

ELLORA'S CAVE PRESENTS

Natalie
DAE

Soul Keeper

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Quickies®

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Natalie Dae

Carrie Marsh anxiously awaits her online lover of two years, pacing the station in her stylish red coat with nothing but luxurious black lingerie underneath and stilettos on her feet. Will Rob Edwards really be on the train from Scotland? Will the attraction still exist in person? Can she even stave off the first anticipation-induced orgasm before he arrives? Excitement spirals through her, for Carrie has planned a night to remember.

Rob is shy, and Carrie intends to show him how to unleash his sexy side during a series of sexual encounters. But once he arrives, she can't wait until they get to the hotel, let alone a bed. No. They hardly make it to the first tree, where anyone could spot their antics.

One unforgettable evening of passion leads two virtual lovers to a lifetime as each other's soul keeper.

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Soul Keeper

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SOUL KEEPER

Natalie Dae

Chapter One

The Oak Tree

Carrie Marsh sat on one of the many metal benches on the train platform in the small village of Branston, England, her cunt wet, her clit pulsing. Her finger toyed with a strand of her sand-colored hair left loose and flowing about her shoulders. She'd arrived early, eager to meet the man who filled her with passion just by reading his words. Near-naked beneath her calf-length red coat, Carrie imagined his surprise when she took it off. Her black, silk bra and thong bought especially for this occasion were sensuously divine against her skin, and another rush of desire swept through her.

Fuck, I want him. Where is he?

She glanced at the tower on the opposite platform, at the large round clock face telling her she was still early. Only seven forty-five p.m. Time had seemed to slow since she'd arrived, anticipation for the coming evening raging through her with alarming force. How could she feel like this about someone she had never met? How could she have fallen in love with a man just from what he'd typed? From the picture he had sent? From his voice on the phone?

His face came to mind—those chiseled cheekbones, that strong, square jaw, and eyes such a dark brown they bordered on black. And his blond hair, God, how she wanted to run her fingers through it, grip it in her fists and pull his head down to suckle her breasts. Her nipples tingled, tautened, and she folded her arms across her chest and jiggled as though warming herself from the cold. The abrasion sent a spear of desire down to her cunt, and more juices flowed. She crossed her legs and squeezed her thighs together.

The icy air nipped at her nose and numbed her cheeks. A ghostly breeze soughed across her stocking-clad calves, snaking up to chill the back of her knee. Carrie shivered and goose bumps sprouted on her arms.

A low rumble sounded in the distance and she sat more upright, hands gripping the seat edge. Glancing to her right, she stared wide-eyed hoping to spot the train that would bring him to her. Nothing but the track, tree silhouettes and a moonlit sky met her gaze. Her attention back on her immediate surroundings, she eyed those around her, intent on seeking him out in case he, too, had shown up early and studied her from seclusion.

A woman and her child occupied the third bench from hers, their faces showing boredom and fatigue. An elderly gentleman stood leaning against the ticket office reading a newspaper beneath the wall-mounted light. The only other stranger occupying the platform was a brunette female, who paced with a cell phone clamped to her ear, her side of the conversation too low to hear.

Impatient, Carrie sighed and cocked her head. The rumble grew louder and her stomach contracted, butterflies batting, her heart thrumming too fast. She inhaled then exhaled, excitement building in her chest. God, how she wanted to palm her breasts, cup her mound and apply pressure to stave off the insistent throb of her clit. Once again, she stared down the track.

Two swathes of white light cut into the darkness, and her stomach rolled so violently she thought she might be sick.

He's coming. Oh, God.

The train approached swiftly, and a rush of air blasted her as it pulled into the station. The full carriages offered no sign of him as yet, and she stood, clutched her coat lapels and scanned the inhabitants. Women and men on their way home from work stood to collect their bags, and the carriage doors swooshed open, travelers spilling out onto the platform as though starving for freedom.

I can't see him!

She turned to look farther down the platform. The same types of people alighted, swarming off into the darkness to their destinations. Frantic, she flicked her gaze from one person to another, her body trembling at the thought of him not keeping their appointment. Her clit ached, tormenting her, and she shoved her hands in her pockets, balling them into fists.

What if he doesn't come?

Their two years of talking via e-mail sped through her mind. The warm friendship he gave as her five-year marriage deteriorated, the advice, the hope that there *were* men out there who didn't treat women badly. Their chats had blossomed when she'd filed for divorce, moved on to light flirting and, two years later, he'd admitted falling for her. Wanting her in his life permanently, promising to cherish her forever.

A lump expanded in her throat and she swallowed, fighting the urge to sob.

Please don't let him be another of those men who promises the world and fails.

Tears stung her eyes and she blinked in an effort to see the passengers. What if she missed him? What if he'd looked at the crowd and thought *she* hadn't turned up? Carrie brought a hand out of her pocket and dabbed the tears away, took in a deep breath and spun in the opposite direction. Air whooshed out of her and she clapped her hand over her mouth, her smile so wide it hurt.

There he stood, leaning against a lamppost, hands in black pants pockets, suit jacket covering a white shirt. The dark blue tie he'd said he'd wear rested against his chest, and a lazy grin tweaked his mouth. Her knees buckled and she lowered her hand, suddenly unsure of what to do next. He held out his hand and she ran to him, pushing through the thinning crowd, her whole body needing his touch, his arms about her.

She stopped inches in front of him and gazed at his beautiful face, her hands itching to cup his cheeks and press her mouth to his. His smile widened, and he took his other hand from his pocket and brought it up to match the other. Carrie stepped into them, molded her chest to his, and ran her hands up and down his back. Lifting her face, she

stared into his eyes, lost herself in his gaze, and a sense of belonging stole over her. Of rightness. Of undeniable love.

“Hello, sweetheart,” he said.

Carrie almost choked on the emotion swelling in her throat, but he lowered his head and touched his lips to hers, a light, wonderful brush that upped her heart rate. Hungry for him, desperate to show him how much she loved him, she clutched him closer and slipped her tongue between his lips. A kiss that started so sweetly changed into one of breathless lust. Nothing mattered, not the passengers, the impropriety, or the whole damn world.

Rob Edwards was here in her arms, and anything else paled to insignificance.

His strangled groan filled her mouth, and her emotional whimper joined it. She cupped his shoulder blades, kneaded them, then pulled her mouth away to look at him, making sure he was really there. Rob trailed his fingertips down her cheek, thumbed away her tears, his other hand on the small of her back, the pressure of it possessive.

“It’s like I’ve always known you,” he said, his eyes moist.

Carrie nodded, unable to speak, unable to believe their union was so perfect, how she’d dreamed it would be. She laughed, the sound more like a sob, and touched her forehead to his. Rob’s nose rubbed against hers, and she wished them away from this place, somewhere more private.

“Did you book the room?” he asked, his mint-scented breath warm as it fanned her mouth.

She nodded, smiled, and a surge of love swirled from her toes, snatching her breath and stopping her heart for two beats.

“I could stare at you forever,” he whispered. “You’re beautiful.”

Carrie blushed, unused to such words being spoken out loud. Oh, he’d said them many times in e-mails and on IM, rendering her to mush, but to actually hear them? She wanted to cry so much it pained her chest, her throat. Instinct guided her to rest her

cheek against his chest, hug him to her in case this was another one of her dreams. How could she be this lucky? This...secure?

His heart pounded in her ear, the steady, rapid beat indicating he felt the same as her. He embraced her, his hold so precious, so wonderful she scrunched her eyes closed to stop the tears falling. The scent of him assailed her, a woodsy, sharp tang laced with natural masculinity. She'd never tire of that smell. Never tire of his arms about her. Never tire of him.

Rob's hand caressed her hair, the heat of his palm soothing, and she wanted to run with him, take refuge in their hotel room so he could run his fingers through it at leisure. She lifted her head from his chest and ran her thumb across his lips. Her nipples perked and her cunt clenched. She needed him inside her, his hands all over her, their sweat-soaked skin sliding, breaths stuttered. With one hand on his chest, she continued stroking his lips. His tongue dashed out and licked her thumb pad, and a jolt of lust lanced her core. He sucked her thumb tip, swirled his tongue around it, and her knees jolted. Gazes locked, weakness racing to her extremities, Carrie loosed a soft moan and pressed herself to him. His hard cock nestled against her pelvic bone, and she smiled.

"Shall we go?" she whispered.

Rob kissed her thumb and nodded. Carrie moved her hand to cup his nape, the hair there so soft, and kissed his lower lip. His mouth opened, inviting her tongue inside, and she glided hers around it, tasting him, loving him. Breathless, she broke contact and blew out a jagged breath.

"I love you," he said. "Did right from the start."

Tears filled her eyes again.

My God, he's so perfect. Precious.

With a wobbly smile, she crooked her arm in his and pulled him with her toward the exit beside the ticket office. Passengers milled around awaiting the next train, and she inwardly giggled at the show they'd given them. She didn't care what they thought, liberated as she was by Rob's declaration, by the certainty that he meant what he said.

Happiness burgeoned, and she wanted to laugh out loud, to tell everyone that Rob was here. That he'd come to meet her, he loved her, and her life was now complete.

She looked up at him as they rounded the corner, and he smiled, his eyes bright. The hardness of his erection still lingered on her pelvis, and a stout gust of wind wrapped his scent around her. The urge to stop and push him against the side of the ticket office gripped her, so she walked faster to stop herself. He'd confessed in an e-mail that, although he could write his desires, in real life he was shy. Not wanting to risk getting caught and putting him to the test yet, she tugged his arm as they approached the path running behind the station.

"Shall we walk or get a taxi?" she asked, snaking her other hand under his biceps and holding his arm close to her chest. On tiptoes, she quickly kissed his cheek, the light stubble pricking her lips.

"It's up to you, sweetheart. Is it far, though? I wouldn't want you walking for too long in those shoes."

Carrie scrunched her toes in her red stilettos. "It's okay. It isn't far. Come on, we'll walk."

She led him down the path beside the main road that led to town, the streetlights casting an orange line that stretched far into the distance, reminding her of a runway at night. Their e-mails came to her, the ones where they'd discussed taking a holiday, walking along the beach hand in hand by day, sex-filled nights upon cool, crisp sheets.

"So where will we go on holiday?" she asked, looking up at him, both arms still hugging his.

He pried his arm free and rested it across her shoulders, squeezing her to him so hard she nearly stumbled. "Sorry. I didn't mean to... It's just...I love you so much I needed to..." He sighed. "I forget sometimes I can be heavy-handed."

His smile and apology brought fresh tears to her eyes. "It's okay. Really. So where will we go, d'you think?"

Rob sighed contentedly. "Oh, I don't know. Anywhere you like."

The South of France, Spain, Italy, he'd visited them all, told her about the art galleries and how Paris wasn't as romantic as people made out. Venice, he said, that was the place to go, with its quaint side streets and the Grand Canal. They could take a gondola trip, pack a basket lunch, and he'd keep her safe beside him due to her fear of water.

"I'll show you Ca' d'Oro," he said. "You'll love it. I visited there while at university studying for my art degree. We can stand on the balconies overlooking the Grand Canal. You'll love their amazing stone archways. Must have taken so long to carve."

I could listen to him all day and never get bored. He knows so much, is so clever.

How easily they got along. He was right—it was like they'd always known one another. She didn't feel in the least self-conscious, and supposed their phone calls of the past six months had helped ease them closer together so that their first meeting was a natural progression in their relationship.

While Rob chatted his breath puffed up in gray clouds, and he kept his gaze on her, looking up every so often to the path ahead. Carrie took in every word, but her mind whirled with his other words, those typed to ensure she grew hot and wet. Those she'd slowly coaxed him into penning, drawing him out of his shyness until he'd surprised her with the depth of his need.

Hot lust moistened her cunt, her juices seeping from her thong to her inner thighs. As she walked, her legs glided against one another, and she imagined him licking it away then kissing her, sharing her essence. Heat rose to her cheeks, and she steered him down a short narrow path to their right. A wide metal gate stood at the end, a sturdy chain and large gold padlock keeping it closed. Trees lined the rest of the way into town, their trunks sturdy, and an idea came to her.

"We have to walk across this field?" he asked, brow raised.

Carrie nodded. "It's quicker."

Rob frowned and looked at her feet. "But your shoes!" He glanced into the field. "And there are *cows* in there!" He huffed out an uncertain laugh. "You're *crazy*, you know that?"

She nodded again and cupped his face, fitting herself against him. "I told you I was."

Pressing her lips to his, she searched for his tongue. Rob's arms encircled her waist, his fingers massaging her ass through her coat. The fabric an annoying barrier, she brought her hands between them and undid the top two buttons. His hands left her ass, came up to grip her wrists, and he broke the kiss.

"You're taking your *coat* off?"

His widened eyes and the surprise in his voice pushed laughter from her, and she moved her hands down to the third button. His grip loosened, then he glanced back up the path before returning his gaze to her face. With shaking hands, he undid the fourth button and opened her coat. Rob sucked in a breath.

"You only have *underwear* on? Jesus Christ, woman!"

She laughed again, head thrown back, and his lips met her exposed neck. Shivers of delight wended up and down her spine, the heat of his breath and the cold winter air inciting a rash of goose flesh to pepper her skin. His hands snaked inside her coat, palms trailing up and down her waist, thumbs smoothing over her rib cage. Carrie lowered her head, watched him taking in the sight of her body, and fuck, she wanted him inside her now.

Shirking off her coat, she handed it to him. He draped it over one arm and, mouth agape, stared at her as she walked backward to the gate.

"Come on," she said, the thrill of being so wanton, so daring, spiking her need.

Carrie turned her back to him and raised one foot, placing it on a gate rung. His sharp intake of breath made her want to laugh with the power she had over this shy, beautiful man. With one foot on the rung above the other, she hoisted her leg over and

sat on the top rail, hands gripping it so she didn't fall. She turned her head to face him, the cold metal heaven on her hot cunt.

"Are you game?" she asked, eyebrows rising.

"Aren't you *cold*?" He stepped toward her, the coat held out so she could put it on.

Carrie swung one leg over and lowered herself into the field. Hand on hips, she sucked in her tummy and pushed out her chest. "You coming in?"

Rob hung the coat over his arm again, his mouth working to speak but no sound coming out. The streetlight at the far end of the narrow path enveloped him, lent his flushed cheeks a peach tinge. He blinked, eyes wide, and lifted one foot to the gate.

He shook his head. "You *are* crazy. What have I got myself into?" He smiled and climbed over the gate, dropping to the other side. Coat held out once more, he coaxed, "Come on, sweetheart. Put this back on. Please. I don't want you getting cold."

Carrie bent down to remove her shoes and sidestepped away from the gate.

"Love," he said, "there's probably cow's shit in here. And you've got bare feet!"

An unstoppable giggle burst from her mouth, and she turned from him and ran along the tree line. His sigh of defeat chased her on the breeze, and soon his footsteps followed. She swung around and ran in reverse, toes digging into the wet, mulch-ridden ground. Out of breath from the exhilaration flying through her, she slowed to a stop beside a huge oak. Its branches stretched over them, the leafless limbs useless in protecting them should it rain. Backing up, she rested her ass and shoulders against it, the bark damp on her skin, its mossy aroma sharp in her nose. She dropped her shoes.

Rob caught up and stood a few feet before her, coat clutched in his fists. Carrie widened her legs, nestling her feet against roots that jutted from the ground. The cold air a balm on her hot skin, she brought one hand to rest on her stomach, the other to her lips. She sucked her index finger, then pulled it out, licking its length with deliberate slowness.

"God, Carrie. Stop!" Rob peered through the trees to the main road. A car whooshed by. "Someone will see us!"

"No they won't." She stared at him, lowering her finger to one breast, circling the nipple through the satin bra. Her other hand slid toward her crotch, and she cupped it, pressing the heel against her clit. "Come here."

He looked from her to the coat and held it up, glancing around for a place to put it.

"Sling it on the ground and come and fuck me."

His head whipped back to face her and, too far gone to laugh, Carrie rocked her hand over her nub. Her other smoothed over her cleavage, and she slipped her fingers inside her bra, releasing her breast. Her nipple sprang up, the frosty air and desire licking it into rigidity. She pinched it between finger and thumb, rolled and pulled it. A sharp gasp left her, and Rob's resigned groan dissipated into the night. Dropping the coat, he moved to stand before her, hands braced on the trunk either side of her head.

Carrie stared up at him, still fondling, willing him out of his shyness. His breaths came out as stuttered pants and he gazed back, eyes showing his amazement at her reckless behavior.

"Touch me," she whispered, letting go of her nipple and reaching up to clasp his wrist.

She brought his hand down over her exposed breast and covered it with her own, their gazes still locked. Gently, she guided his fingers to her nipple and brushed them over it. His pained groan delighted her, and she juttied her hips up to meet his pelvis. While rubbing her entrance through the thong, Carrie bumped her knuckles against his hard cock, and he snatched in a breath.

He leaned forward, still staring into her eyes, and pressed a light kiss to her lips. Bolder now, he thrummed his thumb over her nipple and took his other hand off the tree, covering her shoulder. Lightly, he smoothed his hand down her arm and nudged her hand away from her cunt. The touch of his fingers there gave her a jolt, and she leaned her head back, closed her eyes.

Warm lips peppered a line of kisses up her neck to her ear. Gentle fingers shifted her thong aside and stroked her labia.

“You’re so beautiful,” Rob whispered. “So very beautiful.” His tongue traced her earlobe before he kissed her jawline, her neck, her collarbone. Lowering his head to her cleavage, he licked her swells, his fingers lightly pinching her nipple, the others gliding up and down her slit.

She grew wetter, her juices so slick, her cunt so ready for him. Carrie pulled down his zipper and freed his cock, glancing down between them for her first sight of it. The closeness of their bodies prevented a clear image, so she took it in her hand. The shaft fitted in her palm perfectly. The soft skin, the rush of finally touching him elicited a gasp of wonder, and Rob’s lips on hers stanchied it. Her raging desire changed to a yearning for tenderness as he explored her mouth, her nipple, her cunt. She moved her hand up and down his cock, thumbing the tip on the upstroke. Pre-cum drizzled, and she marveled at her effect on him, of him on her.

He tweaked her nipple harder and brought his fingers up to her clit. Circling the bud, he kissed her more insistently, a desire-filled groan rumbling in his throat. Carrie lifted her hips and upped her pace on his cock, clutched his ass with her other hand.

Rob pulled his mouth from hers, brushed his lips against her cheek.

“I want you to come,” he said.

His words must have been so difficult to say and endeared him to her more. He applied pressure to her clit and rubbed quickly, dipped his head and took her nipple in his mouth, his free hand clasping her waist. His tongue flicked the tip, and she watched him tending to her needs. The sight brought her close to the edge, and she gripped his ass tighter, jerked his cock faster.

Her orgasm began as a slow burn, spiraling from her clit to her core where it grew in intensity. His fingers worked faster and he sucked her nipple, rearing his head a little. A sharp stab of pleasure-pain zipped from there to her clit and she bucked her hips, wanting more friction, more pressure. He took her lead and grazed his teeth over

her nipple, capturing it between them and flicking his tongue over it. Repeat. Repeat. Repeat.

Carrie matched her rhythm on his cock to his on her wet bud, and his pelvis jerked into her, his mouth pulling on her nipple so delicious she loosed a hoarse cry. Her orgasm ebbed and retreated, and she fisted him faster. His cock vein throbbed against her palm, birthing a stronger need to chase her orgasm and drown in it at its height.

It hit, a wave of bliss so strong her knees gave way and her back scraped against the tree. She reveled in the pain and bit her lower lip, arching her back.

Rob's fingers dug into her waist, and he rested his lips on hers whispering, "Come. Let it go."

She moaned, riding on the crest, her hand jerking him toward his release. He pressed his cheek against hers, and as she cried out, he lightly bit her shoulder, his breathy "Ah!" hot on her skin.

His cock throbbed, and his fingers slid inside her, thumb flicking over her clit.

"Ah, fuck! I'm coming. Coming..." he breathed.

Carrie moaned, his voice, what he'd said echoing in her mind. Hot cum shot onto her stomach followed by another, less forceful spurt. Rob's ragged exhalations warmed her shoulder, and she slowed her hand, milking the last from him, showing him she needed him to slow his hand too, the nerves in her clit sensitive, buzzing.

As though in tune with her, Rob did as she'd silently asked and kissed her neck, her cheek, her nose tip. Resting his forehead on hers, he stared into her eyes, their shuddering breaths mixing as gray clouds.

"God, I love you," he whispered. "Love you so much. Thank you."

"For what?" she asked, tears stinging.

"For being you. For everything."

Chapter Two

The Tub

Rob swiped the hotel keycard through the slot and opened the door. Carrie stood in the hallway outside the room, barefoot on the burgundy-patterned carpet, her feet dirty with dried mud. Shoes in hand, she looked at Rob, who held up his arm for her to enter first. His chivalry didn't surprise her—it had shone through his emails, and his actions since they'd met.

She stepped inside, Rob close behind her, and the click of the door closing prompted her stomach to turn over. A king-sized bed dominated the room and her mind, and she imagined them on it, locked in an embrace. Her cunt clenched and heat rose to her cheeks. After so long waiting for their meeting, the anticipation of this day, she wanted him more than she'd wanted anyone. A silent connection existed between them, as though an invisible string had bound them together since birth, growing shorter as destiny pushed them together. Now the string was only a meter long, and their time spent in this room would obliterate it forever as their souls fused into one.

Carrie blushed further at her poetic musings. Did real love do that to a person? Did it give one a new perspective, a new leaning toward the romantic? She hadn't felt like this with her ex-husband or with any men before him. God, she had missed out on so much.

Rob's hand on her back brought her out of her reverie, and she smiled up at him. He pulled her into his arms, their strength solid on her back, and she sighed against his chest. His scent wafted up, and she breathed it in, so content she could cry. Would she remember it when they parted? Could she conjure it up during the days between now and their next meeting, closing her eyes to recall the curve of his chin, the feel of his lips? Tears spilled, and she cursed herself for thinking too far ahead.

Enjoy the moment. Don't look forward. Not yet.

"Hey," Rob said, lifting her chin with his finger. "Are you okay?"

She nodded, feeling wretched that she had tainted their precious time, given him cause for concern. "It's nothing. I'm just being silly, that's all."

"Tell me," he said, kissing her tears away. "We promised – no secrets."

Carrie sighed and her lower lip trembled. "I stupidly thought about tomorrow."

"Don't," Rob whispered. "It's too painful. Just...just pretend for a while that this is forever, hmm? And it will be one day when I sell up and move down here." He tilted his head. "If you still want me, that is."

Her eyes widened, and she playfully slapped his chest. "I don't have to answer that. You know the answer."

His chuckle warmed her to her toes, and he unbuttoned her coat and moved from her to hang it on the back of the door. With her body exposed to him under harsh lighting, she covered her belly with her arms, suddenly worried he wouldn't find her attractive.

Walking back to her, he held her wrists and lowered her arms. "Don't ever hide yourself from me. You're beautiful. Believe it."

A lump expanded in her throat, and she fought back the sob nudging to come out. "You're so special."

He clasped the back of her head and pressed it to his chest, kissing her hair, his fingers twining in it. His other hand rested warm between her shoulder blades, thumb brushing her skin. "Would you like me to run you a bath?"

My God, this man is so...wonderful.

She nodded, unable to speak, and he guided her to the bed and gently pushed her down to sit.

"Wait here. I won't be long."

Rob turned and walked away, and she eyed the sway of his hips, the straight set of his shoulders. He disappeared through a door opposite, and it seemed as if the warmth left the room with him. Chilled, Carrie rubbed her arms and stood, moving to her coat and reaching inside the pocket for a condom. She placed it under a pillow on the bed and, feeling silly for following him but powerless to stop herself, she pushed open the bathroom door and peeked around it.

Rob bent over the double-size tub swirling the water. He stood upright and took a small bottle of rose-colored liquid from the bath edge, pulled out the small cork stopper and poured it into the gush of water coming from the double tap. She stepped into the room, and he glanced over his shoulder, a smile making the skin beside his eyes crinkle.

“Hello, you,” he said, placing the bottle back down.

Carrie hugged him from behind, her cheek on his shoulder, her hands smoothing up and down his chest. He hung his head back a little, and she stood on tiptoes and pressed her face to his, the wonderful smell of him strong in the steam-filled room.

He turned, slid his fingers into her hair and kissed her nose. “I love your hair.”

Everything he said turned her on—the timbre of his voice, the lilt of his accent—and she clamped her thighs together. Her cunt ached, and she remembered the feel of his fingers there, wanting them there again. His hands trailed up her back, and he unclasped her bra, drawing the straps over her shoulders and down her arms. Dropping it to the floor, he cupped her breasts, weighing them, fingers splayed around the outer swells. Her nipples perked and he caressed them with his thumbs, his gaze fixed on her face. With reluctance, he set her free and shut off the water, dipping his hand in the tub to test the heat. He turned back to her and ran his wet fingers down her chest and over her nipple, moving lower. Skating her belly, his hand came to rest on her hip. Deft fingers slid beneath her thong waistband and drew it down, Rob descending to his knees. She lifted one dirty foot and then the other, Rob removing her panties and tossing them over by the door.

He looked up at her, and her heart swelled with such tenderness and longing she wondered how she'd ever lived without him. Smooth, strong hands glided up her calves, fingertips swirling over the backs of her knees then rising up her thighs to her buttocks. He softly massaged them with circular motions, skimming her ass cleft. When his fingertips brushed lower, grazing between her legs, she gasped.

Rob broke their gaze and dipped his head. His breath fanned her thatch, and she parted her legs a little more, wanting to thrust her cunt to his mouth, yet at the same time loving the slow and deliberate way he administered to her. His tongue parted her labia, and her legs juddered at the contact. Hands still caressing her ass, he flattened his tongue and swept it from bottom to top, putting pressure on her clit. Pointing his tongue, he guided it down, and she clutched his head so she didn't fall backward in pure bliss. His tongue entered her, and a shock of pleasure zipped into her sheath, pooling at the top then spreading to the pit of her stomach.

He drew his tongue upward again, flicking it back and forth across her clit. Her hips bucked, and she moved her hands from his hair onto his shoulders.

Clit throbbing, she whispered, "Stop. Not yet. Please."

He raised his head and looked up at her, his eyes questioning.

"Come here," she said with a tilt of her head.

He stood, running his hands up her back, and Carrie palmed his face with one hand and fondled his cock through his pants with the other. Rob kissed her, and she tasted herself – salty yet sweet. Drawing her hands up between them, she loosened his tie and pulled it free of his collar. She dropped it to the floor and kissed him deeper as his hands kneaded her shoulders then moved down over her breasts. The thrill of his touch spurred her to unbutton his suit jacket and shirt, and she slid her fingers beneath the fabric to explore his chest. Coarse hairs tickled her, and she pushed her fingers through them. Excitement warmed her body and a hot flush bloomed on her face. A needy whimper dissolved in her throat, and she wrenched her mouth from his to lower her lips to his chest.

She sought out his nipple, shifting her hands down his sides and to his zipper. Licking the small, tight nub, she grazed her teeth over it. Rob groaned and palmed her hair, winding it around his fingers. Carrie drew down his zipper and freed his cock, fisting it with smooth, even strokes. She raised her head and kissed along his jaw, remembering he'd once told her if she ever sucked his earlobe he'd be undone. With a smile she drew it into her mouth and flashed her tongue, hand clasping the back of his head to keep him there.

"Oh, fuck!" he whispered, gripping her hair tighter. "Don't! *Don't...*"

Licking down his neck and along his collarbone, Carrie gained new speed and a faster rhythm on his cock. Rob pulled her hair, and she smiled, wondering how much courage it took for him to do that, pleased that he had granted one of her e-mail requests. She released his cock and rested her hands on his chest, pushed lightly and stepped back. His hands dropped from her hair to his sides, cock jutting proudly from his fly. Would he move them to cover it? Though his hands twitched, he didn't hide himself, and to cover the awkwardness she sensed he felt, she took his hand in hers and led him closer to the bath.

She dipped one toe in the sudsy water, and he helped her into the tub, keeping hold of her hand until she'd lowered her body. The scent of jasmine wafted around her, a soothing, calming aroma.

Sliding her head beneath the water she soaked her hair, rose again and turned to Rob. "Undress for me?"

A blush infused his cheeks, and he brought his hands up only to drop them down again, shielding his cock. "I-I, uh... Sweetheart, I—"

"Please? It's only me here. Us."

His face softened and he shirked out of his jacket and shirt, letting them fall to the floor. Tawny-colored hairs covered his chest and tapered toward his stomach, grew further downward still, she imagined, until they merged with the tuft surrounding his cock. He undid his pants button, easing them and his black boxers down his legs. He

toed off his shoes and slipped his socks off as he removed his pants, balanced first on one foot and then the other. Rob stood upright, and she took in the sight of him, a small smile playing about her lips that she'd been right about those hairs.

His cock jerked as he studied her too, his gaze sliding from her face down to her breasts and across to one knee that poked out of the water. Bubbles hid the rest of her from view, yet nothing obscured him from hers. His physique screamed of someone who took care of his body. Toned stomach muscles lurked beneath those hairs, and she ached to touch them. Instead, she slid her hands between her legs, two fingers holding open her labia, the other teasing her clit.

Rob released a stuttered breath and clenched his fists. His thigh muscles bunched as he scrunched his toes, and his balls lifted then relaxed. She ran her tongue over her lips, imagined them as his sac.

"Ahh," she breathed, wanting him inside her. Wanting to fuck him so hard his head spun. Deliberately making her hand break the water's surface as she played, Carrie said, "Touch yourself?"

Hesitant, Rob moved his hand to his cock.

"That's it. Show me how you like it."

His gaze on her face, he began a slow rhythm, languid strokes that fascinated her. His cock hardened further, the purple-hued head thick and wide. She recalled the feel of it in her hand, how it had burgeoned beneath her touch, and she sped up her movements on her clit. The water splashed, and she raised her pelvis out of the water, toes splayed against the bottom of the bath. His eyes flicked to her hands and he sucked in a breath, fisting his cock faster, harder. He bent his knees and thrust out his hips, his other hand braced on his thigh, fingers star-shaped.

Carrie's breaths grew labored, and she slowed, veering too close to orgasm. Taking her hand away, she brought both up to her breasts and fondled her nipples, pulling and pinching them so Rob could see what turned her on.

"Join me?" she asked, eyes half-lidded.

Rob let go of his cock and stepped closer to the tub. Carrie spread her legs, and he climbed in, kneeling between them. He leaned forward and covered her hands with his, staring into her eyes as she moved her hands so his took their place. He mirrored her earlier touches, his fingers much more pleasing than hers, and her cunt ached with longing for him to fill it. Grasping his upper arms, she drew him down to cover her. His hands left her breasts to grip the bath edge above her head, and his cock butted against her cunt.

She clenched her vaginal walls, clit pulsating, heart beating double time. Breath held, she waited for him to push inside her, but he didn't. Instead, he lifted a little and slid his cock up and down her slit. The water jostled, and she smoothed her hands down his sides and onto his ass. His muscles moving beneath her palms, she clutched his ass, gasping as his cock pressed harder. Pleasure mounted, and she looked up to find him staring at her, his near-black eyes half closed, a sexy smile on his lips.

Carrie brought her hands to his chest and pushed him up. He reared to his knees, his cock jutting out of the water, and she itched to take the whole of it in her mouth and suck him dry. She sat up and gripped the bath edge with one hand, pushing down as she stood. Rob watched her as if she were an ethereal being, and his obvious adoration for her shone from his eyes. She sat on the wide, shelf-like ledge and leaned her shoulders against the wall, the white tile cold on her skin. Her nipples hardened further, and she spread her legs, inviting him to sup on her cunt.

The large bath accommodated them both, its width ample room for Rob to position himself between her legs. He used his thumbs to hold back her labia, and she widened her legs some more to give him better access. Head bent, Rob laved a path up and down her slit. The combination of his strokes and the air chilling her skin had her clit swelling. Carrie slid her fingers through his hair and massaged his back, desire snaking through her at the sight of his head bobbing.

She slowly scooted her ass closer to the edge. Hands gripping the ledge, she tilted her head to watch. The sound of Rob lapping her juices filled the room, and she bit her lower lip to keep from crying out.

Fuck. No more. I can't come yet. Need to wait.

She lifted his head and held his face in her hands. Her juices glistened on his lips, his chin, and she wiped the moisture away with her thumb.

"My turn," she whispered, rising to swap places with him.

He sat and she kneeled. She pried his legs further apart and settled between them. He drew them closer to her, their wet warmth security about her waist. Carrie took his cock in her hand and lifted her face to his for a kiss. He nipped her bottom lip before his tongue slipped into her mouth. She fisted his cock with slow, sensual movements, and he took a quick, sharp breath through his nose.

With small kisses to his chin, his jaw, his neck, she lowered her head to his cock. Her hand at the base, she held him upright then took the whole of him in her mouth. The feel of him against her tongue had butterflies flapping in her tummy and up her windpipe. Her cunt spasmed and her heart rate soared. Breaths quickening, she eased upward, lips gliding over the head, scooping up the pre-cum appetizer. The taste of it spread on her tongue and prompted her to mouth-fuck his cock faster so she could taste the main course.

His hands found her hair and gripped, though he didn't apply pressure to force her rhythm. She spread her fingers on his inner thighs and brushed her thumbs over his sac and down to the ridge between that and his ass. Rob's pained groan nudged her butterflies faster, and she inserted one thumb between his ass cleft. He jerked and she swept her thumb away, unsure if he didn't like it or whether what she'd done heightened his desire. She blushed and fondled his sac then smoothed her hands higher, burying her fingers in his thatch.

Rob's cock bumped the roof of her mouth, and his vein pulsated against her tongue. His grip tightened then loosened as he massaged her scalp. Moans left him, his cock

swelled wider, and the first shot of cum sped through the vein. Faster now, she plunged and eased up, excitement frenetic upon knowing her mouth had inspired his orgasm. She closed off her throat in readiness, and semen spurted against it, pooling in her mouth. She held it there and waited for the next surge. It came hot and fast, too much for her to hold, so she swallowed to make room for the third delicious shot.

“Ah, fuck!” Rob breathed, hands roving her shoulders, her back. “Stop. Please, stop!”

Carrie pulled up and swallowed a little more cum. Raising her head, she kissed him, knowing she pushed the boundaries by silently asking Rob to taste himself. He took what she gave with a hesitant tongue, and she swallowed the remaining semen, kissing his lips with slow deliberation. Her hands in his, she gave a gentle tug and guided him down into the tub.

A small bottle of bath gel sat among shampoo and conditioner, and she pulled out the stopper and poured some into her palm. Carrie soaped his chest, the lather thick and rich, and spread it over his shoulders and along his arms. The sensual discovery of his planes and ridges, his dips and swells, had her wishing his cock was still hard beneath the water. The desire to straddle him immense, she fought it and reached for the gel again. He held up his hand and cupped it, and Carrie dribbled a pool of liquid inside the valley he’d created.

Both of them on their knees, they cleaned one another, such a gentle, sweet exploration. Rob’s hands on her body gave her wanton imaginings, and she stared into his eyes to gauge his emotions.

He loves me. Really loves me. God, his words of adoration were real. It’s amazing how fate drew us together, how he popped up on a private message in that chatroom, a simple “Boo!” shifting my world on its axis. He was so kind during my divorce, making me see not all men are bad. And I’d worried right up until I saw him against that lamppost that he’d been stringing me along all that time. Yet here we are, as if we’ve always been together, everything familiar yet so foreign, everything so right.

Carrie let the tears fall, feeling so damn grateful she'd begun talking to him, for once trusting her instincts and ignoring friends who had warned her she took a risk allowing herself to fall for someone online.

"Fairy tales do exist, don't they?" Rob said, his voice unsteady. Tears spilled down his face, and he brought one soapy hand up to caress her face. "I'm so lucky."

"Me too," she said, her throat tight with a suppressed sob. "So very lucky."

Chapter Three

The Bed

After the enlightening journey of drying one another, Rob took the towel from Carrie and hung it on the door hook. He clasped her hands and, staring into her eyes, brought them to his lips, kissing each knuckle. His action awed and humbled her, and Carrie once again fought tears.

“Beautiful, that’s what you are,” he said. “My beautiful princess.”

His tender touch as he traced the curve of her cheekbone down to her jaw made her giddy, and she sagged against his chest. Rob rested his chin upon her head, and she stared into the mirror to find his eyes closed, as though he wanted to imprint whatever he was feeling in his mind forever. She took in their bodies, fitted together so perfectly despite their hands between them, and her wide hips, wider ass and thick waist didn’t seem to matter.

I’m beautiful.

He opened his eyes and caught her watching. A rose blush tinged his cheeks and a shy smile followed. So many unspoken words hovered between them, over them, around them in that moment. Was he thinking the same things as she? Were they both worrying the other would give, give, give for this one night only then say goodbye for good in the morning? She didn’t know, only knew that she wanted time to slow, the minutes to become hours, the hours days. To never have to leave this place and face the real world outside—Rob going home to Scotland, Carrie returning to her house, lonely, a terrible, hollow void inside her.

To thwart the imminent tears, she broke their gaze and turned to look at him.

“Hungry?” he asked. “Should we order some food?”

“Only if you’re hungry,” she said, leading him into the bedroom.

At the foot of the bed, his arms encircling Carrie's waist, he said, "No, I'm too full of you to need food." He loosed an endearingly bashful chuckle. "I just want to snuggle up with you."

Carrie glanced at the bed then back to him. "Shall we?" Tilting her head, she pulled him around to the side and drew back the duvet. Once on the bed, she scooted over and sat patting the mattress. "Come here."

The mattress dipped with his weight, and she reclined with her arms out. Rob nestled by her side, his head on her shoulder. She wrapped her arms around him, fingertips fluttering over his back, his exposed arm. Carrie kissed his head, the hair soft against her lips, and cradled her precious man. Rob slung his arm over her stomach, bringing his hand up to toy with her breast.

"You're my soul keeper, d'you know that? My beautiful lady who has changed my life," he murmured.

She swallowed, unable to answer, tears hot in her eyes.

"And did you know," he continued, "I read somewhere that when a woman holds her man like this and kisses his head, she adores him, wants to look after him?"

"She does?" Carrie managed, her voice a little too high, the lump in her throat a little too hard. "I can see the truth in that."

Rob ran his hand down her side, his thumb roving her hipbone.

Carrie imagined him smiling. "This is so...surreal."

Rob rose up and covered her body with his, touched his forehead to hers, hands clasping either side of her head. "We'll be all right, won't we? Promise me?"

She nodded and, overflowing with love, hugged him to her, one hand on his back, the other holding his head to her shoulder. "Oh, *God*, Rob. I love you so damn much!" Emotion overwhelmed her, and she let out a sob, lifting his head to seek out his lips and show him with her mouth and tongue how much he meant to her.

Their kiss deepened. She sensed him reaching out to her in the same way, his lips insistent and so erotically soft. Rolling off her and taking her with him so they rested side by side, hands frantically roaming, legs entwined, Rob pressed her to him.

He took his mouth from hers and kissed her ear, his breathing heavy. "I want to crawl inside you so we're never apart. If I could carry you with me always... Christ, Carrie, it's like we're one person. Like I've found *myself*."

His feelings mirrored hers so acutely she could only nod and hug him closer, experiencing the same urge to fuse their bodies together somehow. Fierce longing speared through her, and she pushed him onto his back and straddled him. Ass settled on his upper thighs, she brought his cock to life with both hands. Her heart hammered and her chest grew tight as she struggled to breathe through her sobs. She hung her head back and closed her eyes, soaking up the feel of his hands as he glided them over her stomach. Warmth from the friction spread from her skin to her cunt, and she gyrated in slow circles, the need for him inside her an urgent must.

Carrie fisted his cock and released it, rising to her knees. Shifting them forward, she opened her eyes, reached down and felt beneath the pillow for the condom. She unwrapped it and held his cock by its base then rolled the sheath over his length. Positioning him beneath her, she lowered herself. His cock nudging her entrance induced her clit to throb so hard she snatched in a breath. Going lower, she took her time letting him fill her, wanting to savor the sensation of her opening up to allow him in. Rob stared at her, hands stilled on her waist, breath held. She sunk fully and groaned, her asshole puckered and clit engorged.

Lust overtook her, and she rode him sharp and quick. Leaning forward, she rested her hands beside his head and chased the spreading burn of desire in her cunt, willing it to rise and reach its peak. She ground her clit against his pelvis, his thatch rasping it with delicious abrasion. He echoed her sharp cry and lifted his hips, giving her clit a firmer base to rub on. Braced on one hand, she used her other to guide his hands to her breasts.

"Touch me—hard."

The instant his fingers pinched her tight buds, pleasure-pain ripped from there to her clit. His cock bumped the ridge hiding her G-spot, and she moved her hips in short, sharp jerks to prolong the sensation, make it grow and swell to join that in her clit. Carrie growled, and a strangled shout clogged her throat. Harder, faster she rode him, striving for the ultimate orgasm.

"Slap me!" she whispered. "Oh, God, slap me!"

"Ah, fuck!" Rob breathed a second before his hand left one nipple and struck her ass.

His cock grew harder, the vein throbbing against her inner walls. Her ass stung, but she wanted more. She plunged down onto him, teeth clenched, whimpers spilling from her lips.

"Again! Slap me again!"

The second slap hit the site of the other one, exacerbating the heat already burgeoning on her skin. It burned, fuck how it burned, and she gripped his chin and bent down to steal a hot, wet kiss.

Mouth against his lips, she whispered, "More. Harder," and rose upright, his cock so damn hard and right in her cunt.

Rob slapped three times in quick succession, pulling her nipple and rolling it between finger and thumb. Such exquisite sharp pain bloomed in her breast, her clit, her cunt, on her ass, and she screamed out, a fourth slap raising her vocals.

Her orgasm peaked, a great wave of sensation that boiled in her core and exploded throughout her body. Rob smacked again and grunted, lifted his hips higher as cum heated her sheath. He tugged on her nipple again, another shot of cum coating her insides and seeping out of her.

"Fuck, I love you. *Love you!*" she whispered, body sweat-soaked, skin tingling, the edges of her mind softening with the afterglow.

Rob clasped her arms and brought her down, his damp chest hot on her breasts. She butterfly kissed his lips, his cheeks, his eyelids, her cunt still contracting. He embraced her, held her tight, her cheek to his chest. His heartbeat throbbed when hers didn't, and the constant, combined boom-boom-boom filled her ear, infusing her body with being as close to him as she could possibly get. Tucking her hands beneath him and sliding them up, she curled her fingers over his shoulders. They lay like this for some time, hearts and breaths slowing, equilibrium returning, as though reluctant to break the spell.

Carrie stared at the burgundy-and-cream flock wallpaper and thought of his last e-mail, the one he'd sent just as he was due to leave his house to board the train. Was it really only hours ago? It seemed a longer amount of time had passed, like they had met days ago and had spent them getting to know one another's bodies, their minds already in tune from their written communication.

Hello, sweetheart,

I'm nervous. Nervous you'll hate me when you see me. That I'm not at all as you've imagined. You will be there, won't you? If you don't want me to come, just say. I won't be offended, honestly. How about you? How do you feel? Are you okay? Did you buy the red coat?

I'm imagining you in it now, and I wish the journey was over, that you're standing before me wearing that coat and a big smile. You know, like the one in that picture you sent me where you're actually showing your teeth.

I love you, you know that, don't you? I hope you believe that. Over the past two years I've learned a lot. To let down my guard and trust you so completely that I'd give my life if it meant saving yours. Isn't it amazing how that's happened? How just by typing words we've formed a bond like this?

Christ, love, I'm going to have to go. I'm scared, happy, excited...so many things I can't even put into words. The train's due in half an hour, and I've got to get a taxi to the station yet!

Oh, and I remembered. I haven't packed any bags. We'll go shopping tomorrow and play that game we mentioned. You pick me an outfit, I'll pick yours.

I'm babbling. Really got to go. Can't you feel my nerves?

The next time I see you will be for real. God, I can't wait to meet you, my beautiful soul keeper.

Love you more than you know,

Rob

"Rob?"

"Hmmm?"

"Don't leave me." Carrie slid down beside him and snuggled in the crook of his arm. "Not now we've...not now."

He stroked her hair. Just that innocent touch stirred her desire again, and she wondered if she'd always feel like this or whether it was two years of longing inciting such wanton lust to keep soaring through her.

"I was just thinking the same thing. I told you a while back, you're stuck with me for as long as you want me."

She gazed up at him, at those near-black eyes that seemed to see right into her mind. "That'll be forever then."

"I love you more than I did a minute ago. It's constantly growing." He laughed and traced the outline of her ear, taking the lobe between his thumb and forefinger. "Bet you didn't think you'd be stuck with such a soppy man."

Carrie smiled and rubbed her finger over his lips. "Didn't think they even existed."

"Well, they do. And I'm yours."

Comfortable silence engulfed them, and Carrie closed her eyes, fingers playing with his chest hair. Sleep, she didn't need it—couldn't waste their time together in

dreamland. Rob's breathing slowed, and she peeked up at him. He looked so at peace with his eyes closed. How could a man have such long lashes? Studying his face, she committed it to memory for the time they would be apart. His photo didn't do him justice. It didn't show how the tip of his nose swooped up slightly. Didn't show the rigidity of his strong jaw, the solid line of it covered in dark-blond stubble. Didn't show *him*—his essence, his soul.

"I love you," she whispered, wanting him to hear her voice in his dreams. "Want you in my life always."

"Ditto, sweetheart."

She jumped slightly that he was awake, smiled and breathed in the scents surrounding them—the rose bubble bath, the gel, sweat and sex. Hunger for him grew in her cunt, and her channel spasmed, her sensitive clit swelling. Once again her tummy flipped over at the images flicking through her mind. Rob taking her from behind, his hands on her shoulders, ramming into her while she rubbed her clit. Rob holding her hips, guiding her cunt over his face and lifting his head to taste her juices.

Carrie groaned and arched her back, shoving her mound against his side. She swept her hand to his cock, surprised to find him hard, to find him as insatiable as she. Taking him in her hand, she massaged him, watching how the sheath skin stretched and rucked. How the head swelled on the upstroke, a clear drip of leftover cum pooling on the tip, retreating as she pulled down. His heart sped up, the quick beat loud in her ear, and his breaths shortened. She propped herself onto her elbow and shifted into a sitting position before kneeling beside him, all the while fondling his cock.

She turned to look at his face, his half-lidded eyes regarding her with curiosity as to what she planned to do next. Having loved the feel of his cock in her mouth and his tongue on her clit, she swung one leg over him and juttied her ass upward, leaning back and lowering so he could reach her slit easily with a slight lift of his head. His hot tongue slid between her folds, and she stifled her moan with his cock, taking as much of him in as she could. The combination of Rob lavng her cunt and her sucking him

brought on a swift shot of desire. Her clit ached from so much attention in such a short time, but she ignored the sweet pain and concentrated on encouraging her release to grow.

Head bobbing languidly, Carrie licked and sucked, her aim to bring him off with a torturously slow orgasm. Rob had the same idea it seemed. He flattened his tongue and swept it up and down her crease, their rhythms in sync. Hands flat to the bed, she plunged her mouth down and drew up, creating a strong suction that made Rob's balls twitch. His tongue stilled.

"Fuck! I'm going to come again, sweetheart," he whispered.

His words and the return of his tongue ensured her orgasm burned, a tormenting, hot sweep of pleasure that infused her cunt and tautened her nipples. Her muffled moan puffed out around his cock, and she clamped her lips tight again and pulled up hard, taking him out of her mouth. She cried out from the pleasure-pain of his tongue—the sharp jabs of the nerves in her clit almost too much to bear—and closed her fist around his shaft. Working him slowly, she aimed his cock at her breasts and bucked her hips as the last whoosh of her release came.

"No more," she said. "I can't take any more."

The bed jolted as Rob dropped his head to the mattress. Carrie looked down and pumped his cock, waiting for cum to jet out. Hot and quick, it slapped against her breasts, and she lowered her chest so the next ejection coated her stomach. His hips rose as a feral groan ripped from him along with the last of his semen. Rubbing his cock tip over her breasts, she smoothed in the cooling fluid, jerking every so often as her cunt recovered from Rob's attentions. His hands caressed her outer thighs, and she marveled at how comfortable she was in such a position with the light on.

"Lay with me?" he asked, his voice sleepy.

Carrie maneuvered off him and settled by his side. She kissed her juices from his lips then snuggled her cheek to his chest. Exhausted, her clit overly tender, she closed

her eyes, too hot for the duvet. Sleep was going to snatch her away, and she wasn't going to be able to stop it.

"I can't go back home," Rob said softly.

"What?" Carrie's eyes snapped open, and she lifted her head to look at him.

His gaze met hers and his eyes watered. "I can't go home. Not now."

"But what about your job? Your home?" Her heart hammered so hard she felt nauseous.

"The house is rented. Furnished, you know that. I only have a few things of mine there." He paused, stroked her cheek. "And my job? I'll find another. It doesn't matter. Nothing does except being with you."

Hot tears blurred Carrie's vision, and she had to blink several times in order to see him properly. "Are you sure? Are you *that* sure?"

"Aren't you?"

He looked so worried she rushed out, "Yes! God, yes!"

"Then will you come back with me to collect my things?" He blushed and looked away for a second before returning his gaze to her face. "I'm afraid if I leave you you'll change your mind once I'm gone." He blinked and swallowed. "I couldn't stand that, sweetheart."

Carrie let the tears spill and smiled, her lips trembling in her effort not to sob like a stupid, silly young girl. Rob thumbed her tears away and raised his head to kiss her temple.

"Will you come?" he asked, brow furrowed.

She nodded, her body flooding with fresh love for him. "Yes. Yes, I'll come, my beautiful soul keeper."

About the Author

Natalie Dae writes erotic romance; sometimes paranormal, sometimes fantasy and sometimes everything else! She lives in a quiet village in England with her husband, children and three cats. In her spare time she reads, reads, reads. Oh, and cleans house – a terrible obsession.

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