

ELLORA'S CAVE PRESENTS



## Kallie Revealed

Mel Teshco

When Kallie's fairytale life turned into a nightmare, she dealt with the stress in a way she never would have imagined. For too long she's yearned to live life outside the box, experience things she has always been too afraid to try.

Becoming every man's fantasy as a stripper drives away the constant ache within and makes her feel beautiful again. She discovers her dark side and sets out to explore her secret desires.

Seth Masterton is a rising star in the corporate world and he is everything Kallie has ever wanted. He's watched all Kallie's performances and never hides his lust for her. She knows it is time to face her demons and make some changes in her life. Maybe this possessive man is all she really needs. Tonight, she'll find out.

*Note: This book contains a brief female/female sex scene, which takes place during a steamy, male/female group sex scene.*

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Kallie Revealed

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# ***KALLIE REVEALED***

**Mel Teshco**

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Velcro: Velcro Industries B.V. LTD

## **Chapter One**

He was here again.

Kallie knew it the moment she strutted onto the stage in a white cowgirl hat and matching, sleek tasseled dress. Even as the Sydney club echoed with wolf whistles and lewd cheers, from somewhere in the crowd she felt his stare.

Seth Masterton. A man going to the stratosphere in the corporate world. A rising star. He could have any woman he wanted, and yet here he was, watching her.

Her skin tingled, her pulse thudding like a freight train quickly gaining speed. She smiled, hoping he liked what he saw! And hell, she wasn't one to disappoint.

Not anymore.

Heavy bass flooded the stage. A spotlight dazzled directly above her, the spectator's faces now dim in the crowd as she threw her head back and then strode forward, hips swiveling to the beat before she grabbed hold of the center pole and executed a turn.

Ha. The audience would expect more, but she liked to tease, liked the pretense of innocence before she showed her true self. Literally.

Shoulder blades bracketed against the pole, Kallie leaned back, tan, thigh-high, heeled boots spread wide and arms above her head as she slithered down and then ever so slowly up. It was just her and the music now. The men, and probably a few women, were all silent, salivating as she did her thing.

A delicious thrill zapped straight between her thighs. Yes, she danced for everyone who'd paid to watch. But in reality, Kallie danced for only one person—Seth.

She straightened and the tips of her fingers traced the outer rim of her cowgirl hat. Then, with a flick of her wrist, she launched it through the air, her arrow-straight blonde hair immediately cascading to her waist.

A roar of approval met her performance. The room pulsed with energy and crackled with lust and Kallie couldn't deny the excitement leaping within.

She stilled, closing her eyes to soak it all in. She could have any man or woman here tonight – married, gay, rich or poor. The knowledge licked through her veins and made her pussy wet.

She'd fuck Seth tonight.

With a smile of anticipation, she opened her eyes and sashayed forward. A hidden, industrial fan ensured the sudden gust of air whipped back her long hair and pressed the white dress against her straining breasts.

A chair waited for her at the front of the stage and she stilled behind it while she looked out into the darkness to her left, sensing Seth's presence. She shivered with longing.

This is for you.

One hand resting on the high-backed seat, she gyrated to the music while her other hand lifted. Her fingers, one by one, released the studs at the front of her dress. It peeled open to reveal glimpses of gold-tanned flesh and barely-there crimson lace underwear.

The music peaked and then went silent. She heard someone moan even before the light slipped away and ran over the crowd.

She stepped out of her dress and kicked it to one side. And in the cover of shadows she allowed her smile to fade while long repressed grief stirred and swelled.

It was bizarre how life had panned out. Sorrow had catapulted her onto this journey of self-discovery, this exploring of her fantasies, where for the brief moments when she was on stage, she felt whole and beautiful again.

*Oh god. Don't think about it. Not now!*

The light stilled and illuminated a man's shadowy figure, revealing the hand he had stuffed into his pants as he fondled himself. Some men nearby choked out a laugh. Others shuffled their feet and looked away, clearly relieved it wasn't one of them who'd been caught in the act.

Loud bass recommenced. Light flooded the stage again, all attention returning to Kallie.

She took a deep breath and gave a high-wattage smile. She looked great. She knew that now, believed it even without the stage, the props and admiring stares. The lacy red thong kissed the valley between her butt cheeks and nibbled her clit just so. Her matching bra barely restrained her breasts, pushed high and pouty.

Flowing to the music, Kallie half spun and dropped onto the chair. She straddled it before arching back and displaying a supple body that was still toned and fit, thanks to a love of gymnastics.

Few would care. Half the crowd would dream about what position they'd use to fuck her, the other half would be craning their necks to see if her breasts would finally defy gravity and spill free from their constraint.

Let them fantasize.

The beat changed, and keeping her legs straight, she flexed her thighs apart, her pussy high and almost dripping as her hands roamed over her torso and dipped under her bra to caress her nipples, which strained for her own well-practiced touch.

*Oh yes.*

She sighed, aching for release, aching for a man's touch—one man's touch. Soon. Soon she'd have what she craved.

Hooking her feet under the crossbar at the back of the secured chair, she hoisted herself up before pivoting to face the crowd. Sitting straight, her feet together and butt cheeks on the very edge of the seat, she took hold of her knees and slowly pulled her legs apart.



*I've got them now.*

Yearning was palpable and filled the air like an electric charge. For a moment Kallie pondered just how many cocks were close to bursting.

She tossed her head forward, allowing her hair to spiral down and curtain a triumphant grin. Composed, she whipped it back and shook out the long tresses before coming to her feet.

She'd drawn her act out long enough. It was time to bring it to a close.

A strip of Velcro kept the lace bra in place, and it took only a thumb and forefinger for her to wrench it free, baring twin globes with hard-as-rock cherry nipples, to every pleasure-seeking gaze.

She shimmied and hoots and cheers erupted en-masse, even louder than the music with its heavy, pulsating beat.

Smiling, she sauntered to the edge of the stage, spiked thigh-high boots and thong still in place. She could have removed it, but without it strapped tight to her ass, there'd be nowhere to secure the tips from all-too-eager men willing to part with their cash. House rules meant she had two minutes tops to work the room and earn what she could before the next act started—and before the wound-up, lecherous men became a little too impassioned.

"Here's a hundred." A large, dark-skinned hand tucked the note under the string of her thong and she barely repressed a shiver of excitement when he added throatily, "And there'll be ten more of those if I can see you later tonight."

A gentleman? Why didn't he just come right out and ask if he could see her ASAP and fuck her senseless? Forcing away thoughts of whom she really wanted, she gave him a seductive smile. Of course she wouldn't agree to his offer, but still, it couldn't hurt to tease—it's what she was paid to do. She pushed her breasts close, drawling huskily, "It could be worth my while."

"Then I hope this gentleman won't mind sharing."

Kallie pivoted, all her senses straining to see Seth, to touch, listen, taste. Her belly dipped suddenly and flip-flopped as her mind overtook her body's response. Surely he didn't think she'd share herself around. Did he?

The illicit thought left her feeling disorientated, conflicted. She needed the money, desperately – and though she'd wanted to experience life outside the square, this hadn't ever been on her to-do list. She just wanted...Seth.

The man of her thoughts reached up and slid a folded wad of notes under her thong. "I'll double his offer."

Her heart stuttered at his touch, his voice, his look. Her skin goose bumped as she managed a nod. My oh my, he was handsome. A bronze face enhanced the possessive glitter of hard, almost-black eyes, softened mildly by long sooty lashes and disheveled spikes of jet-black hair.

She shivered, her pulse thudding. His stare ate her up, burned her with an intensity that was both frightening and exciting. "That's very generous," she all but purred, leaning down and stroking one index finger under the rough, day-old stubble of his chin. "The question is, can you afford me?"

His eyes flashed, reminding her of strong, bitter coffee. Then his head lifted, welcoming her touch. Passion thickened his voice, "I'd give you the last coin in my wallet if that's what it'd take."

Her throat dried. He meant it. He really, really meant it! She leaned closer still, her mouth next to his ear as she murmured above the music, "Then I hope I don't disappoint."

He turned his head, his lips almost touching hers. "Believe me, you won't."

She tore her gaze from his, away from his kissable lips, away from the sensual spell he wove. That he felt deeply for her was not an issue. What she was going to do about it was.

The music faded. Her time was up.

All her attention focused on the man who fascinated her as much as she seemed to fascinate him. She managed a jerky nod. "I'll see you soon."

Kallie turned to the nameless, dark-skinned man who watched their exchange with burning eyes, adding, "And you too."

A threesome. She shivered with something close to alarm. Yet she was also aware that anticipation sung in her blood—and it struck her anew just how very bored and jaded she'd grown with her privileged upbringing.

After the death of her mother in a water-skiing accident when she was barely eight years old, her increasingly disinterested father had assuaged his guilt by giving her whatever she asked. It was only when he'd learned his daughter's youthful crush had strong feelings for her too, that he'd shown sudden concern—along with a steely, unbending spine.

In the end, her dad's threat to disinherit her hadn't mattered. Some things simply couldn't be bought.

Backstage, she descended the steps leading to the womens' large dressing room, pushing cheerless thoughts aside as she made her way through a dozen or so semi-naked bodies. She headed toward the far end of the room, to where she'd claimed her handkerchief-sized, personal allotment.

Grabbing a black mini-dress from the racks of assorted, fuck-me clothes, she pulled it on, admiring how its silver sequined hem fell just below the curve of her ass, accentuating it.

"Looks like you're finally succumbing to temptation," Leonie said mildly while she applied yet another layer of burnt-orange lipstick.

Kallie placed her tips into a cash-tin and locked it shut. She took a glittering hair tie from her dresser and turned to acknowledge the buxom redhead, whose hazel eyes watched her from the reflection of her dresser mirror.

“Yes, I’m sure Max will be relieved.” She tugged her hair up into a high ponytail and laughed without humor. “Why wouldn’t he be? He’ll be making a wad off me tonight.”

Leonie grimaced, then capped the lipstick and fluffed her ginger hair. “He’ll be delighted. You fuck some horny men and he stands back with his hand out.”

“I know.” Her heart thudded at the prospect. She’d never agreed to a threesome before. She felt as though she’d thrown herself into the deep end and was drowning in self-doubt. Ill-ease slid down her spine but was followed closely by a voice of reassurance.

It’d be okay. She’d have to be blind not to see the possessive way Seth looked at her. He wouldn’t share her – would he?

Taking a deep breath, she tugged her dress down, ensuring the neckline showed ample cleavage. “At least I’ll be getting some action, unlike that old goat.”

Unashamedly naked, Leonie spun around on her high bar stool. Her white thighs, with their dusting of freckles, slipped apart and revealed a moist sheen beneath a strawberry vee of hair. “I’ve been sucking that old goat’s cock dry now for months,” she said with a sigh, but her eyes glinted as she appraised Kallie. “To be honest, I’d do you for free if the dirty bugger didn’t pay me five-hundred cash to get his rocks off.”

In a profession where passion quickly faded and money became the only thing that mattered, it was a compliment of the highest order. Even a mental picture of Leonie, her matchstick-orange lips wrapped around Max’s cock as he reclined in his leather chair, a smile creasing his wrinkled face, couldn’t diminish the inner glow.

She sashayed closer to the naked redhead. Her pussy was already moist with a frustration she’d yet to soothe. Now her body was also flushed with curiosity. “I’ve never done it with a woman before.”

“Then you’ve been missing out big-time,” Leonie said with a breathy sigh. Her tongue slipped across her glossy top lip. “I like to make a woman squirm.”

Everything around them receded as Kallie allowed the redhead to slip taloned fingers behind her ass and tug her forward.

"Oh."

One of Leonie's hands lifted Kallie's flimsy dress, while the other slipped inside her panties to part her cunt wide. A finger went deep into the juices and then expertly flicked the sensitive nub of her clit.

"Save that for a paying audience."

Kallie's breath hissed in outraged disbelief when Leonie's hands fell to her sides. The redhead immediately gave attention to their boss, who clearly paid her too much to do anything but.

"Just playing, sweet cakes," Leonie purred, giving him a smile and an extra tantalizing look at her bounty as she parted her legs wider.

Max scowled, her seduction clearly a wasted effort. "Not on my time, you're not."

"Charming, as usual," Kallie muttered, passion ebbing as frustration increased.

"Haven't you got clients waiting?" asked her boss, jabbing his thumb toward the back rooms.

*Of course!* Kallie smiled, suddenly so much better as a lush wickedness spiraled within. Seth was waiting for her.

"And make it worth their while," Max rumbled, dollar signs in his watery stare. "We want them back again and willing to part with more of their cash."

"If they do return..." She paused beside him, aware of his stale scent made worse by the Columbian cigars he endlessly smoked. She grimaced. How did Leonie bear to touch him? "It won't be because of the overpriced booze and plush furnishings."

Leaving him spluttering behind her, she made her way to the hallway in the back of the club, where the doorways were nothing more than thick velvet drapes. Moans and sighs drifted from behind them, causing the ache in her pussy to throb fiercer still as she strode past.

She lengthened her stride then and jerked the allocated curtain aside.

*Oh my.*

The dark-skinned man was already undressed, one hand stroking his huge cock. Seth was fully clothed in ass-hugging jeans and an open, fleece-lined jacket that was a couple of shades lighter than his midnight-dark hair. He waited on the sofa, possessive hunger filling his gaze.

It was an automatic reaction for her to pinpoint Seth. Holding his gaze, she asked, "Starting without me?"

"I'd say at least one of us is," he said drily, yet there was an unmistakable note of tension in his voice.

She smiled. She wasn't going to make this any easier for him! Stepping into the room, she slipped the dress ever so slowly over her head. She wore no bra and she heard an audible groan from them both as she bared her breasts. A wet patch on her panties revealed her own lust and after she peeled them off and threw them aside, the dark-skinned man caught them midair with his free hand—his other one still attached to his cock—and breathed in her scent.

Seth glowered, looking oddly out of place in all his clothes. She focused on him once more—the man she'd danced for every night, lusted for. She stepped close and ran a hand along the side of his stubbled face. "Seth." She gave him a lazy smile. "You've been watching me."

He didn't return her smile. Serious eyes appraised her, touched her deep inside until her heartstrings thrummed. He gave a slow, considering nod. "Yes. From your very first performance."

His gaze held hers and even when he took hold of her hand and gently raised her fingers to his mouth, brushing her knuckles with his lips and making her feel more delicate than the finest china, she felt his touch consume her like a force field.

Tears sprang to her eyes. She blinked rapidly and then pulled away. Sizzling passion she could handle. But she didn't want to feel cherished. Not here. Not now.

He grimaced, apparently understanding her reaction. His lashes dropped, veiling his eyes. When he next looked up, shadows lay thick in his stare. "After you." He motioned her toward a bed against the far wall.

She swallowed past the ball of doubt lodged deep in her throat and sucked in a breath. Raising her chin, she nodded before sashaying toward the gaudy bed with its gold satin coverlet.

Seth's hot stare scorched her back, causing a river of desire to fizz through her veins and short-circuit all reservation. Need coiled tight in her belly, each and every nerve ending straining for release.

Kallie sat on the bed and turned to face Seth. Suddenly he was right in front of her. His large hands curled around her thighs, goose bumping her skin and making her heart thud harder still. The other man's breath hissed as he watched Seth part her legs and expose her moist center to their avid gazes.

Seth dropped to his knees and dipped his head then watched her from above her mound as he tongued her clit in one long, hot sweep.

*Oh.* Her toes curled inside her boots and pleasure ricocheted through her pussy. There was something to be said about a fully aroused, fully dressed man who held himself back while he leisurely fucked a woman with his tongue.

"Don't stop." She swallowed a breath when his mouth completely covered her clit and expertly sucked. "Don't...you...dare...stop." Her words came out in a strangled hiss.

Only too aware of her approaching orgasm, the bastard did stop. Her clit was sensitized and throbbing with acute need. He moved up, his eyes glittering and intense while his mouth covered her disappointed groan and his tongue plunged between her lips.

He kissed with skill, his mouth possessing hers until it seemed it was just him and her, and nothing else. Nobody else mattered.

She savored the hint of whiskey on his breath, which mingled with the musky scent of her pussy. The taste was intoxicating and carnal and shockingly intimate.

“Hey, what about me?” the dark-skinned man asked from somewhere behind them, his voice possibly tighter than his cock.

Kallie pulled free, yet she remained transfixed by Seth. His arousal was only too obvious through his jeans and the hard glitter in his eyes clearly said *mine*. “If you want exclusive rights, just say the word,” she said to him, her voice a little too breathless, a little too...needy.

A muscle jerked to life along his jaw but before he could voice a reply, Leonie’s trilling tone cut in, “Ooh. Can I join the fun?”

Kallie’s attention swung to the redhead who had paused at the curtained entrance to take in the private show. She smiled at Kallie, a mischievous glint in her eyes. Then, with the drapes swishing shut behind her, she tottered inside on impossibly high heels – and still as naked as the day she was born.

Leonie zeroed in on Seth, who’d pushed off the bed and stood towering and tense beside Kallie. “What’s your name, sugar pie?” she asked.

His eyes met Kallie’s, and stayed on her as he finally said, “Seth.”

Leonie fluttered her lashes at him, for a moment forgetting everyone else. “You missed my dance. Would you like a personal performance?”

He glanced at the redhead. “I think I’ve seen enough.”

His nonchalant dismissal showed his indifference, and Leonie grinned, a glint in her eye as she turned her attention to Kallie. “I bet he wouldn’t say no to a little girl-on-girl action.”

Seth didn’t protest, but he looked taut, edgy – emotions that appeared to escalate with the other man’s pained groan of assent.

At the sound, Leonie diverted her gaze to the other man. “Oh. And what’s your name?”



"Mike," he uttered. His hand slid up and down his veined shaft in a slower, well-practiced pace and Kallie saw the bead of pre-cum form on the helmet of his massive cock as he growled, "But I can be anyone you want."

Leonie giggled like a schoolgirl who'd been gifted her first chaste kiss. "I like the sound of that." She slipped a finger deep inside her cunt, a thumb strumming her clit as she said with a little sigh, "Why don't you...join us?"

"I thought you'd never ask," he grunted.

Verbal foreplay with Mike already over, the redhead stopped playing with herself and leaned over Kallie, her musky, taloned fingers intertwining behind her ponytail.

"Kiss me," said the redhead, the sharp points of her nipples brushing Kallie's breasts.

Kallie's breath caught in her throat at the delicious merge of Leonie's open mouth on hers. Though her kiss wasn't the dominant force of Seth's, the way her soft mouth sucked and nibbled pushed Kallie's temperature up another few degrees.

She barely noticed when Leonie pushed her fully backward, her carrot-colored mouth still attached to hers. Then the redhead pressed expert kisses along her throat, her tongue darting in and out, licking and tasting her flesh before she stilled at Kallie's breasts. With a throaty cry, Leonie sampled first one breast and then the other, sucking the nipples into her mouth like someone starved.

Kallie arched her back with a guttural sigh, crooking her head to watch Seth as he watched her. His eyes were dark with lust but shadowed with something even darker, his jaw tight with strain. Then Mike broke the intimate connection and filled her vision, causing her thoughts to scatter.

He pulled Leonie's ass toward his monster cock while carefully guiding the redhead's mouth lower, between Kallie's thighs. Then, with a loud grunt that voiced his long-suppressed lust, he impaled Leonie's cunt. She hissed out a moan that was clearly half pain, half rapture.

Kallie writhed and whimpered at the lust-filled visual, at the feel of Leonie's mouth feasting on her spread pussy, licking and sucking her aching clit. When Leonie deep tongued her channel, Kallie felt a sudden, urgent tremor of sensation and she mewled when everything suddenly dimmed for an earth-stopping second and became a roar in her ears as a pulsing, mini-climax hit her hard.

"Don't stop sucking her clit, baby," Mike said on a high and breathless note as he pounded in and out of Leonie's cunt like a jackhammer, his glazed eyes taking in the show spread out before him. "Make her come again."

Like a true professional, Leonie suckled and nibbled, her tongue lashing the nub until Kallie thought she'd shatter into a thousand juddering pieces.

But it was only when she looked away from the amazing things Leonie did with her mouth, her eyes once again catching and holding Seth's burning stare, that she felt an approaching detonation—a spark before total ignition. She groaned with her release, coming with a ferocity that left her weak and shaky. And yet not quite fulfilled.

"Oh baby...oh baby...ohhh!" Mike yelled, his ejaculation coming moments later and Kallie turned away from Seth, watching as the dark man collapsed against Leonie's rump, his chest heaving.

The redhead lifted cat-green eyes from between Kallie's wide-spread thighs and licked her lips as though savoring the taste of pussy, a pleased smile on her face. "Didn't I say you've been missing out?"

"I guess...I guess you did."

At Kallie's apparently unsatisfactory answer, Leonie flicked one long nail over her exposed, hypersensitive clit. Kallie sucked in a sharp breath as the redhead drawled, "Just remember me when you think about the woman who fulfilled your fantasy."

She didn't get a chance to formulate a reply, didn't tell her that as pleasant as the liaison had been, it would be her first and last encounter with another woman. She knew now, without a doubt, who she wanted.

Mike pulled out, his cock slack but still impressively long. "Why don't you wrap that pretty mouth around my dick," he suggested to Leonie. "Taste all those sweet juices."

Leonie's stare glowed with the satisfaction of a well-fed cat. "Don't mind if I do."

Kallie stood and stepped toward Seth, hungry for completion. "It's your turn now, if you want me."

He stayed silent as he drank her in, the force of his gaze and the impressive bulge in his jeans telling her just how very much he did. But then his eyes softened, and he drew off his warm jacket and brought it around her shoulders.

"I want to," he said hoarsely.

She swallowed. Oh hell. "But?"

He glanced at Leonie and Mike. The man was already groaning approval, his hips thrown forward as the redhead sucked the length of his cock, her orange lips parted, eyes closed.

Was she truly enjoying herself, or was she thinking of what bill she'd pay tomorrow? Kallie suddenly wondered and grimaced.

"As much as I'd like to fuck you senseless," Seth said huskily, a wry look on his gorgeous face, "I'd much prefer to make love."

His hands brushed back a tendril of hair that had escaped her ponytail. "Keep the jacket," he whispered. Then, dropping a kiss to the top of her head, he strode away, out of the room. Out of her life?

And inexplicably, in the midst of the grunts and groans and sighs, Kallie burst into tears.

Was this what she truly wanted? She had someone at home who loved her just the way she was. No costume. No makeup. No titillating dance. Surely that was enough? The days of being Daddy's little princess were long buried, but was she seeking that

same adoration elsewhere? And was the pursuit of money going to cost her everything in the long run?

Hands trembling, she somehow buttoned up Seth's fleece-lined jacket, which on her fell to mid-thigh.

When she heard Mike's hoarse grunt of approval, she turned to see his face contort with ecstasy. Kallie croaked to the redhead, "He owes you a thousand."

With that, she stumbled out of the room, scrubbing away the tears and wearing nothing more than a jacket and boots.

"Hey." Max grabbed her by the arm as she ducked past the dressing room and headed toward the staff exit. "Where the hell do you think you're going?"

She peeled his fingers off, one by one, repulsed by his touch. "I'm. Going. Home." *You weasel.*

"Yeah? Well this is your home until you've earned your pay. And by the look of things," he glanced at his gaudy, overpriced watch, "you've been slacking off."

"Don't worry yourself. Leonie's filling in for me." At his graying face, she added, "I think she's enjoying her overtime."

He didn't try to stop her as she grabbed her money tin, retrieved the bills and threw them into her purse. She lurched past one of the beefy, tight-lipped bouncers before she pushed open the back door.

It slammed shut behind her and she lifted her face to the light drizzle that chilled the air and immediately dampened her hair.

Shadows lay heavy on the ground as she turned right and headed for home, her boots clacking eerily along the pavement. But she felt oddly reassured in Seth's coat. Even the stench of cigarette smoke, which pervaded everyone's clothes at the club, couldn't detract from his earthy, citrus scent.

## **Chapter Two**

Headlights splashed the road just ahead and moments later a sleek sedan pulled to a stop beside her. She paused as a door opened. Her heart thudded as she pulled the jacket tight around her.

"Hop in."

She knew who it was. But why now, did she feel so scared? So intimidated? "I'm not sure I want to."

The rumble of the sedan's powerful engine and its intermittent swish of wipers filled an otherwise taut silence.

"I'm not leaving until you get in," Seth finally rasped.

She paused, then casting a look around the desolate, bleak night, she climbed in.

His face was all angles and planes beneath the flickering streetlight. But his eyes stayed on her, his knuckles white on the steering wheel.

"What do you want from me?" he finally asked, his voice at once rough and sexy, but somehow bewildered.

The bench seat rasped against her pussy and sent tingles up her clit and she wondered abstractedly if there'd be a wet spot there, come morning. "I shouldn't have to spell it out."

He swore, then unbuckled his seat belt and climbed out, striding around to the passenger side before heaving her outside too. "Is this what you want?"

She groaned with need when his hard mouth dominated hers in a kiss where she could taste his every pent-up emotion.

He pushed her against the hood, his arousal very much in evidence even through the thick denim of his jeans. He tore his mouth free. "Damn it," he growled, "if this is how you like it, then heaven help me, this is how you'll get it."

He kissed her again, hungrily, almost angrily. Her breath came out heavy and fast, the growth of stubble on his face like sandpaper against her skin. But oh, how she loved it. It was exhilarating. Liberating. Thrilling. And as he plundered her mouth, she plundered right back.

Seth raised his head to demand thickly, "Boots off."

From anyone else, she would have bristled with outrage, but from him, right now, domination was just exactly what she wanted. What she needed! She unzipped her thigh-highs and tugged them off. They thudded somewhere on the road, one after the other.

Seconds later he was hoisting her onto the hood of his gleaming car, its engine throbbing deliciously beneath her. With deft fingers he unbuttoned the jacket he'd given her and then wrenched it apart, exposing her to his hungry gaze. "So beautiful," he said hoarsely.

She felt her nipples pucker into hard buds and she smiled up at his shadowy face, feeling so very, very wanton when he released the jacket and it pooled around her. She could easily cover herself if anyone should spy them participating in such a "lewd" act, although the idea of an audience right then was shockingly titillating.

She squirmed. She needed him inside her. "Fuck me!"

His eyes briefly gleamed in the darkness, lit sporadically by a stuttering streetlight and then he was spreading her wide and pulling her wet cunt toward him. Undoing his fly, he released his cock, pressing its head to her slit and rotating his hips, teasing her with an intimate touch that scraped over her vulva, her rigid clit.

Delicious heat thrummed through her hardening bud of flesh. "Please!" she said through gritted teeth. "Before I—"

He thrust forward, filling her long and deep and causing her to cry out in shocked, utter delight. He pulled out, then slid inch by slow torturous inch all the way back in. "Ooh yes," she breathed.

His cock filled her channel as a blade did its sheath. Only there was nothing sharp or painful about his penetration, just wonderful, exquisite pleasure.

"Faster," she all but sobbed, wanting the intimacy of a long, slow fuck but needing release even more. "Harder!" She planted a foot on his shoulder as he gave in to her demands, his heavy balls slapping her butt cheeks and driving her wild with lust.

She knew this was as fundamentally primitive as one could ask, with their bodies gleaming with rain and sweat and jarring with frenzied coupling. "Seth!" A shockwave of heat blindsided her, bolted through her every nerve ending like wildfire streaming downhill.

He slammed inside her one last time, bellowing his own release as he filled her with his hot cum, his head rocking back.

The sedan's engine vibrated underneath as, long seconds later, Kallie disentangled her legs and stretched like a sleepy, contented cat. She lifted her face to the sky, allowing the soft rain to fall onto her skin, roll down her nose and plunk from her chin. "I needed that like you wouldn't believe."

He stayed silent, though she sensed his intense dark eyes eating her up as she lay back, enjoying the rhythmic purr of the engine and the drizzle that cooled her heated skin.

"You know, I made sure Mike never touched you," Seth said at length, as though starting this conversation was the most natural thing in the world.

She rolled onto her side to face him, an outspread hand beneath her cheek as she rested an elbow on the hood. "Really?"

He nodded, ever watchful. "I asked one of the bouncers to pass an urgent message to whichever stripper was available." He gave Kallie a wry look. "Leonie was paid a good deal of money to entertain Mike."

"And yet she had eyes only for you." The thought tugged at her insides and made her stomach burn like acid.

"She didn't know which man had paid her or which man she needed to distract." He grinned and shrugged. "I didn't have time to write down names."

Kallie pursed her lips. Seth really was a possessive man. She bet Leonie was disappointed she'd missed out on fucking him. She stifled a grin and arched provocatively on the hood. She could happily go another round right now.

He was hard again. But he leaned down and kissed her gently on her lips. "Did I hurt you?"

She touched her chafed lips. "I'll live."

His thumb pad traced her mouth and he said with regret, "I'd better take you home."

She sat up, more than a little disappointed as she watched him tuck away his thickening cock before pulling up the zipper on his jeans. He helped her back into the jacket—her jacket now—before buttoning it.

"Thanks for the offer to take me home," she managed. "Honestly though, I'd rather walk." *I've got a lot of thinking to do.*

His eyes flared. "It's dangerous this side of the city." She felt the muscles in her face pull taut and before she could utter a rejection he put a hand up, gesturing for her to wait. "Okay, but let me at least find something to cover you better."

Seth unlatched the trunk and came back with a slim pair of ladies denim jeans. "My wife is a shopaholic," he said in a faintly sardonic tone and passed them to her.

She frowned but took them from him without comment and pulled them on, recognizing the designer label. Unable to resist a little sarcasm of her own, she said, "What do you know, a perfect fit."

He nodded, his face drawing tight. "She has a whole wardrobe brimming with exclusive clothes. She became a compulsive shopaholic after—" He cut short his words



and shrugged, clearly unwilling to say anything more. After walking to the driver's side of the car, before getting in, he added, "I just wish she wouldn't focus wholly on her outer beauty."

"Bastard," she muttered, retrieving her boots and slipping them on as he dropped into the seat, slammed the door and gunned the motor. He pulled away with a quick squeal of tires. Perhaps his wife tried to make him notice her and bought those clothes to snag his attention? She knew only too well how easily self-assurance could skid into insecurity. It was, after all, another reason she continued to strip. Having men ogle her body pressed the right buttons for her self-confidence.

She followed the receding taillights down the road. When she could no longer hear even the sound of the engine and nothing but shadows and a few hardened souls were still out at this time of night, she came to the conclusion she really did feel safer with these jeans covering her ass.

Some forty minutes later she turned into the driveway of her modest, two-bedroom house. She stilled for a moment, turning her face into the damp, eucalyptus-scented breeze.

She and her husband had bought this once run-down, poorly maintained home dirt cheap. They should have upgraded long ago, except money was still unbelievably tight and selling it felt wrong somehow, as if they'd be disregarding the last five years of their lives — good and bad — by doing so.

Squaring her shoulders, she marched toward the front door, her boots squelching on the wet pavement. It wasn't until she was at the patio that she realized she'd left her purse and the door key on the front seat of Seth's car.

Right beside the wet spot.

"Fuck." She patted Seth's jacket pockets, persisting in the vain belief that one or the other would miraculously be found.

"You're back."

Kallie looked up with a start, utterly relieved. She hadn't heard the front door open. Her husband usually got tired of waiting for her arrival.

Damn, he was gorgeous. "Hi, babe." Even in her heeled boots she had to stand on tiptoe to kiss him. "I'm glad you're still awake."

"That sounds promising," he said throatily, but his eyes were strained, his face weary.

She looked at him. For the first time in ages, really looked. She let out a ragged breath. "I think we need to talk."

His face blanched and he stepped away. "All right. I'm listening."

"I..." Where to start? She had so much to tell, but the words seemed stuck in her throat, hard to explain and harder still to admit—even to herself. She dragged a hand through the ends of her ponytail. It was matted and wet and no doubt smelled of smoke and probably worse. "A shower first, then...then we really do have to talk."

He nodded. "I'm not going anywhere."

*No, he never has,* she realized. Her vision blurred as tears threatened once again. After everything that'd happened, everything she'd put him through, he'd stuck by her. He'd been a rock in her emotional sea of quicksand.

Swiping her eyes dry, she headed a little unsteadily toward the bathroom, the polished wooden floorboards clacking underfoot. Her steps faltered halfway there as her gaze automatically veered to the mantelpiece, to the framed wedding portrait revealing two young people deliriously in love.

*Oh god.*

And as the flames lapped and hissed around hunks of wood in the open fireplace, a cold trickle of tears did, at last, run freely down her face.

## Chapter Three

Stumbling the last few steps into the bathroom, Kallie clutched at the sink's rim, swaying and lightheaded. "Shit." The vertigo passed, but even when she screwed her eyes shut, she could see their happy faces in the wedding photo as if it were tattooed into her mind.

Her husband had had the unashamed grin of a man who couldn't believe his luck—a man who hadn't stopped beaming from the moment his eyes had met hers as she'd walked toward him down the aisle.

With her strapless ice-blue gown so pale it was practically white, her blonde hair upswept into an intricate braided knot with interwoven pearls and matching pearl drop earrings, she'd looked positively radiant—and would have looked it even had she been wearing an old potato sack. She'd been totally, irrevocably head over heels in love and it had shown.

They belonged together. They always would.

The realization hit and another dizzy spell flared. Only when it receded did she become aware of her husband's approaching tread. She looked up, his concerned face appearing in the mirror behind her.

"Kallie, what's wrong?"

She forced a tight, somewhat wobbly smile, her belly tying itself in knots. She'd been so stupid and so utterly selfish. Her recklessness and disregard could easily have ended their marriage. She swallowed, feeling ill. "Nothing," she managed to croak, her head swirling as she pushed away yet another attack of giddiness. "I'll...I'll be fine."

*Liar!*

"Then what are these for?" he asked huskily, using the pads of his thumbs to blot at the twin streaks of tears running down her cheeks.

With a sigh, she tipped her head back, the crown of her scalp pressing against his chest. "They're for you," she whispered, her shining eyes catching his in the mirror as he looked up sharply. "I've been incredibly selfish, haven't I?"

His hands were comforting, strong, as they settled on her shoulders. "Sweetheart, you had your reasons."

Yes, she had. They both had.

She sagged fully into his touch as he began to knead her muscles, manipulating the stiffness and tension until she felt much of it slowly leach away. "Things were so different when we were newlyweds," she said softly. "So much passion, so much happiness. It was almost surreal, like nothing terrible could ever touch us."

His hands abruptly stilled. "Except something terrible did." His sensual lips compressed into a thin line, his voice raw and edged with jagged bitterness as he burst out, "Our baby was stillborn!"

Something inside her squeezed tight—her womb, her heart? And as emotions flooded within like an unrelenting tide, she was shocked to discover her tears had all but dried. "I'm sorry."

"No. Don't apologize! Don't you dare!" He sucked in a breath, clearly fighting to regain control. "It was nobody's fault. Not mine, not yours." His fingers dug into her shoulders and she flinched at his involuntary strength. He dropped his hands to his sides and she recognized the shaft of agony crossing his face that leached him of color. "It took a lot of soul-searching for me to understand we weren't invincible, that life had thrown us a curve ball in order to test our love."

Inert against him, she could feel the strain in his body, the wire-tight, leashed strength. She wept with him but now it was all on the inside. She stayed silent, wanting, needing to hear him speak of the trauma that had created such pain between them.

"We grieved for our loss, of course we did. But we should never have grieved on our own. I threw myself into my career and then watched as you began to question your life, your dreams, even your looks!"

"You're right, I did question everything," she said starkly, pain scraping at her insides to even admit it. "And even more when you became so remote, so guarded. At times it felt as though you'd buried me right along with our little boy."

"No!" He snagged her waist and pulled her around to face him, his breath warm on her brow when he drew her into his arms. "You were my world. You are my world."

She looked up, biting her bottom lip. "Really?"

"Yes!" He stroked back the piece of her hair that'd fallen free. "I just didn't know how to make things better, didn't know how to make you smile again."

Her husband helpless...vulnerable?

She pressed her face into the silken warmth of his shirt, breathing in his spicy male scent. "I wish I'd known." Her voice was muffled. "We hardly spoke afterward. And I couldn't deal with a reality that'd become so unbearable. My only escape was living out my fantasy, proving to myself that I wasn't lacking, that I was still a desirable, beautiful woman."

He pressed a lingering kiss on her scalp, his breath warm. "I never begrudged that. Not when I saw you smile up on that stage for the first time. Not when I realized stripping really did make you feel beautiful again." He sighed. "Not even when I had to stand beside dozens of baying men eyeballing my half-naked wife."

His selflessness was almost incomprehensible. He was a possessive, even jealous man and she could only imagine how he must have felt. She looked up, meeting his stare. "I really am lucky to have you," she whispered.

*My sweet, darling Seth.*

The truth tugged at her heartstrings, rekindled something deep inside until suddenly her emotions were no longer bleak shades of gray. Love blossomed within, a re-opening flower bursting into vibrant, dazzling life, a reawakened awareness of her husband that was almost palpable.

Something shifted in his dark eyes—relief, joy? She stared, spellbound, when yearning quickly filled his gaze, a feeling no doubt mirrored in her own eyes as desire curled like smoke all the way to her toes.

With a groan his head swooped low, his mouth possessing hers with a skill that fired tingles of pleasure along her lips and sent a burst of heat between her thighs. She quivered, parting her mouth and sucking the tip of his tongue as it slid like warm satin within. When she imagined a much more intimate sucking, she whimpered a little, her pussy clenching in response.

He broke the kiss first and she twined her arms over his shoulders, her fingers digging into the silky strands at the back of his head to tug him close. He didn't budge. His heavy-lidded gaze stayed fixedly on her. "No rushing this time. I want to savor the moment, savor you."

She smiled, melting a little more inside. Her breath hitched in the next instant as he spun her around to again face the mirror. And as she watched his dark head move low, his mouth then latching onto the side of her throat, she arched back, electric heat sparking into a steadily building furnace at each suctioned press of his lips.

He retraced the sensitized area with one lick of his tongue, and she couldn't hold back a ragged moan, could do little more than tilt her head toward his skilled onslaught, allowing him better access.

He chuckled softly and pressed butterfly kisses down to the sensitive pulse point at the hollow of her throat. She moaned again, urgently this time, and he lifted his head, his mouth close to her ear when he said, "You look happier now. Would it be smug of me to suggest I've made you feel better?"

His breath tickled inside her ear, goose bumps scuttling down her spine. "A little," she breathed, "on both counts."

"Just a little?" he murmured with a wicked grin, unhooking the buttons on her jacket before exposing her upper torso. One of his hands slipped under the lapels, his

lightly calloused palm covering her breast before he rolled a rose-colored nipple between his thumb and forefinger.

She sagged against him fully and closed her eyes, giving in to the delicious shivers filling her body. "A lot," she breathed out almost inaudibly.

"Then don't fight it. Open your eyes," he requested huskily. "Watch me pleasure you."

She forced her lids apart, her hazy vision following his palm as he cupped her other breast, his deft fingers plying her flesh and sending ripples of pleasure straight to her core. As he pulled and tweaked her hardening nipple she wondered if the exquisite pleasure-pain just might see her disintegrate.

"Let's get you into the shower," he suggested huskily, drawing the jacket over her shoulders and down her arms, leaving in its wake another, fiercer swathe of goose bumps. As he opened the glass door and reached inside to flip the tap lever, she pulled off her boots and unzipped her jeans, tugging the denim down her legs before stepping out of them and kicking them aside.

A gush of water immediately steamed the air as it hit the tiled floor of the shower cubicle. Seth's stare was even hotter as she stepped beneath the invigorating needles of water and lifted her head.

She didn't need to see if her husband was shucking his clothes. Even above the faucet pressure she could hear the rasp of his jeans sliding down his strong thighs and calves, heard the clang of his belt buckle hitting the floor, the whisper of his shirt as he tugged his arms free from its sleeves. And it came as no surprise when she felt the lather of a soaped cloth as it slid like warm butter over her shoulders, down her spine and over the curve of her buttocks.

When he drew the cloth around to her front and up over her sensitized breasts she couldn't help but sob out his name. He groaned in response, his rock-hard cock pressing into the small of her back even before he tugged her against him, her spine aligning to his chest and belly, her ass to his corded thighs.

She shifted up onto her toes, pushing her rump and her greedy cunt closer to his cock. "I want you inside me," she gasped above the noise of the shower. "I want you to fill my pussy and fuck me."

"Not just yet." His voice was guttural and hoarse. "First, I'm going to take you right to the edge."

"Damn it, I'm already there!"

But any further protests died in her throat as his hands dropped between her thighs, his fingers spreading her wide and exposing her clit to the steaming air and rivulets of water. At his first deft touch she almost climaxed, the tip of his forefinger circling and pressing with a rhythmic motion that set her pussy, her entire body, aflame.

"And then..." He sank one finger, then two, deep inside her tight, wet cunt. "I'm going to make long, hot love with you."

She came with a gush, crying out something unintelligible while her inner muscles suctioned his fingers and she shuddered convulsively. He turned her around to face him. She was boneless, putty in his hands and his grin was openly triumphant as he said, "You're mine!"

*Yes! Oh god, yes!*

She wriggled, restless in his arms, intoxicated by the sight of his cock's purple-tinged, heart-shaped head, his shaft long, thick and beaded with water. Then he was gripping either side of her hips and lifting her high, his cock probing the entrance of her slick pussy as she curled her legs around his waist.

Steam billowed around them but the heat flushing her skin and warming her blood had little to do with the temperature of the shower. Her husband's skill was all too apparent, all too shockingly arousing!

"You're not just wet on the outside," he growled as he pulled back out and rotated his hips, circling the head of his cock against her engorged clit, pressing her open, tingling flesh that undoubtedly glistened with her juices.



“I’m so ready to—”

The breath wheezed from her throat as he pulled her down onto him, her cunt sheathing his cock in one slow-motion slide that was heaven and hell all in one. A wicked indulgence that went way beyond heavenly.

Bombarded by sensation she arched back, the crown of her head cracking against the tiled wall. She barely noticed. She was aware only of the pleasure rolling through her in waves—of his cock buried deep, his splayed hands holding her so effortlessly in place.

When he started rocking inside her in a slow but steadily building pace, she bit her lip to keep from crying out. Another, much more powerful orgasm was just seconds away. She felt it with his every slide in and out, with her every nerve ending in the secret place somewhere deep inside her channel and within her engorged clit that he shamelessly chafed with every movement.

He pumped faster, tilting her forward so that her clit kissed along the length of his sliding cock. She gasped, with such intense, orgasmic pleasure it was almost excruciating. And then she did cry out, loud and long, her husband as quickly roaring her name, shooting his release one deep stroke later.

Seth folded Kallie into his arms, waiting for his pulse to slow but aware the euphoria would take much longer to fade. God, he loved this woman, would love her until his very last, dying breath. And as tragic and distressing as their loss had been—losing Kallie—that was something he couldn’t bear even to think about.

Watching her take her clothes off these last few months while sharing the view with a hundred other men had almost killed him. It had also driven him wild with lust.

When she’d danced just hours before, ripping off her microscopic bra, he’d had an urgent compulsion to leap up onto the stage and kiss her senseless, his body shielding her beautiful breasts from the crowd. Stupid bastard that he was, he’d instead tested her marriage vows, all the while fighting off the temptation to smash the bastard’s face who’d propositioned her for a threesome.

When Kallie gave every indication she'd agree, his self-centered cock might have grown thick and heavy, but she'd as good as torn strips from his heart, one ragged, bloody piece at a time.

Flicking a switch in his mind to shut off such self-destructive thoughts, he wrapped her closer in his arms, his jaw resting on her head as he breathed in the apple-scented fragrance of her hair. God help him for scrabbling after any crumb she tossed his way, but tonight had been as close as she'd gotten to admitting she still had feelings for him.

He just thanked the good lord he'd recognized how she felt. He'd seen it in her eyes when she'd asked if he wanted exclusive rights. She hadn't even once looked at the other guy.

Shutting off the shower, he slung a towel over them before carrying her out of the bathroom, dripping wet. He set her on her feet in their bedroom and she wobbled for a moment before standing like an obedient, trusting child while he gently wiped her dry.

"My turn," she said a few minutes later, her skin glowing from the rubdown, from their lovemaking.

He nodded and stood with his legs apart, his arms partially raised as she hooked the towel around his neck and held its ends. The towel skidded as she drew it back and forth across his shoulders, down his back and buttocks, a friction made that much more maddening as he watched her rosy breasts jiggle, the slit beneath the fluffed-up hair on her pussy just begging for his tongue.

She dropped to her knees, facing his already half-jutting cock while she dragged the towel down across his thighs and calves. She let go of the towel and it plopped onto the carpet as she looked up and said hoarsely, "Done."

Seth held his breath as she leaned forward, letting it escape with a hiss as her tongue slid around his ball sac and then all the way up the underside of his cock.

*Oh, fuck.*

He threw his head back and closed his eyes, his whole body thrumming with sensation. His lids flicked open in surprise when she pulled back and stood.

She smiled sweetly at his obvious disappointment. "Oh, I'm not finished yet." She planted a hand in the center of his chest and pushed. He grinned and allowed her to propel him three steps backward before he all but fell onto the bed. "Lie down," she instructed.

He stretched out, hands knotting loosely behind his head, his cock stiffening. He grinned again, feeling utterly shameless and loving it. Sex, three times in as many hours. Not bad, not bad at all.

His grin sagged as she spun on her heel and walked away.

"Won't be a minute," she sang out.

He let out an unsteady breath and lay back to wait. Oddly enough, the anticipation had his blood singing, his cock perpetually a hairsbreadth from an embarrassing eruption. He'd always loved sex. But Kallie was the only woman he'd truly loved—physically, mentally, emotionally. He felt a connection to his wife, a loving that went gut-deep and squeezed at his soul and his heart.

He heard movement and pushed up onto his forearms even as a throb of sexy music filled the house. Kallie appeared in the open door of their bedroom, arms crossed above her head and one knee slightly bent as she leaned against the jamb.

*Sweet mother of mercy!*

His cock jerked. She was beyond gorgeous. She was mesmerizing, intoxicating. A push-up crimson satin bustier showed off the soft globes of her breasts and cinched in her slim waist. An attached skirt of petal-soft material fell to the floor in swirls of crimson and black.

She spun to the beat and the skirt flared, revealing bare feet, slim thighs, gently curving calves and a provocative garter peeking through. Her eyes glittered at his obvious arousal and then she sashayed toward him, to stand above him with her hips swiveling as she unclipped the skirt just below the bustier.

His mouth dried as the skirt fluttered free to bare her flat, toned belly and reveal a crimson thong that matched the bustier. She arched her back, her hands sliding up her

torso and over her breasts before momentarily pressing the twin globes together, deepening her cleavage.

"Hasn't anyone ever told you not to bring your work home," he rasped. Bloody hell, he was all but salivating!

"No."

She spun and he caught a flash of her bared ass with the thin ribbon of her thong kissing the curve of her crack. He shuffled backward to give her room then she was sitting on the bed between his legs. She leaned back onto her shoulders, stretching her legs high into the air above her.

He felt her stare and wondered hazily how he looked upside down, and all the while he was unable to tear his eyes away from the graceful, flexible length of her legs with their lacy garter. Then she was parting her thighs, opening them wide.

His cock hardened into steel. *Oh god.* The thong barely covered her thatch of hair. He could see a moist patch at her crotch—his juices or hers?—and with the delectable lips of her cunt pulled apart, the faint outline of her hard little clit.

In one deft movement, she flipped onto her feet. With her back to him he watched her reach behind and free the clips on her bustier. She drew it off and threw it aside, making him ache to see her breasts, to feel them, to run his thumb over her nipples until they were hard points for him to suck.

"Besides," she said huskily, her words barely audible as she looked ahead, swaying like a goddess to the music. "Stripping is no longer my work."

*What?*

His breath caught and suddenly he felt faint. "You're giving it up?"

She spun to face him and this time not even her writhing, sexy body could distract him.

Her eyes all but glowed. "Yes," she acknowledged, "along with my shopping sprees we can't afford. I accept now that you love me in sweats and a t-shirt just as

much as haute couture." She lifted an arm in time to the smoky music, weaving her wrist dramatically through the air. "The only stripping I'll be doing from now on is for you."

She stilled. Her voice broke as she whispered, "It was only ever for you."

The music reached its peak and she hovered at the foot of the bed, almost hesitantly before she admitted, "What we went through made me realize a person has to live in the real world and sometimes struggle to survive, enduring the worst of life to better understand true happiness."

God, she was so proud. So lovely. "I agree," he managed, something deep in his chest shifting. He grinned then, almost drunk with relief, with arousal, with love. "There's just one thing."

"Oh?"

"I have a fantasy I'd like to explore too." His grin widened at her total look of shock. He flipped over and reached into the bedside drawer, retrieving a shiny pair of handcuffs. "Except I'd like to act this one out behind closed doors. Just you and me."

He held them up and they caught the light. "What do you say?"

She broke into a fit of giggles, almost tripping over her feet to get to him. Moving onto the bed, she climbed over him until her face was inches above his. "I say, 'what are we waiting for?'"

The beginning strains of a rock ballad pierced the air and he inwardly smiled. What perfect timing. "I love you."

She audibly sighed. Leaning down, she brushed her lips over his. "I love you too."

As Seth brushed his fingertips over the soft skin of her face, he couldn't help but admire her stunning features, drown in her blue-green stare. His hand shook as he freed her hair from its clip. And running his fingers through its silken length, he was joyously aware they had all the time in the world now to rekindle their relationship.

His wife had come home to stay.

## About the Author

Mel Teshco lives in rural Australia with too many animals, too many children and not enough hours in the day to write!

Her loving husband is in training as a real-life hero and waits patiently to retire on the success of his wife's writing.

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

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