded to acknowledge his blunt request. What did he want this time? She'd already taken his shirts to the dry cleaners and picked up his favourite brand of cigars from the tobacco shop. Maybe he needed more coffee, or clean underwear, or –

It was futile to speculate. She got all worked up simply being near him.

She stood aside as the people made their way out through the double doors. Maybe this one time she'd be brave enough to unbutton her blouse and show him what she had underneath this shirt.

* * * *

Edgar Hanks was still hot and bothered after watching Tessa and Ian Newbury making out yesterday afternoon. He'd wanted to join them and make a threesome, but some things, like sex in a marriage, a couple had to work for themselves.

He pulled off his black judge's robe, clamped his broad-rimmed cowboy hat on his head and stuck an unlit cigar in his mouth. If he didn't have sex soon, he'd explode. His penis had been rock hard all day long and his nuts just ached. Man, it had been one painful day. Looking at Charlie Heplewich's big breasts didn't help either.

He sat in his executive's chair and toyed with a pencil before he booted up his laptop by jamming his thumb on the 'on' button. Charlie was pure woman and, he confessed to himself, she turned him on so badly, he wanted her with a fierce intensity that hurt him right in the guts. Naked, and sweaty, and hot, and oh Christ, to think of his cock sliding into her cunt, that was pure heaven.

Edgar stood and paced. From his desk to the window and back again like a panting, caged lion, waiting, hungry for anything in which to set its teeth. When the woman in court had shouted he was a hottie, his gaze had caught Charlie's. She'd swallowed hard and averted her eyes, which were an unusual shade of green, like a quiet sea about to surge before a storm. He'd been forced to acknowledge she could be more than his bailiff. A lot more.

Charlie had done something different with her light-brown hair. Gold glinted off it as if someone had scattered gold dust in the fine strands. He smacked his lips together, unable to stop thinking about her breasts. It would take an hour or more to explore, to taste, to savour each delicious, soft globe. Edgar shivered, noting his cock was straining against the zipper of his trousers. Man, but he was hurting.

Charlie had been with him for what? Two years? And every second she was in the courtroom or completing some task he'd invented so she'd be close to him drove him crazy.

That woman was a real ball-buster, with curves that made Marilyn Monroe look out of her league. A tiny waist and slender hips were enough to make any man eat out of her hand.

The door opened softly. "Yes, judge?"

He sighed. Charlie was finally here. Showtime! Immediately, he sat behind his desk to hide his erection. "What were you and your daughters whispering about earlier?" He was curious, that's all.

Charlie stood in the doorway, giving him the impression she'd run if given half the chance. She ran her pink tongue over her lower lip, and he would have jumped out of his seat and kissed her if he hadn't reminded himself to slow down. She'd been married to a cheating bastard. Not that Edgar's record was great either. He'd been married three times to women who'd wed him for nothing more than the prestige of being a judge's wife. Edgar felt pretty certain Charlie wasn't like that, but how could he be sure?

"Was it about me?" he asked, as the seconds ticked by. The room suddenly smelled like a bouquet of recently picked flowers.

"Um, yeah," she replied, but her eyes didn't meet his. She swallowed hard, and her chest rose and fell with her ragged breathing.

"Right. Why don't you close the door?" He felt sorry for her. He was about to ask her to do something he normally wouldn't, but he knew she was discreet. What went on in the judge's chambers stayed there.

Quickly, he shut off his laptop.

"This door?" she squeaked, giving him a wary look.

He nodded. "Yeah, that one." Not that there were too many other doors in his chambers.

Gingerly, she stepped inside, turned and quietly closed the door. For the briefest moment, she rested her forehead against the wood before she straightened and faced him. "You wanted to see me?"

Oh man, he should have seen that pun coming. Oh yeah, but he wanted to see her. Naked, her breasts swinging in his face, her sensitive nipples puckering into tight peaks. He'd taste them in his mouth as, one by one, he plucked them with his needy lips.

"My computer won't start up." Edgar knew it sounded lame, but what other excuse could he invent to bring her closer?

She seemed to be rooted to the floor. "Did you check to see if you plugged it in?" Giving a little laugh, she shrugged. "You know how sometimes you forget."

He'd tried that ruse a number of times before it had gotten too old to be reused. He wanted to get close to her for several weeks now, but she appeared jittery when she came close to him so he hadn't pursued her as strenuously. "I tried that."

"How about the 'on' button? Did you try that?" She still didn't move, but her gaze was searing hot. Did she want him, too?

Nodding, he kept his gaze on her. "I tried that, too." Another ruse he couldn't use any longer.

"I guess I'll have to come over there and take a look at it then," she whispered so quietly he barely heard her.

His heart pounded against his chest wall, and the blood roared in his veins. "Yeah, I guess."

Yet, she still didn't move forward.

"Charlotte," he said, using her given name although he knew she preferred her nickname, "what's going on with you?" She'd never been tongue-tied or motionless before. "Is it your girls?"

She shook her head and blinked several times.

Something was going on. "Your ex?"

She mouthed the word 'no', but he didn't hear any sound.

"Is it something someone said?"

This time she nodded and barely croaked out, "You really are a hottie."

Charlie couldn't believe she'd just said that. She might as well run from the awkwardness of her confession or rip her clothes off and parade in front of Edgar naked. One should never talk to a judge as if her head was in her panties. He could fire her on the spot for that.

"Really?" he asked, his brows furrowing together.

Here was her chance to tell him how much she desired him, his bare skin resting against hers, his hard lines nestled against her soft curves. From a dry throat, she managed,

"There's nothing wrong with your laptop, is there?" Why would he request her assistance when he could just as easily figure things out for himself?

"It won't boot up." His gaze wavered somewhere to her left.

Likely story. He wasn't telling the truth. She could immediately tell from the slight hunch of his shoulders. Edgar was an upright, honest man and lying came hard for him. "I like your cowboy hat, but the cigar might pose a problem in the courtroom."

"I'm not planning to wear the hat or puff on a cigar there." He tugged it from his mouth and slammed it on the desk. "It's not lit anyway so save your speech about how smoking causes lung cancer."

"I wasn't about to tell you any such thing." *But it did cross my mind. It's the loving, caring mother in me.* "I was just admiring your hat." Charlie decided enough was enough of the banter. It wasn't leading anywhere. Hell, if she'd told Gary he was a hottie, he'd have been all over her, hot and heavy. Edgar Hanks hadn't fallen for that.

For some inexplicable reason, he groaned. "I still can't start my computer."

As if he'd tried. He barely moved a muscle. Those blue eyes, which normally saw through people and their bullshit lies pretty accurately, seared through her. Yet, now he wanted her to look at his computer?

"Men are nothing more than helpless babies," she muttered under her breath as she forced herself to move forward, one reluctant step at a time. Were men so blind they couldn't see when a woman was attracted to them? Apparently, the judge could be accused of that offence.

"What did you say?" he asked mildly as she rounded his desk.

Charlie couldn't keep her eyes on the laptop's keyboard. She tingled with awareness at Edgar's nearness, his masculine presence, and the virility that radiated from him like a lighthouse beacon. Once she was behind the desk, he couldn't hide the fact that he had a mega hard-on bulging against the crotch of his trousers.

The laptop suddenly forgotten, she pointed at his groin. "What's that for?"

He gazed up at her with those oh-so-blue eyes, the ones that made her curl her toes and want to shimmy out of her already wet panties. Her nipples beaded under the shirt, painfully sensitive against the light cotton.

"Charlie, at your age I would think you would know," he berated her lightly.

The age thing again. "Why, how old do you think I am?" she asked, imitating an old Oil of Olay commercial where a much younger woman asked the same question. She did have a few wrinkles and a couple of visible stretch marks here and there.

Yet Edgar wasn't a spring chicken either. A few strands of silver peppered his black hair that was cut in short military style, and he appeared ten years younger than his real age of fifty-five.

"I'm not falling for that one," he muttered. "Not after three wives."

Compassion welled in her and brought tears to her eyes. "I've been divorced once. I can't imagine three times."

What had been their names? Mildred, Mary and Anna.

He pursed his lips and shook his head, a clear sign of his refusal to discuss the obviously painful subject any further.

Charlie pushed forward. "Gary cheated on me. Divorce was better than killing him."

The judge tipped back his hat and stared at her without blinking.

She barrelled on. "I mean, he was sleeping with another woman. How do you think I felt?" Her admission definitely wasn't helping her cause with the judge. She wanted sex, not an opportunity to spill her guts in an impromptu counselling session. "You know who Gary ran off with? His twenty-one year old secretary."

Edgar seized her wrist and forced her to step closer. His magnetic presence overwhelmed her, and her juices wet her thin panties.

"It's just the two of us," he told her, his voice gravelly and sexy. "There's no one else here. Very often, when beginning a new relationship, it's best to forget the old ones and bury them in the same manner we bury the dead."

She swallowed hard. "I couldn't agree more." Trying not to remember was the hardest thing in the world.

"You say that to my face, but why are you holding onto the past? What good does it do?"

So he saw through her. There wasn't much she could hide from him, except the fact that she wanted sex with him. Why didn't Edgar comprehend that?

"I don't know," she admitted softly.

His fingers were warm against her pulse. Could he hear her heart drumming like a rock-band drummer gone wild?

His tender smile touched her in a spot she hadn't allowed anyone except her daughters to reach for a long time. Then the meaning of his words clicked.

"Beginning a new relationship?" she asked, her voice so quiet she barely heard herself. A soft sigh escaped her lips.

Edgar drew her onto his lap. Reluctantly, her nerves tangling in her throat, she settled there. His throbbing erection pressed against the outside of her thigh. He might answer her question with another question, but she knew the truth. Edgar might talk about starting a relationship, but he longed for more. He wanted sex.

Edgar repressed a sigh. Why hadn't he thought to ask Charlie to sit in his lap before this rather than resorting to ruses she must have easily seen through? Her eyes were heavy-lidded and slumberous, and her glossy lips were slightly parted.

He heard her half-heartedly repeat of his question about starting a new relationship through a murky fog.

"Yes, beginning a new relationship," he muttered, which was foolhardy and the stupidest idea he'd ever thought of. Just to get into bed with a woman who'd intrigued him since the day he'd first met her, not because of her breasts —

Oh hell, he'd be lying to himself if he said otherwise. He'd dreamed of uncovering those soft globes, one by one, and staring at them until his eyes fell out.

"It's my breasts, isn't it?" she murmured, reaching up to his shoulder then the side of his neck with the gentlest of caresses. She tipped his hat backward even further. Many men confused wanting a relationship with wanting sex with a woman with big breasts.

"Not exactly," he lied, kicking himself mentally for not admitting to the truth. 'I swear to tell the whole truth and nothing but the truth' had been instilled in him since he was a child at his father's knees, but when you want sex as badly as he did, the truth sucked.

Charlie leant forward and gave him a brazen, sexy look. "Really. Edgar Hanks, you're as bad a liar as my ex." Like a feather descending on him, she pressed her soft lips to his mouth.

His brain ceased to function properly. Charlie was kissing him, trailing her finger into his shirt at the throat then around to the back of his neck in a wicked, sensuous play of female against male skin. All he saw as she angled forward was the shape of her tantalising, big breasts.

"Can you unbutton your shirt for me?" he croaked, realising he was sounding like a man being teased by a lap dancer.

"Now, how did I figure you'd want me to do that? To unbutton this shirt and reveal my bra so you can see the lacy piece of fabric that covers my tits, to rub my still-clothed breasts against your face, and hear your ragged gasps of pleasure? How did I know that?"

Edgar shrugged, bent his head and took her puckered nipple into his mouth, shirt and all. His breathing was shallow and reedy, and he was about to come in his pants. In his mind's eye, he saw the pre-cum leaving a circle of moisture against his dark blue briefs.

Who was moaning as if the world was about to end? Oh God, but it was coming from his lips. Charlie stroked the back of his neck and raised her hand to rake gently through the hairs on his head.

"Oh Charlie," he moaned. Man, he was in bad shape. He couldn't see a thing except for her luscious, large breasts.

When he tipped back his head, he saw he'd left a moist circle of wet cotton against her nipple. He lifted his hand and, gingerly, as if she were a diva, rolled the tight peak against his thumb and forefinger.

"You want me to tell you a little about how I feel?" Her voice was soft as a light breeze. She placed the flat of her hand on his chest and languorously caressed him through his shirt. "You were fixated on my breasts, and I was wondering what it would be like to touch your hard cock. To take it in my hand and ever so gently, squeeze the cap until a drop of moisture seeps out. I'd like to bend my head and lick you right there."

He groaned and shifted in the seat, trying not to imagine her words becoming real. But he failed badly. None of his wives had turned him on like Charlie did right now, cranking up the heat in his groin to an unbearable, million degree temperature he was sure would leave him burned and helpless, a victim of spontaneous combustion.

"I want that," he croaked again. "I want everything you have to give me."

"Oh baby, I've got what you want. And more." She chuckled, leaving him wondering what more she had in store for him.

"Oh yeah," he said, hardly daring to breathe in case this fantasy ended, and he awakened to find it was nothing more than a wet dream. His imagination ran rampant. In a hot shower, he'd run a soapy washcloth down every tender inch of her skin, every slope, every crevice. Then he'd take her to bed and do her doggy style while he held her breasts. He'd make love to her all night, enjoying each part of her until neither could take any more sex...

"You like chocolate and whipped cream?"

His throat constricted. He might be fifty-five and a half, but he'd only ever heard of chocolate and whipped cream outside of the act of sex. Edgar had never sucked rich chocolate and decadent cream from a woman's breasts or pussy.

"I love it," he grunted, hoping he wouldn't pass out from sheer joy.

"You know where you can put it?" she asked, tracing a searing line down his right cheek to his jaw line.

He almost choked. "No idea."

Why not on the tips of her breasts with his mouth pressing to the white foam and the peaked nipple? With a dab of chocolate melting and trickling down her warm skin?

"I'd take these pants," Her hand shifted to her belt and lower to her crotch. His eyes followed in fascination, "and panties off. They're thin, and silky and very, very wet."

"What colour?" What kind of stupid question was that? Edgar was a visual man and white, and black, and red panties really turned him on.

"White as the driven snow," Charlie purred. "So what I'd do with the chocolate and whipped cream is open my thighs wide, just for you, and spray the cream onto my pussy."

Edgar forgot to breathe, his vivid imagination going wild as he used his mind's eye to glimpse the whipped cream dabbed in between the luscious, wet crevices of her cunt.

She traced a line back to her chest and rested an index finger on the damp spot on her shirt over her nipple. "Then I'd squeeze warm chocolate on here where it would harden and you could lick and lick until you had your fill."

All he could think to say was, "I like chocolate. A lot." Especially if it was on her areola or on her pussy.

She nodded, her eyelids heavy. "When you've had your fill up here," her finger edged slowly down her front, to her navel, to the belt then to her groin, "you could start enjoying your fill here, with your hot, hot tongue, darting and flicking and enjoying the taste of cream, chocolate and aroused female."

Yeah, Edgar could see that, too. His throat had gone dry, and his penis throbbed and got impossibly larger.

"Once you finished eating me down here, you'd take of your clothes off and release this big boy. Wouldn't you like that?" Her hand quivered on his shoulder and his muscles tensed in anticipation.

Unable to find his tongue, he inclined his head. Her voice lured him to a heaven he'd never considered. Her breasts were only one part of her he wanted to enjoy. His ex-wives had never satisfied him sexually. Now he knew why. They hadn't teased and excited him as Charlie was doing.

"Oh good." She slid off his lap and got to her feet.

Cool air wafted over his knees. He shivered. Where was she going?

She pressed the laptop's 'on' button, and helplessly, he watched as the screen came to life, just as his erection had.

"Now, Edgar, do you need anything else now that I've fixed your computer?" she asked in a silky, smooth voice.

He figured the devil had come out to play with him, tormenting him with the promise of bliss then jerking it away. Flustered and warm under his collar and in his trousers where his madly pulsing cock pressed against the fabric, he shook his head.

"That's good. See you in court tomorrow."

And she walked away her tight ass swaying from side to side. One minute, Charlie was there, and the next, she was gone, leaving him to think he'd dreamed up this whole titillating episode.

Chapter Two

Charlie had just gotten her ass fired. Her rubber-soled shoes slapped the marble floor in the empty courtroom then the mostly deserted hallway. A few people passed, giving her a curt greeting, but if they noticed the sexy gleam in her eye, they didn't mention it. Not that it was their business anyway.

What wicked desire had possessed her to sit in the judge's lap and talk about what she'd do with chocolate and whipped cream? It was as if the bad girl in her had come out to play and hadn't known where to stop. Towards the end, Edgar's eyes had bulged out and he could hardly say a word. Yep, she'd either titillated him or angered him to the point he couldn't speak.

Charlie sighed. She might as well start looking for a new job. As a lap dancer maybe, she thought with chagrin, with two grown girls. What would they think of her?

The late afternoon sun cast long shadows across the back of the stately courthouse as she left the building. She dug in her hip pocket for her car keys as she strode towards her sea-green Kia Spectra.

What on earth had possessed her to almost shag the judge? An embarrassed blush crept up her throat and burned onto her cheeks. As people aged, weren't they supposed to get wiser? It seemed the older she got, the stupider she got. She drew in a shaky breath of frustration and ran her fingers through the top of her hair. How could she have been so moronic to talk dirty to the judge? A family court judge, too!

Unlocking the car door, she felt the heat of the late summer day beating down on her now that she was out of the shade the courthouse provided. It wasn't anywhere near the heat ramping up in her body. Despite walking away, her talking kinky sex to the judge, she still wanted nookie. Too bad it wouldn't be with the judge.

"Charlie!" a male voice shouted from behind her.

Uh-oh. She'd recognise the judge's gravelly voice anywhere. Most likely, he was coming to tell her she was fired. Maybe once he did, they could discuss whether it was right for an employee to shag her boss or talk sex with him.

Reluctantly, she glanced over her shoulder, fearing the worst. Edgar hurried towards her, his briefcase in one hand. His expression was as unreadable as he kept it in court.

He wasn't even out of breath when he reached her, but his usually neatly combed hair stood at odd angles around his ears, which meant he'd been thinking and running his hands over his head. She caught the scent of Old Spice aftershave.

"Charlie," he said, coming to a halt beside her.

She waited for him to tell her she'd been canned. He pursed his lips and blinked several times before he rushed out the words, "Have dinner with me tonight."

Relief flooded through her. "That's all you want?" she asked, surprised. "You're not going to fire me?"

His right brow arched. "Why would I want to do that?" His tone was bewildered.

Charlie noted he held his briefcase with white-knuckled fingers.

"Oh, I don't know," she replied flippantly. "Maybe because I talked to you the way I did in your chambers." Her heart tattooed in her chest. She could think of quite a few ways to have dinner with him, but none of them included sitting at a table. Perhaps the kitchen counter or the bed but not the table – at least, not for eating.

He gazed into the distance. "Oh, I get it. You wanted to let off some steam and leave it at that. You were using me." He pinned her with a gaze that spoke of a world of hurt, of male indignation and old memories he couldn't shake off.

She reached out, lightly touched his forearm and shook her head. "Didn't you say this was the beginning of a new relationship?" That's why she'd fled. She didn't want to make a commitment then find she'd been used.

His chest rose and fell. Edgar nodded. For the first time since she'd known him, she saw a vulnerable side to him.

"Edgar," she began, intending to tell him she didn't want to hurt his feelings, that he deserved better.

He interrupted. "Forget the part about a new relationship." His gaze swivelled away to the running fountain at the medical building across the street. "I just want sex."

Edgar didn't know what had possessed him to say that. Sure, he wanted sex but he also wanted to do the honourable thing. Just as he'd taught his son, who was now in his early

thirties, to do. Treat a woman right and date her exclusively and life would eat out of your hand.

He watched Charlie shuffle from one foot to the other. Was she having second thoughts about chocolate and whipped cream? He broke out in a heavy sweat. He imagined the chocolate melting on her nipple and trickling down the slope of her breast. He'd drizzle more chocolate on her stomach, down to her navel and into her pubic curls, his tongue lapping up every inch, caressing her warm skin.

"Charlie?" he prompted in a much too breathless voice. The crotch of his pants tightened just thinking about Charlie, chocolate, nipples, bare pussy and whipped cream.

She said nothing as he leaned his hip against the sun-heated car. Blood roared through his veins at the possibility she might not want to have sex with him, that she might already be involved with someone else or that she wouldn't want to have dinner with him. Maybe she already had plans for the evening with one of her daughters. Or to watch a sex-filled movie. Or with another guy. Red-hot jealousy flared up. It wasn't his business if she was with another guy, he told himself.

Right, Ed, right.

"That'd be okay. I mean the dinner part." Her chest heaved up and down.

He couldn't help looking and admiring the size.

"But I thought you wanted sex," she continued

He coughed. "Right, sex. After dinner. That is, if you're free tonight." His brain refused to think logically. "If you're not seeing anyone," he finished lamely.

"Maybe I'm old-fashioned, but I can't see myself having dinner with one guy while bonking a completely different one." Her tongue darted out and moistened her lower lip.

"I'm old-fashioned, too," he murmured reassuringly. Talk about Edgar Hanks being in bad shape. Could he persuade Charlie to have sex first and dinner later?

"My daughters tell me I live in a world quite different from theirs," she confided, setting her hand lightly on his forearm. "Too concerned about morals instead of just having fun."

"My son says pretty much the same thing." Why had she put her palm there? For comfort? He set his free hand over hers in a friendly gesture although he desperately craved

more. And he also realised Charlie was his friend, not for what she could get from him, but for who he really was.

Chapter Three

Dinner with the judge had been a special affair for Charlie. She'd eaten to her heart's content of the filet mignon and had drunk the chilled red wine with an abandon she hadn't felt in a long time. She'd concluded that Gary's trudging off with a younger woman had soured her on guys.

The judge, however, was a different story. He was a familiar face and body, someone she'd associated with most every day for the last two years. How could she not get attached to him?

The conversation had been far from boring while they'd played footsies under the table as if they were hormone driven teenagers. They'd discussed the political climate, their likes and dislikes, their grown children and touched on almost every important subject, except one. Neither had mentioned their ex spouses.

Charlie set her long-stemmed, crystal glass on the table. The meal was over. What would they do now?

Edgar was handsome in his formal attire of black jacket and tie, white shirt, and black trousers. "Dinner was fantastic with the best company a man could possibly imagine."

Charlie inclined her head but didn't believe him for a second. More than likely, Edgar was intent on the relationship thing and wanted to get to know her better. At their age, neither took the act of sex lightly so he probably wanted to make certain he was sleeping with the right woman before he did.

She didn't need her bullshit radar to know *she* was making the right choice. He was handsome, charming and a stimulating conversationalist—if she was searching for a husband, which she absolutely was not. Or was she? She was tired of going home after work to a lonely house. Celeste and Marly usually didn't get home until after midnight, and by that time, Charlie was fast asleep.

Charlie brushed non-existent crumbs from her strapless, burgundy dress. They'd shared a piece of iced cake for dessert and the sweetness remained on her lips.

It was approaching eleven. The restaurant's lights were dimmed, and Charlie suspected the place was closing down for the night. There was only one problem. Now that they'd had dinner, where did they go for sex?

Edgar coughed discreetly behind his hand. "Here we are, the two of us. Alone."

Wasn't that the truth? "We can't go back to my place. My daughters might come at any time," she said much too quickly.

Edgar nodded in agreement. "We can't go back to my place, either. My son."

She gave a heavy sigh. Where did the judge go for sex? Their gazes met.

"We could return to my chambers. We wouldn't be interrupted there," he exclaimed, giving her a blatant wink.

Charlie twirled the wine glass' stem. The light bounced off the crystal, creating sparkling rainbows. "I suppose since we began there, we could end there."

The briefest of pained expressions flitted across his eyes before his features became impassive. He cleared his throat. "Right. We're in this for the sex."

"Right," she agreed as his eyes lowered to her breasts again. Could the crotch of her thin panties get any wetter? "Relationships can get messy," she added as an afterthought.

"As we both know."

They seemed to be at an impasse. Both wanted sex but where could they go without feeding the gossip mill? "This is harder than I thought. My chambers are too impersonal a place for sex."

Edgar's gaze flicked to her face, nodded and smiled.

"I mean since our children still live with us, we have to go elsewhere for sex," she explained.

He laughed softly. "I never gave much thought to this dilemma, never having encountered it before." His hand edged across the table towards her wine glass.

Charlie let go of the stem and clasped his warm fingers in her own. "You're a good friend," she whispered, squeezing his hand lightly.

Silence fell.

Maybe I shouldn't have said that. I've worked for him for a couple of years, taken his shirts to the drycleaners and pretty much acted as his housekeeper, but that doesn't make me his friend.

"Do you want to get a room?" he asked with a quirky grin. "I mean where else is there to go?"

She immediately picked up on the innuendo. "Except a no-tell motel."

They both burst out laughing as they continued to hold hands. When they quieted, he gave her another wink. "We'll stop at the supermarket and get chocolate, whipped cream and anything else you might care for then get the room. I know a nice hotel where they're discreet."

Charlie appreciated his thoughtful suggestion. "Maraschino cherries, too."

His right brow ticked up again.

"You can't have a sundae without a cherry on top," she quipped, with a big wink of her own.

* * * *

Edgar secured a suite for the night on the tenth floor of the Marriott, one with a view of the colourful city lights when the drapes were open. He felt twenty years younger with Charlie at his side. She was not only gorgeous but vibrant, funny, smart and totally sexy. He could definitely see spending the rest of his life with her.

On the table in the kitchen area rested a brown-paper bag with not only with their sex supplies, as he'd begun to call the chocolate, whipped cream and cherries, but with potato chips, soda pop and candy bars.

He closed the drapes then turned to face her where she stood in the middle of the living room. She was utterly radiant with the barest of blushes along her upper throat and cheeks. The burgundy of her dress suited her colouring to perfection, but she had a perplexed expression.

He strode to her and stopped an arm's length away. "You do want this, don't you?" he asked, wanting to make sure she was okay with their arrangement.

"Yes, Edgar, I want you," she said in a hushed voice. "Very much."

"I'm supposed to be the experienced lover, but I feel like an awkward kid," he admitted as a thunderbolt of need ploughed him in the gut.

"I know what you mean. I'm feeling the same way. Suddenly shy." She pulled the dress straps off her shoulders. The tiny pieces of fabric dangled under her arms.

He cleared his throat. "I want to kiss you." He suddenly felt hesitant, like a hormone-driven teenager confronted by the moment of breathtaking beauty.

Her eyelashes veiled her pretty eyes before her gaze appraised him. The pulse at the base of her throat beat insistently. "I do, too."

What was she thinking? Had she found him lacking in any way? He was well endowed, so it couldn't be that.

Questions were useless. Time for some hot action.

His arms wrapped around her waist. He took in her flowery scent and the musky scent of aroused female. She pressed her breasts hard against his chest and tilted up her face. "Kiss me, bad boy."

His erection nestled against her lower stomach. His balls were heavier than he ever remembered them being and his cock harder than a rock. Their lips met in a dance of primal give and take, tasting and savouring for long moments before they drew apart.

Edgar didn't know how in the hell it had happened, but he'd fallen in love with Charlie. It wasn't a case of love at first sight, but a case of being with her every day, even if they were a large room apart.

Chapter Four

Edgar had undressed Charlie in the middle of the living room. She stood naked, every square inch of her skin tingling with awareness, aroused as his gaze roamed over her from her breasts to her mons and down her slender legs. Her knees quivered slightly with anticipation. He groaned, and she saw the appreciative gaze wander back up to her face.

Her nipples beaded, her juices wet her thighs and her clitoris hardened, throbbing painfully. She wasn't abashed about her nudity, but Edgar's frank appraisal left her shuddering and in turmoil.

He was a judge and here he was showering her with affection. Not that she didn't want it, but she wasn't quite ready. Hadn't she told him she didn't want a relationship? That she just wanted sex?

Licking her lips and quelling her disturbing thoughts, she murmured, "I forgot to put the whipped cream in the fridge." She headed for the kitchen area. It was hardly a surprise that he followed. She couldn't hear his soft footfalls, but she sensed every lean, powerful inch of him behind her.

She took the whipped cream in hand. Edgar grabbed it from her and gave her a mock evil leer. "I've been looking forward to this since this afternoon when a sexy lady came into my space and gave me some very naughty suggestions."

Charlie sucked in a breath. She had been awfully naughty, and that was part of who she was, but this one time, she hadn't let it stop her, and she was glad she hadn't. At the moment, Edgar was foremost a man, virile and handsome, and secondly, a judge.

"I wonder who she could have been," she murmured, raising her gaze to his. Her nipples puckered tightly as he closed the short gap between them, twisted the nozzle, and squirted the cream on her left breast. The warm whipped cream immediately slid down her nipple and onto the underside of her breast.

Edgar leant towards her and flicked the taut bud with his tongue. His warmth contrasted sharply with the cool cream. Her thighs trembled, and she pressed the heated flesh together, as the sensation of a spiralling orgasm travelled through her. "That feels so good," she whispered, spreading her fingers in his hair on the back of his head.

"Hmm," was all she heard him say.

The delicious feelings continued. His tongue rasping against her nipple, his broad hands circling the small of her waist, his hot breath fanning her breast. She squeezed her legs tighter together, and shuddered with need. She was going to come right there and then.

She whimpered. "Oh God, but I think I'm going to—" An orgasm racked the length of her body and blew her apart with its stark intensity. It had her trembling and her knees quivering. The next thing she knew, he scooped her up and delicately laid her on the cold kitchen table.

"Now for the chocolate part." He opened a jar of the syrup that was supposed to harden on freezing ice cream and dipped in his index finger as he pursed his lips. His eyes glittered fiercely, giving her an inkling that he enjoyed treating her like a human ice cream cone. Slowly, he licked his finger, with a little, "Hmm, good."

He dipped it into the jar again, and this time offered her the treat. His eyes were narrowed and languorous. Charlie shivered at the potency within them, swirled her tongue around the chocolate and took his digit fully into her mouth where she sucked on it, loving the sweetness blending with the saltiness of his skin. Flushed, she grabbed his wrist. The tips of her fingers slid across cool, gold cufflinks. She imagined the cufflinks burning a cool trail along the flat of her stomach, and down into the fine hairs on her mons. Cool gold against burning flesh. She was so turned on at the thought, she groaned loudly and another orgasm tore through her, leaving her sweaty, breathless, and wetter than she'd been before Edgar laid her on the table. And she wanted more.

"Can you do my pussy?" she asked, her gaze resting on his handsome face. His cock strained against his trousers, and she could hardly wait until she could indulge in a little chocolate and whipped cream on his erection.

"I'm taking my time enjoying your tits," he said, his voice quivering huskily.

"But there's another part of me that wants to be enjoyed," she protested on the edge of a groan. Her hand fell to her side.

He bent his head and licked each of her nipples in turn then sprayed more whipped cream on each and sucked each one again. Her areolas were painfully sensitive to the barest of touches, and she could see herself shooting off into an orgasm again. Her breasts, perhaps due to their size, had always been pleasure spots with a lover, but Edgar was so good with

his tongue and his fingers that tweaked the nipple he wasn't sucking on. Her thoughts were feverish thinking about his huge cock in her pussy.

She lifted her knees until the soles of her feet rested on the table and splayed her thighs to cool off that hot, needy place. Edgar paid no attention as he erotically tasted his way between her breasts and down the flat of her stomach to her navel, each flick of his tongue languid and sensuous. She whimpered again, as she imagined sinking to her knees and sucking his rigid shaft with a little help from the sweet chocolate and cream.

She moaned and grunted, "I never imagined whipped cream on my naked body could be so nerve-wracking." If she grabbed his wrist again and guided his hand to her slick crevice, would he circle the pad of his finger over her burning clit and relieve the need slamming into her from every direction?

Edgar jerked his hand free. "Your pussy will have to wait. I'm busy now."

Unable to see his face and his expression, she whimpered again. "Then I'll do it myself," she muttered, slipping her wrist against the inside of her thigh.

"No, you won't." Her lover seized her wrists and tightly clamped them above her head. His mouth never left her stomach.

She shuddered and the titillation of his lips skyrocketed. He was so good with his mouth, and she would bet he was good with his cock, too. Frustrated, she thought she tried another tactic. "Don't forget the chocolate," she reminded him. "That was the whole point of whipped cream. And cherries," she finished in a whisper. Oh God, but she was out of control, so aroused and needy, she'd do anything to relieve the intricate dance between her longing and Edgar's apparent reluctance to speed up her fulfilment.

"We've got all night," he told her without raising his head.

"All night. Right," Charlie muttered. She was out of control, and he had all night. Maybe by the time morning came, she'd be satisfied, but somehow she doubted it. She'd waited for Edgar for quite a while, and she wouldn't easily be able to sate her need for him. Her daughters caused momentary concern but Celeste and Marly knew their mother was out on a date with the judge. They wouldn't worry about her. In fact, each of them had given her a condom, one with bright pink hearts, which had come from Celeste, and the other with large ribbing.

"You'll never be able to use whipped cream again without thinking of sex, will you?" she murmured. Oooh, but he was raising the heat with all his licking. Up and down her stomach, across her breasts and taking especially good care of her nipples.

Edgar was enjoying his exploration of Charlie's taut body. He didn't need the whipped cream. It was only an added inducement, and he wouldn't have used it if it hadn't been for her erotic idea.

"I love your suggestion," he whispered against her navel.

Under his ministering tongue, she shuddered. Her head thrashed back and forth as she tugged her wrists that he held firmly in his grasp.

He refused to be rushed and told her so. "I've spent way too much time dreaming about your tits for you to hurry me along. Don't push me."

Her body visibly relaxed. "Oh," she moaned.

Charlie's warm breath stole over his neck and fanned the fine hairs there. He shivered. "I've dreamed about you."

"You never told me that." Her voice was a muted whisper. A premonition swept over him. If he didn't quickly distract her, she might run off and that would be the end of the sex. Seizing her wrists, he raised her up from the table, stood to his full height and commanded, "Charlie, get down on your knees and make love to me. I want to know what making love with whipped cream and chocolate feels like."

Her head snapped back in startled surprise, and her eyes widened. "You're the boss," she replied quietly.

"I know you wanted to try the combination out, so why not go for it?"

The distraction was working. Her gaze had become incredibly hot.

"Oh yeah, after you take care of me."

He chuckled. "I'm pulling rank, Charlie. I 'am' the boss, but in return for making love to me on your knees, you'll never forget what I give you." His tone conveyed a world of erotic meaning, and he knew that she understood him perfectly.

With a tiny smile, she sank to her knees. "We'll do it your way, but for the record, I'm hot and bothered and have the right to do with you as you please—within your guidelines, of course."

He nodded in agreement. "I'm not usually so pushy about what I want, but a man has needs, too."

"I bet he does," she answered lightly.

Charlie would have gotten to Edgar's needs soon enough, but he was a man of his word, and she knew that after she gave him oral sex, throw in a dollop of whipped cream and a dab of chocolate, he would give as good as he got. She knew from her days in the courtroom that she couldn't easily divest herself of her work as a bailiff in the same way Edgar couldn't stop being a judge on his time off. Play and work often overlapped.

He handed her the can of whipped cream.

She shook her head. But she could still play within the rules. "I like chocolate before the cream." Charlie unfastened his belt and unzipped his expensive trousers. She was looking forward to watching him squirm under her mouth. His cock bobbed over the elastic of his waistband. She pulled down his briefs, and her breath caught in her throat. He had a fine matting of hair for his cock to nestle in and his cock was huge and pulsing with need. The mushroom cap glistened with pre-cum. She sighed with pleasure.

"My knees are shaking," he admitted, his voice falling over her in a rich timbre.

Hers were, too, but she wasn't about to admit that to him. Silently, Charlie slipped the jar from the table. She trembled with anticipation as she swirled her finger in the rich dark stuff. First chocolate and next the whipped cream. What a taste treat! And what did Edgar taste like underneath the sweetness? Smoky and musky, or distinctly salty? She'd soon find out.

She dabbed the chocolate along the upper ridge of his shaft. He groaned loudly, and she felt his body shake from arousal. Pressing her thighs together, she prevented her own orgasm from sheer force of willpower.

Then she sprayed cream on the tip of his cock, momentarily masking the glistening moisture. She heard him murmur, "Charlie, you're killing me."

Laughter bubbled up from deep within her. "I'm killing you? What do you think you were doing to me?" She didn't wait for a reply, didn't in fact expect one, and bent over his shaft and licked him once, tasting the fluffy cream and the heavy dark chocolate and the saltiness of the man underneath.

Edgar huffed a sigh then she heard him draw in a sharp breath. Yes, she was getting to him.

"Keep going," he ground out urgently.

"And if I don't?" She tilted her head back and gazed at him. His expression was deliciously tortured.

"Then I might spank you."

"You know, it's been a while since anyone punished me," she retorted then returned her gaze to his penis. She took him into her mouth again, licking him the same way a kid did an ice cream cone, slowly, exploring the flavours.

His hands fell on her shoulders and kneaded the delicate skin erotically, sinuously, but she kept to her pleasurable task of driving him out of his mind. His cock throbbed in her mouth. She sensed he'd come soon. He was just as much on the edge as she was.

Without warning, she found herself in his strong arms. Holding onto her tightly, he hurried into the bedroom. "Get on your hands and knees," he ordered hoarsely.

Watching him strip out of his clothes, she thought to argue with him, but what was the use? They both needed each other, so why fight it? Charlie scrambled onto her elbows and lifted herself up on her knees. She wanted him to take her from behind, a novelty to her as chocolate and whipped cream had been to him. Naked, he was scrumptious, a delicacy for her eyes.

Gently, he nudged his cock against her wet entrance, paused and groaned. "I want you, Charlie, with every muscle in my being. I know that's not very romantic, but that's all I've got."

She wiggled her ass in invitation. "This is all I've got," she replied softly.

He laughed quietly, set his hands on her waist and drove into her easily. "Plus your big tits. They're a huge turn-on for me. Always have been."

Charlie quit thinking as he slid into her slick pussy and began to plunge far inside her, then out. The man was huge and completely filled her. His hands strayed to her swinging breasts, and he played with her taut nipples, tweaking them one by one.

Taking a deep breath, she waited for the explosion of their bodies. They had danced around each other for so long that she welcomed the hot and wild sensations tearing through

her body. Joy, affection and a hint of regret mingled with each other. She hadn't recognised that the chase was almost as good as the actual sex.

Edgar's cock slid into her faster and faster, and she knew they would share an orgasm together. He came first, which triggered her climax, and the whole world veered away in a splintering of sweaty bodies and harsh, ragged breathing.

"Charlie!" he cried out in what she took to be triumph and exaltation.

She held herself up as long as she could before she collapsed, weak from the intense orgasm. He came along with her, and rolled to the side with her, his cock still embedded in her sheath.

"Oh Charlie, I think I love you."

She was glad he couldn't see her face. Did she need to remind him she wasn't into relationships? He caressed her spine with long, sure strokes. She didn't reply. If her divorce hadn't left her scarred, perhaps she'd have been able to tell him that she had, too. But she just wasn't sure, and silence was golden.

* * * *

Charlie had put her troubling thoughts aside and fallen asleep in Edgar's arms. When she awoke, she remembered he'd said he'd dreamed about her. But why?

She rolled over. He was watching her. His eyes were bright and alert, and she knew he hadn't slept. "How long did I sleep?" she asked, perplexed.

"A few minutes."

She blinked. "That was terrific sex but you said you'd dreamed about me. You never told me that." Why was she being so confrontational all of a sudden?

"No, I didn't tell you. You were too busy telling *me* about new uses for whipped cream and chocolate."

She tried to sit up which was impossible as he lifted himself on one elbow and sucked on her beaded left nipple. "I would never have told you if I had known!" Outraged anger burst from her. Her breasts quivered deliciously as Edgar flicked his tongue over one repeatedly, bringing the point to an even tighter peak.

His mind wasn't working too well. "Told you what?"

"That I didn't have to throw myself at you!"

Finally, in the deep haze, he began to understand. "You threw yourself at me?" He'd wanted her for so long, but he hadn't imagined their being together would feel so right. His lame approaches hadn't worked. Why hadn't he come out directly and asked her if she wanted sex? Maybe he was a little hesitant too, he surmised.

"I promised myself I wouldn't ever do such a thing after Gary left me for that...that bimbo!"

Edgar's tongue stilled. He looked up and caught the furious glint in her lovely green eyes. "Is this about the relationship I referred to earlier this afternoon?"

"Yes!" she huffed.

Blazing tarnations, but he'd stepped in the cow pie big time. "Is that what you think I was talking about when I mentioned dreaming about you?"

She quailed, rearing back a little and demanded, "Why else would you dream of me?"

"Okay, look." He released her and, she tried to cover her breasts with spanned fingers. "Scratch that about a relationship, Charlie. We wouldn't work out, you know."

Which was total bullshit. He'd never known a woman quite like her and he'd marry her in an instant.

She gave a curt nod at the room in general. "This, I mean, us right now... It's just about sex, isn't it?"

Edgar puzzled over her adamant stand that what they had between them, this spark of playful companionship, was nothing more than an interlude between two sex-starved people. Could she still be in love with her ex and hope to gain him back? Why couldn't she let go of the past?

"Edgar? We're only about sex, aren't we?"

"Yeah," he told her reluctantly, desperately wanting to ask her why all she wanted was sex. Would she ever want more or was she so scarred by her ex's infidelity that it had indelibly marred her for life? He didn't have the heart to continue this encounter. If she wanted nothing more than sex, he was the wrong man for her.

Charlie sensed right away that something had gone horribly wrong.

“Edgar?” she whispered, struggling to find the right words. His cock was flaccid, his shoulders were hunched and he’d drawn into himself.

“I don’t want to hurt you, Charlotte, but I can’t do this.” He gave her an apologetic look. “I thought I could, but if it’s all about sex, I just can’t do it.”

Charlie noted the use of her Christian name, and sat up, waiting for what he had to say. The whipped cream had turned sticky on her breasts and stomach, but she didn’t care, realising Edgar was in a lot of pain.

He sat up. His shoulders slumped. “Since I was a boy, all I wanted to be was a judge like my father,” he said, hanging his head. “Before I graduated from high school, I’d been in a lot of trouble with drugs and the wrong crowd. I didn’t get straight ‘A’s’ or even close. Eventually, I’d turned myself around, and my father pulled a few strings to get me into Yale. I worked harder than any of the other students and graduated from law school with honours. After I got my first job, I promised I would always make him proud of me. When I married, it was for the wrong reasons—I didn’t know better, I was a workaholic and I wanted a wife who would take care of me. In the end, none of my wives and I agreed about anything except a divorce.”

Charlie watched as he paused, ran his fingers through his hair and swallowed hard. Her heart broke for the little boy who so wanted to emulate his father that he’d set aside anything but work.

Edgar continued. “I spend my day sorting through marital disputes, reading through divorce petitions and child custody requests that make me happy that my son and I are of the same make and model.” He laughed at his humour.

Charlie smiled and waited. Where was his confession going? A tear straggled down her cheek. She could imagine a much younger version of Edgar standing in front of the judge and pleading a case. She bet he was damned good at the oratory and caring for his clients, whether they’d been appointed by the court or they’d heard of him by word of mouth.

“I’ve been married three times, but I’m a lonely man. Most nights, I go home to an empty house, eat a TV dinner, check out any work that has to be done for the next day in court, and go to bed.” He spread his hands out in front of him as if pleading. “I don’t want to hurt you, and I have sneaking suspicion you don’t want to deal with failure again.”

Her eyes must have gone round and big in surprise. She didn't consider herself a failure. She just wanted sex. There was nothing wrong with that.

Edgar nodded sagely. "I can see I'm squarely hitting the bull's eye. You probably think you've failed your husband in your first marriage, and if you get hitched a second time around, the same thing will happen and you'll endlessly blame yourself." He rubbed his palms against his thighs. "I did the same every time I was divorced. I wondered how I could have prevented them and, proverbially, shot myself in the foot, over and over again." His voice softened. "The truth is I did the best I knew at the time, but knocking yourself every time a 'what if' comes up is not the way to handle guilt."

He ended abruptly and threw a sheet and the coverlet over her naked body. "Sorry. I get carried away and here you're getting cold."

Charlie drew the coverlet up to her neck although she was warm. Edgar's admission left her feeling let down. She'd only wanted a fun evening, not a confession about why his marriages had failed. And she also didn't like the accusation that she thought of herself as a failure and therefore didn't want to enter into a new relationship.

She blinked, levelled a gaze at him and said, "You're right. We wouldn't work out." Strangely, she felt as if she were heartbroken, and add in a great deal of regret. Divorce was a messy business and always left a scar.

Then she walked away. She had no other choice.

Chapter Five

Two weeks had gone by. She hadn't turned back to see Edgar's expression as she fled the hotel room, and he hadn't tried to stop her either. Charlie showed up in court to do her job, and the judge showed up to do his. Her heart ached, but she knew walking away was for the best. He'd been married three times, and chances were the fourth wouldn't work out either, and he'd all but told her she thought of herself as a failure when it had come to her own marriage. It hurt that he could allude to her insecurity.

Neither spoke to the other privately, although she did cast covert looks at him when she thought he wasn't looking. He was devastatingly sexy and way off limits. She didn't mesh with men who accused her of not acknowledging she was a failure when it came to marriage, although she grudgingly admitted, he might be right. But what could she do? Keeping her distance was the best idea. That way no one got hurt more than they were.

On the fourteenth day, Celeste poked her head into the courtroom door and asked in a loud whisper, "Did you do him yet, mom?"

Several heads in the back row turned to glance over their shoulders.

Charlie almost sank through the floor. "The joke's getting old, Celeste," she muttered under her breath.

"Do who?" one of the younger women asked.

Celeste thrust her head in further and replied, "The judge. He and my mom have the hots for each other, but they don't want to admit it."

A likely story. Couldn't anyone just leave us alone? Charlie groaned. "Celeste, that's a private matter."

"If it's supposed to be so very private, why is it that everyone in the courthouse knows you and the judge bought whipped cream and chocolate one night?" Celeste flashed back with a knowing smile. "I think you did him, but you're not 'fessing up."

Charlie sighed, and the judge's piercing blue eyes met hers. "Is there a problem back there, Ms. Heplewich?" he boomed out.

"Geez, Mom, here's your chance to tell him you'll make up with him and you love him," Celeste prompted, tossing her hair over her shoulder coquettishly. "In a very public forum."

Charlie shook her head at the judge, and everything went back to normal except for Celeste shaking her head and tsking. "Mom, that was your big chance. Stand up for the man you love. Love ya!" She gave a big smacking sound which drew more unwanted attention then thankfully disappeared.

Crossing her arms over her chest, Charlie silently thanked the powers that be that her daughter hadn't spoken any louder than she had. The judge pounded his gavel on the last case of the day and barked out, "Ms. Heplewich, in my chambers!"

Now he would fire her, she thought as she made her way to his rooms. He'd tired of seeing her every day after she'd tempted him with whipped cream and chocolate.

Not only had she tempted him, but she'd done herself in too. In her mind, she kept replaying the fantastic sex with Edgar. Talk about explosive friction.

Oh shit, even though it was only one time we went out for dinner and had sex, I miss Edgar. And I always finish what I started. Maybe I was thinking I was a failure after Gary walked out on me. Yet what else could I have thought as I watched twenty years of marriage go down the toilet?

She opened the door to the judge's chamber. Edgar was alone and waved her inside as soon as he saw her.

"No, I'm not going to fire you," he told her pre-emptively as he pushed some paperwork aside on his desk. "My computer won't turn on."

Uh-oh. Here we go again. A surge of relieved desire ran through her. "Have you tried plugging it in?"

Her hands behind her back, she approached his desk. Her nerves were getting to her again. Tension coiled in every fibre of her body. Couldn't she and Edgar have given this relationship a good try instead of giving up without bothering?

"Yes, but it still won't boot up."

Charlie leant across the desk and pressed the 'on' button. "Is it working now?" she asked, her voice barely a whisper.

He nodded curtly. "Sit down."

"Where?" she asked, puzzled by his sudden invitation. She wasn't in the mood for chitchat. She just wanted to go home, alone.

His brow arched quizzically. "Anywhere you want." He indicated the chair facing his desk. "That chair, the couch...my lap? Your choice."

Then she saw what she'd missed at first glance. A can of whipped cream, a bottle of chocolate syrup and a jar of maraschino cherries.

"What are you going to do with those?" she asked incredulously, indicating the items with a little wave.

"I want to eat them."

His seductive voice sent her into the chair facing his desk. It simply wasn't safe to sit on his lap. Being so close to him wasn't too great an idea either. "Eat them? It's not proper food," she berated him.

Oh Lord, but he's so sexy, and I want sex, and I want him, too. All of him, in and out of bed. I'm on fire, and look at my breasts, the nipples hardening, and my pussy is so wet.

"Not by themselves perhaps. But they'd make an excellent dessert...on your body."

Edgar's words barely registered with her. "You want sex?"

"Yeah. I want sex. Only with you though." He rose and rounded the corner of the desk.

Oh God, he's coming closer. I don't think I can handle him so near, so volatile. I swear I'll explode and shiver through an orgasm, right in front of him. How embarrassing.

He settled one hip against the desk and analysed her. His gaze pierced through her slim defences.

"Um, okay," she agreed helplessly. Her eyes wandered to the enticing items on his desk.

"I want you to put the whipped cream and chocolate on me, too."

"For sex?" This couldn't be happening.

He stepped towards her and beckoned to her. "That is if you're willing to take another chance on me. After all, two failures can hang out with each other, right?"

She was about to disagree they were failures when he caught her wrist and hauled her to feet in one fluid motion. He smelled of Old Spice again.

"Take your shirt off, so I can find myself in heaven while you do what you want with me," he commanded softly. His gaze burned a hot trail down her throat to her suddenly sensitive breasts.

Charlie lifted her fingers to the first button of her shirt then opened each one as she watched his face. He panted, making no attempt to hide his state of arousal. Glancing at his crotch, she saw his hard cock strained against his pants.

Oh Lord, but he's got a big penis. He must get that big hunk of flesh in my pussy or I'll die. But I'll die with a smile on my face.

Soon, the buttons were unfastened and the shirt fronts hung to either side of her breasts. She'd worn a plain bra without lace. Who would have expected the judge to want to continue what they'd started two weeks earlier?

He swallowed hard, and his pupils narrowed. "Man, I like you," was all he said.

Charlie thrilled at the touch of his languorous eyes on her chest. Without being told, she unsnapped the front closure of her bra. Her breasts immediately spilled out.

"Oh God," Edgar breathed.

"You're not about to pass out, are you?" she asked, concerned about the blood rushing to his face.

He shook his head and, as quickly as if he were in a race, stripped off his clothes.

It was her turn to hold her breath and stand in awe of his virile presence. His three wives must have been idiots to divorce him. His cock bobbed towards her, and its mushroom-shaped cap glistened with a tiny drop of pre-cum. Every hard plane and angle shouted at her that this man was masculine and not in the least self-conscious about showing off his stuff.

"Do I meet your expectations?" he asked in a lazy voice.

"More than meet." Over and above her expectations. Quickly, she took off her clothes and faced him expectantly, uncertain what her next move should be.

"Are we going to size each other up and wrestle?" His lips curved in an affectionate and wicked smile.

Her thighs were damp and her nipples were tight and aching for his touch. "No, I want to make love to you." She took his hand, and walked to the couch. "How do you like your ice cream? The cherry on top or on the bottom?"

Edgar laughed, jerked his hand free and hurried to get the whipped cream and chocolate. He uncapped the cream's nozzle and sprayed himself before he turned the can on her and sprayed her breasts, stomach and pubic curls.

"You look fabulous," he teased, his gaze searing through her. "How do I look?"

Charlie moistened her lips and watched the whipped cream trickle down his flat abs and into the fine strands of curly hair nestled against his penis. "You missed a spot." She grabbed the can and sprayed the little that remaining cream along the length of his cock.

Chuckling softly, he seized the can from her and threw it on the floor. It landed on the carpet with a hollow thud. "I guess it hardly matters now where you like the cherry," he said softly, pressing tender, hungry kisses on her jaw and down her throat.

"No." She pushed him backward on the leather couch, and he fell gracefully on his back. Charlie quickly straddled his sticky body, her heart humming with laughter. He lifted his hands and freed her hair, which tumbled around her shoulders. "I missed you," she said, her voice catching.

"We've been in the same courtroom almost every day," he bantered, giving her a wicked grin. "How could you miss me?"

She sat over the tip of his engorged penis and, gently, drove her slick pussy over the pulsing hardness. "I missed being with you, like this," she explained. "We might have been failures in the past, but now we've got each other." She didn't want to tell him she'd reconsider her stance on a relationship with him.

"Are you saying you want to date me exclusively?" He traced a lazy line up her right arm.

The movement sent shivers up and down her spine. She began riding him gently and shivered with delight, enjoying the sensation of their joined bodies, his hardness against her feminine softness. "Yes, I guess that's what I'm saying."

"Good. I didn't want any misunderstandings." The corners of his eyes crinkled with mirth. His hands slid to the curve of her waist. "Just in case you decide to bolt again, I'll hold you here until we've both had the best orgasms of our lives."

She knew he was remembering two weeks earlier and how she'd turned away from him. Still, she gave him an innocent, wide-eyed look. "Who? Me? Bolt? I'd never do that."

Throwing her head back, she lifted her hips and drove herself hard over his cock, taking him fully into her pussy, then rose up until only the tip of his cock remained in her. She continued slowly, as if painting a work of art.

Edgar's palms clamped onto her waist, and he gritted his teeth. "Hurry it up, will you? I'm dying for a mind-bending orgasm with you."

She rode him harder and faster. Every muscle in her body protested the speed but she couldn't deny herself or Edgar their pleasure. The world splintered into pieces and merged into a striking palette of sound and colour. He prolonged his orgasm.

His fingers pressed into her waist, and she held her breath, waiting for his world to explode as hers had. His eyes closed, and his thick lashed fluttered against his flushed cheeks. He tensed, shuddered then croaked, "I'm going to come."

Tension reverberated through him. Charlie waited expectantly, her eyes closed. She heard his ragged gasp, then the soft exhale as he said her name in exquisite torture. He pumped harder and harder, the tension coiled out from him and he had his own wonderful orgasm. Her sheath shuddered with its power.

"I'm the luckiest man alive," Edgar mumbled into Charlie's hair.

She lifted her head and gave him a mock frown. "Why's that?"

Their lovemaking had been spectacular and, even as sticky as they were, he looked forward to spending more time with her. "Because I can have a relationship with you."

"With a lot of sex thrown in," she agreed, her gaze fixing on his.

"We'll get our own house, so we can have sex whenever we want," he added, happy Charlie had agreed to be with him, although he knew he was pushing his luck with the house.

She leant back. The whipped cream made a sucking noise as they pulled apart although they were still merged as one below the waist. "Judge Edgar Hanks!"

"Uh-oh, I'm in for a chastising now," he teased.

"Who said I want to live in the same house with you? Now you're planning to marry me?" She pretended to grimace and rolled her eyes.

"I don't want to marry you," he said, deciding to play her a little. He had to be careful with Charlie.

"You don't?" she quizzed him, attempting to toss her hair over her shoulder, but the strands were one sticky mess.

He chuckled at her surprised expression. "I want a house of our own so if we make a mess, like this one, then we can clean up without anyone being the wiser."

"That makes sense." Her grin spread from ear to ear.

"Then, if we do want to get married after we buy our house —"

"The whole house will be sticky." She ended up laughing.

Edgar grinned. "And we'll still be making love."

"I like that." Her voice was tender. "Every inch of us sticky."

Edgar heard her bright laughter, planted a huge kiss on her cheek, and wondered why it had taken him so long to find Charlie. He could no longer imagine his life without the woman he loved at his side, along with whipped cream, chocolate and a cherry on top.

About the Author

Aurora Rose Lynn, a bestselling erotica author, lives in the Pacific Northwest with her husband and conure. She enjoys writing romance with a sensual twist but first and foremost, her stories must be about love. When she isn't writing romance, she writes young adult and fantasy stories under a pen name.

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