

COBBLESTONE PRESS PRESENTS



# THE VALENTINE MONOLOGUES

Jodici Belle



Touch Me by Jodici Belle

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*Touch Me*

*By*

*Jodici Belle*

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### **Touch Me**

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**Dedication**

Love always. To the day of Saint Valentine and the love of my husband. And special thanks to my editor, Barb.

## Chapter One

*Sex. A three letter word that encompasses so much meaning. Can make a man's eyes roll to the back of his head in pure ecstasy. Can give a woman ultimate power. Think about Cleopatra, Helen of Troy... and me.*

*-An excerpt from Walk in My Shoes*

Struggling into a particularly tight pair of pantyhose, I let out a muffled curse. "Slimming," I muttered in disgust. "Will take five inches off your waistline, my ass."

Jumping up and down, I breathed a sigh of relief as the stubborn nylon squeezed over my hips and settled over my waist. There were miracles after all. Smoothing my hands over the fabric, I reached to grab my very proper business skirt from the bed, but paused as movement from the window caught my attention.

*He-ello, Dolly!* In the apartment across the block, a shirtless man in luscious shorty-shorts traipsed about his apartment, happy as you please.

"He-ello," I said appreciatively, imagining all the things I would like to do to him.

Stepping around my bed, I approached the window and stared at the impressively-formed torso of a man familiar with hard work. Even from across the alleyway distance between my building and his, I could see the sweat running down his chest as he finished off his set of reps. I licked my lips as he turned and placed the weights on a rack.

Six months ago, I'd happened to catch him walking around his

apartment in just a towel and from that moment, I was hooked. I had to get a daily dose of Mr. Joe Sexy.

He was picture perfect. The way his black locks fell over his features and the amazing, mouth-watering way his body fell in perfect lines begged to be photographed. As he exited the living area, I sighed in disappointment. My God, it had been a long time since I'd felt inspired to photograph a person on a whim.

I glanced over at my Nikon sitting on my bedside table, and then turned back to find him in the room once more. He strode forward. As he leaned over to grab something on the ground, he paused, and I found myself captured by the most gorgeous blue eyes. I gasped as he stood, placed his arm against the window frame, and smiled.

Jerking back, I rested against the wall and released a horrified breath. He had seen me! Seen me ogling him like some fresh teenager. And what's more, he'd seen me doing it in just a blouse and pantyhose. I slapped a woebegone hand on my forehead and glanced down at my blouse, which just covered my crotch. *Thank God for small mercies.*

Drawing in a calming breath, I snatched up my skirt and pulled it on before hurrying from the room as though the hounds of hell were upon me. I didn't stop until I was safely in the elevator. Once there, I leaned against the smooth faux wood panel, my heart racing. With a groan, I dropped my head back onto the wall.

This was fan-freaking-tastic. Not only did Mr. Sexy catch me, he probably thought I was a right little perv. I mean, it was true: I *was* a right perv, and I made no excuses for it. I just didn't want anyone else calling me up on it, least of all the object of my raunchiest fantasies.

The elevator door opened with a ding. I stepped out and glanced furtively around me. What did I expect? Him running toward to my apartment block with the police?

I released a wry chuckle and dropped into my car, a bright yellow beetle, of all things. Who was I kidding? Right now, he was probably laughing his ass off.

## Chapter Two

*He approached me, and I knew from the glimmer in his eyes that he was hot. Hot for me. I lifted my foot and placed my pink stiletto over his abs, feeling them tense as I ran the tip of my heel downward. I rubbed the platform over his crotch.*

*Bold, audacious, and downright naughty.*

*"So tell me, what do you think of my new shoes?"*

*"Hot."*

*-An excerpt from Walk in My Shoes*

Throughout my trip to work, I couldn't help visualizing the amusement in my neighbor's eyes or the heat that warmed my cheeks at being caught. His was a body that would set a woman to quiver with desire. If I were a bit more limber, I entertained the notion that perhaps I would've been quick enough to avoid detection. Would my daily cup of Joe be denied now that he knew he had an appreciative audience?

I chewed my lower lip in consternation. What was I so worried about? He was a guy who lived across the way. It wasn't like he was going to tell everyone I knew about my dirty little secret.

As I continued to bemoan my lack of stealth, I pulled into a parking spot below the building of my workplace. *Wow, time does fly when you worry the crap out of yourself.*

With a loud sigh, I checked myself in the rearview mirror and stepped out of my car. My heels clicked along the pavement as I hooked

my bag over my shoulder. The ding of an elevator drew my attention, and like a lemming, I rushed for it. I puffed as I tottered up the incline, my breasts screaming in protest. Okay, so I wasn't fit, and neither was I wearing a frigging sports bra to hold my puppies in place.

"Hold the elevator!" I screamed, hoping whoever was there would do so.

I hit level ground and sprinted...well, sort of sprinted for the door. That was until I saw who I'd be sharing the cabin with.

God, Rick the Dick. The office Casanova-wannabe. I'm sure he'd taken the nickname the girls had given him as a compliment, but trust me, it wasn't. Whenever he got the chance, he would bring up the so-called fact that Italian men had larger penises than other Caucasian males. Then he would go on to make note of his own—debatable, in my opinion—Italian ancestry followed by a long-winded speech about all his conquests and his "skills" in bed. God, I couldn't stand to go through that lecture again. And I could do without the air humping he had a habit of doing around women when he thought no one could see but his mates.

"Looking good there, Elliot," he leered.

I resisted the urge to roll my eyes as he spoke to my chest. "Hey, up here," I said, pointing to my eyes.

Rick chuckled as the door slid shut behind us. "Just admiring your finer assets."

I tapped my foot, watching the numbers *slowly* go up.

"You know," the Dick was saying, "I can't help but remember that night at the Christmas party."

I wanted to groan. Not that party. It was the Christmas get-together last year that had prompted my New Year's resolution to drink less. Had I not been so plastered, I might've noticed the damned mistletoe I was stumbling under. Rick had taken it upon himself to keep up the tradition and French kiss me. When I stumbled from his groping embrace, I ran into David, the office hottie, and promptly vomited on his shoes. *Not* one of my finest hours, honestly.

"Look, Rick, that night I was drunk," I explained carefully.

His lips formed a moue. *Ugh*. That so did not work on a guy.



"Come on, you had a good time," he said, rotating his hips and spreading his arms to show me his wares.

*Double ugh.*

"If you count spending half the night with my head over a toilet bowl as a good time, then okay. But really," I said, passing him a withering stare, "I'm not interested, all right?"

Rick, true to his moniker, threw me an offhanded shrug. "Hey, your loss. I don't know why I thought a fat chick would be fun in the sack."

My jaw dropped at his audacity. "Excuse me?"

The ding of the door opening saved him, and he hurried off as though I hadn't said a word. *Why, that motherf—*

"Hey there, girlfriend!"

I turned to find Stacy walking toward me with a sparkle in her brown eyes. Stacy was one of the writers for *Juice* magazine and worked in the fashion section, which you could tell by just looking at her. She always looked a million bucks. "You'll never guess what I did," she said, hooking a slim arm around mine.

I shook my head. Her excitement was palpable, and judging by the whispers and giggles from the other girls in the office, something awesome was going on.

"What?"

"You are going to flip when I tell you."

I smiled, anticipation starting to penetrate my bones. "What?"

"You are going to shoot the next Model of the Month!"

I just about swallowed my tongue. "What-how-what?" Something could be said for my articulation, but I was just too flabbergasted to form a sentence.

"Well, you know how you finished your diploma in photography? Well, I suggested *you* to the boss and showed her some of your shots, and she wants you. Isn't this amazing?"

"Amazing," I muttered, feeling sick. This couldn't be happening. "I haven't done an actual job, Stace," I reminded her, but she waved my protest away.

"You'll do fine. But, you have a meeting in like five minutes to go over it all with Elaine."

"What happened to our photographer?"

Stacy shook her head in warning. God, it was that bad. Everyone knew the guy and Elaine were an item, no matter how much they tried to keep it a secret. I guessed it hadn't ended well.

I stopped in my cubicle and dropped my bag on the chair as Stace made herself comfortable on the table. I leaned over and logged onto the computer. My hand was shaking.

*Crap. I'm not a real photographer.* I wanted to be, but I'd been thinking of starting with photographing babies in the shopping mall. You can't go wrong with that. But a model shoot for a magazine? And for *Juice* magazine, no less. I could imagine the guillotine dropping if Elaine wasn't happy.

I rubbed my neck, feeling sweat form on my brow. I'd never passed out before, but the prospect of that happening now seemed a real possibility. "I can't be the photographer," I whispered, horrified. "I'm the *Walk in My Shoes* writer. I don't have enough experience."

"Hey, they did that when they threw you into writing that column."

I paused and considered the notion. Yes, that was true. I'd been assigned to write about a fictional character's everyday life. As far as the readers knew, the sassy, confident, and over-the-top Elle actually existed. "You have a point."

"Well, what are you still doing here? You have to go to the meeting. Chop-chop."

I snatched up my notebook and pen, and hurried along the corridor to the other end of the office. I paused at the door, and peered through the glass panel at Elaine as she sat swinging from side to side while talking on the phone. I hesitated and considered that perhaps Stace had gotten it wrong. Elaine spotted me and waved me in.

*Oh, no.*

Taking a deep breath, I entered the luxuriously appointed room and was hit with the fragrance of Christian Dior's Poison. The smell hung

heavily in the air, burning my nostrils with its cloying scent. I moved to the side and made myself comfortable in one of the leather chairs to wait patiently as Elaine continued with her conversation. Flowers, most probably freshly delivered from the florist down the road, graced every corner of the office.

The click of the phone brought me out of my wanderings, and I found Elaine regarding me carefully. "I hear you are a good photographer."

"Well, I wouldn't—"

"Good, because we need one tomorrow, and I really don't have the time or patience to go over and hire a freelance. I trust you have your own equipment."

I had spent a fair amount on my D3 SLR Nikon and accessories, but that wasn't the point. I'd mainly photographed landscapes and some posed family shots, but nothing of the caliber she wanted. "Yes, but I--"

"Excellent. Dillon Ferra and his agent will be here at ten a.m., and I want you set up in the Green Room. We're going for a jungle theme, so think about that, will you?"

I nodded, as though I understood and was completely on top of everything, but I so wasn't. My heart was pounding, and the grip on my pen threatened to break it in half.

"Oh, and on another note, this is a professional business. We don't have bras poking through our clothes and neither do we wear hot pink stilettos."

I glanced down and gasped to find my red lacy bra peeked over the top of my blouse. I quickly adjusted it.

"All right, that'll be all."

I stood on shaky legs and offered a wobbly smile as I left the office. I walked—no, ran—back to my cubicle to find Stace sitting there with a toothy grin.

"We-ell?"

"I'm shooting Mr. February."

Stace jumped up and squealed. "Oh my God, this is awesome. You are going to be great."

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I honestly wanted to have that type of confidence, but in reality, my job was on the line. "Yeah, great."

### Chapter Three

*Two things to consider when searching for a new man: 1) His package. 2) His baggage. There is nothing worse with a man lacking the first and packing in the latter.*

*-An excerpt from Walk in My Shoes*

That night, I spent longer in the shower usual. It was the place I did my best thinking. After reviewing the situation, I knew there was no way out of it. All I could do was look through photography magazines and the Internet for inspiration.

Mind you, a few minutes with Mr. Joe Sexy would do that for me. A smile pulled at my lips. Maybe a little peek would do me, as opposed to plain ogling. I had to lie low for a bit to avoid detection.

Shutting off the water, I pulled my bathrobe from the nearby hook. I shrugged into it and exited the bathroom. The night was warm, and even now, I felt sweat break out on my skin.

Grimacing, I flicked on the fan in my bedroom then strolled over to draw the curtains shut. I paused. My gaze fixated on my neighbor, who stood in the center of his room. Naked. I drank in his image and the impressive size of his erection. Then I realized what he was doing.

*Oh, my God.* All thought abandoned me as I watched him pleasure himself. What in the world was a guy like him doing that for? Women should be lining the streets to get into bed with him. I gasped as desire speared me. Hell, I would hang out on the street for a moment with him.

I glanced down at my soft curves and let out a wry chuckle. Who was I kidding? A man like him wouldn't give me a second glance. Still, I didn't move away from the window, mesmerized by the slow pumping of his hand. His skin glistened as though he'd recently come out of the shower and his head dipped back in a picture of ecstasy.

Heat coiled within me as I followed the movement, my mind whispered wicked things to me and sending a pulsating wave between my legs. Gasping for a breath, I eased the folds of my gown apart and touched myself. Hot desire spiraled through me as I rubbed my fingers through my nether lips, finding a joyful rhythm with him. Spreading my legs, I slipped a finger into my pussy and imagined it was him pumping into me. A soft moan echoed in the room as my eyes slid shut, and I tweaked my nipple, sending an electric bolt of pleasure through me.

God, he felt good. I looked at him again and found myself captured by knowing eyes. Mortification washed through me, and I stilled my hands, frozen like a deer in headlights. Feeling tears of shame bite the back of my throat, I started to pull my hands away when he said something.

I frowned. He didn't look mad. In fact, he seemed intrigued by the fact that he had a voyeur. He spoke again, slower this time, and I managed to decipher what he mouthed. *Keep going.*

I released my breath in a gush, and slowly began to follow his lead. Lifting my leg, I rested it on the windowsill and circled my clit with eager fingers. His eyes narrowed, and his mouth thinned in the form of a growl as he pumped his cock.

Inserting two fingers, I worked myself into a frenzy, pleasure rising along with the heat rolling through me. Gasping for a breath, I dropped my head back for a moment then faced him once more, my hand pressing against the window frame to hold me upright.

Our pace increased, and I struggled to stave off the inevitable. I wanted this to go on forever. I drank up the vision of him pleasuring himself and the luscious line of his lips.

"Oh, yes," I groaned. "Fuck me."

He mouthed something. *Come for me.*

The words acted like a catalyst, and I let out a keening cry as I tensed then orgasmed. Across the way, his lips curled back as he came right along with me.

Panting, I leaned closer to the window. He cleaned himself off with a towel and then stepped forward. I pulled myself upright and Dillon. My heart beat wildly and I wondered what would happen next.

We'd just shared a very intimate moment—the hottest moment I'd had in a good, long while. He paused and glanced behind him, before quickly wrapping the towel around him. I frowned, but the reason for his odd behavior was quickly revealed when a woman entered the room. A beautiful woman.

Holding back a sob, I dove away from the window and stared blankly at the opposite wall. The ramifications of what I'd done slammed into me. I'd openly masturbated with a man who had a girlfriend.

\* \* \* \*

The following morning, I set up my equipment in the Green Room and stared contemplatively at the faux forest and vines artistically erected in the room. With the lights adjusted, I moved to the corner and picked up my stash of Krispy Kremes. I took a bite and relished the sweaty-goodness that danced along my tongue. I knew I shouldn't be medicating my misery and humiliation over last night with food, but this was an emergency fix. I'd polished off the last of my Rocky Road last night and had to stop at the donut shop on the way to work. There went the weight I'd lost last week.

As I sat there finishing my donut, I dropped my chin on my hand and thought about my neighbor. I wanted to think that I had mistaken the whole thing, but I couldn't discount the woman's presence in his apartment. I tried to recall a time when I'd seen that female there before, but couldn't think of one.

Maybe she was a new girlfriend. What a way to start a relationship.

The door opened, and I stood, brushing my skirt nervously. The woman who entered was a tall blond with striking features, but it was her

eyes that captured my attention. Cold. I knew a grade-A bitch when I saw one. I had enough experience in high school to know their m.o.

I stood and approached her, holding out my hand. "Hi, I'm Elliot Thomas, the photographer."

The woman looked down at my hand as though it held some type of disease. "Where is Elaine?"

"She was called away to attend a business matter."

The woman's lips thinned in displeasure. "This won't do. I want this whole setup changed."

"Leave her alone," said a man behind her.

I peered around Miss Bitch, and the floor disappeared from beneath me. My heart thundered in my chest as I stared at *my neighbor*. Ho-ooly crap! His baby blues took me in, not an ounce of surprise on his face. Now that was odd, because I was sure I look like a stunned fish.

He grinned.

*Oh, heaven help me!* Forget the girlfriend. I was ready to rip the jeans off him.

"Don't worry about Gina. She likes to push to check out how much of a backbone you have."

"I... I... huh?" *Oh, articulate.* This could *not* be Dillon.

"I'm just looking out for your better interest," Gina huffed.

Dillon chuckled. "Sure," he humored. *Could he talk to his agent like that?* "It's all cool here. Just leave it to Elliot. I'm sure she knows what she's doing."

Gina looked me up and down in obvious distaste. I don't know what I had done to set her off, but it sure seemed like she wanted to rumble. I felt like a ferret under a cobra's gaze. I would've said mongoose if I'd thought I had the chops to stand up to her.

"I don't know what Elaine was thinking, hiring this *woman*."

"Well, if you're concerned, why don't you find her?" Dillon asked.

Gina's eyes narrowed. "Fine. I will." With that, she stormed from the room.

Oh my God, I was about to get fired. I couldn't have that happen. I turned to Dillon. "Look, I'm really sorry—"



He waved a hand, unconcerned. "Don't worry about it. For some reason, Gina finds it imperative to attend every shoot when there is a female photographer." He shrugged. "Should we get to it?"

I blinked a few times before relief washed through me. He didn't recognize me. *Thank God!*

I cleared my throat. "Sure thing. I think we're going for a Tarzan theme. So there are—"

He removed his shirt and unbuttoned his jeans.

"Are...uh, some clothes on the rack over there."

He discarded the jeans, and his underwear quickly followed. The room felt stifling. I wondered if the air-con was on the fritz or if it was just me. He walked over to rack, giving me a front row seat to view his ass. And what a delicious ass!

He pulled on the leather loin cloth, and I couldn't stifle the moan of disappointment.

Dillon settled himself on the faux rock and leaned back, his abs tensing prettily as he did so. He glanced at me. "Ready?"

"Oh!" I rushed to grab my camera and held it as steady as I could while I shot his poses. Gawd, he was dee-licious.

"By the way," he said. "You were great last night."

I almost dropped my camera as I took a frame. My hands shook, and I glanced up to find him smiling. "I—I don't know what you're talking about."

I almost slapped myself on the forehead. I was clearly not going to win an Academy Award for that performance.

"Come on, no need to be shy. I've known about you for a while now."

Was there a rock anywhere that I could crawl under...besides the faux rock he lay against?

"You have?" I squeaked.

"In case you're wondering, I don't make it a habit to walk around half-naked in my apartment."

"It's been hot lately," I said tartly.

He nodded. "I'd like to make it even hotter. How about you come

over to my place tonight and we can continue what we started last night?"

*Yes! Hell, yes!*

Hang on, what was I thinking? He had a *girlfriend*. My chest tightened with anger. "How could you?" I hissed.

He frowned. "How could I what?"

"You have a girlfriend," I whispered, as though saying it any louder would have her running into the room.

"Have a..." He laughed. I couldn't believe he had the audacity to laugh. "Marin isn't my girlfriend, she's my sister."

"Oh."

I took a few more shots. He wanted me to come over. It wasn't for stimulating conversation, that was for sure. Indecision warred within me. I knew I wasn't slim, and I'm sure he was more used to that kind of thing.

I put the camera aside and stared at him. "Have you ever been with a fat chick?"

His eyes widened. Obviously, he wasn't prepared for my bluntness. "Well, no."

I stood, anger suffusing every part of my body. "So, it's just curiosity? Because if you think that us 'fat chicks' are desperate, you have another thing coming." I turned to storm from the room, but stopped to give him another piece of my mind. "And another thing..."

He was naked. With a glorious erection pointing right at me.

"Another thing," he said huskily. "I don't think you're fat. I think you're curvaceous. I like it. Now, come here, and let me show you how much."

My mind drew a blank, but my body worked in overdrive, shooting sparks of awareness to my very center. I shivered as he reclined on the rock, a cocky grin on his face as he gestured at me with a crooked finger. I took a hesitant step forward, but stopped to glance at the door. What the hell was I thinking? I was at *work*. Granted, I used him in my office fantasies, but reality was a totally different ballgame.

He rubbed his hand over his cock, the glistening head making my mouth—and other parts of my body—wet. I swallowed hard, desire, unbidden but not entirely unwelcome, whirling through me. He

approached, a predatory gleam in his eyes.

I panted for a breath, my world zeroing in on him as he drew me into his embrace. Reverently, I ran my hands along his smooth chest. His eyes fell in half-lidded pleasure. I dropped my gaze to his lips and knew without a doubt that I was lost.

## Chapter Four

*Ah, La More. I want more. French men are so--dare I say it--hot. The French are known for their sensual accents and words that send steam rising from where you sit. French kiss, yum. Ménage a trois, not so much. But I bet my French hottie hasn't heard of the Australian Kiss. Yep, the kiss down under wins over the French kiss hands down.*

*-An excerpt from Walk in My Shoes*

His head dipped, and my breath caught as his tongue traced a slow sensual line along my lips. My hands slid over his chest, forcing a shiver from him. His mouth captured mine, his tongue dancing within as he gripped my butt and pulled me into him, his erection pressing against my mons. It was my turn to shiver as I filled with hot molten desire.

My hands rode into his hair, and he growled, a purely possessive sound that sent tingles along my spine. He found the hem of my skirt and jerked it up to grab my upper thigh. His fingers dug into my skin, and I moaned.

He broke off the kiss. We were both panting.

"Hold me," he rasped.

"Wha—"

Both his hands grasped my thighs and pulled me off the ground. Instinctively, I wrapped my legs around his hips. The length of him pressed against my happy place, and I rubbed against him. Pleasure burst from the center, and I barely noticed him carrying me until I felt the cold

edge of the table against my legs.

He rocked against me, his eyes dark with unbelievable desire. Desire for me. He jerked at my blouse, and a couple of buttons popped off as he revealed my pink lace bra. Hooking his finger over the edge, he freed my breast from its confines. His hot mouth closed over one nipple, swirling it over his tongue like a wine taster. I gasped when his other hand ripped the edge of my panties aside to find my pussy. A finger circled my clit, and a spike of electric desire shot through me. He continued to fondle my bud with his thumb as he inserted two fingers into me.

I moaned, lifting my knees higher, my hands squeezing his shoulders as he shifted his attention to my other breast. *Have mercy!* He pumped me slowly, sensuously, and I knew my moans were picking up an octave, but I couldn't help myself. It felt too good for me to be silent.

His mouth captured mine, effectively smothering my appreciative cries. He pulled his fingers out, and my nails dug into him in protest. His hand found the edge of my panties, and he yanked. Kicking them off, I wrapped my legs around him again, my heels digging into his ass to bring him into me. Skin touched skin, and I just about screamed.

"I can't wait to have you," he whispered against my lips.

He leaned back and pumped his dick a few times, the greedy light in his eyes sending a spark of self-satisfaction through me.

His hand planted over my shoulder, and I stared into his eyes as he leaned over me.

"Wait." My hand pressed on his chest. How could I be so stupid? "Do you have protection?"

The gleam in his gaze dimmed. "No. Do you?"

"No. I don't often have sex in the office," I said tartly.

He smiled, a sexy, predatory smile. "But you'd like to."

*Heavens, right now, yes.* "We can't, you know."

"I'm clean," he cajoled.

"I'm not going to risk it or pregnancy." I was quickly losing the glow of heated desire.

"Damn it," he muttered, dropping his head on my forehead. "I

want you so bad, I'm about to burst."

Our breaths mingled, and I kissed him. What was supposed to be a commiserating kiss quickly turned into something more, sending tremors of desire sliding through me. His hand found my center and tested my wetness before delving in for a second helping. Pleasure coiled in my body as he worked me mercilessly. My legs clamped around his waist, my hips undulating with his skillful hand. I broke the kiss off. Condom or not, I was desperate for him.

"I need you," I groaned.

His eyes filled with hot lava desire. "We can't."

"I don't care, please, give it to me."

He kissed me again, and I battled him for dominance, putting all I had in the kiss in attempt to overrule his common sense just he had done me. I needed to get off.

He pulled back, a glimmer in his gaze. "I have a different idea."

My questioning stare dissolved into awe as he crouched and disappeared between my legs. His tongue swirled my clit and suckled vigorously, sending me in a spin of undiluted pleasure. My hands clutched his soft hair, encouraging him to continue. My back arched, and he took advantage, his hands squeezing my waist and pulling me into his mouth. *Oh. My. God.* His wicked tongue whirled inside me, his breath tickling my button and sending me higher.

He moved up to pleasure and torture my clit while his fingers pumped me, stroking my G-spot with an effectiveness I'd never experienced before. The heat of an orgasm simmered beneath the surface, a small wave rocking my body and forcing a whimper from me. Another followed, then another until I burst with the intensity of my climax. It shot through my body like lightning from the center of my being and tingled on my skin.

Heavenly choir filled my head, and for a moment I floated in pure bliss before sliding back to earth. I opened my eyes to find Dillon grinning at me. As if to tempt me to sin again, he licked his wet fingers as though my juices were sweet ambrosia. My pussy pulsed at the image.

The sound of a phone ringing in the distance brought reality

screaming in. Heat filled my cheeks, and I sat up, realizing I had made the worst mistake in my career. I stood and quickly pulled my skirt down. As though sensing my need for privacy, Dillon lumbered off to dress himself.

I cast a forlorn stare at his back before snapping myself out of my girlish daze and working the buttons of my blouse. I was missing two—one at the top and one in the middle. This wasn't going to look good.

The wetness against my thighs reminded me that I wasn't wearing my panties. I scanned the room, cursing when I didn't immediately spot it.

Dillon, already dressed, approached as I dropped to my knees to check under a lounge. "What's a matter?"

"I can't find my underwear."

He walked off to help in my search.

*Stupid, stupid. Why did I kick—*

"Are these it?"

I stood, a cold realization filling me. In my fantasies, I would've been wearing a thong or nice French panties, but today wasn't any of those days. I slowly turned to stare at the pink-and-white-checkered grandma undies.

"Yes," I hissed, snatching them from him.

Horried, I twisted away and tried to discreetly put them on, which wasn't easy when it was near impossible to get my stilettos through the damn holes. Cursing, I dropped onto the lounge and slid them on before dropping my face in my hands. I shook my head in disbelief. Twice now, he'd caught me in my knickers. And not pretty ones, either.

I reluctantly removed my hands and peered up at him. Yep, he was still there, his gaze inscrutable. Couldn't he just go away so I could die of humiliation in peace? Rising on jelly legs, I patted my hair, my focus moving to everything within the room except the man before me.

"So I'll see you around seven," he said.

"Huh? What?"

He smiled. "Seven. My place. Dinner and bed sports."

*Oooh no.* "I can't do this again."

His grin melted into confusion. "Why not?"

*Why not?* I thought it was pretty obvious. He had danger written all over him. I could lose my job if that viper of an agent found out about what had happened in here. Or worse, I could fall in love. That simply *couldn't* happen.

"Because." I tried to step around him, but he latched onto my elbow, pulling me to a halt.

"That's not an answer."

I could tell by the determined glint in his eyes he wasn't going to let it slide. Get me off, yes. Let me off, no. "Look, I just don't think it's the best thing for us."

"And I think it is."

I shrugged. "Looks like we are at an impasse."

He pulled me forward and kissed me with fierce passion. My eyes slid shut as I wrapped my arms around his shoulders. Embers of desire warmed the pit of my stomach and flared to life once more. Dillon broke off the kiss, the heated need in his eyes answering my own.

"I'll see you at seven," he said, then sauntered away.

As the door shut behind him, I touched my lips with trembling fingers. Damn. What was I going to do now?



## Chapter Five

*A man is like art. His body is a delicious canvas. Men also vary in style, voice and inspiration. And they are always fun to look at and ponder on. I ask you, what is more artistic than the naked body?*

*-An excerpt from Walk in My Shoes*

I sat in complete darkness staring out at the light that shone from the apartment across the way. Dillon walked around in snug jeans and shirt, a far cry from his naked glory.

For the hundredth time, I went over what had happened in the Green Room. Talk about the hottest sexual experience. Never had I imagined I would be game enough to have sex in a public place. The most daring I'd been was maybe in the backseat of a car in my teens. And that was the worst, because Robert was a three-stroke wonder. But that episode in the Green Room... Oh my Lord, I could just about come thinking about Dillon and his magical fingers.

But the stark reality was fat chicks don't date models. And Dillon Ferra was a super model. The first chance I got, I googled him and found his hot bod had been plastered on ad campaigns, magazines, and fashion shows. I don't know how I missed it, but mind you, he didn't have a billboard ad anywhere nearby, and I was more prone to admire actors and such.

I glanced over at my digital clock. Ten past seven. I knew I was a coward, but I couldn't bring myself to just saunter over there without

having stars in my eyes. I mean, who was I kidding? I wasn't stick thin, and here I was trying not to fantasize about having a relationship with him. He'd been linked to the super model Gisele Bundchen, of all people.

I stood and approached the window to make out the frustration on his features. I felt a stab of guilt, but pushed it away. This was self-perseveration. Reluctantly, I closed the curtains and made my way back to my room.

I lay on the bed to stare at the light that slanted along the ceiling. My heart pattered as though it wanted to take flight and make that appointment with Dillon. *Stop thinking about him!* I turned away from the window and determinedly closed my eyes, but all I could see was his luscious body and gorgeous smile. Cursing, I picked up my pillow and flung it across the room.

Breathing deeply, I struggled to clear my mind of all thoughts and started to drift—

The shrill ring of the phone shattered the stillness. Leaping out of the bed, I rushed for the phone.

"Aaaeeii!" Pain shot up my foot as I stubbed my toe on the coffee table. Stupid thing! The phone continued to ring, and I snatched the receiver up. "Hello?"

"Elliot, it's Dillon."

*Oh crap!* "Oh, hi. How'd you get my number?"

"It's in the phone directory. You're late."

*Think, think.* "Uh, yeah, about that... I got caught up at work."

"I'm calling your home phone," he pointed out.

"Um, yeah, I get my home phone diverted to my mobile."

"You're lying."

I gripped the receiver at the confidence in his voice. "No, I'm not." I snatched up some paper on the coffee table and scrunched it near the speaker for good measure.

"I heard you cry out. You're home."

How did he... There was a knock on my door, and I froze. I cast a frantic glance around me then ducked behind the lounge. "Go away," I whispered desperately. "I'm not home."

I instantly wanted to slap my forehead as he chuckled. Of course, I was home, and he knew it. I slammed the phone down and stared at the door.

"Come on, Elliot. I know you're there. You can't hide from me forever. I live in the next building."

He had a point. I stood and switched on the light to the living room before I unlocked the door. He stood there wearing a nice button-up shirt and jeans, his hair gelled to perfection.

I was wearing my cow flannel pajamas. Real sexy.

"Since you didn't come to me, I thought I'd come to you." He held up a picnic basket.

My heart took definite flight, but I brought it under control, keeping on my poker face. "I already had something to eat."

The amusement in his eyes didn't fade. "I think I'm getting a picture here."

I folded my arms. "A picture of what?"

"Of why you're avoiding me."

"I'm not--" At his dubious look, I conceded. "All right, I am, but I *did* tell you that I wasn't interested."

"I think you are interested and afraid of it. Now what I want to know is why."

"You wanna know? Then fine. You're a model, Dillon. I'm just plain Jane."

He ran a finger along my jaw, and it tingled with his touch. "I don't think you're plain. I love the color of your eyes and hair. Reminds me of autumn, my favorite season."

Flattery would get him everywhere. "I don't have casual flings, Dillon. I'm not comfortable with it."

He nodded. "All right. Well, we'll go slow then. I'd love to taste you again, but I can wait for you."

Why did he have to kill my determination with sweetness? Then again, I've always been partial to sweet things.

"Tell you what," he was saying, "since you've already eaten, how about I take you to an art show? My friend is opening his gallery."

I hesitated. "All right."

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The place buzzed with people walking around to view the artwork. The stark blue walls were offset by art pieces and white curtains and mirrors, making the room seem bigger than it was. Waiters walked around with flutes of champagne and entrees. As one passed by, I snatched up a drink and took a generous swallow, hoping to drown the butterflies in my stomach.

Decked out in a sleek black dress, I adjusted the belt below my breasts. A suggestion from Stacy to make me appear slimmer. In all honesty, I thought it made my chest look like a freaking balcony. But then, Dillon was a breast man, judging by the way he kept on looking at them.

Dillon's hand cupped my elbow and steered me through the crowd. We strolled casually through, looking at abstract pieces and portraits. The man who painted these was clearly eclectic, not sticking to one method of expression. Sculptures stood on pillars in the center of the room, some depicting mythological creatures while others were harder to decipher.

We stopped before a particular canvas of an orchid that looked subtly like a woman's coochy. I frowned and leaned closer, sure I was mistaken.

Dillon chuckled. "Did you know some people think that the orchid itself looks like a woman's vagina?"

Okay, so I wasn't mistaken. "Well, obviously, these men hadn't had sex in a long, long... long, long time."

Dillon nodded, and we walked over to another canvas. This one was more tasteful. It was a flowing picture of a woman and a man wrapped in an embrace. The red tones spoke of a great passion between the two.

At that moment, my stomach chose to speak. Mortified, I clutched it and stared up at Dillon. He raised one eyebrow in query.

I hate it when people do that.

"I was too nervous to eat anything since the Green Room."

His brows lowered. "Maybe we should go and get something to eat."

"No, no. We came here to see your friend. I can wait a little bit longer."

"All right, I'll go look for him. Stay right here."

I nodded, and he disappeared into the crowd. Taking a sip of my champagne, I tapped my foot, waiting for him.

"Elliot?"

I turned and found Stacy walking toward me. "Stace? What are you doing here?"

"I'm dating the artist."

"Really? Wow, small world."

Stacy stepped closer. "Did I just see Mr. February with you?"

"Uh, yes."

A gleam of appreciative surprise lit her eyes. "You go, girl. I thought you looked a bit flushed after your photo shoot. You must have really impressed him."

*Did I what?* I shrugged in feigned casualness. "Oh, I don't know. He's just seeing his friend here."

"Oh, come on, you don't have to pretend with me," Stace encouraged.

I cast a quick glance around before facing her again. "Okay, we might be more than friends."

"I knew it. So tell me, have you kissed yet?"

And some. "Yeah."

Stacy fanned herself with her hand. "Phew, that must have been one photo shoot."

I raised my glass to my mouth, feeling heat on my cheeks. "Tell me about it."

Stace leaned forward, missing nothing in her hard gaze. "You screwed him."

I gasped and spluttered. "I—I —"

"Don't even try, girlfriend."

I rubbed a hand on my forehead in distress. "What am I doing, Stace? He's a model, for cripes sake, and I'm...well...look at me." I swept a hand down my body.

Stacy glowered. "Oh, come on, you're a good-looking sheila. He should be thankful to have you in his arms for even one second."

Bless her heart, but I knew the truth. I wasn't thin, and my sexual experience amounted to more vibrators than men. But to make matters worse, I knew that the instant I was naked in front of him, I would see him weighing my cellulitic body against those that had none.

As though sensing the undercurrent of my barely restrain emotions, Stace rubbed my arm. "What's the deal?"

"I think I might be half in love with him already."

"Already? Oh, girl, are you sure it's not just serious lust?"

It was time to come clean. "You can call me Elliot 'Peeping' Thomas."

Stacy frowned, confusion written on her features.

"Dillon lives in the apartment across the road and I've been," I dropped my voice, "spying on him for, like, six months."

Stacy's mouth dropped open. "You're joking." She laughed.

A wry line pulled on my mouth. "Great, thanks."

"No, no, I'm not laughing at you, just at fate. What are the odds?"

I nodded. Yes, it would seem that fate had a dark sense of humor. "I've never done this before, but after fantasizing about him for so long, I couldn't resist."

"Hell, I wouldn't have waited six months, hon. I mean, you have to admit he is one hot piece."

"Well, I'd like to mount that piece..." I turned my head to find Dillon standing nearby. "...on the wall," I finished.

Embarrassment washed through me, and I fortified myself in yet another long drink of champagne. How much had he overheard?

"You ready to leave?" he asked.

I glanced over his shoulder at the blonde Adonis standing nearby. "Aren't you going to introduce me to my friend?"

Without taking his eyes off me, he made the introductions and

quickly pardoned us. Disappointment and a dark cavernous shame engulfed me as the smile wobbled on my face. I passed a look to Stacy, who patted my arm sympathetically. Without a word, he clasped my hand and practically dragged me from the building.

Misery bit at the back of throat, and I swallowed it back. My heels clattered on the path as we made our way back to his Lexus. I couldn't stand the idea of spending another minute with him. If he was so embarrassed by me, he could screw himself.

Anger bubbled from the pit of my stomach and came to my rescue. I planted my feet and snatched my hand from his grasp. He twisted around, an intense look in his eyes.

"I'm not some rag doll that likes to be dragged about wherever. If it's just the same with you, I'll just take a cab home."

"What?"

"I got your message loud and clear," I snapped.

He growled and clasped my waist, whirling me around until I pressed against his car. My confusion melted into pleasure as his mouth took mine.

## Chapter Six

*I missed the gym this morning, but though I lament, I'm not too fussed about it. I can call my personal trainer and he can come over for a session of sexercise. I want to sweat, but it's more fun when it's just two people sweating not a group full... Unless you're into that.*

*-An excerpt from Walk in My Shoes*

He kissed me with ravenous hunger, a moan rumbling his chest. His hands ran along my curves with fierce need, and I wrapped my arms around his shoulders bringing him closer to him.

His hand slid up the inside of my leg and jerked my thong aside to touch me. I sighed and hooked my leg over his hip to allow him easier access. Pleasure rolled through my body as he pistoned me with his fingers.

He broke off the kiss to nibble on my ear, and I shivered with desire. "You are so hot," he whispered.

I gasped, those words sending me higher. "I—I thought you were happy to wait."

"I lied."

I couldn't argue that, and I wasn't about to stop what he was doing. "Oh, just fuck me."

"Your wish is my command."

The beep of the car unlocking jerked me off it, and I looked up at the wicked gleam in Dillon's eyes. His hand left my body, and I felt bereft



without it. He kissed me again, so hard and passionately that my knees knocked together.

"Get in," he rasped, opening the backseat door.

I crawled inside, the leather cool against my shins. At the other end of the car, I turned and rested my back against the door. Dillon crawled in after me, clasped the back of my neck, and brought me toward him. Our lips met in fervor, tasting and nipping as we both tore at each other's clothes. His hand gripped my thigh and guided me over his lap. I sat against the edge of his knees, my hands shaking as I worked on his jeans.

He lifted his butt off the seat and fished for something before presenting me with a condom. I raised an eyebrow.

He grinned. "I had hopes."

"Enough talk. Touch me," I commanded.

His hands clasped my breasts, and he brought them to his face, his tongue flicking over my nipples, sending sparks of bliss riding through my body. Panting, I released his cock from his pants for my viewing pleasure. I stroked him, impressed by his girth. He groaned and dipped his head back as he rocked his hips.

"God, that feels good."

He opened his eyes, the desire swimming in those pools setting me alight and sending a ping of heat right through my pussy. Answering my desire, he inserted a finger into me, tickling my G-spot before finger fucking me mercilessly. I mewled, slamming my wet cunt onto his hand, seeking that high.

He suckled on my tits, his teeth scraping against my sensitive skin. A tingle began at the soles of my feet and rushed through me like a waterfall. I arched my back and cried out, pure ecstasy infusing my body before leaving me limp.

I gasped, my head resting on his shoulder. He shifted, and I heard the crackle of the condom wrapper. The salty scent of sex filled the car, the windows fogged from our breath. Leaning back slightly, I cupped his beautiful face. He looked up from his efforts to roll the condom on. The expression in his eyes was unreadable, but I could see the need still swimming there. I leaned forward and kissed him, my hand slowly

pumping him a few times before I guided him to my entrance and slid down.

The sensual sensation of being filled to the brim shocked me. It had never felt so good before. We gazed at each other. His hands wrapped around my waist, the reverence in the soft embrace threatened to bring tears of joy to my eyes. Instead, I kissed him with all the need and passion I possessed.

He broke off the kiss and pulled me into him, his head resting against my breasts. My hands rode into his hair, and I moaned as he picked up the pace. Electric pleasure coiled within me, setting me ablaze. My body tingled with the beginnings of another climax. My breath shuddered from me, and I cried out, my legs quivering as he pushed me higher, my mind going blank as I drowned in a wave of pure rapture.

Beneath me, he continued pushing into me before he tensed, his breath cool on my body as he came. His arms eased from around me, and I pulled back enough to look into his face. Sweat matted his hair, and he smiled lazily.

"That was fantastic," he whispered, hooking my hair behind my ear.

"Mm-hmm."

He kissed me again, but this one was different. Without the passion behind it, it spoke of something far deeper. I opened for him, and our tongues tangled in a sensual dance of discovery. My heart took wing, sending a cascade of butterflies to flutter against my skin.

Finally, he drew back and smiled. "Come back to my place."

"Okay," I whispered.

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As I walked down the hall one April afternoon, I smiled dreamily. We had been going out for three months now, and I couldn't have been happier. I slipped the key into the lock and entered Dillon's apartment. The scent of lemons and the fresh musk of male filled the air. My shoes clicked on the wooden floor as I stepped into his open plan living space.

"Dillon?" I dropped my bag on his black leather lounge as I passed by.

The sound of water running drew my attention, and I smiled. I sauntered into his bedroom and began to undress, eager to join him in the shower. Dillon had rung me up to ask me over today because he had a surprise for me.

The photo shoot of Dillon as Mr. February had landed me a job as the magazine's photographer. They were thinking of replacing Elle, but I insisted on keeping her. With Dillon and our sexual escapades, I was sure I would come up with more material. In fact, I couldn't wait to tell him that the "come hither so I can ravish you" look in his eyes in the photo that went to print had been receiving a lot of accolades. Elaine complimented our skills to bring out a hot photo like that, but I always had a secret smile on my face.

Once naked, I pulled a red silk wrap out of his closet and pondered the surprise he had for me. I hoped it was something good. I opened the door to the bathroom, the steam of the shower instantly warming my skin. I hung the wrap on the towel stand and opened the door to admire his back.

"Hey there, handsome."

He turned. I screamed.

There was a stranger in Dillon's shower. The shock in his brown eyes told a story of its own. I frantically tried to cover myself, my hands going for my breasts, then my bush, then my breasts. Mortified, I ran from the bathroom and snatched up my shirt. Not bothering with my bra, I buttoned it up.

Dillon had a surprise for me all right. I snatched up my undies and put them on, my gaze constantly snapping to the bathroom door.

Who the hell was that guy? I shuddered to think that the surprise that Dillon was getting me was already here.

"Elliot?" I turned at the sound of my name and found Dillon just in the doorway, a question in his eyes. I ran into his arms, humiliation forcing a sob from me. "Don't you like my surprise?"

I pulled back to stare at him in surprise. Okay, so I had joked about

having a *ménage a trois* on several occasions, but I wasn't serious!

"You got that for me?" I asked, throwing my hand back in the general direction of the bathroom.

"Yes. I remembered what you said back then," he said with an amused gleam in his eyes. "I wanted this as a reminder. We can look at it while we're making love."

He wanted a voyeur? Oh, this was just too much.

"How could you think I'd be okay with sharing?"

He frowned. "Sharing?"

"Yes. I don't want a *ménage*. I love that you'd want to please me, but really, you don't have to."

As though to make my point, the guy in the shower came out, fully clothed, thank God. Dillon looked between me and the man and let out a roar of laughter.

I scowled. It wasn't funny.

"Oh babe," Dillon said through his chuckles. "Sam isn't your surprise, this is." He pointed to the painting that I had admired in the gallery hanging above the bed.

"I'll just leave," Sam said, picking up his shoes and exiting the room.

Heat warmed my cheeks. "Oh. Then who is he?"

"Sam and I have been friends since we were kids. We get together once a month for a game of ball and catch up on what is going on with each other."

"Oh."

He hugged my waist. "Oh babe, I love you."

My heart leaped, and I peered up at him. "Really?"

"Yes, really." He kissed my nose.

I sighed and rested my head on his chest. "I love you, too."

## Chapter Seven

*"The way to a man's heart is through his stomach." Whoever wrote that obviously didn't know men. The way to a man's heart isn't through his stomach. It's a little more south.*

*-An excerpt from Walk in My Shoes*

"Are you wearing those pink-checkered ones?"

I smiled at the webcam and pouted prettily at him. "No, I'm wearing something more lacy."

He leaned forward so I could see his face better. "Show me."

I stood and removed my wrap to reveal my newly purchased lingerie. I did a slow turn.

"God, you are so hot," he rasped.

I smiled and seated myself before the laptop. Dillon had been in London for the past three weeks advertising a new line of fashion, and I missed him terribly. Thank God for technology, otherwise I'd be breaking my vibrator. That being said, I glanced at the blue vibrator that we had picked out on our first year anniversary. Who would've thought men got off at watching their woman fuck themselves with a dildo?

"I got it today since I knew you'd want a special show tonight."

He chuckled. "I have a package coming to you, should arrive today."

I bounced in my chair and clapped. I adored the little love packages he sent me. "Ooh, what is it?"

His eyes twinkled mischievously. "You'll see. Now, take off your panties."

My heart pattered, and I eagerly ripped off the hundred dollar bit of lace. I stood and stepped back so he could see my body from the thighs up.

He paused and leaned forward. "Is that...a heart?"

I ran a tentative hand over my freshly waxed bush. "I had it done yesterday? Do you like it?"

"I love it, baby. Now touch yourself."

I circled my clit with the tip of my finger, going slowly. "Do you like that?"

"Yes."

I eased my legs apart and planted my foot on the chair. He murmured something in approval as I slid my fingers along my sopping wet pussy. Pleasure rolled through me, and I pinched my nipple, my back arching as hot electricity shot through me.

I inserted my fingers into myself and slowly pumped, staring into the camera with my best "come fuck me" look.

"You are so hot," he panted.

He shifted, and I knew he was masturbating along with me. The thought sent me up a notch, intense pleasure spiraling through me. I pulled out and fingered my clit, sending a hot buzz through me. I moaned, my knees wanting to give out against the bliss that rode along my skin. Quickly, I pushed into my pussy, seeking that release.

"You feel so good," I groaned.

"Yeah, baby."

"I'm getting close."

"Come for me."

Heat tingled along my face, and a tightening in my body released in a shatter of light as I cried out and shivered from my climax. I floated back to earth and swallowed hard. On shaky legs, I found the seat and sat, adjusting the camera so he could see me.

"You were fantastic," he whispered.

I noticed the need that still shook his body. "You haven't come

yet."

He grinned. "No, I--"

There was a knock at the door, interrupting us. I glanced out the bedroom door then back at Dillon. "There's someone at the door."

"Well, go and answer it. It might be your present."

With a quick squeal of excitement, I pulled on my wrap and rushed to open the door. The man on the other side held out a small package that fit in my hand, and presented a touch screen for me to sign. Once I signed it, I rushed back to the room.

"Well?" Dillon asked.

I held up the box for his inspection. "I got it."

"Good. Open it. I'll be back in a sec."

As he disappeared from view, I ripped off the wrapping and removed the item from the cardboard box. Inside was a small velvet box. I gasped, butterflies in my stomach as I opened it. A solitaire pink diamond ring lay in a white bed. I choked on my surprise.

"Wha—"

"Will you marry me?"

I started and looked at the screen, but I couldn't see him. "Dillon?"

"Say yes."

I twisted around in my seat to find him standing just outside the walk-in wardrobe. I leaped up and threw myself in his arms. "Yes!"

He took my mouth in a searing kiss that sent my knees to jelly. He pulled back. "Good."

I glanced around him to find his laptop on the floor of the closet. "You've been here the whole time?"

"I got back this morning, but you were at work." He shrugged. "I wanted to surprise you."

"You did. Why did you go to all that trouble?"

He lifted one shoulder. "It just seemed fitting since the first time we met, you gave me a good show."

I slapped a playful hand on his shoulder. "I can't believe you still think about that."

He grinned sexily. "I love it when you touch yourself."

## **Touch Me by Jodici Belle**

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“But I love it when you touch me.”

“Your wish is my command,” he said, and promptly showed me heaven.

The End



**Author Bio**

Jodici has an enduring love of romance that goes way back to her teenage years. She met and married her hero and lives with her beautiful family and two gorgeous dogs in Queensland, Australia. She loves to weave stories and creating a perfect love dreams are made of.

She also writes action-packed futuristics & paranormals under the name Jodie Becker. You can find her Cobblestone releases at <http://www.cobblestone-press.com/catalog/author/jodiebecker.htm>.