
On Cherry Hill

by Selena Kitt

Erotica

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On Cherry Hill

By Selena Kitt

My stomach lurched when I saw the red and blue flashing lights appear out of nowhere behind me. I pulled over onto the grass on the side of the dirt road. I hadn't seen one car since turning down this road, but that wasn't surprising—it was four in the morning and I'd been watching for a break in the farms and fields, looking for my next turn.

I rolled down my window, letting in the cool night air with just a hint of dampness. It was a relief after the heat of the day. I dug through my wallet for my license, hearing his boots crunching the gravel as he came up to my car, waving his flashlight in through my window. It was the only light out here—there were no streetlights at all.

"Ma'am." He bent down to look into my window. I glanced over at him, my heart leaping as it always did whenever I faced someone in authority. "License, registration and proof of insurance?"

I handed him my license, flipping my glove box open and digging through. The papers were buried under fast food napkins and packets of ketchup and taco sauce.

"Here you go." I managed to keep my voice from quivering, but was unable to stop the way my hands trembled. "Officer, I'm sorry, but I'm really in a hurry. I'm on my way to a birth."

He dipped his head back down, frowning. "A birth? Are you a doctor?"

"Midwife," I corrected, adding softly, "Apprentice midwife."

His gaze was level and cool, disbelieving. "There isn't a hospital around here for miles, ma'am."

"It's a home birth," I explained, pleading at him with my eyes. His face had that square, chiseled look I always associated with cops. "I have the address. I swear I'm telling you the truth. There's a woman in labor about half a mile from here who's waiting for me to deliver her baby."

He fixed his eyes on me for a moment, assessing. It was close to the truth, but not quite, and I swear he could tell. Without a word, he took my paperwork, turned around and went back to his cruiser.

I grabbed my cell phone out of my purse, ducking down a little in the seat, hoping he couldn't see me. Charlotte's number was three on my speed dial, after "home" and "Charlie's cell." I pushed the button and waited, but nothing happened.

"Fuck," I swore, looking at the "Searching for service" screen illuminated on my phone.

I was in the middle of nowhere. Of course there was no service. Charlotte had called me at three-fifteen to tell me Katie's water had broken and told me to meet her there. This was only the fifth birth we'd done together, and I couldn't believe I might miss it because of some cop!

I heard his boots kicking gravel again and shoved my phone back into my purse, looking up at him as he leaned over to talk to me. "Do you know why I pulled you over, ma'am?"

"No." I shook my head, seeing him raise his eyebrows at me under his hat.

"You have a headlight out." He pointed to the front of my husband's car. I always took his car when I went to a birth, because he had to take the kids to the sitter, and the car seats were in the minivan I usually drove.

I sighed, closing my eyes in frustration. I thought it had seemed darker down here than the last time I'd traveled this road. Charlie had sworn he was going to have it fixed.

"I didn't know, officer," I insisted. "This is my husband's car."

He frowned again, his eyes narrowing just slightly. "It's registered in your name."

"Both of our cars are in my name," I explained, leaning my arm on the window. "Officer, there's a woman in labor, I really have to—"

He took off his hat, revealing dark, close-cropped hair. "Ma'am, do you realize you're driving on a suspended license?"

I stopped, staring at him, blinking fast. “No,” I replied, incredulous. “That’s not possible.”

“Can you get out of the car, please, ma’am?” he asked, taking a step back.

“Wh—What?” My heart was racing and my hands were really trembling now. “I don’t understand.”

“I’m afraid you’ll have to come with me,” he said, indicating with his hand that he wanted me to get out of the car. “Please roll up your windows and lock your vehicle.”

I sat motionless, stunned, my mouth working but nothing coming out.

“Ma’am.” This time his voice was more firm. “Step out of the vehicle. Now.”

I felt tears welling up and choked them back, grabbing my keys and my purse and opening the door. He nodded toward my window, and I rolled it up, locking my door and shutting it.

I was still blinking back tears when I turned to face him. “Officer, please ... I really didn’t know.”

“Did you get a ticket a few months ago in Newport?” he asked me. “Put your purse on the ground, ma’am.”

I dropped my keys into my purse and set it down by my back tire, a slow, terrible realization dawning.

“For doing five over,” I agreed, nodding, a lump in my throat. I remembered it clearly. I was talking on my cell to Charlie and driving home from dropping the kids off at school when I got pulled over for doing thirty in a twenty-five.

“Did you pay that ticket, ma’am?” He took a step toward me. He was very tall and broad-shouldered, formidable in that uniform and I shrank against the car.

“My husband—” I started, and he touched my shoulder, his grip hard and firm.

“Turn around for me, ma’am.” He twisted his hand, his thumb digging into the flesh above my clavicle.

I did as he asked, feeling hot tears starting, and I couldn’t stop them. Charlie was the one who handled paying all the bills. I’d told him about the ticket and had given it to him to pay.

I knew he’d had to do a lot of juggling lately and creative financing since I’d quit my job and started doing midwifery full time, but I couldn’t imagine he hadn’t paid a sixty dollar ticket. Even if that were the case, I couldn’t believe someone’s license could get suspended for an unpaid speeding ticket!

What I really couldn’t imagine, though, was that the consequences were going to be my getting arrested and sent to jail. It was very real to me all of a sudden, standing there at the side of my car in the light of the flashers, and I felt weak with the realization.

“Put your hands on top of the vehicle,” he instructed and I cringed, not believing this could be happening. I pressed my hands to the cool surface, looking off through the field, seeing everything through prisms. I was glad for the support of the car against me, because I was feeling faint. “Spread your feet apart, ma’am.”

I looked over my shoulder at him, incredulous. He couldn’t be serious!

He raised his eyebrows and nodded once. “Ma’am, spread your legs.”

Turning my face away, I slowly parted my thighs, my heart thundering in my chest, my cheeks flushed red. I decided to try one more time.

“You don’t understand!” I heard the tremble in my own voice, and my feeble attempt to control it. “There’s a woman in labor and I have to be at her birth. Can’t you please just let me go?”

I said the words to the trees rustling in the breeze, listening behind me for any response from him. It was quiet for a moment.

“Are you the only one who can deliver this baby?”

I sighed. “No,” I admitted. “I’m the apprentice. The primary midwife is on her way, but she has longer to drive, and I’m worried she won’t get there in time.”

“But you aren’t the only person responsible for this woman and her baby?”

I closed my eyes, shaking my head, whatever hope I’d been hanging onto fading. “No, sir—but she’s counting on me to be there. This is my *job*. I need to go. You don’t understand!”

“I understand your position,” he said, not unkindly. I felt him moving behind me, not touching me, but the presence of his big body behind mine was nearly palpable. “But I need *you* to understand *mine*. Your license has been suspended—you *can’t drive*.”

I pressed my forehead to the window of the car, defeated.

Then I had a thought. “You could drive me.”

He put his hands over mine, spreading them further apart on the roof. “No, ma’am, I can’t drive you ... I have to arrest you.”

I groaned, shaking my head, my stomach lurching again. “Is that really necessary?”

I felt his hands on my ankles, which were bare, since I was wearing Birkenstocks and a sundress. His palms felt enormous as he slid his hands up my calves.

“Wh—what are you doing?” I breathed, turning to look down at him squatting behind me.

“Searching you,” he replied calmly, his hands slipping further up, past my knees. He was under my dress, now, instead of over it, touching bare skin.

“Is this really necessary?” My breath caught as his fingers worked their way up my inner thighs. “It’s not like I could carry a concealed weapon under a sundress, right?”

“I don’t know.” His voice was low and he stood behind me, his hands not moving from my inner thighs. My dress pulled up as he stood, and I felt his fingers brush between my legs. “Feels like you’ve got quite a bit concealed under here.”

Mortified, I bit my lip and closed my eyes. I’d been in a hurry when I left and had thrown on the dress, but hadn’t bothered with panties since I knew I had an extra set of clothes in my bag. I glanced toward his cruiser, hoping to see the little red light of a camera in the window, but I saw nothing.

His hand moved up under my dress, over my hips, grabbing my ass. I couldn’t move, I couldn’t even breathe as he cupped my bare breasts in his hands, my dress pulled all the way up now, leaving me fully exposed.

“Oh my God,” I whispered as he pressed in behind me, his belt digging into the flesh of my back. “What are you doing?”

I knew in that moment, there were scarier things than getting arrested. I felt his breath against my neck and something hard against my hip. I thought it might be his gun.

“Please.” I gasped as his fingers pinched my nipples, twisting them, making me recoil. “You don’t have to do this.”

“You keep saying that, Anne.” The sound of my name in his mouth made me even more afraid. “You want to know if this is really necessary?”

“Oh my God,” I breathed, shaking, trying to melt into the car when I heard the sound of him undoing his belt buckle. “Please, don’t, please...”

“You tell me,” he murmured, sliding a hand down my belly and cupping my mound, pulling up tight, making me jerk back against him. His other hand was still rolling my nipple, which showed the first sign of my body’s betrayal, hardening under the cool air and his attention.

“I don’t understand,” I gasped, looking toward his cruiser again, past it, searching the road for other cars and knowing I wouldn’t find any. It was four in the morning and we were in the middle of nowhere.

“Do you want to be arrested?” He grabbed my shoulders and propelled me toward the front of my car. I screamed, I couldn’t help it, panicking. I stumbled over my sandals and they came off as he grabbed my arms, twisting them behind me as he bent me over the hood.

“Please,” I pleaded, real tears coming now. “Please don’t do this—”

I heard the handcuffs before I felt them clicking around my wrists. I groaned, pressing my flushed, wet cheek to the hood of the car.

“If I arrest you...” His hands slid under my dress again, moving it up over my ass. The air was cool against my skin. “It’s four points and a thousand dollar fine for driving with a suspended license. That’s not including the three hundred dollars it will take to bail you out of jail.”

I gasped, half at his words, half at his fingers probing between my legs.

We didn't have thirteen hundred dollars. *We obviously don't even have sixty to pay the speeding ticket in the first place, or I wouldn't be in this position, would I?* I thought, wincing as his fingers searched and groped my flesh.

"Are you going to arrest me?" I looked toward his car. I couldn't see it from this angle, where I was laid out on the hood, but the flashing lights continued, giving a red cast to everything. At this point, I was thinking a night in jail wasn't such a bad thing after all.

"I'd rather fuck you." His fingers were inside of me now, pushing in and sliding out. I bit the inside of my cheek, trying not to scream or cry.

"Do ... do I have a choice?" I gasped as he spread my legs wider.

"Not really." He used his fingers to open my lips. I did cry then, silently, feeling his hand rubbing roughly between my legs. I knew it wouldn't matter if I screamed or struggled—there was no one out here but us.

"Don't move," he cautioned, and I felt the weight of him move off of me and heard the sound of his boots on the gravel again. I twisted, trying to see, but couldn't.

"I'm not going far," he assured me, and then I felt his breath against my thighs, his palms spreading open my ass.

"Please," I whispered, but I barely heard myself.

His fingers and tongue slipped between my pussy lips, spreading me open. His hands pressed my thighs even wider, and I felt his cheeks against them as he slid his tongue up and down my slit.

"No," I groaned, straining against the handcuffs, my shoulders aching.

"You have a beautiful cunt," he murmured, licking me up and down, long, slow laps with his tongue. "Doesn't that feel good?"

I held still then, my mind racing. I couldn't stop whatever he was intent on doing, and although it had occurred to me perhaps he wasn't going to ever let me go, I fought against the panic of that thought. He clearly wanted me to feel pleasure—maybe if I feigned some, this could be over much sooner?

"Yes," I whispered, spreading my legs a little.

He moaned at my response and slid his fingers into me, pumping them slowly in and out while he continued with his tongue, making me wet with his saliva. I closed my eyes, letting out a few whimpers and sighs, and he increased his pace, his fingers thrusting deeper, his tongue focused on my clit. It seemed to go on forever, his mouth and the wet sound between my legs, and I was getting lost in it

"Oh God," I whispered, feeling him suck my clit between his lips, his tongue moving back and forth over my flesh. "Please."

My body conspired against me and the pleasure came unbidden, a delicious tension, building up, becoming more and more urgent. I whimpered my frustration and humiliation against the hood of the car, squirming in an effort to make it all end.

"Do you like that?" he murmured against my pussy, his fingers slowing a little. "Do you want me to continue?"

My pussy betrayed me, throbbing under the attention of his mouth, aching for more.

"Yes," I whispered, arching my back.

He sank back into me with a groan, burying his face between my legs, licking and sucking and nuzzling the soft flesh there until I was writhing with the sweet torture of it. He was relentless, staying right with my clit, licking it with faster and harder strokes.

"Ohhhh!" It happened so fast I hardly had time to feel it coming. I shuddered with my climax, his hands gripping my ass as I came, his tongue still working until I was spent, weak and trembling.

I could barely stand when he pulled me off the hood of the car, and was almost grateful that he pressed me to my knees. I looked up at him as he unzipped, sliding his uniform pants down and pulling his cock out of his shorts. It was big and hard and pointing right at me.

"Open your mouth," he instructed, easing the wet head past my lips.

I whimpered but complied, shifting my weight, small rocks in the dirt biting at my knees.

He groaned as I took the length of him, grabbing my hair and pulling me in closer. I gagged, choking as the tip of his cock touched the back of my throat.

He slid out but then shoved back in again, moving even deeper this time, making me feel like I was drowning in his flesh.

"Suck it," he growled, looking down at me.

His eyes were dark with lust as he watched himself disappearing into my mouth. I worked my lips and tongue up and down his length, and since my hands were still restrained behind my back, they were no help at all. I just had my mouth, a hot, wet cavity I used to swallow him again and again until he was moaning and thrusting and grabbing the sides of my head

I had my eyes closed for a long time, just taking him in, letting him use my mouth for his pleasure. When he slowed a little, breathless and groaning, I opened my eyes and saw the butt of his gun above the holster at my eye-level.

I'd never seen a gun, and the sight of it in his belt shocked me. I shivered, feeling goosebumps rising on my arms. When I looked up at him, I saw he was still panting, eyes half-closed, the red and blue of the flashers making alternating patterns across the hard line of his jaw

"Up," he growled, tugging at my hair. I tried to stand, finding it too difficult with my hands cuffed behind my back.

"I can't," I whispered.

He grunted, bending down and reaching an arm under one of mine, yanking me upward. I stumbled, gasping, as he pressed me toward the car, his mouth covering mine.

The kiss was rough, hard, his tongue forcing its way in past my teeth. His cock was steel heat between us, burning against my belly even through the fabric of my dress, and I could feel his badge pressing against my breast, flattening my nipple.

I moaned when he cupped my breasts, thumbing their tips as he shoved his thigh between mine.

"Bend over." He turned me around and pushed me toward the front of the car. I felt his hands shoving my dress up again as he forced me to bend over the hood, his fingers slipping between my wet flesh. I stared off into the fields, seeing the light of a house far, far off in the distance. It looked so small and alone.

He pressed against me, his cock pointing upward and resting against the crack of my ass as he leaned over me, his hands searching for my breasts again under my dress. He pushed it all the way up now, and I gasped at the cool metal surface of the car under my body

His belt dug into my flesh and his cock brushed my fingertips where my hands were still bound. He fondled my breasts, tugging at my nipples, making me squirm and gasp. I grabbed the tip of him with my hand when he pushed forward, squeezing, and he groaned

"Ahhh, that's good," he murmured, thrusting into my closed fist. I grabbed him with my other hand, too, making a tunnel for him to push into and he did with a grunt, fucking my cuffed hands

His big palms slid down my body, over my ribs and hips, searching out my pussy again. *I'm wet from his mouth*, I told myself, knowing the juice flowing down my thighs wasn't just saliva.

He moved back a little, spreading my legs with his hands, using his fingertip to find me, and then pressed the head of his cock there. I gasped at the thick heat of him, spreading me wide as he slid in, using my hips to give him some leverage.

"Oh, God," I whispered, closing my eyes against it, helpless to stop it.

I rocked with the weight of him as he fucked me, my hands still trapped behind, brushing his belly and belt as he moved. My treacherous pussy was singing, the wet squelch filling the night as he slammed into me, searching for the deepest point and rubbing there.

"Please!" I was begging, but I didn't know if I was pleading for him to cease or persist. My head said one thing, but my body was lost in the sensation, submitting to the blissful swell of it between my legs.

He granted me as I drove into me and ground against my ass, pulling the round rise of my cheeks into the saddle of his hips. I was breathing hard, a slick sheen of sweat beading on me, making the air even cooler against my skin. My pussy was swollen and pulsing around the stiff length of him, and I squeezed as hard as I could, making him groan and press deep, his fingers clenching me.

"No, oh, God!" I cried out when he began again, using his legs to push into me at an angle, aiming his cock toward the stars and seeking my center. He was growling and moaning, lifting my hips off the hood of the car with every thrust, jarring my teeth. His fingers slipped between my legs, searching out my clit and rubbing, bringing me closer to that edge.

"Please, no," I begged, my body taking over, forcing me to sail toward a pulsing release which coiled, waiting to spring, between my legs. He was teasing it out, bit by bit, fucking me so hard I couldn't catch my breath. I reached a point of no-return, my ass clenching, my thighs trembling, my slick body twisting against the hood of the car.

I groaned, feeling the first tremors moving through me, an exquisite pulse between my thighs, gripping and releasing his cock with every flutter. He held me, never stopping, giving me more and more, taking me deeper, forcing every last quiver and moan from my body.

Only then did he slide his cock out of me, pulling me down to my knees on the dirt, and forcing the slick length of his flesh down my throat.

"Swallow," he growled, sending the first hot blast against my soft palate, following that with another jet of white hot fluid, and then another, filling my mouth, forcing me to swallow the copious amounts of cum spurting over my tongue. He groaned, grabbing my hair and jerking against me with every thick burst as he erupted into my throat.

Spent, he pulled himself from my mouth, and I watched as he zipped himself up, tucking, straightening. I was shaking, looking up at him, wondering what was next. Part of my brain was screaming at me to run, as far and as fast as I could, because he was never going to let me leave.

"Officer," I whispered, struggling to stand and not able to find my balance. "Please, can I just go?"

He turned and walked to the back of my car, taking his hat off my trunk and putting it on. Then he came back, standing over me while he pulled his pad out of his belt and started to write. I stared at him, my mouth agape.

"Let me get those cuffs off you." He put a hand under my arm and helped me to stand. His hands were gentle as he turned me this time, unlocking the handcuffs and putting them back on his belt.

I rubbed my shoulders with my palms, breathing, "Thank you."

"I've cited you for the headlight." He tore the ticket off and handed it to me. "It's a warning. If you get it fixed and bring the receipt in to the court before that date, there won't be a fine."

I took the ticket with a trembling hand, saying it again, "Thank you."

"Have a good night, ma'am." He tipped his hat at me. I stared, incredulous, as he strode back to his car.

I was still standing there in bare feet with dirty knees and the taste of his cum in my mouth when he pulled past me, giving me a brief salute, the flashers off now. It was still dark, and for the first time since I'd stepped out of my car, I was aware of the sound of the crickets in the field behind me.

I watched his car until the lights were pinpoints in the distance, the ticket in my hand crumpled in my fist.

* * * *

Katie had a baby girl, right about the time I was spread across the hood of my car. Charlotte told me not to bother coming, so I turned around and went home. I took a shower and slipped back into bed.

And I didn't tell Charlie. I didn't tell him about the ticket or the suspended license or the cop. I don't know why. Part of me was just too ashamed—not of what had happened, but of how I had responded. Every time I remembered it, I flushed, and the crotch of my panties started getting damp.

I just got the headlight fixed and took the receipt and the ticket to the courthouse, like he said to. The girl behind the glass took them, snapping her gum and tapping the keyboard with the longest fingernails I'd ever seen.

"When did you get this ticket?" She frowned at her screen.

"Last week," I said, remembering. "Monday morning."

She shook her head, clacking away again at the keys with her nails. I watched her, remembering the way he turned me, pulled me, gripped me, forced me. I could still feel the handcuffs biting into my wrists. The thought made me feel faint.

"I'm sorry." She slipped the ticket and receipt back out to me. "I'm afraid this ticket isn't in our system."

"Wh—What?" I took the papers back, blinking at her. "But I have the ticket, look, from Officer Ryan ... Ryan Biggs ... it says right here."

She shrugged, snapping her gum again. "The only Ryan Biggs in our system died fifteen years ago."

I felt the blood drain out of my face as I crumpled the papers back into my purse. I mumbled a confused, "Thank you," and turned to go.

"Do you..." I stopped and looked back to her. "How did he die?"

She shrugged. "I have no idea."

A dark-haired woman behind her who had been filing papers looked up from her desk, pushing her glasses up. "Ryan Biggs was killed in the line of duty."

The gum-snapping girl looked at her. "You knew him?"

"He was killed on a routine traffic stop out on Cherry Hill Road," she said. "Some woman shot him. They never found a motive."

I saw my own stunned reflection in the glass as I stared at her. I was remembering what had happened early Monday morning between Officer Biggs and me out there in the dark on the dirt pavement of Cherry Hill Road.

The End

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Like any feline, Selena Kitt loves the things that make her purr—and wants nothing more than to make others purr right along with her! Pleasure is her middle name, whether it's a short cat nap stretched out in the sun or a long kitty bath. She makes it a priority to explore all the delightful distractions she can find, and follow her vivid and often racy imagination wherever it wants to lead her.

This sassy, outrageous author lives with her husband and children in the rural Midwest, all of whom she thinks are the cat's meow. Her writing embodies everything from the spicy to the scandalous, but watch out—this kitty also has sharp claws and her stories often include intriguing edges and twists that take readers to new, thought-provoking depths.

When she isn't pawing away at her keyboard, she loves spending her time belly dancing, attending drum circles, gathering in women's groups, and taking beautiful pictures of everything in her world.

Her e-publishing credits include: *Rosie's Promise* published by Samhain and *Torrid Teasers #49* published by Whiskey Creek Press featuring two short stories, *French Lessons* and *I'll Be Your Superman* in 2008. Her stories and poems are in the following anthologies: *Coming Together: For The Cure*, *Coming Together: Under Fire* and *Coming Together Volume 1* and *Volume 3*. Two stories, *Sacred Spots* and *Happy Accident*, will soon be published by Phaze Publishing, as well as her novels *Christmas Stalking*, *Blind Date*, *The Surrender of Persephone* and *The Song of Orpheus*. She has also been published online in *The Shadow Sacrament: a journal of sex and spirituality*, *The Erotic Woman*, and her story, *Connections*, was one of the runners-up for the *2006 Rauxa Prize*, given annually to an erotic short story of "exceptional literary quality," out of over 1,000 nominees, where awards are judged

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STARVING ARTIST

By Selena Kitt

Ellie is living the life of a true starving artist in a small efficiency apartment in dangerous downtown Detroit, but more dangerous than her surroundings are the men to whom she pays rent.

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However, a strange twist of fate gives Ellie a chance at revenge.

Will she take it?

Warning: This title contains graphic language, nonconsensual and anal sex.

Excerpt From *STARVING ARTIST*:

The entire apartment was one corner of a large old house in a poor and fairly dangerous section of Detroit. The most she could say about it was he kept it clean, and so far, bug-free. That was one reason she'd taken it—but really, it was the incredible light coming into the kitchen that sold it for her. Never mind it was one of the only places in her student price-range that didn't have a roach or a rat included in the décor.

"Nothing like being a poor student, huh?" He flashed that smile again. "I know what it's like. I was there once."

She leaned against the table, hugging her arms over her belly. She realized she was still wearing her apron, and it reminded her of the world she'd been flowing through only moments before. That world seemed impossibly far away. She untied the apron and tossed it behind her onto the table.

She regretted uncovering herself a moment later as she turned to find his eyes locked on the light blue tank-tee she wore. With a swallow, she watched as those eyes slid down her form to the faded jeans hugging her slight hips. If she could've stepped back, she would've, but the table stopped her. His eyes flicked back and forth between her breasts, as if trying to decide which one to settle on. He reached his left hand out, a large hand with a thick gold and diamond band on the ring finger, but she rounded her back like a hissing cat, crossing her arms over her chest.

This had all been negotiated last time—he wasn't to touch her. It was a simple barter agreement. He withdrew, his eyes flickering with some sort of heat Ellie could almost feel.

"All right, come on then, starving artist." He took the few strides to the futon and settled himself down onto the black cushion over the sweeping white oriental symbol for "prosperity." He looked out of place here, as out of place as she might look at a cocktail party, she imagined. She found herself gnawing the inside of her cheek as he leaned back and unzipped his trousers. "Let's see if we have something for you to eat."

That first time, it had been no surprise to her his cock was as slick and smooth as he appeared, his dark pubic hair neatly trimmed. What had surprised her was the texture of him, unlined and unveined, with the smoothness of velvet around the tip, and even more unexpected was the benign taste of him, a bland shock, like a bowl of oatmeal or cream of wheat.

As she knelt before him now, the carpet digging into the tender flesh of her knees, she watched him stroke the unwrinkled shaft emerging from the fly of his finely pin-striped Montefino trousers, his eyes slipping closed, his nostrils flaring in anticipation. She leaned in, careful not to touch him too much, balancing herself with one paint-stained hand on the edge of the futon between his legs, still startled by the lack of aroma as she slipped the head of his cock between her lips...

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