

SABERIN PRESS

*Jesse's*  
**GIRL**

KAREN ERICKSON

*He blew his chance once. Now he intends to blow her mind...*

Rick blew it, and he's never forgotten it. It's bad enough his best friend Jesse showed his true colors and stole Blair, the girl Rick wanted. Rick never understood what Blair saw in the loser, and still kicks himself for letting her slip through his fingers. But what's done is done.

Blair is horrified when she realizes that Jesse's lies cost her the happiness she might have found with Rick. It's been over with Jesse, but he won't leave her alone. Help comes from a totally unexpected source—Rick.

When Rick sees them together, he's confused but tells himself to get over it. Until Jesse lays a hand on her in anger. Now all bets are off. A second chance is all he's ever wanted and he intends to use it...up against a wall, in his bed, over and over again.

Until she surrenders to the idea that she was meant to be his girl. Forever.

Warning: This book contains lots of delicious, mouth-watering romance and love makin', including sex against the wall (a personal favorite) and the good ol' standby, sex in bed.

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# Jesse's Girl

*Karen Erickson*

# Dedication

To everyone who loves eighties music! This one's for you.

# Chapter One

“Yo, Rick, what are you doing here?”

Rick turned to see his former friend, Jesse, standing in front of him next to Blair. Rick’s very beautiful, extremely sexy and now ex-girlfriend Blair.

So why was his arm wrapped around her like he owned her outright?

“Hey, Jesse, how are ya?” Rick flicked his chin in Jesse’s direction, barely able to contain the disgust for Jesse that filled him at the sight of his so-called, ex-best friend with the woman he wanted more than anything in the world.

Blair Westcott. He’d met her first, been interested in her before Jesse. He’d even told Jesse all about her after meeting Blair at his and Jesse’s favorite hangout. The pretty rich girl had come round to slum at the bar and ended up chatting with Rick the entire night.

He’d been entranced, a little overwhelmed by her beauty, how easy it had been to talk to her. When he’d left her that night though, the doubts had set in. No way would a woman like that be interested in a guy like him. He hadn’t even bothered to make a move on her, had just gone straight back to the apartment he’d shared with Jesse and told him all about the gorgeous Blair.

Next night Jesse picked her up at the bar, brought her home and fucked her senseless. Rick had heard it all. The sounds of their lovemaking had made him sick to his stomach. That had been a little over six months ago. He and his friend had eventually parted ways, Rick finding his own apartment so he didn’t have to deal with watching Jesse and Blair together every night. Making smoochy-smoochy faces at each other, seeing the possessive way Jesse touched her, the mocking light in his eyes when he caught Rick watching.

A couple of months ago he’d heard through the local grapevine that Blair had dumped Jesse. So what was she doing with him tonight?

“Hi, Rick.” Her soft voice wafted over him, making his dick harder than a spike and he shifted from one foot to the other, trying to ease the discomfort.

“Hey, Blair.” He could barely look at her, didn’t want to stare too long into her beautiful blue eyes, lose himself in them.

Because he would, he always did. He was over the moon for her. He dreamed about her at night. Hot and sweaty dreams that always involved the two of them naked, tangled in the sheets, his cock buried to the hilt inside her sweet, sweet pussy.

"You at the festival alone? Can't get date?" Jesse jeered—the asshole—and Rick clenched his teeth, his hand automatically forming into a fist. It would give him great pleasure to pummel Jesse's pretty boy face, bloody him up good. The fucker deserved it.

Of course, Rick had never laid claim on Blair. Hell, he'd barely had time to. But Jesse had known how he'd felt, that he'd been interested in the hot little rich blonde who laughed easy and often.

And the jackass had still gone after her like a dog drooling over a juicy bone.

"Knock it off, Jesse. Don't be mean." Blair stepped away from him, putting some distance between them and Rick noticed the death stare Jesse shot her way.

Something was definitely up. He needed to make fast conversation and get the hell out.

"I'm meeting a couple of friends." Some of the guys he worked with had convinced him to come to the harvest festival their small town held every year at the fairgrounds. He'd been tired and dirty, but the idea of cheap beer, homemade soft tacos and cute chicks wandering among the booths had convinced him to give it a go.

He sure as hell wished he hadn't run into Jesse and Blair though. Talk about ruining his mood.

"Uh huh." Jesse nodded, an ugly glint in his eyes. The guy was a class-A jerk, hadn't grown up since they'd graduated high school and that had been over ten years ago. Rick had stuck by him since he'd known Jesse for so long, but he'd eventually tired of the bullshit.

He'd always wondered what a smart girl like Blair was doing with a loser like Jesse. It made no sense. Were they still together or what?

"Well, guess I better go meet them. Don't want to keep them waiting." Rick shot them a little wave and started toward the area where the food booths were, his lips compressed in a tight line.

Damn he hated the fact that Blair Westcott had such a hold over him. Just seeing her standing there, her long blonde hair pulled into a ponytail, her body covered in a simple T-shirt, sweater and jeans had his blood boiling, his cock surging against his fly.

He wondered what she would do if he grabbed her, hauled her against him and laid a deep, wet kiss on that pretty little mouth. Would she respond? Would her body yield to his, would her arms twist around him? Or would she shove him away and tell him to go to hell?

Probably the latter. Damn it all, he didn't know why he tortured himself.

Unable to help himself he glanced back for even more torture, wanting to catch a glimpse of Blair one last time.

He stopped short when he caught her watching him. Her big blue eyes seemed to plead with him, her lush lips parted as if she wanted to shout something. He almost started walking toward her, curious to see what she would do, but he didn't.

No, he turned and headed toward his destination, determination driving his every step.

Determination to forget that woman once and for all.

“That guy is *still* pissed at me.” Jesse shook his head, his hand snaking out to grab hold of hers and she winced when he squeezed a little too tight.

The man didn’t realize his own strength. Huh. Correction. More like, he wanted to show off his brute strength to anyone around him and she just happened to suffer from it.

She disentangled herself from his grip. “Who? Rick? Why is he mad at you?” She’d always liked Rick. A lot. So sweet, so friendly, he always made her laugh, knew how to cheer her up. He had a kind streak ten miles long and twenty miles wide and would do anything for those who needed help. And he was cute.

Really cute. In that hmm-he’s-just-a-guy, a nice guy, wait a minute, a super-*hot*-guy kind of way.

“Woman trouble,” Jesse muttered, obviously being vague. “After all those years of being friends, he ended it because of some chick.”

“What chick?” She’d been with Jesse for six months and had broken up with him a couple of months ago. He really wasn’t her type, they’d had nothing in common and he had hidden a meanness she didn’t want to be around anymore. It scared her sometimes, his behavior and she’d thought it best to call it off, end it before she got in too deep. Of course, it was like he’d followed her here tonight and her friends had already long dumped her to walk around when they saw Jesse wasn’t budging from her side.

She’d gotten together with him in the first place really just to spite her family. They’d always had such high expectations of her, wanting her to marry rich and live in some sterile mansion where she could entertain her high society friends day in and day out.

Rebelling against that idea since her early twenties, she’d really gone wild when she turned twenty-five and started hanging out in crappy bars, flirting with guys her father would flip out over.

Then she’d met Rick. He was completely different from any man she’d ever met. Sweet, a little shy, a mechanic who seemed to have an overwhelming passion for cars. She’d thought he was so nice she’d gone back to that particular bar the next night, hoping to see him again.

She’d met Jesse instead. Jesse and his macho bravado. His big muscular body and all of that shaggy golden blond hair. Cocky, handsome, confident and a bit of a loud mouth, he’d laid on the moves fast. Had even told her Rick thought they’d be a good match.

Jesse had also plied her with alcohol and then showed her an outrageous time in the sack. The guy was an animal, wanting to do it once, twice, three times a day. It was downright exhausting, being with Jesse. At first, he’d been all about satisfying her too.

That had died out quickly. She’d been lucky to get an orgasm once a month from him once they’d started seeing each other, let alone every freaking day. When Jesse had lost his job at the Ford dealership a while ago, their sex life had gone south.



Their entire relationship had gone south. She hadn't wanted to kick a dog while he was down, but a girl could only stand so much.

"You really want to know which chick?" Jesse's question snapped her back to the here and now and she glanced at him noticing his baby blues looked a little wild. Probably because he'd chugged a six-pack like he normally did. She didn't know this for a fact, but the unmistakable smell of beer was strong on his breath.

"I asked didn't I?" She could barely tolerate Jesse sober anymore, let alone drunk off his ass. Looked like his drunken behavior was going to ruin yet another perfectly good evening.

Well she didn't have to let it. She could walk away and in fact, she was going to. Right after he answered her question.

"It was you." Jesse smiled, but it didn't quite reach his eyes. "He wanted you, but I snagged you instead. You couldn't resist my big dick, I told him. He tried to beat my ass, and I held him off. The fuckin' wimp."

Blair sucked in a harsh breath, her eyes growing wide with confusion. Rick had wanted her? He'd been interested in her that night? After he'd pushed her on Jesse, she thought he had just been kind to the silly rich girl hanging out at the bar. "You told me he thought the two of us would be good together."

"I lied." Jesse laughed, sounding rather pleased with himself. "He couldn't stop talking about you, describing how fucking gorgeous you were. I knew I had to check you out, see what all the fuss was about."

Crossing her arms in front of her, she glared at him. "You are such an asshole, Jesse. I can't believe you."

"What, so now you're mad at me too? Were you actually interested in Rick like that? Because you sure as hell fell into bed with me easily enough, honey. Not that the little pencil dick would know how to keep you satisfied."

His words zinged her right in the heart, filling her with regret. She *had* fallen into bed with Jesse very easily. But he'd been charming, such a sweet talker and she'd been a little drunk, lonely and disappointed that Rick hadn't been interested in her.

So she'd slept with his best friend instead.

God, what a fool she'd been.

"Not like you were any good at keeping me satisfied, Jess. You couldn't even keep it up long enough to get me off. That was reason enough to break-up with you." The words flew out of her mouth before she could stop them and Jesse's mouth dropped open, the anger in his eyes unmistakable.

*Uh oh.*

"Bitch." He spat out the word, grabbed her arm so quickly she cried out. His fingers pinched into her skin, marking her and he gave her a little shake. "You were so cold in bed I'm glad we're not together

anymore. I can find another whore to keep me warm, trust me. You're nothing but a snotty little ice princess, thinking you're better than anyone else."

She gasped at his harsh words, ready to really let him have it when a low, angry voice spoke up behind her.

"Let her go, Jesse. Now."

A shiver moved through her. She would recognize that voice anywhere, though he sounded completely different. Cold, fierce and more than a little pissed off.

Not to mention sexy as hell.

"Figures you would show up to save the day. Fuck off, Rick. This is between me and Blair."

"I don't think so. From what I hear, you two aren't together anymore. And you're grabbing her in the middle of a public venue, friend. Twist her arm anymore and someone will call the cops on your ass."

"Let 'em," Jesse snarled.

"Let her go." Rick sounded calm and under control. She stared into Jesse's face, wishing he would follow Rick's advice. "Do it if you know what's good for you, asshole."

Another snarl ripped out of Jesse and he let her go, giving her a little shove. She stumbled backwards, right into the waiting arms of Rick, who held her close.

Blair could feel the rapid beating of his heart, the warmth of his skin seeping into hers. She gazed at him, saw the determined set of his jaw, the blazing anger in his eyes. Seeing him fired up and ready to defend her was incredibly arousing.

"You two deserve each other." Jesse spat on the ground, then wiped the back of his hand across his mouth. "You're both a couple of losers."

"Look who's talking," Blair sneered, and Rick's arms tightened around her.

He shushed her, dipping his head so his mouth was close to her ear. "Don't talk to him. You're only giving him what he wants."

"Fuck off." With that last expletive, Jesse walked away, shaking his head.

Blair released a shuddering breath, her body suddenly consumed with shivers. Yes, she'd held her own while arguing with Jesse, had probably said some stupidly provoking things but now that he was gone, the nerves and fear set in.

The anger in Jesse's eyes, the way he'd gripped her arm tightly. She'd never seen him this mad before.

"You okay?" Rick slid his hand from her shoulder down her arm, soothing her with the simple caress. Sparks of electricity flared everywhere he touched her and she gazed up at him, saw the concern in his mellow golden eyes.

Blair nodded, unable to speak. Too overwhelmed at what had happened.

"Let me see your arm." He set her away from him, his fingers smoothing over the skin that was imprinted with Jesse's fingers. His expression turned sharp, his eyes narrowing, mouth thinning into a grim line. "It's going to bruise."

"I'm okay." Her hand automatically went to the spot where Jesse had grabbed her, pushing Rick's hand away. "It doesn't hurt. Much."

"Uh huh." Rick's gaze met hers. "Do you want to go home? I can give you a ride."

She shook her head slowly, her heart doing a heavy thud at the hot look in Rick's eyes. If she wasn't mistaken, she thought she detected a healthy dose of desire in their depths. "I'm hungry."

His eyes now sparked with amusement. "Same here."

"Do you mind if we stay at the festival, have something to eat, maybe walk around?" She smiled, hoping he'd say yes.

"As long as you don't mind. I don't want you to feel uncomfortable. I doubt Jesse has left yet."

Blair shrugged. She wasn't worried as long as she was with Rick. "I'm not scared. We should steer clear of the beer gardens though. If we do that, I think we'll be good."

Rick chuckled, then held his arm out for her. "Let's go check out the food."

She looped her arm through his, loving the way he tucked her against his side. Funny but she'd never felt so safe before. "Let's go."

## Chapter Two

The tension between them had grown since the moment they walked together to go check out the various food booths. Rick had spotted his friends from work, introduced Blair to everyone and they'd been friendly even though they had knowing looks on their faces. They hadn't leered, but she figured Rick would receive his fair sharing of ribbing on Monday and get questioned about her.

Jesse's friends had always been jerks to her. As if they knew what she looked like naked or something. *They* had leered at her, made suggestive comments, heck one of them had snuck a pinch to her butt one time. Jesse had never done anything to defend her, just stood there smiling, like he was proud his friends were a bunch of perverts.

God, why had she stayed with him so long? Had she been desperate? Was her self-esteem so low that she'd stick with a guy who treated her like absolute trash?

Well, no more of that. Thank goodness, she hadn't moved in with him like he'd begged her to do a couple of months ago, right after he'd lost his job. Secretly she'd thought he was after her money to cover the rent though he had denied it over and over again.

"How was your dinner? Still hungry?"

Blair shook herself from her thoughts to find Rick smiling at her. Licking her lips, she shook her head, noticed the flare of awareness that lit his eyes when he spotted her tongue dragging across her lower lip. "No, not at all. I'm stuffed."

Arousal hit her swift and hard. She'd wanted Rick for so long though she'd always pushed the feeling away, knowing it wasn't right. Nothing could stop her now from pursuing him.

And she wanted to pursue him. Not for just a one night romp in the sack but a real, bona fide relationship. Though his financial status wouldn't thrill her parents, he at least was kind and respectful. The one time she'd taken Jesse to meet her family he'd made a complete fool of himself, which in turn made her look foolish as well.

She'd never taken him back. Her mother had called periodically asking when she was going to dump the buffoon.

Her mother had never been happier than when Blair called the day after she'd broken up with him to let her know the moment had finally arrived.

Rick's friends had already wandered off, leaving the two of them alone sitting at a picnic bench. The wind had picked up, whistling softly around them and Blair shivered inside of her light sweater, wishing she'd worn something thicker.

"Cold?" His low voice close to her ear made her shiver, but not from the weather.

"Yes." She snuggled deeper in her sweater, drawing the collar up as much as she could. "That wind is chilly."

"Come here." Rick held his arm out and she slid closer, molding herself firmly against his side. His arm came around her shoulders and his warmth seeped into her, easing her chills. "Better?"

Blair nodded, her head nudging against his chin. Her nipples tightened painfully beneath the confines of her bra. She swore her panties dampened when she felt his fingers grasp her shoulder. "Much."

Was he interested in her or was he doing this out of friendship? Yes, he'd liked her in the past according to Jesse but that was a while ago. Things change, maybe he'd moved on.

Of course, Rick was here alone tonight, a Friday night, and not with another woman. That tiny fact gave her hope. Probably too much hope.

"You want to walk around? Check out what's going on?"

"Yes, let's do it." She disentangled herself from him, instantly missing his closeness.

They left the food area and started milling through the various booths. Local vendors were hawking their food items or crafts, much of it Halloween or fall themed. The place was full of children running and squealing, trailing balloons and with colorful artwork painted on their cheeks. It was very much a family event.

Blair wasn't feeling family-like at all. No, all of her thoughts were focused on the man walking beside her, and they were rather lusty. She hung back and studied him, pretending to check out a booth full of dried flower arrangements.

She loved to watch him walk. He had a definite swagger, a way of moving that was confident, utterly male. Not a too cocky, look at me walk like someone who would remain nameless. No, Rick moved in a smooth, sexy way. His jeans were worn and appeared soft, stretching across his firm ass, his muscular thighs. The jeans were so old she spotted a few holes. The urge to smooth her hands over his ass, to feel the soft denim was overwhelming.

He wasn't obviously handsome, not in the big brawny, golden way such as Jesse. Rick was tall and muscular but more lean than bulging. His shoulders were broad, his hair dark, thick and silky looking. She wanted to bury her fingers in that hair, draw his lusciously sensual mouth down to hers and kiss him until they both couldn't breathe. He was focused and radiated a quiet strength she found innately sexy. And she wanted to get to know him better.

In a deeply personal, intimate, naked kind of way.

Rick turned as if he could feel her eyes upon him and he smiled, flicking his head, indicating he wanted her to follow. She did, her gaze never leaving his. She saw his eyes heat, turning a warm golden color as his bold gaze raked over her body.

“Find anything you want?” he asked once she stopped in front of him.

The question was innocent enough. The many ideas that danced across her thoughts were dirty and raunchy and involved the both of them. Naked. Mouth to mouth, skin to skin.

Blair nodded slowly, reached out and rested her hand against the center of his chest. The fabric of his worn, pale blue T-shirt was soft, the skin beneath firm and hot. So hot, her palm felt as if it was burning. “Yes.”

He cocked a brow, his mouth quirking in a little smile. God he was cute. “What is it that you want?”

“You.”

Rick’s every freaking dream was coming true right here, right now. Blair standing close, offering herself to him. Her hands rested on his chest, her touch set him aflame and he breathed deeply, trying to gain some sort of control.

After she’d hooked up with Jesse, he never thought this moment could happen. He thought he’d lost his chance with Blair forever. Even after hearing about the break-up he figured there was no way she would be interested in him.

Guess he’d been wrong.

“What do you say?” Her soft voice wafted over him, caressing him much like the brisk fall breeze and he inhaled sharply, marveling at the gift she offered him.

Herself. She would be all his. For tonight at least. Did she want more? Would she want more from him?

He hoped like hell that answer was yes.

When he didn’t answer, her brows lowered, her sexy mouth turning downward. She looked perplexed, confused and he reached out, trailed his fingers over the soft skin of her cheek. He heard her sharp inhale, let his gaze drift to her chest and saw her breasts lifting with her every breath.

He’d seen her breasts in the skimpiest of tops, dreamed of having his hands all over her countless times. He couldn’t wait to get her naked, explore her soft skin, suck on her hard nipples, taste her creamy cunt.

His cock grew even harder if that was possible. If he didn’t watch it, he’d burst his jeans.

“Rick? Are you all right?” She sounded upset and the last thing he wanted was for her to be upset. What had started out as just another Friday night was going to end hopefully as one of the best nights of his life.

No way did he want to fuck this up.

“Sorry.” His fingers drifted along her jaw, then up to trace her full lips. He loved her mouth, the plump fullness of her lower lip, its berry pink color. She wore no lipstick that he could tell and still her lips looked juicy. Delicious. “I’m thinking how much I’d rather be anywhere but here.”

Those brows furrowed even deeper and he leaned in close, brushed his mouth against hers. Just once. It was the barest of touches and his entire body went on high alert, his cock straining against the fly of his jeans. “I want to be somewhere else. Alone. With you.”

“Oh.” Her breathless answer told him she felt the same way. The blaze in her beautiful blue eyes told him that too. She was so fucking beautiful he could stare at her all night. “Let’s go then.”

“Are you sure?” Once they made this next step there was no going back. He wasn’t about to let her walk away from him now that he knew her relationship with Jesse was really over and had been for a while.

This wasn’t going to be a one-night thing. With Blair, he wanted the real deal.

“I’m sure.” She nodded, her hands curling into the fabric of his T-shirt. He wanted to feel her touch his bare flesh, stroke him into oblivion, those delicate fingers curling around his cock. Just the thought of Blair giving him a hand job nearly had him ready to explode in his jeans.

Rick took her arm and they started toward the parking lot. “Let’s go then.”

He linked his fingers with hers, clutched her hand tightly as they moved through the crowds and toward the parking lot. Grim determination led him on, didn’t allow him to be deterred despite the fact that he saw people he knew. A few of them waved and looked ready to stop and talk.

Nope, he didn’t want to talk. He had other things in mind. Like getting this woman alone and fucking her until he couldn’t see straight.

“You didn’t drive your car did you?” He turned to look at her, saw that she was a little out of breath, no doubt due to his eagerness to get to his truck.

“No.” She shook her head and squeezed his hand tight. “I came with my friends, but they ditched me when they saw Jesse.”

Some friends. They were all rich girls like her and though they could be fun to hang around with, they were also obsessed with designer clothes, handbags and spending money. Not necessarily in that order.

“Right.” He ignored the jealousy that swirled in his gut, unnecessary jealousy over Jesse.

“Hey.” Blair caught up so she wasn’t trailing behind him, and they both stopped walking. “Are you okay?”

He nodded, his mouth tight, his mood almost ruined. “Fine.”

Was Blair with him right now to get revenge on Jesse? Was he just an I’ll show you fuck? She could be using him. It made complete sense.

Slipping her arms around his waist, she stepped closer to him, snuggling herself against him. “He told me what really happened.”

Confusion filled him. “What do you mean? Who are you talking about?”

“Jesse. About that night I first met you. How you went home and told him all about me. How much you liked me.” She paused, shook her head. “How he went back to the bar the next night and purposely picked me up.”

“He told you that?” Ah, shit. He’d never confessed that to anyone else, certainly not her. He had never thought she would care.

“Yes, he did.” She smiled, the beauty of it nearly making him dizzy. “You want to know the reason I was at that stupid bar that night? Because I was hoping I’d run into you again.”

Rick didn’t say anything, he couldn’t. Her confession shocked the hell out him.

“When Jesse told me you thought he and I would make a good match, I was so disappointed. I swear I slept with him only because I was sad I couldn’t be with you.”

“No way,” he said softly, as he allowed his fingers to drift across the top of her head. Her hair was soft, pulled back into a loose ponytail and he longed to undo it. To thread his fingers through the silky strands, make her moan with pleasure.

“Mmm, yes.” She leaned into his touch, her eyes sliding closed for the briefest moment. “It’s true.”

He kissed her again. He couldn’t stop himself. Her lips opened beneath his, allowing his tongue easy entry and he took it, searching her mouth, teasing her own curling tongue when it met his. A little gasp of pleasure escaped her and she clung to him, her arms tightening around his waist.

It felt good to have her in his arms. Too good. His hands slid down her back, over her butt, cupping her lush flesh and he wished like hell they were already at his place, naked. In his bed.

“We need to go.” He broke the kiss first, whispering in her ear and she nodded, her hair brushing against his cheek.

“Your place or mine?”

He pulled away from her. “I don’t care.”

Blair studied him, her gaze intense. “Can we go to your place?”

“Sure.” He hoped like hell his place was clean. He wanted to make a good impression.

“Let’s go then.” She kissed him again, soft and slow, turning him inside out and he yanked away from her. Had to before he did something really stupid.

Like strip her buck naked in the middle of the dirt parking lot and fuck her brains out on the hood of some stranger’s car.

He didn’t need any more reminders of Jesse. With his luck, the asshole would call Blair while they were together.

A chance he’d just have to take. She was worth it.

“Let’s.” She smiled, looking so eager he couldn’t help but smile in return.

This was going to be good.



## Chapter Three

The second they entered his apartment Rick had Blair pinned against the wall, his hands all over her, his mouth taking full possession of hers and she melted. Gave in willingly to him and her hands went weak at her sides, her mouth opening wide to his passionate assault.

One big hand cupped her cheek, the other slid down the side of her body, her skin sparking with heat everywhere he touched. His work-roughened fingertips stroked along her cheek, along her jaw, making her sigh against his mouth, forcing her hands to settle on his hips. The overwhelming need to touch him, to bring him closer took over and she tugged on the belt loops of his jeans, bringing his lower body flush against hers.

An unmistakable bulge pressed between her hips and she broke the kiss, staring at him in wonder. Good Lord was that all him? Was he really that big, that thick, that long?

Her heart fluttered. Soon she would find out.

“Let’s take this out,” he murmured reaching around her to yank the rubber band out and causing her ponytail to come apart. Her hair fell around her face in a messy tumble, and she held her breath at the tender way he brushed the loose strands away from her face. “There. That’s better.”

“It’s a mess.” She watched him, saw the warm glow in his eyes as he searched her features and she wanted to melt.

“It’s beautiful.” Never had a man looked at her with such reverence, such want. It made her weak. She wondered if there was more going on here than just sex and she clung to him, tipping her head and pursing her lips, hoping he got the hint.

He did. But instead of consuming her mouth like she thought he would, his kiss was tender, his lips brushing against hers once, twice, three times. Arousal sizzled through her, making her limbs heavy, her mouth swollen, her nipples hard. She slipped one hand between them, resting her palm flat against his chest and felt the rapid beating of his heart. His skin was hot, searing her flesh even through his T-shirt and she reached for his shoulders, pushing the unbuttoned flannel shirt down his arms.

With a rumble of surprise, he broke the kiss, tossing the shirt off with a quick twist of his arms. She watched him with greedy eyes, the dim light from a lone lamp in the living room casting him in a soft golden glow.

It was intimate, being with him alone in the quiet of his apartment, watching him undress. She wanted him to take off more but he didn't. Instead, he reached for her, holding her close, his big hands splayed across her back, cradling her as his mouth descended upon hers once more.

The man certainly could kiss. His lips were soft and warm, his tongue slick and searching. He tasted delicious, his hands gentle yet the hard thrust of his cock against her belly reminded her exactly how much he wanted her.

Would he fuck her against the wall? God she hoped so.

"Undress," he whispered against her lips, his husky voice vibrating against her like a caress. "Now."

She thrilled at his demanding tone and he shifted away from her, giving her room. Without a word she did as he bid, shrugging out of her sweater and letting it fall to the floor. Tugged her T-shirt over her head and added it to the pile. He ran his gaze over her, drinking her in yet he never reached out to help her.

No, his hands were clutched into fists at his sides as if it took every bit of his power to keep himself in control. Just seeing his tense stance sent a little thrill through her, knowing he wanted her.

That thrill fizzled, though, as nervousness buzzed through her and she nibbled on her lower lip, her fingers slowly undoing the snap of her jeans. The sliding zipper rippled through the night air, loud and obvious. She closed her eyes, took a deep breath.

"Take them off, Blair." His strong, quiet voice made her shiver, made her pussy slick with want and she shoved the thick denim down her legs, removing them as quickly as she could, her flip flops flying along with the jeans.

She stood before him in her bra and panties, her underwear nondescript since she'd had no plans of getting naked tonight. How she wished she had on some sexy black lace or that flesh colored thong she'd recently bought. Instead, she had on her plain white bra and cotton panties.

Boring, boring, boring.

"You're gorgeous," he breathed and she startled. She lifted her head, her gaze meeting his. She knew he meant every word. Saw it in the spark in his eyes, the expression on his face.

All self-consciousness floated away and she held out her arms, inviting him to come to her but he shook his head, his sensuous mouth in a tight line.

"I said everything. You're still dressed."

Barely, but who was she to argue? Reaching behind her, she undid the clasp of her bra, shrugging out of the utilitarian fabric and letting it flutter to the floor. Her fingers went to the waistband of her panties and she bent, tugging them down, over her hips, her thighs, her calves until they dropped to the floor.

Now she was completely naked, vulnerable, unsure of what to do next. Giving her no time to think Rick rushed toward her, pressing her against the wall, his mouth fused to hers, his hand cupping one breast, his thumb flicking the nipple.

She groaned against his mouth, loving the feel of his rough hands on her sensitive flesh. He flat out groped and stroked her and she arched against him, wanting more, wanting his hands and mouth everywhere. As if he could read her mind, he broke their kiss, his mouth sliding down her neck, nipping and licking, across her collarbone, downward until he was brushing hot kisses on her breasts.

“Oh, yes,” she murmured, her hands moving to clutch his head, fingers curling into his thick dark hair. It was soft, silky as it curled around her fingers and she held him to her, released a shuddering breath at the first contact of his mouth upon her nipple.

His damp lips wrapped around the turgid peak, tugging and sucking, his tongue swirling and she closed her eyes, her head thumping against the wall behind her. His hands gripped her hips and held her pinned against the wall, making her writhe with every tug of his mouth. She cried out, wanting more.

“Rick,” she whispered, her tone desperate, pleading.

He lifted his head, his mouth damp, eyes blazing. Straightening to his full height, he grabbed her wrists with one hand and lifted her arms, holding her prisoner against the wall with her arms above her head. Her back arched, chest thrusting forward and her damp nipples were kissed by the cool air, making her shudder. Making her feel restless, wanton.

He watched her, his hot and hungry gaze raking over her body, and he licked his lips as if he liked what he saw.

Blair thrust forward even more, sending him a silent invitation, hoping he'd take it.

He did. Swooping in, he kissed her, a brutal yet utterly pleasurable punishment of her lips, his tongue thrusting, mimicking what his thick cock was bound to do in minutes, seconds.

With his free hand, he reached for his fly, fingers fumbling over the belt, undoing it as quickly as he could. Moving away from her he let her wrists go, tore off his T-shirt with one quick tug, revealing a mouthwatering chest and torso that was lean muscle and flat abs, the lightest smattering of dark curling hair in the center of his chest and trailing below his navel.

Staying in position, her arms still against the wall, she licked her lips at the sight of him, she couldn't help herself. He was so deliciously built, all of that tight golden skin stretched over firm, unforgiving muscle. His biceps rippled as he reached for her with his free hand, his pectoral muscles flexing and to her, he was the epitome of male perfection.

“I want you.” His frank statement weakened her knees and he grabbed her wrists once again, his gentle touch making her quake with need. She nodded her head in agreement, unable to form words.

He'd stolen all logic and all she could do was see and feel, be consumed by him. His hands went to the waistband of his jeans, undoing the tabs, spreading the front placket open and she caught a glimpse of black cotton beneath.

Without hesitation she reached for him, her hand sneaking in to stroke against his cotton-covered cock. A harsh breath escaped him when she made contact, her fingers curling around his heated erection before she dipped beneath his underwear to touch firm, velvety skin.

“Ah God, Blair.” He sounded ready to lose it, barely able to restrain himself and she stroked him, her fingers doing a slow up and down glide, her thumb smoothing over the head of his cock. Tiny drops of pre-come glistened from the tip and she smoothed it all over, using it as lubrication so her hand could do an even easier slide.

“You’re so big. I can’t wait to have you inside of me.”

Her words seemed to be his final straw. He reached for her, his hands wrapping around her butt. He lifted her with ease, as if she weighed nothing and her legs slipped automatically around his waist. He pinned her to the wall, his thick cock rising between them, her breasts nestled against his chest. She slid her arms around his neck, pressed tightly against him.

His hand slithered down, teasing her damp curls, a single digit flicking her clit, searching her folds. “God, you’re wet. Hot.”

“Fuck me, please,” she begged, her voice throaty, her entire body on fire for him. The head of his cock nudged at her entrance and she was dying for it, dying for him to thrust his way into her. Fuck her hard, fuck her until she couldn’t feel anything but the push and pull of his rigid flesh sinking into her wet pussy.

Rick’s breath came in harsh pants, his cock twitching, ready to bury himself inside of this woman who was making him crazy. Pressing one hand against the wall, his fingers close to her head, he thrust upward, filling her to the hilt, making her cry out. The breathy sounds she made making him shudder.

Her cunt clenched tight like a hot little fist wrapped around his dick, and he gritted his teeth. Held still for what felt like a lifetime while his cock throbbed, her swollen tissues surrounding him. It took everything he had not to pump like a madman, she felt so good, so fucking right.

Opening his eyes, he stared at her flushed face, her swollen mouth—lips swollen by *his* kisses. He couldn’t believe he had Blair naked in his arms, her nipples brushing against his chest, his cock cradled inside her sweet little body. He’d thought of this moment, dreamed of it and now that it was actually happening, he wanted to savor it. Burn the memories they were making together forever in his brain.

He was secretly afraid it might not last. He wanted to make the most of the next few hours.

Slowly he started to move, withdrawing nearly all the way before thrusting home again. And again. With his every push she whimpered, her hands clutching him tightly, her face a mask of agonized pleasure. Her legs shifted, her hips tilting, sending him deeper and he groaned as his movements became faster, faster and sweat dripped down his forehead, blurring his vision.

“Don’t stop,” she whispered. As if he could. “Faster, Rick, please.”

That he could definitely do. And he did, ramming hard inside of her. Her body whacked against the wall with each thrust and then she cried out his name, her body shuddering around his dick, her cunt fluttering in a rhythmic motion that sent him straight into orgasm.

With a growl, he spilled inside of her, filling her as he thrust hard, as deep as he could get. Her damp body accepted him, her limbs clinging to his form as if she never wanted to let go. And when he was finished, when the last tremor that wracked his body finally stopped, he buried his face in her hair, inhaled the sweet scent.

“Wow,” she whispered against his neck, and he chuckled.

An understatement if he'd ever heard one.

“Yeah,” he replied, lifting his head so he could stare down at her beautiful face. “Wow.”

Her eyes drifted open, glittering like the bluest sky in the dim light. A satisfied smile curved her lips, and she arched against him. His cock stirred to life just like that and he shook his head, surprised.

Surprised he was ready to go for it all over again.

“That was...” she paused, kissed him once, then again, “...amazing.”

“Definitely.” He found it hard to speak, hard to think. It was difficult to function when he had his dick inside her throbbing wet center and his jeans falling around his ankles.

“I want more.” Blair smiled, kissed him again, this time her tongue making a delicious appearance. “Lots more.”

“Your wish is my command.” He'd give her anything she wanted as long as it made her happy.

“You mean that don't you?” Her fingers threaded through his hair at the base of his neck, stroking softly and it felt so good he sighed.

The woman knew how to touch him, how to make him feel good. As if she'd been doing it forever.

He nodded and then kissed her, his tongue doing a leisurely search of her mouth before withdrawing and he heard her sigh. “I do.”

“Then take me to your bed. Make love to me all night.”

He couldn't help but notice her choice of words, wondered if she really meant them. *Making love.*

Something he wouldn't dwell on.

Reluctantly he withdrew from her, set her on her feet so he could kick off his jeans. She watched him, eagerness written over her always expressive face, her gaze zeroing in on his crotch. His cock swelled to bursting.

“You're already hard.” She sounded surprised. Pleased.

“All because of you.” He didn't want to sound corny, but hell, it was the truth.

“Really?” Her eyes went wide, meeting his.

Rick nodded and lifted her again, ready to carry her into his room. Her legs slipped around him, her soaking wet pussy coming into contact with his stomach and he *hoped* he'd make it to his bedroom.

Though with how good she felt, he'd be lucky to make it to the hallway before throwing her down on the floor and fucking her senseless.

"I want to suck your cock," she whispered in his ear. He stumbled over his own feet.

Forget the hallway. He'd drop her now if she wrapped those luscious lips around his dick and sucked him dry.

"Right now," she continued, her lips brushing his earlobe, her voice husky, sultry. Seductive.

"Gimme a minute, baby. Let's get to my bedroom."

"We fucked without a condom."

Rick stopped and she shifted so her gaze met his, her expression serious. "Shit, babe, I'm sorry. I didn't even think."

"I didn't either. Don't worry." She smiled, those tempting lips curving prettily. "I'm clean. I'm on the pill. I always used condoms with..."

Her voice trailed off, and he knew exactly who she referred to. Fuck, the last jackass he wanted to think of at this moment.

Choosing to ignore her last statement, he started walking again, heading straight for the bedroom. "I'm clean too. And I always suit up. But I gotta admit, it felt fucking amazing being inside of you, just skin on skin."

"I know," she agreed, nibbling on his neck. "It was unbelievable. I can't wait to do it again."

"I can't either."

"Right after I suck you off."

"Well yeah."

He wasn't about to protest.

## Chapter Four

“You sure you don’t want anything?” Rick looked into his near empty refrigerator, grabbing a bottle of beer for himself and waited for Blair’s reply.

“Do you have bottled water?”

Actually he did. He always kept a few in the fridge so he could take one when he went to the gym. Not that he’d had much time for that lately what with work keeping him there ’til long after closing time.

Thanks to the workout this weekend, he didn’t feel guilty about neglecting the gym anymore.

Grabbing the water, he shut the refrigerator door and headed back to his bedroom. There was nothing better than a Sunday afternoon spent lazing around in bed watching a football game with his favorite team playing.

His heart stopped short at the sight on his bed when he entered the room. Well, now he could think of something a lot better.

Like Blair stretched out across his bed, lying on her stomach. Completely naked and reading the Sunday newspaper sales ads.

Her head lifted, a slow smile crossing her face when she saw him. “Oh, you still have water. I thought you might be out.”

Rick shook his head, handed her the bottle with shaking fingers and she took it, her fingers grazing his before she set the bottle next to her on the bed. Damn, just like that he wanted her. The sight of her plump ass, her long legs bent at the knees, ankles crossed, feet in the air. She was propped on her elbows, her breasts smashed against the mattress though he swore he caught a fleeting glimpse of a delectable pink nipple as she turned the page of a sales insert.

“Your beloved ’49ers already scored,” she said nonchalantly, her gaze on the photos before her.

“They did?” Hot damn. The day just kept on getting better and better. Popping the lid off the beer he took a swig and then settled onto the bed, leaning against a pile of pillows. He set the beer on the bedside table, his hands itching to capture one of her waving feet but he held himself in check.

He’d attacked her like a maniac all weekend. They hadn’t left the apartment since they’d arrived Friday night, choosing to stay in the entire time. They had sex, slept, ate, had more sex, ate a little more, took a shower together, tried to sleep, forgot sleeping and had even more sex.

Exploring each other’s bodies, sampling each other, it was like a smorgasbord of fucking. With the woman he’d been secretly in love with for months.

Yep he had just thought the word love in connection with Blair. And he meant it too. This weekend only confirmed it. He'd never been a believer in love at first sight but with Blair, nothing had been normal, familiar. Being with her was exhilarating, life changing and he didn't want it to stop.

Ever.

"I want to go to Target." She turned another page, loudly wrinkling the paper when she did so and her feet dipped down toward him.

"Now?"

She shrugged, her slim shoulders tempting him to lean over and drag his mouth over them. Bite them. Suck on her flesh like some sort of modern day vampire.

Now he understood the sex appeal of vamps. Seeing her creamy flesh on constant display made him want to nibble every gorgeous inch of her.

"Maybe," she finally said, shooting him a coy smile over her shoulder.

"What are you going to wear?" Her clothes were in a pile on his living room floor where he'd stripped her Friday night. If she'd worn anything the last two days, she had slipped on one of his old T-shirts or even a pair of his boxers.

But within minutes, somehow, she always ended up out of them.

"I don't know, go naked? Think anyone would protest?" She giggled, flipped yet another page.

"I wouldn't." Her toes wiggled in his direction and he leaned forward, capturing them with the tips of his fingers. She squealed, tried to jerk her foot away but he wouldn't let go.

Forgetting the football game, forgetting his beer, he got on his knees. She uncrossed her ankles and pressed her legs into the mattress, spreading them the slightest bit.

Her movements gave him a teasing glimpse of her glistening pink cunt. His cock hardened at the sight, tenting his boxers and he slid his hands up the inside of her calves.

"Your team is getting ready to score again." Her voice was breathless, her legs trembling beneath his touch and he smiled, caressed the backs of her knees.

"That's great." He could care less. His fingers stroked the inside of her soft thighs, prying them even further apart and her head fell forward, her messy blonde hair covering her face.

The scent of her arousal surrounded him and he breathed deeply, wondered if he'd ever tire of the smell. He loved how responsive she was, how turned on she became just by his simple touch. Resting his hand on one lush cheek, he squeezed her ass, savoring her soft skin.

A low murmur of pleasure escaped her and he smoothed his hand over first one cheek, then the other, his fingers teasing the crack of her ass. She squirmed beneath his hand, he knew exactly what she wanted but he wouldn't give it to her.

Not yet.



"Mmm." The purr of pleasure that escaped her made his cock throb. She lifted her ass, the blatant invitation not lost on him and his fingers dipped, grazing her soaking wet pussy lips. She arched into his touch but he moved away, his hands resting on the backs of her thighs instead.

"Rick." She sounded pouty, her ass slumping in seeming defeat and she spread her legs even more, giving him an ample view of everything she had.

The little tramp. *His* little tramp. She knew he wouldn't be able to resist that.

"Lift up, baby." He cleared his throat, anticipation filling him at what he was about to do.

They'd done a lot together during this short weekend, and she'd been so open to everything. Adventurous, unafraid, completely uninhibited. Like some sort of dream woman that he'd conjured up in his imagination. It was as if she were made for him, she fit him and his tastes perfectly.

Now he wondered if he was going to push her too far. Only one way to find out.

"Lift up?" Blair glanced over her shoulder, a thick lock of wavy hair falling over her eye. She blew it out of the way, her pursed lips causing him to think all kinds of nasty thoughts.

"Yeah." He nodded, slapping her ass and the sound reverberated throughout the room. As did the little scream she gave when he smacked her. "Get on your knees, babe. I'm going to slide underneath you."

She scrambled to her knees, spreading them to give him room and he slid beneath her much like he slid beneath a car to check it out when he was at work.

Only this view was a whole lot better. Her slender thighs on either side of his head, her fragrant cunt hovering above his face. The tufts of dark blonde curls gleamed with her juices, her hardened clit peeking from between her pouting pussy lips.

He'd never seen a more tantalizing sight.

His hands curved around her shapely buttocks, clutching her and he lifted his head, his tongue snaking out to tease her clit. She jolted in his grip and her legs spread as wide as they could, bringing her pussy closer to his mouth.

Rick breathed deeply then tongued her once more, sliding through her folds and gathering her creamy essence. A low moan ripped through her and she dipped her head, her hair spilling around her face. Their gazes met, locked and he tongued her again, swirling it around her plump clit, watching her the entire time.

"That feels good," she whispered, sincerity and something else, something he didn't quite recognize, shining in her eyes.

"You taste good." She did. He could lick her all day, all night. Consume her. She was soaked—ripe and ready for him all of the time and it thrilled him. The way she responded, the way she took him easily.

She tossed her head, arching her back, arching her cunt against his mouth and he devoured her, his tongue and lips everywhere. He teased the flexing entrance of her pussy and it pulsed against the tip of his tongue, trying to draw him in. Blair ground against his face, the little gasps coming from her indicating she was already close.

He wanted her to come on his face, wanted to feel her fall apart around him. His hands tightened on her ass, fingers digging into her skin and her pussy clenched. Drawing her clit into his mouth, he sucked hard, his tongue laving the tight little bud and she shattered, a keening cry escaping her as her cunt fluttered and convulsed against his mouth.

Beautiful. Unbelievably sexy. He never wanted this to stop, didn't want reality to intrude.

But he knew it would have to. Eventually.

Blair gasped, breathed deeply, trying to calm her racing heart. Rick had given her the most spectacular orgasm and his mouth was still buried against her shuddering pussy. His tongue lapped slowly, bringing her down from her climax, making her tingle and she slowly relaxed, her bones liquefying with his every soft lick.

"Move forward a little bit," he encouraged, his voice raspy, his mouth moving against her sensitive outer lips.

She did, wondering what he was doing, wanting nothing more than to have his thick cock deep inside her.

Their short time together had been amazing, a nonstop feast of bountiful sex in every which way imaginable. He had a vivid imagination, dirty and carnal and she liked it. Liked it so much she never wanted to get dressed again, didn't want the real world to interrupt them and the little sex-soaked bubble they'd created over the last thirty-six hours.

But it would. It had to. Tomorrow was Monday, and Rick needed to go to work. She had her volunteer job at the local museum downtown. She worked there every other Monday and Wednesday. This week was her week to work. She loved that little job, got a thrill out of helping others discover the beauty of classic art.

Yet tomorrow the last thing she wanted to do was go to work. No, she'd rather spend the rest of her days lolling about in bed with this man. Let him do dirty, lovely, wonderful, beyond pleasurable things to her body over and over again until she was sated and satisfied. And then she would promptly return the favor.

Warm breath drifted across her backside and she startled, blinked her eyes. A thick finger tickled the puckered bud of her anus, sending shock waves coursing through her body. She tensed, waiting to see if she liked it and when he circled it, his finger slowly tracing every tiny ridge, she shivered.

It felt different, though pleasurable. He was hesitant, careful, as if he knew her uneasiness and she appreciated that, appreciated everything about him.

No one had ever tried anything like this before, not even Jesse—the animal. She liked the fact that this was something new she could share with Rick.

Rick and no one else.

He whispered her name, his voice cracking and she ached for him, shivered when his rough hands smoothed over her buttocks, spreading her cheeks wider. Then a warm tongue bathed the tiny hole between her cheeks and she jerked, crying out in surprise.

Oh God, it was wrong that it felt good. So very, very wrong. He licked again, his tongue doing a slow perusal of the forbidden area and she swallowed hard, held back the moans of pleasure that wanted to tumble out.

But why should she hold herself back? The last two days had been all about sharing between them on a very primitive level. She'd done a few things with this man she'd never done before. Ever. And now that he was exploring the most taboo sexual act, in her mind at least, well, she wanted more.

"Do you want me to stop?"

His husky question reverberated against her sensitive flesh and she gasped, shook her head fiercely. "No."

She drew the word out, sounded like a wanton slut, but God, she didn't care. His tongue continued to lick, drawing in smaller and smaller circles. His arm wrapped around her waist, his hand sliding down to cup her cunt. One long finger slid between her lips, brushed against her clit and she moaned long and low in her throat.

"I want to take you here." His finger dipped the tiniest bit in her ass and she clenched around it, loving the sensation of his hands cradling her, one cupping her pussy, the other her ass. "Will you let me, Blair?"

"Oh yes." She nodded furiously, her hair flailing around her face. "I want you to."

"Have you ever done this before?" His finger sank deeper, past the first ring of muscles and she held still, savoring the full sensation.

No," she admitted, hanging her head. His other finger strummed her clit, driving her right to the edge and she closed her eyes, focused solely on the sensations this man was bringing forth inside her body.

"Good. I want to be the first." He leaned up, pressing an open mouthed kiss to her ass cheek and then he swatted her. Her flesh stung with the contact. "Get up, babe. How do you want to do this?"

She glanced at him over her shoulder, her heart skipping a beat at the sight of him. His hair was a mess, his face damp with what she could only assume were her juices. The scent of sex, aroused bodies and a hint of sweat hung heavily in the air and his chest gleamed with a fine sheen of perspiration.

He was gorgeous. Sexy. The possessive glint in his golden eyes thrilled her, the way his hands massaged her flesh made her want to groan in pleasure. She wanted to shout to the world that she belonged to this man. That she was his and he was hers.

But did he feel that strongly for her? She knew they'd only been together in the sexual sense for a weekend, not long in the scheme of things but she couldn't help the way she felt.

When she knew, she knew. And without a doubt, she believed she and Rick belonged together. Forever.

“How do you want to do it?” He released his hold on her and she sat up on her knees, her hands folded in her lap. He watched her, his gaze dipping to her breasts, lingering there and she smiled, shook her head. “Up here, sweetie.”

“Oh yeah.” His gaze flicked upward, a sexy smile curving his full lips and he reached for her, his thumb doing a quick flick across her nipple. “I think I want you on your hands and knees.”

Of course he did. She would do anything for him.

“So I can watch.” His smile grew, and he looked pleased with himself.

“You like to watch do you?” Her voice dropped as did her gaze. His cock thrust from between his legs, long and thick. Anxiety clattered through her, and she was worried.

Would he fit in, um, such a virgin area? Fear rippled along her spine and she took a deep breath, fortifying herself.

“Do you have any lube?” She had to ask.

Rick’s brow wrinkled and he went to his bedside drawer, searching through its contents. Did he have any lube? Hell, he didn’t know. Maybe from a long time ago but then again, maybe not.

“You’re just...big, you know?” Blair laughed nervously and he glanced at her, saw the apprehension written over her face. “I don’t know if you’re gonna fit.”

“I would never hurt you.” He went to her, cupped her face in his hands and planted a thorough kiss on her swollen lips. Her mouth opened, her tongue sliding against his and he fell into the kiss, hungry for her taste. Always hungry for her.

“I know,” she whispered against his mouth, her hands smoothing over his chest. “You just need to take it slow, okay? I’m nervous.”

“I’m nervous too.” He pulled away from her, stared at her flushed face. “I’ve never done this before either. The last thing I want to do is hurt you.”

Taking a deep breath, Blair smiled, her lips trembling faintly. “Right.”

He kissed her again, his lips lingering, his tongue moving lazily in her warm mouth. He wanted to ease her fears, make this good for her, which would only make it great for him. Her pleasure was his, he reveled in it and the last thing he wanted to do was make her uneasy.

She sighed. He captured the sound between his lips and leaned into her so that she fell back against the mattress. He wanted to make sure she was fully aroused, wet and ready for him, which normally didn’t take long.

“Suck my nipples,” she whimpered and he did, drawing first one, then the other pretty pink nipple into his mouth, swirling his tongue around it again and again.

Blair clutched him to her, her hands sliding into his hair, tugging tightly. It almost hurt, but he kept on. Sliding down her body, his mouth burned a path on her soft, fragrant skin and he breathed deeply, his hands curling around her hips.

“Roll over, baby.” He nudged her hips with his fingers.

She did with ease, presenting her lush backside to him. Her back was beautiful, smooth skin with the two tiniest dimples resting just above her ass. And her ass was plump, full, not too skinny, a true handful and he reached out, testing that handful. She squirmed against his grip, a little giggle escaping her and he smoothed his hands down, fingers dipping in the valley between her cheeks.

“Touch me, Rick. See how wet you make me.”

Her husky voice made him shudder and he did as she asked, his fingers sinking easily into her hot pussy. She was soaked, her cream coating his fingers and he drew them up, slathering her juices all over her rosy hole before he tested her with his index finger.

“Oh my.” She drew the last word out as he sank deeper, his finger in all the way to the first knuckle and he twisted, testing her tolerance. She thrust back against him, sending his finger deeper and she groaned.

“More.”

He added a second finger, working them back and forth in her ass and she moved with him, her body thrusting and swaying with the rhythm he established. Without his asking she scrambled to her hands and knees, her head bent, hair surrounding her face and she moaned low.

“Do it, Rick. Fuck me in the ass.”

Her words were all he needed to hear. He loved how she talked dirty, had no problem in asking for what she wanted.

Again, he realized she was the perfect woman for him. His ideal.

Grabbing a condom from the bedside table, he sheathed himself, then stroked the head of his cock against her anus. She shifted backward, as if trying to take him in and his hand dipped low, playing with her pussy, gathering more of her juices.

“Damn you’re wet, woman,” he muttered, his fingers slipping and sliding into her cunt.

“I’m turned on.” She circled her ass slowly and he spread her cheeks wide, lathering the little rosette with more heady cream. “I want you inside of me. Now.”

He didn’t hesitate, couldn’t if he wanted to. With shaking hands, he positioned himself, poised to take entry. Her ass twitched, teasing him, driving him mad and he settled his hands on her hips.

“Relax, babe. I’ll make sure it feels good,” he assured her. He bent over her and pressed a quick kiss to the base of her spine.

She shuddered beneath his lips, sending him a sultry glance over her shoulder. “I trust you.”

That one statement was nearly his downfall. She trusted him, and it meant everything to him. Maybe even more than if she declared her love for him.

Well maybe. Not like that was going to happen anytime soon. Things were moving way too fast.

He grabbed the base of his cock, gave himself one stroke, then another. He was hard as stone, his balls already drawn up, his belly clenched. One wrong move and he would probably come over her luscious ass. He needed to take it slow, take his time. Make it good for her as well as him.

She thrust her ass out and spread her legs wide, a delicious position that had his eyes almost bugging out of his head, his tongue lolling out of his mouth. He moved closer, rubbing his cock head against the little rosette of her ass, back and forth, up and down, making her groan. With his other hand he gathered more of her cream, slathered her hole with it, teasing it with his fingers. She opened to him with ease, allowed his index finger to slide in and he knew it was now or never.

“Push out against me when I start to enter you,” he instructed, using a tip he’d actually found on the Internet. He eased his cock into her ass, slowly, inch by agonizing inch.

When he’d fully penetrated her, he released a shuddering breath and closed his eyes, searching for restraint. Her ass cradled him firmly, tight and hot, setting him aflame and he hadn’t even really moved yet. She panted, her breaths coming hard, her entire body shaking and she pushed back against him, inviting him to do more.

Carefully he started to ride her, his cock sliding almost all the way out before he thrust back in. She groaned, tossing her head back and he glanced down at where the two of them were connected, mesmerized by the sight.

His cock was fully embedded in her juicy ass, his balls brushing against her pouting pussy lips and he withdrew. He saw his cock glistening with her juices and he moaned before ramming deep inside her again. Another shattering groan tore from deep inside of him at the immense pressure wrapped around his dick. He moved within her with controlled, short movements, not wanting to hurt her.

“Oh God.” She reared back against him and the sensation nearly made him come. “Touch me, Rick. Please.”

Leaning forward, he braced one hand on the mattress, the other hand going straight for her cunt. His finger twirled around her distended clit, diving deep into her soaked folds and she cried out, tossing her head back until it rested against his shoulder.

“More,” she panted and he stroked harder against her clit, moved faster within her ass. She went with him, matching him thrust for thrust, their sweaty bodies sticking together, her hair wild and in his face.

He didn’t care. All he could concentrate on was the unbelievable heat surrounding his cock, the way it felt sinking so deep inside of her, taking her in a way that she’d never experienced before. It made him feel possessive, primitive and the same word pounded through his head every time he pounded inside her ass.

*Mine. Mine. Mine.*

"I'm coming, I'm coming!" Her cry startled him and he felt her clit quiver against the tip of his finger, her body shattering beneath his. The rhythmic fluttering of her cunt rippled through her ass, around his cock and then he was coming, shouting her name, unable to stop himself as his body convulsed with the strength of his orgasm.

And later, much later after they had made love again, tenderly this time, after their bodies came together in a slow and sensuous glide, he held her close. Her body wrapped around his, her leg slung over his hip, his hand resting on her butt. He'd never felt so close, so immersed in another human being before.

Yet later, when he heard her whispered words of "I love you," his heart lurched.

No way was he ready for love this fast.

Was he?

## Chapter Five

Blair had made a huge mistake. Colossal. One she might not ever be able to recover from and the thought of that practically ripped her heart in two.

Once the words had escaped her that night she knew she'd blown it. She could've sworn he was asleep, his lean body had been relaxed, pliant, his breathing slow and even. The way he held her, cradled her gently in his arms, close to his body, his heart thump, thump, thumping against her ear, she'd become overwhelmed with emotion.

The words had tumbled out before she could even stop them, a whispered declaration against his naked pecs, her lips brushing against his warm flesh. Immediately he'd stiffened, his breathing stalling and she'd held still, fear rippling through her body in a tumultuous wave that threatened to sink her.

Too late. Her words had already sunk her. She was dead in the water because she had no restraint whatsoever.

Three days and she still hadn't seen him. He'd called, once last night, when she'd been lying in bed trying to lose herself in a terrible movie but really crying her eyes out, feeling sorry for herself. He'd reassured her everything was fine, he'd just been working hard, getting lots of overtime and she needed to give him a couple of more days but she knew. Deep in her heart of hearts, she knew she'd blown it with Rick and that she would never see him again. She shouldn't have admitted her love for him, it had been too fast, too soon and she had no clue if he was ready for commitment. Most guys weren't.

God, she hurt so much it was hard to breathe. She'd called in sick to the museum this morning much to their disappointment. But how could she go about her day-to-day life like nothing was wrong when her entire world had come crashing around her feet?

All over a man she'd been with a mere three days. Well, technically she'd known him for almost a year but had truly been with him for just a weekend.

The most magical, wonderful, perfect weekend of her entire life.

Of course, Jesse had called. Countless times, leaving her messages, sending her texts, emails, the works. She'd finally spoken to him over the phone, telling him it was over for good.

He'd called her a fucking bitch and promptly hung up on her. Good riddance, she'd thought when she punched the end button on the phone.



She had never, ever uttered those three little words to Jesse. She'd never felt one ounce of emotion for Jesse that she'd experienced with Rick. Crazy considering she'd been with Jesse for six months, had spent almost every day with him yet she'd never felt for him as she did for Rick.

Swiping a tear away from her cheek, she settled herself against the pile of pillows beneath her head, her hand grabbing the TV remote control resting at her side. She shuffled through the channels, nothing holding her interest, all of it too boring, too romantic, too funny, too scary.

Blair clicked the off button, throwing the remote onto her bedside table with a loud clatter. She stared up at the ceiling and sighed long and loud.

Would she ever get over this? Would she ever be able to move on after what she'd experienced with Rick?

Her phone rang and she dove for it, answering with a breathless hello. The deep voice on the other end caused desire to curl through her body and she shivered with longing.

*Finally.*

"Is it too late to call?" Rick asked.

"Of course not. How are you?"

He sighed, the sound frustrated. "Do you really want to know?"

Her heart stalled in her chest. "Yes, I do."

"Tired. Lonely. Horny."

A slow smile crossed her lips, the first one in days. "Me too."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah." She paused, wondering if she should say what she wanted to say.

She decided to go for it.

"I thought you were mad at me," Blair confessed softly, her fingers twisting in the fabric of her comforter.

"You did? Why would you think that?" He sounded confused, which only confused her.

"Well, I thought because I haven't seen you in a few days that you must be angry with me. Or something," she ended lamely, closing her eyes. She sounded like a fool. Felt like one too.

"Ah, Blair, that hasn't been by choice. I've been busy at work the last couple of days. Mondays are always crazy and it's been especially so the entire week. I haven't gotten home until late, and then I've been so exhausted and dirty all I do is jump in the shower and then collapse into bed."

God, she was so hot for him that the thought of Rick in a shower with hot water spraying over his hard, lean body had her immediately aroused. "I understand."

He sighed again, the sound seeming to reach through the phone lines and touch her like a soft caress against her cheek. "Maybe you should go answer your door."

Her brows wrinkled. "Answer my door?"

“Yeah I think someone is there. Waiting for you.”

“Wait a minute. Are you waiting for me?”

“I think you need to go find out for yourself.”

Blair practically ran to her front door, undoing the lock and tearing the door open in record time. Rick stood on her doorstep, a faint smile curving his sensuous lips, his cell phone still held up to his ear. He wore faded jeans and a black T-shirt that molded to every muscle he had and her tummy did a slow tumble at seeing him.

He slowly lowered the phone from his ear, snapping it shut. “Can I come in?”

She stepped away from the door and he strode inside, his eyes taking in the room. It was a nice apartment, much nicer than his, but that was only because her parents paid for it. She certainly couldn't afford something like this without their help.

Besides, it had no personality. Rick's apartment was a jumble of old furniture and a giant big screen TV that fit who he was. Simple, clean and sweet.

That was her Rick.

Not to mention gorgeous, sexy and a wild man in bed. That was her Rick too.

“So you're not mad at me.” She took a step backward at the predatory glint in his golden eyes.

He shook his head, approaching her slowly. “Not at all.”

“You didn't hear what I said to you then.”

“Oh I heard every word you said Sunday night.”

Dread spilled through her, making her falter. “You did.”

“I did.” He nodded, his hand snaking out to grab her by the forearm and gently haul her close.

She released a quaky breath. “I'm sorry, I shouldn't have said it.”

“Why not?” A large hand smoothed over the top of her head, his fingers threading through her hair and she closed her eyes briefly, enjoying his touch.

“Because. It's too soon.” Her voice squeaked, her eyes flying open to find him staring at her with such tenderness it took her breath away.

“You think so? If you feel something then you feel it. Time shouldn't really matter.” His hand gripped the back of her head, tipping her face up to receive his kiss.

A kiss that stole her breath, stopped her heart. His mouth was soft, his tongue tangling with hers before he broke away, his breathing already labored. “It doesn't matter?”

His thick brows furrowed. “What doesn't matter?”

She giggled, rested her hands against his warm chest. “Time. It doesn't matter? If you feel what you feel then you should go ahead and say it.”

He nodded gravely. “Absolutely.”

"Then I'm going to say it again." God, it felt like she was about to jump off a cliff with nowhere to land. She went ahead anyway. "I love you."

"Good. Because I love you too." He kissed her again, his mouth hungrier, the growl rumbling in his chest making her nipples harden.

"You do?" She was shocked, so happy she could barely speak.

Rick loved her.

"I do." He bent, kissing the spot where her neck met her shoulder, his teeth sinking in for a gentle bite. "I can't explain it but I do. I love you, Blair."

"Oh, yes." Her hands fluttered uselessly around him, finally settling in his hair, clutching his head to her. "I love you too. It's crazy but I do."

He pulled away, his eyes watching her carefully. "But what about Jesse?"

She shrugged, wishing he wouldn't bring up his name. "What about him?"

"He's not bothering you anymore since you broke it off with him, right?"

"No, he's left me alone. Well, he called begging for me to come back but I told him no. He got mad and hung up on me. I haven't heard from him since."

"I stole his girl," Rick murmured, shaking his head. "He was a good friend of mine. Had been for years."

"He stole me from you first," Blair reminded him, her arms sliding around his waist and she clutched him. "And he was a terrible friend to you just for that alone."

"You're right." He dipped his head, pressed a sweet kiss to the tip of her nose. "Fuck the guy."

"Yeah." She laughed, smoothed her hands up and down his back. It felt good to be in his arms again, right. Like she had always belonged there.

And his growing erection nudging against her front told her he likely felt the same way.

"I always wished I had Jesse's girl." His voice grew wistful, his eyes darkening and she reached up, rested her hand against his stubble-roughened cheek.

"You do, Rick. You always did."

Their mouths met, hungry and wet, tongues searching, hands wandering all over each other's bodies. His mouth was close to her ear, lips touching the tip of her earlobe and she shivered.

"Let's go to your bedroom," he whispered.

Without another word, she disentangled herself from his embrace and took his hand, leading him to her room. He gave her hand a little squeeze and her heart tumbled, happy that everything had turned out this way. This man wanted to be with her, he loved her and she'd been given a second chance.

This quite simply could be the greatest day of her life.

"Nice room. Big bed," Rick said as he glanced about her over-decorated, over-priced master bedroom.

She waved a hand around, more than a little embarrassed. She even felt her cheeks heat with a blush. Everything inside the bedroom probably cost more than he made in an entire year. "It's too much."

"The bed is nice." He reached down, pushed on the mattress. "Soft and springy."

Blair rolled her eyes, a smile curving her lips. "It's comfortable."

"I bet." He sat on the edge of it and patted the spot next to him invitingly. "Sit by me, babe."

She did, gasping when he hauled her onto his lap, her legs straddling either side of his hips. He fell back onto the bed, bringing her with him and she braced her hands against his shoulders, staring down at his handsome, smiling face.

Make that his handsome, smiling, devilish face. The naughty expression told her wicked thoughts ran through his mind and she wanted to help him indulge in every single one of them.

"This is nice." His hands smoothed under the oversized T-shirt she'd worn to bed, his big, work-roughened hands clutching her panty-covered butt cheeks. "Real nice."

"Mmm." She was so affected by his touch that she couldn't even form words. Instead, she dipped her head, brushed her mouth over his and he instantly turned the kiss carnal, his tongue searching her mouth, tangling with hers. The low moan that sounded in his chest vibrated against her breasts and her nipples hardened into tight little pebbles.

"I want to be inside you," he murmured against her mouth before he nibbled on her lower lip.

Blair wanted him inside of her as well. Now. Her body ached to feel him thrust deep and strong within her, make her come in an instant. Then make her come again, later, when her body was languid and soft, eager to be sated again.

Rick stripped her of her clothing, peeling off the T-shirt, tugging her simple cotton panties down her legs. She went to work on his shirt, raining kisses across his hard belly, licking and sucking his nipples as she took the shirt off. He groaned and clutched her to him. His erection seemed to grow with every second that passed and with a carefree laugh she practically tore his jeans off, revealing his delicious cock to her gaze.

He watched her with heated eyes as she drew the bulbous head of his cock into her mouth and sucked. His lids lowered, a low hiss escaped from between his lips and she smiled, drawing him in deeper.

She loved his taste, the pulsing, velvety length of him deep in her mouth. Loved how powerful she felt at performing this act. He responded with unrestrained passion, his entire body wracked with tremors, his hands buried in her hair, clutching her as his hips gently thrust. He fucked her mouth and she took it, sucking harder, lashing at him with her tongue, swallowing the thin fluid that leaked from his cock.

"Damn, not like this." He grabbed her by the upper arms and hauled her up and she had no choice but to release him with an audible pop. Sitting astride him, once again straddling his hips, he guided her, thrust his cock deep within her welcoming, wet body. "I told you I wanted to be inside you."

"Yes," she whispered, arching her back. He lifted his head, wrapped his lips around her nipple and she cried out at the powerful tug of his mouth, the waves of sensation that washed over her body. Her pussy contracted around his cock, clamping down with such force Rick gave a low growl, a sign that he felt every little flutter of her sex.

He moved steadily and deeply within her, filling her over and over again and she let go of all inhibitions. Closing her eyes, she rode him hard, her breasts bouncing and the little cries sounding at the back of her throat became louder with her every downward move. Her orgasm built, grew and grew and when it came crashing upon her it was as if her heart stilled, her entire body frozen before the tremors took over. Rick's orgasm followed hers and he shouted her name, his semen filling her in a hot, liquid spurt and she collapsed on top of him, amazed at how satisfied—no, how *content*, she felt.

"Wow," he muttered after a few minutes of silence, and she burst out laughing.

Lifting her head, she smiled at him, resting her chin on his chest. His hands smoothed up and down her back, lingering on her butt and she wiggled against him, making him groan in agony.

"You have to give a man a few minutes before he can go again," he pleaded, his voice raspy.

"I'm always ready for you," she admitted, dropping a kiss on his sweat-dampened chest.

"Ah, babe." His arms held her so close she almost felt smothered. But she didn't mind. "I love you."

"I love you too."

"You'll always be mine."

"I will."

And she was.

## About the Author

After leaving the crazy working world to become a stay at home mom, Karen realized she needed to get crackin' and pursue her lifelong dream of being a published writer. A busy mother of three, she fits her precious writing time in between chasing her children, hanging out with her wonderful husband and pretending she has a maid. She lives in California.

To learn more about Karen Erickson, please visit [www.karenwritesromance.com](http://www.karenwritesromance.com). Send an email to Karen at [www.karenwritesromance.com/contact](http://www.karenwritesromance.com/contact) or join her Yahoo! group to join in the fun with other readers as well as Karen! [http://groups.yahoo.com/group/karenericksons\\_newsletter/](http://groups.yahoo.com/group/karenericksons_newsletter/)

Look for these titles by Karen Erickson

*Now Available:*

Spontaneous  
Fortune's Deception  
Fortune's Chance  
Fortune's Promise

*Winning the lottery changes her life forever...in more ways than one.*

## Fortune's Deception

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One minute Brittney Jones is living paycheck to paycheck, and the next she and three friends win a record-breaking lottery jackpot. Sure, she's spent some money on herself—after her rough childhood, she figures she deserves a few indulgences, big and small.

To financial advisor Charlie Manning, his client Brittney is a shallow beauty out to spend all of her money. He thinks she should rein it in. She thinks he should loosen up, and resolves to help him do just that—in a very naughty way.

The passion between them burns hot and fast, and Charlie comes to realize Brittney's heart is as big as her newly fattened bank account. She's not only smart, but beautiful and sexy. And he can't resist her.

Still, Charlie is aware that Brittney's keeping secrets from him. If only she would trust him enough to tell the truth!

*Enjoy the following excerpt for Fortune's Deception:*

Brittney was going to turn him away. She had to.

With a sigh, she threw her brush into the sink and pulled her hair into a high ponytail. No reason getting glammed up if she was going to spend the night alone. She'd realized the minute she walked out of his office she had to do this, sever all sexual ties with her *financial planner*. She should've never done it with him in the first place, and she'd made more than her share of mistakes in her life.

Then he called her at six, his voice so sexy, a little gruff as he spoke. When he asked if he could come over, she didn't even hesitate with her answer. Just hearing him talk made her sex weep with moisture, caused her nipples to stiffen into tight little aching buds.

She'd hung up the phone and known immediately she'd made a mistake. No way could he come over to her house and essentially fuck her brains out. She didn't want to lead him on, didn't want him to think she could offer him something more. Relationships were not a part of her life, they never had been. She didn't do consecutive dating, didn't do any of that stuff. She had no idea *how* to do any of it.

Of course, what she and Charlie had certainly couldn't be called *dating*. That description was downright laughable. No, one illicit encounter in his office did not constitute dating, but she had a feeling he was a serious kind of guy.

She didn't care to stick around long enough to have someone hurt her, because that's what always happened. Nothing could last forever. She'd suffered enough through her entire childhood, taking blow after emotional blow when she'd been young and had no defenses. All of it had been so painful, so heartbreaking. Never, ever again would she put herself through something like that willingly.



Could she recall one serious boyfriend throughout her entire string of so-called relationships? Not really. She was the good-time girl, the one guys liked to hang out with, the one they liked to bang, especially because she was no-strings. No fuss, no muss, just fun.

Mister Number Cruncher Charles Manning probably didn't even know the meaning of no fuss, no muss. He was probably intent on finding a woman ready to settle down with, looking for a relationship. He reeked of commitment. His cologne was probably named Commitment.

That was *so* not her style.

The doorbell rang and she ran her hands down the front of her cotton tank dress, her palms suddenly sweaty. She hated having to turn him away, didn't want to see the disappointment in his eyes, on his face, but it had to be done. One minor encounter with the man and already she was in over her head. She couldn't imagine how an actual sweaty mattress session with him would make her feel.

*Be strong.* She lifted her chin, straightened her posture and walked with determined steps to the door.

All thoughts of being strong and dumping his sexy ass flew right out the door with her first sight of him on her front porch. Her jaw dropped open in surprise, her mouth going dry. He looked deliciously sexy with his hands stuffed in the front pockets of worn jeans, a black T-shirt stretched tight across his broad chest. He smiled at her, dimples flashing, brown eyes filled with sexual heat behind the wire frames of his glasses. Her heart skipped a beat and her entire body roared to life, eager for his touch.

Just one more time, what can it hurt? She could take it, she thought as she grabbed his hand and yanked him inside, kicking the door shut behind him. She pushed his big body against the door, flattened herself against him and pulled his head down.

"Nice to see you, too," he murmured just before her lips captured his.

They kissed long and slow, wonderful lazy kisses. His tongue traced the outline of her lips and she opened her mouth to him, her tongue dancing with his. His hands slid up and down her sides, dragging her dress up with every pass until they slipped underneath, cupping her panty-clad ass.

She moaned into his mouth and pressed against him, unable to help herself. He got the message, lifting her, and she wrapped her legs around him.

"You're strong," she said, peppering tiny kisses all over his face, darting her tongue out to lick his skin.

"You're light." His dark hair rubbed against her face as he moved down to kiss her neck, nibbling the sensitive flesh.

A shiver consumed her when his teeth hit an extra touchy spot. "You're sweet but I'm not that light."

After they'd won the lottery, she'd been on a non-stop eating binge at the finest restaurants she could find. She had to be packing at least an extra ten pounds since she'd started.

“Mmm, you smell good. Taste good.” His lips were soft as they cruised up her neck, skimmed her jaw before finally settling on her mouth. He drank from her, his mouth languid, his tongue teasing and she clutched at him, sank her hands in his hair to keep him there, right where she wanted him.

Oh, the man could kiss. She could do this all night. So slow, so soft, utterly decadent. His tongue searched her mouth, wet and warm and tasting faintly of mint. She tunneled her hands into his silky hair, the dark strands wrapping around her fingers and she undulated against him, wanting more. His erection brushed against her, huge and urgent and her nipples hardened to almost painful points.

“Take me to my bedroom,” she whispered against his mouth, licking at his lips.

He lifted his head, glanced around. “Hell, where is it? Your house is huge. How much did you pay for this monstrosity again?”

Brittney tugged on his hair, making him yelp. “You should know and besides, there will be no talk of financial matters tonight, please. You need to focus on the task at hand.”

“Which is?” He smiled, dimples flashing again and her tummy fluttered at the sight of them.

She could look at those cute, sexy dimples over and over and never tire of it.

*He's throwing a kink—or two—in her plans...*

## Educating Jane Porter

© 2009 *Dominique Adair*

*A Jane Porter story.*

Last night Jane met the Master of her dreams...

Tall, dark and very Spanish, Antonio Villareal is a lover unlike any Jane has ever known—undeniably sexy and more than willing to help her explore her submissive side. To find a master who's a natural dominant is one thing. But kind and considerate, as well? She can hardly believe her good fortune.

Antonio is well aware that Jane is determined to keep their sexual relationship temporary. But he has a different plan in mind.

In the morning he introduces her to his best friend...

*Enjoy the following excerpt for Educating Jane Porter:*

"I'm very pleased to meet you, Jane."

His voice was smooth, cultured like a fine brandy or the perfect cigar. When he assumed the chair next to her, his scent, a mixture of lime and healthy male, tickled her senses.

This man was hot, really hot. She'd never considered going to bed with another man so quickly after bedding Antonio, but—

When she became aware both men were giving her a curious look, she cleared her throat.

"Uh...it's lovely to meet you too."

Santos flashed her a smile that was both amused and pleased.

*You're acting like a complete hick.*

"So what brings you...uh...here, this weekend?" Inwardly she groaned. Of course he was here for Antonio's birthday. They were friends.

Santos's brown eyes twinkled. He took her hand and raised it to his lips.

"My friend told me the women were exquisite."

His lips touched her skin, igniting a quick flash of heat. When his tongue touched her knuckle she shivered.

*Wow.*

She didn't miss the glance the men shared. Her sex clenched.

"Isn't she as beautiful as I described?" Antonio slid into the chair directly opposite Santos. Between the two of them they'd effectively pinned her in the corner of the terrace.

"That she is."

“Blonde, elegant, confident.” Antonio’s hand slid under the table to settle on her left knee. “What more could a man ask for?”

“I don’t know if I’m all that.” Under the stare of both men, her cheeks heated.

“You are, and much more.” Antonio’s smile was intimate. He gave her knee a gentle squeeze and a warm ribbon of heat unfurled in her stomach.

“You’re making her blush.” Santos sounded amused.

“I enjoy making beautiful women blush.”

Her lover’s hand slid up the inside of her thigh pushing her skirt along with it. She sent a silent thank you to Kitten for requesting full-length tablecloths. Whatever he was up to, no one would be able to see under the table.

Antonio gently pressed his hand against the inside of her leg indicating his desire. Reaching for her glass, she opened her legs several inches.

“It appears you do it well,” Santos spoke.

Another hand touched her right knee, and she started. Her gaze flew to Santos’s face, but he wasn’t looking at her. A waiter approached with them with three bowls on a tray.

“As you ordered, *Señor Santos*.”

“Thank you, Ramon. The sun is warm, and this will be much appreciated.”

Ramon placed the first bowl in front of Jane.

“I hope you like lime,” Santos said. “I took the liberty of ordering for you.”

“Why yes, thank you.”

In unison, their hands slid further up the insides of her thighs, gently tugging them apart. Jane snatched her spoon as the waiter completed his service. He left with a slight bow.

Antonio’s hand squeezed her upper thigh. Santos’s hand moved upward and without thinking, she spread her legs. His pinky nudged her mound, and a rush of liquid filled her pussy.

“The flavor is exquisite.” Antonio spooned a small amount of his peach gelato and offered it to Jane. “You’ll find this to be a singular experience.”

Though she wasn’t entirely sure he was speaking to her, she obediently opened her mouth. The creamy substance landed on her tongue bringing with it the cool taste of peaches and cream.

Santos’s fingers nudged her pussy.

“It is most pleasant.”

Her gaze flew to his face. He was watching her with an odd little smile. His finger parted the slick lips of her pussy to delve inside. Electricity shot through her body when he touched her clit.

*There is a stranger with his hand on your crotch!*

Panic overtook her and from deep in her throat, Jane squealed. When she slammed her legs shut, she wasn’t entirely sure if it was to keep him out or to hold him hostage.

“There is a shy quality to this dish.” Antonio was speaking. “But if you savor the flavor, absorbing every nuance of its sweetness, it’s well worth the effort.”

Hell, they weren’t talking about the gelato...

“Yes, I see your point,” Santos murmured. Scooping up a small bite of raspberry gelato, he offered it to her.

“You will enjoy it, I promise you,” he said.

Her stomach dropped. This was the moment. Santos wanted an invite into her bed. Her gaze darted to Antonio.

“I assure you, it is a flavor you must try.” His smile deepened. “The experience will change your world.”

Their hands on her thighs exerted enough pressure to alert her to their intentions. Need burned low, hot in her pussy. Her nipples ached with the need to be touched, sucked.

She wanted both of these men.

Jane opened her mouth to accept the bite. Cool raspberry delighted her tongue even as she relaxed her thighs. Spreading them wide, she gave them entry to her darkest desires.

“Pleasing, is it not?” Santos asked.

She couldn’t even enjoy the bite because their hands were perched at the top of her inner thighs. At the first touch of her clit, Jane swallowed the bite.

At the second stroke, her hips thrust forward.

“It’s lovely.”

Her voice was shrill to her own ears. Quickly spooning a bite of her gelato, she stuffed it into her mouth.

“Soft, creamy. It’s perfection.” Santos stroked her clit.

“Sweeter than candy. I think we should indulge as much as possible before the party tonight,” Antonio said. “It has been a while since I’ve indulged my love of sweet cream.”

A finger prodded her vagina. Her breath caught, and she was penetrated. A second finger joined the first, stretching her. Delicate nerves leapt to life sending a gush of liquid need into her pussy. Her grip on the spoon tightened, and her knuckles turned white.

Judging by the angle, it was Antonio who was finger-fucking her under the table. Her nipples hardened, creating tiny points against her thin sweater. Fighting the urge to caress them, she took another bite of the gelato. The creamy dessert was melting under the warm sun, much like she was under the table.

From the right, a finger touched her clit. Her hips shot forward in a silent plea for more.

A bite of peach gelato appeared in front of her, and she licked it from the spoon. Antonio’s greedy fingers in her pussy began to thrust while Santos stroked her clit. Antonio leaned toward her, and his lips brushed her cheek.

“I’m going to eat your pussy, Beauty.”

A whimper slipped from her lips. Her gaze was focused on her dessert bowl, now filled with green cream.

“And then, after you come against my tongue, I’m going to put my cock into your hungry pussy and fuck you until you come again.”

Explicit images crashed through her mind...her naked body, both men feasting on her flesh. Two cocks, thrusting, thrusting...

A sharp pinch on one nipple was all it took.

Antonio caught her chin and pulled her toward him. His mouth took possession of hers stifling her cry. Their tongues mated as her orgasm whipped through her body. The whole situation was so carnal, so explosive. Jane was rocked to her very core.

The spasms eased, and so did the kiss. His mouth gentled, and his fingers in her pussy did the same. They removed their hands leaving her feeling empty, shattered. Antonio broke the kiss.

“You pleased me very much, Beauty.”

She ducked her head, and he slid his arm around her waist then pulled her against his side. With the taste of Antonio thick on her tongue, she peeked up at Santos.

His gaze was direct, hot. Her eyes widened when he raised his left hand to his lips. His tongue slipped out to taste her cream, and his gaze turned fierce.

“That was quite enjoyable.” Antonio was speaking to Santos. “Aren’t you glad you took my advice and indulged this morning?”

“It was unforgettable.”

Santos’s gaze burned into her flesh, and she looked away. Just thinking about what they’d done under the table was enough to cause her heart to flutter. She’d just allowed two men, virtual strangers, to finger her under a table.

In public.

A rush of yearning moved through her body. Exhibitionism was a secret fantasy of hers, one she’d felt destined to remain unfulfilled. Her pussy clenched. Now, she wasn’t quite so sure.

“I don’t know about you, Antonio, but I’d like to taste more.” Santos tossed his napkin on the table. “Shall we move our tasting upstairs?”

*She loves them too much to change them. Until they turn the tables on her...*

## It's Raining Men

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*In the Heat of the Night, Book Three.*

Every one of Candy's werewolf instincts tells her that Michael is her mate. He's a lawyer—smart, sophisticated, and handsome. The catch? He's gay. There is no way she's going to try to change who he is. Then she meets his lover Stephen, a seductive Fae-siren jazz singer, and she's positive she's got a screw loose somewhere. Mates with not one, but two gay men?

She's definitely doomed to be single forever.

Michael and Stephen know that their unexpectedly flirtatious advances have thrown Candy for a loop. But there's method to their madness—they're both serious about her. And they plan to make sure she never spends another birthday alone.

*Enjoy the following excerpt for It's Raining Men:*

Fire flooded my system, and my hips moved in the kind of sensual rhythm I couldn't control. I clung to him, opening my mouth on his neck to suck and nip at his salty flesh. The wolf demanded that I bite down hard. I shuddered, holding back on my instincts to move against him in wild abandon. He pushed his pelvis into mine, working me in the hard, insistent tempo that took me right to the edge of orgasm but didn't allow me to fall over. "Michael, I'm so close. Please, I need more."

"Not yet, not yet." He froze, and I died a little. My claws slid forward and dug into his shoulders. He grunted and shrugged against my hold. I loosened my grip, stroking an apologetic hand down his back.

He startled when he looked at me, his mouth falling open in shock. I pressed my fingertip to my mouth, and I felt my fully extended fangs. My eyes would be icy werewolf blue, the wolf wanting her mate. And my appearance obviously scared the shit out of him. I expected to feel a pierce of regret, but the wolf was too much in control, and I was too far gone to care that he would reject me. Unwrapping my legs from around his waist, he set me on my feet. I nearly cried out again, for entirely different reasons. My clawed fingers flexed and I turned away, not daring to look at him. The emotional pain would come later, when only the woman was left to deal with the hurt.

"That was hotter than I imagined it would be." A strangled note had entered the siren's voice. When I glanced at Stephen, I saw he was stroking his cock through his pants. "And I have one hell of an imagination."

I looked him over, not bothering to hide the wolf this time. They'd come into the wolf's den willingly. If they wanted an apology for my nature, they'd be waiting a long time. Licking my lips, I stepped toward

the Fae halting and reached out to take over the stroking. A low growl soured from my throat, and the burn in my veins increased.

His hand covered mine, showing me exactly how he liked to be touched. Up, down, up, down. Slow torture. The musky scent of his desire caressed my sensitive nose, his musical groans kissing my ears. Moisture from his bulbous crest seeped through his pants. My other hand lifted to flick open his zipper. His breath caught when I pulled his hard cock out and sank to my knees before him. I wanted him in my mouth, wanted to taste his flesh. A shudder went through him as I slid my tongue along the underside of his dick, working my way up until I could take the head into my mouth. He buried his fingers in my hair, fisting tight as I sucked him deep. His flavor burst over my taste buds, and I knew I would never banish it from my memory. It was embedded in my psyche, and I would know his taste, his scent, his essence anywhere.

The heat that had never abated held me tight in its grip. Stephen's passion fed my own, and my hips rolled to the same rhythm that I sucked him. I closed my eyes and savored every moment of this chance to touch one of my mates. It was too sweet, made me burn too hot. I shivered, my nipples going rock hard. My eyes snapped open again when large hands cupped my breasts from behind. Michael. "You look hot with your mouth stuffed with cock. You know that, right?"

A moan escaped me, his words making lava flow through my veins. My breathing picked up speed, my heart pounding as excitement and anticipation flooded me. His palms slid down the front of my dress until he reached the hem. One hand tugged it up to my waist while the other slipped around to dip into me from behind. The first touch of his fingers on my slick pussy lips made me moan. He pressed them up into my hot channel, setting a fast, harsh pace. I grabbed Stephen's slim hips for balance, still sucking him so deep the head of his cock hit the back of my throat. I groaned, working Stephen with my mouth as Michael worked me with his fingers.

He rolled a fingertip over my clit. His hand angled, and the fingers inside me hit my G-spot. I screamed around Stephen's dick, my pussy convulsing. My sex clenched around Michael's fingers repeatedly, and he continued to thrust into me, to drag it out as long as possible until my breathing became little more than ragged sobs. Stephen's hard cock slid from my lips, and I rested my forehead against his thigh, shuddering and twisting my hips.

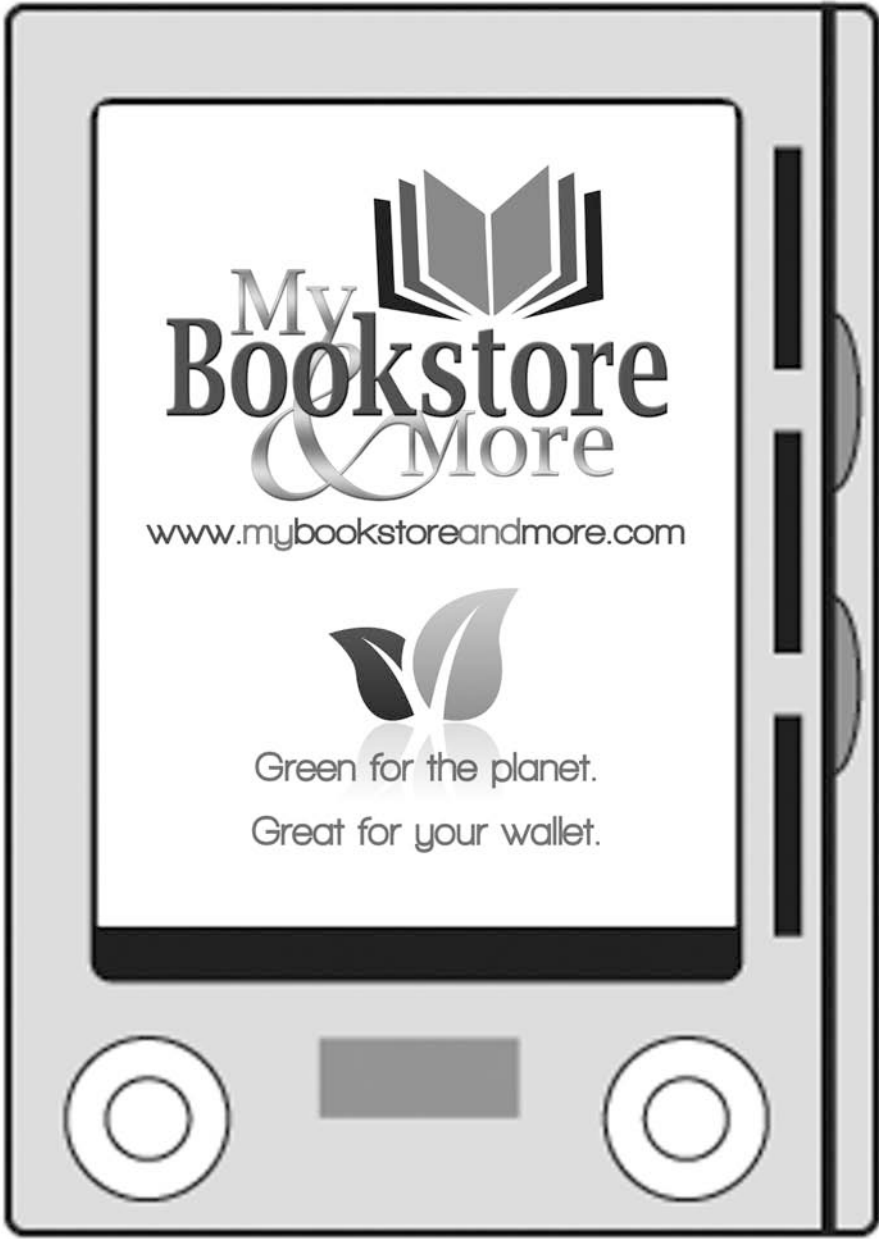
Michael's fingers withdrew, and I felt him stand, moving away from me. I looked up when Stephen stepped back to see Michael turning him by the shoulder to face the counter. Kicking Stephen's feet apart, Michael urged the siren forward until his forearms rested on the countertop. My eyes widened as I watched Michael grab the back of Stephen's belt and roughly jerk his pants down. He groaned as Michael stroked over the tight muscles of his naked ass, parting the cheeks to tease his anus. Using his free hand, Michael unfastened his slacks and pulled his long, hard dick out. I sucked in a shocked breath, insidious heat winding through me at the sight of my two mates together. It was the most erotic thing I'd ever seen.




Michael inserted one, then two fingers into the siren's ass, widening him to prepare him for penetration. Then Michael pulled his hand back to grasp his cock, nudging it into Stephen's tight pucker.

"Damn, Michael. I want it hard. I need it." He shuddered and groaned between clenched teeth as Michael drew back his palm to slap the siren's backside. I watched Michael's cock sliding in and out of Stephen's anus, and my thighs squeezed together as excitement tightened within me, flooding my core with fire. Even though I'd just come, witnessing them fuck had me right on the edge of orgasm. The scent of them and the musk of sex intoxicated me, clawing at my control. Biting my lip, I slipped my fingers between my legs to stroke the slick folds.

"Don't just watch, Candy. I didn't tell you to stop sucking him," Michael's voice growled, the tone harsh with unspent sexual need.



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