

ELLORA'S CAVE *Sophisticate*



*Spend the Night
With Me*

AMBER SKYZE

Spend the Night with Me

Amber Skyze

Book 2 in the Freedom Fantasies series.

Memories of her deceased fiancé no longer so painful, Brooke is determined it's time to move on. She goes to Freedom Fantasies in search of someone who will rock her world — for one night only.

She's not prepared for young, sexy, funny Liam. He's wants to explore the limits of pleasures Brooke didn't know existed. Their sexual experiments and seductions leave each other breathless. But Brooke still isn't certain she's able to let one night turn into many.

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Spend the Night with Me

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SPEND THE NIGHT WITH ME

Amber Skyze

Dedication

To my wonderful friend Katalina Leon, one of my biggest supporters. Your kindness inspires me and drives to soar to greater heights. Thanks!

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Chapter One

It's time to put these away. I need to move on. It's time for closure.

Brooke stared at the pictures scattered all over the floor. They'd haunted her for over eighteen months. Memories of what she had lost. Memories of what she should've had. The one and only love of her life. Carl.

He'd been gone for a long time. She would never forget that dreadful day when her future mother-in-law had called with the news. Carl had been killed by a suicide bomber. He was only days away from coming home. Instead he'd returned in a body bag.

It was time for her to get back to the living. She needed companionship. She wanted to feel a man's strong arms around her again. The need to feel safe and secure grew with each passing day. And if she was honest with herself, she needed sex. Down-and-dirty sex.

She'd been lonely for so long. She wanted to remember how it felt to have a man ravish her body.

Kim, one of her best friends, had been offering to set her up in a room over at Freedom Fantasies forever. Freedom Fantasies wasn't just *any* old place. It was a Manor where women went to live out their fantasies.

Paige, her other best friend, had recently rekindled her marriage there. Maybe it was time she had some fun — even if for only one night.

Looking around the apartment she'd once shared with Carl, she realized how much of him was still there. Pictures were everywhere. On the entertainment center, the end tables, even in the kitchen. There were constant reminders of their life together. It wasn't healthy for her to continue to obsess over him. He was gone and he was never coming back. It was time she realized the truth.

Quickly, she got off the floor and started collecting all the photos. She placed them in a big pile on her bed. From the closet in the spare room she retrieved an old empty box she'd kept for future storage. This was the perfect time to pack away Carl's photos. It was time to let go.

She stacked the photos one by one neatly into the box. Once they were all safe, she tucked the box away in the closet. She didn't want to forget Carl, she just wanted to move on.

His closet had been emptied because his family wanted some of his belongings. She'd kept a few shirts, which she occasionally wore around the house. She liked having his scent lingering. His dog tags hung around her neck as a constant reminder of what they could have had – what was taken away by a suicide bomber.

She removed the tags and brought them to the closet where she packed them away with all his pictures.

As she passed the mirror, she stopped. When had she started to look so old? At thirty she wasn't old. She looked tired and worn-out. She examined her reflection more closely. Her blue eyes were cold and empty. Her blonde hair appeared lifeless. Had she really been presenting herself to the world looking like this?

She rushed into the bathroom and turned on the shower. After giving her hair a thorough shampooing and conditioning she blew it dry. Using her large round brush, she added volume. She added makeup to her drab complexion.

Upon inspection she liked what she saw. She looked more her age again. She didn't look old and beaten. It was time to put on some sexy clothes and hop over to the Manor. While she wasn't going to have Kim set her up, she was going to mingle in the bar area. Maybe she'd find someone who intrigued her all by herself. There was nothing Brooke despised more than being hooked up.

While she was there she'd pop in on her friend and see how she was doing.

* * * * *

The crowd was sparse as she made her way to the bar.

"Figures," she mumbled.

"Excuse me?" the bartender asked.

Brooke glanced up, ready to apologize for talking to herself, when she came face-to-face with the most delightful guy she'd seen in a long time.

"I... I was..."

"Talking to yourself?" he asked. Gold speckles flickered in his hazel eyes.

"Yes. Guilty."

"I do it all the time."

"It's a bad habit. Sometimes I forget when I'm in a crowd."

"Not much of a crowd tonight." He gestured around the room.

"No. I'm surprised. I thought this place was always hopping." Kim complained about how hectic things were. She never seemed to have a minute to herself anymore.

"It normally is. Actually what am I saying? It is! All the rooms are booked. So all the people you see lingering are hoping for one to open up."

"Really?" she whispered.

"Uh-huh."

"Hmmm." Guess she wasn't going to get lucky tonight. There was no room at the inn. Maybe she was better off calling Kim ahead of time.

"Liam," he said, extending his hand.

So this was Liam? The bartender Kim raved about. She bragged about his good looks and fantastic personality. Kim hadn't exaggerated. He was totally hot.

Kim claimed if he was a bit older and she wasn't so in love with David she might consider spending some time with him.

The way Kim talked about Liam, Brooke felt she already knew him.

“Brooke.” She gave him her hand and when they touched heat radiated through her fingers straight to the core of her stomach.

“Nice to meet you, Brooke. Can I get you a drink?”

He could get her a lot right now. She couldn’t believe how her body reacted to his touch.

“Sure. I’ll have a glass of white wine. No, you know what, I want something stronger. How about...” What could she have? She wasn’t much of a drinker.

“How about I surprise you?” He winked at her.

“How about that?” Was he flirting with her? He was cute, she’d give him that. He was really cute, but he didn’t look a day over twenty-one. Brooke didn’t do younger. She wanted a man, someone older than her. Maybe she could make an exception for one night.

Nah. Besides, he was probably just being nice. It was his job to make sure the paying customers felt good. How else would he get nice tips? Though Brooke suspected Kim paid her employees well. They were privy to some big secrets. This wasn’t the lifestyle for everyone.

“Like vodka?”

“I’ve had it a few times. Can’t complain.” She smiled against her better judgment. She shouldn’t flirt back. Not when she couldn’t act on it.

As she watched Liam mixing a concoction she wondered what kind of lover he’d be. Would he be slow and methodical or fast and hard? Did he like to use props or toys or was he too manly for that? She’d bet he was sporting quite the package in those tight slacks. His ass wasn’t too shabby. Actually it was the perfect size to hold in her hands.

“Brooke?”

“Mmmm.” Shit! She’d been caught staring at his ass.

“Try this.”

“What is it?” she asked, looking at the funky blue drink.

"A blue Hawaiian."

She sipped the drink and had to admit it tasted great.

"This is fruity and fabulous."

"I'm glad you like it."

"I really do."

"Great! Another happy customer."

When he smiled he had a dimple at the top of his right cheek. It was small, but so cute and those eyes—they were mesmerizing. She could get lost in their depths.

"So what brings you to Freedom Fantasies tonight?"

That was a loaded question if she ever heard one.

"What's my pleasure? Is that what you're asking?"

"No, actually I was wondering why you're here. This doesn't look like your kind of place."

"What's that supposed to mean?" Did she look like some uptight goody-goody who couldn't be seen in a place like this or did she look too old to be here?

"I'm not trying to offend you, Brooke. What I'm trying to say is you don't look like the type who would come searching for a man. You strike me as the type who would already have a man prior to arriving."

She sucked in a deep breath and contemplated his words. He wasn't trying to insult her. He was just making an observation. She couldn't attack him for that.

She shrugged.

"I'm not sure I'm looking." Technically it wasn't a lie. If someone found her or she found someone attractive then she'd see where things went. A one-night stand at the Manor wasn't unheard of.

"Just checking out the place?"

"You could say that." She didn't want to tell him that she was best friends with the owner. He might not want to get too friendly with her if he knew.

“Well you give me a holler if you need a refill. I have to attend to some other customers.”

She nodded and saluted him with her glass. There weren't many other customers, but there were two down at the other end of the bar who looked like they could use another drink.

Brooke scanned the room one more time to see if there were any potential candidates—nothing. Maybe she should head up to Kim's office and see what she was up to. She could come back down and see Liam after if he wasn't so busy.

He didn't see her slip away as she left the bar area with her drink.

She knocked on Kim's door, but there was no answer. She decided it was best if she called her. Digging in her purse she pulled out her cell phone and called her.

No answer.

“Strange.” Oh well, nothing she could do about it. She'd tried. Brooke returned to the bar.

“Where'd you go?” Liam asked, leaning lazily against the bar.

“Just for a little snoop around.” She knew there was only so far she could go, but Kim did allow visits to check out the scenery.

“Would you like a guided tour or a list of things you can see?”

“Nah, but I appreciate the offer. I've seen all I'm interested in tonight.” She pushed her half-empty drink toward him. “Thanks for the drink, it was the best.”

“Leaving already?”

She could tell he was disappointed.

“As you pointed out, this really isn't my thing.”

“You could hang with me and I could get to know you better.”

His eyebrow raised and she wondered if he was propositioning her. The thought of spending a night with the sexy bartender wasn't so bad. What better way to get the

sexual gratification she was looking for? A one-night stand with a guy who could probably rock her world.

The best part was she felt like she already knew him. Kim gave him rave reviews. Being with someone Kim knew and adored was better than picking up a total stranger. Liam came highly recommended.

Brooke returned to her barstool.

"I guess I could stay a little longer." It couldn't hurt, right?

Liam watched the way she struggled with the idea of staying. She was definitely torn. He was thrilled when she said yes. She was gorgeous and not the type he ever imagined being at Freedom Fantasies—at least not actively looking. He couldn't help but wonder if she'd squirm under his touch or if she'd be a vocal lover. Hearing her sexy voice crying out his name would render him useless.

He wanted to run his fingers through her sexy blonde hair and lick his way down the vee of her shirt, until he reached her creamy breasts. Dipping his cock into her sweet pussy was all he could think about.

"Can I get another drink?" she asked.

"Sure." He smiled and walked away, trying to adjust his cock. It throbbed against his pants. Brooke was one sexy woman. He could just imagine her sprawled out on a king-sized bed, naked and waiting for him to seduce her any way he wanted before he fucked her.

He groaned.

What would his boss say if he fraternized with a guest? He'd never been in this situation and wasn't totally sure of the answer. It wasn't something they ever discussed before. Now he wished it were. He didn't want to get fired for being with a paying customer, but technically she was only here for the bar area. She wasn't paying for a

room or meeting anyone who was. He could take her back to his place away from the Manor. This way he couldn't be accused of mixing business with pleasure.

He returned to where she sat, his cock pulsing painfully against his pants. When she smiled he thought he'd lose his mind. He could imagine those lush lips wrapped around his penis, sucking him for every last drop of cum.

He bit back the moan that threatened to escape. He had to be careful with how he handled her. She wasn't the average woman hitting on him for one thing and one thing only – sex. Liam had had his share of women who wanted to use him for his body only. Most couldn't care less that he had a brain in his head. He sensed Brooke was different. His gut told him she'd have to get to know someone before she fell into bed with them.

"You from around here or visiting?"

"I live here. Been here all my life."

"Me too. I love it during the winter when the tourism is down. Don't get me wrong I love the fact that we draw people to our town, but I like when there's not so much hustle and bustle in the streets."

She smiled. "I understand. I'm not a huge crowd person. I enjoy walking around the shops when they're not so busy."

"Maybe we could do that sometime." What the fuck? Where did that come from? Liam Flannery didn't offer to go window-shopping with women. Yes, he enjoyed the streets and the views, but shit, he didn't care for all-day shopping excursions.

She tilted her head sideways and looked at him curiously.

"Are you serious? You like to shop?"

"Yes and no," he confessed. He didn't want to lie to her completely. Something about her made him want to be honest.

"Which is it?" She looked pointedly at him.

"I like window-shopping, but I can't be dragged from store to store watching women try clothes on and asking if their butts look big."

She chuckled.

He liked the way her laughter filled the room.

"I'm not big on clothes shopping. I normally know what I like and buy it without trying it on."

"Seriously? I'm impressed."

She shrugged. "I'm easy."

He leaned against the bar.

"How easy?" he whispered.

"Are you hitting on me, Liam?" She batted her long eyelashes at him.

"I was about to ask you the same thing."

He watched as she took a long drag off the straw. She was delaying answering his question.

Finally she released the straw and said, "What if I was?"

He wasn't about to turn down a possible offer from this gorgeous woman.

"Then I'd say let me take you home."

"What time do we leave?"

Chapter Two

Liam almost choked on his words when she asked him when they were leaving. She liked that she had the ability to cause such a reaction from him. He'd backed away from the bar and looked at her questioningly. He immediately asked if she was serious and when she told him she was he told her his shift ended in a few hours.

"Or when everyone clears out," he'd said.

Now, two hours later, she was sitting in his car outside his place. Fear filled her.

Was she making the right decision going home with him? What would Kim say? Would she be jealous? Probably. That realization had her second-guessing her decision to go home with Liam. That along with the fact that she still mourned the loss of Carl. It was only today she'd packed away his things. Could she really have sex with Liam so soon?

Why the fuck was she second-guessing her decision? She'd packed Carl's things away for a reason. It was high time she moved on. Her obsession with holding on to the past wasn't healthy.

If the way her body was reacting was any indication, then being celibate wasn't an option. She already knew the answer. She would most definitely have sex with Liam.

She hadn't felt this turned on in ages. Her nipples had been hard all night long. Her pussy was wet just imagining him taking her and the heat that radiated off him whenever he was close further proved she was ready for this. Ready in so many ways.

"You can change your mind if you'd like," Liam said, breaking the silence.

"I'm not backing out. If I didn't want this I wouldn't be here." Her stomach flip-flopped as she spoke the words. Yes, she wanted to be here, but she hadn't done *this* in almost two years. Would she even remember how to do it?

A nervous giggle escaped her lips.

"What's so funny?" He looked devilishly handsome in the moonlight. His eyes expressed concern.

"Nothing." How could she tell him she was worried about how she'd perform? She couldn't. They said it was just like riding a bike, you never forget. Well she hoped they were right, because she wanted to ride this stud all night long.

Another nervous giggle poured from her.

"Okay, Brooke. I'm not buying that nothing's funny. This is the second time you've laughed. Is this some kind of prank? Older woman tries picking up younger guy and once it works tells him it was all a setup?"

"Oh God, no. Liam this is definitely not a prank. I'm here because I want to be. The laugh—well, it's nervousness. Sometimes when I get worked up about something I laugh."

He reached out a hand and covered hers.

"What are you nervous about? Us being together?"

She shrugged.

"It's been a long time, Liam," she admitted. Relief washed over her as she spoke the words. She wanted him to know that she didn't just go around picking up random guys, even if that had been her intention when she left the house.

"I'm flattered." He leaned over and kissed her cheek.

"You are?" She was shocked.

"Absolutely. I'm flattered you chose me to be your first. I'll be happy to help you get over your dry spell."

She smiled at his frankness.

"I'm looking forward to being with you."

"Then let's not sit out here any longer. Let's go inside and make ourselves more comfortable."

"Lead the way." Brooke liked his easy manner. He didn't make her feel uncomfortable. She felt relaxed in his company. Safe. That was the most important part. She wouldn't be here if he hadn't made her feel safe.

She followed him up the stairs to his second-floor loft. The furniture was sparse. It was a definite bachelor pad. Clean for the most part, except for the stray pizza box lying on the coffee table.

"Sorry," he said, snatching it off the table, and headed toward the kitchen. "Sometimes I forget to pick up."

"No problem," she called after him.

He returned smiling. "I wasn't expecting company."

"No worries." He was so cute worrying about what she thought. Other than the pizza box, he kept his place clean. There weren't any dust bunnies hanging out in the corners or cobwebs dangling from the ceilings. His place looked lived in and she found nothing wrong with that.

"So can I offer you something to drink?"

"Do you have water?" Her mouth was parched and she'd had enough alcohol for one night. She didn't want to have a hangover in the morning.

"Water it is." He left again in search of her water. She took a seat on his futon. She hoped this wasn't his bed too. How awkward would that be?

Again she giggled. Damn she had to stop that. He was going to think she was crazy or something.

He returned and handed her the bottled water.

"I'm not going to rush you or ask you to do anything that makes you feel uneasy. In fact we could just hang and talk. I could throw in a movie or turn on the stereo."

She twisted the cap and took a long swig off the water. The cool liquid felt good sliding down her dry throat.

"Sit," she said, patting the seat next to her. "You're making me nervous standing there."

It was his turn to laugh. He sat next to her as she requested.

He took a lock of her hair and twirled it in his fingers.

"You're beautiful, Brooke."

She blushed. When was the last time a man paid her any attention? She could get used to this. But she had to remember she wasn't here for a relationship. She didn't do younger men. She wanted someone grown-up. Someone who had experienced life. Someone mature. She had to admit that Liam was very mature and the conversation was easy between them. There wasn't any awkward silence or gaps she felt she needed to fill. Things were too simple with him. That frightened her.

"Has anyone told you how gorgeous your eyes are? It's like looking at sapphires. The blue is so intense."

Biting her lower lip, she shook her head no.

"Thank you," she offered.

"I'm not just saying these things to get you into bed. I'm being serious."

"I believe you." She didn't know why but she felt he was being sincere.

"Good. Because I don't do this either." He waved his arm around.

"Do what?" she asked, confused.

"I don't bring strange women home."

His honesty rocked her to the core. So they both felt there was something about the other. Enough to want to spend the night together.

"That's good to know." She didn't think he was a player and Kim never spoke an ill word about him, but it was nice to be reassured.

He leaned forward and grazed her lips.

"Mmmm."

Brooke reached for his face and pulled him closer. She locked lips with him and kissed him with all the pent-up lust she'd carried since Carl had died.

When his tongue slipped over the threshold of her mouth, she readily accepted it. He explored, their tongues dancing a seductive tango. Her heart fluttered and her skin sizzled. She knew her panties were growing moist with each kiss. Brooke wanted more. No, she needed more. She had to feel every inch of him.

Her hand reached out and rested on his massive chest. He was buff.

Without removing his lip-lock he leaned her back against the couch. It was his turn to touch her. His hand roamed under her shirt and up to her breast. He pushed aside her bra. The tips of his fingers toyed with her nipple, causing it to harden under his touch.

Her stomach fluttered from an emotional roller coaster. She wanted to rip his clothes off and take him right here, yet part of her wanted to take it slow. His fingers on her breasts were exciting and sent her libido into overdrive.

Leaving her nipple hard and all alone, his hand roamed down to her thigh. It didn't take him long before he edged up her skirt to find her thong already soaked.

"Mmmm, nice and wet."

She blushed. Why was she embarrassed? Women got turned on every day. She deserved to be aroused. She'd earned the right to have sex.

"I'm dripping with desire for your hard cock," she stated. Holy crap she couldn't believe that bold remark came out of her mouth.

He smiled.

"Then let's not waste any more time."

"Let's not." She reached out and rubbed her hand along his slacks. His cock bulged against his pants. Bringing her other hand down, she unbuttoned them before sliding the zipper down. With careful precision she lifted his boxers over his hard penis, pulling his pants down at the same time.

Liam groaned under her touch.

"You like?"

"Your hands are so soft and tender."

"My mouth will feel the same way when I taste you." Okay, now she was really blown away by her boldness. She didn't speak this way to men, but it felt good. It felt refreshing to talk dirty to him.

"You are one sexy woman." He removed his hand from under her skirt and slid off the couch to kneel in front of her. "I want to taste this hot nectar."

She straightened her body on the couch and spread her legs. "I'm all yours tonight."

"I don't know where you came from, Brooke, but I'm so glad you walked into Freedom Fantasies tonight.

So was she. She'd never thought in her wildest dreams she would be there and looking for hot sex. She knew before the night was over Liam would rock her world.

"Enough talking. We have a taste test to begin." She winked and he swallowed.

Yes, she was stunning him with her brazen comments and it was just the way she liked it.

He didn't respond in words. Instead he dived in for action. Lifting her skirt up, he exposed her barely-there black thong. His finger hooked it and dragged it away from her wet pussy.

His other hand opened her lips. He blew on her clit, causing her to shiver.

She wanted to push his head down until he had no other choice but to lick her pussy, but she refrained. She had to control her urges. She had to allow Liam time. He should be in control of the situation. Yet, she didn't want to give him time. She wanted him to feast on her. She wanted him to bring her to the sweetest orgasm she'd ever experienced. Her body needed release and soon.

Liam drew closer to her drenched pussy.

"You smell delightful." He glanced up at her and licked his lips.

She groaned and clenched her fists. He needed to spend less time talking and more time doing what he promised – giving her glorious orgasms.

"I'm dying over here, Liam." If he didn't do something quick she would reach down and bring relief to herself.

He laughed.

"You are one feisty little woman."

"Just a woman who has gone a long time without sex."

He nodded before leaning forward and taking her nub between his lips.

She sighed. This was what she'd been waiting for. This feeling of ecstasy. His warm lips wrapped around her clit felt right. She shifted her body so she was more comfortable and Liam had better access to her nub.

His tongue flicked her swollen clit, sending bolts of electricity through her body. Her pussy ached with a desire to be filled. She longed to have his cock inside her.

He inserted a digit. She chewed her lower lip, biting back the yelp that threatened to escape. It felt so good, so right. She wanted more. No, she needed more.

"More," she whispered.

He obliged. Inserting a second finger, he tugged her nub between his teeth and gently nibbled on it.

The sensations filling her body became overwhelming. She grew closer to an orgasm. He moved his fingers in and out of her wet cunt while his mouth played tug-of-war with her clitoris. She placed her hands flat on the couch, accepting the feelings overtaking her body. As she rushed headfirst into a climax her body shuddered. Liam never took his lips off her clit. He continued sucking until she thought she'd lose her mind.

Her body relaxed and she covered her chest, trying to catch her breath.

He removed his fingers from her pussy and licked the juices.

"Sweet."

"I can't remember the last time I came like that." She reached a hand out and touched his face. "Thank you."

His eyes sparkled with delight.

"My pleasure."

Oh the pleasure was all hers. His tongue was absolutely amazing. Now she couldn't wait to see what he did with his cock. She hoped it was as deadly as his tongue. If so she was in for one fantastic night.

Liam leaned ever so slightly on her slender legs. She was incredible. The way her body reacted to his touch excited him. His cock pressed so tightly against his pants he thought he'd explode. He wanted her, right here, right now. But he wanted to give her time to recover from the orgasm. She said it'd been a long time since she had sex, he didn't want to wear her out too quickly. They had all night and the morning to experience many more.

"Is there a bed we can move to?" she asked.

"You're sitting on it." Damn, right about now he wished he had a bed. It hadn't mattered in the past, but Brooke was different. She deserved more than a makeshift bed.

"How about you lay out the futon then and we'll make ourselves comfortable," Brooke suggested.

Liam swallowed. He'd have to get used to this spunky spitfire. He admired her for her straightforwardness, but it was definitely something he wasn't ready for. Most of the time women couldn't even tell him if they were enjoying themselves, but Brooke was different. She wasn't most women. No, she was in a category all her own, but that was okay. He'd rather a blunt woman than a meek one.

Pushing off the couch, he stood and offered a hand.

“Let me help you up.”

She readily accepted. He half expected her to fix her skirt when she stood. Instead she reached behind her and unzipped it, before dragging it over her hips and letting it fall to the floor, along with her panties. She stepped out of them. Lifting her shirt over her head, she deposited it on the floor with the other clothes.

Liam stood there in awe at her gorgeous, flawless body. The black lace bra was as sexy as all hell, but she quickly removed that too. Standing with her hands on her hips, she looked at him pointedly.

“Are you going to lay this sucker out or do I have to do it for you?”

He laughed. Yes, he liked Brooke more and more with each passing minute.

Without waiting any longer he laid the futon flat. Brooke quickly crawled into the middle, shaking her ass as she went.

Liam groaned. He couldn't wait another moment. If she wanted his hard cock he was going to give it to her.

Shucking off his clothes, he left them piled next to hers.

“I'm getting sleepy.” She faked a yawn while Liam dug in his pants pocket looking for a condom.

She looked inviting with her cute little ass sticking up in the air. She was lying with her head resting on her arms, her knees were bent and her ass was waiting for him to do something – anything. Oh he was going to give it to her and good.

Once he had the condom in hand he kneeled on the edge of the cushion. With both hands he grabbed her and flipped her over onto her back.

She giggled.

“You want to be fucked?”

“Yes.”

“Maybe I should make you wait.” He gazed down into her blue eyes and watched as a hint of fear filled them.

He smiled. "Oh don't worry, I'm not going to make you suffer all night long. I'm just going to make you wait a little longer."

She looked confused.

As he hovered over her body she reached down between them and took his shaft in her hand. She stroked him up and down.

He sucked in a breath. Her fingertips burned his skin. He was ready to explode. In fact he wasn't sure he could torture her for too much longer without losing control.

Leaving the condom resting next to her, he straddled her body. He gazed at her perky breasts. They were creamy and inviting. He bent over and took a nipple in his mouth. The tiny bud hardened under his touch.

He was about to move to the other one when she released his cock and reached up to her breast. She took the other nipple between her thumb and forefinger and rolled it until it became tight and ready as the other.

He shook his head.

"You are incredible, do you know that?"

"Just trying to help you out."

She was helping him out all right. She was going to cause a major explosion if she continued this way.

"I think you're more than ready for this," she said, handing him the condom.

So much for the foreplay.

"Oh fuck it. I'll explore your body after." He quickly sheathed his member. He spread her legs with his knee.

"Now we're talking." She moved her hand to his cock and guided it to the opening of her pussy.

Brooke was *not* a shy, timid woman.

As he edged closer she removed her hand, allowing him to enter her. Her soaked pussy coated him, making his entry easy. He slid his cock in gradually, enjoying the feel of her surrounding him.

He watched as she closed her eyes and a small smile of satisfaction formed on her lips. This was what she wanted. She was happy.

Once he filled her she wrapped her legs around his back. He leaned closer and placed a tiny kiss on her eyelid and then the other. He moved to the tip of her nose before descending on her mouth.

Their mouths melted into one as their bodies moved in a slow, steady rhythm. Her arms snaked around his neck, pulling him closer. Her tongue slipped into his mouth and explored. He wasn't sure how much longer he could hold out. He needed release this time.

His balls grew tighter as the need to climax grew stronger. He pushed deeper and deeper into her cunt.

She removed her lips and started whispering in his ear. "Fuck me, Liam. Harder."

Her nails dug into his back as he rocked deeper. His thrusts quickened as he slammed into her. At first he was afraid of hurting her but her cries told him she was enjoying every moment of it.

"Yes. Harder."

He drove into her. Her fingernails were slicing his back, but all he could think about was giving in to her requests by pumping harder and harder. A primal scream filled his lungs as his orgasm took over his body and he unleashed his pent-up lust.

His cock pulsed as his seed filled the condom. Brooke cried out as her climax tore through her.

"Oh. My. God. I'm coming!"

Liam collapsed against her. Their sweaty skin was slick to the touch. Her breathing was labored under him.

"That was the most amazing experience," he said through rapid breaths.

"You're an incredible lover." Her finger traced along his face. "I needed that more than you'll ever know."

Liam wanted to know all there was about Brooke. She fascinated him on so many levels. He also knew he'd like to have her in one of the rooms at Freedom Fantasies, but he couldn't unless she invited him. He couldn't even mention it for fear Kim would get wind of it and fire him. Liam could see her tied to a bed squirming under him while he brought sweet, sweet torture to her lovely body. Yes, he wanted more of this incredible creature.

"You make it easy. You're one sexy lady."

She smiled and his heart melted.

"Let's do it again."

Liam rolled off her and gathered her in his arms. "We will. I promise."

He'd just settled her nicely in the crook of his arm when she pushed out. She rolled him on his back and towered over him.

"Why wait?"

"Okay!"

He hopped off the couch and headed to the bathroom where he disposed of the condom. The woman was insatiable. He didn't want to rush it and make her feel like he only wanted her for sex, but she refused to take it slow. She wanted it again and again and again. Liam would be more than happy to help her out.

When he returned from the bathroom she was on her back, a condom nestled between her fingers.

"I've been waiting for you."

His cock sprang to life seeing her all naked and ready to go. He stood in front of the futon, contemplating how he wanted her this time. Brooke made the decision for him when she sat up and scooted to the edge. She sat in front of him, her mouth just inches

from his hard penis. He could feel her hot breath. Her tongue darted out, wetting her lips.

“Time for my taste test.”

He grunted, unable to speak.

Her fingers wrapped around him, stroking gently. Her skin felt like feathers as it glided up and down his shaft. With her other hand she grabbed on to his ass and pulled him closer. Her tongue swiped the tip of his throbbing mushroom cap.

The muscles in his legs tensed at the warm sensations crawling through him. She set his soul on fire. He had to steady himself when she covered his head with her mouth, swirling her tongue around.

Brook eased her way down the length until his cock nudged the back of her throat. She retreated. Slow and steady she moved up and down, lingering when she reached the tip of his penis. She was torturing him. It amazed him at how slowly she went when it was his body raging with the need for release. He wanted to beg her to go faster, but the thought of not having her mouth sucking him wasn't an option. He didn't want her to stop. He knew he wouldn't last forever, but he'd ride it out as long as he could.

“God, your mouth feels so fucking good.” His fingers twined in her hair. He rocked his hips in time with her steady motions. It was an easy tempo back and forth.

She moaned, vibrating his cock. It sent shivers down his spine. He'd never felt anything so erotic. She did it again and it triggered his penis to pulse. As she continued his orgasm built. He was ready to erupt. Squeezing his eyes shut, he allowed the feelings to invade his body. He rolled with the sensations as they worked their way from the base of his shaft, pushing their way out.

He growled as he emptied his seed in her waiting mouth. His toes curled as she drained him.

“Good to the last drop!” She smiled and winked at him.

He shook his head, amused. She was constantly keeping him on his toes. He never knew what would come out of her mouth next.

Extending his hand, he helped her onto her feet.

"You're incredible. I don't know where you came from and it doesn't matter. The only thing that matters is you're here now. I'm going to enjoy getting to know you better, Brooke."

A haunted look filled her eyes. Had he said something wrong? Had he frightened her?

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"Nothing." She turned and scooped her clothes off the floor. "I'm fine."

She was lying. Why had she turned suddenly quiet when he told her he wanted to get to know her better? They'd both stated this wasn't something they normally did, so she couldn't be taking it casually. Could she?

He stepped closer and put a hand on her shoulder.

"Are we okay, Brooke?"

She flinched as if his touch burned her.

"We're fine, Liam. Perfect. It's just...I have to go now." She hurriedly tossed on her clothes and rushed to the door.

"But I drove you here. Wait." He rushed to throw on his clothes, but she was out the door before he finished. He ran after her, hoping to catch her. She was gone. Disappearing into the night.

"What the fuck was that all about?" He raked his fingers through his hair as he walked back into his place totally confused.

Chapter Three

Brooke leaned against the brick building trying to catch her breath. Why the fuck had she run out on him like that? They were having a great time. She knew Liam must be wondering why she ran off in the middle of the night without so much as a word, let alone a kiss goodbye.

Panic had filled her when he'd started talking about getting to know her better. She wasn't looking for a relationship. No. She was looking for hot sex and she'd found it. Yet, Brooke didn't do flings. So why had she taken off?

Her heavy breathing resumed to normal and she started walking. She'd hail a cab back to Freedom Fantasies and get her car. Maybe once she was home she'd be able to figure out why she'd left him standing naked in his living room.

Finding a cab in the middle of the night wasn't as easy as she thought. Eventually she found one, but not before being propositioned by a few men looking for hookers. Brooke looked the part in her high heels and miniskirt.

Running out on him was really stupid. She could've been killed or hurt by anyone this late at night.

Relief washed over her as she paid the cab driver his fee. She walked to the front door of the Manor, where she was stopped by a big burly man.

"Can I help you?"

"I'm here to see Kim. Is she still awake?"

"I'll check. And you are?"

"Brooke. She'll know who I am."

Brooke waited not so patiently as the man called for Kim. She quickly told him to allow Brooke in and that she'd meet her in the bar.

Tired and frustrated, Brooke dragged her feet to the bar where Kim sat. She had two beers waiting.

"What brings you here in the middle of the night and why are you dressed like that?"

Brooke shimmied onto the stool and let out a sigh. She could only imagine what she looked like.

"I was here earlier. I left with your bartender."

"Liam?" She wore a grin at the mention of his name.

"Yes, Liam."

"Mmmm, he's one hot guy."

"You're telling me. He's great in bed too."

"So why are you here and not still in bed with him? You guys didn't get a room here, did you?"

"No. I know better than that."

"I didn't say you couldn't. I just didn't see either name on the guest list. You know full well that you are welcome to a room any time you like, even with Liam."

Brooke smiled. She loved her best friend. Kim was always there to support her no matter what.

"So you're not mad that I went home with him?"

"Are you kidding? I couldn't be happier. I've been wondering when you'd get laid. I'm glad it was with someone I know and trust."

"He's sexy."

Kim raised her beer bottle. "To hot sex with Liam."

Brooke tapped her bottle against Kim's. "To Liam."

"Spill it."

"What?" Brooke asked, practically choking on the cold liquid.

"I want to know why you're here with me and not with Liam."

How could she tell Kim that she ran out on him? Kim would think she was foolish for doing such a childish thing.

She shrugged.

"I'm not sure really."

"Did he ask you to leave?"

"No," she protested. "Just the opposite. He started talking about how incredible I am and how he wanted to learn all there was about me. It freaked me out."

"So what did you do?"

"I grabbed my clothes and ran out."

"What? You just took off?"

She nodded her head, ashamed.

"Oh sweetie, it'll be okay. Liam will understand."

She hoped Kim was right because the longer she sat drinking her beer, the more she realized she wanted to see him again.

"Please don't tell him that you know about us. I'm sure it would make him feel uncomfortable."

"Mum's the word. Your secret is safe with me."

"Thanks."

"And if you decide you want to book a room, just let me know. I'll be more than happy to help you live out any of your fantasies."

Brooke had to ask Kim a question but was afraid of the answer.

"Kim?"

"Mmmm."

"Do you think Liam is too young for me?"

"Not at all. There's nothing wrong with younger men."

"I know women are doing it all the time, but I've always dated someone older than me. Didn't *you* even say you'd do him if he wasn't so young?"

"I only said that because of David. You know I only have eyes for him. Is that why you ran out, because of his age?"

"No," she said, but she wasn't so sure. She didn't know why she'd run out, but it was definitely a possibility that his age had something to do with it.

"Look," Kim touched her hand. "Liam is more mature than most men I know, including David at this point. You have nothing to worry about. One thing I know for certain is he's never, and I mean ever, left here with a client. You are the first woman I know of."

It gave her some relief to know he wasn't a player, but she still had a lot to think about. Liam made her body come alive and she knew for that reason she wanted to see him again.

"I'm so glad you were still awake. I needed someone to talk to."

"You know you can call me at any time—day or night. I'm here for you or Paige. The Three Musketeers."

Brook raised her beer. "To The Three Musketeers."

"It's late, why don't I set you up in my bedroom, with me for the rest of the night."

"That sounds good."

Together they walked to the elevator. Brooke would think about things in the morning. There was no reason to dwell on what happened. Tomorrow was a new day.

* * * * *

The sun was shining and the small breeze off the ocean felt good on her face as Brooke walked to her car. She'd slept pretty well on Kim's sofa. Her thoughts were consumed with her impulsiveness of the night before. Had her mother been alive she'd reprimand her for acting so carelessly. Brooke didn't walk alone in strange neighborhoods in the middle of the night. She could hear her mother warning her of the

troubles she'd find. Still, she had and now she couldn't get her mind off Liam. She wondered what he was doing and what he thought about the whole night. Would he want to see her again or had she ruined it with her crazy actions?

"Hey," a familiar voice called out behind her.

She turned to see Liam standing next to his car. How had she missed him?

"Hey yourself." She forced a smile. Fear knotted in her stomach. She hadn't given much thought about the possibility of running into each other here at Freedom Fantasies. Given it was his place of business, she shouldn't be so surprised.

"I'm glad I ran into you," he said, walking closer. "I wanted to make sure you made it home all right."

She kicked at the dirt on the ground. She was afraid to look him in the eyes.

"Yes, well...I came back here and Kim let me crash on her couch."

"You know Kim?" He looked worried and surprised.

"She's one of my best friends."

"Oh." He let out a frustrated breath.

"But don't worry, she doesn't mind that we were together."

"You told her?" He sounded relieved.

"Yes. I hope that's okay with you." She hadn't considered his feelings or the fact that he worked there when she told Kim. She'd assumed it would be fine.

"Not at all."

"We talked late into the night and she offered me her couch," she repeated.

"You could've stayed with me."

She looked up at him, shaking her head no. "I'm sorry for what happened. I had a really great time with you."

"Enough to get together again?"

He looked hopeful and Brooke didn't want to let him down. She wanted to be with him again, but was afraid.

"It's a good possibility."

"Can I get your number?"

"Sure." She pulled out a business card and handed it to him. "This is my cell."

"Great." He accepted the card and moved closer.

Brooke took a step back.

"Are you sure we're cool?"

"Definitely." God, what the hell was the matter with her? This wasn't high school. She was an adult.

When he moved closer she stayed put.

"I like you, Brooke. I want to spend more time with you."

"I'd like that too." Her heart pounded and her body wanted to flee, but she stayed rooted to her spot.

He leaned in and touched her lips. "I couldn't get you out of my head all night long. I've wanted to kiss your soft lips."

She put her arms around him and dragged him in for a long kiss. She'd thought of nothing else too. If she didn't have a ton of things to do, she'd pull him back into Freedom Fantasies and have her way with him. That wasn't going to happen though.

Liam grabbed her tighter, holding on to her for dear life. She finally came up for air.

"I have some shopping to do, but call me sometime."

She turned on her heels and scurried off to her car.

"Wait!"

She froze. What could he possibly want? She had to get away from him. Far away from him.

"Yes?"

"I have to head in to town too. I'm thinking of buying a couch and a bed. Wanna go shopping together?"

Was he fucking joking? He wanted to tag along with her and bring her shopping for furniture. She could tell him no, but she was going to town anyway. They were bound to run into each other. Davenport wasn't that big after all.

"Sure, why not. We'll take my car." This way she could control the time they spent together.

"Works for me. Just let me run these keys in. I didn't realize I'd brought them home with me."

Brooke watched as Liam jogged into Freedom Fantasies. He returned a few minutes later.

She pressed the unlock button on her car fob. He jumped in the passenger seat without hesitation.

"This is going to be fun," he said, snapping his seatbelt in place.

Had she made the right decision inviting him to join her? Only time would tell.

* * * * *

He acted like a kid in a candy store as she made her way around the different shops. She picked up a few scented candles and some groceries before heading to the lingerie shop.

Much to her chagrin he accompanied her into the frilly store.

When the woman greeted them and asked if she could help them find something Liam's response almost caused her and the saleswoman to keel over.

"Yes. I'm looking for a pair of silk panties in a...what size would you say I am, Brooke? A ten maybe?" He pressed a finger to his cheek and batted his eyelashes.

Her mouth hung to the floor. The saleslady humphed and turned on her heels.

Liam burst out in laughter.

"That wasn't funny." She slapped his arm playfully.

"Sure it was. Now she'll leave us alone."

Brooke couldn't help herself, she laughed. It was funny and it broke the tension she'd felt since he joined her.

"See, I told you it was."

He slung an arm over her shoulder.

"Let's go buy you something sexy. I'm thinking blue to match your eyes."

Excitement filled her over the idea of them picking out something together. Carl had never dreamed about helping her select bras or panties.

"Blue huh?"

"Yup, definitely blue."

They managed to get out of the shop without incident. Liam chose a set he reassured her would enhance her eye color. She wanted to protest, "Who would know?" but remained quiet. She didn't have the heart to burst his bubble.

His enthusiasm flowed over to the furniture store.

He dragged her by the hand through the glass double doors.

"Help me pick out a bed."

"What?" She stopped cold in her tracks. She was not going to help him pick out a bed. That was way too personal for her.

"Oh come on. I just helped you pick out underwear."

He had a point, but still.

"I'm not sure I should be the one helping you."

"Why, are you allergic to beds or are you afraid you'll be unable to resist jumping my bones?"

She shook her head.

"You're insane, you know that, right?"

"Yeah, but you're having fun, aren't you?"

"Yes," she admitted. She was having fun with him.

He took her hand again, pulling her deeper into the store.

"Can I help you?" a balding man asked.

"I'm looking for a bed." He leaned closer to the man and whispered, "The lady likes to have a comfy butt when we're getting it on."

Brooke's face turned red.

"I understand." If the man was embarrassed he didn't let it show. He led them to the mattress section. "Would you like to try out a few?"

They both knew he'd made a poor choice of words but it was too late.

"Hot damn! Strip out of those clothes and hop on, Brooke." He planted his ass on the mattress and patted the spot next to him.

She groaned.

"I didn't mean...sir, really."

Liam jumped to his feet. Glancing at his name tag, he said, "Relax, Paul. I'm just joking."

Slowly Paul's color returned to his face. Brooke realized that if she wanted to hang out with Liam in public she'd have to be ready for anything.

Liam picked out a mattress and bedroom set. They looked at leather sofas after. Paul excused himself for a bit.

"You really gave him a fright," she said, watching him get comfortable on a couch.

"They're all too uptight. They're so concerned about their commission. They need a little comic relief."

He had a point. They were uptight and stuffy.

Paul returned a short while later.

"So what do you think?"

"I'm going to measure it to make sure it will all fit in my apartment. If it does, you have yourself a sale."

"Would you like me to put all the information in the computer? It will save some time when you return."

"Sure."

Brooke saw the excitement in Paul's eyes, thinking about the dollar signs. Liam had made his day, even if he'd almost given him a heart attack.

By the time they left the store Brooke was exhausted. She just wanted to go home and drop on her couch and put her feet up.

"Ready to call it a day?" she asked.

"Yeah. I should get back to the Manor."

She nodded, thankful he was ready too.

The ride back was quiet. Brooke became overwhelmed by the events of the day. They'd picked out lingerie and furniture together. Those were things couples did together. Not two people who were just getting to know each other.

Regrets invaded her mind. She definitely shouldn't have agreed to him tagging along with her today. They weren't a couple and they never would be. Yes, they had fun together, but that was it. Relationships were off limits.

She slammed on the brakes, practically sending him through the windshield when they arrived at his car.

"Whoa! Where's the fire?"

"Sorry. I'm in a hurry. It's been great. We'll talk soon."

"Thanks for stopping. I could've just tucked and rolled."

"Enjoy work, Liam."

"Yeah, right. See ya around."

He closed the car door with a resounding thud. She knew she'd hurt him, but couldn't do a thing about it. Once he stepped away from the car she hit the gas pedal, spinning the tires, spitting rocks in her wake.

* * * * *

Liam wasn't used to being brushed off by women. Not that he brushed them off, but suddenly he felt like he was being used for sex. Brooke was sending him mixed signals. One minute she was acting like she wanted to spend more time with him, the next she couldn't get away fast enough.

He didn't know what to do. He wanted more of her. He couldn't stop thinking about her, but he didn't want to push her either. She seemed scared. He'd give her some time and call her in a few days. Maybe if she had time to think about things she'd want the same things as him. God he hoped he was right.

Liam went into Freedom Fantasies. He had a lot of stocking to do before the place opened for business. Last night was another full house and if he was lucky tonight would be the same. He couldn't resist the money he made at his job. While he'd never given it serious thought before, now he could see the benefit of spending a night in one of the rooms, with Brooke of course.

He'd love getting to know each and every inch of her body. He wanted to kiss every last inch of her flesh over and over again. He wouldn't mind spanking that sweet ass of hers either, turning it all nice and pink. He wondered what her thoughts were about sexual toys. Surely she couldn't think of them as a bad thing, not when her friend owned Freedom Fantasies.

If she did enjoy them why hadn't she been a guest to any of the rooms? There was something for everyone, even the soloist. She could easily pleasure herself in a number of the rooms.

Deep down he was glad she hadn't been to the rooms. It would make it that much more special when they got a room, because Liam was determined they would spend a

night or two together there. It would have to be her idea though. *And* her invitation. Those were the rules and he wasn't about to break them.

With renewed determination, Liam set out stocking the beer cooler, cleaning glasses and replacing empty liquor bottles. He would have Brooke again. He just knew it.

Kim walked in just as he finished stocking the bar.

"How are you, Liam?"

Liam groaned inwardly. This wasn't the routine "How are things?" That look in her eyes told him it was more about making sure he didn't fuck with Brooke's feelings.

"I'm good, Kim. How are you?" May as well go with the small talk for now.

"Wonderful. I see you went home with Brooke last night."

No beating around the bush for her.

He nodded.

"She's been hurt in the past. She lost someone she loved very much. She's fragile."

Liam wanted to laugh. Kim obviously didn't know her friend too well. The Brooke he met last night was not fragile. She was a strong, confident woman.

"I'm not going to hurt her, Kim. So if you're asking me not to spend time with her I'd have to argue. I don't want to cause any problems for us, but I like Brooke—a lot. There's something about her." Fear pitted in his stomach. He didn't want to lose his job, but he didn't want to lose Brooke either. He was very attracted to her.

"I don't think you would intentionally hurt her. I'm just asking you to use caution when it comes to her."

"Then you're okay with us dating and me working here?"

"I'm all about happiness, Liam. I wouldn't begrudge anyone, especially you and Brooke, finding your someone special. Look around you, it's my livelihood."

"I know. I just want you to know that I've never gone home with a client or anyone from Freedom Fantasies, until Brooke."

"I believe you."

He pinched his lips together and nodded. Thankfully she understood and wasn't looking to fire him. She was watching out for her friend though. He would have to tread carefully with Brooke. He didn't want to scare her away or fuck things up with his boss.

"Have a good day, Liam." As quickly as she'd appeared, she disappeared.

"See ya, Kim."

He let out a breath of relief once she was out of sight. Talk about nerve racking. Having your boss confront you about dating was not his idea of fun. She wasn't looking to stop him from pursuing Brooke, which pleased him. No, with her warnings, Kim only made him want Brooke more.

Chapter Four

Brooke thought about Liam all the next day. She couldn't shake the feeling of his lips caressing her body. She longed to feel his soft hands roaming her skin. She thought about calling him. She picked up the phone and started to dial Freedom Fantasies but quickly hung up.

"What am I thinking? I can't call him at work." But she wanted to. She wanted to get a room with him. She could picture them taking a long, leisurely bubble bath together. He would wash her hair and touch her in places her body cried out to be touched. After the bath he would take her to the bedroom where he would tie her to the bed and feast on her body. Or maybe they could experiment with chocolate or wax. She could see herself licking chocolate off his penis. She could more than imagine it, she wanted to do it now.

She changed her mind. Picking up the phone, she dialed. It rang three times before David picked up.

"Freedom Fantasies."

"Hi, I'm looking for ummm...Liam."

"One sec."

If he recognized her voice he didn't say anything. Brooke waited what seemed an eternity before Liam came to the phone.

"This is Liam."

"Hi," she said shyly.

"Brooke?"

"Yes."

"It's so great to hear from you. I didn't expect... Oh it doesn't matter. How are you?"

"I'm good. Horny." Holy shit where had that come from?

"If you're horny I'm your man."

Oh yes he was. He was the person who was going to make all her fantasies reality.

"I was thinking the same. What time do you get off work?"

"Whenever the crowd disperses. Usually late though."

"Hmmm." She wasn't about to let that deter her from her plan. "If I get a room would you spend some time with me?"

"Are you kidding? I'd love to."

The excitement in his voice made her feel good about her decision. It was the right choice, calling him.

"I'll make arrangements with Kim. I'll drop by the bar tonight with the details."

"I'll be waiting."

"See ya tonight." She set the receiver down and paced the living room. She couldn't believe she'd propositioned him—again. She didn't go around soliciting sex. Yet here she was asking him to join her in a room. Now what was she going to do? She'd have to go through with the plan after all.

She called Kim and inquired about a room. She wasn't sure what fantasy she wanted, but she knew it had to have a large bathtub. Big enough for them to share.

"I can't believe you're looking for something so soon."

"Kim, there's nothing wrong with me wanting to be with someone I find attractive."

"I'm not saying that. What I'm saying is maybe you want to slow things down a bit. You've spent more time with him in the last two days than you have with any man since Carl."

“And now I want more. What’s wrong with that? You and Paige are constantly begging me to go out and get laid. I finally do and now you’re trying to rein me in? Seriously, that’s a bit fucked up.”

She let out a deep breath. “You’re right. We have been pushing you. You deserve happiness. Let me find you something and I’ll call you back.”

“Fine.” She didn’t know if she should be angry or relieved at Kim’s reaction. Was she being foolish jumping in bed with Liam so quickly? It wasn’t like she’d had sex in the last eighteen months. She wasn’t sleeping with every Tom, Dick and Harry. She was sleeping with Liam and enjoying every moment of it.

She didn’t care what her friend thought. She wanted to spend more time with him and she was going to. Now she had to figure out some kind of fantasy. Maybe it was time to do a little research on the internet.

She booted up her laptop and did a Google search on men’s top fantasies. It came back with a lot of hits. All mostly the same. The schoolgirl fantasy, the naughty nurse fantasy and sex with another woman. Nah, that wasn’t her thing.

A stripper. Now that was something she could imagine. She wondered if Liam would pretend to be a male stripper for her. The thought of him dancing in only skimpy undies, probably a G-string, with his cock all rock-hard. Her pussy grew wet just thinking about it.

She could strip for him too. Give him a lap dance, slick his body up with oil and enjoy the feel of them gliding over each other, slipping and sliding. That was a thought too.

Another suggestion, the older teacher-student, didn’t do anything for her. It came back to the stripper fantasy.

She’d have to call Kim back and let her know what she was looking for. She prayed she was more agreeable this time.

Kim had the perfect room for her. It had the oversized tub she was looking for along with a stripper pole. She mentioned something about a swing too. Brooke knew

she'd have to do some research on that one before getting there. She wanted to know exactly what it was and how to use it.

Her mind was aflutter when she researched the swing. It was a crazy contraption. She wondered if she had the ability to hang from it and have sex the way some of the pictures showed.

She'd give it a try. Why not, she had nothing to lose. A thought crept into her mind.

Would Liam be open to my ideas?

She'd find out tonight. Best if she knew sooner than later, because Brooke had a kinky side to her—one she was ready to explore.

Brooke dressed less seductively that night. If she was going to be stripping, it would be more fun if she was fully dressed. Wearing a pair of jeans and a black cotton shirt, with a cami underneath, she slipped on thigh-high boots. Strutting over to the full-length mirror, she inspected her outfit.

"Not bad." Her hair hung loosely around her face. She swept it up into a twist. She left a few tendrils curving along the outlines of her cheeks.

"Well, Liam, here goes nothing."

Liam whistled when she walked through the entrance to the bar. He'd spotted her immediately. How could he miss her? She lit up the room with her radiant smile and those sparkling blue eyes. She looked a little nervous.

If he were honest with himself, he was a bit nervous too. He wasn't afraid of what she had planned. He was afraid of the feelings bubbling up inside him whenever she was near. He'd never fallen for anyone so quickly. She was a remarkable woman. He knew she had fears and she'd been hurt in the past, but he wasn't looking to hurt her. He wanted to protect her and keep her safe. He wanted to shout from the rooftops that he felt something for her, but he wouldn't. He couldn't admit his feelings to her or he might scare her off. Scaring her off would only complicate things. They wouldn't be able to explore this new-found attraction.

A frightening thought came into his mind. What if she couldn't handle their age difference? What if they were all about sex? That was the last thing he needed. He could find sex from anyone. He wanted more from Brooke.

"Wow. You look hot!"

"Thanks." She blushed.

"I'm one lucky guy." He leaned against the bar and flashed her a smile.

"You're about to get even luckier."

Oh he liked the sound of that.

"Yeah? How so?"

"I'm going to show you when you're finished working."

His cock sprang to life. Shit, she was killing him already.

"I can hardly wait." He wanted to go into the back room and give himself a little relief. He wouldn't. He'd wait until his time with Brooke. She'd give him all the pleasure he needed.

"Something to drink while you wait?"

"Nah, I'm gonna go see my friend. I'll be back though. Don't go sneaking out on me." She winked.

Not a chance in hell.

"I'll be right here waiting."

How the fuck was he supposed to concentrate on work when he knew what was waiting for him when he was done? Those thigh-high boots had his penis throbbing. Her ass looked so sexy in tight jeans. He wanted to spank it and feel her squirm in his lap. God, he wanted to plunge into her wet pussy and feel her juices soaking him.

He grunted. It was going to be a very long night.

Brooke smiled as she left the bar. Liam was sexually frustrated already. He would be primed by the time he finished his shift. She was ready now. Her panties were

drenched. Her pussy ached and her nipples were poking through the lace bra. Temptation to go to the room and give herself release was overpowering. A quick orgasm wouldn't hurt, would it?

Maybe once she was done with Kim she'd do just that.

Kim and Paige were waiting in Kim's office.

"So to what do I owe the honor of seeing both of you?" She didn't have to ask the question. They were tag-teaming her.

"We just want to make sure you know what you're doing," Paige said, standing and hugging her friend.

"I'm a grown woman. I think I can decide what's best for me."

"We know you can make decisions on your own, Brooke. We've been wanting you to find someone for a very long time."

"Then why the concern all of a sudden?" Frustrated, she flopped into the chair. The last thing she needed was her friends bringing her down. She was excited about tonight. She wanted to explore her sexual desires with Liam. This ganging up on her was not acceptable.

"We just want to make sure you don't get hurt."

"Hurt?" She laughed. "I'm not going to get hurt. This is all fun. I'm not looking for a full-blown relationship. Have you seen the age difference between Liam and me?"

Paige reached out and touched her hand.

"I didn't want to be the one to mention it, but yes. He *is* a bit young."

"I don't think age is an issue," Kim declared. "Liam is very mature for his age. I, for one, am glad you chose him to explore your sexual fantasies with. I just want you to use caution, that's all. He's the first person you've been with since Carl."

"Like I said, I'm not going to fall in love. Can't a woman have fun with a younger man? Men do it all the time." Fear coiled in her stomach. Should she be concerned about his age? Yes, she realized there was a large gap between them, but it didn't

matter. At least not to her. She was enjoying his company. She reveled in the idea of seducing him tonight. She refused to let her friends get her down.

"I'm sorry if you guys disapprove, but I'm not backing out. I want to be with Liam." She stood and headed for the door. "And if you were my friends you'd support me in my decision."

"Come back here, Brooke," Paige said. "We just want to make sure you're doing this for the right reasons."

"I'm doing this for sex. I want to feel wanted. Is that so hard to understand?" She reeled with pent-up anger.

"Okay. Okay. We get that."

She watched as Kim threw Paige a warning look.

"Come sit for a few minutes. Liam won't be done with work for a while."

She didn't want to talk to them anymore. She was pissed that they'd cornered her in Kim's office. A few minutes ago she was looking forward to giving herself a splendid climax and now she was defending her decisions to her best friends.

"I shouldn't have to defend my actions. You guys should be supporting me no matter what I decide."

"You're right and we do."

"Yes, we do," Paige relented. "This just seems to be happening really quickly. Just last week you didn't want anything to do with men."

"What can I say, Liam did something for me." She sat again. There was no denying the instant attraction. He was smart and funny. He made her feel relaxed and that was important to her.

"I can tell. I haven't seen that sparkle in your eyes in a long time. I think that's what scares me the most."

Brooke turned to Paige. "Because I'm happy?"

"No, sweetie. I want nothing more than to see you happy. Shit, we've been pushing you to get out there and date. I think you know there's more to your feelings for Liam than just sex."

Brooke shook her head. "It's purely for mutual satisfaction. Nothing more."

Deep down she started to wonder if they were right. Was she feeling something for Liam already? She couldn't possibly be. They'd only known each other a few days. Love didn't grow that quickly.

Love. Did she use the word *love*? Now they *were* scaring her. Brooke did not do love.

"I have to go. Can I get the key to the room?" She stood in a panic. Was she making the right decision? She'd go to the room and see. She didn't want to doubt herself. They were making her think twice and she didn't like it.

Kim reached in the drawer and pulled out the key to her room. "Go have fun tonight. Don't overthink any of this, Brooke. Liam is a great guy."

Brooke nodded. "I know."

She accepted the key from her friend and rushed out of Kim's office. Damn Paige. Why did she have to put a negative spin on the situation? Brooke was a grown woman. She could have sex with a younger man if she wanted – and she did want.

Walking over to the elevator, she decided she wasn't going to let them ruin her night. She was going to have sex and lots of it. Pleasure was the name of the game tonight.

The room was more than she expected. When she stepped over the threshold she immediately saw the stripper pole. She walked over and ran a finger down the cool metal.

She wondered what it was like to swing around the pole. She tossed her purse and key card on the coffee table. Maybe she'd try it out. She wrapped her fingers around the pole and let her body fall back and swing sideways. She did this a few times, trying to get the gist of it.

Jumping, she latched on and wrapped her legs around the pole. Her head hung back and she slid slowly down.

She probably looked foolish and nothing like the professionals, but that didn't matter. The end result would be amazing sex.

It was kinda weird to see a stripper pole in the sitting room. Who was she to question it? Freedom Fantasies wasn't the norm and neither was her situation.

Dying to know what else awaited her, she walked into the bedroom. She stopped short when she saw the swing hanging from the ceiling. It was bolted perfectly centered over the bed.

Her knees grew weak. Would she be able to dangle from it? Would they be able to have sex on that contraption? She wasn't sure, but she was more than willing to find out.

The phone in the room rang, startling her.

"Who the hell could this be?" She lifted the receiver. "Hello."

"We're sorry, Brooke."

It was Kim.

"Don't worry. I know you guys don't mean any harm. I know you're looking out for my best interests." And she did. She just wished they'd chosen a better time to corner her. She was having enough anxiety about the night without them adding to it. She glanced at the swing as Kim continued apologizing.

"Hey," she interrupted. "Have you ever used one of these swings?"

"As a matter of fact...no," she confessed. "But it's a huge hit with a lot of my clients."

Brooke didn't know if she should be disappointed that Kim hadn't used it or relieved.

"It looks kinda scary. Has anyone ever gotten hurt using it?"

"Not that I'm aware of."

"Cool." She didn't need an injury from sex.

"Hey, there's tubes of chocolate in the nightstand drawer. I figured you'd prefer chocolate to wax."

"Wonderful." She grew hot just thinking about using it on Liam.

"So are we good?"

"Yeah, we're good," she reassured her friend. She wanted to finish inspecting the room and go back down to the bar. She needed a stiff drink after the stress they'd laid on her.

"Have lots of fun tonight."

"Oh I intend to." Brooke hung up the phone and headed to the cabinet. When she opened the door she sucked in a breath.

"Holy crap!" She hadn't seen so many adult toys in one place before—or in one cabinet to be exact. "I guess I'm missing out on a whole other world."

She picked up the neon orange vibrator.

"All the stimulation you'll need," the package read. She replaced it on the shelf and picked up another package.

"The hummer. Guaranteed to rock your world." She wasn't as quick to put the butt plug back. She turned it over a few times. She'd never had anything inserted in her ass, so she was a virgin to anal play. That didn't mean she'd never been curious about it. It wasn't something Carl had ever wanted to try. Every time she brought up the idea of anal stimulation he got all weirded out. He acted like anal play was only for gay people, but Brooke knew better. She'd read about women using butt plugs all the time. She knew from experience that when his balls slapped against her hole it made her hornier. She wanted to know what it felt like to be filled there. Maybe that would change tonight. Maybe Liam would like to delve into the unknown with her.

She was putting the plug back in its resting spot when there was a knock at the door.

"For crying out loud. Can't you guys just leave me alone?" she screamed as she stormed to the door. She swung it opened to find Liam leaning against the frame.

"I can if you want."

"Oh God, I'm so sorry. I thought you were...oh never mind. Come in."

She ushered him into the room.

"Wow, a stripper pole. Are you going to perform for me?"

He looked hopeful as she closed the door.

"Maybe, but I was hoping you'd perform for me."

"You're joking, right?"

Biting her lower lip, she shook her head no.

"I can't swing from a pole."

She didn't expect him to swing from the pole, but she would like him to strip for her, like those exotic dancers did. She'd been to a few bachelorette parties. She had no doubts Liam could move the way they did.

"I don't want you to swing from the pole. Maybe a lap dance?"

He smiled.

"I'll be more than happy to give you a lap dance." He scooped her up in his arms. "I'd do just about anything for you if you ask nicely."

A lump caught in her throat as he spoke the words. She was suddenly feeling overwhelmed. The need to run from the room became overpowering. She wanted to push out of his arms and rush out of there.

Squeezing her eyes shut, she counted to ten in her mind. Thoughts of fleeing began to subside. Taking a deep breath, she opened her eyes and smiled at Liam.

If he saw fear on her face he didn't let it deter him. He pressed his lips against hers and kissed. The tension she felt started to melt away as his soft lips caressed hers. His tongue slipped through her barrier, searching to fulfill a desire. A need. She wrapped her arms around his neck and let all the lust she felt earlier flow into him.

They stayed wrapped in each other's arms kissing for the next five minutes. Finally he released her and looked her in the eyes.

"I don't know about you, but I'm looking forward to some fun tonight."

The fear washed away and she smiled. "Me too. Me too."

Her emotions were in overdrive. She looked forward to the fun they were about to have, but she feared the feelings she was having for him. She wasn't supposed to fall in love. This was supposed to only be hot sex. She had no business falling in love with him. Falling in love was she crazy. She couldn't be falling in love. *No, this is all about sex and sex only.* She was confusing lust and desire for love.

"So you want me to strip for you?" he asked.

"I'd like that," she said. Relief washed over her. If she concentrated on his stripping she could forget about these feelings creeping up inside her.

"I think that could be arranged. Why don't you sit right over here," he said leading her to the chair in the corner. "Now relax and enjoy the show."

Butterflies filled Brooke's stomach as she sat in the chair, she couldn't believe he was going to perform for her. He was actually going to give her a lap dance. She watched as Liam walked casually back to the pole. He glanced over his shoulder to make sure she was still watching.

She smiled.

He winked before grabbing onto the pole with both hands, casually spinning around, just like a stripper would.

Brooke giggled. This was going to be more fun than she anticipated.

He released the pole and shook his hips.

God he's sexy.

She couldn't help but lick her lips. She wanted to taste every inch of his delicious body.

Grabbing the bottom of his shirt, he casually lifted it up, exposing his rock-hard chest. Brooke yearned to run her fingers over the ripples in his abs, but she remained seated. There would be time for that after the show.

She leaned back and tried to get comfortable. Maybe if she relaxed she wouldn't have the urge to join him. She wanted to rip his clothes off and fuck him on the floor. Never mind that she could get rug burns. That was the furthest thing from her mind. Feeling Liam's hard cock inside her pussy was all she could think about.

He tugged the shirt over his head and whipped it around. He flung it in her direction. She caught it and hugged it to her chest. The smell of his cologne wafted to her nostrils. She could get used to his outdoorsy scent.

He smiled before reaching for the button on his pants.

"Take it off. Take it all off," she whistled.

Liam released the small round piece of metal from its hole and slid the zipper down. Brooke could see the bulge of his cock head sticking up out of his black boxers. She longed to cover it with her mouth and taste his semen.

She crooked a finger and motioned him to come closer.

He shook his head no.

She stuck out her lower lip.

He winked.

His fingers hooked the belt buckle loops and pulled his pants down over his hips. He toed off his shoes. Shaking his hips, he rotated in a circle. The slacks fell ever so slowly down to his ankles. He kicked out of them, leaving him standing in his boxers, which strained under the burden of his impressive hard-on.

"Please come over here."

"This is your show. Remember? This is what you wanted."

Damn him for wanting to please her. She wanted to give him pleasure.

"I changed my mind. I want to do naughty things to you."

"We have all night to do lots of naughty stuff to each other."

They didn't have all night. She wasn't going to spend the night with him. Spending the night meant they were intimate and this was purely sexual. She wasn't going to give in to her feelings for him. She couldn't. They could only be about the sex, nothing more. Brooke didn't do relationships. Not anymore.

"Hey, where'd ya go?" He shook her shoulder.

She looked up. Liam was standing in front of her, confused.

"What do you mean?"

He knelt in front of her. "Your eyes clouded over and you seemed far away. I was talking and you weren't hearing a word I said."

"I'm sorry. I..." What could she say? *I was thinking about how I'm going to run out on you again?* Because deep down she knew the chances of that happening again were high.

"Is everything okay, Brooke?"

"Yes. Everything's fine." She touched his cheek. "I'm fine. Now are you going to finish the show?"

His hands were resting on her knees. "As long as you're sure you're fine."

"I'm positive." She placed a quick kiss on his lips. "Now please hurry and get out of those boxers. I'm dying to see that hot rod of yours."

She smiled, hoping to convince him she was okay. He returned to his spot near the pole and began dancing again. The way he swayed his hips with his hands behind his head reminded her of the Chippendales. She'd seen them a few times. Now she had her own sexy male dancer and they couldn't hold a flame to Liam.

He turned his back to her and shook his ass. He had such a cute little butt. Enough to fit in her hand. His skin was soft and she loved the way it felt as she rubbed it. Slipping his boxers down over his cheeks, he wiggled again.

She flew out of her chair to where he stood. Her hands were touching his skin. He jumped up and turned on her.

"What are you doing?" he asked, startled.

"Taking what I want."

His hands gripped her shoulders, keeping her at arm's length.

"So you don't want me to perform for you any longer?"

She shook her head no. "I want you to give me this."

She reached for his penis unsuccessfully.

"What's the hurry? You have the room for the entire night."

"I know, but I want you now."

"I want you too, but I was enjoying stripping for you. I didn't think I would but, damn, it turned me on."

"I can see." She nodded toward his hard-on. "I want to give him some release."

He shook his head. "You're one dangerous lady. Do you know that?"

She didn't mind being called dangerous. In fact he could consider her lethal. As long as he gave her his cock, and soon.

"So are we going to move this show to the bedroom?"

"Why move it to the bedroom when we can do it right here?" He backed her up until she was flush with the wall. He released one of her shoulders and took his cock in his hand. "You want this?"

"Yes," she breathed.

"Don't move," he instructed.

She remained rooted in her spot as he dropped to his knees. He tore at the button on her jeans and hastily pulled them down to the tops of her boots.

"Turn around," he commanded.

Brooke didn't know how to feel. His voice was stern. Wasn't this what she wanted? Him to take her right here, right now? Yes. It was thrilling having her every move demanded by him. She turned and faced the wall.

He pushed her up against the cold surface. The chill felt good on her flushed face. His hand slipped between her legs to her drenched pussy. He slid a digit into her folds.

"You do want this." He rubbed her clit.

She moaned. "God, I want you to fuck me."

His finger left her.

"Liam?" She knew she sounded desperate, but fuck, he couldn't keep her hanging like this.

"One second," he whispered.

She heard him move away. Where was he going? He wasn't leaving her, was he? She was just about to look when he returned.

"Just needed a little something."

Relief filled her as she heard him open the foil package. Before long he was leaning against her, the tip of his penis pushing through her legs.

"Sorry for making you wait," he whispered. "I know how much you want this."

"I'll punish you later for making me wait." She winked.

"Promise?"

She groaned. He was more than she bargained for.

"Please, Liam. I've waited long enough." She reached down and rubbed her clit. "Or I can do it myself." She knew it was a challenge, but damn she couldn't wait another minute. She would have an orgasm. Whether it was from Liam or her own fingers was yet to be determined.

"Horny?"

"Just a tad."

His lips nuzzled her neck as he stepped closer.

Hot breath assaulted her neck. Desire filled her deep into her soul. She had too many clothes on, but she needed to be fucked. Needed to feel his cock inside her. Her clothes could come off later.

She brushed her sweaty hair out of her face. Her cheek was pressed against the wall when he pushed against her pussy lips.

Liam remained silent as he barged into her channel. She let out a yelp.

"Yes, Liam. Harder. Deeper."

His hands rested on the wall close to her face. He thrust deeper, practically taking her off the ground. She couldn't get enough of his cock filling her. She pressed one hand to the wall to steady herself while the other sought out her clit.

"Do you want to be fucked hard?" he asked through clenched teeth.

"Yes," she breathed.

"Do you like pain too?" he asked, tugging on her mane.

"God yes." Her head was yanked back, the muscles in her neck taut. He pushed higher and harder. Deeper and faster.

She rubbed her clit with her finger.

"I'm going to cover your cock with my juices."

"That's what I want to hear. I want to know what you're feeling. Tell me how much you like this."

Brooke was never so vocal during sex in her life. She'd always been the quiet little church mouse. Excitement coursed through her veins as she told Liam exactly how she felt and what she needed.

He removed his other hand from the walls and slapped her ass cheek.

"Ouch," she cried. It hadn't hurt, it was more of a shock, but it turned her on.

"Do it again, Liam. Smack my ass harder."

He did exactly that. He continued cracking her ass while filling her completely.

"I'm so very close. I can't hang on much longer." And she couldn't. The pressure from her finger rubbing her tiny pearl, along with his cock sunk deep inside her and her ass cheek on fire — she was going to shatter.

"Let it out, Brooke. Don't try to wait any longer. Succumb to the orgasm." He released the hold he had on her hair.

She did. Heat washed over every nerve ending in her body as the orgasm tore through her, racing to the heart of her pussy. She gripped his cock while her pussy clenched around him.

"I'm going to milk you." Her voice was raspy from the intensity of her climax. Sweat dripped down her spine. Liam's hands held on to her hips tightly. She didn't want these feelings to end. She wanted to ride out the climax forever.

"Squeeze me harder with that cunt, Brooke. It feels so good wrapped around my cock. I can feel you tightening your grip on me."

Warmth filled her heart knowing she was bringing him just as much pleasure as he did her.

"That's it. Don't stop, Brooke. I'm so close."

She clenched the walls of her pussy harder, encasing his penis. She felt him pulsing against her. He was having his own release. She continued squeezing her muscles tighter and tighter while he pumped his semen into the waiting condom.

"Fuck!" he growled. "Fucking fantastic." He thrust one last time before collapsing against her.

"I could get used to this," he said and placed a kiss on her cheek.

Chapter Five

He felt her tense under his touch. *Now what?*

"Brooke?"

"Hmmm."

Her eyes were closed and her face still rested against the wall. Her cheeks were flushed a bright crimson. Her hair was a tangled mess. She was attempting to catch her breath.

"Did I say something wrong?" Her jaw clenching didn't go unnoticed.

She quickly relaxed it and smiled. "Not at all. I'm fine."

He could tell she was lying, but why? He hadn't asked her to marry him. He merely stated he could get used to their time together. And why not? The sex was incredible. Their bodies molded together perfectly. They were in sync with each other's needs.

"Wanna do it again?" she asked, a wicked grin forming on her lips.

He laughed. "Your appetite is insatiable."

"I can't get enough of you." She reached behind her and rubbed her soft hand over the side of his thigh.

"I feel the same way." He brushed a kiss over her hair. He relaxed. Maybe he was reading into it more than there was.

"I vote for moving this to the bedroom."

"I say we wait until after you've stripped for me."

Her muscles grew stiff under him. He removed himself from her and stepped away. "I have to discard of this," he said, leaving her standing there.

He was torn as he entered the bathroom. Should he talk to her about why she was tensing up so much or should he just let it go? This whole thing was strictly sex

anyway, right? There wasn't any hope for a relationship. She was a bit older than him. What would she want from a kid? Liam didn't consider himself a kid though. In his eyes there wasn't a huge age gap. He knew he could make her happy inside and out of the bedroom.

After depositing the condom in the trash he walked back into the sitting room. Brooke had moved away from the wall. Her pants were back in place. Aside from the freshly fucked look on her face and her hair, you wouldn't know they just had sex. She was pacing around the floor.

Fuck. They had no choice, they had to talk.

He walked over to the chair and took a seat. After raking his fingers through his hair a few times he let out a frustrated breath.

"Brooke, come sit with me." He patted his bare leg.

She turned with a deer-caught-in-the-headlights look in her eyes. Why was she being so skittish?

"I'm not going to hurt you," he added.

"I know." She slowly walked to the chair. She didn't sit on his lap, she sat on the arm of the chair.

Liam reached out and took her hand. She didn't pull away like he expected.

"Do you want to call it a night?" Silently he prayed she didn't. There was so much more he wanted to do with her.

She shook her head no.

"Then what's wrong? And please don't tell me nothing. I'm not blind. I can see something is eating away at you."

Brooke pulled her hand away and walked the length of the room. He watched as she struggled with the words. This was more serious than he thought. Were they ending this before it got started? Was she going to tell him they couldn't continue seeing one another?

His gut wrenched. His heart pounded in his chest. Fear filled every ounce of his body. He didn't want to stop being with her. He enjoyed her company too much to say goodbye.

"Brooke, please say something. Anything. This silence is killing me."

"I'm sorry, Liam. I'm not sure what's wrong with me. Every time you get close I have the urge to flee."

Okay, she was still there, so that was a good sign.

"Go on," he urged.

"I like you. I really like you."

"But?" Here's where she told them their age difference was too much for her to handle. She needed someone older. Someone more her age.

She shrugged.

"I don't know."

Liam sprang out of the chair and strode to where she stood. He gathered her in his arms and held on to her tight.

"I don't want this to end. At least not yet. I think you're special, Brooke. I think we could have something worthwhile if you give us half a chance."

"I want to give us a shot. I just don't know how."

"One step at a time. If you start feeling overwhelmed let me know and I'll do my best to talk you off the ledge." He rocked her back and forth. "If you talk to me I can help. If you keep it bottled up inside I can't."

Liam swore he felt a warm tear burn his chest. He wanted to look but didn't want to scare her.

He kissed the top of her head. "I'm here for you, Brooke. I'm not going anywhere."

She relaxed in his arms and hugged him tighter.

"I appreciate your patience."

"Anything for you." She hadn't tensed up when he told her he'd do anything for her. That was a positive sign. Maybe, just maybe, they could move past her insecurities, whatever they were.

"Do you want to call it a night?" Liam squeezed his eyes shut and held his breath waiting for her answer. He didn't want tonight to end, but he had to offer her an out. She was dealing with too many emotions.

She stepped out of his embrace and wiped her face. "No, I'm not ready to go home just yet."

Liam breathed a sigh of relief. Thank God she didn't want to go home. He would've understood, but he wanted more of her. He couldn't get enough of her.

"You know what. Have a seat. I'm going to give you that performance after all."

Liam threw her a look of shock. She never ceased to amaze him. One minute she was ready to run for the hills, the next she was wanting to strip for him.

"You don't have to do this," he said, reaching out to touch her arm.

"I know. I *want* to."

"Are you sure? I don't want you to feel pressured." The last thing he needed was for her to feel obligated.

"Believe me, I don't do anything unless I want to."

Liam nodded. He believed her. He pulled her into a quick embrace and kissed her.

"I'll go take my seat." He released her and returned to the chair.

"Let the show begin."

She shyly went to the pole and ran her finger along the length. He watched as she tapped another finger against her lip. She wasn't sure. Again she was having second thoughts.

He whistled, letting her know he found her sexy.

She grinned and tousled her locks.

His cock grew when she flashed him her gorgeous smile. He wanted to scoop her up and whisk her off to the bedroom and devour every inch of her skin. Instead he gripped the arms of the chair and waited for her to work up the nerve to strip for him.

It didn't take as long as he thought it would. She eyed his cock as it began growing larger and licked her lips. From there she wrapped her hands around the pole and swung her body around.

Her hair hung loosely. He wanted to wrap his fingers through it and tug on it. He wanted to hear her crying his name as he fucked her senseless.

God, he was a goner. She had him craving her every which way. He'd just finished fucking yet he wanted her again. He'd never grow tired of her.

She stood and ground her pussy against the pole. Bending her knees, she slid up and down. He wished it was his cock she was going up and down on.

Liam couldn't take his eyes off her as she worked the steel rod between her legs. She spun her body around and around, then up and down.

Finally she released the pole and faced him. His stomach clenched just hoping she'd climb up on top of his penis and ride him.

She didn't. She bent and unzipped one of her boots. She slipped it off her foot and tossed it to the side. She did the same with the other one. She stood barefoot and Liam noticed how tiny she was. She was a cute little thing. The heels definitely added height to her frame.

Brooke danced around in a circle. Her hands roamed down to the bottom of her shirt and pulled it over her head, revealing a see-through bra. Liam's cock throbbed. It begged and pleaded with him to feel her wet cunt coating, sliding the length of it.

He groaned.

Brooke turned and covered her breasts.

"Something wrong?"

“No, everything is right. I can’t hold out much longer. He’s dying to be inside you.” He pointed to his stiff penis.

She smiled. Uncovering her breasts, she reached behind her back to release her mounds from the restrictive bra. Liam thought he’d died and gone to heaven. He wanted to slide his cock between her creamy breasts and fuck them until his seed burst all over her.

As if reading his mind she took her breasts in her hands and squeezed them together. Releasing them, she licked her fingers and rubbed them over her nipples. She massaged them until they were hard buds. Liam fought the urge to jump out of the chair and throw her to the ground and fuck her. This was her show. He had to let her do it her way or she could possibly run out the door.

He flashed her an approving smile.

She sauntered over to the chair, her breasts still in her hands. She bent over and offered him a nipple. Unable to refuse, he leaned forward and took the bud between his lips. His tongue rolled over it.

She moaned.

He reached out to rub her between the legs, but she stepped back.

“Not yet,” she instructed.

“Tease,” he mumbled.

She laughed.

Facing him, she unbuttoned her pants and shimmied out of them, bringing along her panties. She was naked. She moved her body slowly to a beat that didn’t exist. Her eyes were closed and her hands scanned her body.

She ran her finger over her clit. Liam thought he would lose it in that very minute. His cock wasn’t going to cooperate with him much longer. If she continued seducing him with this strip show, his penis was going to erupt all on its own.

Bending at the knees, her legs spread, giving him a better view of her finger dipping in and out of her wet folds. The other fingers pinched and pulled at her taut nipple.

He had to fuck her. He couldn't wait. He needed a condom and he need to ram into her soaked cunt.

"Come here," he choked.

Brooke opened her eyes but continued playing with herself.

"Please." He knew he sounded weak, but he didn't care. The only thing that mattered was having her. Now!

Smiling, she stood. Her finger remained inside her.

"You want this?" She was trying to act innocent, but Liam knew better.

He nodded.

"Bring a condom with you."

She turned toward the table that housed all the condoms. He watched as she removed her finger. As she neared the table she bent over, giving him full view of her puckered hole.

"You're killing me."

She grabbed the condom and seductively walked to the chair. She placed the foil package between her teeth and ripped it open. Tossing the wrapper to the ground, she fell to her knees and rolled the condom over him.

It took all his restraint not to pull her on top and grind into her.

When she was finished sheathing him, she stood. Turning her back on him, she bent ever so slightly, rubbing her ass against his legs. She was giving him a lap dance, torturing him just a little longer. Wasn't he the one who was supposed to do the torturing? Shouldn't he be making her suffer by dragging out her release?

Liam groaned. This beautiful creature was a vixen.

Taking her hips in his hands and pulling her down on his cock would be simple. She could fight, but it would be over before she knew what was happening. So what was stopping him? He didn't want to frighten her away. He wanted to make sure she stayed and they could enjoy the rest of this evening.

Brooke reached her hand between her legs, searching for him. She wrapped her fingers around his penis and moved her ass down. When the tip of his cock nudged the opening to her pussy she released him. With both hands on the arms of the chair, she eased down.

Liam let out a low whistle.

He kept his hands planted on the chair close to hers.

She moved up and down slowly. Her juices slicking him along the way. She was so fucking wet. Slippery wet.

"You can touch me," she said.

He didn't need to be told twice. He placed his hands on her hips and thrust his hips up, sending his cock deeper into her. He filled her completely.

She didn't complain. She moved in time with his motions. One of his hands left her hip and moved up to her breast. He took the handful and gently squeezed. He pinched the nipple like she had earlier.

"Yes," she cried, bucking against him. "Harder, Liam. Harder."

He gripped her hips and pounded his cock into her over and over.

"That's it, Liam. Make me come."

He'd do his best. There was one thing he knew for certain, he was about to burst inside her. There was no holding back any longer.

Picking up his speed, he drove into her, pumping his semen. She cried out in ecstasy as he howled. Release never tasted so sweet.

Chapter Six

Lying enveloped in Liam's arms, Brooke knew she'd made the right decision being with him. He knew her body. He understood her needs. He didn't push her. He allowed her to be her own person.

He also rocked her world.

"You awake?" he whispered in her ear.

"Mmmm. Just enjoying the beating of your heart." The steady pounding was lulling her somewhere safe. A place she thought she'd never be again after Carl.

"Would you be more comfortable if we lay down in the bedroom?"

She smiled. He was so caring, worrying about her comfort.

"Yes, I think moving this to the bedroom would be a perfect idea."

She disconnected herself from his embrace and stood. Her muscles were tender from all the different moves she'd performed.

She waited as he went to the bathroom and deposited the condom in the garbage. Together they entered the bedroom.

"Holy shit. Get a load of that." He pointed to the swing.

"I know, can you believe it?"

"Are we going to try it out?"

The hopeful look on his face didn't go undetected.

"I'd like to. If we can figure the contraption out."

"Oh I'll figure it out. Don't you worry."

"I bet you will."

She lazily climbed on the bed and stared up at the swing. A chill coursed through her body thinking about being fucked while on it. There had to be a way, otherwise it wouldn't be there.

"Maybe there's instructions in the drawer," she said, leaning over to the nightstand. She pulled open the drawer. It was full of condoms, gels and chocolate...just like she'd asked for. No instructions on how to use the swing.

"No such luck," she stated, removing the bottle of chocolate. Mint flavored. Not bad to start with.

"What's that?" Liam asked, towering over her. His impressive cock twitching.

She leaned closer and swiped her tongue over his head.

"This is chocolate for me to lick off you!"

His finger lifted her chin so she could look at him.

"Where do you want me?"

She fell back against the pillows and patted the side of the bed. "Right here of course."

Liam wasted no time, he jumped on the bed, his head hitting the swing.

"Ouch!"

Brooke couldn't help herself she giggled.

"I feared we'd get hurt by that, but never imagined it happening from getting *on* the bed."

"Very funny, sexy lady." He pulled her into his arms. "Now exactly what are you going to do with that chocolate?"

"You need to release me to find out."

He planted a savory kiss on her lips before freeing her.

"Be a good boy and lie still. I'm going to cover you with chocolate."

"Who can resist an offer like that?" He lay flat.

She opened the cap and tossed it on the floor. No need for that any longer. The bottles were small enough for one use. She held the bottle over his chest and dripped it over one nipple. Once it was coated to her liking, she did the other. Not wanting to miss out on any part of his sexy body, she trailed the decadent liquid down the center of his chest, over his ripped abs, stopping at his hairline.

"Not gonna give the big guy enjoyment?" He pouted.

"He'll have his fun. Don't you worry." She intended to use a different flavor when it came to covering his penis.

"I'll just lie here and keep my mouth shut then."

Brooke threw the empty bottle in the vicinity of the cap. She'd clean up her mess later. Much later.

Her mouth sought his chocolate-covered nipple. She slid her tongue across the mound of chocolate, scooping it into her mouth. Sitting back on her heels, she smacked her lips.

"Delicious."

"Do I get a taste?"

"Maybe, but not yet."

Her hand rested on his chest, careful not to land in any of the creamy liquid.

Ready for another helping of the minty stuff, she lowered her mouth, covering his entire nipple. She sucked slowly, pulling both the nipple and chocolate into her waiting mouth. She nibbled gently on him. He squirmed underneath her.

"That feels weird."

She let go of his nipple and leaned back.

"Weird as in you want me to stop?"

"Definitely not."

"Just checking." Brooke moved and positioned herself so she was straddling his legs. She needed better access to the trail she was about to clean up.

"Mmmm. I like you like this," Liam said. His hands attempted to pull her farther up.

"Not so fast. I'm not done cleaning you off."

"I don't care." He pulled her harder. She landed on top of him. Skin on skin. The chocolate smearing both their bodies.

"Oops, looks like you're covered too. Guess I'm going to have to lick it off you too."

"You're not playing fair. Besides, I was just getting to the best part." She ground her pussy against his hard cock.

"You drive me mad with desire. I can't stop needing to possess you."

Her heart fluttered. No one had ever declared their need for her. She couldn't explain the feelings bubbling up inside her, but she knew she was falling for him. Deeply.

"Grab a condom," she demanded.

"Not yet." He rolled her off him onto her back. "My turn for a taste."

He pinned her down and ran his tongue over her stomach, tickling her.

She squirmed, trying to move from under his assault.

"Stop, please."

Liam did momentarily.

"Something wrong?"

"I'm ticklish."

He laughed.

"Does that mean you don't want me to do this anymore?" His tongue descended on her breasts. He flicked her nipple. It stirred, hardening instantaneously.

"Well, no." Her body charged with electrical currents, straight to the core of her pussy. Juices seeped from her lips.

"How about this?" He roamed south until his hot breath was on her pussy lips.

"No," she said weakly.

His hot tongue lapped against her swollen clit, zapping her nerve endings. Her body buzzed to life, needing an orgasm.

Liam knew what she needed because he continued dipping down between her lips, driving lower until he found her channel.

She cried. Every ounce of her craved him.

"Deeper." She knew her voice was desperate, but she didn't care. The only thing that mattered was a quick release.

Liam plunged deeper, his tongue snaking inside.

"Oh God yes." He was doing things to her pussy she never knew were possible. Who knew a tongue could be so lethal.

He withdrew, leaving her empty and aching.

She leaned up on her elbows.

"Liam?"

"I want to try something."

"What?" she asked, exasperated. The only thing she wanted was his tongue back in her pussy licking away until she burst into climax.

"I think you'll enjoy this and don't worry, I don't plan on leaving you hanging."

He already had. Her pussy was on fire.

"Stand up and lean over the swing."

"Are you crazy?"

"I want to try something. I think you'll find your body more stimulated. I can do lots of things with you bent over."

She weighed the options over in her mind. She could get on the swing like he asked and possibly be more aroused than she was now or she could finish the job herself.

"Give me all you got." She got up and grabbed onto the swing. She pressed her chocolatey stomach over the leather.

His finger played with the rim of her ass.

"Have you ever had anything in here?" he asked.

Fear crept inside her. She was a virgin when it came to anal loving. She wasn't sure she was ready to pop that cherry so to speak.

"No."

His finger teased the outside, causing a renewed yearning in her body.

"Would you like to try it?"

She bit her lower lip. She wasn't sure. Part of her wanted to, but part of her was scared.

He pressed his finger against her opening. He didn't break through the barrier, but her body went into overdrive. A mixture of feelings invaded her. A warmth filled her. She was more turned on than she thought possible and he hadn't entered her yet.

"Yes, I think I would," she said hesitantly.

"I'll go slowly. I'll start with my finger and we can work our way up to a plug if you like."

Hmmm, a butt plug. The Hummer came to mind. She wasn't sure if she could handle one inserted there. Yet the overwhelming desire to explore had her wanting more.

"Stay here and I'll collect a few things." She felt him move off the bed. This was it. She was about to be devirginized in a matter of minutes. Her stomach tensed with anticipation and nervousness. She was treading in uncharted territories.

Silently she cheered for herself. She was taking risks. Stepping out of her comfort zone and trying new things. This was meant to be. She was supposed to be here, tonight, with Liam. He was brought into her life for a reason and she was only scratching the surface of what that was.

Brooke felt the bed sink in as Liam moved behind her.

"I want you to be as comfortable as possible," he said. His voice was soft.

What did he mean he wanted her to be comfortable? Was this going to hurt or cause pain?

"Liam, I'm worried." The words blurted from her mouth before she had time to consider them. Yes, she wanted to experience something new, but she was worried it was going to hurt.

He shuffled around to face her.

"We don't have to do this if you don't want to. Even if you decide you want to give it a try, we can stop at any time you like. If you don't want me to continue just tell me to stop and I will." He lifted his hand and stroked her face.

Sincerity filled his eyes. She wanted to do this with him. She needed to.

"Let's try."

He nodded and smiled.

"I'm going to talk you through this. You're going to know every step I take before I take it. I don't want you to be unprepared for what will occur."

"Thank you, Liam." His voice soothed her into a safe bliss. He wouldn't do anything to harm her. He was going to ease her into it.

"Okay, first I'm going to coat you with some lube. It will make it easier for me to penetrate you. The gel can be cold, so don't be surprised. Ready?"

"Yes, I'm ready." She pushed forward on the swing as the cool liquid ran between her ass cheeks. He wasn't kidding—it was colder than she expected.

"Are you okay?"

"Fine."

His finger spread the lube around. It warmed the more he coated her. Her body reacted accordingly. Sparks of desire invaded her pussy the more he played with the outer rim of her anus.

"Now I'm going to put my finger inside you. I'm going to start slow." He moved to face her again. "I'll start by adding this much." He pointed to the first crease in his finger.

She nodded. *Just get on with it. You're killing me with each and every detail.*

"Once you've adjusted, I'll move a little deeper. Do you understand?"

"I do." She was thankful he was being so caring, but the more he prolonged it, the more aroused she became.

"And you're absolutely sure you want to go through with it?"

"I am." God, she was ready to reach down and rub her clit for some much needed satisfaction.

"Good."

He settled behind her again. His hands rested on her hips.

"Here I go. Remember, if you feel uneasy, just say stop and I will."

"I understand." Would she say stop? The way her body was reacting she doubted she'd ask him to stop.

His finger slipped in. Her muscles contracted around him. They spasmed as she adjusted to having something inside her.

"How does that feel?"

"Not bad." It was a tad uncomfortable, but the longer he stayed inside her, the less it bothered her. When the contracting came to a halt he moved farther in.

She squeezed her cheeks against his hand.

"Just relax," he cooed. His other hand softly rubbed her ass. "If you tense up it will hurt more."

Relax? He wasn't the one with a finger stuck up his ass.

"Try to release my hand, Brooke. It will make it feel much better."

She relaxed her muscles as he instructed. Taking a deep breath, she allowed her ass to make another adjustment to his finger. She had to admit as she grew used to his finger, it felt marvelous. Her pussy heated up and she had a sudden craving to be filled.

"Aahh, you're no longer tense. I'm going to push in the rest of the way. If that's okay with you."

"Yes. I think I need to be fucked."

He laughed. "Someone likes her ass filled."

He nudged in, until his finger was filling her. The stirrings of an orgasm invaded her body.

"I'm going to come," she declared. She couldn't believe how quickly the orgasm took over her body.

He wiggled his finger and the climax tore through her. She didn't have time to think about it, it just rippled away. Her hands gripped the ropes on the swing, trying to steady herself. Her pink hole contracted against his finger and her pussy filled with her own juices.

"Oh. My. God. I've never experienced anything so exhilarating in my entire life. It was like... I..." She couldn't continue. There weren't words to describe what she felt. Having her ass played with was over the top. She was glad she'd decided to give it a try.

He placed tiny kisses on her butt cheeks as he slid his finger out.

"I'm so glad you enjoyed the experience. Do you think you'd like to try a plug?"

She wasn't sure what she wanted at this point. She knew one thing—she needed to feel his cock inside her pussy.

"Sure," she said.

"Why don't you rest a minute and I'll be right back."

Brooke lifted out of the swing and collapsed against the pillows. She watched Liam disappear into the bathroom. She heard water running. She closed her eyes and reveled

in the fact that this night was everything she'd imagined and more. Liam was the perfect lover. He took his time and was careful of her feelings. She knew coming to Freedom Fantasies was the right choice. This was what her life had been lacking for so long.

When the water stopped she opened her eyes. Liam returned sporting a stiff cock and a wash cloth.

"How about I wash some of that chocolate off you?"

"That would be nice."

He ran the warm washcloth over her stomach, cleaning her of the mess they'd made. She reached out her hand and teased the head of his penis.

"I'd still like to cover him with chocolate and then clean him off."

"You won't get an argument from me." He finished cleaning her and returned the cloth to the bathroom.

While he did that Brooke rifled through the drawer for another tube of the chocolate. White chocolate. Her ultimate favorite. This was the one she'd use on his cock.

Excited, she bounced up on her knees, ready for him.

"Don't you look like the cat that swallowed the canary," he remarked.

"I plan on swallowing something and it sure as hell ain't a canary."

"Hot damn! I'm all yours." He jumped on the bed, careful to avoid getting hit by the swing again. He sprawled out. "Let my body be your temple."

She couldn't help but giggle.

"Worship me."

"I'm going to do more than worship you." She winked.

She pried open the tube and dripped a trail up the bulging vein. Without waiting she leaned over and licked it away.

"Yummy." She'd have to thank Kim for the most delicious chocolate she'd ever tasted. She had to get herself some more when this was all over.

His cock twitched uncontrollably.

"You're killing me already."

"That's my plan." She doused him with more of the creamy liquid. This time she took his head in her mouth and gently sucked.

He released a guttural groan.

Brooke smiled in sweet satisfaction. In that moment pleasing Liam was her only goal.

Her tongue trailed up and down his shaft, lingering when it reached the crevice just below the head. She licked the tiny spot and he shuddered.

"I'm going to..."

She took him in her mouth once again, sliding her mouth over him until he nudged the back of her throat. She retreated. Her head bobbed up and down, her tongue lapping up all the chocolate.

His fingers twined in her hair. He took a handful and pulled. Damn she was getting aroused. She loved him tugging on her mane. She wiggled her body to get more comfortable.

Her ass was up in the air and Liam took full advantage of the situation. His hand cracked her cheeks. She tried concentrating on pleasuring him, but it was impossible with him smacking her ass.

"Liam," she said, releasing his cock.

"What?"

"You're distracting me."

The twinkle in his eyes told her he didn't care. He loved every minute of it.

"Don't you want him to have pleasure?" She pointed to his stiff cock.

He whacked her again.

She sat up and rubbed her cheek.

"What's the matter? Does it sting?"

"As a matter of fact, yes."

Liam pulled her down onto his chest. He wrapped one arm around her, holding her close, while the other lashed out on her ass.

"Ouch!"

"Is your pussy growing wet?" He smacked her again.

"I don't know."

His hand landed on her cheeks a few more times.

"I'll bet your pussy is dripping and begging for me to fuck it."

And you'd win. Her juices were on her legs. She wanted him to forget about spanking her and get straight to the fucking.

"Wanna give the swing a proper try?"

"Yes."

He cracked her one last time before loosening his grip on her.

"Climb on, while I grab a condom."

Butterflies danced around in her stomach. She prayed they could maneuver the swing. The last thing they needed was for either of them to get hurt having sex.

She laughed.

"What's so funny?"

"I was thinking about how we would explain our injuries if we were to get hurt by this thing."

"Yeah, that would be awkward."

Brooke climbed into the swing and immediately slipped off.

"The chocolate," she stated.

"Aahh."

She made another attempt and succeeded.

"Ready?" he asked. Liam's penis stood covered in a condom, waiting to be seated inside her.

"As ready as I'll ever be."

He moved closer to the swing and held on to one of the ropes. Brooke held on to both—tightly.

She was low enough so he could slip into her.

"Try to wrap your legs around me," he instructed. "It might make it easier for me."

She let go of the rope and latched on to his shoulder. Her leg slung around his leg. He lost his balance and quickly recovered.

Brooke broke out in laughter.

Liam joined her.

"This isn't going to work, is it?" she asked.

"I have another idea. Why don't you climb down?"

She did, then watched him nestle his body on the swing.

"Climb on."

"Are you serious?" She looked at him like he was crazy. "That thing isn't going to hold both of us."

"Sure it will." He bounced up and down, proving his point.

Brooke was a bit uneasy about the idea but wanted to give it a try.

"Okay, but if we break it, you're paying for it."

He shrugged. "Fine by me." He slapped his thigh. "Now get that booty up here and ride me, sexy."

How could she refuse an offer like that?

She lifted one leg up, guiding it between the rope and Liam. Holding on to the ropes, she hoisted the rest of her body up and managed to work her other leg in.

"This is going to be the tricky part," he said. "You're going to have to lift your body up and slide onto my penis."

Brooke really felt unsure about the next move. What if she caused them both to go flying off?

"Reach your hands up here," he said, tapping the top part. "And lift your body up. Maybe you can place your foot here on this part of the swing."

Brooke shook her head. They were definitely crazy. This was not going to work. She'd stake her life on them falling to the bed, but she'd give it a try.

She pulled her body up.

"That's it. Now ease down. I'll guide you."

With every ounce of strength she had she descended. It took muscles to hold her body up, hovering over him.

"A little bit more and you'll..."

She felt the tip of his head at her opening. Her arms were starting to give away, but she didn't want to plunge down on his cock. Using all the strength she had, she held her body in place and gently eased down until he filled her completely.

"We did it."

She let out a deep breath. Her arms were killing her, but they'd succeeded.

"Now what?"

"Now we get creative." He pumped his legs, causing the swing to pick up momentum.

His penis drove deeper every time he pumped. Rocking back and forth, Brooke's body reacted to the up-and-down movement his cock made.

Liam slowed the swing. His mouth searched for her puckered nipple and licked. Brooke leaned her head back. Her pussy contracted against him each time his teeth grazed her breasts. Her skin prickled.

"I need to come."

"Let's change our position so I have better access to you."

"What would you like to do?"

"Well, we have a few choices. You can stand up and turn around. You'd be sitting on my lap still, only you'd have your back to me."

"And the other choice?" She wasn't sure if she liked the first one. She wanted to be facing him.

"You can bend over the swing."

"Oh." Again she wouldn't be facing him.

"You could try sitting on it again. If you stay this time I can stand."

"If at first you don't succeed, try, try again."

He laughed and Brooke's heart warmed. There was something about him that ate at her soul. She liked him way too much for her own good. This whole situation was supposed to be a fling, to get over her dry spell. Feelings weren't supposed to be involved.

She shook her head to get rid of the thoughts. She eased her body off Liam's.

He held the swing while she climbed on. This time she stayed planted.

"Perfect." He moved closer.

She anchored her legs around him and he glided into her with ease. Why it hadn't worked the first time was beyond her, but she was thrilled they'd figured it out. This was much easier than her sitting on his lap.

She snaked her arms around his neck and nuzzled him. She peppered his skin with tiny kisses as he pushed deeper. His hands gripped her ass and pulled her closer, filling her completely.

"Yes. This is what I needed, Liam."

"I'm gonna give it to you. I'm going to have you begging me to stop."

She doubted it. She could only see herself begging him for more. Her pussy and her body couldn't get enough of him. She felt insatiable.

"Give me all you got, Liam."

Liam forced his cock deeper and she felt the rumbling of her orgasm. It was coming and there was no stopping it.

"I'm so close," she admitted.

Liam scooped her off the swing by her ass and held her tight. He guided her up and down his shaft.

"Cover me, sexy. Give me all your juices."

"Harder," she cried. "Harder."

Liam obliged, pumping faster and harder.

The feeling of euphoria incased her body as she shuddered into a climax. She clenched on to his back and rode out the overpowering spasms.

Liam roared as he burst into his own orgasm.

He collapsed to his knees, still holding her. He gently laid her down before tumbling down next to her.

"Holy shit. I won't be able to walk for a week."

She cuddled into the crook of his arm. "What do you mean? I'm ready to go again."

He kissed her hair. "Give me a few minutes and I'll be more than ready."

* * * * *

Liam woke with a start. Sitting up in bed, he realized he was all alone.

"Brooke?"

No answer. They'd fallen asleep in each other's arms. He was so wiped he'd never even disposed of the condom. Climbing off the bed, he went to the bathroom.

Empty.

"Fuck!" She'd taken off on him again. "What the fuck is her deal?"

Frustrated, he ran the shower. He'd clean off and head home. It was his day off so he didn't need to stick around Freedom Fantasies.

After his shower he dressed and looked for a note or some kind of sign she hadn't left in a rush.

Nothing. Though somehow she'd managed to clean up the room without him hearing her.

Liam was at his wits' end. She was driving him mad. He couldn't get enough of her, yet he couldn't figure her out. Why did she constantly leave? Why couldn't she wake up with him?

He searched for his cell and dialed her number.

No answer.

He wasn't totally surprised. She ran out on him, so why would she pick up the phone and give him an explanation?

Liam headed home. He had to figure out a way to deal with Brooke. He wasn't about to let her go that easily, not without a fight. She meant too much to him.

* * * * *

A week went by and she still wasn't accepting or returning his calls. He was beyond frustrated at this point. He was hurt. They'd shared a wonderful experience together. They had chemistry. Their easy rapport was evident and they were a perfect match.

Pushing through the door of the furniture store, Liam was surprised he was thinking this way. He wanted to be with her. He wanted to possess her—mind, body and soul. Shit, he was back at the store ready to buy the couch and bedroom set so he had more to offer her in his bachelor pad.

He wanted his place to be referred to as a home. Somewhere comfortable for Brooke to settle into, maybe even move into one day.

Christ, he was really in deep. Considering having her move in some day? He'd lived alone peacefully and happily for a few years now. Talk of settling down hadn't been in the cards for him. Not until he was closer to thirty. Yet he couldn't help it.

Brooke made him want to become a couple. She had him considering all sorts of possibilities.

"Can I help you, sir?" a salesman asked.

"Yes, I was in here last week and picked out some furniture. I had to measure to make sure it would fit. Turns out it will fit just fine. After giving it some thought, I've decided I'd like to buy it."

"Did someone take your information?"

"Yes, Paul put it all in the computer."

"Great. The name?"

"Liam. Liam Flannery."

Buying the furniture didn't take long. It was step one in his quest to win Brooke over. Though it might help if he knew why she was avoiding him. He considered asking Kim then thought better of it. They were best friends and all, but Kim was his boss. He had to tread lightly with that situation. He was surprised Kim hadn't approached him either. Maybe Brooke hadn't told Kim what took place. Not that he'd done anything wrong, that he knew of. Just the opposite.

"Women."

Liam walked down the block passing all the different shops. He loved the little town. The smell of fudge wafted in the air. His nostrils carried the scent to his stomach, which craved the gooey treat.

He entered the Fudge Factory. Immediately his thoughts were transported back to his last night with Brooke and how she'd doused him in chocolate. Her tongue gliding slowly over his cock, sucking on his head.

His cock sprung to life picturing Brooke's mouth on him.

He groaned.

"Can I help you?" the woman behind the counter asked.

"Sorry, I forgot something." Liam ran from the shop, sporting a painful hard-on. In long strides he rushed down the street, only slowing when he was far away from the smell of fudge and the reminder of Brooke.

He took a seat on one of the benches that overlooked the ocean. A brisk breeze drifted off the ocean, cooling his skin. He had no clue how he was going to win Brooke back. It was hard to fight the unknown. If only he had someone he could ask.

"Is this seat taken?"

The sound of her voice was like music to his ears. He glanced up and there she was, looking very sexy in a pair of shorts and tank top. She wore her hair pulled back in a ponytail.

"No, please." He stood and waited for her to sit.

Once she was settled he returned to his seat.

"How are you?"

That was a loaded question. How did he answer that? Frustrated. Hurt. Confused. There was a long list of feelings invading his body.

"I'm hanging in there. How are you?"

She shrugged and sighed.

"I'm okay."

There were so many questions he had, but he didn't want to barrage her. Silence hung so thick in the air, you could cut it with a knife.

He fought the urge to pull her into his arms and hold her tight. He wanted to inhale the scent of her perfume, feel her silky hair rubbing against his cheeks. He wanted to kiss her and never let her go.

"Is it my age?" He knew his voice was agitated, but couldn't help it. He was pissed. He had no clue why she continued walking away from him the way she did.

"No, I told you before your age isn't a factor for me." She didn't look him in the eyes, instead she gazed out at the ocean.

He thought about turning her to face him, then thought better of it.

"What is it then, Brooke?"

"I'm not sure."

She was lying. Call it a gut feeling or whatever you wanted, but he knew she was lying. She knew what was wrong and why she was acting the way she was. She didn't want to tell him. Was she embarrassed?

"I guess there isn't much more to say then." He stood and started to walk away. A bold move he knew. He couldn't sit there with her any longer. He wanted answers. If she wasn't going to give him any, he had nothing left to say.

He paused and looked back to see if she would stop him. She continued staring out at the ocean. Shaking his head, he turned and walked on. It wasn't the closure he was looking for, but in that moment he knew what they had was over. His heart broke into a million pieces.

Chapter Seven

A tear coursed down her face as he walked away. She could've stopped him. She should've told him to stay, but she didn't. She stared straight ahead, gazing out at the boats sailing in the ocean. She watched the waves building speed as they came rushing into the shore, pounding against the sand. She felt every crash like it thudded into her chest.

When she turned to call after him and beg him to stay he was gone. Vanished into thin air. That's when she realized she'd probably just let someone special walk out of her life without a fight.

Brooke sat on the bench for another hour, allowing the tears to fall. When she thought she was all cried out, she called her best friends. She needed them now.

"Can you meet me, Kim?"

"What's wrong, honey? You don't sound good."

"We'll talk when you get here."

"Sure, give me about twenty. I have to see if David or Claire can hold down the fort."

"Thanks, Kim."

They hung up and she quickly dialed Paige.

"Where are you?"

"Downtown. We'll meet at the bar in the hotel."

"Gotcha. I'm on my way."

Relief washed over her as she headed to the bar. They would know what to do. They would tell her if she was making the right choice or being foolish. Right about now she wasn't sure.

Brooke walked to the bar and ordered a glass of wine while she waited. It was quiet for the middle of the afternoon and she was thankful. She didn't want to make small talk with anyone. She needed her girlfriends and their advice. Nothing more.

Paige arrived first. Dressed in shorts and a tee, she looked like she'd rolled out of bed and thrown on clothes haphazardly.

"Did I interrupt something?"

"Not really. We were getting up anyway. Jed and Tommy had plans to shoot some hoops."

"Oh. How's the living arrangements going? Still okay with Tommy living there?" Paige and her husband Jed had problems the first few months his best friend was living with them, but after a few times at Freedom Fantasies, their marriage got back on track.

"Life couldn't be better."

Brooke offered her a weak smile.

"But we're not here to talk about my life. We're here to help you with yours. What's going on, sweetie? You sounded so down on the phone."

"I am. I might have fucked things up with Liam and I don't know if I should fix it or let it go."

"Let me order a drink and we'll get to the bottom of this."

Brooke watched as Paige tossed her oversized bag on the bar. Brooke swore she carried everything including the kitchen sink with her at all times.

"Barkeep," she called, waving her hand.

She ordered a glass of wine and turned to Brooke.

"Spill it and I don't mean the wine."

Brooke laughed. It felt good to release some of the tension.

"I'm not sure where to start."

"Let's see. Do you like Liam?"

"Yes."

"I mean really like him...like more than friends with benefits."

"Absolutely."

"Okay, so we've established that this is not a fling."

"No, but..." She wouldn't call it a relationship either. Oh she was so confused.

"But nothing. I can see the pain in your eyes. This is not casual sex for you."

Kim appeared just as Paige finished analyzing her.

"Casual sex? Brooke doesn't do casual sex. We all know that. So what's the issue here?"

"Brooke is having issues with Liam."

"Oh honey. Do you want me to fire him?"

"No!"

"Oh thank God, because it would kill me to lose him. He's a great bartender and an all-around great guy."

"Yes, I know."

"I don't get it. If you know all this why are there problems?" Paige asked.

"Did he hurt you? Because if he did I'll kick him to the curb. No one messes with my girlfriends and gets away with it."

Brooke knew she was half serious. Kim wouldn't allow anyone to hurt either of them without some kind of retribution, but Liam was different. He was her employee. She couldn't go firing him for something he did outside the office. And besides, Liam didn't *do* anything. He'd been nothing but kind to her.

"Liam hasn't done anything. I swear. He's the most stand-up guy I've ever met and he likes to experiment, if you know what I mean." She felt her cheeks flush.

"No need to get embarrassed with us. I own the best place in town to experiment in for cryin' out loud."

They all laughed.

"I keep running out on him," she blurted.

"What?" they said in unison.

"Both times we were together I left. Once right in front of him, the other while he was sleeping."

"Why?" Paige asked.

"I don't know. I get this overwhelming feeling in my chest and I take off. I can't explain it."

"Are you sure you want to be with him?" Kim asked. "Is there something about him that creeps you out?"

"It's nothing like that. In some ways I think I'm falling for him."

"In love?" Paige let out a low whistle. "We told you to go have sex, not fall in love."

"Is it his age?" Kim inquired.

She shook her head. "No, he asked me the same thing. It's really not his age."

"You're afraid of commitment." Paige slapped the bar. "You don't want to get into another relationship. You're afraid of getting hurt."

Kim wrapped her arms around Brooke.

"Sweetie, you can't be afraid to fall in love. You'll miss out on so much. Liam isn't Carl. He's not going to be killed."

"Kim's right, Brooke. Carl didn't hurt you intentionally. He died fighting for our country. An honorable thing."

Brooke felt safe in Kim's arms until she spoke Carl's name. It was like a slap across the face that stung like hell. Tears poured from her eyes and sobs racked her body. She couldn't hold it in any longer. She let all her bottled-up fears and grief pour from her.

"There. There. Let it all out, honey."

And she did. She cried until she had no more tears.

Paige handed her a napkin. "Do you feel a little better?"

"Yeah, thanks." A hiccup escaped her lips, sending her into a fit of laughter. She laughed so hard she thought she'd wet her pants.

"Okay, now that you've calmed down again. Let's figure out how we're going to fix this."

Brooke laughed. Kim always had to be the fixer-upper. She couldn't help herself.

"I'm going to have to do this on my own, ladies. Only I really know how to repair this one."

"What are you going to do?" Paige asked.

"See if I can overcome my fear of commitment."

"Do you need a room?"

"Not this time." The look of hurt didn't go undetected. "I'm not saying I'll never be back, because there's more I want to try at Freedom Fantasies. I just have to woo the man first."

"Fine. You ladies want to eat? I'm famished."

* * * * *

Brooke let a few days pass to see if what she was feeling went away. It didn't. She only missed Liam more and more with every minute. Unable to take it any longer, she called Kim and asked her what night he had off. Kim informed her that he would be off the next evening. That was yesterday and since then Brooke had thought about how she was going to handle the situation.

She knew she would go to his place. She wanted to talk to him and see if they could work things out. She thought about calling first but was scared he'd reject her. No, the best way was for her to go straight over there and not give him a chance to say no.

She thought about dressing in provocative clothing but decided against it. She didn't want to lure him with sex. She wanted him to want her for more, because she wanted him for more.

After changing clothes too many times she settled on capris and a nice shirt. An hour later she arrived on his doorstep. Her heart was in her throat as she knocked on the door.

He didn't call out and ask who it was. He immediately opened the door and the shock was written all over his face. He was expecting someone else.

Oh dear God, please don't let it be another woman.

"Brooke, what are you doing here?"

"Is this a bad time?"

"Not at all. Please come in." He stepped aside, allowing her entrance.

"I'm sorry to show up unannounced."

"I wasn't expecting company, but I'm glad you're here."

"You got the new leather couch." They'd had so much fun looking at different furniture together. She probably knew then that she was falling for him. She'd never known picking out furniture could be fun.

"Yup. They actually just delivered it this morning."

"Oh wow."

"So what brings you by? I'm sure it wasn't the furniture."

Right to the point. Did he want her to speak her piece and get out? The urge to flee consumed her. She couldn't. She had to stay and stand up to her fears.

"I've missed you."

"You could've picked up a few of my phone calls. Shit, you could've just called me yourself."

His words were like knives slicing her skin.

"You're right. I've been a coward."

She stepped closer and he turned away.

"Liam, please look at me."

He ran his fingers through his hair before turning.

"Go on, say what you came to say."

God, he hated her. He wanted her out of his house and out of his life. She'd fucked things up royally. But that's why she was there—to make them right.

"I have commitment issues."

"That's an understatement." A disgusted laugh fell from his lips.

"I'm sorry I hurt you, Liam. It was never my intention. I was afraid because I have feelings for you. I didn't expect to fall in love." The words were out before she could control it. She wished in that moment she could reel them back in.

"You love me?" From the way he looked at her, she knew he was searching for a sign she was lying.

"Very much."

"How can you love me and leave me in the middle of the night? You didn't even write me a note. You just disappeared."

She nodded. She knew it was wrong. Leaving without a word was cowardly.

"I figured if I didn't spend the night with you—the whole night—I could deny my feelings."

"So why now? What made you decide to confess your supposed feelings to me?"

"Liam. I love you. That's not a lie. I'm telling you because I miss your smile. I miss the way you make me laugh. I miss holding you. I'm lonely without you."

"What makes you think you won't run off on me again?"

"Because I'm ready for this. I want your love." She hated that she sounded so pathetic. What if he didn't love her back? What if this was just a fling to him? No, it couldn't be. He wouldn't be so angry with her if he didn't have feelings, would he? Male pride. That could easily be the issue for him.

The muscles in his jaw line softened. He relaxed his arms crossed over his chest. He seemed to be weighing her words.

Fear kept her from saying any more. It was his turn to speak. The ball was in his court. If he wanted to be with her he had to tell her or he had to kick her out. She prayed he didn't ask her to leave.

"Say something, Liam. Anything."

"This is a lot to digest. Don't get me wrong. I feel something for you too. I felt the chemistry almost immediately. It surprised me really."

He felt something for her too? Did that mean that he didn't love her quite yet? Sadness filled her and she fought back tears. The little bit of hope she had seemed to be dwindling away, bit by bit.

"I understand. Maybe I should go." She turned to leave but felt a strong hand on her shoulder.

"I didn't ask you to leave. I'm having difficulty, but I'm not ready for you to walk out on me again."

Relief washed over her. He'd stopped her. He'd asked her to stay. The tears that had been threatening poured from her eyes. She couldn't control them.

"Shhh," he said, gathering her in his arms. "It's okay. It'll be fine. I do love you too."

He said he loved her. He loved her. It warmed her heart but didn't stop the tears from falling. It only made her cry harder.

He held her while she cried a river. When she finally calmed down enough to talk he offered her a seat.

"It's so soft." She rubbed her hand over the smooth leather.

"We did a great job picking it out," he said.

They did. They'd done it together, like a couple. A couple in love.

"Wanna christen it?" she asked hopefully.

"Only if you spend the night with me."

The look on his face told her he was serious. He wanted her to spend the entire evening with him, not just a few hours before she ran off like a thief in the night. This was the last fear she had to face. Spending the night was the last obstacle for her to overcome.

"I'd like that."

Twirling a strand of her hair between his fingers, he smiled.

"Let's go christen the bed first!"

About the Author

From a very young age, Amber Skyze began making up stories—the only child syndrome. Had anyone asked her back then if she would write when she grew up, she'd have laughed. It wasn't until raising children and reading all those romances that she decided, hey, I can write these. Then she discovered erotica and found her calling.

This New York transplant now resides in Rhode Island with her husband (the inspiration behind her stories), three children—who force her to work a day job—and three dogs. She's thrilled to join the authors of Ellora's Cave.

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

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