

ELLORA'S CAVE PRESENTS

EMJAI COLBERT

Sunny
With
A *Chance*

ELLORA'S CAVE *Quickies*®

Sunny With a Chance

[Emjai Colbert](#)

Maybe it was kismet that brought Sunny Maitland to Ryan Chance's doorstep that day. Maybe it was just dumb luck. Sunny had avoided the house and the man for months for fear of falling in love with the one person who was off limits.

Wounded in body and soul, Ryan Chance is surprised when his former masseuse saunters back into his life as if she'd never left. She'd been his savior and confidant when his life was in pieces and then she was gone with no explanation.

Bound by a secret mutual desire, Sunny and Ryan waste no time getting to know each other again, and again, and again one hot, steamy, Southern night.

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Sunny With a Chance

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SUNNY WITH A CHANCE

Emjai Colbert

Chapter One

June – Fairhope, Alabama

She was late. Traffic across the bay into the tunnel had become a parking lot, taking her nearly an hour to cover what was usually a fifteen-minute drive. Sunny Maitland cursed as she pulled into the Chance's driveway.

The house itself was not anything out of the ordinary, just an old gingerbread cottage painted a cheery yellow and white. Sunny gripped the steering wheel as she sat in the driveway and stared at the clock, working up the nerve to climb out of her SUV and go inside while precious moments ticked past. She hated this house, she hated having to return to this house. She had in fact traded the Chance assignment off to a colleague to avoid just this sort of thing, but Martha's anguished call earlier that morning had ended Sunny's well-planned day of doing absolutely nothing.

So here she was parked in front of the hated cheery yellow house whether she liked it or not. Sunny touched her forehead to the steering wheel, stalling. She knew that the day would come when she would have to face her demons head on, she just hadn't expected that day to be today. With divine effort, she lifted her head and glanced at the clock again.

Two thirty, she was really late. Of course, put into perspective what was an hour or so after six months of not showing up at all? She couldn't put off the inevitable and with a long, drawn out sigh of resignation she stepped out of the SUV. Her heart quaking at the very sight of the house, so much so one would think it was cursed, haunted, or occupied with the most horrible creature known to man, the way she behaved. Of course, one would be correct, if one took into consideration that the owner of the house was Mr. Right, and that said Mr. Right was forbidden fruit.

Sunny hated coming to the Chance house, she regretted ever having taken Ryan Chance on as a client. She hated her traitorous heart for falling for the one man she couldn't have. Unfortunately, none of that compared with the hatred she felt for the man's wife.

April Chance was beautiful, blonde, stick thin, with polite manners and impeccable taste in clothes and makeup, while Sunny was quite often sloppy, sweaty, and clumsy. Sunny didn't hate April Chance because she was perfect or the wife, no, she hated her because she could tell April had no patience with her husband after his accident. Somewhere along the line, her lack of patience became bitter dislike, which April didn't try to hide from Sunny so much so that she began to include Sunny in her bitterness.

Ryan Chance was an equally blond, beautiful person, but that was where the similarity between him and his wife ended. He was a big man, with a big grin and a big zest for life that a near death experience could not diminish. He also worked for a living while his wife pretended they were landed gentry and dirt never once crept beneath her husband's fingernails.

Or rather he had worked for a living, right up until the building he had been helping rebuild after hurricane Katrina collapsed around him leaving him with a broken back and years of recovery ahead of him. Recovery she had at one time been a part of. Sunny sighed and dragged herself out of her truck. Might as well get it over with and face the disapproval of the dragon lady, she thought as she lifted the hatch and began to haul her equipment out. It really was a shame that Martha's son had chosen today to have to have an emergency appendectomy.

At the door, Sunny stood poised to knock when a woman she didn't recognize opened instead of Ms. Chance, this one looked as surprised as Sunny was. "Uh hi, I'm Sunny from Dr. McCall's office."

"Oh yes, come on in, Mr. Chance is waiting for you out on the sun porch." The woman didn't introduce herself, instead she stepped aside and let Sunny pass and then closed the door. Sunny could only stare stupidly out the window as the woman

waddled over to the garage and out of sight. Seconds passed then a tiny blue subcompact car zoomed away.

“Okey dokey then?” Sunny whispered, looking around for either of the Chances. Not seeing anyone, she felt the hairs on the back of her neck stand up. April Chance usually hovered over her from the time she arrived until she left. “Odd.”

“Hello!” she shouted. “Anybody home?” She knew the way to the sun porch, she had been there many times. Ryan liked the sun, the heat helped his back, but that didn’t mean she wanted to waltz out onto the patio unannounced for fear of catching the happy couple in some sort of touching scene she didn’t want emblazoned on her pupils for the rest of her life. “Ryan?”

“Sunny? Is that you?” She heard him call then heard him grunt, she knew he was standing. She winced at the sound, dismayed to think that standing was still hard for him after all these months. Her brain rushed down the “what if” avenue—what if she’d stayed, would he still be in pain? What if it had been her hands that had aided his near miraculous recovery? What if she hadn’t have fallen for him? Would he be whole again? As the “what ifs” shot at the speed of light, she headed out to the porch.

“Who else would it be?” she called back in her perkier voice. Of course, it was a stupid thing to say since she had been ducking the Chance household for the last six months.

“I was expecting Martha.” Ryan Chance said as he stepped into the living room through the French doors that led out to the porch. Sunny stopped short and just stared at the man standing not only unaided but the very picture of health.

“Wow, look at you.” She knew she was beaming. She couldn’t help it as she looked him over. She also knew she blushed when her eyes lingered a little longer on his chest than they should have. “I see you’re back at the weights. And walking on your own now, great job.”

What an idiot, shut up, shut up, shut up.

"I'm just about ready to go back to work." He took one of her bags before she could say anything about the weight and his back, but since he didn't flinch when he lifted it, she decided not to protest. "My doctors aren't letting me go just yet though, they're afraid I might rip something that will put me back in that chair for life."

"You still could," Sunny agreed, following him out onto the red brick floor where she began to set up her table. "So how have you been? Did you have a nice Christmas?"

"Sunny, it's June." Ryan straightened the legs on one side of the table, avoiding her eyes. "Christmas was six months ago."

"I know. I'm sorry." She decided the gaze avoidance method would work for her as well.

"For asking a stupid question or for not having the guts to show up for six months?" There was no teasing lightness in his voice, she noted, but couldn't tell exactly what his tone was.

"Both." There she admitted it. She was gutless but she couldn't keep coming week after week and falling deeper and deeper in love with the man. She had made the cut and now she wished she had been able to stay away permanently.

"Why did you stop coming?" He finally stopped avoiding her gaze and forced her to stop as well. She sucked in her breath when the full force of his blue eyes shot clear through to her toes.

"Uhm, erm...well..." Why did she stop coming? *Oh yeah, because like an idiot I let myself become attached to a client, naturally attraction soon followed and I am not into married men and...*

"Mrs. Chance asked me not to come again." There, that was not a total lie. April did threaten her the last time. "Where is Mrs. Chance anyway?"

"Happily, Mrs. Chance is now Mrs. Slater and you don't have to worry about her threats anymore," Ryan said then walked away before she had a chance to do more than stand there and stare stupidly.

Ryan felt his breath come rushing back as he sat on his bed and replayed the scene in his head. He hadn't expected Sunny Maitland to show up today, not after six months of no shows. Sunny with her perky auburn ponytail and blazing amber eyes, was standing on his patio looking for all the world like an angel fallen from heaven... *Oh for the love of...you are a fool Ryan Chance, that woman doesn't want anything to do with a man like you. A man with so much baggage at that.*

In the past six months of hell she'd become a fantasy, a fantasy that had gotten him through the divorce, but still a fantasy nonetheless. Didn't her abandoning him to the hands of a stranger prove that she wanted nothing to do with him? After her quiet companionship, and those hands—he'd fallen for her hands first he realized. She had strong hands, long, slim tapered fingers that did things to him he couldn't explain. He'd always had feeling in his back, if pain was a feeling, but her hands had transcended the pain, forcing it away little by little. And her voice, she had the calmest, most soothing voice he'd ever heard, and she talked about the craziest things. She liked flowers, he knew that, she talked about her daffodils and tulips each spring and the hydrangea that was as tall as her house. She never talked about his injury except when the doctors had changed his medications or after a new surgery.

Sunny was sunny in every way to him those first dreary months in the hospital, and then she'd followed him home, and he'd come to like the house with her in it. But that was just part of the problem, wasn't it? He'd become too attached to her and she was just a masseuse, he just a client. He wasn't a damsel needing a happy ever after.

She wasn't his guardian angel, sent to talk him through the hell his life had become. She hadn't known he'd begun to feel things for her, it wasn't her fault, after all, that she was just a fantasy. A living breathing fantasy whose return had awakened the sleeping dragon. Jesus Christ he was pathetic. Stop it with the fairy tale shit and be a man why don't you?

With a pathetic laugh at his own foolishness, Ryan shrugged off his t-shirt and shorts but he was not nearly ready to walk back out to the porch in nothing but a towel,

or more to the point little Ryan was not in any shape to walk back out in nothing but a towel. His back twinged as he hooked the terry cloth around his waist, grunting as he worked through the stiffness there along with the more embarrassing stiffness threatening below his waist. It usually took her ten minutes or so to set up her things before she was ready to begin. Ryan decided to wait and let throbbing things subside.

Ten minutes passed like lightning. Uncomfortable in his nudity, Ryan walked out onto the patio just in time to see Sunny take off her jacket. She'd never done that before. His hard fight for control began to evaporate with her standing there in nothing but a form-fitting halter top and snug track pants that accentuated every curve of her body.

"It's hot out here." She smiled, waving her hands in a fanning motion around her face. "You ready?"

"Uh, would you like to move inside?" Ryan wondered which he craved most, having her hands on him or keeping her as far away as possible for fear of what her hands would do to him.

"No, this is fine, it's just that I've been in air-conditioning all day and I'm not ready for this type of heat so soon. Heck, it isn't even that far into summer yet." She draped a sheet over the table for him to lie on. "So what will it be today, hot rocks or deep tissue?"

"Jesus Christ, Sunny." His brain went into warp drive when her nipples went rigid beneath her top.

"What?" She looked stunned. "Is there a bug on me?"

"No, god no, not a bug. I'm sorry I was playing. I don't like the stones, remember?" He lied, not knowing how else to cover his stupidity.

"Oh, no, I forgot." She looked at him as if he had lost his mind. "Well okay then, why don't you climb on up and we'll get started?"

* * * * *

She didn't like to use oil unless the client requested it and Ryan had never requested anything more than a deep tissue massage to keep his back from seizing. He'd always feared paralysis. In fact, from everything she had been able to find out, he should be paralyzed. But he'd proven the doctors wrong when he stood from his hospital bed and walked, despite having a broken back.

The massages were part of his recovery, weekly for the past two going on three years. She had been his first and only massage therapist right up until that day just before Christmas when the former Mrs. Chance had guessed her dirty little secret. She had started when he was still in a wheelchair and very angry at the world. She had been there when he so proudly hobbled out on crutches and then later with just the cane as his body healed from the many surgeries. She never expected he would be able to walk with no aid, but here he was walking tall, if a little slowly, across the patio toward her.

She turned her back, partly to give him a little privacy to position himself on the massage table, but mostly so that she could hide the emotion she knew must be shining in her eyes. "Ready?"

"Sure," he said as he settled onto the table and rested his head on his arms. "Next time bring the chair, I like it better."

"Sure thing." Sunny laid her hands on the small of his back. Martha could have told her she had moved him up to the massage chair. "This looks good, the scars are healing nicely."

"Yeah, Martha started rubbing this strong smelling salve into them, and I must say I don't feel them much anymore." She applied pressure with first one hand then the other. He sighed as she began to knead. "That feels good."

"I'll be sure to ask her what the salve was for next time." Sunny liked the way the muscles in his shoulders flexed as she watched but wondered just how much more Martha had kept from her with a small flair of jealousy. "Are you still doing physical therapy?"

"Not so much anymore, just the weight training now. I go for a monthly checkup to make sure the metal in my spine is still doing the job of keeping me upright. And of course I keep the massage appointments." He turned his head slightly so that she could see his eyes. He liked to watch what she did, which had always unnerved her somewhat. "So what have you been up to? Did you get married or anything since I last saw you?"

Why did he wince? She wondered. "No nothing so dire. Mostly just work. My sister had a baby and I've gotten to play aunt. I don't have much of a personal life I'm afraid." He flinched again. "Does this hurt?" She flexed her hand over the worst of the scar tissue.

"Not a lot, at least nothing I can't handle." He flinched slightly when she increased pressure, then quickly tried to hide it. "So pretty Sunny doesn't have a boyfriend? I would have thought you'd have a dozen men lined up."

She giggled uncomfortably. "You have me confused with another frumpy redhead named Sunny."

"You are definitely not frumpy," he replied, turning his head a little farther so he could see her better. His eyes were not an icy shade of blue, they were warm with some green thrown in and he was direct in his assessment of her body. "As far from frumpy as scorching hot can possibly be."

"Are you hitting on me, Mr. Chance?" Sunny stopped kneading to stare back at him. It had been a long time since someone called her hot and she felt heat creep into her face.

"I haven't seen too many beautiful women lately but you are definitely on the top of that list." He turned his head away with a groan.

She must have hit a sensitive spot in her haste to pretend this conversation wasn't happening. "Sorry," she said, smoothing the skin over the area gently as she set about changing the subject away from herself. "So tell me what happened with you and April?"

"Nothing much to talk about. She got pregnant and I divorced her, simple as that." He looked away as he spoke, avoiding her eyes.

"What?" Sunny stood stone still from shock. "That's the worst thing I've ever heard."

"Save your indignation for someone who deserves it." He looked back over his shoulder, his smile gone now. "Let's just say my ex-wife and I haven't had baby making relations since before the building collapse. So unless she had my sperm harvested and frozen or whatever they do, while I was still in a coma..."

"She was having an affair." Sunny was relieved.

"Bingo. With one of our neighbors. At least I can be grateful it wasn't one of my friends." He rolled slightly onto his hip so he could see her better. "She stayed with me for so long, even though she claimed she couldn't stand the sight of me, because she thought I was getting a huge settlement. The pregnancy was a shock to her, and as you can imagine, an even bigger shock to me."

"I can imagine." Sunny kneaded his side working her way up to his shoulder. His eyes turned smoky as he watched her and she fought the urge to graze her hands lower onto his belly. "And did the casino ever settle with you?"

"It was a pretty big settlement. Their lawyers tried to make it seem that my company caused the building to collapse but we were just doing the wiring, not the structure, so it didn't hold up." He turned a little farther until he lay almost completely on his side. "Of course, once the lawyers and doctors got most of the money, there wasn't enough left over to interest April."

"I'm sorry you had to go through that." She tried to keep her hands busy but his position made doing her job difficult—that and the full-out view of his killer abs made her want to stroke his body in a whole different way.

"I'm not. I know who my friends are now." His eyes all but glazed over when her hands slipped to his waist taking part of the towel with them. "You keep that up and well, something might arise that you would rather not discuss."

Sunny froze and felt panic rise up in her chest. What had she done wrong? Then she realized her hands were stroking his hip, grazing the dimple where his hip met his abdomen. She jumped back, at least she tried to, but his big hand darted out and caught her arm.

Chapter Two

"Don't run, Sunny." Ryan scooted into a sitting position holding her arm with one hand and awkwardly struggling to keep his nether region covered with the other. He couldn't stop the erection he had been fighting since she walked in, but damn if she needed to know that.

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean to..." She looked on the verge of panic. He could see the pulse racing just above her breastbone, which made him notice her breasts and the taut nipples straining the spandex top.

"You didn't mean to do what? Turn me on?" He loosened his grip on her arm somewhat but didn't let her go altogether for fear she would race out of his life again. Her eyes grew wide and she glanced down quickly. "You did that just by walking into my life."

She pulled her hand away but she didn't run. She simply stood there staring at him, her eyes threatening to turn teary. "Ah hell," he said, panic now starting to form in his stomach. "Listen, I am not a monster. I won't touch you." The last thing he needed was a sexual harassment lawsuit on top of everything else.

"I wish you would." She said it so softly he almost didn't hear her and her eyes grew even more hesitant. "I mean, I...the real reason I stopped coming wasn't because of your...okay, she did threaten me but, still, I stopped coming because I started having feelings I shouldn't have and..."

He didn't let her finish. Instead, he dropped to his feet forgetting to grab the towel as he reached to take her hands but her gasp stopped him cold. He realized he was standing in front of his massage therapist completely naked and with a raging hard-on, no less.

Sunny tried to catch her breath, tried to avert her eyes from his nudity. She told herself to run, that he wasn't acting appropriately, that he was reeling from a bad marriage, a messy divorce, a near-death experience and she was just convenient. He was huge, okay not huge as in long, but wide and very thick and she couldn't seem to take her eyes off him.

"What feelings?" He didn't move toward her when he spoke, neither did he retreat and cover himself.

"Let's just say I had to change my panties when I got home most days." She didn't know where that came from. "Sort of like right now."

He smiled, his eyes raking a trail over her body to rest at the juncture of her thighs. "Prove it."

Omigod, omigod, omigod, how many nights had she fantasized this very scene, or others just like this? How many nights had she gone to sleep longing for his touch? And here she was, on the verge of having her wildest fantasy fulfilled and she was behaving like a scared little girl. Oh my god! He wanted her to prove just how much she craved his touch? Then by god, she would.

Sunny kicked off her shoes and hooked her thumbs in the waistband of her pants, and was down to just her panties in a matter of seconds. "Your move." She taunted with a look of bravado when inside she was about to fall apart. She needed him to make the first move, needed his touch before she could dare to let herself go. She stood still, her eyes meeting his with a confidence she had to dig deep to find.

His hands came up but not to touch her face as she thought, instead he went to her hair, pulling the elastic band out and running his fingers through the mass until she felt a purr begin deep in her throat.

He stroked her hair, then her shoulders, drawing her body to his until she was close enough. Then and only then did he dip his head and allow his lips to meet hers. Heat seared through her body and she stepped into the kiss, pressing her body to his. His cock was huge against her belly and she forgot to breathe.

His tongue flicked hers, teasing, taunting, tormenting, taking. His hands were warm on her shoulders and her back.

"How do you take this thing off?" He began tugging her top up.

"It snaps behind my neck." She stepped back as he pulled the garment over her head but was quickly pulled back into his arms. Her mouth found his once again and she gasped when his thumbs grazed her nipples. Her senses reeled as they stood like that for long moments, all tongues and fingers and heavy breathing, until Ryan forced her to turn around and slowly eased her backward. Two steps, maybe three and her hips brushed the edge of the table.

The very second her toes left the floor she wrapped her legs around him, positioning his luscious, thick cock where she'd dreamed of having it for so long now. It was his turn to gasp when she writhed against him.

"Christ, I don't think I can wait too much longer." He stepped back a little, his breath ragged, his eyes on fire as he gazed at her body.

"Then don't wait." She leaned back onto her elbows, jutting her clit into his cock and grinding slowly up and down. Sweat trickled between her breasts and rolled down her belly. His finger followed the path to the waistband of her panties and between the two of them, the fabric soon landed on the floor with the rest of her clothes.

"Are you sure?" He paused as her legs came to rest around his waist, uncertainty in his eyes.

Sunny didn't answer him, instead she lifted her hips until her ass no longer touched the table. Supported by her elbows and his hips, she contorted her body until the tip of his cock slid inside her.

Her gasp was the only answer he seemed to need. He grabbed her waist with both hands and rocked his body until they were positioned correctly and then he plunged.

She cried out his name, unable to help herself when his pelvic bone touched hers. He stood still, panting, his eyes glassy with need. When she was able to focus again, she managed to remember his injuries. "Are you all right?"

"Yeah, let's just say I need a minute or this will be over before it begins." His eyes unglazed and his mouth turned up in a smile.

"Then you wouldn't want me to do this would you?" she asked, flexing the muscles deep inside her vagina, contracting and releasing until he threw his head back, his mouth going slack.

"That feels good." His voice was husky, low and sexy as hell. His hips began to quiver and she knew he was fighting for control so she eased the torment and leaned away from him. He took advantage and leaned over her, cupping first one breast then the other in his hands, kneading them as she'd kneaded his back earlier. She moaned in sheer ecstasy when he rolled her nipples between his fingers and thumbs. Sunny gasped when his mouth latched onto her nipple and arched her back. Heat swirled through her body, hot molten lava rushed to every extremity and back again. She called his name when he used his teeth to nibble. She tingled in places she didn't know existed, orgasmic tingles that were making her pant. She wanted to thrust, wanted to feel him slide in deeper, she wanted... His fingers spanned low over her belly and she quaked when his thumb dipped lower to flick her clit...that was exactly what she wanted.

"Oh my god, oh my god..." She managed to moan when he stroked her again, dallying with the hard nubbin between her legs until she thought she would lose her mind.

"I'm going to come," she told him, the triple assault to her body more than she could fight. Her thighs began to shake but he didn't let go of her nipple nor did he stop stroking her clit. "I'm going to...come, now." She threw her head back and arched her body into his, driving him deep, forcing him to withdraw and when he did she thrust again. Pain tore through her body, pleasure pain. He stopped stroking her clit on the third thrust. She moaned, protesting the loss, her body yearning for release, for more. "Fuck me, Ryan, fuck me, please."

Ryan felt her orgasm begin, felt the muscles in her pussy grasp him, suckle him, then release and start all over again. He heard her words, heard her beg him to fuck her. God, all he ever wanted to do was fuck Sunny Maitland. Her orgasm built around him and he fought to control himself while her body spasmed and bucked. He gripped her waist tightly, letting her ride him until the first wave passed.

"Thank you," she said when she was able to focus again, her smile languid, her eyes soft.

"Don't thank me, Sunny. I haven't fucked you yet." Ryan grinned broadly at her gasp as he withdrew, but it was he who moaned when he thrust inside her wet body, all bravado forgotten as his need took over. He thrust faster, sliding deeper each time. Her breathing turned harsh as he rode her, fucking her as she had begged him to earlier. Just when he thought he might be hurting her, her legs locked tighter around his hips and she arched her body off the table to meet his thrusts.

"Look at me, Sunny," he cried out, but he was not ready to stop. Sweat poured from his body as the sun beat down on him. Her breasts turned golden in the late afternoon light. He went rigid trying to regain control "What's my name?"

"Ryan." Her eyes locked with his, the fire burning in their depths nearly his undoing.

"Good," he said then he thrust inside her, deeper than before, harder, again and again. Her screams matched his as he thrust home one last time.

A shy breeze played with her sweat-soaked skin, sending a ripple of a chill through her body. Sanity threatened to return but Sunny pushed it away. She didn't care that she lay sprawled on her massage table, nor did she care that her favorite client was all but sprawled on top of her. Did the world seem different? she wondered, as the sounds of bird song and cicadas whirring grew louder. Somewhere off in the distance she heard the sound of a lawn mower and could swear she smelled fresh cut grass.

She pushed up on her elbows and gazed at Ryan. His eyes remained closed and he was still except for a little quiver she felt deep inside her body.

Sated with double orgasm, Sunny took her time studying his body post coitus, from his face all chiseled and sculpted to the wide slope of his shoulders. Her gaze swept downward to his abdomen sleek with sweat and his cock still deliciously hard. At least as much of it as she could see at any rate—the rest of it still resided deep inside her body.

“You’re still hard,” she said in disbelief, remembering the flood of liquid heat as he erupted inside her, her name sweet on his lips when he came.

“Damndest thing isn’t it?” Ryan all but groaned when she wiggled. “Happens sometimes, not often.”

“Can you come again?” Sunny licked his jaw just before she sought his mouth.

“I think I might be able to, if faced with the right stimulus.”

He groaned against her mouth, gliding slowly into her making her answer his groan with one of her own. “Slowly,” he said against her lips. “No need to rush.”

He slipped his arms around her, one big hand rested on her shoulder, the other slid beneath her ass as he lifted her slightly, positioning her closer to the edge of the table. She dropped her hands to grasp his buttocks but the bunching and relaxing of the muscles as he slowly glided inside her just increased her desire. His tongue flicked against hers, mating, almost matching the slow rhythm he set with his hips and Sunny began to pant. Her mind whirled in and out of reality as liquid fire rushed to her toes and back to her brain. She couldn’t escape the feeling of being slowly impaled on his thick cock. The rocking motion sucked at her soul as he stroked her pussy. “That feels so good, more, more...” she said against his mouth, her breath coming in little gasps. “Now.”

Reality blurred, becoming nothing more than light and sensation. Desire built, pulsed and raged. Purple sunbursts shot through her brain, followed by blue then red.

Somewhere off in the distance she heard him cry out, felt his body go rigid as his cock thrust deep inside her.

She lay against his chest, her arms draped over his shoulders, her skin was slick against his, her breathing as shallow as his own was. Slowly, she became aware of his heart beating in time with hers, a breeze had picked up, caressing her overheated skin. A mockingbird scolded from the magnolia tree overhead.

She slanted a smile at him. "That was intense."

"Maybe a little too intense," he agreed, dipping his mouth to touch hers. "I don't think I can move."

"Me either." She nibbled his jaw absently. "You aren't hurt are you? We didn't hurt your back...I mean..."

"No, I'm good in that department. I meant...the sex was incredible, Sunny." He seemed cool, super confident, as if... She hated the path her mind wandered down in that instant. Of course he was super confident, who wouldn't be after mind-blowing sex? "I could use a dip in the pool to cool down, how about you?"

"I don't know, Ryan, I think I should go." She allowed doubt to creep inside and fester. She averted her gaze when he withdrew from her pussy and stepped away, leaving uncertainty to fill the vacancy. "This may have been a mistake."

"Not from my perspective." He slowly picked up his discarded towel and turned away from her."

Sunny sat on the table watching him as he crossed the patio to the pool sparkling in the late afternoon sun, yet she sat there trembling.

She didn't want to open her heart to this man. She ran from him months ago out of fear, telling herself it was because he was married. Now he wasn't, and he wanted her, at least for right now. Nevertheless, she still feared loving him and losing him.

She resolved to leave just as he dove into the water. She turned her back on him and gathered up her clothes. She held her panties to her chest and glanced over her

shoulder. He was a sleek streak under the water. Her heart quaked but she took the steps distancing herself from the pool and the man inside it, only to change her mind when she retrieved her top.

Ryan surfaced at the halfway point, wondering if she was still on the patio, but he wouldn't look. He drew in a deep breath and darted back beneath the water, straining his muscles and lungs until he couldn't bear the pain of losing her any longer and he surfaced.

His brain and eyes were waterlogged, they must be. He wiped his face with both hands to clear his vision but he hadn't been seeing things. Sunny, still nude, descended the steps into the pool. There was uncertainty in her eyes but determination in her movements. She was staying. He swam into the shallow end to meet her, wrapping his arms around her waist just as she touched bottom. "Don't be afraid of me, Sunny."

"I'm afraid of myself," she said when he pulled her into his arms for a long kiss.

"Catch me if you can." Sunny kicked away from Ryan, a smile in her eyes, and headed for the deep end swimming like a dolphin, sleek and nubile.

Ryan rushed to catch her but he knew she outclassed him in the pool. She waited beneath the diving board, her hands over her head as she held on, bobbing on the surface. "You're slow."

"Sorry, I didn't know I was swimming with an Olympic champion." He gasped for breath as he grabbed the other side of the board overhead. He gasped again when she lifted her body slightly and wrapped her legs around his waist, drawing him to her.

"Not my fault I spent three summers lifeguarding at the country club in the city."

His cock took notice of its new position and reached for a warm place to nest. Ryan ignored the throbbing need between his legs, he ignored the round breasts with rock hard nipples floating in front of his face taunting his mouth. He concentrated on her eyes and her mouth. "Interesting job for a kid."

"Not really, my dad was head of maintenance. He got me lessons, then the job." She shrugged a shoulder as she talked, her eyes going round as if she was revealing something she shouldn't. "I went to college on a swimming scholarship. Nearly flunked out because all I had time to do was swim."

"Don't be embarrassed, I worked my way through putting roofs on houses, barely made it to class most days," he told her when she turned red. Letting go of the board and holding onto the concrete side, he closed the distance between them, pressing her breasts flat against his chest. "Took me five years to graduate—let go and hold on."

Keeping her legs locked around his waist she let go of the board and wrapped her arms around his neck. "What did you major in?"

"History." He slowly eased them through the water along the edge to the shallow end and the walk-in steps where he dropped into a seated position. "Completely useless major in my line of work, wouldn't you say?"

"More money in putting up new buildings than studying old ones." He liked her practical brain. "I went back to go to medical school, ended up in physical therapy then massage therapy courses." Her hands began to roam down his back, up his sides, along his arms, then back to his chest where she dallied with his nipples.

"Who hurt you Sunny?" She stopped dallying at his question becoming silent, looking everywhere except at him. "It's obvious someone did."

She let out a long breath. "I married my high school boyfriend right after I left college. I was pregnant, scared and it seemed like a good idea at the time." She eased her hands onto his shoulders and tremblingly continued. "My parents freaked out, of course. I was twenty-one and making a big mistake. I never got a chance to tell them about the baby before I lost it."

Ryan held her gently doing his best to hide his shock. "So you stayed with him even after that to prove them wrong?"

"Pretty much." She wriggled uncomfortably in his arms. "Anyway, resentment set in and we stopped doing what couples do. If we saw each other we fought. After two

years, he got nasty. I became his verbal punching bag, he cheated and in the end it was as ugly as it could possibly get."

"Did he hit you?" Ryan didn't know what to do with his hands. He felt angry on her behalf, so he slid them between her ass and his thighs to keep them still, unintentionally cupping her cheeks.

"Once." Her jaw locked, anger flitted across her face for a brief moment before quickly subsiding. "My dad took care of him, and we divorced quietly. I was twenty-three."

"How old are you now?" He had to fight to shrug away a punch of anger on her behalf, somehow though it helped knowing she had a past similar to his own.

"You first," she said, dipping her head to graze his chin with her tongue, an obvious avoidance maneuver if he ever saw one.

"Thirty-eight." He leaned his head back when she drifted lower on his neck. "Now you. I'm guessing twenty-six."

"Not even close." Sunny stopped nibbling his neck, he didn't know if it was his age that alarmed her. "I'll be thirty next month."

"Don't stop doing that." He leaned his neck into her mouth, bringing his hands up along her spine. "What would you like for your birthday?"

"I haven't thought about it," she said as she latched onto his neck and sucked hard, eliciting a low moan deep in his chest. He retaliated by cupping both her breasts and thumbing her nipples. "For this to last until then would be nice."

"I think I can make that happen." Ryan stood suddenly, lifting her completely out of the water. He turned quickly, depositing her on the top step and dropping to his knees. He pressed his head between her legs.

Chapter Three

Sunny had mere seconds to brace herself before he spread her wide and delved in with his tongue, first licking her hard clit before going lower to lap her pussy. He had learned quickly that short, thrusting jabs just under the hood of her clit drove her wild, so wild all she could do was hold on and let the lap of his tongue and the water drive her over the edge.

Her first orgasm came quickly, building, swirling, spiraling out of control until she lost all sense of herself. "Feel better?" He placed his chin on her pelvic bone and waited for her to drift back to earth.

Sunny looked down at him. His blue eyes sparkled in the fading light as he watched her. "I think so."

"Ready for me to do this?" His continued gaze disconcerted her. She wanted to close her legs but he slowly inserted a finger into her pussy, easing it deep inside. She forgot to be self-conscious.

"That feels good." She licked her lips, letting her head bob back just a little as he slid his finger slowly out. A second finger joined the first on the return trip. "So good... Uh-huh, more please," she purred.

"More?" His eyes gleamed with a wickedness that startled her but she didn't have time to react before he dipped his head again and his mouth joined his stroking fingers. This time he latched his mouth onto her clit, darting his tongue along the tip as he sucked, taking time to slowly drag his tongue from the opening of her pussy back to the tip of her clit before he renewed the quick flicking.

"Oh god, oh god, oh god." She panted, grinding her pussy into his mouth when the next wave began to wash through her. "I'm coming."

Ryan released her clit and withdrew his fingers before she built completely. She growled her displeasure and he chuckled. "Easy, sweetheart, we have all day."

Sunny glared at him. "Don't tease me."

"Teasing? What teasing?" Ryan watched her pussy as the water lapped just above her ass. "This is teasing," he said, delving his middle finger inside her pussy and quickly withdrawing only to gently insert it into her ass, slowly teasing the outer rim.

Shock was quickly replaced by pleasure as he continued to tease her there. "Have you ever been fucked in the ass, Sunny?"

"No, have you?" She looked him in the eye but she didn't withdraw from him.

"No, nor have I fucked anyone there either," he said after a moment.

"Do you want to fuck me there?" She moaned when he went in deeper and quickly withdrew, stroking her just as he had her pussy.

"Maybe later," he said.

His finger gliding inside her back hole should not feel so good. Sunny fought the urge to thrust into his hand. She closed her eyes and let the exquisite feeling of being plundered wash over her until the orgasm she had been denied began in her toes. When his tongue gently settled on her clit and slowly lapped in time to his thrusting finger, Sunny lost all control.

She went rigid against his mouth, her body suspended above the water in an awkward backbend, the only sound she made was a sobbing pant as her body bucked against his face and then she collapsed with a splash. He eased himself out from between her legs and gently pulled her into his arms and out into the water, letting time ease her back to reality.

"Too much," she whispered against his neck. "Too, too much." She wrapped her legs around his waist again, whimpered when her throbbing pussy met his thick, hard cock and before she could think of a reason not to she arched her body and slid home. His gasp of shock made her grin.

Ryan didn't dare breathe as her overheated pussy slid along his cock, her movements were effortless, shameless and oh so delicious. He backed against the side of the pool for support and knocked his head when she drove down hard. "Ow. Damn, Sunny."

She just smiled and covered his mouth with hers, nibbling his bottom lip with her sharp teeth as she slowly fucked him.

"I can't remember ever feeling this good," she said against his lips. He could feel her breath coming in little gasps and he knew she was close to orgasm again.

"Me either," he agreed and slowly standing, made his way back to the steps carrying her out of the water and to a nearby chaise lounge where he laid her down. With a few awkward movements he positioned her on the cushion and entered her again, thrusting deeply.

"God, yes," she wailed, the frenzy in her voice driving him wild.

Ryan tucked his arms behind her head, supporting her, drawing her face close to his. She reached out with her tongue and licked his chin, her arms encircling his lower back while she matched his movements, arching her pelvis to meet his as he thrust. Long moments of slow kisses and long thrusts passed before she began to pant again and this time Ryan was ready. This time he would join her on the other side of ecstasy. He latched onto her mouth, kissing her, plundering as he increased his thrusts, forcing her to this new frenzied pace.

She slapped at his sides when she began to crest, her breath coming in moans against his lips. "Don't stop, don't stop, don't stop, oh god, oh god, oh god, god, god."

"Love you, Sunny," he said softly when she bucked against him and went still. He thrust one last time, deep inside her body before he erupted. "Sunny love."

* * * * *

Honeysuckle scented air drifted over her, filling her senses and caressing her body. Sunny lay on her side snuggled against his hard body. She could feel his pulse where he touched her, his shallow breathing, the softness of his lips on her forehead. She had no desire to move from this unexpected heaven.

His hand rested gently on her hip and she startled, rousing reluctantly from the half-dozed into which she had drifted. Time had passed while they lay on the chaise in the afterglow, enough time that soon there would be no glow at all in the world around them.

"What time is it?" she wondered aloud but didn't move, the heavy scent-laden air lulling her back to sleep.

"Don't know for sure." His voice rumbled in his chest when he spoke and she smiled. "Sun is setting so it must be late."

She liked the way his hand felt on her thigh, soft and rough at the same time. "Still early."

"That's not what I meant." Ryan smoothed her nearly dry hair out of his face. "I meant that it's getting dark. Maybe we should go inside before the mosquitoes think we are a free buffet."

"Is there drink involved?" She smiled against his shoulder. "I'm afraid I'm parched."

"Tessa went grocery shopping today, I'm sure I can scare up a beer or a soda."

"How about a glass of iced tea?" She was in no hurry to go inside despite the mosquito threat. "Who is Tessa? And who was that woman who let me in?"

"One and the same. Tessa is my housekeeper, she comes twice a week, once to clean up after me, the second time bringing me food and other necessities." His laugh was self-derisive, but she decided not to comment on it.

"Think she bought any ice cream?" Sunny let her hand drift over his body, caressing his hip just as he did hers. "Or a steak? After what we just did I think I could eat a whole herd of steak."

"I could order delivery, or we could go out," he offered with a chuckle.

"Delivery, definitely." She leaned her head back, snippets of earlier conversation coming back to her. "I thought you were younger."

"What a time to remember I said that." He seemed hurt somehow. "Sorry to disappoint you."

"I'm not disappointed, Ryan. For an old dude you have a lot of stamina." She grinned what she imagined to be her most wicked grin. "Or was that due to a little blue pill problem?"

"Are you always this mouthy?" He caught her hand in his and their fingers entwined.

"Only after I've been fucked within an inch of my life." She flicked his lips with her tongue before she kissed him.

"Keep that up and you can forget that steak." Ryan moaned when she brushed his cock, causing it to stir but not spring to life.

"Definite little blue pill addiction." Her fingers encircled his soft cock as she nuzzled his neck, marveling at how easy it was to excite him.

"More like an addiction to a hot redhead. Christ, Sunny if you keep that up, I will come in your hand."

"Payback is a bitch—with puppies." Sunny grinned as she wriggled down his body, her mouth finding sensitive spots to torment as her hand continued to stroke him down below, all while deftly evading his seeking hands.

He rolled onto his back when she urged him to, crying out when her mouth settled on the sensitive head of his cock. Her tongue dipped inside his urethra briefly before she licked her way to the base of his cock.

"Sunny, don't...ahhh god...don't stop. Please don't stop." He spread his legs apart when she settled between them, planting both feet on the concrete floor and eased his body higher on the chaise so she could have room. Once she settled on her belly she kicked her feet in the air.

Sunny moaned when his hands gripped her head and heat began to puddle between her legs when he thrust slightly into her mouth. She liked that she could make him this hard so quickly after he had already filled her with cream three times.

She tasted salt as his juices rose to the surface. He was close, she could tell and she wanted him on the edge. She grabbed him with her hand and began to pump as she sucked, flicking the head with her tongue and delving into the opening. He flexed his fingers in her hair, tightening his grip on her head as he sought to take control and thrust into her mouth, but Sunny refused to give him the pleasure. "Behave or I'll take my mouth home with me."

Ryan released her hair and leaned back against the chaise, his breath ragged. "I'll be good. Just don't leave."

"That's better, lean back and let Mamma have a little fun." Sunny flicked his cock again, stroking slowly with her hand as she watched him fight his own body. He placed his hands behind his head and beamed at her with brilliant blue eyes, eyes that turned smoky as she licked him. "Good boy. Now show Mamma what a good boy you are," she said just before she sucked him as deeply into her mouth as she could.

Just like that, he went rigid. Head thrown back, he arched into her mouth as he erupted, her name sweet on the air.

"I really could use that drink now." She felt powerful, smug even as she crawled up his body and made herself comfortable on his chest.

"You're sitting on me," he said by way of excuse.

"Actually I'm lying on you if you want to be precise." She pressed her breasts into his chest, her knees grazing his scrotum as she nuzzled his neck. "Welcome back to debauchery."

“God, Sunny, what you do to me.” He managed to wrap his arms around her, languidly and then only reaching the middle of her back with both hands. “It’s been a long time since I’ve felt this way about anyone.”

Sunny rolled off him then strolled toward the house, beckoning him with one finger. “Let’s talk about feelings after we’ve raided the refrigerator.”

“Sounds good to me.” Ryan followed her from the chaise and across the patio into the house, leaving her massage table and clothing exactly where she’d left them so many hours before.

Chapter Four

A dire need to pee sent Sunny looking for a bathroom. Finding the master suite, she decided his bathroom would do just fine. A few minutes later Ryan peeked in to find her rifling through his closet.

"I was looking for a shirt or something to wrap around me while we wait for that steak to come." She wasn't the slightest bit ashamed as she pulled a well-worn blue work shirt out and tugged it on. "You could probably use a robe or something, unless you were thinking to invite the delivery man to join us."

"You're probably right. I don't much feel like sharing right now," he said, his eyes devouring her as she swept her hair out from beneath the collar, buttoned a couple of buttons and rolled the sleeves up to her elbows.

She sauntered over to him with his flannel robe hooked on her finger. "I'm not ready to share either, just in case it's a female driver."

Ryan took the robe just as she stepped against his body and wrapped her arms around his neck. "I can think of a few things we can do in that bed over there before the delivery guy gets here." He nibbled her lips as he spoke.

"Remind me to search you for the little blue pills." She let her hands gravitate along his back to cup his butt cheeks in her hands. His cock stirred against her belly but didn't go rock hard. "Later. Right now I'm just content to stand here and kiss you."

"Sounds good to me," he said and dropped the robe as he tugged the hem of her shirt up and grabbed her ass in the same manner in which she held his. His kisses turned demanding and he pushed her against the wall, inserting his knee between her legs.

Her breath caught in her throat when his thigh slid between her legs, caressing her pussy. She was slick with need, her clit swollen from repeated orgasms yet desire built deep inside her and she began to grind her hips into his thigh."

"Oh god, too much." She panted in time to her body gliding along his thigh.

The doorbell ringing stopped her in mid-motion as she realized they had been interrupted. "Fuck."

"Soon." Ryan chuckled, retrieving the robe and pulling it around him. Sunny's laughter joined his.

"Um, maybe I should go greet the delivery guy. He might think you're happy to see him or something," she said gently, tracing the head of his jutting cock before she walked out of the room.

"Good idea." She watched Ryan wrap his robe around his body as completely as he could but the errant member down below didn't want to be contained. "I left a tip on the counter."

He heard the front door open and her soft voice laughing along with the male voice on the other side. Seconds passed and the blood throbbing between his legs eased somewhat. He strained to hear her, waiting for the door to close so he could come out without embarrassing himself. She laughed one last time and shouted for the driver to have a good night then shut the door. Ryan stepped into the foyer just as she turned the lock.

"I thought you ordered steaks." She looked only slightly confused as she peeked into the box. "This is pepperoni deep dish."

"The steak place is apparently out of business, so I called the pizza place just down the street. That's what I was coming to tell you when I found you playing dress-up in my clothes." He took the boxes from her hands with a shrug. "But I got sidetracked."

"Remind me to remember where we left off, after I've had a couple slices that is." She sauntered ahead of him to the kitchen just off the patio. "Tell me, Mr. Chance, what happened to your living and dining room furniture?"

"April got it in the divorce." Ryan shrugged again. He didn't mind discussing the recent unpleasantness with this woman, he realized. "I kept the antiques that came with the house though, since they belonged to my grandparents."

"I bet that ticked her off." Sunny slid onto a barstool at the kitchen island and picked up the glass of tea she had abandoned earlier. "Do you have anything stronger?"

"I have soda, beer, a nice Pinot Grigio and a left over bottle of vodka from New Years." He set the pizza boxes on the island in front of her and went to the fridge and peered in. "Oh, and a pitcher of lemonade."

"The wine will do. What's in the other box?"

Ryan set a glass of white wine in front of her. "Apparently it's a cinnamon cluster thing with lots of icing. I think it was free."

"Oh good, dessert. This is good pizza and they were quick, too. I like that." Sunny looked around at the immaculate kitchen with apparent appreciation. "You don't cook, do you?"

"I can microwave a mean TV dinner." Ryan leaned against the counter directly across from her, a beer bottle in hand. He liked watching her eat. She was unapologetic in appetite and neat, he liked that very much. "But no, I can barely boil water without fear of burning the place down. Tessa brings me a week's worth of food to reheat and keeps me stocked with cereal and fruit, stuff like that. So far, it's worked out fine. Do you cook?"

"I like to bake but I'm limited in actual meal preparation. I usually just throw something on the grill and mix a salad or grab fast food." A woman after his own heart, he thought when he moved to take a slice of pizza. "Back hurting?"

"Some." Ryan realized he'd winced, but not that she'd seen. "I get stiff if I stay still too long or overexert myself, and I've done plenty of both today."

"I noticed a slight limp when I got here earlier." Sunny raised one eyebrow in his direction.

"That's because I'd been sitting in front of my computer for three hours just before you arrived."

"So *it is* a porn addiction then." The eye below the raised brow gleamed with mischief.

"No, Miss Smartass. If you must know, I've been doing as much of the billing for my company as I can get my office manager to send me. The damn doctors won't let me get back to real work yet and I need something to do besides sit around and watch TV all day."

"And desk work is not what you thought it would be, huh?" She smiled at him, her lips and eyes playing with him from across the counter.

"Boring as hell, I can't wait until I can climb back on a roof or hell, I'll settle for crawling through a dusty attic over invoices and contracts any day."

"As long as the load-bearing wall isn't rotted completely through this time..."

He flashed to that day nearly three years back when his world quite literally came crumbling down around him. "At least I get to go back. One of my guys left behind a wife and two kids and another lost a leg. I was lucky." Ryan fiddled with a red and yellow canister that was loaded with cooking utensils, picking up one after another and shooting them back in trying to block the screams of his dying friend from his memory.

"At least you can talk about it now. When I first met you I couldn't get that much out of you." Sunny wiped her mouth with a napkin and added a little more wine to her glass.

"Yeah, well, when you first met me, I was still in the hospital tied to a wheelchair and angry with the world. I didn't even know Jack was dead, no one would tell me." Ryan stabbed a spatula up and down in the pitcher. "My wife visited me once a week and when she did she let me know just how much less of a man I was."

"With equipment like yours to play with she must have been out of her effin' mind." Sunny flipped open the cinnamon roll box and broke off a chunk.

"April didn't much care for my equipment, she just liked my money." Ryan found a utensil that baffled him. He rolled it in his hand, studying it.

"I have money," Sunny said suddenly, startling him into forgetting the weird object he had just pulled from April's abandoned kitchen stuff. "I'm not loaded by any means but I make a very nice living. Working for the spa and the doctor's group keeps me busy. So I guess I'm just after your body."

"I'm relieved to hear it." Ryan felt the tension he hadn't known existed drain right out of his body. "I have one question for you, though."

"Anything, all you have to do is ask." He noticed her face pale, her eyes becoming guarded.

"What the hell is this thing? I can't for the life of me figure it out."

He held up a black-handled utensil with a long, round metal shaft with spiky things on the end. It looked like a medieval torture device.

"Oh. That's an apple corer," she said with relief in her voice, which she quickly covered with a laugh.

"A what?" He studied the utensil, perplexed.

"You stab apples down the middle and it pops the core out leaving just the meat and peel," she explained, pantomiming coring an apple.

"Oh, okay then." He continued to stare at the thing. "I thought it was some kind of weird dildo."

"What? Did you think your ex-wife was hiding her play toys amongst her kitchen gadgets?" Her laughter bubbled around him and he couldn't help joining in.

"No...don't laugh...okay maybe. She lied about so much else, why not?" He plopped the utensil back into the container and came around the island to sit next to her. "You can stop laughing now."

"Sorry, but you have got to admit that was funny." Sunny clamped her hand over her mouth to stop the giggles, but was unsuccessful. "Tell me, what did you think the metal spikes were for?"

"Not a clue, not a single clue. Something perverted possibly, but damn if I could think what." Ryan laughed then nudged her side. "Shut up or I'll kiss you into submission."

"Promises, promises." Sunny scooted off the stool and onto the island in front of him, placing a foot on each barstool to flank him. She eased forward until there was less than an inch of air separating them. "Go ahead, I dare you."

Ryan rubbed her chin with his thumb. She was so beautiful he wanted to cry or devour her—he couldn't decide which. "Be careful what you ask for, Sunny, you just might get it."

She moaned against his lips when he closed the distance, teasing at first, then tasting, drawing her tongue into his mouth to suckle it. God, but he loved kissing her. Time passed slowly as he sat with her entwined around him, just kissing and losing more of his soul to her with each passing second.

"What is it about you that makes me crazy?" he asked when he came up for air.

"Same question back at you," she replied, nibbling his ear. He latched onto her neck and did some nibbling of his own until she threw her head back and moaned aloud.

"This need to...to devour you is driving me crazy. I can't think of anything else but fucking you, even now after what we did this evening, I still want more." He stopped nibbling her neck and pushed her away to stare into her eyes. "I'm afraid of how badly I need you."

"I'm afraid of how badly I love you," she said then turned away before he had a chance to absorb the words. "Lust is just an afterthought, albeit a very powerful afterthought."

Ryan felt the world around him explode. Surely he hadn't heard her correctly, he was sure she hadn't admitted to loving him. But that didn't stop the warm glow that began to bubble in his chest. "'Lean back, Sunny, let me love you.'

"Are you sure you want to? I am cream filled after all." She felt her heart skip a beat when he didn't offer up his love in return.

"My cream." He froze, his face becoming very pale. "Can you get pregnant?"

Sunny closed her legs and sat upright, his words were like ice water to her overheated system. "Yeah, I suppose I can. I mean, I'm not on birth control right now, I wasn't expecting this to happen, I..." Panic began to flood her brain. "I haven't been...this is the first time I've...oh shit."

"How long since there's been another man?" Was that an accusation she heard in his voice?

"Since Thanksgiving weekend." Just before she realized she was in love with another man. "We used a condom...shit, shit, shit. Look Ryan, I didn't set out to do this. I mean..."

"Shut up, Sunny." He took her arms and eased her back to him, forcing her to return her feet to the stools, and nudged her legs open. "I know you didn't plan this, I didn't plan this and I'm not sorry. Are you? I mean would you be sorry if you got pregnant?"

"Would you?" The thought terrified her.

"Why do you always answer my questions with a question when you're afraid?" He eased his hands along the inside of her thighs stroking, caressing and gentling her.

"Because I'm afraid and I don't know how to answer." The part of her that ran from her feelings was at war with what his hands were doing to her body. "Would you be angry if I got pregnant?"

"No. I don't think I would, anyway." Something flickered behind his eyes, as if he hadn't expected to answer as he had, quickly giving away to something more resolute. "Now you, would you hate me if I got you pregnant?"

"I've lost one baby already. That was ten years ago. What if I can't even get pregnant?" Her stomach quaked wildly as swirling contrary fears surged through her.

"Not an answer." Ryan parted her lower lips with his thumbs and stroked her clit until her eyes rolled back in her head and she became slick. "I'm going to fuck you on this island and I'm going to fill you with cum, Sunny Maitland. But before I do I want to know how you feel about carrying my child." He slipped a finger inside her pussy and stroked until her thighs began to tremble.

"Tell me you love me?"

"I love you, I fell in love with you when I was in the hospital," he said "I want to fill you with a baby, babies. If you'll let me."

"I think I can handle that," she said through teary eyes.

"Lie back now and let me get started."

Chapter Five

Sunny didn't know if she wanted to cry when his mouth settled between her legs, Ryan had so shocked her with his feelings for her. He nipped her clit with his teeth, one finger plunging inside her pussy and Sunny forgot all about her past as she bucked in reaction.

"Shit, Ryan, do that again." Lust took over, flooding her body with need until the soft fabric of the shirt she wore began to chafe her nipples. She tried with shaking hands to undo the buttons but his very talented mouth had her flailing on the island like a rag doll. "Ryan, please. Ryan, the shirt. Take it off me please."

In seconds, Ryan had her stripped naked and panting on the kitchen island. Leaning over her, he drew one nipple into his mouth, suckling hard.

"I need to come. Please Ryan, fuck me, please." She wrapped her legs around his back, holding his head in her hands as he continued to suckle her. His smile was pure evil when he pulled away, leaving her panting with frustration. She needed to orgasm so badly she thought she might explode and he had all the time in the world to fiddle around with the utensil container until he found the wicked looking piece of equipment "Oh my god. No, Ryan. You are not going to use that thing on me. No."

He did, and she moaned when the cold rubber handle of the apple corer slid deep inside her. Sunny spread her legs wide and purred loudly as he thrust it deeper and faster.

"See, I knew this thing was a dildo. Come for me, Sunny." He fucked her with the kitchen utensil using long, deep, hard strokes, reaching deeper than he could with his fingers.

His lips teased hers, pulling her tongue inside his mouth, sucking in time with his thrusts. He moved to her breast to suckle each nipple hard and finally back to her

mouth when she complied with his request. She had fought the need to come once he inserted that thing inside her, but shit, it felt so damn good she couldn't stop. Her pussy pulsed around the rubber object and she shuddered, lying sprawled on the island feeling very much like a cored apple must.

"Feel like moving into the bedroom?" Ryan asked sometime later and Sunny could only nod in agreement. He laughed when she didn't move and strode around the island to the refrigerator shedding his robe as he went. She could only stare at his thick cock as he returned with a bottle of water.

"What are you going to do with that?" she wondered out loud when his cock visibly throbbed.

"Drink it." Ryan touched the cold bottle to her hot pussy and she jumped sky high. "Sorry couldn't resist."

"I meant the weapon you have attached to your body, but I just now realized that with you anything can become a weapon." She accepted the now open bottle and gulped down half of it before handing it back.

"Well, I had planned to take you and my cock and the water bottle and maybe the apple dildo to my bed, lay you on your stomach and fuck you from behind." Her whole being turned to liquid fire at the suggestion.

"Lead the way." Sunny held her hands up and Ryan helped her steady herself on her feet before he grabbed the apple corer and her hand to lead her to his bed. Sunny followed close behind, her legs pressed tightly together the whole way.

Patience was never a virtue Ryan subscribed to. With his cock rigid and pulsing, he scooped Sunny up in his arms and carried her the last few steps to his bed where he tossed her on top of the comforter and practically fell on top of her.

"Are we in a hurry?" She wriggled beneath him until she found a comfortable spot to stare into his eyes. "And what happened to fucking me from behind?"

"We'll get to that in time." He drew circles around her belly button with his tongue just to watch her eyes glaze over. "You taste like chlorine, sweat, cum and vanilla."

"Is that supposed to turn me on?" She gasped when he crawled up her body, entering her slowly as he licked his way to her mouth.

"No but that should. Christ, how can you be so damn tight right now?" He wedged his arms beneath her back and settled his hips against hers.

"Silly question, what time is it anyway?"

Ryan ground his hips into hers, impaling her deeper with each grind. Not withdrawing, he looked up at the clock. "Little after eight, why do you ask, do you have a date or something?"

"No, just trying to put things into perspective." She wriggled her body, gasping as he grazed her clit with each little grind. "Is there a limit to your unbelievable prowess?"

"Ahh, I think I have proven I have an amazing recovery time." She pulsed deep inside, her pussy growing tighter and relaxing as he moved against her, almost as if she were sucking him. "That feels good, do you do that on purpose?"

"What, this?" Her smile was wicked when she flexed her vaginal muscles.

"Christ Sunny, keep that up and I can almost guarantee you an abrupt ending to this evening. Is that what you want?" He winced and stopped moving, sweat slicked his back despite the air-conditioning.

"I don't think I need that long, myself." She panted beneath him, licking his lips, drawing his tongue into her mouth.

"Roll over," he commanded, withdrawing from her body. "Playtime is over."

Sunny eased over onto her belly and then rose onto her knees looking over her shoulder as she waited while he felt around on the bed until he found the apple corer. Holding it up with a wicked smile he inserted it where his cock should be.

"That's cheating." Sunny growled when he slid the hard rubber shaft inside her, stroking her deeply.

"Then why are you moaning?" He grinned, slapping her ass with his free hand. Sunny bucked against the makeshift dildo when he spanked her again. She shook her head wildly.

"Because...that feels so good." She reached for his cock but he laughed and moved out of her reach.

"Enough play, time to get down to business." He tossed the utensil across the room and in one swift motion plunged inside her.

Sunny cried out. His large hands on her hips held her still as he impaled her pussy, his cock throbbing as he thrust, forcing her head into the bed as he pounded her body for long hard seconds. Then he slowed and she felt him lean over her, his hands encircling her chest, urging her to lean back against him.

"Say you love me," he demanded, cupping her cheek in his hand and turning her head so she could look into his eyes.

Sunny couldn't catch her breath for a moment. She leaned against his chest, his hand on her face, stroking her, as he moved gently inside her, robbing her of breath, voice and sanity. "I love you," she said between pants.

His mouth was gentle when he kissed her, his hands even more so as he caressed her body, starting with her breasts, then lower to caress her hard swollen clit. Pleasure screamed through her body and Sunny leaned back against his hard torso as the orgasm built.

The gentle blond giant with his magnificent cock engulfed her, impaled her, his cock gliding inside her body rocking her on her knees. She reached behind her with both arms and arched her back just as he latched onto her neck with his wicked mouth and clamped down.

Liquid fire shot through her body as he cried out, his thrusts slowing as his orgasm subsided. Still deep inside, he slid his finger beneath her clit until he found that one spot and just like that, she burst into a million tiny pieces.

* * * * *

Ryan didn't know when he turned off the lamp and pulled the quilt over them. Time became irrelevant sometime that afternoon leaving nothing but hunger and pleasure. Time as he knew had ceased to exist when she kissed him. Long wet kisses in the dark, whispered words of need and love, leading to more pleasure than he'd known could exist between two people.

In the long hours before dawn, time became his enemy and he held her close, hoping to keep the moment he knew she would have to leave him at bay. Almost as if she understood this, her fingers, his salvation, twined with his. Gentle caresses became urgent kisses and two bodies became one, just as sunlight filtered in through the blinds and time seemed to speed up.

"When do you have to leave?" He broke the silence sometime after she collapsed on his chest, spent. Her hair soaked with sweat lay across his shoulder.

"Never," she whispered, tracing circles on his arm.

"It's Tuesday, don't you have to be to work?" He finally glanced at the clock and groaned. "It's after eight."

"Hmm, already?" She rolled to her side, snuggling against him. "What if I told you I'm on vacation this week?"

"Then I'd be the happiest man in the world." He shifted toward her, pulling her close. She tucked her chin into his neck and sighed. "If you're off this week then why did you show up at my door yesterday?"

"Martha couldn't find anyone else to cover her afternoon sessions. I don't know, Kismet, maybe." Her hand drifted across his chest, her voice languid, sleepy.

"Did you have anything special planned for this week?" He hoped she would say she'd be content to stay right here in bed with him, until the world ceased to exist, or until she had to be back to work next week, he wasn't picky. Instead, she bolted out of the bed, wide awake now. "What? Did I say something wrong?"

"I have to go home, Damien is probably starving by now." She glanced around the room as if looking for something.

"Who's Damien?" Husband, lover, nephew, brother, sick orphan orangutan, his brain forgot how to reason.

"My cat and he's probably shredded the curtains by now." She gave up looking for her clothes and sat on the edge of the bed. "Do you like cats, Mr. Chance?"

"Well, I am very fond of pussy. Ow!" He barely flinched when she punched his shoulder. "I thought you were leaving?"

"Come with me?" He saw insecurity creep into her eyes and his heart swelled. All the while she was saving him from his personal demons, she was the one who needed saving.

"To the ends of the Earth and beyond." He sat up and wrapped her in his arms, kissing her until she knew she would never have anything to fear again.

Sunny with a chance of late afternoon showers – it's going to be a beautiful day out there today. Traffic on the Bayway is at a stand still, an accident just west of the tunnel has... Sunny turned off the radio and rested her chin on the steering wheel as she watched the door of the Chance house as if she'd never seen it before.

The house was a cheery yellow with white gingerbread trim. Red and pink begonias hanging in pots added a touch of color, the flamingo standing guard by the steps added a touch of whimsy she'd never noticed before.

She shivered when a strand of damp hair escaped the loose ponytail she'd hastily arranged after a very long shower. She pushed it back just as the sun rose above the trees and bathed the house in soft light. The glass in the windows sparkled almost merrily.

Ryan Chance, an overnight bag in hand chose that moment to step through the door and Sunny shivered again. Was she imagining things or did the house smile as he stepped off the porch?

Busy watching the house instead of the man she jumped when he opened the door and tossed his bag inside. "Where exactly do you live, if you don't mind me asking?"

"In a fairy tale cottage on an island surrounded by snap dragons and tiger lilies." Sunny smiled as she backed out of the driveway and headed into the morning sun.

"Do I have to conquer the snap dragons?" Ryan smiled back, his eyes sparkling with the same whimsy that infected her.

"Since you've already conquered my heart, I'd say you are ready, Sir Ryan, to take on whatever dragons come your way." She took one last look in the rearview mirror and for one crazy moment, she could have sworn the house winked at her.

About the Author

Emjai Colbert, pronounced simply as two initials and a French pretension in the same vein as cousins Steven and Claudette (no relation...really), didn't graduate college though she did go for several years. She studied history mostly (Pirate 101 wasn't offered), with stops in early childhood education (where she discovered a dislike for any rug rats she didn't give birth to and left quickly) and business (she didn't want to wear one of those silly power suits). She wanted very much to study theater and fencing but didn't have the time or guts but hey, she's still young, so maybe one day...

Emjai loves her children, her husband, books, music and crime dramas, in that order. However, Emjai does not love to write. No matter how much she wishes this weren't true, she can't escape the fact that she is possessed by people other than herself who demand that she sit with a keyboard on her lap for hours on end and peck out their stories. Needless to say, Emjai is constantly on the lookout for new ways to not write. Frequently eBay and Spider Solitaire are the main conspirators.

Emjai makes her home along the steamy Alabama Gulf Coast. She has four children, and two cats who think they are dogs. She has had many jobs, from pizza delivery (where she was last hit on by an ugly transvestite) to seamstress (she possesses the secret to how those crew neck T-shirts get their crew neck). When she grows up she wants to be a pirate queen...move over, Anne Bonney. Wait, Emjai has no current plans to ever grow up. Anne Bonney is safe for now.

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

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