

ELLORA'S CAVE PRESENTS

Talk *Dirty*
To Me
TORY RICHARDS

ELLORA'S CAVE *Quickies*®

Talk Dirty to Me

Tory Richards

Lilly has been in love with her brother's best friend Blake for years. She lost her virginity to the oil driller on her eighteenth birthday, only to wake the next morning to find him gone. After he pulled that stunt twice more, she swore never to see or talk to him again. But now he's back for her brother's wedding, and he's as irresistible as she remembers.

Blake thinks Lilly's even sexier than ever. Unable to resist one another, they don't make it out of the airport parking lot before taking up where they left off. As the two rediscover their passion for each other, nothing and nowhere is off-limits!

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Talk Dirty to Me

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TALK DIRTY TO ME

Tory Richards

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Southwest: Southwest Airlines Co.

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Chapter One

Damn, it was hot! At least ninety-eight degrees and no breeze of any kind. The Florida sun felt like a ball of fire against the back of Lilly's neck. But she was determined to finish her gardening on the patio area outside the condo she shared with her brother. She loved flowers and had made it her mission that Friday to plant jasmine, hibiscus and wildflowers of every color.

She glanced toward the patio glass door to see Romeo walking back and forth, watching her with a jealous look on his pitiful face because he wasn't allowed outside. God, she wished she was inside the air-conditioning with him. But Lilly knew if she took a break now she wouldn't finish. Besides, she was almost done.

She sat back on her haunches, grabbed the bottom of her thin tee shirt and brought it up to wipe the sweat off her face, thankful the patio area was closed in with a six-foot cypress fence. Filling her lungs with a mouthful of hot air, she rose to her feet and reached for the hose.

She focused on the flowers, which were already showing signs of wilting, and then turned the hose on herself. With nothing on underneath her top, her nipples immediately reacted to the cold water and she rubbed her hands over her ample breasts. She planned on spending a quiet evening alone and watching sci-fi, at least to start with. Her brother Ross would be tied up with his soon-to-be wife, so no one would be interrupting her later when she was pleasuring herself with her favorite toy.

Just as Lilly stood back to observe the effects of her hard work, she heard the muted sound of the phone from inside. She opened the door, feeling the instant relief of the cold air against her body. As she made her way to the kitchen phone, Romeo wove in and around her legs, nearly tripping her.

She reached for the phone, shooting Romeo a disgusted glance. "Hello?"

"Hey, kid, it's me. What are you doing?"

As soon as Lilly heard her brother's voice she could tell by his tone that he wanted something. "I just came in from working outside, why? What are you doing?"

He laughed. "I need you to do me a *big* favor."

Lilly rolled her eyes. He hadn't wasted any time getting to the point. "Not tonight, bro, I have plans."

She could hear the frown in his voice. "I thought you broke up with that jerk."

"I did. And I'm not talking about Jimmy. I have plans with a pizza, a movie and a bottle of wine. My whole night is planned."

"Yeah, it sounds *very* exciting. Sorry I'm going to miss it. But look, I really need your help."

Lilly frowned. She should have told him she had a hot date. She could hardly back out of helping him, *if* he really needed it, with the lame story she'd just given him.

"I'm tired, Ross." That, at least, was the truth.

"This won't take long. I just need you to go to the airport for me and pick up Blake."

"What?" *Oh no!* That was the last thing she expected Ross to ask her. He knew the history between her and Blake and he knew she didn't want to see him again, *ever*. "No, no, and no."

"Come on, sis, can't you get over your fear of him long enough to pick him up for me?"

"I'm not afraid of him!" *I'm afraid of how he makes me feel and his ability to talk me into almost anything.* Lilly realized the only one she was trying to convince was herself. For some reason, whenever she was around Blake, she turned into a sex maniac.

"Whatever. You know you're going to see him this weekend whether you want to or not."

Yeah, but at least it would be with other people around. He could hardly eat her up with his eyes or talk dirty to her until she turned to mush in a social situation...could he? Just the thought of being alone with him made her instantly wet. "I thought you were going to pick him up."

"I was, but I'm stuck here in Georgia for another night. I'd ask Jezzie but she's busy with last-minute plans for the wedding on Sunday."

Lilly felt dread filling her stomach. "Can't you fly in long enough to pick him up and then fly back to Georgia?" She was aware how stupid that sounded. "I mean, what would it take? An hour of fly time?"

"Do you hear yourself?" Ross laughed. "Come on, sis, I wouldn't ask if I had any other choice. I know you and Blake have history. But honestly, it's been a whole year since you've seen one another. Don't you think it's time to forgive and forget?"

You have no idea, Lilly thought. There was nothing to forgive, and forgetting the man would take a miracle. A woman didn't forget a man when the chemistry between them was as powerful as it was between her and Blake. What if his control over her was as strong as ever? She'd always been weak where he was concerned. A look, a touch and she became a slave to whatever he wanted. *As often as he wanted it.*

"Well, what do you say?"

Lilly remained stubbornly quiet, not ready to commit.

"Hey, you wanted to know what to get us for a present. This could be your wedding gift to me."

She rolled her eyes. "Deal, that's your wedding present. I'm picking Blake up for you," Lilly teased, giving in with reluctance. "What do I do with him after I pick him up?" She was already remembering what his hot cock felt like inside her. Silence followed, and the uneasy feeling growing in her belly intensified. "Ross?"

"Well, ah, I was going to offer him the use of my room until I return home."

"Oh no—" *No way!* Lilly knew what would happen if Blake was under the same roof as her. "I mean it, Ross."

"I can't very well have him stay with Jezzie! And it's only for one night."

"No, Ross. Absolutely not. I—"

"Please?"

"No!"

"Please?"

She felt herself caving and released a heavy sigh. Maybe it would be okay. People changed in a year. Yeah, then why was she so worried about seeing his toned, gorgeous body, half-naked, walking around the condo? "You'll be home tomorrow?"

"Without fail," he promised.

One night. She could survive one night under the same roof with Blake. Couldn't she? "Do you know what you're asking?"

"I'll owe you big time, sis. We'll give you our firstborn. I'm sure Jezzie won't mind."

Lilly remained silent.

"He's my best man. I can't just call him and tell him to grab a cab and book himself into some hotel room."

Lilly couldn't believe she was going to do it, but Ross was always there for her when she needed him and he hardly ever asked her for anything in return. "What time does he fly in?" she asked in a resigned tone.

"A half hour ago," he replied without hesitation.

"*What?* Are you kidding me? Why did you wait until the last minute to phone me, you jerk? I've just spent the whole afternoon playing in the dirt and I don't have time to clean up—"

"Look, can we argue about this later, please? You need to get to the airport. He came in on Southwest, flight 1255 and thanks again, sis. I owe you!"

He hung up without a goodbye. Lilly pulled the phone away from her ear and shook her head with disbelief. She was half an hour away from the airport. She ran to her bedroom to get her purse and caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror. Oh crap! She looked like hell. Hopefully her clothes would dry before she got there. Maybe cooling down with that hose wasn't such a good idea.

Oh well, who was she hoping to impress anyway? Only the man she was crazy hot for...

* * * * *

Lilly drove her little Toyota around the airport at least twice before finding her way to Southwest arrivals. Parking wasn't allowed so she could only hope Blake was waiting for her outside. She drove slowly, searching through the crowd on the sidewalk for him. Desire and anxiety churned in her stomach.

And then she saw him.

Her body reacted instantly. Thinking about him was one thing but seeing him in the flesh was even more powerful. Awareness exploded through her body as she remembered all the times and places they'd had hot, naughty sex. How Blake had taken her to paradise a thousand times. Her panties became soaked as she clenched her legs together, hoping to ease the need that was becoming unbearable. A pleasant prickling in her full breasts caused her to raise her arm and brush it over them, trying to ease some of the ache.

Blake hadn't changed at all. He was still the sexiest man on earth. As she sat there staring at him she felt her breathing become erratic and her heart rate pick up speed.

Blake was six feet tall and lean. Yet his black polo shirt revealed he wasn't lacking in muscle power. The gray slacks he was wearing outlined the strength in his thighs and stretched across the prominent outline of his cock. He looked dangerous. He *was* dangerous, only in a way that had always drawn her in. His dark hair was shorter than he used to wear it, military cut. Lilly couldn't see his eyes for the dark sunglasses

covering them, for which she was thankful. Blake had the kind of eyes that could look right through someone, into their soul.

He's just a man, he's just a man, Lilly repeated to herself. Flesh and blood and as mortal as she was. He had emotions, he could be hurt. *He had needs*. Her cheeks grew hot when she thought of their last night together, and how they'd made love like two wild animals trying to consume one another. He'd left the next morning for an assignment on an oil rig in the North Sea. And she'd tried to convince herself that she hated him ever since.

Now I knew how futile that was.

Bringing him home with her wasn't a good idea. But it was too late to drive away now that Blake had recognized her and was making his way to the car. Before Lilly knew it he was at the passenger side.

She rolled down the window when he bent to look in. "Hi." Her voice came out sounding thin and weak. She again clenched her legs together, trying to stop the tingle there.

He raised a brow. "This is a nice surprise. I was expecting Ross."

She couldn't see his eyes, but Lilly had the feeling that he was looking her over. "Well, you're stuck with me," she said with false sweetness. She was acutely aware of the extra pounds she'd put on since seeing him last. But that didn't stop her nipples from hardening right there before his eyes. He'd always had that effect on her. And it didn't help that she was vividly remembering how thoroughly Blake had tongue-fucked her pussy the last night she saw him. "Ross got stuck in Georgia and called me at the last minute." She wasn't going to apologize for being late.

He opened the back door and tossed his bag on the seat. When he was settled in front, Lilly pulled away from the curb and merged back into traffic. She was all but squirming in her seat and couldn't look at him.

"What, no kiss hello? It's been a long time, Lilly."

She ignored his comment about the kiss. She knew if they started, they'd never make it out of the airport.

"You are even sexier than I remembered. Is the wet tee shirt for my benefit?"

She cringed inwardly. "Thanks for noticing." Somehow he was sexier too, but she wasn't giving him the satisfaction of hearing her say it. "Are you still working in the North Sea?" As if she didn't know. She'd secretly followed his career through her brother.

"Yep."

She glanced at him in time to see him run his fingers through his short hair. "Aren't you getting a little old for playing in the dirt?" she asked. He was the same age as Ross. It was clear by his magnificent build that his job as an oil driller, in addition to being dangerous, kept him in tip-top shape.

His chuckle was as sexy as Lilly remembered, and ran across her tingling senses like a lover's caress, keeping her nipples hard and her pussy wet. "You look like you've been playing in dirt yourself. Plus you're as feisty as ever. Someone should have tamed you a long time ago."

There was an underlying threat in his tone that turned Lilly warm inside, because she knew what Blake's preference was for dealing out his form of *punishment*. Sometimes Lilly had been naughty on purpose, just to feel his hard cock... If he kept this up they wouldn't make it home. Why did everything he said turn into a sexual memory? It was a good thing she was sitting down, her panties were dripping. "You tried that once." She knew she was baiting him but it was all part of the game.

"Yeah. That was the best night of my life. You were wild."

*Ohmygod...*he didn't go there. Lilly began to squirm as she remembered of his hand on her naked bottom and what a spanking had led to. The memory made her blood hot, and she turned breathless, and a little frightened. "Those days are over." She hoped he got the message, as weak as it sounded. Her heart was pounding like a drum in her chest.

Blake threw his head back and laughed loudly. "We'll have to wait and see what's over, Lilly."

Lilly clamped her mouth shut. Damn him! She had half hoped that seeing Blake again would show her she was immune to him finally. That she'd outgrown him. But seeing him only revealed she was as captivated with him as ever. Why couldn't he have stayed away this time? She'd been doing just fine with him out of her life.

Right. Out of the four men she'd dated since Blake left, she hadn't been able to bring herself to fuck any of them. None of them had Blake's ability to make her come with just a brush of his hand across her thigh.

Lilly glanced at him, sensing he had more to say. "What?"

"I'm just wondering how many times you want me to let you drive around the airport before I tell you that you're going in circles."

"I don't come here much."

"Go north."

She let him direct her out of the airport, or so she thought. "Thanks." She wished she'd turned on the radio before picking him up. It would help keep her mind off his incredible body so close to her. "Have you met Jezzie yet?"

"Just through the pictures Ross has sent. We spoke once on the phone."

"You'll like her. Everyone does. She's a nice girl."

"What makes you think I like nice girls, Lilly?"

What was she supposed to say to that? She spared him a glance. He was looking at her over the rim of his glasses. There was humor in his sharp blue eyes. And something else. Blake had aged in the last year. She supposed being alone, freezing, in the middle of nowhere on a rig for a year had helped harden his exterior in some ways.

Lilly decided to ignore his comment. It made her think of her eighteenth birthday, and how she'd been initiated into womanhood by his strong hands and sensual mouth.

His hard cock. Over and over until they'd been too exhausted to move. After that he'd disappeared for a few months.

She was deep in thought as she followed his directions out of the airport, right up until she realized he was taking her into a more secluded part of the airport parking lot. She glanced at him out of the corner of her eye, movement pulling her gaze to his crotch. *Ohmygod!* She could see his hard cock and muscular thighs through the thin material of his pants. A gush of excitement soaked her crotch.

"Park the car, Lilly."

It didn't occur to her to question him. Besides, she didn't think she could continue to drive in her heightened sexual condition anyway. She spotted a barrier of trees at the end of the lot and turned into an empty space.

They came together like wild, hungry animals. Like they'd never been apart, like there was no tomorrow. Before she knew it, his mouth was on hers and she was powerless to resist. As he moved down her throat, he lifted her tee shirt to reveal her breasts and devoured them as well. She squirmed in her seat to calm the desire between her legs but it was useless. She reached over to unzip his pants and took his cock into her mouth. If he wanted to play, she would show him she could play as well. As she sucked his cock, he reached into her shorts and fingered her pussy.

Their mutual groans filled the car and steamed the windows. *God, what am I doing?* This was exactly what she'd been afraid of. But when his fingers went deeper into her pussy, she gave in and enjoyed the moment.

Words seemed unnecessary but for one. "Condom?" Lilly panted heavily.

With an amused grunt Blake raised his hips and reached for something in his pocket. He pulled out a foil packet that Lilly grabbed and quickly tore open. It had been a long time but she managed to roll the condom over his thick cock in record time.

As she climbed on top, she could feel him trying to restrain himself. This was her game, though, so she slowly rocked back and forth until he begged her to let him come.

She changed her position slightly so that she could raise and lower herself on his cock, and they both exploded into a mind-blowing orgasm.

Lilly collapsed against him. God, it was just like old times. And she'd made it so easy for him. Damn it! She wasn't going to let him break her heart again! But she wasn't going to dwell over what she couldn't change either, and besides, she'd thoroughly enjoyed their quickie.

As they straightened their clothes and prepared to leave, he asked, "So, what's the plan?"

"I take you home with me. You can use Ross' room until he comes home tomorrow. I hope you like pizza and wine because that's what I intend to have for dinner." Hopefully there was an extra bottle of wine stashed in the fridge.

"All I want for now is a shower, a bed, and some more of you."

Now was a good time to lay down the law. She had let her desire get the best of her once but that had been temporary insanity. She took a deep breath. "Speaking of bed, you'll be in it alone, Blake. There'll be no more kissing or touching or anything else between us while you're here."

He chuckled. "You weren't complaining a minute ago."

She was still flushed from their mutual satisfaction. "I mean it, Blake. You can't continue to come back into my life every few months or a year, turn it upside down and then just leave again. I didn't want to pick you up, I didn't want to see you again, and I have a boyfriend." She was amazed at how easily the lies slipped from her lips. Almost as easily as her mouth had devoured his cock a moment ago.

"Relax, baby, I won't do anything you don't want me to do."

Lilly had her doubts. She'd never been able to resist him. Blake had the moves and he'd never been afraid to put them on her before. Even a glance could turn her knees to jelly. And she was weak where he was concerned. He knew that, she was sure.

She focused on the road the rest of the way home, and tried not to imagine a naked, sexy Blake in her shower.

Chapter Two

"Nice place." Blake's gaze moved around the small condo that was furnished in a style that fell somewhere between the tastes of a conservative accountant and his gypsy sister. He'd always thought of Lilly that way because she was on the wild side, especially in bed. The only thing that appeared to have changed since he saw her last was how she filled out her clothes. And he wasn't going to complain on that score.

He liked her womanly curves. And liked how her full tits filled his hands. He remembered how sweet her nipples were, and how sensitive Lilly was there. He'd had a hard-on since learning he'd be seeing her again. The memories of how bold she was in the bedroom flooded his senses. How eagerly her sweet mouth would suck his cock dry while her hands played with his balls. That short romp at the airport had done nothing to dampen his sexual appetite for her. "Let me show you to Ross' room."

Blake's gaze fell to the provocative bounce of her ass, which was sexy as ever and barely covered by the torn cutoffs she was wearing. The half moons were more than a handful. There was a little more curve to her hips too. And her legs, he knew they went clear up to heaven. *Shit!* He reached down and tried to arrange his hard, aching shaft without being obvious. But it was impossible to push it back behind the zipper when it wanted to be pushing inside Lilly's welcoming body again.

She was the only woman he'd ever lusted after. The only woman who knew how to fuck him to the point of total satisfaction and exhaustion. Shit, until he could hardly walk. He grinned, wondering how long it would take to get her back into his bed. There was no way he was going to leave there that weekend without getting another piece of her sweet ass.

"I'll get some clean sheets for the bed." She flipped on the light. "Sorry but I didn't really have a chance to clear any room for you in the closet. If you need to hang

something just push Ross' clothes aside." She glanced at his case as if for the first time. "Tell me you don't have your tux crammed in there."

Blake shook his head. "Ross has arranged one for me." As he stepped inside the room Lilly turned, and they briefly brushed up against each other. He hissed through his teeth when her full breasts slid across his chest. His nostrils flared.

The feel of those hard little nipples raking across him reminded Blake how good it felt rolling them with his tongue, and how hot it made Lilly when he did it with his fingers inside her. It had been too long since he'd been fucked like that, since the last time he was with *her* to be exact. Hand jobs didn't count. They relieved the sexual craving for the moment but there was nothing more satisfying than sliding his cock into the body of a warm and sexy woman. Only not any woman would do. Blake wanted Lilly and he had for a long time.

He looked down at her. She was looking up at him. And for one crazy second it took all of Blake's willpower not to say to hell with her damn wishes and lean into her until she was sandwiched between him and the wall. At the very least pull her to him and kiss the hell out of that smart mouth. When her full lips parted and the tip of her tongue came out he felt a bolt of electricity shoot straight to his hard-on. Had she done that on purpose?

The way he was feeling, it wouldn't take much for him to take Lilly right there, standing against the damn doorjamb.

"Ah, there are clean towels in the closet in the bathroom for your shower. Make yourself to home." Lilly turned, and as she was walking away said, "I'm going to get cleaned up and order pizza."

Blake was glad when she was out of sight. A year of being gone hadn't done anything to get the little witch out of his system. He had a feeling the only thing that was going to do that was to get between her legs again and ride her hard and furious.

He opened up his duffel bag for his shaving kit and pajama bottoms. Damn, he was tired! He hadn't slept more than ten hours the last three days and he was dead on his

feet. But as he turned to go to the bathroom, he was still thinking of how hot Lilly's ass looked in those cutoffs. He would rather go join her than shower alone.

Lilly was standing on the threshold, a smile on her face and a mischievous light twinkling in her pretty eyes. He found her disheveled appearance amusing. Blake wondered what she'd do if he were to reach for the clip in her hair. He'd like to see it against her shoulders, full of life like she was.

His gaze lowered to her breasts. The outline of her nipples beneath her thin tee shirt reminded him she wasn't wearing a bra. He heard her slight sound of annoyance, grinned, and raised his gaze lazily up to hers.

"You can look all you want, Blake." There was defiance in her tone and an underlying threat that said he'd better behave.

Lilly's comment didn't surprise him. She hadn't changed a bit since he'd seen her last. Still full of piss and vinegar and determined to challenge him at every turn. Only a year ago it would have been a prelude to hot sex. He half expected her to lift up her shirt and tease him with the sight of her naked breasts. Damn...his cock jerked with growing excitement. As he stared into her eyes he decided to issue a threat of his own.

"I suggest you remember my sexual appetite, Lilly, and be warned. I can only take so much *looking* before I react." He heard the words, and suddenly realized that he wasn't kidding. He *wanted* Lilly, bad, and always had.

She'd been celebrating her eighteenth birthday when Blake first realized just how much he wanted her, when he finally lost control and took her virginity, spending a night showing her every sexual move he had. His hunger for her had scared him into leaving. She'd been too young at the time and he was afraid he'd hurt her. He'd returned a year and a half later, his desire for her even stronger.

"I'll change the bed for you while you're in the shower." She entered the room and went straight to the bed. "Just remember what I said earlier." Her tone clearly dismissed him.

Blake didn't know if he should be relieved or irritated, and decided the best way to cool the hunger burning in his loins was to take a cold shower. After that he'd down a couple beers, if she had any, and fall into bed.

* * * * *

Lilly surveyed her naked body in the bathroom mirror. She'd shaved, plucked, polished, spritzed herself down, and wondered why she'd gone to so much trouble. It wasn't as if she had a hot date that night. Or that anything exciting was going to happen between her and Blake again. Though for a minute there, earlier, she'd been tempted to forget her own warning and jump his sexy bones, again. She giggled, visualizing the look on his rugged face when she'd jumped on him in the parking lot, wrapped her pussy around his hot cock and started humping him like a bitch in heat.

A cold shower hadn't done anything to cool her blood. It had taken all she had *not* to take down the showerhead and use it on her throbbing clit. How many times over the last few months had she done that? Changed the settings so that the water would come out hard enough to make her come? Only now, with Blake there, she wanted *him*, not the showerhead.

She reached up and fluffed her damp hair. It was due for a cut, she liked it shorter. But she had to admit, falling to her shoulders it gave her face a softer, feminine look. Turning sideways, she took in the butterfly tattoo on the left cheek of her ass, then turned to survey the *talk dirty to me* one on her right cheek. After a day of wedding shopping with Jezzie, they'd both taken the dare. Jezzie'd had Ross' name tattooed on her breast as a surprise for him on their wedding night. It was a good thing they'd made a pact to remain platonic the last month before the big day.

Lilly chuckled. It was a good thing she didn't tattoo the names of her boyfriends on her body, because she'd never stuck with one for more than a month or two, sometimes just weeks. She always compared them to Blake and they just hadn't measured up. Instead, she'd chosen the anonymous salute to Blake, who'd always ignited her hottest fantasies by talking dirty to her.

She slipped on her oversized nightshirt and followed it with a pair of bikini panties. She had no idea what she was going to find on the other side of her bedroom door.

"Hello, baby," Lilly said to Romeo, as she picked him up and cuddled him against her chest. "Are you hungry?" He whined as if understanding her. "Me too." Only she wasn't hungry for food. She took him to the kitchen with her.

The pizza had been delivered while she'd been making Blake's bed. The box was slightly open, so he must have helped himself to a piece. Lilly set Romeo down and got a bottle of wine from the fridge, a paper plate and a wineglass from the cupboard. Before she headed to the living room she decided she'd better feed Romeo.

"Is this an invitation through the back door?"

Lilly straightened from spooning Romeo's food into his dish, aware of the view Blake was getting from his vantage point. She felt heat fill her cheeks.

"Wow, you clean up nice. Smell good too."

The big ox was grinning. Lilly's gaze ran over him, noticing the changes. He was bare from the waist up, his well-developed chest and the muscles in his biceps catching her interest. She wanted to touch him, and take her time this time, recalling how hard his chest was. The next thing she noticed was the soft bulge behind his low-riding pajama bottoms, and her mouth went dry. She knew *exactly* what he could do with *that* impressive package.

Damn...he was one sexy stud and her observations were making her horny. *Get a grip, Lilly! You can't tell the man to leave you alone in one breath and then look at him like you want him for dinner.* Once again she was creaming in her panties. How could she have thought one quick fuck would satisfy her hunger for him?

She took a deep breath to calm her racing heart. "Don't get too excited. I didn't do it for you." She turned before he saw the truth in her eyes. Because deep down Lilly knew she was playing with fire. Tempting Blake with what she told him he couldn't have.

"Hot and heavy date tonight?"

His voice sounded directly behind her—he'd followed her to the counter. Lilly wished she could tell him she did have a hot date. "Maybe." Let him draw his own conclusions. She finished pouring the wine, picked up her plate and swung around. But that's as far as she got. Two powerful arms imprisoned her when Blake slapped his palms against the counter on either side of her.

Lilly caught her breath and had to glance up a long way to meet the amusement swimming in his sensual eyes. "What do you think you're doing, Blake?" The spicy scent of his body wash tantalized her, causing another flood of desire to pool between her legs. Damn...she had to get away from him before he caught the scent of her arousal.

"Remember the last time we were together?" Was he actually lowering his head?

Her eyes grew round, instinctively knowing he wasn't talking about the airport parking lot. She'd never forget it. Panic began to set in. "Blake," she warned, leaning against the unbending counter.

"Remember when we ran out of condoms and I had to fuck you in the ass?" He reached up and ran his thumb over her bottom lip. "You went off like fireworks on the Fourth of July."

Lilly shook her head no, but couldn't deny the sharp explosion of lust that shot through her at his words. Awareness throbbed through her body, straight to her clit. "Blake, *please*." Her nipples peaked into hard little crowns and tingled, her breasts swelled. She was trapped, had nowhere to turn, and her hands were full.

He ignored her pitiful tone and buried his nose in her hair. His lips brushed against her ear. "I like how wild you get when we're screwing, Lilly." His teeth tugged at her lobe. "I like how hot it makes you when my tongue is inside your pussy. But you know what I like most?" Slowly melting against the counter, all Lilly could do was shake her head weakly. "How good it feels with your mouth on my cock and balls. You have the sweetest mouth, Lilly."

Lilly shuddered. "This isn't fair."

Blake leaned back to meet her eyes. "It's okay for you to tease me, but I can't tease you?"

Lilly was about to sink to the floor. "If I was a tease I would have come out here in something a little sexier than a big nightshirt, don't you think?"

His chuckle held little humor. "Oh, baby. I open the bedroom door to a view of your tight little ass, barely covered in these little panties." As he spoke he had the nerve to reach under Lilly's shirt and finger the elastic at her hips. "And a tee shirt that says, *I like it from behind* on the back." His finger continued around the edge of the elastic, causing Lilly to suck in her stomach. "This is a turn-on to a man who until today hadn't had sex in thirteen months."

"You expect me to believe that?" Lilly tried to make light of it, but deep inside she wanted to believe it. "They're just words, a joke gift I got for my last birthday." She'd forgotten all about the slogan on the back of her shirt, and she'd never in a million years admit that she did like it from behind. "My pizza is getting cold."

Suddenly Blake's eyes turned dark as polished stone. "Believe it, Lilly. And know that I intend to fuck you as many times as the opportunity allows this weekend."

Oh my! His words and the visions they conjured, of all the different ways they could do it, enflamed Lilly. If her panties got much wetter her excitement would be dripping down her legs. *Damn him!* All she could do was stare into his eyes and wait for his next move, very much aware that his finger had moved between her legs, so close to her throbbing clit.

"You promised!" *Hadn't he?*

A muscle twitched in his jaw. Lilly continued to stand there, aware she was challenging him. Excited by the raw desire etched on his fierce expression. And was a little disappointed when he slowly moved his arms and stepped back.

"I didn't make *any* promises, Lilly. Go eat your damn dinner."

Chapter Three

Lilly was on the verge of falling asleep when she heard a loud pounding at the front door, then the muffled sound of someone yelling. Her eyes shot to the alarm clock on the dresser. The clock's illuminated face revealed it was almost twelve. Who in the world would be calling at this hour? She pulled back the covers to go see.

At the front door she pulled back the curtain, her eyes rounding when she made out her ex-boyfriend's face. He didn't notice her and pounded again at the door, hollering for her to let him in. The only reason Lilly opened the door was because she didn't want him disturbing her neighbors, giving them cause to call the police. She had no intention of letting Jimmy inside, but as soon as she cracked the door he pushed his way in.

"Jimmy, what are you doing here?" Lilly stepped out of his way. It was either that or be run over by him. She could smell the alcohol on him when he breezed by her. Her eyes rounded. "I didn't invite you in."

"Too bad, because I'm here." His gaze raked over her, and something in his drunken eyes made the hair on the back of Lilly's neck stand up. She'd never seen Jimmy this way. "I've missed you, baby."

He surprised Lilly by grabbing her into his arms. She stiffened and tried to squirm free, but even drunk Jimmy easily overpowered her, ripping her tee shirt in the process. "I want you to leave." Lilly's hands moved to his chest to push him away. "We'll talk when you're sober."

"What's wrong with now?" His alcohol-laced breath was nauseating and Lilly turned her face. "Damn, you smell good."

"Well, you don't! You're drunk and it's late, Jimmy. Get out of here before—" she'd been about to say before he woke Blake, but he lowered his head and tried to kiss her. Lilly strained away from his encroaching lips. "No, Jimmy!"

"How about saying 'yes, Jimmy' for a change?" His hand was painful against Lilly's jaw as he tried to force her around.

"How about you get out, like she asked?" It was Blake's voice, and Lilly recognized the tone well. He was furious.

He grabbed the back of Jimmy's collar and hauled him away from Lilly as if he was nothing but a rag doll. "You need to leave...*now*."

"What the fuck! Who the hell are you?" Jimmy's accusing gaze flew back to Lilly. "You cheating bitch! You've been spreading your legs for him and saying no to me the whole time!"

Lilly pulled her tee shirt up to cover her exposed shoulder, thankful Blake had intervened. She watched the brief struggle between them. Blake took a punch to his mouth but it barely fazed him. He forced Jimmy's head into the wall, and didn't give the other man a chance to slink to the floor. He literally tossed a dazed and stumbling Jimmy out the door. Jimmy had been no match for Blake and the scuffle was over before it began.

Slamming the door shut and locking it, Blake swung back to her. She'd never seen him looking so fierce before. His chest was heaving with his actions and his hands were clenched into fists at his side. He looked almost...savage. His expression frightened Lilly.

And it excited the hell out of her.

"You okay?"

Lilly nodded. His gaze raked over her anyway, narrowing on the rip at her shoulder. She smiled shakily. "Thanks for your help." The sound of a car starting outside was probably Jimmy taking off. "He's still upset over our breakup."

"Enough to force himself on you."

"I don't think Jimmy would have gone that far."

"Don't underestimate what the combination of anger and alcohol can make a man do, Lilly."

She stood there silently, and pressed her lips together. What could she say to that? Then she noticed the blood on the corner of his mouth and decided changing the subject was in order. "Calm down, you've been wounded. Come with me." Lilly made a beeline for the kitchen and the first-aid kit beneath the sink. She didn't hear Blake behind her, but she sensed his presence. "Take a seat and I'll fix you right up."

"This isn't necessary."

Lilly glanced back to see him pulling out one of the chairs at the small eat-in nook. He reached up to explore the cut on his lip.

"Oh, let me play doctor just this once, Blake. It will make me feel better." She tossed him a wink. "Haven't you ever played doctor before?"

"Once or twice," he chuckled. "Does this mean you'll show me yours if I show you mine?"

"I've already seen yours." *Crap!* Lilly bit down on her bottom lip. Mindful of her short nightshirt, she carefully bent to retrieve the medical kit her overcautious brother had insisted they keep in the house.

"This won't hurt." She turned back to Blake, who was watching her with a lazy look. She wondered what he was thinking. A sudden heat infused her, the situation between them seemed domestic. There he was, sitting in her kitchen half-naked, here she was, in nothing but a torn nightshirt that had slipped off her left shoulder and a pair of bikini panties. She hiked the shirt back up, and scowled at his crooked grin.

Placing the kit on the table next to him, she opened it and dug around for some antiseptic wipes, antibiotic cream and...she paused and glanced at his mouth. It was smooth and firm.

He must have noticed her concern. "What?"

"It just occurred to me that I won't be able to put a bandage on it."

“Why don’t you cover it with something else?”

Their eyes met and held. *Like my mouth?*

Instead, Lilly played it safe, ignoring his comment and the warmth it caused. She ripped open an antiseptic wipe, dredged up some courage and took a firm grip of his firmer jaw. As she brought the wipe up to his mouth she moved in closer. Blake had a beautiful, sensual mouth, and she tried not to recall all the wonderful things it was capable of. Several visuals from their last night together came to mind. And her body remembered too.

“I think you’ll live.” Lilly was careful as she dabbed at the cut. It wasn’t all that bad, once the blood was removed. She sensed Blake’s quiet scrutiny as she worked, but she refused to acknowledge it. She had enough on her mind. Like ignoring her tingling nipples, the flutter of arousal in her belly, and the inferno racing through her blood. It occurred to her that she was fighting a losing battle. The chemistry between them was too strong to resist. It always had been. She felt her shirt slip off her shoulder again.

She held her breath when Blake reached up and outlined the spot where the shirt had come to a stop just below her shoulder. His finger left a trail of fire where he touched her. “Look at me, Lilly.” His tone was low and sexy. Different than before. The sexual undercurrents in his voice warned her he was aroused.

“I’m almost done.” There was no way she could ignore where she was standing. Somehow when she’d moved closer to Blake he’d parted his thighs and she’d moved inadvertently between them. Now she was right up against where his zipper would be.

His cock—big, strong, and pulsing against her belly—was a force to be reckoned with. Lilly thought it best to pretend she didn’t notice, even while struggling with the urge to reach inside his pajama bottoms and touch him. She knew how hot his flesh would feel, and how strong it would throb with her fingers wrapped around it. *He made her hungry.*

“There, all done.” She met Blake’s eyes briefly before stepping back.

“Not quite.” He pulled her back against him sharply.

Lilly caught her breath. Their eyes met and held for a long time. His smoldering look caused several things to happen to her simultaneously. All of them to do with heat and arousal and the need to find out how far she could make Blake go before he'd forget her warning and do what he wanted to her.

What they both wanted.

"What—"

All at once his hands were in her hair, gripping it tightly. "Screw your damn rules, Lilly, I need this, and so do you." The hunger in his eyes mesmerized her, sucking her in. It didn't occur to her to resist. *"I need you."*

As Blake slowly drew her down to him she put her hands on his shoulders to keep from falling forward. "I hate you." Tears filled her eyes as she was overcome with emotion. Why couldn't he see how much she loved him?

He jerked to a halt with obvious surprise, and then chuckled. And before Lilly could draw another breath Blake slammed his mouth down on hers and everything went crazy.

They attacked each other as if they were animals and this was their first source of nourishment in a long time. Their mutual hunger and satisfaction echoed throughout the kitchen as their tongues jabbed and explored the secret hollows of their mouths. Lilly lost control and bit down on Blake's sexy bottom lip, then soothed the pain away by gently sucking it into her mouth. Her hand left his shoulder and caressed down his body to where his cock jutted out, asking for attention.

Lilly eagerly caressed the length before moving beneath to his balls. She cupped the twin sacs, which were full and tight against his body. His reaction was to grind his shaft against her belly and put his open mouth against her throat. She shivered wildly, the breath leaving her body in heavy pants.

"Oh, baby." Blake groaned, thrusting against her body as though he was inside.

Lilly moaned deeply and pressed back against him, hungry for the feel of his shaft against her. Blake's hands slid down to her hips and thighs before slipping beneath her

shirt and coming back up against bare skin. His touch set fire to her flesh and intensified her desire. Her hands began to roam over the naked half of his upper body, and she started to kiss her way down his neck and over his shoulders. All the while she pushed encouragingly against his hard flesh.

She felt his hands smooth over her bottom, where he paused and gave her a gentle squeeze. His tenderness fueled her memory of their first time together, and the *only* time he'd been a gentle lover. Losing her virginity had been a pleasurable experience of tenderness and passion, but it had readied Lilly for the beast inside Blake. Once unleashed, there was only one way to satisfy him.

Blake didn't like soft and easy. He liked it hard and rough.

The hands at her hips pushed her back enough so that Blake could tug her tee shirt up and take a breast in his mouth. He loved both of them with his mouth and tongue. Taking a taut nipple between his teeth, he carefully savaged it before tonguing the brief pain away. Lilly cried out with pain and pleasure and arched hungrily into him, silently demanding more. Warm liquid escaped the lace covering her mound and ran down the inside of her thighs as he repeated the extreme pleasure on her other nipple.

Her nails dug into the flesh of his shoulders. She rolled her head back and thrust her dripping pussy toward him. Groaning roughly, Blake seemed to know *exactly* what she wanted. While one hand moved to her back to support her, his mouth loving her breasts, his other hand slipped between her thighs. He gave a sharp tug and the lace was gone. Finally Lilly felt him where she wanted him. And when his finger parted her pussy lips and flicked across her engorged clit, her legs turned to rubber and she nearly collapsed.

"Oh god!"

"Easy, baby." He held her on her feet with little effort. "Shit, Lilly, you're hot and wet already."

Lilly laughed softly. "What did you expect?" Again his finger flicked across her clit, then glided smoothly inside her, going deep. Desire burned in his eyes when he

removed his finger and brought it toward his face. It was an incredibly sexy moment. Their gazes clung to each other, Lilly caught her breath. Watching as Blake's nostrils flared, taking in the scent of her excitement.

"I need a taste, baby."

Her eyes rounded at his sudden move. She was forced back when he stood. Only he didn't allow her to go far. Without warning her tee shirt was torn from her body and she was completely naked before him. Then his hands were at her waist and Blake lifted her to the table. Before she could question him, if she had wanted to, he slid his hands beneath her bottom and pulled her up to meet his lowering mouth.

Ohmygod! His hot mouth seemed to engulf her whole pussy, and then his tongue was moving over her clit and tunneling into her pussy until it was buried deep inside her body. Lilly whimpered with pleasure as he began to work it in and out of her like a ramming cock. She couldn't stop the movement of her hips as she thrust against his attacking mouth. His hands were beneath her, squeezing her ass. When he sucked her clit into his mouth, her whole body nearly left the table.

"Blake! Oh...god..." The excitement spiraling through her body warned Lilly that a climax was building fast. Her heart was racing wildly, her breathing loud and harsh. "*Oh god...*" She wished she could reach him, but could only lie there and enjoy what he was doing.

Almost as soon as it began Blake halted and pulled away. Lilly protested with a loud sound of disappointment. Panting for breath, Blake stared down at her while he removed his pajama bottoms. She lowered her gaze to his magnificent cock, which seemed to have a life of its own. Throbbing strongly as it reached out for her. Lilly could barely wait for it to be inside her.

"I'm on the Pill, Blake. I'm clean."

He hesitated, as if digesting her comment. Then, without words, dragged Lilly until her butt was on the edge of the table. Taking his shaft in his hand, he guided it to the opening of her slit. She held her breath, waiting for penetration. And wasn't

disappointed when he thrust forward sharply, tunneling his cock inside her until it could go no farther. With a low groan Lilly wrapped her legs around his waist and pulled him in, intensifying the pressure against her.

“*Fuck!* You’re just as tight as I remember,” Blake grated with obvious pleasure. He shuddered. “Almost as tight as your sweet little ass.” He kissed her. “I want to take my time with you, Lilly, but a year of missing this is going to make that impossible.”

What? Lilly couldn’t believe what she was hearing. *Had he been thinking about her all this time too?* She didn’t have time to question Blake because he began to move like a man with little control. Fast, furious, and greatly satisfying. He filled her to capacity. And every time he entered her body his cock brushed over her swollen clit and Lilly released a sound of utter fulfillment. She tightened her muscles around his plunging shaft, and was rewarded by his low, animal groan.

“Oh, baby!” His hands caressed her breasts. “That feels *good!*” He continued to pound into her.

Blake paused long enough to take his penis by the hand and run the tip over Lilly’s pussy lips and sensitive clit. She shuddered, cried out, and reached for him. “I need to touch you.” His flesh was hot as a poker and felt like steel encased in soft velvet. Lilly ran her hand from the glistening tip to the base in a slow caress, marveling at her power to make him shudder. Pre-cum fell from the slit on the head of his penis onto her finger. Their eyes glazed and, clinging to him, she brought the finger to her mouth. Her lips closed over her finger as she enjoyed the taste of his cum.

“Lilly...” Blake shuddered.

“Relax, big boy. I’ve been dreaming about tasting this again.” He groaned when her fingers brushed beneath his balls. “I can’t tell you how many times I’ve wakened during the night, horny and wishing you were there.” She caressed the length of his cock again. “My finger is a poor substitute for *this*.”

That did it. It was obvious she’d pushed Blake over the edge with her words. A savage groan escaped his throat and he brushed Lilly’s hand off his cock and slammed

into her at the same time. They moved against each other, two untamed animals striving for the same climactic explosion. Lilly screamed when she climaxed. Blake followed close behind. Gripping her hips, he held her tightly to him when release claimed him. They shuddered weakly against each other, and when their bodies were spent, collapsed in a heap upon the table.

As Blake strived to catch his breath, Lilly felt his shrinking flesh slip out, and wondered where they went from there.

* * * * *

Blake figured about five minutes had passed but he was still too weak to move. Lilly had always had the power to drain him completely. He'd never met another woman who came close.

There was something about making love with her that affected him on *all* levels, and had since the very beginning. She'd been his only virgin. Blake supposed that might contribute to his possessive feelings toward her. Oh, he didn't doubt Lilly had an active dating, if *not* sex, life. Ross had dropped a line or two about who she was seeing at one time or another. Blake hadn't liked the idea of Lilly with another man, but he'd had no claim on her. That was going to change before he left again. He'd thought leaving would dim his memory of her and allow her time to grow up and experience the world.

All it had accomplished was showing him how much he wanted her in his life.

"I know you're still alive." Lilly's sassy tone drew a smile. "I thought you had more stamina than that." She thrust her pussy against his loins.

That sounded like a challenge. Blake pulled back far enough to meet the humor swimming in her eyes. "Be careful what you wish for, little girl." He lowered his gaze to the full breasts he was smashing with his chest. He liked the feel of her hard nipples digging into his flesh. The scent of spent sex was strong about them, and *very* arousing. "There's nothing wrong with my stamina."

"Oh?" Lilly laughed softly. "If you say so." Her tone clearly said she didn't believe it, though.

The little witch! Never one to turn down a challenge, Blake stood back, pulled her from the table by the arm and slung her over his shoulder.

"Oh! Just what do you think you're doing?"

"I wouldn't want to disappoint a lady." He headed for her bedroom. "I hope you like the view from there." He heard her chuckle and slapped her ass. "Nice butterfly tat."

"Ouch!" She stiffened against him. Her sharp tone revealed he'd caught her by surprise. "Do that again and I'll —"

"You'll what?" Blake slapped her pretty little butterfly. "A good spanking is *exactly* what this tight little ass needs."

He liked the feel of her naked breasts against the back of his shoulders, her wet pussy rubbing against his chest. Her cute butt was close enough to bite, but spanking it instead was just as much of a turn-on. He had a serious itch for her and if nothing else that weekend he was going to fuck Lilly enough times to assuage his raging need for her.

His cock was already swelling with the thought of another wild romp. He brought his hand down on her bare ass again, harder this time. Blaming her for the constant hard-on he'd had all year.

"Ouch! Damn it, Blake..."

He laughed, sat down on the edge of her bed, and arranged Lilly so that she was across his knees. He noticed the other tattoo. "'Talk dirty to me.' I remember how you like that."

"Why do you think I had it tattooed on my butt?"

"For me? I'm flattered." He gave her a playful nip.

"Ouch!"

She twisted, as he'd known she would, and he brought his hand down across the cheek that already had the imprint of his palm on it. "This is going to turn me on more than it's going to you."

A snort of laughter escaped her as if against her will. "And what have I done to deserve a spanking?"

"Thirteen months, two weeks and five days of wet dreams." Blake slapped her. She stiffened then wiggled, and he draped his arm over her waist to hold her in place. "Thirteen months, two weeks and five days of wanting the best piece of ass I've ever had." Another slap, this time on the other cheek.

"Damn you, that's *your* fault, Blake. You could have stayed here and screwed me as many times as you wanted."

Yeah, it was his fault and he was taking it out on her sweet flesh. But Blake could tell Lilly was getting turned-on. The little sounds she made each time his hand touched her flesh had turned into mewling whimpers. She was squirming against him, but not in an effort to get away. He laughed. "This one is for swearing." Blake slapped her again and again, watching her flesh turn scarlet. His cock was hard as a rock between his legs and rubbing against her.

"Bully!" Lilly gasped, straining toward his organ. She was trembling, her thighs quivering. The tone of her voice was less sharp and more breathless.

Blake became mesmerized with the sight of her red bottom, recalling the last time he'd seen it. She'd been bent over and he'd been screwing the hell out of it. "This one is for good measure." She clenched her butt, sensing when his hand was about to come down. "This one is for clenching your ass." Down went his hand, with less force this time.

Staring at her flaming flesh turned Blake on more than he'd thought possible. This time his hand was gentle upon her cheek, smoothing over her hot skin, his fingers dipping into secret territory. Lilly sighed and raised her butt, encouraging him to go

deeper. He smiled, and then his gaze landed on the glass of water on her bedside table. He reached into it for an ice chip. Without warning he dropped it on her scarlet flesh.

“Oh!” After her initial shock was over a sound of relief left her. Blake smoothed the tiny fragment over her bottom, surprised at how fast it melted away. Cold water trickled between her legs and he couldn’t help but wonder at how good that must feel on her hot pussy. Soon though, Lilly was pushing her hips down in an obvious effort to reach the hard-on between his legs.

Grinning, Blake spread his legs slightly so he was more accessible to her. He couldn’t focus on anything other than the brush of her damp mound over the head of his cock. And when he couldn’t take her wiggling anymore, he pulled Lilly up and onto the bed with him.

“I think I had a mini-orgasm.” Their eyes met. Hers were slightly glazed, her cheeks flushed with color. She was breathing heavy.

Mindful of her sore bottom, Blake lay back and pulled her down on top of him. His fingers twisted into her hair and he kissed her long and hard, thrusting his tongue deep inside her mouth while arching the lower half of his body against hers. He wanted her again.

“You tend to bring out the beast in me,” he said once their kiss ended.

“You’ve missed *this*.” Scooting back, she took his stiff shaft into her hand and lowered her mouth onto it. Blake closed his eyes and groaned. He thrust his hips, forcing his cock deeper into her mouth. The back of her throat brushed against the head, adding further stimulation to his sensitive flesh.

She pulled away long enough to ask, “Do you like my mouth on your cock, Blake?”

“You know I do.”

Lilly used her tongue as if she was licking a lollipop, running it along the length of his shaft in one long, slow caress. Then she was licking his balls, causing his thighs to quiver uncontrollably as he tried to hold on to his control. He didn’t question when she

moved away. Her hand was on him and that was all that mattered. She was back before he could comprehend what was going on.

“You know what I like?”

Though his eyes were still closed, her soft inquiry should have been a warning. But all he did was murmur, “What, baby?”

“I like your cock in my *ass*.” She kissed his shaft.

Fuck! He almost came right then. It took a second after her mouth engulfed him for Blake to realize she had several ice chips in it. The combination of ice and heat against his shaft caused his heart rate to hit the roof. He buried his hands into her hair as his basic instincts took over. And before long he was groaning, losing control and coming like a volcano inside Lilly’s sweet mouth.

Chapter Four

An early riser by nature, Lilly carefully extracted herself from Blake's long legs and slipped from the bed. Romeo was lying at the foot and opened one eye to give her a look. She patted his head on her way to the closet for a robe. Lilly had to wonder what his sleeping at the foot of the bed meant. *Was this his way of saying he accepted Blake?* She went to the kitchen and made a pot of coffee. Gave Romeo some fresh water and food and opened the fridge to see what she could offer Blake for breakfast. She doubted he'd like yogurt and a breakfast bar. Maybe he'd have *her* for breakfast. The thought brought a smile to Lilly's face. She was sore, *all over*, from their passionate lovemaking all night long. But not enough to let it stop her if he put the moves on her again. So much for laying down the law. It hadn't taken her long to cave.

She fixed herself a cup of coffee and opened the patio blinds to look out at her newly planted flowers. Leaning against the glass door, she recalled the night before. She didn't regret making love with Blake. She loved him. But Lilly had to wonder what he was going to be like when he got up. *Would he run away as he had the last time?* He'd nearly broken her heart when, after a night filled with passion and exploration, she'd awakened to find him gone.

She'd hated him for a long time after that.

The phone rang and Lilly picked it up quickly, hoping it didn't disturb Blake. "Hello?"

"Hey, sis. What's up? Did you get Blake okay?"

"Yes, he's here."

"Thanks again. Can I speak with him?"

"He's still sleeping. When are you coming home?"

Lilly could hear the smile in Ross' tone when he said, "I'll be leaving here about one o'clock. Jezzie's going to pick me up. Can you do me one more favor?"

Lilly rolled her eyes and took a sip of her coffee. "What now?"

"Can you take Blake over to the bridal shop on Sycamore and pick up his tux? The shop will be closed by the time I get there and you know the wedding is tomorrow."

She sighed. "I guess I can do that." She had to go there herself and pick up her maid-of-honor gown. "Anything else?"

"Nope, that just about does it. This time tomorrow everything will be back to normal, kiddo."

Lilly had serious doubts about that. "See you tonight at the rehearsal dinner." She hung up the phone and glanced at the clock. She'd let Blake sleep a couple more hours and then wake him up.

* * * * *

Blake yanked the sheet back, left the bed and headed straight for the living room, instinct telling him that's where he'd find Lilly. Besides, he could hear the morning news so he knew she was watching TV. The smell of coffee was noticeable and not unpleasant. He liked his coffee black and strong, but had a feeling he'd be drinking something nutty and sweet that morning.

It didn't occur to Blake to put anything on. What did he have to hide? There were no secrets between him and Lilly. Hell, she'd shown him some things last night about himself that even *he* wasn't aware of. Lilly was a little sex kitten when she was turned-on, and she wasn't afraid to experiment. That erotic little move she'd done with the ice chips in her mouth had nearly given him heart failure. He'd be thinking about that for a long time to come.

He paused in the arched doorway leading to the living room when his eyes fell on Lilly. She was on the couch and had apparently fallen back to sleep. On her back, one leg bent at the knee, her arm across her forehead. The short robe she was wearing was

cinched at the waist and split down the front to reveal she was naked beneath it. The sight of her creamy flesh made him hungry.

Movement from the corner of his eye drew his attention to the floor. Lilly's cat walked by and jumped up on the sofa next to her. Lilly stirred slightly, stretched, and gradually opened her eyes.

"Good morning." She smiled dreamily. "When did you get up?"

"Just now." He watched her gaze drift down his body to his genitals. The little smile that formed on her pretty mouth reminded Blake how good she was at giving a blowjob. "You've come a long way from the little virgin I left behind."

"You didn't leave a virgin behind," she reminded him. "I had more sex with you the night before you left than I've had all year."

Well, he'd shown her the minute she'd turned eighteen, hadn't he? Taking her virginity in the bed of his pickup truck, beneath a starlit sky. Then taking her home with him and locking them in the bedroom, he'd fucked her until they both couldn't move. He'd skipped town after that, knowing that if he'd stayed he would have taken her every time the opportunity presented itself, like he wanted to do now.

Even now his cock was swelling under her gaze. And the saucy little witch giving him the itch just smiled wider and opened her robe in silent invitation. She brought her hands up and cupped her breasts, playing with her nipples until they were hard. Then one hand glided down her beautiful body to her pussy. Blake sucked in a breath when she slipped a finger inside and purred like a wildcat.

A hungry wildcat.

He clenched his teeth and fell upon her. She parted her thighs and allowed him to slip his shaft inside her welcoming body. Her purr turned into a low groan of obvious pleasure and she clamped her teeth into the side of his neck.

He growled and kept on pumping. "I can't seem to get enough of you," He raised his hips and brought them down again, forcing Lilly deeper into the soft leather of the couch.

“Then that’s two of us,” Lilly admitted, raising her hips to meet his thrusts. “Fuck me faster, Blake.” Her words fueled the fire in his blood and he picked up speed. “Fuck me harder.”

He needed no further coaxing. There was no time for finesse. No time for caressing. They were both already there. He brought them to quick release and slammed his mouth down on hers to swallow her cry.

Chapter Five

Congratulations to the bride- and groom-to-be echoed down the banquet table as everyone raised their glasses of champagne to them. Ross and Jezzie were sitting at the end of the table, both sporting radiant smiles as they accepted the toast. Jezzie's parents were sitting to her right, while Lilly's mom and dad were to Ross' left.

She glanced at Blake. He was sitting farther down the table from her, next to Ellie. Lilly had known Ellie for years. The woman flirted with anything in pants, and right now she was putting the moves on Blake in an obvious way. And he didn't seem immune. Why should he? Ellie was cute, outgoing, and underdressed, as usual. Leave it to her to show up at a rehearsal dinner looking like a horny slut.

It dawned on Lilly that she was jealous. She took another sip of her drink and glared at the two of them. Ellie leaned in to whisper something to Blake, an obvious ruse to rub her overlarge breasts against him. *Damn him!* Not two hours ago they'd screwed the hell out of each other in the shower, and there he sat, flirting back with Ellie right in front of her.

Lilly swallowed the rest of her drink and reached for a bottle in front of her. Her eyes caught the gaze of the man sitting across from her. Craig, was that his name? Craig was Jezzie's cousin. He wasn't a bad-looking man, kind of reminded her of Brad Pitt. A smile formed on his mouth and Lilly returned it as she filled her glass. She cast another glance Blake's way. She might as well be invisible to him. Well, two could play at that game!

"Craig, right?"

He nodded. "And you're Ross' sister, Lilly?" Lilly bowed her head, indicating he was correct. "I see we both came without a date."

Lilly resisted the urge to glance back at Blake. They'd come there together but because they'd arrived late they'd been left to fill whatever seats were vacant. "It looks that way."

She took a drink, realizing for the first time that she was beginning to feel woozy. *How many glasses had she had?* She made a mental note this would be her last. Dinner was over. The dirty dishes were replaced with dessert, which looked like some kind of mousse topped with fresh fruit. Lilly picked up a raspberry and popped it into her mouth.

"Would you like to dance?"

This time she did glance at Blake, surprised to find him watching her. Their gazes clung, but only until Ellie drew his attention back to her by putting her hand on him. Lilly saw red. The bitch! She pushed her chair back.

"I'd love to."

Craig pushed his chair back with a grin and they walked to the end of the buffet table where they met up. They wordlessly walked to the dance floor and turned into each other's arms automatically. Lilly immediately found herself drawn close to his body. She made a light effort to pull back a little, but his arms were like octopus tentacles around her. After a moment she gave up and rested her head upon his shoulder.

She started to ask him how long he was going to be there, aware he'd only come for the wedding, but clamped her mouth shut again. She didn't really feel like talking. Her emotions were churning with the picture of Blake and Ellie back at the table, and how cozy they had appeared. Every time Craig turned her around her gaze fell on them. Lilly realized that she and Craig were steadily moving to where the dance floor ended, and closer to the banquet table.

In a desire to make Blake sit up and take notice, Lilly tossed back her head and laughed loudly. It worked. Blake looked their way and Lilly quickly glanced away. She

didn't *want* to be obvious about it. Then she realized Craig had pulled back slightly and was looking down at her with furrowed brows.

She felt the heat of embarrassment crawl up her neck. He must think she was crazy. "I, ah, just remembered a joke."

His frown was replaced with a smile. "Want to share?"

Lilly shook her head. "Sorry, you had to be there."

With an indifferent shrug he drew her back against him and continued turning around to a slow Frank Sinatra song. Lilly smiled and made eye contact with Blake every time she was brought back around. Ellie was still talking to him, unaware she no longer had his attention. When Craig's hands slowly slipped down her back to rest on her hips, Lilly couldn't be more pleased at the dark look covering Blake's face.

She winked at him, aware she was baiting him. The glitter in his narrowing eyes warned Lilly not to go too far. But why shouldn't she? After all, he'd never made any permanent claims on her. The sex between them didn't mean anything without the words. Only, the look on Blake's face said words weren't necessary. For some reason she recalled the spanking he'd given her, the thought making her tingle with awareness.

The next time she was facing his direction, Lilly pursed her lips and sent him a kiss. But it was when Craig's hands slipped lower to cover her ass that Blake scraped back his chair and stood. She caught her breath. He was a towering figure dressed all in black, looking positively dangerous and capable of anything. She felt her heart in her throat.

Ellie tried to draw his interest back down to her, but Blake ignored her. He gently tore his arm away and began to walk in slow strides down the length of the buffet table. Lilly began to tremble inside, from arousal, not fear. Oh, Blake looked angry all right. But she had no doubts she could tame the beast, starting with getting rid of Craig. She wasn't being fair to him, using him like she was.

"Craig—"

"I see him."

Her eyes rounded with surprise as she leaned back to meet his eyes. "What?"

He chuckled. "I saw you two arrive together. And you haven't been able to take your eyes off each other all night."

Lilly couldn't believe what she was hearing. "But..."

He shrugged. "Call it my good deed for the day. When I saw how jealous you were getting over the moves Ellie was making on him I figured turnabout was fair play."

She smiled, relieved he was making this so easy for her.

Blake was getting closer. Lilly's heart rate picked up speed. Then he was there.

"Excuse me." Lilly found her arm taken in a gentle yet firm hold. "But the lady is with *me*."

Craig released her without a word and stepped away. Lilly found herself drawn against a much harder, more familiar body, and engulfed in strong arms. As she placed her head against Blake's chest she was aware of the muscle twitching in his lean jaw above her.

"Are you trying to piss me off?" His tone was a low grumble, revealing his irritation.

Lilly smiled, feeling victorious. "I don't know what you mean."

"You think I like seeing you in the arms of another man?"

"You think I like seeing you flirting with another woman?" she fired right back.

"Talking is a far cry from touching," Blake ground out between clenched teeth, the tic in his jaw still working. "When his hands dropped to your ass I wanted to kill him."

His words thrilled her. Her smile grew wider. Blake chose that moment to pull back so he could meet her eyes. He scowled. Lilly glanced down with pretended shyness. "When his hands were on my ass I wanted them to be yours."

"Don't play with me, Lilly. In case it's escaped your notice I'm angry as hell right now."

"Is that supposed to scare me?" Lilly would never admit that it did, a little. But it also amused her, because his anger was the result of jealousy. *For her.* "What are you going to do, Blake, spank me again?" She counted on the fact that he would hardly make a scene there on the dance floor. "*Fuck me?*"

His eyes hardened. "You really like playing with fire, don't you, Lilly? You think I won't make a scene right here in front of everyone?" His hands traveled down her back and before Lilly could draw in her next breath he was cupping her ass and pulling her sharply against him. "Don't doubt it for a minute, baby."

A shiver of strong desire spread through Lilly's body. It amazed her how easily Blake made her want him. Something naughty inside her wanted to see how far she could push him in public. *To see if his bite was worse than his bark.*

"You wouldn't dare."

Blake brought them to a dead stop. He looked down at her for what seemed like a long time. Lilly held her breath with anticipation. She was vaguely aware of the other couples on the dance floor around them. Laughter and conversation filtered throughout the hall. She cast a quick glance in the direction of the banquet table to see Ross and Jezzie in a discussion with their parents. Ellie and Craig were engrossed with each other and Lilly couldn't help wonder if he'd had his own agenda when he'd asked her to dance. She returned her gaze to Blake's.

"Lilly, Lilly..." He nudged her legs apart and wedged his knee between them. Her eyes grew round at his unexpected move. "Don't you know anything about me by now?"

She was beginning to realize she might have made a mistake in taunting Blake. He began to dance again and every movement made Lilly aware of his thigh brushing between her legs and against her mound. She was also keenly aware of his expanding cock. She began to shake with excitement...and a little worry.

"My parents..."

"You should have thought of that before starting this little game." The hands against her butt kept her firmly wedged against him. "I'm going to make you come, Lilly, right here on the dance floor."

"No..." Panic set in and Lilly was afraid he would do just that. She was already creaming in her panties as his hard thigh was stimulating her clit. Her breath became erratic. After a while she forgot all about her parents, her brother, Jezzie and anyone else in the room.

But Blake wouldn't let her forget. "Yes, baby...right here in front of *everyone*." He leaned forward and sank his teeth into her exposed collarbone, like a wolf marking her as his. Lilly shuddered wildly, whimpering a little in pain. "This will teach you to think before challenging me in public again." He kissed his way up to her neck. "I might come too."

"Blake..." she sighed weakly.

He put his mouth against her ear and whispered, "Where would you like me to put my cock, baby? Where do I put my cum?" He kissed her on the lips. "In your sweet mouth?" A hand caressed her breast. "On your lovely breasts?" He squeezed her fanny. "In your tight ass?"

His comment drew a moan from Lilly, and she began to tremble with excitement. She couldn't help it when her hips began to undulate against Blake, slowly so no one would notice what she was doing. Damn...she wanted him to kiss her again. This time longer, *deeper*. She wanted him *inside* her. But the thought of them climaxing on the dance floor overruled her common sense. *And* any decency she had in her bones. At least Blake seemed to be guiding them farther away from the banquet table and into a darker corner of the dance floor.

She nudged aside his shirt with her nose and brushed her lips against his chest, and then inhaled his arousing scent into her lungs. Blake effortlessly lifted Lilly up so that he could intensify the movements between them. His heavy breathing indicated he was

as turned-on as she was. As her desire grew, Lilly lost all sense of where they were and began to concentrate solely on what they were doing. She was past the point of return.

She wanted to come.

"Blake...please." She whispered the words against his flesh, shaking with pleasure. "I'm so close." Her breasts were swollen and aching against his hard chest.

Blake reached between them and pinched one of her nipples. "Just let it happen, baby."

"No...not here," Lilly whispered weakly. "I'm afraid." Afraid the music surrounding them wouldn't drown out the scream of a woman in the throes of an orgasm.

"Here!" Blake hissed, forcing Lilly down harder against his knee. He lowered his mouth down on hers and swallowed Lilly's cry when release came. For that she was thankful. And she could only hope anyone observing them thought her uncontrollable shaking was some sort of new dance.

Blake's kiss grew gentler as Lilly gradually brought her body under control. When they broke apart he refused to let her go, and she leaned weakly against him, her heart still pounding.

"What about you?" she asked quietly. "You didn't come."

Blake laughed gruffly. "I didn't say it would be *here*."

When the music stopped he took Lilly by the hand and led her off the dance floor. She didn't question him when they passed the banquet table, and no one asked where they were going.

All she knew was that the man she loved wanted her.

* * * * *

The following morning when Lilly opened her eyes she wasn't surprised to find Blake in her bed. After a night of lovemaking he'd been too exhausted to go to the sofa, where she'd tossed him a pillow and blanket after Ross returned home. Besides, they

wanted to spend their last night together, and couldn't get enough of each other. It was as if they were trying to make up for lost time. Blake stirred but didn't waken. He hugged her closer to his side and nuzzled her neck with his nose.

God, she loved him! Closing her eyes, Lilly relived the evening before, when Blake had taken her in the elevator after leaving the rehearsal dinner. He was a passionate man and like everything else he did, he did it *very* well. They'd no sooner entered the empty elevator than Blake had stopped it and pushed her up against the wall. He'd followed her with his body and pinned her there.

Lilly could still remember the strength of his arousal against her butt. Moaning, she'd pushed against it, receiving a guttural sound of intense desire from Blake. He'd lowered his mouth to the back of her neck and kissed her while his hands raised her short skirt, moved her soaked panties aside and he entered her from behind.

It was a raw act of possession, and Lilly's only response had been to arch her body so he had easier access. Then Blake had proceeded to fuck the hell out of her, fast and furious, bringing them both to a hard, quick release. They'd collapsed against each other and the elevator wall. After that he'd held Lilly with tenderness, kissing her mouth and wiping her damp hair away from her face.

"What are you thinking?"

Lilly smiled. "About last night in the elevator."

She felt his smile against her forehead. "Yeah, that was good. It's a good thing I'm leaving soon. I need the rest."

"You mean there aren't any women on the rig?" She held her breath. *Was that obvious?*

Blake put his hand beneath her chin and tilted her face until their eyes met. "Yes, Lilly. But there's been no one since you, I wasn't lying about that."

God, she wanted to believe him. "No wonder you've been so hungry."

"I got the impression you were just as hungry." He kissed her gently.

"Well, I haven't been with anyone since you, either."

She felt him tense, and the silence that followed revealed more than words. Lilly rolled until she was on her back. She brought her hand up to caress his chest, their gazes clinging. Now was the time to tell him how she felt. But the words were locked in her throat. Instead, she found herself asking, "Why hasn't there been anyone else for you?"

Now he was the one rolling onto his back, breaking eye contact as if she'd find the answer there. "I haven't met anyone I care to get involved with."

Well, there it was. Lilly had no doubts now how Blake felt, about emotional attachments anyway. He probably felt safe sleeping with her because of their history together. Still, the thought of being used like that angered her as much as it hurt her. How could he? Was he so insensitive that he couldn't tell they had something special?

"Do you think I'm immune to that, Blake?" She had to hear the words, even knowing they would hurt.

"You're different, baby." He reached for Lilly and dragged her onto his chest.

"In what way, because I'm your best friend's sister?" She stiffened against him. *Did that give him the right to take advantage of her?* "Are you saying I'm easy? That you can fuck me as many times as you want and just walk away?"

Hearing her own words made her angry. Lilly tried to squirm off him but Blake was too strong for her. "Calm down, baby..." He easily subdued her. "I didn't say that."

"Then what are you saying?" She continued to struggle, a burn in her eyes that warned her she was on the verge of tears. She had to get away before he saw them. "Let me go, Blake."

"No..." Lilly found her wrists grabbed, the action making her angrier because she wasn't strong enough to fight him.

"I have to get ready for the wedding."

He turned his head and it was obvious he was looking at the clock. "Not at nine o'clock in the morning."

"Blake..." She arched in an effort to break free. "I'll yell for Ross," she threatened. She'd never put Ross in that position, but Lilly was willing to say anything to gain her freedom.

He laughed. "Then I'll have to kiss you into silence."

"This isn't funny." Lilly moved wildly against him. "I have... I have...damn it, Blake!" His laughter fueled her anger to higher proportions.

"Stop before you get hurt." There was a mild threat in his tone.

"Then let...me...go!" She elbowed him in the ribs. He released a grunt. And in the next instant Lilly found herself flipped onto her back. She slapped him across the face before he pinned her wrists down upon the bed. Angry tears fell out of the corners of her eyes.

"What the hell!" Confusion glimmered in his dark eyes. "What's wrong with you?"

Lilly was too angry and disappointed to consider her words first. "What's wrong with me? What's wrong with you! I just realized you've been using me as your sex toy ever since—"

"Sex toy!" Blake laughed loudly.

"Yes! And don't think you're going to put that thing inside me again." Lilly was referring to his erection. Blake laughed again. "I mean it, Blake."

"I love you," he said simply.

What? Lilly instantly stilled, and searched for the truth in Blake's laughing eyes. Their breathing seemed loud in the quiet room, their hearts were pounding as one. "Then...why did you leave me?"

"Because I was scared, Lilly. And once I'd had a taste of you I knew it would never be enough." His mouth was gentle upon hers. A kiss so sweet and ending too soon. "And you were so young."

“Oh, Blake!” Elation overwhelmed Lilly. She wrapped her arms around his neck and drew him down until their mouths were touching.

It began as a tender kiss shared between two people who’d just discovered their love for one another was reciprocated, and soon escalated into a heated moment of passion. Lilly moaned beneath his rough possession and opened her mouth to his searching tongue, arching beneath his hands as they explored her body in all the intimate places that brought her so much pleasure. When Blake finally pulled back they were both out of breath.

“I have another week before I have to head back. What do you say after the wedding today we fly to Las Vegas and make this legal?”

Lilly’s eyes widened with surprise and she opened her mouth to respond, only to find that she was momentarily speechless. Getting married was the last thing she’d expected.

Was she dreaming?

“Well, what do you say, baby?”

She felt him slipping something onto her finger and glanced at the beautiful emerald-cut diamond in awe. She wasn’t imagining *that*. Then she grabbed Blake to her and spread her legs.

“You can *talk dirty to me* any time you want.”

The End

About the Author

Tory is a multi-published, best-selling author who lives in Florida with her soul mate and three crazy cats. She likes to travel, preferably by cruise ship, and doesn't like to fly but will if she has to. She collects antiques and art, loves chocolate (who doesn't?) and good coffee.

Tory has wanted to be a writer since she was a kid, but life got in the way of her dreams. A few years ago, with the support and encouragement of her family, she decided to get serious. Her romances are laced with humor and filled with suspense and sizzling sex.

Tory 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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