

# BLIND DATE



*Dee Dawning*

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*Presents*

**Blind Date**  
**An erotic romance**  
**by**

**Dee Dawning**  
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**Chapter One**

*Dang!* With her hands full of grocery bags, Rhianna's latest hit blasted from her cell phone at a most inopportune time. She hurried up the last few stairs, unlocked the door and rushed into the kitchen. Setting the bags on the counter, she reached into her handbag for the phone just as it stopped ringing. *Double dang!* Checking the missed calls, she discovered the call had been from her best friend and business partner, Ty, short for Tya, so she rang her back.

"Keli. What a surprise, I just called you."

Forgetting for a split second that her number was programmed into Ty's phone, she wondered how she knew it was her.

"I know, I just missed you, so I'm calling you back."

"Thanks, we haven't talked for a while and I just wanted to chat. So how've you been?"

"Ty, we see each other every day at the store. What did you call about?"

"Saw right through me, huh?"

"You're an open book."

"Hmm. Well, Kel, a situation has developed and I need your help."

When Keli didn't bite she went on. "The company my cousin works for is transferring him to Chicago."

Keli pictured Tya's cousin, whom she met a couple years ago. "That's nice." He was good looking enough, but had average abilities and a bland personality.

"It is. I haven't seen him for ages, but we're very close so that's why I said I'd get him a date with you."

"Me?" Keli couldn't believe her ears "A date with me? You told him I'd go out with him?"

"I'm afraid so. Please don't hate me, but I told him it was all set."

Keli felt her jaw muscles tighten, but she put her best foot forward. "I could never hate you, Ty, but why me?"

"It's my fault. I kept bragging about you, how fabulous looking you are and what a darling shape you have and...two weeks ago he asked for a photo, so I emailed him some pictures."

This wasn't making sense. "But why would he need pictures, he met me two years ago?"

"Oh, you're thinking of Cousin Antoine. This is another cousin, great looking and smart as a whip."

"And he wants to go out with me?"

"Yes, He kept pestering me to get a date with you and I kept putting it off. Four days ago, I...ah, told him the date was a done deal and you were looking forward to it."

All of a sudden, feeling faint, she pulled a chair out from the table, sat and paraphrased what Ty had said, very slowly, "Let me get this straight, you told him I...really...looked...forward...to...our...date?"

"Unfortunately, and he made reservations at a fancy restaurant and bought tickets for an expensive play. He wants to make an impression. I wanted to call and tell you, but I knew what I did was wrong and by then I became scarred shitless to tell you. Until now...now I'm out of time."

Her heart jumped into her throat. At least it felt like it did. "Hold on! Wait a minute, what does 'out of time' mean—?"

"Your dinner reservation is for six-thirty."

Panic struck. "Six-thirty!" She glanced at her watch—a quarter to five. "Tonight!" she screamed, "Girl, how could you do this to me? Maybe I can hate you after all."

Ty began to blubber. "I'm sorry, *sob*, I know I shouldn't have done it, *sob*, but it was one of those things. I can't, *sob*, explain it."

"If dinner is at six thirty, what time will he be here?"

"I don't know, but it's downtown so I suppose forty-five minutes to an hour ahead of time."

Absolute *terror* replaced her panic. A strange man would be here in less than an hour to take her out. *Calm down and think.* "Ty, I don't hate you, but I am *really, really* pissed at you. I don't have much time, since I have to get ready, give me the condensed version. Tell me everything about your cousin you can think of in two minutes, starting with his name."

"His name is Phillip Gordon, but he goes by Gordy. He's two years older than us, stands a shade over six feet, and like you, he has a glorious bod and...let's just say you won't be disappointed. He attended UCLA on a football scholarship, received a Bachelor of Science degree, is supposed to be some kind

of wizard and works his wizardry in the research and development department of some avant garde, hi techie company."

When Ty paused to catch her breath, Keli said, "Sounds impressive. I need to get ready now. Just tell me, is he nice?"

"Oh yes. Gordy is the warmest, sweetest person. I adore him."

"Okay, good. I gotta go."

"Keli?"

"What?"

"There's one more thing I should tell you."

"I'm listening. Hurry please."

"Gordy is light skinned."

"That's all right. I have to go. Goodbye."

\* \* \* \*

After a two minute shower and a half hour make-up session, she donned a strapless gold lame evening gown and matching Manolo three inch heels. Gazing in the mirror adjusting a couple wayward locks of her straightened hair, she scrutinized her appearance. Tya was right, she could look fabulous when she felt like it and right now she looked good – damned good.

*Calm down girl, remember what Daddy said, "Your looks are not an accomplishment. You didn't earn them. Nature or a higher power gave them to you, so get your head out of the clouds." Maybe, but I can sure appreciate and enjoy them.* She smiled and hitched her head.

The door bell interrupted her reverie. Her stomach lurched. It's him – don't panic. Tya said he's very nice.

Calmly, she went to the front door and peeked through the peep hole. There stood Phillip – or Gordy, if she could get used to it – but something seemed out of place and it wasn't the tux he wore. Hurriedly, she undid the safety locks and swung the door open. Phillip – Gordy stared at her wide eyed. His gaze dropped to her open toed, high heeled sandals with languor, then rose back to her eyes. She watched opened mouth while the corners of his thin lips curled into an effusive white smile. "Hi...you look fabulous. I'm Phil, but friends call me Gordy."

She stepped out of the way. "Come in, won't you," she planned on saying Gordy, but she couldn't do it, "Phillip?"

Bowing his head, he stepped in and gave her light kiss on the cheek. He held out a plastic container. "I have a corsage for you. Would you like me to pin in on or would you prefer to do it?"

He held a lavender and white orchid. She shut and locked the door and took the corsage. "I'll do it."

She couldn't help but notice how damned handsome he looked. He grinned. "Just as well, my hands are probably shaking too much. I wouldn't

want to stick you on our first date." Realizing the double *entendre* of what he'd said his skin tone reddened. "I mean with the pin..."

*Well at least he's nervous, too!* She laughed. "I knew what you meant. Have a seat. I have a couple things to do and I'll be right back. Can I get you something?"

His head shook. "No, I'm fine."

She waltzed into her bedroom over to the nightstand, grasped her phone, scrolled down to Tya Jackson and pushed call. In seconds, Ty's cheerful voice penetrated her left ear.

"Hi Kel."

"Hi Ty. Your cousin is here."

She heard an *EEK*, then Ty asked, "What do you think?"

"He's very handsome, just like you said."

"I told you so, babe, I wouldn't steer you wrong."

"No, you told the truth. You also didn't lie when you said he was light skinned, but silly me, I thought you meant light skinned brother, not a blond haired blue eyed Cau...Cau...Caucasian."

"Well I—"

"Let me finish. Explain to me how you, a black woman, can have a cousin who's almost white as snow?"

"He's actually my step cousin. We're related by marriage. After Uncle Chester died, Aunt Yvette married Ken, Gordy's father, though he's a little darker than Gordy. His mother must be Swedish or something. Is there a problem?"

"Of course there is. He's white. In fact he's white on white. I've never been out with a white man and never even thought about it. Ty, he scares me."

"You're frightened of Gordy?"

"Yes, no. Please don't call him Gordy. Of course I'm not afraid of him. It's just that he's so damn good looking. I'm afraid of liking him."

"What's wrong with liking him?"

"Romantically. Jesus, I keep saying the wrong thing. Besides, I probably wouldn't know what to say to him. He and I come from different worlds. Other than at the store, I rarely have more than a cursory exchange with a white person."

"What do you mean?"

"You know, small talk, chit chat. Hi, how are you? Gonna be a hot one today."

"Well, here's your opportunity. I've had dozens of meaningful conversations with Gordy."

"That's great. I'm glad you have such good rapport with him. I wouldn't know where to start."

"Just think of something you have in common."

"Like what. What does a black woman and a white man, strangers no less, have in common?"

"Hmmm. Let me think about that a second. I know. Sex!"

"Are you out of your mind? How could I talk about sex to a perfect stranger on a first date? What could I possibly say?"

"How much you like sex?"

Instantaneously, she replied, "You are out of your mind! He'd think I was a tramp. Hell, I'd think I was a tramp" She thought about what Ty'd said. "How would you know if I like sex? I never talk about it?"

"Well, do you?"

"Yes, but —"

"I thought so. Little things, movements, things said and left unsaid. I just picked it up."

"I might like sex, but I'm certainly not going to discuss it with Phillip. You're no help. I'll just go out with him and see what happens."

"Now, you're talking. Have fun."

## Chapter Two

"Hi, I'm back and ready to go."

He stood when she entered the room and his gaze reflected admiration. "You look smashing."

She smiled and looked him up and down. "Why thank you Phillip. So do you. What's on the itinerary?"

"You don't have to be so formal. You can call me Gordy."

"Gordy, huh? Do you have any other nicknames?"

"Sure, Gordo or even Gor."

*Gor, as in blood and guts? My God, it only gets worse.*

"And a few use my middle name."

*I wonder why?* "Oh really, what's that?"

"Trevor or Trev."

"Trev, I like that. Where are we going Trev?"

Dinner reservations at Tratorria at six-thirty and then we're off to the Cadillac Theater to see Dream Girls."

Keli's large eyes got bigger. "Ooh, Dream Girls, I've been dying to see that. I can't wait. Let's go."

Trev offered his forearm and off they went.

Imagine her surprise when they walked out to the street and a white stretch limousine waited for them. "Is this yours?" She asked naively.

He laughed. "For the night, it is."

The driver came around and opened the door so they could slide in.

On the long drive downtown, Trev edged closer. "So, where do you know Tya from?"

The faint, pleasant, citrus bouquet of his cologne, teased her nostrils and mind. "Originally, we worked together in a women's fashion store. When the owner developed health issues and offered to sell to us at favorable terms, we bought it. Ty tells me you're being transferred here. What do you do?"

He took the opportunity of her question to shift around and lay an arm around her shoulder. His warm, soft hand on her bare shoulder felt nice. "I work for a company called Applied Technologies, in the research department."

She snickered. "Ty tells me you're cousins. How did that come about?"

"We're not blood kin, didn't she tell you?"

"She did." Keli laughed. "But I think I could have figured that out on my own. You're her cousin by her aunt's marriage to your father. So how did that happen?"

"Why do you want to know about them?" Before she could answer, he nuzzled his nose into her hair behind her ear. "Ummm, I love your perfume, what is it?"

With her heart rate speeding up, she had a sudden urge to kiss him. "Stop that. You're giving me chills. I want to know because, in case you haven't noticed we're in a similar dynamic."

A devilish smile formed on his beautiful face. "Oh really. Are we getting married?"

"That's not what I mean and yo—"

Without warning, to her utter surprise, his lips crushed hers. It excited her and she started to return his kiss. Then abruptly she became angry and shoved him away. "What are you doing?"

He looked contrite. "I'm sorry, your lips are irresistible. I wanted to see if they taste as sweet as they look."

"In case you haven't noticed, this is our first date and the way it's going it may be our last."

A single brow rose. "Then why did you start to return my kiss?"

Flustered, she frowned. "I did not."

He frowned and nostrils flared. "You did so. You're as attracted to me as I am to you. Aren't you?"

She couldn't deny it. "Yes, I find you attractive, but that's no reason to start kissing on our way to our first date. If you don't start behaving yourself, I'm gonna show you my rear end...as I get out of your fancy limo and stroll to the curb and catch a cab home."

He pulled his arm from around her shoulders, which she didn't like and raised both hands in mock surrender. "All right. I apologize. What would you like to talk about?"

He had her there. Luckily, they pulled up to Tratorria's and she had time to collect her thoughts, including why his kiss had such an effect on her.

The restaurant was so busy Trev had to stand in line to let the host know they were there.

After slipping the maitre de a twenty, he led them to a booth in the romantic, Tuscan style restaurant.

After a back waiter brought water and bread, she asked, "You never said. Where are you being transferred from?"

Before he could answer the waiter arrived. Keli scanned the menu and ordered the specialty of the house, lobster ravioli. After Trev ordered Osso Buco, the waiter left and Trev answered, "I'm moving from Denver and I must say it's a challenge getting used to not having mountains."

With her elbows resting on the table, she placed one hand over the other and rested her chin on the joined hands. "I'll bet. Tell me more. What do you do?"



His brow furrowed. "It's pretty hush hush, corporate espionage and all. "All I can tell you is I'm a research analyst, working on an important project."

"Corporate espionage? You mean like spying on each other and stealing secrets?"

"Exactly."

That seemed incredulous to her. "Oh, c'mon, there's truly cloak and dagger stuff going on between corporations?"

He buttered a piece of bread and nodded. "Most of it is between research institutions, unfortunately, it goes on everywhere. Take the business you're in for instance. You don't think Donna Karen has spies out to see what Versace and Ralph Lauren are coming out with next fall – to gain any edge they can?"

Keli's eyes widened. "No, I never thought about it." She laughed. "Our customers can't afford those lines anyway."

Trev flashed a somewhat condescending, but charming smile. "Well it doubtless happens in the lesser lines, too. Then there are counterfeiters to worry about, too. Anyway, it's not my problem. I do my job and mind my own business."

"That's fascinating. I'll have to ask some of my suppliers."

When the salads arrived, followed closely by the entrees, their conversation slowed to the occasional, 'could you pass the salt' or 'this is delicious.'

While enjoying coffee and a slice of fabulous chocolate mousse cake, she ventured another question, "Where's your office located?"

His face brightened. "That's what I meant to ask you. I haven't been there yet. It's located in Evanston. Is that very far from the area you live in?"

"Park Ridge. Not far. Maybe twelve miles. Why?"

"Good. I like it around there. I need to find a place to live. You have the airport and natural areas."

She giggled. "They're called forest preserves. Yes, they are nice. I run in them sometimes. So you're not living here yet?"

"Starting this morning, I am. I'm staying at one of the airport hotels." With a mischievous smile, he added. "You wouldn't want to see my hotel room after the play."

She wagged a naughty finger and laughed. To her chagrin, she wondered, *What would sex with this man be like?* And then visualized them together in sexual harmony. Despite her initial reticence, she seemed to be fascinated by this charming, intelligent, handsome, man. A blind date no less. It wasn't hard to see why Ty felt so positive about him. Her mind slipped back an hour to the limousine and she wished she'd let him to finish the kiss she stopped. "Mighty tempting Trev, but I'm not a first date girl."

His mischievous smile turned into a grin. He cocked his head and asked, "Oh no? How about second date?"

*Will there be a second date with Trev? I hope so!* "Not likely."

"Yes, well we better run. Dream Girls starts in twenty minutes."

It turned out to be a magnificent evening. As she'd heard, Dream Girls was extraordinary and so was Trev. Sitting next to him, holding hands while enjoying the play, put her in a frame of acquiescence she hadn't thought possible.

After the play they went to a nearby jazz night club for drinks and slow, sensual dances. Oh, those slow erotic dances. Standing in place swaying to the music, her breasts rubbed against his broad chest while his rigid maleness pushed into her soft lower abdomen. She'd been so wound up, it was a good thing he never repeated his offer to see his hotel room. It would have taken every ounce of will power to resist a second offer.

At one o'clock, he took her home. Standing at the entry to her apartment, they finished the sensational kiss they'd started at the beginning of their date. After fifteen minutes of sensual kisses, caresses and fondling, Trevor headed back to the waiting chauffeur.

He never asked if he could come in and she resisted the urge to invite him in. Just before he left, he asked, "What's next?"

Keli reached in her purse and handed him a card. " My cell phone number is on there. Call me—soon."

He cast one last imploring look, and when she didn't invite him in, he nodded, said, "Count on it," and jogged to limousine.

\* \* \* \*

He turned, ran back to the limo and jumped in. He watched her while she watched him drive away. *God, I want her.* For the first time in his life he felt he could get serious about someone.

It's not that surprising, considering the reaction he had to the photos Ty had sent him. He couldn't take his eyes off her. Five feet, seven inches of slender, stunning brown sugar, she had the perfect amount of curvature in all the right places. He'd ended up printing eight by ten copies of the seven pictures Ty'd sent and kept them handy.

Her beautiful, heart shaped face featured luscious, kissable lips, a regal looking nose, coming to a rounded point and oversized, warm brown eyes. Tonight, she wore her dark brown hair down—long and straight, but in the photos when it wasn't up, she had it long and braided or wavy. One shot even showed her wearing it natural.

It didn't matter, she gave off the aura of a princess in all of them. But images are two dimensional and can fool you. He had to know if Keli possessed depth. If a real person dwelled behind those lovely, cognac colored eyes and tonight he found out. She passed the test with flying colors. What a sweet personality and did she have character. He bit his tongue to keep from smiling when she threatened to leave after he kissed her in the limousine. Few women resisted

sleeping with him when he pushed the issue. It wouldn't have mattered if she did, but she said she wouldn't and didn't.

\* \* \* \*

Keli stepped in, pushed the door shut and fastened the multiple locks. Park Ridge wasn't bad compared to some of the towns around there, but an attractive girl by herself is a tempting target.

*Phew! That was some kiss.* Half of her, the risqué half, wanted to continue right over there on the couch and who knows where else. A glance at the wall clock told her the time was one-ten.

She glided into her bedroom, where she removed and hung up her wrap and dress. Slipping off her heels, she took her earrings off before heading into the bathroom to brush her teeth and remove her makeup.

Just as she spread toothpaste on her brush, her phone rang. Gosh! Who's calling now? *I'll bet it's Ty looking for a recount of her wonderful date.* Wearing only panties and bra, she ran to the nightstand on which her purse rested and retrieved the ringing phone.

"Hello?"

His smooth masculine voice made her smile. "I know you didn't mean for me to call this soon, but it's something of an emergency. I need to find a place to live and since I like the area in which you live, I hoped you'd help me find a place."

Her full lips curved upward and formed a smile. She would love to do anything short of peeling potatoes with Trev. She'd been about to respond when she saw *him*. A man stood at his window across the courtyard glaring at her. "Just a minute, Trev."

She went to the French doors, flashed a very unladylike symbol with the fingers of her hand and pulled the drapes closed. "I'm back. How soon do you need to do this?"

"Is tomorrow, too soon?"

"I don't know, I open the store at ten and Ty doesn't come in until two. I may be able to slip away then. Will that work?"

"It'll have to. How about if I pick you up at the store and take you to a late lunch?"

"Sounds fun. I'll see you at two tomorrow."

"Wait. Where's your store?"

"Silly me. It's called 'Harmony in Fashions' and it's located in the Village Green Shopping Center on the 678 N. Northwest Highway."

"All right baby, I'll see you at two."

After Trev hung up, she peeked through a crack in the drapes and her voyeur no longer stood at his window. That'd been the second time she'd caught him watching and who knew how long he'd been watching before that. It gave

her a creepy feeling knowing someone stared her. *Perv*. She wouldn't be surprised if he went back to watching his porn collection or some other seedy enterprise.

Ever since LaShona moved into her boyfriend's house last month, Keli felt vulnerable, and face it, poor. She couldn't afford the rent on this expensive two bedroom apartment by herself. A new roommate was a necessity.

Her phone rang again. "What did you forget?"

"Who're you talking to?"

"Sorry, Ty, I thought you'd be Trev."

"Trev? I send you on a date with my cousin and all of a sudden you're talking about Trev. What's a matter? Didn't you hit it off with Gordy?"

"Oh, Ty, I not only hit it off with him, I came within inches of sleeping with him."

"Eek! Really, that's exciting, but who's Trev?"

Keli giggled. "Trevor is your cousin's middle name. I didn't like Phillip and I hated Gordy, so I call him Trev."

"You know, I never knew that. Trev does have a sexy ring to it—just like he is."

"He's sexy all right. Ty, I had a fabulous time. After dinner at a nice romantic restaurant, we went to see Dream Girls, which I adored. After that we went to a jazz night club where we danced and got all worked up until I decided enough. If I wasn't going to have sex, why get all worked up."

"You got that right."

Suddenly, she realized. "How come you're up so late?"

"I couldn't sleep. I worried about how your date was going. Looks like I worried about nothing. When are you going to see him again?"

"Tomorrow at two. He wants me to help him find a place to live in Park Ridge."

"Perfect. He needs a place to live and you need a roommate to help with the rent. A match made in heaven."

Keli's eyebrows furrowed. "I couldn't do that. We're much too attracted to each other."

"So?"

"So? We'd end up sleeping together."

"Sounds like that's inevitable, anyway."

She had a point. "Maybe, but wouldn't he think I was pushing him into sex and some kind of cohabital arrangement if I suggested he become my roommate?"

"Probably. Prove him wrong. Lay down some guidelines. Separate roommates from romance. Still go out on dates, but sex is off limits as roommates. At least until you break the ice and have sex outside your apartment on a date."

Keli yawned. "It would certainly solve some financial problems and take our relationship to another level." She yawned again. "Much as I'd like to, I better not. Right now, I'm going to bed."

"Me too. I'll see you at the store tomorrow."

## Chapter Three

The next morning, knowing Trevor would be meeting her, *she* spent two hours getting ready for work. Losing count, she must have gone through six or seven dresses and fixed her hair four different ways. Keli couldn't tell you what she wanted, but figured she'd know it when she saw it.

Eventually, she settled on a sexy, summery, print dress with a bellowing, knee length skirt and her favorite pair of open toed, Nina heels. She finished off the look with her favorite matching polished stone necklace and bracelet and headed to the store in her Nissan Altima.

Trev arrived at the same time Ty did. They hugged and embraced as if they hadn't seen each other in years and it turned out they hadn't. Still holding Ty's hand he wrapped his free hand around Keli's back and kissed her with a passion that picked up where they'd left off, last night. Pulling away from their twenty second kiss, Trev said, "I haven't seen my little Ty since she turned sixteen, in pig tails, still wearing braces." He angled toward her. ", but you've blossomed. Gorgeous, what's it been? Six years?"

"Seven by my count. And you haven't changed a bit. You still look like an incarnation of some Norse god."

He winked. "Well, you know how it is with us Norse gods. We never change. I'd love to chat, but I'm taking this other lovely lady to lunch and then she's going to help me find an apartment of my very own where you could come and visit. Would you care to go to lunch with us?"

"I'd love to, but...someone has to stay here. You know, I could come and visit you at Keli's, too."

Keli tensed.

Trev frowned. "What do you mean?"

Ty gazed upward and faked her best angel like impression. "I don't know. Maybe it's wishful thinking, but did you know Keli's roommate moved out last month and she's looking desperately for a new roommate?"

Immediately, his gaze traveled from Ty and fixed on her. "Is she now? Well, we better get going, I'm sure Keli is starving by now. Are you ready?"

She nodded.

Trev drove a half mile southeast along the Northwest Highway to a place called Houlihan's. Seated in a booth, while Keli studied the menu, Trev inquired, "Did you plan to tell me?"

She peeked at him over the menu. "About what?"

"Don't be coy. That you need a roommate."

"No."

Trev rested his elbows on the table and leaned forward. "Why the hell not?"

She set her menu down and straightened up. She answered in an indignant tone, "Because it wouldn't be right. We barely know each other."

"And just how are you looking for a roommate?"

She pursed her lips knowing she'd been had. "Classified ad."

Plying as much sarcasm as he could muster, he replied, "Oh, I see. And how many people you know have replied to your ad?"

"None. It's not just that. If we lived in the same apartment, it would interfere with our dating, assuming that's what you plan to do."

He fidgeted. "Of course it's what I plan to do, but tell me, how would my being your roommate obstruct my dating you?"

"I didn't say you couldn't do it. It just wouldn't seem the same. It would be harder to look forward to our dates if we lived in the same apartment, don't you think."

"Not for me. The way I see it, every night could be a date. We could have dates where we go out and when we didn't go out, we could have a date at home." He took hold of her hand, laying his other hand over the top. "Look, you need a roommate to help pay the bills and excuse me for saying this, for safety, too. I don't like the idea of you living alone and I need a place to live. I'd like to be your roommate. If you decided it wasn't working out, I could move out and we'd both be back to square one, no worse off for trying. What'dya say?"

She liked the idea, but still had nagging concerns. "You make it sound so dreamy, but if you lived in close quarters with me, there would be no way I could resist your charms and we'd become lovers."

He laughed and shook his head. "You make that sound like the worst thing that could happen to you."

She laid her other hand atop the other three. "No, that's not a bad thing. In fact, I suspect it would be a very good thing. I look forward to being intimate when the time is right, but I would like the time to come about naturally. I don't want to jump in bed with you and then have you think I'm some wanton little hussy."

His nostrils flared. "Give me a little credit. I'm crazy about you and from the way you act, I assume you're attracted to me. If we went straight to your apartment and made love, I would never make anything out of it other than what it is, a captivated man and woman enjoying each other." He pulled his hands away and set an arm across her shoulder. "Let me be your roommate. It'll be fun and if we become lovers, that'll be fun too."

A stab of discomfort passed through her nose and below her eyes. Suddenly emotional, she felt herself tearing up. He must have noticed, because he prodded, "All right?"

Her face contorted through a series of emotions, but she remained silent. When she felt his fingers dig into her ribs just below her breasts, she jumped.

"Well?" he inquired impatiently.  
Her head dipped in acquiescence.  
"Is that a yes?"

She nodded. "I guess it is."

A laugh of joy escaped his throat and he hugged her. Holding her close enough that she could feel the heat of his breath and the beating of his heart, he said under his breath, "You won't regret this. I promise."

Finally resolved, she warmed to the idea of him living with her. "Shall we go home? I'll show you your room." She snickered. "Mind you, it's not very big."

"Is it big enough to get a computer desk in?"

She snickered. "If you don't need a dresser or a bed."

He slid out of the booth and left enough money to cover the check and tip. "Let's go and see." He helped Keli slide out. When she stood he pulled her tight and kissed her. After saying, "Thanks." He grasped her hand and led her out of the restaurant.

Since both of them had cars, Trev dropped Keli back at her car and followed her home.

Keli walked in the bedroom and spun to face him. "I told you it's small."

"It'll be fine. Is this your furniture?"

She nodded. "Ah-huh."

He scratched his neck. "If you don't mind I'll exchange the bed for a day bed and computer desk."

She raised her hands to the side and cocked her head to the side. "Since you're paying half the rent, do what you want."

"I'll tell you what. You pay the utilities and I'll pay the rent. Is that a deal?"

"That's a wonderful offer. It seems like you should at least get the master bedroom for that."

He laughed in his deep baritone. "I intend to take residence there as soon as a certain person lets me."

Keli smiled. "You know what's funny. When I found out you were white, I told Ty I wouldn't know what to talk with you about, and she suggested I talk about sex. I told her how crazy that sounded, yet here we are on our second day and it seems like *sex* dominates our conversation."

He embraced her and chortled. "It seems to me, we need to get sex out of the way."

Her lips pursed. "I'm working on it smarty pants."

"Good. I'm going to get my things and check out of the hotel. When I get back, I'd like to celebrate living here with you. Would you like to go out or celebrate right here?"

"I don't think I'm up to going out two nights in a row."

"Then I'll make dinner."

Her mouth fell open. "You cook?"



He wagged his dense eyebrows. "I dabble at it."

Once Trev left, Keli called her friend at the shop.

"Harmony in Fashions, can I help you?"

"You certainly can, you sneak."

"Kel. Did you find cuz a place to live?"

"What do you think? After you opened your trap, he was hell bent on moving in with me."

She sounded surprised, "And you let him?"

"In addition to being charming, he can be very persuasive."

"Yeah, he can. Congratulations. When's the day?"

"What day? What are you talking about?"

"Oh, just a hunch. The way he pestered me until I got him a date, and seems to be zeroing in on you, I suspect he has thoughts of making you Mrs. Phillip Gordon."

A pang of anxiety struck her in the chest and she struggled to regain her breath. "Then why did you...open your mouth—"

"Because you're my best friend and he's my favorite cousin, an all around good guy. Not to mention together you make a stunning couple. Any more questions?"

"I guess not."

"Good, it's gotten busy in here and I have to go."

"All right."

"Keli?"

"What?"

"Baby, listen, I meant the congratulations. I feel good about this."

"Thanks. So do I. I think."

## Chapter Four

She felt good about Trevor moving in and her reaction when he returned proved it. Holding two bags of groceries, the sight of him made her heart race when she opened the door for him. After setting the bags down in the kitchen, he kissed her.

Half joking, she chided him, "Roommates don't kiss."

His hands rose in fake surrender. "You want me to stop?"

"My mind says yes, but my heart says no way baby." Feeling in a frisky mood with his return, she grasped the top of one of the bags and peeked in. "What'cha got in there?"

He pulled her hand away. "Dinner."

"I saw something else too, and if I'm not mistaken it's in a Victoria's Secret bag."

"If you don't mind, it's a surprise."

Mimicking shock, she placed her hands to her chest and asked, "For me?"

With his head tilted he smiled at her. "Well, Victoria's Secret ain't for me baby."

She raised an eyebrow. "When are you going to give it to me?"

"When the time is right." He grabbed her shoulders and turned her. "Go sit down while I make dinner." Then he swatted her fondly on the rear end.

Smiling coyly over her shoulder, she shrugged and started to leave the kitchen when he asked, "You don't have a spare key for the front door do you?"

"I do. LaShona gave hers back when she left. Let me see if I can find it."

By the time she returned, Trev had the meal half prepared. She edged up to him and inhaled a deep whiff of dinner. "Mmm, looks good and smells yummy. What are you making?"

He handed her a wine glass three quarters full of red wine. "Here this is for you. I'm making Veal Marsala, cheese-garlic potatoes and steamed mixed vegetables."

She sipped the wine. "Umm, this wine is tasty." She took another sip and asked, "What is it?"

"Louis Jadot, Beaujolais, It's one of my favorites. I didn't get a chance to make a salad. Why don't you make one?"

"All right." She finished the wine and asked, "Can I have more?"

He glanced her way and chuckled. "Of course. Take all you want. I bought two bottles." She filled her glass to the top and taking it with her, eased over to the refrigerator. While she opened the refrigerator door, she noticed the Victoria's Secret bag setting on the counter. She swallowed a mouthful of the

flavorful wine and closed the refrigerator door. Then she surreptitiously picked up the bag and headed toward the door to the dining room. "I'll be back in a minute to make that salad."

He spoke without turning. "Okay, it should be ready in ten minutes."

"I'll be back in five." Keli edged around the dining room table and headed for her bedroom. She sat on her bed and removed the package from the bag."

*Shucks.* It'd been gift wrapped. Dying of curiosity, she didn't want to unwrap it so she opened the gift card. "For you, for when you think it's time."

*Damn!* Now, she felt even more curious. She took another sip of the wine and began to rip the wrapping off. With the wrapping removed, she lifted the cover and parted the tissue. Just like she suspected, the box contained a nightgown, but not just any nightgown. She lifted the gown out of the box by the straps. She gasped. Champagne colored silk, the calf length gown with white lace appliqué at the hem, bodice and waist could have been the most beautiful nightgown she'd ever seen.

Hurriedly, she undressed and slipped the gown on. It fit perfect and felt wonderful. She loved it so much, she didn't want to take it off so she donned a full length robe and slippers.

Taking her wine with her, she waltzed into the kitchen where she drained her glass. After filling her glass again, she began to make the salad.

Trev looked at her and did a double take. "You changed?"

"Yes, I decided to get into something a little more comfortable."

A solo eyebrow rose. "I assume you have something under that robe beside skin."

She giggled. "I do."

While Trev transferred the meal from cookware to china and set it in the oven to keep warm, Keli snuggled up to him. "Thanks for the present."

He gaze shifted to the counter and saw the Victoria's Secret package no longer set there. "You opened it?"

She smiled and pulled the robe back enough to show him the lace strap.

"And?"

She wrapped her arms around him. "I love it."

"You gonna show me how great it looks on you?"

She shook her head. "Not yet. I'm working my way up to it."

He raised his eyebrows and grinned. "Well, I can't wait. Supper is ready, shall we sit down."

They took their salads into the dining room. Keli sat, but Trev turned the dimmer down and lit the two candles Keli kept on the table, before joining her.

When they finished the salads, Trev took the bowls to the kitchen and served the entrée. Keli savored the first bite, closed her eyes and said, "Oh, Trevor, this is divine."

"I'm glad you like it."

She took a bite of the potatoes, then the garlic bread and last the vegetables. "Like it, I love it. Other than Tratorria's last night, I haven't had a meal this good in months."

He smiled. "Then we'll have to make it every week or two."

Her lips puckered before she smiled. "I would like that."

"Good, save some room for dessert. I have chocolate, molten, lava cake in the oven."

When they'd finished he picked up their plates. "Would you like some coffee with your desert?"

"Please. Can we have our dessert in the living room?"

"Certainly. I'll bring everything in there. How do you like your coffee?"

"A little creamer."

He nodded. "I'll be right out."

After ten minutes, carrying the coffee and cake on a tray, he set it on the coffee table and sat next to her.

"Here's your coffee with creamer and here's your chocolate lava cake."

"Oh Trev, it looks beautiful."

"Thank you. I warn you though, chocolate is reputed to be an aphrodisiac."

She picked up a fork and took a bite. Her tongue moved it around and over her palate. When she swallowed, she said, "Even better than I thought it would be. If it's an aphrodisiac I'll chance it. I'm in good hands aren't I?"

He laughed. "The best."

"I thought so."

After Keli finished her cake and coffee, Trev asked, "Would like more coffee?"

"No, but I would like some more wine. Do we have any left?"

"Sure, I'll be right back."

Keli wondered as he walked into the kitchen why she'd never noticed what a great rear end Trev had. Then again she hadn't paid attention to his thin waist and the way his chest stretched his shirt. Probably because his handsome Nordic features galvanized her attention.

When he returned he set the bottle of wine and two glasses on the table before leaning in and kissing her lips gently. After the kiss he poured two glasses, handed one to her and leaned back, resting an arm across her shoulders.

Sipping her wine, she wondered about his dad. "You haven't told me about your father and Ty's aunt."

"What would you like to know?"

"How they met and how they started seeing each other would be a good place to start."

Trev's mouth opened half way, and he rubbed his chin with his fingers and thumb. "I'm not sure about how they met. Dad's a successful pediatrician, and being socially conscious he started volunteering twice a month to practice at a clinic in one of Chicago's poorer neighborhoods. This all happened while I

attended school so I'd receive little bits and pieces, during phone calls and emails.

"The first time I heard about Yvette was almost eight years ago. Shortly thereafter he went from two days a month to three and then four. Then to my surprise he started going to the clinic for all his free time. Every time I spoke with him it seemed like Yvette this and Yvette that. Obviously, Yvette had become important to dad, so I manufactured a reason to visit him at the clinic and meet her.

"He acted very pleased to see me and justifiably proud of the work he'd been doing, he showed me around, telling all the things he'd done and about all the people he'd helped." Trev, noticing she'd emptied my wineglass, paused to fill it. "Have you ever met Yvette?"

Keli shook her head. "No, Ty talks about her, but I haven't had the pleasure."

Trev smiled and shook his head. "Well, she's something else. Yvette is the youngest of six children, almost ten years younger than Tya's mother, Tanya. So Yvette, who's only thirty-six and whose husband died three years earlier, is young and quite fetching.

"My mother, an eighties movie starlet whom I barely remember, divorced dad when I turned six. From that point on he threw himself into his work and never seemed interested in women, until Yvette.

"Yvette runs the clinic and from the minute, he took me in to meet her, I could feel and almost see the electricity, between them. If ever a couple seemed ripe for romance, they were it." He stopped and grinned. "Of course that was before I met you. Can you feel the electricity between us?"

She could. She also felt heat rush through her from his intense almost intimate stare. Not used to his blues eyes yet, she had trouble reading his emotions, but she knew desire when she saw it and she knew it when she felt it. "I think I'd like you to kiss me."

His grin retracted and his brows dipped. "Gladly."

Leaning in, her lips parted in expectation while she gazed at him through long, blinking lashes. Between her lips, his tongue passed and probed the soft, slippery cushions and hard enamel of her mouth. Blatant desire, overtook her as her tongue danced with his, tasting, exploring, reveling in excitement his tongue promised. Currents of heat coursed up, down and across her body, ending in her place of need. She sighed when her mind pictured Trevor, sitting on her bed, while she stood in front of him, letting him free her from her garments.

She gasped when, as if willing it, his hand slipped under her robe and fondled her breast, tickling and teasing her erect protruding nipple. Her heart beat so fast and with such pressure, she could feel her crimson life fluids pulsing in her neck and ears.

The heat within her continued to grow, until she became so hot, she thought she might pass out. She jerked away from his kiss. "Wait! I'm too hot." When

Trev backed away, she undid the robe's belt and pulled the offending garment from her shoulders. She stood and he helped her remove the unwanted item.

She sensed admiration in his eyes from his gaze, which appraised every inch of her body. "I knew you would be beautiful in that gown."

She reached down, grabbed a hand and jerked on it until he stood in front of her. Her hands laid flat upon his chest as he grasped her hips.

"Oh yes. I feel it." She said in a slow, deep, sultry voice she hardly recognized.

He frowned. "What?"

"The electricity...between us," she mouthed, breathily barely verbalizing her need, "Please don't think poorly of me, but I'm ready to take our relationship to the bedroom,"

"Are you sure? You've had a lot of wine?"

"If it's the wine or you, I'm past caring. I want you to make love to me." She lowered her hand from his chest and grasped one of his from her hip. "Are you ready?"

He nodded and lifted her into his arms. Wrapping an arm around his neck she watched furniture whiz by, while he carried her into what most likely would become their bedroom. She smiled and thought, *how romantic*.

## Chapter Five

Trev set one knee on the bed and laid her down in a gentle manner. She was superb and he suspected she would look even better sans the nightgown. When she teasingly removed it, he grew even harder from her sexy nakedness. Laying on her back, she raised her legs up vertical crossing her ankles. Then she lowered them to the bed, her knees bent and her feet flat, her legs together.

For his tastes, she was perfectly proportioned, each body part in perfect harmony with the others. He gazed into her large, brown eyes. Yes, desire dwelled there, but something else resided there also, something less obvious—trust. “You are beyond beautiful.”

With her eyebrows raised she smiled. “Really? You don’t think I’m too skinny.”

Shaking his head, he said, “No-o-o. You are perfect.” He’d burst into this woman’s life a little over a day ago and they’d lit a fire inside each other that glowed white hot. Now, she offered not only her body, but likely, her heart, as well. “Are you sure? I want you to be sure.”

“Please, don’t torture me. Take off your shirt.”

Kicking off his loafers, he pulled his polo shirt over his head.

She smiled and instructed, “Keep going.”

Her gaze drew to his crotch, as he unbuckled his belt and lowered the zipper. His thumbs hooked the top of his slacks and shorts and together, he edged them over his hips and down. She sighed at the sight of his upright shaft and playfully licked her lips.

Trev cocked his head. A thin lipped grin emerged. “Do you like?”

A winsome smile formed on her beautiful face. “I’ll say. You wanna know a secret. I’ve never been with a...you know, white man before.”

He snickered. “Me either. I mean...I haven’t been with an African American woman.”

Her arms reached into the air, fingers spread. “Come over here beside me.”

He lay beside her and she turned on her side to face him. She exuded an aroma not unlike wildflowers in a field after a summer shower. Trev slid his hand into hers and admired its softness. He brought her long, manicured fingers to his lips and kissed them. She snuggled closer. Reaching behind his head, she ran a hand through his long blond tresses and pulled his head toward hers until his lips lodged only millimeters from hers. Attracted like a magnet, his lips edged toward hers and when they touched, a pleasant tingly sensation spread through him. After running his moist tongue along the crease of her lips, she parted them and sighed as he breached her mouth.

While his tongue examined the warm comfort of her mouth, his fingers wove a magic spell of bliss upon her eager nipples. Then, his lips left her mouth and began tattooing moist, tender kisses upon her neck and shoulders. Though his kiss might have seemed fleeting, he had other more sensual plans on his mind. The thought of her warm delectable cunt made him hard and beckoned to him. With wet tongue filled kisses, he languidly moved toward his goal. Her breathing became a series of short, shallow gasps when his lips approached her breasts. Shamelessly pushing out her breasts, her hard jutting nipples seemed to beg to be suckled. He swirled his tongue around and sucked upon her darker areolas and sensitive, swollen nipples, while she thrashed and groaned with ecstasy.

\* \* \* \*

It didn't matter what he did, her heart beat out of control and her pulse surged off the charts. His lips left her hard nipple drying in the cool currents while he planted humid open mouthed kisses between her breasts, past her ribs and down to her navel. She could feel the thumping of her heart beating in her ears. Noting his downward trajectory, stirrings of hunger formed between her legs. She assumed, with reason, her lover planned to sample her genital nectar. Her entire body tingled with the thought of Trevor's wonderful lips and tongue exploring her private, intimate places and what felt like a thousand butterfly wings fluttered in her stomach. The walls of her pussy readied for its anticipated visitor by dilating and seeping quantities of lubricious juices.

She closed her eyes to better concentrate on the sublime sensations that battered her mind as his tongue worked its way downward, laving a trail of cooling dampness. As Trevor's mouth worked their way down to her pussy, her eyes popped open when, his fore and middle fingers slid into her warm, wet haven. Her hot pussy leaked crème and her clit agonized for affection. His fingers dragged her juices up the slick valley to either side of her clitoris and wiped them over her aroused nub. Her head thrashed from the wild currents of need that raced through the length of her as he worked the two fingers in and out of her pussy. Repeating the procedure, he rubbed the flexible skin and nerves of her clitoral sheath, spreading her gathered wetness until her whole sex felt oily. The end of his middle finger hurled exquisite sensations through her body, massaging the very tip of the most sensitive part of her body.

She watched while his wet tongue laved a circular path around her abdomen terminating at her mound. Arriving at the portal of her womanhood, he knelt down and spread her legs, affording an unobstructed view of her smooth, wet pussy. His fingers touched and probed her intimate area, exciting her as he examined her.

Looking up, his gaze met her eyes and he smiled. "Are ready for your trip to the moon?"



"Will I need a space suit?"

"Not for this trip, baby. I'll supply the oxygen."

His intense gaze devoured her dewy haven. He seemed mesmerized by her feminine recess.

She gulped from his scrutiny and the thought that the moment his tongue touched her sensitive areas, she'd melt with need. When his lips parted above her pulsing clit, she held her breath. As his eyes locked with hers, they seemed to dance when he smiled. He lowered his face to where only his eyes could be seen above her mound. Watching her, he nuzzled his nose up to her pussy and took a deep breath. "Mmm. I'm loving it baby."

Keli flushed, but she loved it, too. Every nerve in her body sizzled with need. Her pussy had become a vessel of liquid fire, ready to be reamed and tongued. Finally, Trevor eased into the nexus of her femininity. Resting his fingers on each side of her outer folds, his thumbs splayed her petal soft inner folds, exposing the inner pink flesh of her vagina. Flashing a wicked smile, he quipped, "I never realized how beautiful pink and brown look together."

Before she had a chance to absorb his bold comment, she stiffened from his smooth tongue reaming the walls of her aching pussy, lapping up her plentiful juices. The sinful sensations that threaded through her body made her gasp.

"Mmm, your crème is tasty." He winked. "This beats chocolate lava cake, anytime."

Awash in her pussy juices, his mouth made slurping sounds while his tongue licked her sopping wet pussy in earnest.

"Now, I'm going to suck your clit. Oh, it's grown," He joked, his mouth and chin glistening from vaginal wetness.

Wrapped up in the plethora of wonderful sensations that coursed through her, Keli was too preoccupied to appreciate Trevor's ill timed joviality. She held her breath as his mouth and tongue edged up to her clit, then gasped when his fingers slipped into her deep damp, summery heat. Her incessant moans grew louder. Her pussy muscles fluttered and clutched while the sugary ache she felt coated her body.

Keli had never experienced sex so vivid, so intense. Not surprising, her reactions were also intense. Her hands grasped his head and soft little mewls urged him on. The pleasure she felt made her whimper and moan. Keli arched her back and thrashed her head from side to side in reaction to the electrifying sensations that coursed through her. She basked in the sensitivity coming from his luscious lips enveloping, and sucking on her swollen bundle of nerves

This all seemed like too much for Keli. Groaning loudly from the wicked pleasure pulses coursing through her body, she shook like wall painting in an earthquake. Grabbing a fistful of his blond hair, she crossed her ankles behind his neck in preparation of her own imminent earthquake. She felt on the edge of a momentous torrent of passion. A tingling sensation manifested in her lower regions, expanding and increasing from a spark into a massive sensory

explosion. "Oh, my God, Trevor! I'm climaxing!" Arching her back violently, it hit her, like a tidal wave sweeping all before it. The sensations floated through her mind like debris in a tornado. A series of undulating waves of tickly, shivery pleasure strands followed. Clutching the sheets tight with one hand and slapping the mattress with the other, her head thrashed wildly back and forth. Building in her loins, the feeling spread outward, increasing in intensity, overpowering her. Then, quick as it started and all too soon, it ended.

Sated, Keli relaxed, but her lover didn't stop and soon orgasm number deux rippled across her mind. Once again she went bonkers from the erotic sensations speeding through her.

Suddenly, wanting to hold her lover, she reached down and pulled Trevor up on top of her, so their lips touched. Her tongue forced its way into his mouth and she concluded her extraordinary orgasms in an oral embrace with the tongue that had made her cum. "That was amazing. Where did you learn to do things like that?"

"It wasn't learned. You inspire me. I want to be the best lover possible."

Feeling his male hardness resting against her left thigh, her hand snuck between them and grasped it. "Ooh, you seem big."

He gasped when she squeezed it. "It's not that big."

"It seems big to me. Now, I need to be the best lover I can be for you. Line yourself up over me."

When he rose up, he reached for the condom he'd laid on the nightstand, and Keli's eyes gravitated to his pulsating raw maleness. After he'd unwrapped it, she took it from him. "I want to put it on." She took her time studying his impressive instrument. The very light flesh colored shaft had a meandering blue vein running the length. The mauve crown darkened to plum around the ridge. She found it appealing and had an urge to take it in her mouth. Instead she placed the condom over him and rolled it down. Then reclining, she spread her legs and bent her knees, waiting.

On his hands and knees, centered between her legs, his cock hung a couple inches above her lower abdomen. Trevor had calmed her racial misgivings so she wasn't uncomfortable. She just marveled at the sight of a dashing, handsome, naked, male, primed and ready for action, hovering over her. She grabbed and aligned him with the rim of her opening. Setting at the edge, he pushed forward. Though she'd expanded from two climaxes, she shuddered when the girth of him worked its way into her semi-resistant channel. He stretched and filled her as she knew he would. Slowly, she became accustomed to his size. Even so, she gasped from the exquisite sensations their coupling produced. Each wondrous thrust sent spasms of lustful heat and glee rifling through her slender frame.

When she grew accustomed to him, he increased the pace his strokes causing her heart beat and pulse to race. The heat seemed unbearable and her moans echoed his groans. The slick walls of Keli's pussy, which earlier had been crying for attention, purred like a happy pussycat. She wrapped her long legs

around him, her ankles crossing above his sweet, taut butt, helping to increase the depth of his thrusts.

Trevor lowered himself, resting somewhat on her, but mainly on his elbows. His hands moved inward under his chest and gripped her breasts, kneading them and fingering her nipples, enhancing the glorious feeling in her core. As his tongue dipped back through her lips and curled around her tongue, the force of his cock slowed in seeming synchronization with the movements of his tongue. His groin, undulating with each stroke, seemed to intentionally ground against her sensitive bud, adding to the plethora of pleasurable sensations that battered her. Sensuous and diverse, every thrust of his cock now sent delightful, little, pleasure pulses out from her clit.

"I can't believe how hot we look together."

Glancing at him she followed his gaze. Rolling her head to the right, she spotted what he spoke of. Trevor made love to Keli in the mirrored closet doors, just like in the bed, only now, she watched as if she were a voyeur. A thrill of excitement rushed through her. She licked her lips. It looked *delicious*. She snaked her hands down the length of him and wrapped her brown fingers around the bottom of his trim buttocks. While he pummeled her fiery snatch, she raised her hips and met his every thrust with one of her own.

She dug sharp fingertips into his pale buns causing five dimples, which lightened to white.

Fascinated with their lascivious reflection, she seemed unable to turn her gaze. The longer she watched the hotter she got and she'd already felt hot. She found the images so compelling, she almost wished others could watch them perform. Oddly, thinking about being watched wound her up even more.

*Am I kinky.*

She didn't think so, but for some reason the wild, off the wall, thought brought her next climax to the forefront. And then it came bursting forth in a blaze of red hot glory. He must have sensed it because his strokes became slower, erotically sensuous and his smooth lips found and sucked with abandon upon her closest swollen nipple. With her eyes shut, Trevor and her carnal image was superseded by what looked like a sky full of lightning flashes. Her finger nails dug even harder into his flesh.

"Oww, Jesus."

"Oh Trev, I'm sorry. I can't help it. You do things to me. Eeeh, It's coming! Again!" she exclaimed breathing hard. Her body tightened around his prick. Waves of orgasmic pleasure surged around her. Raising her legs she crossed her feet above his sweet butt and pulled him all the way into her womanly lair.

He stiffened, grinding his cock into her as far as she could take—to the hilt. Panting, he replied, "Me too, I'm cuming, baby." Trevor ground his pulsating cock deep into her well, trapping her sensitive bud in a romantic embrace against his pelvis. While groaning and crying his pleasure, Trevor's masculine nectar pumped into Keli's feminine vessel, to be trapped by the barrier he wore.

## Chapter Six

Having finished their lovemaking, they embraced and kissed. She stole a glance back to the mirror. Never, in her whole lifetime, had she pictured herself in the arms of a light skinned man. Improbable as the concept may have seemed two days ago, she conceded they looked good together. Then suddenly, she saw the reflection of a flash behind them, through the partially drawn drapes.

She jumped out of bed, hurried to the French doors where, looking out, another flash blipped in the dark. When her eyes got used to the dark, she stared across the courtyard, but the window the flash came from was dark. *Is he there sitting in the dark?* Remembering she stood there naked she pulled the drapes around her. Then she saw it—the glow from a cigarette of someone—he—inhaling in the dark. “That son of a bitch.”

“What is it? What’s the matter?”

She spun on the balls of her feet and headed back to bed. “Oh, some asshole across the courtyard has been spying on me. Anyway, he just took a picture of me and probably both of us.”

“Why do you keep you drapes open anyway?”

“It’s a habit. I like to wake up to the sun shinning through the glass.”

As she sat on the edge of bed, Trev frowned hopped out of bed and padded to the window. Sticking his head between the drapes like she had, he looked out. “Where abouts?”

“Look straight ahead. I don’t think we can do much about him.”

As if noticing his unadorned buttocks and rippled back muscles for the first time, Keli grinned. “*Umm*. I love the dimples in your buns.”

Angling sideways he gazed at her then back at his ass. “Naughty girl.” He shook his head.

He pointed. “I see the faint glow of a cigarette. Is that where?”

Without realizing it, her tongue licked her top and bottom lips. Suddenly, at the tantalizing sight of his stiff organ jutting up and out, the peeping Tom didn’t seem so important. “Yeah that’s him. Don’t worry about it.”

She puffed up a couple pillows laid them against the headboard and leaned back. “You know, the sight of that thing between your legs makes me hungry.”

When he threw his head back and laughed, his rigid cock bounced, up and down. “Sounds like an offer I dare not refuse. Shall I open the drapes so our spectator can see you suck my cock?”

She flashed a stern look. “No, just get your cock over here before I change my mind.”

Hustling over, he shook his head. "Don't do that."

He stood by the side of the bed...waiting. When she didn't do anything, he asked. "How are we going to do this?"

"You are going to get on the bed and bring that slab of flesh to my mouth."

His light brown, almost blond eyebrows furrowed. "How? On my knees?"

"Exactly."

He padded around the bed and mounted it. Scooting across the bed on his knees to her side, he stood beside her, his hardness an inch or two from her cheek. "Like this?"

She grasped his thigh with her right hand and patted the bed on the other side of her with her left hand. "Swing your leg over here and bring that delicious looking male sausage front and center."

He chuckled and swung his right leg over her thigh, straddling her. "Like this."

His cock jutted out from his groin a few inches below her lips. "Yep. I'm surprised an experienced fellow like you hasn't tried this." Her fingers wrapped around him and he stiffened.

He gasped, when she began to stroke him as if she was milking him, which in a way, she was.

She glanced at the mirror and smiled. With his chin elevated Trevor closed his eyes. His large hands rested on the top the headboard. At first she would move her mouth up and down over his cock. As she suspected, her mouth filled with him. There was room for nothing else, but she managed to stretch her mouth around him, even while keeping her abrasive teeth out of the pathway. As she moved her mouth up and down on his shaft, she also stroked him using her right hand.

Whatever she did, he seemed to like, because in addition to breathing heavy, his moans were incessant. "God girl, you're driving me batty. Just keep doing what you're doing." She liked sucking his cock. It was sexy, felt good in her mouth and she liked the control it gave her over Trev. It seemed as if her warm mouth therapeutically performed mouth to cock resuscitation upon him.

Slowly at first, he took over the action by pushing in on her down strokes. After a minute or so he took over all the work, while he held her head still. His cock literally fucked her mouth. To add to the sensation, she looped her left hand around his thigh and grasping his taut bun, pulling him in on his inward stroke. Plunging his brimming cock in and out of her mouth, his breathing grew heavy. As she sucked he tensed, his well toned muscles rippling.

He withdrew his cock to the plum colored ridges at the base of his crown and paused to let her tongue swirl over his tender underside. He began to moan from her actions, and then plunged the length of him clear to the back of her throat, where he pulled outward again. After a minute or so of stroking her mouth, she pulled away. Continuing to stroke him with her fist she asked, "Do you like what I'm doing?"

"Ye-s-s. Your mouth feels like...like a slice of Valhalla."

She snickered. "You really are Nordic aren't you?"

He chuckled.

"I'm glad you like it, I do too." Her lips slipped back around his tasty staff and once again he plunged in."

It didn't take long before his moans became deep guttural groans and his breathing became what seemed to be a series of short gasps. She grasped his scrotum in her hand and tightened her fingers around his balls, which seemed to propel him over the edge. His movements became jerky almost awkward and then he blurted out, "Oh, Christ, look out baby, I'm cum-i-i-ing."

Experiencing seizure-like convulsions, he pulled out of her mouth and wild spurts of cum exploded forth from his bold upright cock. After an initial eruption of five or six potent spurts with some even reaching her hair, each succeeding squirt diminished in intensity. After a short time, the force of the thick, creamy white fluid reduced to a stream running down his masculine shaft, some of which ran over Keli's hand.

She looked for a place to wipe her hand off then decided to lick it. After she'd licked her hand she licked his shaft and he groaned. "Careful, You'll make me cum again."

She flashed a wicked stare. "Oh, you're going to cum again alright, but not from blow jobs. I want to feel Valhalla, too."

\* \* \* \*

With light filtering through the French doors, Keli awoke at eight-fifteen a.m. After finishing their fantastic three hour sexual marathon she'd purposely opened the drapes and turned the lights out.

Feeling something different, she glanced down and spied Trev's hand resting on her breast. She smiled. Guess her new roommate graduated to her bedmate. Besides liking his looks, Keli also liked the way Trevor made love to her—fast and rough when appropriate and slow and sensual otherwise. While previous lovers seemed to have one gear—drive—Trevor seemed to be endowed with a four-speed transmission and a sense of when to shift up or down.

After removing his hand, she sat up and stretched. Not surprising, they slept naked. Flipping the covering, which covered her legs to the side, she hopped out of bed and opened her mirrored wardrobe door. She slipped on a lacy peach peignoir, padded to the French doors. Opening the active door, she stepped out onto the balcony.

It was a perfect summer day and she marveled at how beautiful everything looked from the second floor. Glancing through the spaces between the buildings, she spied the forest preserve she walked and sometimes jogged almost daily. Visions of her and Trev walking hand and hand through the forest danced

into her mind. Picturing herself backed against a tree, her arms around him as he kissed her, the corners of her lips curled into a smile.

*Picnic!* She'd always thought the forest was romantic and she would love to have a picnic with her brand new exotic love interest, but alas, she had to work. In addition Trev was going to be moving his things into the apartment.

However,—she grinned as if a light bulb turned on above her head—she was off tomorrow and Trev didn't start work until Monday.

In the meantime, she had to get ready for work. But first she headed to the kitchen to make coffee and pour a bowl of Total, adding blueberries and one percent milk. After finishing the cereal and coffee, she sauntered into the bathroom and flipped on the shower valves. Waiting for the water to warm, she brushed her teeth, hung her peignoir back up and slipped into the shower. Under the stream of warm water, for only seconds, the shower door swung open. Bare assed naked and hard as a two by eight, Trev flashed his patented ultra bright smile and stared at her. "Can I come to your party?"

She smiled back. "Yes, but I don't have time for any hanky panky. I have to be at the store by ten."

He slid in, eased up behind her, his dick sidling into the smooth crevice of her ass. Concurrently, his hands circled around her. One wrapped around her breast, the fingers diddling her nipples, while the other shot straight between her legs, his fingers teasing her clit and warming her pussy.

This so surprised and aroused her; she had to raise her hand to the tile wall to maintain her balance. As if she didn't know, she asked, "What are you doing?"

He laughed and nuzzled his lips into the crook of her neck, tattooing tongue filled kisses to her ear. As she closed her eyes to savor the intimate sensations that engulfed her, he whispered, "There's nothing more sensual than fucking under hot running water in a steamy shower."

*With a hunk of a man,* she added, mentally. Smiling, she opened her eyes and spun around. Wrapping her arms over his shoulders and meshing her fingers behind his neck, she warned. "It'll have to be an ultra-quick quickie." She threw her head back, laughing at her joke, baring her neck. Like a vampire, he buried his mouth in her neck. Half giggling and half panting from the carnal sensations he engendered, she asked, "Did you bring protection?"

After holding the condom in front of her face, he smiled and rolled it down his shaft. Then, in an instant, his mouth was all over hers crushing his lips against hers as his tongue stormed her opening, swirling everywhere against the soft, fleshy inner walls of her mouth. Forcing her backward against to cold tile, he inserted, what felt like, ten naughty fingers in her shameless pussy.

Keli was beguiled by this man. She was like a light switch—he could turn her on in an instant. Reaching between her legs with both hands, he grasped the cheeks of her ass and with her thighs resting just above his powerful wrists, slid her up against the wall until she was high enough for him to enter her. Then, as if it were a heat seeking missile, his throbbing cock moved into position at the

rim of her sweltering hot pussy. Her delight took the form of a huge gasp, when with steam swirling around them and hot water spraying over them, he lowered her wide open pussy, oozing with crème, over his stiff cock.

In reaction her upper body fell forward, squeezing him, embracing him. Then, as his cock stroked her with a passion reserved for moments like these, she flung herself backward until her head thumped against the wall.

Wasting no time, his magical lips and tongue glommed onto her right nipple taking her to the threshold of orgasmicland.

Closing in on an orgasm, she could sense it out there. She was almost there, then when Trev lightly bit her nipple, her movements grew more and more frantic and spasmodic. "Oh fuck, oh God. Give it all to me, Baby. Give me every inch of you." Waves of pleasure washed over her, culminating in a sudden euphoric, sensory explosion. Her body rocked back and forth. She screamed, clutching his hair in her fists, moving his head in time with her heaving motion.

She leaned down and found his ear with her mouth. She bit down on it and all of a sudden, Trev thrust forward. *Was he cuming, too?* He ground his cock into her liquid filled haven and clit. Her pussy muscles rippled along his shaft, taking everything he gave, sucking the life from his balls. With a shout of his own, he pressed deep, emptying his seed into the barrier deep within her hot channel.

It felt so good, so natural. She loved it and wanted much more, but for now, she had to work at the store.

He set her down. "Umm. That was somethin' else." He grinned. "Was that quick enough?"

"I guess, What was it...five minutes?"

He laughed. "Closer to three I think, but what a glorious three minutes." He pecked her on the lips, opened the shower door a couple inches, then looked at her. "I hate to screw and run, but I have a ton of things to do, so I'll leave you to shower in peace."

"Like what?"

"First I have to check into my new office. Meet everyone and let them know I'll be in Monday. Then I have to buy a few things for my home office/," his brows waggled up and down, "bedroom."

They both laughed.

He pushed the door open and stepped out. "See you tonight."

Her hand reached out to stay the door from closing. "Don't make any plans for tomorrow. I want to go on a picnic in the forest preserve with you."

"It's a date."

She could see him drying off through the obscure shower door. Thinking about him seemed to bring on a giddy feeling in the middle of her chest. Is it love? Maybe. She knew for now and maybe for the rest of her life, she wanted Trev.

\* \* \* \*



Trevor grabbed a bath sheet, dried off, and headed for the bedroom to get dressed.

What a find Keli was. Gorgeous, smart, sexual as hell, and sweet.

*Looks like your gallivanting days may be over.*

He knew it. Is it too soon to shop for a ring?

*Yes, you need to give her time to come to the same conclusion.*

With his mind still wrapped around Keli, he stepped into the living room and almost walked over another man.

"Who the fuck, are you!" The man insisted.

Trevor stepped back a couple feet and scrutinized him. Almost six foot, African American, young and handsome, he wore jeans and a short sleeve light green shirt. He wore something else—a scowl—and he held a large white envelope in his hands.

Before he could turn the question around, the man's eyes rounded and he blurted out, "You're the guy in the photos."

He had no idea what the guy spoke of, but first things first. "I live here. I'm Keli's roommate. Who are you and how did you get in here?"

"No you're not. LaShona is."

Trev snatched the envelope from his hand and opened it. He answered while perusing the shocking contents of the envelope. "I moved in yesterday. Where did you get these and who are you?"

"They were slid under the door. I'm Keli's brother and what's on those photos and the fact that you came out of Keli's bedroom proves you're more than a roommate."

There were five photos, all showing Keli and he engaged in sex, however, being shot from a hundred plus feet away, through divided lite French doors, they were grainy and didn't show much. There was also a folded slip of lined paper. He held the photos in such a manner that the man, boy really, couldn't see him open the poorly written note.

*'Does your family and friends know you're fucking whitey?'*

He glanced up and offered his hand. "I'm Gordy Gordan, Tya's cousin, but your sister prefers to call me Trev."

His eyebrows almost reached his hairline and his baritone voice raised three octaves, "You're Tya's cousin? You're...white!"

"Yeah, so's my father, who's married to her aunt, Yvette."

"I hope you're not just—"

"Seeing what the other side is like. Nah, I'm nuts about your sister. She's just what I've been looking for."

The scowl on his face rounded up to a smile. "Jimmy Michaels." He shook the outstretched hand. "This happened kind of sudden didn't it?"

Trev wrapped an arm over Jimmy's shoulder. "Like a bolt of lightning. Look your sister is going to be out any minute. Can we go somewhere and talk. I don't want her to know about these pictures just yet."

"Who took them?"

"I'll explain everything I know. Are you hungry?"

"I'm always hungry."

"Let's go get some breakfast. I'll buy."

\* \* \* \*

Fresh out of the shower, Keli thought she heard voices in the living room. Throwing on a floral kimono, she padded to the bedroom door, but when she peeked into the room, it was empty.

*Humph.* She went back into the bath, applied her makeup and dressed in a bright summery dress, two inch wedged heeled sandals and headed off to another day at the store.

\* \* \* \*

Trevor led Jimmy to his Dodge Viper.

"Is this yours?"

He clicked the door locks and they both got in. "Yeah, it's one of my guilty pleasures."

Jimmy smiled as he got in. "Sweet."

"I think I saw a breakfast restaurant called Le Peep up Northwest Highway, yesterday. Does that sound all right to you?"

Jimmy scoped out the car, running his hands over the dashboard and console. "Yeah sure. What do you do?"

He shifted his gaze to Jimmy for a second. "Research Analyst for a company called Applied Technology."

"Must pay good."

"Not bad, more than I need, but that might change if I start a family."

"You serious?"

"As a heart attack."

He chuckled. "Keli?"

"Ah huh."

"And doesn't bother you her being Black."

"Oh, is she Black? I hadn't noticed. Maybe the fact that she's gorgeous, intelligent, vivacious and sweet, blinded me."

"Well, you say all the right things, but it's going to be hard getting used to the idea of sis being with a white dude."

He smiled at him. "Why, are you prejudiced?"

"It's not so much prejudiced as resentful. You're not bigoted?"

"I try not to be. I wasn't raised that way."

He glanced at Jimmy, who looked confused. "This has certainly been an unusual exchange for me. We'll see how things shake out. Now tell me about the pictures."

He pulled into the parking lot and zipped into a parking place near the front door. "We're here. I'll tell you when we get inside."

## Chapter Seven

She arrived at nine-forty-five and after picking up her newspapers, let herself in the back door. She started a pot of coffee in the Mr. Coffee, sauntered up to the front door and unlocked it. Returning to the back room, she fixed a cup of coffee for herself. Then picked up the *Chicago Sun Times* and *USA Today*, both of which she and Tya had delivered, then headed to the sales counter.

Around ten-forty she finished perusing *USA Today* and was about to pick up the *Sun Times* when Rhianna's signature voice jiggled her brain. Grabbing her phone off the counter she answered, "Keli."

"Been waiting all morning for you to call and tell me how your first night with cuz went?"

"Ty. I'm sorry. I didn't know you were interested."

"What! You're my best friend and he's my cousin. What's more I put you two together. I'm going to be glued your relationship like it was a tennis match."

Keli, feeling just a little wicked teased her friend, "I'll tell you one thing. Your idea about keeping the roommate and romance part of our relationship separate didn't work. You can fill in the rest."

"You slept with him? I'm so jealous. How was it? I'll bet he was fantastic. Was he?"

"Calm down. Have I ever talked about my sex life with you?"

"No, but —"

"Then, I see no reason to start now."

"Oh, no you don't. I'll be down there in thirty minutes and be prepared for a grilling."

Keli smiled as she closed the cover of her phone and picked up the *Sun Times*.

Ten minutes later, the first customer, a man, waltzed in. He stood about five-ten, lanky and Hispanic. He also looked familiar. "Hello. Can I help you?"

"Hi, I want to buy something for my girlfriend. Can you help me?"

"Sure, what do you want?"

"I'm not sure, that's why I need help."

"You must have some idea. A purse, shoes, sweater, dress, underwear?"

"Yes, something sexy, something which would make her want to go to bed with me. A nightgown, maybe."

She frowned. "This is a dress store. We don't have much of a selection of nightgowns here, especially sexy ones. There's a Victoria's Secret on the other side of the mall. You might try them?"

He looked sideways as a couple teenagers wandered in, acting silly. "Do you buy sexy things there?"

"Sometimes. In fact I just received a beautiful nightgown, which came from there as a present."

When one of the girls moseyed up to the counter to ask a question, he seemed to get agitated. "Yes, I'll go look. Thank you." He turned and walked out.

\* \* \* \*

One of the waitresses, acting as hostess, led them to a booth and handed them menus. While reading the menus, a bus girl brought water. "Coffee?"

Trev said, "Please."

"Me too."

After the bus girl left, Jimmy closed his menu. "I'll just get bacon and eggs."

The girl came back with their coffee.

Trev took a sip of coffee and closed his menu. "Sounds good to me."

Jimmy leaned forward, elbows on the table. He gazed at Trevor questioningly. "The pictures?"

Just then the waitress arrived. "Hi my name is Julie. Are you gentlemen ready to order?"

Trev spoke first. "Bacon and scrambled, sourdough toast."

She wrote in her tablet and then looked at Jimmy.

"I'll have the same, but white toast."

She wrote in her tablet again, then looked up and smiled. "Okay. I'll have your orders right up."

When she left, Jimmy raised an eyebrow. "Well?"

"Apparently, your sister has acquired some kind of stalker. She first noticed him three nights ago watching her from a second floor window across from the French doors looking into her bedroom. Then, two nights ago, same thing. Nothing threatening, just watching. I wouldn't be surprised if that was one of the factors she had in allowing me to move in.

"Then last night he started taking pictures. As you can tell, he's not much of a photographer. Nevertheless, it's a serious escalation. My guess is he was content to watch as long as she was alone. Her being with me last night jacked him up. Hence the pictures. He wants Keli to know he's around. To worry about him."

Jimmy scrunched half his face and shook his head. "I don't get it. When she saw him at the window couldn't she see what he looked like?"

Trev shook his head. "No. It was dark out and the light in the apartment turned him into a silhouette. Then last night he was in total dark. I'm going to go over there after this and nose around."

"Can I tag along?"

"Of course. She's your sister."

\* \* \* \*

Right on time, Tya pulled the store's clear glass door open and stormed through. Slamming her handbag down on the upper counter, she held her hand out and demanded, "Where is it?"

Keli had no idea what she was talking about. "Where's what?"

"The be-back sign. You are about to take a coffee break with me."

"Oh, sweetie, I'm all coffeed out."

"Fine call it an iced tea break, an early lunch break or just plain pacify Ty break, you're taking a break."

Keli bit her tongue to keep from smiling. "I'm not going to talk about it."

"Yes, you are girl." She grasped Keli's hand and tugged her off the stool. "C'mon."

Keli shrugged, grabbed the be-back sign and let Ty lead her to the front door.

\* \* \* \*

"Okay, from what I can tell, that window is in apartment 217G. Let's ring the doorbell and meet Keli's stalker. Maybe if he knows we're protecting her he'll back off."

They went up the stairs and Trevor rang the doorbell. After ringing once more with no answer he knocked. When still no one answered he looked in the large picture window beside the front door, placing his hands to each side of his face to block the light. "The place looks empty."

"Trev. Are you coming?"

He looked at Jimmy, who stood half in and half out of 217G waving for Trev to join him.

He rose. "How'd you do that?"

Moving his hands in a 'who knows' gesture, he said, "Chalk it up to my misspent youth."

He joined Jimmy at the door. "You're not very old now are you?"

"Twenty-one."

They both stepped in and looked around. "Like I thought, the place is empty. That means the stalker either broke in like you did or he has a pass key."

Jimmy headed toward the back of the apartment, with Trev following. Like the rest of the apartment, the secondary bedroom was devoid of any furnishings except for one folding chair set up at the window. Standing at the window, Jimmy said, "Yeah, this is it. I can see Keli's apartment perfectly from here."

Pointing to the ashtray on the window sill, Trevor added, "Uh-huh, looks like our boy even smokes — Camel Light Filters."

"I'll bet they could get fingerprints off those."

"Unless he wore gloves, but I don't know if any laws have been broken."

Jimmy rucked his lips. "Maybe not."

"Let's get out of here before we get arrested for breaking and entering."

Back downstairs, Trevor said, "Look, I have some things I have to do today. Do you have a cell phone?"

"Yes, 847-555-3545."

He programmed the number in his phone, repeating it as he did. "Got it, let me do what I have to and I'll call you tomorrow." Trev held out his hand.

Jimmy took it. "Okay, but I work tomorrow."

"Where do you work?"

"Oh, it's just a job in a grocery store I took during the summer break. I go to community college."

"Hmm, if anything pops or I find anything out I'll call you."

"Thanks, I'd like that."

\* \* \* \*

They headed to the food court, where Keli decided to combine her pacify Ty break with an early lunch break. Keli ordered soup and salad, plus an iced tea while Ty ordered a couple tacos and a coke.

As they sat down, Ty burred, "Before you start telling in intimate detail about your night with Gordy, I need to tell you. Addison sprained her ankle playing basketball and won't be able to see you and close up tonight. I called Rene, but she and Brad are attending a company function. Would you like me to come in at four?"

Keli shook her head. "Don't worry about it. You come in early tomorrow and I'm off the next two days, so I'll tough it out."

"Good. Now let's hear it."

Keli's eyes widened. "Ty, I can't tell you in intimate detail. Are generalities all right?"

"Depends on how general they are. Let's hear 'em."

The idea of talking about Trev excited her and she became animated. "Okay, for starters let me say that Trev didn't say it, but he intimated he loved me."

Ty interrupted her with a squeal. Then said, "Go on."

Keli smiled at her friend's enthusiasm. "Trev is so smooth and debonair, he swept me off my feet. I couldn't resist his charms." Her voice lowed, "That's why we slept together." She held her thumb and finger a quarter inch apart. "Ty I'm this close to falling in love with him. He wouldn't hurt me would he?"

Ty's brows dipped and her lips formed a pout as she shook her head earnestly. "No way, besides if he did, he would have to answer to me."

Ty could be formidable when she wanted to be. "All right, last night. It's a tie between that and the previous night for the best night of my life. He cooked dinner, Veal Marsala, cheese-garlic potatoes and steamed mixed vegetables. And for dessert he made chocolate, molten, lava cake. You know how they say food is the way to a man's heart?"

"Ah-huh."

"Well, chocolate, molten, lava cake and generous amounts of Beaujolais are the way to my *pussy*."

Ty bit her lip to keep from laughing, what Keli said was so outrageous for her, she failed and cracked up. Keli joined her, laugh tears and all. Despite the fact that dozens of people stared, they couldn't stop. Even when Ty calmed down, she'd think about molten lava cake and Keli's pussy, snort like pig and crack up all over and of course Keli would follow suit.

\* \* \* \*

Driving to his new office, Trevor called a cop he knew in Denver, where he'd moved from.

"Hello?"

"Hey Tom, it's Gordy."

"Gordy. You son of a gun. Didn't think I'd hear from you again. How are things in Chi-town?"

"Pretty good so far. I'll be checking with you from time to time, but this isn't a social call. Tom. I think I've found Miss Right!"

"Hot damn, you always were a fast operator. How long you been gone?"

"Three days."

"Wow! That has to be some kind of record. Did you know her?"

"Sort of, my cousin is her best friend. She sent me pics, but she didn't know me at all. Anyway, the reason I called we have a problem and I need some advice."

"I'm listening."

"Four days ago she noticed a guy watching her from a window across from her bedroom. The next night he was there again and last night, when Keli and I were in bed he started taking pictures. Tom, he slid the photos under her door."

"Oh, boy. She has a stalker all right. Unless I miss my guess you're in as much danger as her, maybe more. You interrupted his imaginary love nest and threw reality in his face. It doesn't make sense, but in his mind you're keeping him from her."

"What shall I do?"

"Nothing. Let me make some calls. Where are you?"

"In a suburb of Chicago called Park Ridge."

"Park Ridge, got it. I'll see if I can dig up some local help for you. Is it all right if they call you direct?"



"Of course."

"Okay pal. Subject withstanding, it's been good talking to you."

"Me too. Bye"

"Bye."

\* \* \* \*

After calming down, Keli revealed enough of her wonderful night to Tya to let her return home happy. She glanced at her watch. Almost one p.m. She had to be there another eight hours. She'd call Trev from the store and tell him.

When she got back, the peculiar man who had been in earlier stood outside. "Hi, did you find what you were looking for at Victoria's Secret?"

She opened the door, stepped in and held the door for him.

He shook his head. "That's why I'm back. When I didn't like what they showed me, they got frustrated and said I could see everything they offered on line."

He followed her to the sales counter. She nodded. "Yes?"

His eyes grew bigger. "I...ah... was hoping you could pull up their website and tell me what you like or at least show me the nightgown you received so I know what you like."

*This isn't making sense.* "What does it matter what I like?"

A couple women came in and started browsing.

He started looking around, furtively glancing their way then back to Keli. "Ah, my girlfriend looks and dresses very much like you. Could you just go on line and tell me what catches your eye. And show me the nightgown you got. Please. It would really help me. I'll buy something here, too, for your trouble."

*What could it hurt?* "All right, just this once. After all we are competitors."

She typed [www.victoriassecret.com](http://www.victoriassecret.com) into the browser and hit enter and in a millisecond the website popped up. She perused sleepwear and showed him the nightgown Trevor had given her. "My friend gave me the champagne one, but I like the crimson one, too."

He kept glancing at one of the women who skipped through a close-out rack about ten feet away. "Yes, that's pretty. Anything else?"

"Let's see." She clicked on a new page and pointed to items on the screen. "I like this and this." She clicked a new screen. "And this."

"That's enough. If you were going to buy something right here in your store, what would it be?"

She laughed at the thought. *So many things.* "That would be half the store, but I especially like these brand new leather-chain belts that just came in. Here let me show you."

Coming from behind the sales counter she led him to the belt display located in the middle of the store. She lifted one of the belts horizontally. "This one. Isn't it beautiful? And it goes with casual and dress clothes."

"Yes, that's nice. How much is it?"

"Eighty-nine dollars. That sounds high but the chain links are gold electroplated."

"Okay, I'll take it."

\* \* \* \*

After meeting his new boss and several future co-workers, he felt pleased. They all seemed like good guys and hard workers. He was anxious to start in his new location, in his new position—head analyst, which included a large pay increase.

Heading back home, his mind centered on Keli. Maybe it was time to look for a ring. Wouldn't she make a beautiful bride? Though he knew she would never agree to it, he would be making enough so she wouldn't have to work.

Halfway back to his new apartment, his phone rang. "Hello?"

"Hello. Have I reached Mr. Gordon?"

"Yes, this is Phillip Gordon."

"Excellent. This is Sergeant Willie Chambers with the Park Ridge Police Department. Our captain received a call from the Lakewood, Colorado Police Department, stating that you and your girlfriend are the target of a stalker."

"Oh, good. Yes, primarily my girlfriend, but since I entered the picture, me too. I don't know that he broke any laws though."

"Has there been any contact?"

"Only this morning, the stalker slipped some eight by ten glossies of us making love under the door. My girlfriend Keli doesn't know about it yet. I didn't want to upset her."

"Mr. Gordon, we have learned from past experiences to take these kinds of things serious. I'd like to meet with you, preferably where the photos were taken."

"That would be 12620 N Brinmore Ave. Apt 206F."

"I'll be there in fifteen minutes."

"So will I. I'm en route now."

## Chapter Eight

Keli didn't know why, but she had the jitters ever since the strange man with wild eyes left the store. Could her imagination have been revved up with the discovery of the peeping tom? Maybe Trev's voice could calm her down.

She dialed his number.

"Gordy."

Smiling, she realized she felt better already. "Oh, sorry, I must have the wrong number."

"Hi beautiful."

"Oh, you can see me through the phone?"

"I just know you're beautiful, Keli. What can I do for you?"

"As a matter of fact, there is something you can do for me. I have to stay until closing time—nine o'clock—can you come and help me close. I don't want to be alone that late."

"I don't blame you. I'll be there at eight-thirty. You like chop sticks or forks?"

"What?"

"For the Chinese take out I'll have with me—chop sticks or forks?"

She snickered. "Oh, let's live dangerously—chop sticks and lots of napkins." She laughed. "I always have fingers as a backup."

"You got it. I'll see you at eight-thirty."

\* \* \* \*

Sergeant Chambers hadn't arrived yet when Trevor did, so he waited outside. A minute later an unmarked police car pulled up and with hand extended, a slightly overweight, jovial looking man in a gray suit got out and approached him. "Phillip Gordon?"

He nodded. "Yes sir," and shook the man's hand.

"Willie Chambers. Pleased to meet you. Let's see what you have here. Why don't you lead the way?"

Trevor led the sergeant up the flight of stairs to their apartment. He was shocked to see the door partially open with a large ring of keys hanging from the key in the lockset. He turned to face the sergeant, who just reached the top of the stairs, and raised a forefinger to his lips. When Willie eased up to him, Trevor whispered. "Looks like we have a visitor."

Willie whispered back, "Stay here. I'm going to call for back-up."

He pulled out a cell phone stepped about twenty feet away and turned his back on Trevor, apparently so he couldn't hear.

Trevor felt anxious. *Who could be in there?* Not waiting for Sergeant Chambers, Trevor swung the door in quietly and slowly stepped in. He scanned the living and dining rooms, then the kitchen, but didn't see anyone or anything amiss.

To his astonishment, he heard, what sounded like a man's groan coming from the bedroom. He eased up to the bedroom door, which was closed but ajar. The groan sounded louder and there were grunts too. He reached up to push the door open and felt a hand on his shoulder. He turned around. It was Willie shaking his head. He had his Walther P99 out and he hitched it away from the bedroom door.

As Trevor moved back, Willie edged up to the door. Holding the pistol in his right hand over his heart, he moved like a scene from a TV cop show. Standing to the side of the door, his left hand swung the door inward, slowly. When the door was half open, from their respective positions, the pair stared in amazement and loathing. The intruder—likely the stalker—stood over the bed, unaware of their presence, dressed, but masturbating excitedly, ejaculating seminal fluids all over the nightgown Trevor had given Keli.

Willie gazed at Trevor and when he had his attention pointed to the ground where he stood and mouthed, "Stay there."

Trevor nodded.

Willie looked up as if talking to a higher power then pivoted and took one giant step into the bedroom. With his legs spread, he aimed his weapon in a two handed stance and bellowed in a deep authoritative voice, "Hold it right there, buster."

Only the perp wasn't buying it. He glanced up with a start, eyed the man like a deer in headlights. In a flash he spun on his heels and took off. Trevor thought he had no where to go, but fright can be a strong motivation. Trevor ran to the door to see what happened. Glass and wood splinters blew outward as the stalker crashed through the ten light French door obstruction and fell onto the balcony.

*Ooooh! That had to hurt.*

He'd fallen down, but he wasn't out. Without the slightest pause he scampered up, set a hand on the balustrade, and leaped sideways over to what had to be a fourteen foot drop. Willie rushed toward and out the front door, but Trevor dashed through the demolished door onto the balcony. Edging up to the rail he looked down.

The two story jump seemed to have hurt the stalker as he limped away unable to put any weight on his right foot. Trevor was not going to let the sick s.o.b. get away so he took a deep breath and leapt over the balustrade, too. When his feet touched ground, he rolled to the ground to absorb the shock and rose up immediately. The perp, who started hopping on his one good foot, had about a

thirty yard lead. With adrenalin pumping, Trevor, who ran a four point four, forty yard dash in college, caught and tackled the miscreant in about that same time. After dodging a wayward punch, he stood and cold cocked the asshole with one solid punch to the jaw.

After taking the easy way down – the stairs – Sergeant Willie Chambers, ran up to them, out of breath, aiming his pistol at the stalker. Appearing to be unconscious, he patted the perp down for weapons, rolled him onto his stomach and cuffed his hands behind him as a pair of uniform cops, a man and woman, rushed up. “What do you want us to do?”

Willie smiled at the two. “Glad you could make the party. The perp is pretty beat up. Call the medics. Go with him to the hospital and don’t forget to recite his rights to him.”

Willie pulled Trevor aside. “That was a damned fool stunt you pulled there boy. Nevertheless, good job. A crime scene crew is on the way to take pictures and collect evidence. They will be here in ten minutes, so if you go in your apartment try not to touch anything”

Trevor stood off to the side while medics loaded the perp, who by then was bloody from cuts, into the ambulance and taken to the hospital.

Sergeant Chambers walked up. “We read our perp his rights and he’s on the way to the hospital. The crime scene people are going to be here any minute and they’ll take over your apartment for a couple hours up to a day so you and your girlfriend may need to stay in a hotel tonight. Right now I’m going to take a quick look though the perps apartment. He was a maintenance man here, you know.”

“No, I didn’t know. Can I go with you?”

He frowned and pursed his lips. “What do you think?”

“No.”

“Right you are. However, since I like you, I’ll let you know what I find, if I can. In the meantime, I’ll need the photos you told me about that were slid under your door.”

“Let me get those for you. Let’s go to my car.”

Walking across the grounds, Willie remarked, “That was quite a tackle you made on Luis.”

“Who?”

“The perp, his name is Luis Esposito. He has a history of kinky stuff. Anyway, you made a great tackle.”

“Thank you. Ah, here we are.”

Willie’s eyes widened. “What a sweet car.”

Trevor clicked the driver’s side door, opened it and reached in behind the seat. “Thanks, I like it.”

He handed the envelope to the sergeant who promptly examined them. He smiled. “Photos aren’t too good are they?”

“No.”

"Pretty girl from what I can see."

He nudged the policeman with his elbow. "Trust me, she's gorgeous."

Willie offered his hand and said, "One more thing. I'll have some paperwork for both you and the girl to sign. I'll be in touch."

Trevor shook his hand. "Thanks for everything."

"It's my job."

After Sergeant Chambers left, Trevor hopped in his car and took off for his rendezvous with Keli.

## Chapter Nine

Trevor headed for the Lavender Lotus, a Chinese restaurant and take out he spotted not far from Keli and Ty's dress shop. After a fifteen minute wait, while they prepared his order, he was on the way to Harmony in Fashions. On the way to the dress shop he passed a store that caught his eye. He glanced at his watch—eight-ten. *It must be providence.* Making up his mind up quickly, he waltzed into the store.

Fifteen minutes later he walked out of The Diamond Store, with a surprise in his coat pocket.

It turned out Harmony in Fashions set five doors down and on the other side of the promenade. She stood by a display when he walked in talking with what looked like a mother and daughter. She shifted her gaze to him, smiled and returned it to her customers. He headed for the sales counter and began unpacking the various Chinese entrees. Mmm. It smelled good. He hadn't had lunch so the delectable aromas made his stomach growl.

Keli and the mother and daughter came to the counter and she rang up three items for them. After they left, Trevor dished out two servings of a mixture of scrumptious Chinese cuisine. As they started eating Trevor said, "When we finish eating I have some great news to tell you."

She swallowed the chicken with broccoli she'd placed in her mouth with her chop sticks and asked, "What?"

He waved a chop stick in a circle and said, "When we're done."

She laughed, unsure if he was teasing her or what. "Why even mention it until you're ready to tell me?"

"Good point. I'm anxious to tell you and opened my big mouth, then realized it would be better to tell you after we finished eating."

"Mmmm, this is really good. Now that you raised my curiosity don't you think you should tell me?"

"I guess. We might have to rent a room somewhere tonight."

Her beautiful eyes narrowed. "Why?"

"See why I wanted to wait?"

"Just tell me sweetheart."

He frowned. "All right. Our apartment has been taken over by crime scene investigators."

Keli frowned. "I don't understand?"

"We caught the stalker in our apartment."

Her eyes grew wide and she shuffled excitedly. "Really? That's fantastic. What did you mean, we?"

"I was with the policeman."

"What was he doing in our apartment?"

Trev knew that sooner or later she was going to get upset. "He went through your things."

Her brow wrinkled. "What do you mean?"

He shook his head. "You don't want to know."

"Of course, I do. I'm an adult and I want to know what that pervert was doing with my things."

"He ejaculated on the night gown I gave you. Don't worry, I'll buy you another."

While she digested, what he told her, his phone rang. "Gordy."

"Hey buddy. It's Willie Chambers. Crime scene is finished with your apartment. A word of advice, throw away any open foods like milk or juices, even sauces and jelly. We took the nightgown and bedding for evidence, also the perp's keys that were in the door."

"Thanks for calling. I'm just now telling Keli what happened."

"Poor thing. Her pictures were plastered all over the guy's walls like wall paper. That's about all we found though—nothing, incriminating. Did you see the blow-up of her face on the bed above her night gown?"

"No, it all happened so fast."

"He's looking at time, but before then, he'll probably get out on bail, so you may want to move."

"Okay Willie, Thanks for calling. If I need anything else I'll call."

"You do that and I'll be calling to get the complaint and my paperwork signed, Ciao."

"Ciao."

He turned to Keli. "That was the policeman, we can go back to the apartment now."

Showing no expression, she threw her half eaten food in the trash. "Let's go."

She seemed to be in deep thought as he walked to her Altima. He kissed her lips before she got in, but she acted impassive. "Are you mad at me?"

"Of course not. Right now I feel violated. Maybe when I get back home, I'll feel better." She got in her car and started it. "I'll see you at the apartment."

He shut her door and walked through the empty lot to his car.

\* \* \* \*

Parking in her assigned space, she waited for Trevor to arrive before unlocking her door and getting out. She should be joyous that her stalker had been caught, but all she could think of was he'd been her bedroom. That he'd taken the nightgown she loved and soiled it in the most depraved way—cumming over it. *Why me? Does he hate me?*



When Trevor pulled in next to her in his sports car, she got out. Thank God Trevor came along when he did or things could have gotten a lot worse. He came over to her and wrapped a reassuring arm around her as they went to the stairs.

As they approached the apartment, even though it was late and cool out, she began to perspire. Her stomach felt like it turned over as he swung the door open. She didn't want to come. She never wanted to see the apartment again. This was her version of getting back on the horse that threw her.

She stepped in surveyed the living room and kitchen then headed straight for her bedroom. The feeling of violation was stronger here. One of the French doors she loved had been smashed and had a piece of plywood over the outside. She walked to it and studied at it in wonderment.

When Trev came up beside her, she asked, "What happened to the door?"

"When the policeman confronted the stalker he ran through it."

"Onto the balcony?"

"Yes."

"And that's where he captured him?"

Trev shook his head. "No, the guy jumped over the rail."

Her eyes widened. "Really! Then what?"

"The policeman ran out of the apartment and down the stairs and I jumped over the railing and chased the pervert."

Her mouth fell open. "Yo-o-u jumped over the rail?"

He nodded. "Ah-huh, and caught him about fifty yards down the greenbelt."

"*You* caught him?"

He nodded and smiled. "Knocked the bastard out."

A tentative smile formed on her face as she pictured the scene he relayed to her. Turning and facing him, she laid her head on his chest and circled her hands around him. "Hold me." His arms looped her, his hands pulling her in tight. She could feel the thumping of his heartbeat on her cheek.

She pulled away and continued the examination of her bedroom. The mattress was bare, the sheets and bed spread having been taken. She ran one of her long fingered hands along it then stepped over to the mirrored closet door she'd enjoyed so much the previous night.

She studied her reflection in the mirror. Her image did not reveal the firestorm of emotions that raged within her. Her rock of three days came up behind her. She smiled a genuine smile. What if she had to endure this alone? More than ever she adored him.

With trepidation, she slid the door open. As expected, the beautiful satin nightgown Trevor had given her was gone. Once again her eyes widened in this night of surprises. In place of the champagne gown was a crimson version of the same nightgown and...hanging from the neck of the hanger, the leather and chain belt she'd sold *him*. *It was the man in the store!*

She turned toward Trev. "The man you caught. Was he Hispanic, medium height, thin?"

His eyebrows rose in surprise. "How did you –"

"He came into the store, twice. He wanted something for his girlfriend."

"Do you have surveillance cameras in the store?"

"Yes, why?"

"My guess is the police might want them to help tie the stalker to you."

She angled back and squeezed the fabric of the crimson gown with her fingers and thumb. "He bought this at Victoria's Secret." Her hand grasped the belt. "And I sold him this belt."

With his eyes opened wide, he said, "You were his girlfriend."

"Yes, and he had sex with me the only way he could, using his imagination and the nightgown you gave me as a prop." She turned and looked at him. "Sweetheart, I wonder if you were in more danger from him than I was. After all you were taking his girlfriend away."

His beautiful blue eyes narrowed. "You may be right. In any case, he'll be out of our lives for a couple of years. What are you going to do with his offerings?"

"I was going to give them away, but I think I changed my mind." She pulled the hanger with the crimson gown down and hung the belt up with the rest of her belts. "I'll be right back."

She took the gown in the bathroom. A minute later she came out wearing the red gown and she looked beautiful. "Okay, I'm ready."

His nostrils flared as he scrunched his mouth. "Ready for what?"

She sat on the unmade bed. "It may be symbolic, but I feel like making love."

She wouldn't let him take the gown off. They made slow, meaningful love the rest of the night. She had three climaxes and Trevor had two, both of which she insisted he discharge on the stalkers nightgown.

## Chapter Ten

It was a new beginning. The sun beat through the unbroken door, she had a new man in her life and the stalker was out of her life, thanks to her hero. She turned on her side and gazed in admiration at Phillip Trevor (Gordy) Gordon. She loved his profile. His striking blues were closed, but the rest of him was open to observation. His long blond hair draped down an inch or two past his ear. His nose had a little bump near the top, giving it a hawk-like appearance. His lips were wide and thin. His beard was dark compared to his hair, but light in comparison to most men.

She knew now that she loved this man. Could it get any better? Maybe. A house with a picket fence and two beautiful mixed raced kids—a boy and a girl—playing in the front yard would be nice. She wondered if it would go that far. *"Oh well. I can dream can't I?"* In the meantime, he was her boyfriend and she loved him.

She turned the other way and glanced at the clock. Ten-thirty! How come so late? Then she remembered they made love until one a.m. Her eyes opened wide. *The picnic.* She better get crackin'. Naked, she slipped out of bed, opened the closet door, picked out a robe and sauntered into the bathroom. She hung the robe up on the garment hook behind the door and turned on the shower.

Ten minutes later, she was in the kitchen frying up southern fried chicken and making potato salad, when Trev waltzed out—naked. She smiled and shook her head. "Have I ever seen you soft?"

He chuckled, "Not yet. When you're around my libido shoots through the roof."

She giggled, "As does your dick."

He chuckled. "Are you complaining?"

She laughed. "Heavens no. It's just that it's not practical."

With a mischievous twinkle in his eye he grabbed himself. "I'll worry about my end of the deal. You just worry about your end."

"I would, but when you parade around in a state of arousal, it makes my end of the deal, warm and moist."

He grasped her hand. "Then let's go back in the bedroom."

She pulled her hand away. "No! I'm cooking. I'm making lunch for our picnic. You and I are going to a very romantic spot in the woods."

"Are we going to make love there?"

"I'm not planning on it."

"Then why go to a romantic place?"

Keli set the cooking utensil down, her eyes bored into him. "Please don't be like every other man on the planet that thinks there is no romance without sex."

Contritely, he stepped up behind her and wove his arms around her. "You're right babe. Forgive me?"

She turned around and pecked him on the lips. "You're forgiven. Now, get dressed so my end of the deal can dry out."

He chortled as he went back in the bedroom.

\* \* \* \*

Forty-five minutes later, picnic basket in one hand and Keli's elegant hand in his other, he let her lead him through the woods. The forest varied, thick but thinning in places, open meadow in others. The meadows contained mostly knee high grass, while the floor of the forest contained some low vegetation, but was a mix of dead leaves and dark brown dirt.

Golden sunlight filtered through the tree branches, lighting patches of ground to guide their way. The forest looked beautiful, Keli, in a bright pink tee shirt and low rise jeans looked breathtaking and Trevor lived in a state of bliss. They came to a river some thirty feet across, the Des Plaines River from what Keli told him. They walked along the bank on which grass and other water hungry plants thrived. They followed the bank until they ran into impenetrable brush.

Keli set the cooler and blanket, she'd been carrying, down. "We're here." She sat on the ground and took her footwear off. "Take your shoes and socks off and roll up your pant legs."

"Why?"

She flashed an all knowing smile. "We're going to wade in the river."

Following her suggestion, he removed his shoes and socks. Rolling up the legs of his jeans, he heard voices, but never saw anyone. Still, it was the first indication that the forest wasn't theirs alone.

Keli tied the laces of her shoes together, draped them around her neck and rose. She picked up the cooler and blanket and gazed at him. "Are you ready?"

He followed her example with his running shoes and rose. Grasping the picnic basket he said, "Let's go."

"Take my hand. It can get slippery."

He took her hand and stepped into the shallow edge of the river. Trevor smiled at the sensation of mud oozing between his toes. After sliding in the water for ten yards they came to a small grassy clearing.

"This is it." She stepped up onto the bank and he followed. After rinsing her muddy feet in the river, she wiped them on the grass and so did he.

The clearing wasn't much bigger than the blanket she spread, perhaps twelve by sixteen, but it was nice. Birds chirped, some of the bushes were blooming and of course the river just rolled on by. Across the river, solid brush

came right down to the bank. The clearing was about as private as you could get without four walls.

Over the blanket she spread a smaller table cloth. "Are you hungry?"

"Starved."

She smiled and sat down. "Have a seat and I'll fix a plate for you."

He sat cross-legged next to her while she scooped a generous portion of her mayo-mustard potato salad on the melamine plate she'd brought, added a crunchy breast and leg then handed the plate to him. "There's plenty more for seconds, so don't be shy."

He took the plate. Thanks. Taking a bite of breast, he said, "Mmm, this is delicious."

"Family recipe handed down through the years." Next, she poured and handed him a glass of iced tea. "Hope you don't mind, I only brought iced tea."

He grabbed it and took a drink. "It's fine, I like iced tea."

She laughed. "Isn't this fun. It reminds me of having tea with my father when I was six."

"It is fun and the setting is spectacular. I'm glad you thought of this."

She leaned into him and kissed him. "Only I didn't do that when I was six."

They finished eating in silence. When he was done, he rubbed his tummy. "Mmm, that was so good."

Again she leaned into him and kissed him. "Thanks, I'm glad you liked it. It's nothing fancy like you make, though."

"I'll teach you my recipes and you can teach me yours. How's that?" He leaned in and kissed her.

She started to gather the dishes. "Let me get this...oh wait, I almost forgot. I brought lemon bars for dessert."

While she reached into the basket, Trevor said, "I love lemon bars."

She took one of the bars off the plate and held it up to his mouth. "Good, I brought plenty." He took a bite and a tiny bit of lemon and powdered sugar collected on the outer edge of his upper lip.

Trevor thought she was going to kiss him again, but she licked the residue off his lip. When he had a surprised look on his face after she backed away, she placed her forefinger to her upper lip. "You had some on your lip and I didn't want it to go to waste."

He nodded and touched the lemon bar she held. "May I?"

She let him take it and he lifted it to her mouth. He angled the bar in such a way that she, too, had residue on her upper lip. Naturally, he licked the wayward filling off.

Apparently, emboldened, she pulled her tee shirt over her head and scooped a finger full of the lemon filling off the bar he held. His eyes grew wide as he watched her pull down her bra under her breast and apply the yellow filling to her hard nipple. Then she inserted her messy finger between Trev's waiting lips for clean-up. After scouring her finger clean he grasped her shapely

breast and lowered those same lips to her lemony nub. In less than a minute, to sounds of Keli's moaning, Trev washed her nipple clean as a whistle.

Obviously, working out to Keli's delight, she repeated the procedure on her other nipple, whereupon Trevor's lips and tongue sought out and removed the lemony flavor. Trevor loved her dark breasts and nipples. She tensed as he ran his tongue clockwise around her jutting nipple, getting most of the lemon filling with one trip around. When he reversed and ran his tongue counterclockwise in the other direction her long slender finger twined around his long blond locks. After two trips around her sexy bud, to the sounds of more moans, he wrapped his lips around it and sucked on it as if it were a straw.

When he'd finished, they stared at each other and smiled as if they came to some kind of unspoken agreement. Then, after setting their drinks elsewhere, together they pulled the table cloth containing all dishes, baskets and coolers, save the lemon bars, off the blanket and onto the grass.

"Take your jeans off," she ordered.

"Here?"

"No one will see."

He pulled them off and she snickered as his manhood protruded through the opening in his boxer shorts. She undid her bra and shrugged the straps over her shoulders, letting it fall to the ground. "Take off your shirt."

As he dragged his red long-sleeved shirt over his head, she pushed her jeans down and over her feet, leaving scanty yellow panties as the only item of clothing. She scooped the last of the lemon filling off the original lemon bar, thankful she had brought four. "Are your nipples sensitive?"

"Yes."

"Good."

She rubbed half of the of it on one nipple and the rest on the other, then while stroking his cock, she did in essence what Trevor had done to her. Alternating between his nipples, Keli sucked on his nipples as he wriggled and fidgeted. He felt overpowering sensations in his balls and navel. She kept it up and he got so worked up he panted out, "You better stop...or I'll...cum."

"Oh no, don't do that. We're just getting started. Get up on your knees."

He rose up on his knees. She pushed his legs apart and sitting, she slid her legs between his thighs. Staring directly at his cock, she grabbed a second lemon bar and ran it all over his upright cock. He gasped, most likely from the coolness of the filling. When his shaft was fully covered with the yellow ooze, she grabbed it between her thumb and two fingers and began to lave her tongue up and down, around and all over his prodigious member.

"Oh God, that feels good," he blurted as his fingers dug deep through her hair as she licked the length of his oversized manhood over and over.

When she'd licked his cock clean she glanced up and flashed a wicked smile. "That was the tastiest lemon bar I ever ate. I wonder what your testes taste like." Wrapping long fingers around his shaft, she stroked him as her tongue

trekked down to his ball sac, where some of the lemon flavoring still resided. First, she laved the loose pink skin removing all traces of citrus.

\* \* \* \*

By now his intermittent moans had become a continuous groan, almost like a low grade howl, emitting deep from within his chest. "Mmmmmm, mmmmmm" She wrapped her lips around one of his large, walnut shaped marshmallows and welcomed it past her teeth and into her oral cavern with a sigh. Sweeping it around and sucking on it, she liked the feel of his testicle in her mouth, but not as much as his cock. She switched balls, wallowing it around her chamber and sucking on it. He seemed to like what she did because he groaned deeply and his fingers continued to wander through her hair while she performed her genital handiwork.

Releasing his testicle, but continuing to stroke his cock, she glanced up at him. His eyes were closed and his tongue licked his lips. "That was fun. Now for the main entrée. Are you ready to cum in my mouth?"

His eyelids sprung open in obvious surprise. "You want me to cum in your mouth?"

A large bead of pre-cum had formed in the recess of his penile opening. Her tongue scooped up the oily substance. It tasted good. Her fingers, pressing against the outside of his cock, ran from the base slowly up to the tip, forcing a new helping of the mildly saline fluid into his meatus—his male opening.

She nodded. "Ah-huh. If it would please you."

He laughed. "I would love it, but would it please you?"

Her tongue scooped up the second smaller helping of his lubricous substance and tried for a third. "If you love it, it would definitely please me." Failing to draw much more of the slippery substance to the rim of his regal staff she readied her open mouth above his cock. He laughed, but gasped and tensed when her warm, comforting mouth surrounded his plum colored head, sucking it. His deep groan echoed through the clearing when she tongued the sensitive soft spot underneath his crown.

"Mmmm that feels good. Don't stop."

After teasing the underside for a few seconds, his hands on each side of her head forced her down on his shaft. When it entered her mouth a few inches, he released the pressure on her head and she raised her mouth back up and again tongued the tender underside of his cock. Then he would again force her mouth down and around his cock in conjunction with her stroking fist, all while using her other hand to fondle her clit. Each time they went deeper and deeper until she could feel him in her throat.

She felt elated. *I love sucking Trev's cock. Such an elegantly, wicked feeling it is, having his most precious possession gliding in and out of my mouth. And when he leaves his seed within me, I will feel complete with him.*

They did this repeatedly, perhaps a hundred or more times. He fidgeted and moaned, his tense fingers roamed about her head, neck, shoulders and finally her breasts where they remained, kneading them, fingering her nipples.

She had no idea he was cuming until the first spurt of liquid testosterone splashed across the back of her throat and ran down. Then he pushed his cock to the back of her throat as more squirts followed and he screeched, "Christ, baby, I'm about to blow it," and dug his fingers deep into the back of her head. His movements became convulsive, seizure like. When he finished, even though he was still in her mouth, he ran his hands down her back to her ass, leaning over her back as he did in an awkward silent embrace. Trembles coursed through him with an occasional shudder.

He straightened up. "Was it all right?"

She removed his cock from her mouth to answer. "Yes. I loved it."

"Did it taste all right?"

"I didn't notice."

His hands reached under her armpits and urged her up. "Come up here."

On her knees she was two or three inches lower than him. She wrapped loving arms around him as he did her.

"Share my cum with me," he said, "Kiss me."

She leaned back in order to focus on his handsome face. "I'm afraid it mostly went down my throat."

She glanced down at his cock. As it softened a bead of cum had settled at the opening. "Here's some though." She transferred it to her forefinger and slipped it past his lips, depositing it on his tongue. His lips closed around her finger as he savored the drop of cum.

He tilted his head down as she tilted hers up. When their lips touched his tongue slipped out and ran the length of the groove between her closed lips. Opening her mouth she invited his tongue in where his cock had just been. Swirling it around, he said, "I can still taste a little of me," pulling away he continued, "Now, it's your turn, lie down."

When she'd reclined, he dragged her panties off. "Now, spread those gorgeous legs." With her legs spread, she gasped when he shoved two fingers in her. She couldn't believe what he did next. He picked up one of the three remaining lemon bars and rubbed it, filling side up, over her clit. It felt cool and sent shivers through her. She thought he would lick the lemony substance from her clit and gulped in eagerness. Instead he rubbed it down her entire sexual hollow formed by her inner folds. Again it felt cool and gelatinous. She shook in anticipation of that marvelous silky tongue licking her stem to stern, but he hadn't finished yet. He rolled the remainder of the lemon bar around his finger, lemon side out and, surprised her by inserting it into her channel. After pushing it in and out of her a couple times he removed it and swallowed it.

Now, his talented tongue lapped up the tart flavoring the length of her slit clear to her bud. She gasped, exhaled then her breathing quickened to short



gasps. The bouquet of her pussy mixed with the tangy aroma of the lemon bars seemed to excite him as he started breathing heavily himself. She groaned and squiggled even more as his tongue slipped deeper in her cleft as it inched toward her bundle of sensitive nerves.

Keli's head thrashed side to the side in reaction to the forceful sensations that surged through her. She basked in the blissful feeling of his luscious lips enveloping, and sucking on her swollen clitoris.

She seemed ready to cum when his mouth pulled away, and headed south to her lemon flavored pussy. His tongue dug deep into the depths of her chamber causing every nerve in her body to sizzle. One hand looped around her thigh, draped over her mound and massaged her clit, while the other hand slid across her rib cage and engaged her jutting nipple.

Wrapping her legs around his shoulders, she crossed her ankles behind his neck and pulled his mouth firmly into her wet recess. She was on the cusp of a massive eruption. She shouted, "Jesus baby, it's a *big* one." She raised her hips and arched her back as indescribable sensations cascaded through her body, and she quickly lost control as the intensity built. Like a galactic crescendo, stars, meteorites, suns, comets all zoomed past her, terminating in a blinding flash of light behind closed eyelids as the eruption grew into a colossal orgasm. Thrashing her head she reacted frenetically, jerking her body convulsively.

When the phenomenal feeling subsided she pulled him up with her and kissed him. "I'm sorry, I made so much noise. I'm afraid someone may have heard me and might come to investigate. Maybe we should head back to the apartment and finish what we started there."

"It's up to you. It's your picnic."

She picked up his jeans to hand them to him. "I think we sh...there's a bulge in here." She reached in the pocket and pulled out a jewelry box. "What's this?"

Trevor was taken aback. He snatched the box back. "You weren't supposed to see that, yet."

"Is that what I think it is?"

Now, Trevor started to get coy, which is one of the few things he's not good at. "Depends on what you think it is."

"An engagement ring. Is it an engagement ring?"

"Good guess."

She frowned. "Yeah right." She leapt into his arms and began giving him sloppy wet kisses between each word, "Yes (kiss) I'll (kiss) marry (kiss) you, (kiss) you (kiss) wonderful (kiss) man."

When she pulled away, she laughed. His face was a patchwork of red lip smudges.

"But you haven't even seen the ring."

"Don't you know. I love you, you crazy man. The ring doesn't matter — you do."

"And I love you. Let me put the ring on you and we'll go home to celebrate." He opened the ring box, pulled the ring out and slipped it on the ring finger of her left hand. "Kelly Michaels will you marry me?"

"Yes, yes, yes."

He smiled, "This is better than winning the lottery."

She kissed him again. "You are my lottery."

"Do you like the ring? If you don't like it you can exchange it."

It was a beautiful ring. She wouldn't exchange it for anything. "It's beautiful, baby."

"Good." He stood up and reached out a hand to help her up. "Are you ready?"

She grabbed his hand with two hands and pulled down as hard as she could. When he fell to his knees beside her, she wrapped her arms around him tight and kissed him passionately. "If we're going to celebrate our engagement by making love. I want to do it in the most romantic place I know – here."

"What about getting caught?"

"I don't care any more. Take off your shorts. We're going to celebrate our engagement by making love right here for the rest of the day."

The End

Other books by Dee Dawning, you may like.



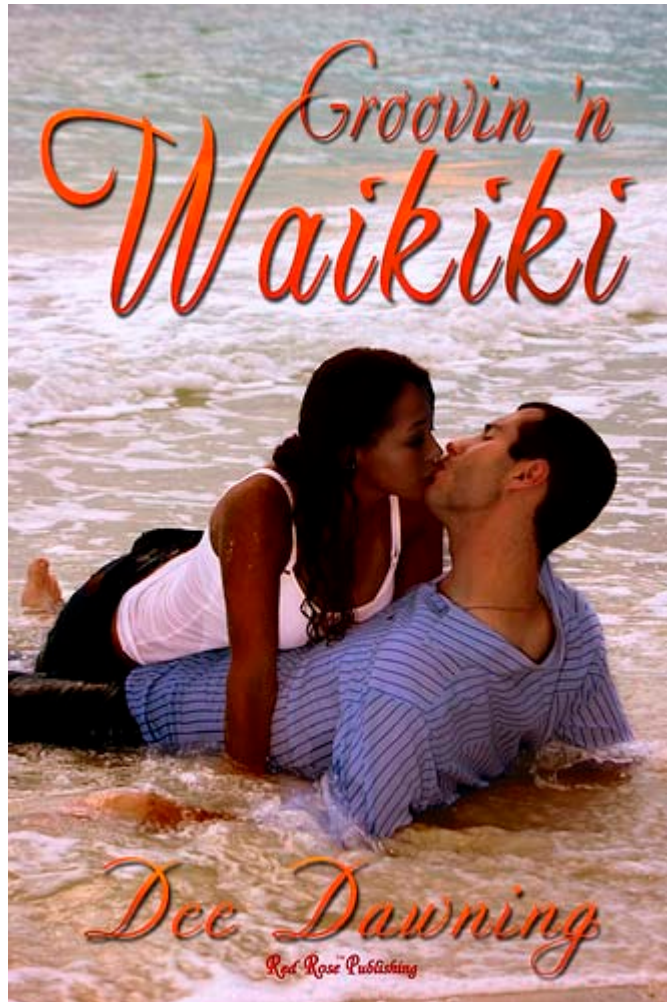
## Felicity Jones

**Best Seller**

Can a girl be too good looking?" Like a living breathing Barbie doll, Felicity Jones attracts would-be suitors like moths to a flame.

Today is the last day of the semester. A two week vacation looms and the possibility Adam and Devon, maybe Felicity's two biggest fans, may never have a chance with the hottest girl on the campus again.

Desperate as they are, when opportunity presents itself, they go for it, and for once Felicity doesn't stop them. This leads to an afternoon, they and maybe you, will never forget.



## **Groovin' 'n Waikiki**

After winning an all expenses paid Hawaiian vacation for two from a local radio station, Jessica and her younger sister, Gloria, head to Honolulu with high expectations. Jessie meets and hits it off with a man who happens to live in the LA area, where she's from and is suddenly looking forward to returning to LA.

Gloria, a showroom dancer in Las Vegas hotel, also meets a man, Kino, a Hawaiian hunk, who is renowned for his lothario like exploits. Just when she's resolved to sharing his company as a summer vacation romance only, she discovers they have something compelling in common.

Is there romance after vacation with this Hawaiian godlike incarnation?

Gloria doesn't think so, but don't count Kino out.

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