

ELLORA'S CAVE PRESENTS

TESSIE
BRADFORD

*Treasuring
Evie*

ELLORA'S CAVE *Quickies*®

Treasuring Evie

Tessie Bradford

"So let's recap. You screwed like bunnies in the yard and then went inside to make omelets and get to know each other?"

Evelyn Ashlyn is living a life she's struggled hard to achieve. Her business is thriving, as is her career as an artist. Success, however, always comes with a price. For Evie, the price is her personal life—and sex life. She's not had any for two years. Dalliances with the summer tourists are against her code of ethics and the few bachelors in her small town are single for a reason.

Matt Carstead, recently retired Detroit police officer, thought his dream come true was to move up north and spend his days woodworking, fishing and relaxing. That was until he met Evie, his fantasy woman come to life. Especially when he discovers his new neighbor swims in the nude—and has a mouth like heaven on earth.

Neither of them ever imagined what was about to happen.

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Treasuring Evie

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TREASURING EVIE

Tessie Bradford

Chapter One

"I just saw that guy again," Evelyn Ashlyn announced as she entered her store, Northern Treasures, and set her purse and a basket of raspberry muffins on the front counter.

"Tall, dark and studly?" Anne came around a shelf and made a beeline out the door. Evelyn shook her head with a laugh as she watched her best friend and business partner stand on the sidewalk with her hands on her hips and look up and down the crowded street.

"All I saw was a bunch of nondescript tourists and a few townies. Evie, are you sure?" Anne questioned on her return.

"First of all, I didn't say where I saw him and second of all, I can't believe you just ran out of here looking for him!"

"I think I quote you directly when I say 'wavy black hair with a distinguished touch of gray, shoulders for miles, chiseled biceps and an ass that doesn't quit'. Yeah I'd like to get a look."

"And what would your husband think of your interest, Mrs. Leonard?"

"He would be completely secure in the fact that as a sculptor, I am required to have a great appreciation of the male physique."

"You do remember that you sculpt wildlife, right?" Evie raised a questioning eyebrow.

"Pesky details! Seriously though, where did you see him?"

"I was stopped next to him at the light on Elm Street, me in my twenty-year-old pickup and him in his black convertible with the top down." Her heart jumped at the

memory of him turning to look right at her and flashing a devilishly handsome smile before driving off.

“Oh God, please tell me that he’s not a mirrored sunglasses, leather driving gloves guy.” Anne shuddered dramatically.

“You forget the rest of my description of him, Anne. ‘Powerful, confident, alpha male goodness’. He’s not playing at being hot, he just is!” Evie patted over her heart and blew out a breath for emphasis as a group of ladies entered the store, effectively ending the conversation.

Northern Treasures boasted a quirky mix of regional arts and crafts, homemade food and traditional travel supplies that kept business hopping year-round. It was perfectly located on Main Street in Evansville, Michigan, and was popular with both the tourists and the locals. The small Upper Peninsula town was bordered by a number of lakes and thousands of acres of national forests, making it a favored vacation destination.

“I’m going to go in the back and get started on the inventory, Anne. Let me know if you need help out here, okay?”

“Sure thing,” she answered happily, moving to the cash register as a customer set her items on the counter. “We need more jams and jellies and the wind chime display is almost empty.”

Evie entered the storeroom, picked up her clipboard and went about scribbling notes of whom she had to contact for more merchandise. As always, she experienced a great sense of pride that her store spotlighted the various creative talents of so many friends and neighbors. She finished loading a large box with items to take out to the display floor just as a knock sounded on the open door.

“Hey Evie,” Steve called cheerfully. “Looks like you need a hand in there.”

“As always, you appear to have perfect timing.” Evie backed away and let him pick up the heavy box. “What brings you into town in the middle of a Saturday? I thought

you hated the crowds." She followed him out front and pointed at the area where she wanted the box placed.

"I braved the crowded streets because my cupboards are almost bare. You wouldn't want me to starve to death, would you?"

"You just bought supplies on Wednesday, didn't you?" Anne pointed out as she walked up, leaned into the box and pulled out a strawberry jam. "Here you go, I told you we had more."

Evie didn't miss the annoyed glance he flashed in Anne's direction, and she was well aware that Steve wanted more than just groceries. He had asked her out a minimum of ten times since he had arrived in early June and each time she had graciously turned him down. Despite the fact he was unmarried, successful and definitely easy on the eyes, he had one major flaw Evie would not overlook. Steve Billings was only in town for the summer.

"Anne, we don't discourage a paying customer, remember?" She smiled warmly as she got down on the floor with her box. "I appreciate you stopping in, Steve, and thanks for your help." She hoped that he took the hint.

"Well as long as I'm in the area, how about we go out for a bite when you're finished for the day?"

So much for hint taking! "Steve..."

"Don't make me beg, Evie." He stared down at her and ran a hand through his wavy blond hair. "One dinner, a little pleasant conversation, how bad could that be?" He smiled but it didn't reach his eyes and his expression made Evie uncomfortable.

"Thank you for asking, Steve, but today is inventory so I'm completely swamped. The only thing that I'm doing after work is going home." Noting the suggestive leer beginning to curve his lips, she quickly added, "Alone." At the risk of seeming rude, which was something she normally tried to avoid at all times with everyone, she turned and started stocking the empty shelf.

"Come on, Steve," Anne coaxed helpfully, "I'll ring you up."

Evie let out a sigh of relief when she heard his flip-flops snap as he followed Anne. Why wouldn't he take no for an answer? She hated that he kept putting her in the unpleasant position of spurning his advances. There were plenty of attractive, unattached women in town, why didn't he go after one of them? She set a jar on the metal shelf with enough force that it clanked down loudly.

"Maybe you should take pity on the guy and go out with him just once? It wouldn't kill you to have some fun."

"Anne, you know better than anyone..."

"I know, I know, you don't date the tourists! But considering the fact that you haven't dated a local in like forever either, I worry your lady parts are going to atrophy from lack of attention!" Both women dissolved into peals of laughter.

"Hello?"

A deep baritone voice from the vicinity of the front door shocked them into instant silence. Evie blushed furiously at the thought that a customer might have heard their conversation and was glad when Anne hurried away to take care of the person. She continued to set jars on the shelf and stew about the ever-persistent Steve.

"Um, Evie, can you come up here for a sec?" Anne sounded a bit strange, almost breathless and Evie rolled her eyes at the prospect of having to deal with a high-maintenance customer.

"On my way," she called back in her most "I love serving the public" happy voice. Not wanting to keep a customer waiting, she quickly walked toward the front of the store. When the cash register area came into view, Evie stopped in her tracks and grabbed onto the nearest rack of handmade quilts for support.

There he was, leaning with his back against the counter, one muscular denim-clad leg crossed casually in front of the other. His black t-shirt accentuated his well-defined chest and biceps, and his jeans hung low on narrow hips. She figured him to be at least six-two or -three based on how he towered over the very petite Anne. A pang of envy

flitted through her as she watched her friend chat easily with him, saying something she couldn't quite hear.

"May I help you with something, sir?" Her fingers tightened painfully on the display rack when he turned in her direction and flashed a killer grin. He pushed away from the counter slowly, never breaking eye contact as he stalked toward her in silence. He came to a stop mere inches away.

"I'm counting on the fact that you can." He gazed down at Evie with piercing gray eyes and not just a bit of innuendo in his tone. "Your associate tells me I need to deal with you regarding a particular piece of art in your display window."

Evie risked a quick glance at Anne to silently communicate her confusion. There was not a piece of merchandise in the store that they weren't both equally familiar with. Why couldn't she...oh God, she was *not* matchmaking again, was she?

"What item are you interested in?" Anne was going to pay for this big time.

"Let's start with introductions." He wrapped her free hand between both of his much larger ones. "Matt Carstead, and you are?"

When Evie didn't answer immediately, he brushed one thumb across the racing pulse in her wrist. Her skin heated at his touch and she inadvertently darted her tongue along her suddenly dry lower lip. Try as she might, she couldn't seem to tear her eyes from his, or form a single coherent thought.

"Evelyn Ashlyn," Anne called out helpfully.

The spell he seemed to be casting over her broke. She blinked a few times, removed her hand from his grip and prayed her shaky legs would hold her up when she let go of the quilt rack.

"Evie," she finally responded with something close to her normal voice. She was a forty-three-year-old woman for God's sake, not some blushing teenager. This man was probably very used to reducing females of the species to a molten mass of quivering need and she'd be damned if she was going to be another one. She took a few steps to her right, hoping her heart rate would slow down with a little space between them.

"Nice to meet you, Evie," he said with a low chuckle. "I'm intrigued by the moonlight painting. Was it done by a local artist?"

"Yes, Mr. Carstead, it was. I'll bring it out for you." Grateful for something to do, Evie hurried to the display and removed the small, framed watercolor.

"Please call me Matt."

His fingers brushed hers as he carefully grasped the frame. Evie looked up at him to try to determine if he had touched her on purpose, but his complete attention was focused on the painting.

"Incredible, absolutely incredible," he exclaimed, lifting the piece for a closer inspection. "The subtle use of color produces such a powerful statement, doesn't it? And the brush strokes, restrained but obviously indicating powerful passions lurking just underneath the surface. She captured the essence of a night made for love."

"How do you know that the artist is a woman?" Evie had to whisper due to her sudden inability to draw a breath.

"Because the piece speaks with a strong feminine voice, one filled with sensuality and promise." Matt looked down at Evie with such intensity, heat surged through her body. He pulled out his wallet, removed several bills and laid them on the counter.

"We will see each other again very soon, Evie," he stated quietly with a wink, and then he was gone.

Both women sagged against the counter.

"Oh my *God*," Anne whistled as she held her head in her hands. "I almost got off just standing next to him! How did you not crumble to the floor when he actually touched you? And damn, his description of the painting, well just...damn."

"Did you tell him it was my work?" Lord, she needed a drink of water and a pill to lower her probably life-threateningly high blood pressure.

"I swear I didn't, Evie, and nobody could possibly read your signature. I have no idea how he knew, but that man wants you badly, girl, and I say go for it!"

"He's so out of my league, Anne. And again I find myself reminding you that I'm not going to be an easy summer romp for any man, even if he is drop-dead gorgeous." She gazed wistfully out the window.

"What about if he embodies sex and has a keen eye for good art?"

"Seriously, Anne, a man like that eats up women like me for breakfast."

"I bet with a whole bunch of skillful technique!" Anne wiggled an eyebrow and walked away.

Chapter Two

Evie slowly treaded water as she watched the last streaks of sunlight dip below the horizon. The still water was incredibly soothing to her tired muscles and frazzled nerves. Her home on the lake was her personal slice of heaven and she had worked hard to earn it. Thirteen years of slaving in a boring office during the day and painting long into the nights while saving every dime possible had finally paid off when she bought Northern Treasures and joyfully left the rat race behind. Of course, there had been a cost associated with her single-minded purpose and that had been her marriage. Bob had waited nine years before demonstrating he didn't share her vision by up and leaving with his personal assistant when Evie's goal had been within arm's reach. But that was a long time ago and she loved her life now.

She dove down beneath the dark surface of the lake and swam until she had no more breath in her lungs. Evie didn't believe in regrets and rehashing old mistakes, so what was her problem tonight? The vision of Matt Carstead in all of his goodness filled her mind. Why couldn't she get him out of her head? It wasn't as if she hadn't seen a guy like him before; the movies were full of them. But it was so much more than his looks. He wore strength and confidence like a second skin. And never in her life had anyone reacted to her art the way he had. Did one painting truly say so much about her?

Evie came up for air and was shocked to see that she was firmly surrounded by night. The moon provided little illumination through the clouds. How had she gotten so wrapped up in her thoughts? She was now alone, in the water, in the dark. Calling herself every kind of idiot, she quickly swam until the water was shallow enough for her to stand and walk the short distance over to her dock. She grabbed the towel she

had left at the ready and started rubbing the water from her hair as she moved out of the lake.

A strange feeling of anticipation and something else she couldn't identify prickled along her nerve endings, causing her to stop mid-rub, to squint through the darkness. She froze in place at the discovery of a large, hidden-in-shadows figure sitting in one of her lawn chairs. Despite the massive adrenaline rush brought on by stark terror, Evie had the good sense to cover her naked body.

Matt sat in a lawn chair by the fire pit, scanning the surface of the lake, waiting for Evelyn to come up for air. The full moon peeked out around the gathering clouds enough for him to see her when her head bobbed above the water, but he became wary when she kept disappearing underneath. Didn't she know better than to swim alone at night? They were going to discuss this very serious lack of good judgment after he finished making love to her until she screamed his name.

He had been catching glimpses of her around town since his arrival three weeks ago and each time he saw her, he hardened like a teenager. With her wavy auburn hair and luscious womanly curves, she was his fantasy woman in the flesh. She moved with a natural sexy sway to her hips and always seemed to be smiling.

It had to have been divine intervention when she pulled up next to him at that traffic light. With practiced ease he had followed her until she parked at Northern Treasures. One cup of coffee and a casual chat with the friendly waitress and the elderly woman seated at the counter at the diner down the street had garnered him the information he'd hoped for and more. Evelyn had owned the business for six years and was extremely well-liked around town. She was a successful artist who supported other artists and crafts people in the area. When the waitress went on to explain how Evie was divorced and lived alone on Miller Lake, he'd not been happy. He understood life was fundamentally different in a small town, but criminals and perverts weren't

exclusively city dwellers. He'd tactfully stopped the woman from revealing anything more, left a large tip and headed straight to the store.

The moonlight watercolor in the front window had instantly drawn his attention, and his gut told him Evelyn Ashlyn was the creator of the work. Watching her reactions as he discussed the piece confirmed her as the painter, but why she hadn't admitted to it was a bit of a mystery. What was crystal clear, however, was how there was something about this naturally beautiful, artistic, breath-of-fresh-air woman that intrigued him beyond belief and he had no intention of fighting the fact that fate had thrown them together.

"Christ almighty," Matt groaned when Evie stood up out of the water. Mercifully, the clouds broke in front of the moon just in time for him to follow every rise and fall of her breasts as she dried her hair. His pulse pounded in his cock at the sight of her gloriously nude body and his mind raced with every decadent thing he planned to do with her. The moment her actions signaled the fact she knew he was there, he stood and walked slowly down the yard toward her.

Under the full light of the moon, Evie recognized it was Matt Carstead who had just gotten an eyeful of her nakedness. *Well I guess better him than an axe-wielding murderer,* Evie thought as she weighed her options. Since the ground was not cooperating by opening up and letting her sink in, she crossed that one off her list. Swimming back out into the middle of lake to float there until he left didn't seem very prudent either. An attempt at calm and cool conversation along with a healthy dose of "I can swim in my lake any way I want to" attitude seemed her only choice.

"What are you doing here, Matt?" she asked while holding the towel tightly around her body and trying to affect a casual pose. There was nothing calm and cool about her throaty voice, however, and she knew it. With him standing inches away, his expression sizzling with blatant desire, every nerve ending in her body sprang to life.

"Thanking God for my impeccable sense of timing?" He reached out and gently trailed a finger along her jawline.

Evie trembled at the warmth of his touch. She found herself fascinated by the dimple in his chin and the little lines that appeared around his eyes as he stared down at her with a grin that was both boyishly charming and filled with sexual promise. Her pussy responded immediately with a rush of moisture and butterflies danced in her stomach.

"I want to get to know you, Evelyn." His finger continued its journey to the little hollow at the base of her neck.

"And you thought the best way to do that was to find out where I live, come over without an invitation and sit in the dark watching me swim?" Despite the outward creepiness of a perfect stranger caressing her, she realized she wasn't afraid of him—intrigued, tantalized, catastrophically aroused by his boldness, but not afraid.

"Would you have invited me, Evie?"

"Not in a million years," she muttered with a chuckle.

"You wound me to the core. There isn't anything about me that sparks your interest?" His finger rested on the towel at the top of her cleavage.

"You could make a dead woman take interest, Matt, and you well know it." Evie stared down to where his finger rested on her chest. She longed to return the favor and run her hands over his magnificent body. She imagined his chest was dusted with dark hair and his skin was warm and firm over taut muscles. Shocked at her uncharacteristically wanton thoughts and the fact she was still allowing him to touch her person, she gasped and quickly stepped back.

"I'm sorry, I shouldn't have done that." His tone was apologetic, soothing, but as Evie stared into his eyes, he winked. "But damn, sweetheart, I've never seen anything as hot as you rising up out of the water, your beautiful breasts displayed..."

"Okay, yeah, I remember," she stuttered, cutting him off with a shake of her index finger. Her cheeks burned so badly she hoped steam wasn't rising from her head. "If

you want to stay for a bit, I mean if you want to talk or something, oh hell, have a seat and I'll be back in a minute." She motioned frantically in the general direction of the table and lawn chairs.

"No need to change on my account."

"Spoken just like a man."

"That I am, sweetheart, that I am." His laughter floated on the air as she scurried past him toward the house.

In record time, Evie threw on clothes, ran a comb through her wet hair, took a quick gargle of mouthwash and checked her look in the full-length mirror on the back of the bathroom door. The black, loose-fitting t-shirt fell below her hips and the shorts stopped just above her knees. "Damn, could I look any frumpier?" she groaned out loud. Racing back into the bedroom, she stripped down and tried again. This time, Evie chose a royal blue tank top, denim shorts that were short but not slutty, and left off the bra. "Much better," she mumbled. Grabbing two beers from the fridge, she headed back outside.

The wind was picking up and dark, ominous clouds were rolling in from the west. Matt had positioned himself to face the lake, so his back was to her. She slowed her steps and drew in a few calming breaths. Lord if she didn't feel as nervous as a virgin. Granted it had been more than a while since she had enjoyed male company, but damn it all, she was not going to ruin things by behaving like an idiot. This situation called for comfortable conversation topics and maybe a wee hint of innocent flirtation.

"I thought you might enjoy a beer," she said cheerfully as she arrived behind Matt. His body jerked and, with blinding speed, he flew out of the chair and pivoted toward her. She stared wide-eyed at his crouched, predatory stance.

"Jesus, Evelyn, do *not* sneak up on me." It was at that moment she realized his right hand was hidden behind his back. Slowly, he stood upright and his arms fell to his sides. Her heart thudded wildly.

"What, you have a gun or something back there?" she asked with far more bravado than she was feeling.

"No, I didn't bring it with me tonight."

"You're...you're kidding, right?" Her hands began to tremble.

"Here, let me take those." Matt took the bottles, which now had foam rising up and over their tops. "I can explain." Evelyn stood rigidly, waiting. "I'm a homicide detective," he hesitated briefly, "*retired* detective to be precise, but twenty-five years on the force make it impossible for me to not react when someone surprises me from behind."

Evie laid one hand over her chest while reaching out with the other. "I'll take one of those bottles back, please." She downed as much as physically possible before requiring breath. "How long are you in town?" She tried for casual.

"I plan on being here for the foreseeable future, Evie."

"Really. Foreseeable, huh?" The urge to not give a damn, to break her own rule and let this man do whatever he wanted to her even if he was leaving town tonight was so consuming that her head swam with the effort to continue the conversation. "I'm sure you'll have a relaxing vacation while you're here. Did you rent a cottage or are you staying in one of the hotels?"

"I moved into my new home a couple of weeks ago, Evelyn, right there across the lake." Matt wrapped his strong hands around her shoulders, turned her toward the water and brought her back tightly against him. "Howdy, neighbor," he whispered against her ear.

"You're going to live here year-round?"

"Absolutely." When he started dropping featherlight kisses down her neck, Evie let her head lean back against his shoulder and her hands reach around to rest on his hips. "I thought being able to leave the rat race behind and spend my days fishing and enjoying nature was my dream come true, but right now, I'm trying to figure out what I've done right in my life to cause the powers that be to bring me to this little town, to

the sexiest, most alluring woman I've ever had the pleasure of meeting." When he flexed his hips, his erection brushed along the top of her ass. Evie whimpered when his fingers went underneath her top and slowly trailed up her rib cage to rest beneath her breasts.

"What are you doing to me?" she asked almost desperately. She covered his hands through the material.

"Worshipping your body, honey." He cupped her fullness and squeezed gently. "You are so beautiful." He ran his tongue across her bare shoulder. "And we fit together so perfectly."

"But we don't *know* each other and I don't..." Evie was terrified that he was going to think that she behaved this way normally, but every fiber of her being wanted to be with this man. She helped him knead her breasts, encouraging him to use more pressure.

He pinched her nipples once and then pulled her shirt over her head and tossed it to the ground. Not giving her a second to protest, he drew her to him by running his hands from her waist to the underside of her breasts and back again.

Despite late July heat and humidity, Evie shivered as goose bumps rose along her skin where he touched her. She closed her eyes and leaned into him. She marveled at the texture of his fingertips, and with their slight roughness, she knew this man worked with his hands. He caressed her with a unique combination of tenderness and strength, taking his time to explore her ribs, her bellybutton and the valley between her breasts.

"Kiss me, honey," he breathed against her ear before turning her in his arms and drawing her close. He twined one hand through her hair, using a fistful of the damp curls to tilt her head back just so. His other hand rested firmly in the small of her back.

When his lips came down on hers, Evie was thankful for his support. Matt didn't start slowly or cautiously. He claimed her mouth, possessed it. It seemed like the most natural thing in the world to surrender to his mastery. She wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him back with enthusiasm.

Evie moaned desperately as Matt ran his hands down her back and cupped her ass cheeks almost roughly. He played with the soft globes as he plundered her mouth. Her pussy was on fire and when he pushed his thigh between hers at the perfect angle, she rubbed herself against him with wanton abandon.

"That's it, baby," he growled against her lips while guiding her to ride his leg. "Get yourself off on me. Rub your little clit hard, Evie."

The pressure he was exerting and the rough texture of the denim on her ultra-sensitive bud sent her hips into overdrive. She latched back onto his mouth, driving her tongue deep. Matt grabbed one of her nipples and twisted it hard. It was exactly what she needed.

Evie exploded, bucking against him wildly. Something in her orgasm-clouded mind told her that he wouldn't let her fall. She clawed at his back while experiencing the first sexual release that she had enjoyed with an actual man anywhere in the general vicinity for a very long time. But it still wasn't enough. She laid her head down on his shoulder and struggled for breath but kept moving on his leg.

"You need more, don't you, baby?" Matt bit her earlobe and then laved the pain away with a swift lick. "You need my cock buried deep in your pussy. You need to be fucked, Evie."

"Yes, oh God, Matt, please!" She squealed as he pushed her shorts down over her hips while she struggled with shaking hands to pop the button of his jeans. He yanked his t-shirt over his head. Mild-mannered Evelyn Ashlyn didn't exist anymore and she didn't care in the least. Nothing mattered to her except getting this mystery man naked and inside her body. Every cell of her being cried out for him.

She helped him push his pants and briefs down his powerful legs, using them for leverage as she lowered herself to the ground at his feet. She stroked slowly up to brush the back of her hands underneath his heavy balls. He spread his legs wider for her ministrations. Her need to be fucked was temporarily replaced by an all-consuming need to give him some bit of the pleasure that she had just experienced.

Matt's glorious cock jutted out proudly, stiff and already dampened with pre-cum. Evie rested her hands on his hips and gazed up to meet his passion-filled eyes. Running her tongue along her lips in preparation of tasting, she flashed a wicked smile.

"Is it okay if I play for just a moment?"

Her intent had been to titillate, to tease, but that wasn't what translated in her breathless, hesitant tone and she knew it. She was asking his permission, asking to deviate from what she had begged for, what he had promised. Evie could not understand why it was so important to get his approval first, but it seemed right at this moment, with this man.

"For a second, baby, only because you asked real nicely first." He cupped the back of her head and brought her to his waiting penis.

She wrapped her fingers around the thick base and touched him reverently with the tip of her tongue, savoring his spicy flavor. She traced along the edge of the swollen head, licked lightly down the underside and back up again before finally taking him into her mouth. She smiled around his cock when he tightened his grip in her hair and moved his hips to match her rhythm.

"Oh yeah, honey, just like that. Your mouth is heaven on earth."

Evie was delighted to discover that she hadn't lost her talent for giving a blowjob. She gently cupped his balls while increasing her sucking. The combination of his throaty moans and decadent coaxing filled her with feminine pride and her pussy warmed and moistened with each stroke of her tongue along his penis. Evie hoped that the slight trembling in his muscular thighs was a signal of his impending explosion because she was desperate to taste his cum.

"Enough, Evie," he growled and tugged her off his cock almost roughly. "Take my pants off the rest of the way." He lifted each foot and she did as she was told. "There's a condom in the front pocket, honey, put it on me."

She quickly found the little packet and ripped it open. She took more time than was strictly necessary, teasing him with little caresses and soft pinches as she rolled it down his shaft.

“Your play time is officially over, honey.” He punctuated the warning tone of his voice by dropping to his knees and spreading the towel out on the grass. “Turn around, Evie. I want to see your beautiful ass in the air and your head down on your arms.”

She hesitated while searching his face. Even in the dark, she couldn’t miss the animalistic desire shining in his eyes or the muscle that flexed along the stern line of his jaw. The understanding that Matt had no intention of making gentle love to her sent a frisson of unease through her system. This perfect stranger was going to *take* her body in the manner he chose. But wasn’t that what she wanted—wild, untamed, worry-about-the-implications-later sex? On a shaky breath, she assumed the position that he told her to.

Evie squealed in surprise when his warm hands spread her ass cheeks wide and instead of feeling his cock, a puff of warm air tickled her pussy lips.

“You didn’t think I was going to fuck you before I tasted, did you, honey?”

At the first flick of his tongue on her outer lips, Evie closed her eyes and clutched the towel. He tormented her mercilessly by rimming her weeping opening without delving in and she arched back into him in an effort to force his attentions to where she needed them most. He chuckled devilishly against her and gave her ass cheek a squeeze before leaving her pussy entirely to lick up to her puckered anus. When he did breach that forbidden entrance, Evie tried to squirm away.

“Relax, honey.” His hands went to grip tightly at the juncture of her hips and his cock poked at her drenched pussy. “I’m not going to go any further with that...tonight.” Evie moaned at the dark promise.

He entered her with one deliberate, possessive thrust. Her inner muscles pulsed with the effort to accommodate his size and though she was more than wet and ready

for him, being stretched and filled to ultimate capacity had her adjusting the angle of her hips to help his entry.

"You're so god damn tight, Evie. Your pussy is clenching me like a vise." He drew a ragged breath when his pelvis met her ass. "Are you okay?"

"Yes...just *please*..." Was that really her begging?

"Please what, honey?" Matt slid out of her body until only his tip remained. "Why don't you tell me what you want me to do and I'll let you know how I feel about it?" Three shallow thrusts punctuated his words.

Now who was playing? "You need to move for real, Matt. I can't wait any longer, please just fuck me!"

Evie was out of her mind with lust and didn't care that he knew it. She would do or say anything he wanted to make him stop his sweet torture and get down to business.

"Like this?" Moving a fraction of an inch at a time, he lazily re-entered her channel.

"No, damn you, harder, faster!" She pressed against him with a sexual urgency the likes of which she had never experienced before.

Evie had no more chance to talk or beg or think for that matter because Matt took her at her word and started pounding in and out of her body. She welcomed his strength and power by meeting each of his forceful movements with enthusiastic ones of her own. Little beads of perspiration dropped from his body onto her back, leaving cool trails as they rolled over her skin. Pressure coiled and built deep in her womb. As if knowing she was so close, Matt reached around her hip and pressed tightly against her aching clit.

"Oh my God," she cried out as a magnificent climax ripped through her body. She convulsed with the force of it, unable to still her quivering limbs. Matt's shout of satisfaction echoed in the night a few seconds later as his cock jerked wildly in his release.

Long moments later, Matt pulled out of her body. Evie rolled over on her side and watched through hooded eyes as he removed the condom before lying down on the towel and gathering her up in his arms.

"That was one hell of a welcome, honey. I think I'm going to like living out here across this little lake from the sexiest woman on the planet." He kissed her forehead and ruffled her hair.

"I can't believe we just had sex in the middle of my yard." She giggled somewhat nervously and nuzzled against his chest.

"Why shouldn't we? Ours are the only two houses out here."

"That's not exactly what I meant, Matt." She pulled back enough to be able to look him in the eyes. Reality was threatening to crash into her at lightning speed. "We just met this afternoon. We don't know anything about each other."

"I disagree, Evie. We know that we are crazy hot for each other. We know that we fit together perfectly. We know that we are neighbors. We know that we share an appreciation of the arts. We know that..."

Evie smacked him playfully on the stomach and delighted in the sound of his rumbling laugh. "You are deliberately missing my point, mister. We've kind of put the proverbial cart before the horse, don't you think?" She sat up and pulled at the end of the towel, relieved when he crawled off and allowed her to cover herself.

"Well if you're so determined to leave the scene of our little love fest out here, why don't you invite me into your home and we will start to get to know each other in a more traditional way." He stood and held his hand out to her. Evie took it without hesitation. "And maybe we could find something to eat? After that workout, I'm starving."

Chapter Three

"So let's recap. You screwed like bunnies in the yard and *then* went inside to make omelets and get to know each other?" Annie had a look of such utter disbelief, Evie couldn't help but smile. "Don't get me wrong, Evie. I'm thrilled that you finally got some serious action and I'm trying not to dwell on my rising jealousy at the hotness, but the guy is a complete stranger."

"Not anymore," Evie clarified with a leer and a raise of her eyebrow.

"You left yesterday as regular Evie and today you're all 'I am a sexy goddess of love' Evie. Oh my God, spill it. What's his story?"

"He's fifty-two, divorced for ten years and recently retired from the Detroit police force. He was a detective on the vice squad, how manly is that?"

"Did he flash a badge and handcuffs before ordering you to 'spread 'em'?" Both women laughed uproariously but Anne suddenly stopped short and pointed a finger at Evie. "What is this redness on your face?"

Despite the fact that the store was now closed, Evie glanced around quickly before leaning in to answer her in a low voice. "He's not like any other man I've ever been with, Anne."

"In what way?" Anne's voice was equally quiet and she dramatically mimicked Evie by looking around the empty store.

"You're such a smartass," Evie admonished good naturedly. "It's just that he was so *in control*. He told me what to do and how to do it and I actually did it!"

"Willingly?" Concern was evident in her worried tone.

"Today I'm trying not to feel embarrassed over just how willing I was! It felt so right to let him be in charge, Anne. He knew exactly what to do to make it the most

intense experience ever. After we talked for hours last night, I was seriously bummed when he made no attempt to make love to me again. Then it was as if he was reading my sex-starved mind because as he was leaving he told me he wanted to be with me again more than anything but that the anticipation was a big part of the fun. And that he would be the one to decide when and where. I'm meeting him over at Mario's in a few minutes and I can honestly say that food is the last thing on my mind right now!" Evie took silent note of her dampened panties.

"Oohh, I've read books about this. Dominance, submission, Master, slave, blindfolds, whips..."

"Jesus, Anne, take it down a notch! I never said a thing about any of that kind of stuff."

"Sorry to burst your bubble of denial, girl, but yeah you did."

* * * * *

Matt sat in the corner booth at Mario's and checked his watch. Five more minutes and he would again be in the company of the most responsive, alluring, fascinating woman he had ever had the pleasure to be with. It had taken every ounce of self-control that he possessed to leave her last night without taking her again. Evie had made it painfully clear that she would have welcomed him into her bed and back into her body, but he knew that she needed time to process what had happened so quickly between them. Too bad his hardened cock didn't agree. He shifted on the bench.

He again pondered the fact that his mind kept returning more to their time spent together after the mind-blowing sex than it did to the act itself. They had effortlessly settled into comfortable conversation while puttering around her kitchen fixing an omelet and toast. She was so welcoming, so honest in her desire to get to know him and to share information about herself that before he realized it, hours had slipped by.

Matt had been truly honored when, with a shy smile, she had opened the door to her studio to him. He knew without a doubt that few people were invited into that very

private space and he had treated her invitation as the gift that it was. As he had perused the many canvases stacked up against the walls, Evie had remained leaning in the doorway with a beautiful look of cautious anticipation. He had instantly been drawn to a piece that depicted a brilliant sunrise over the area of her backyard where they had made love and she had generously given it to him. He hoped that she would approve of it hanging above his fireplace when she saw it later tonight.

The door to the restaurant swung open and Evie walked in. As she chatted with the hostess and a couple of the servers, Matt had a moment to simply enjoy watching her. Dressed in a sleeveless white top and a flowing flower print skirt, she was positively breathtaking. Her gentle laugh at something the hostess said floated across the room and heated his blood to boiling. He left the booth and went to her.

"Good evening, Evie." The smile that she flashed warmed him through. Her large hazel eyes were already pools of molten desire and Matt questioned his ability to be able to behave like an adult and share a meal instead of hauling her off to ravish her immediately. He twined his fingers through hers and placed a gentle kiss against her temple.

"Hi, Matt."

The throaty quality of her voice sent a jolt of need straight to his crotch. "We're over here, honey," he said while placing his hand in the small of her back and leading her to their booth. Once they were settled Matt laid his hand on her thigh, the caress hidden from the few other diners by the checkered tablecloth. When Evie set her much smaller hand on top of his and gave a tiny squeeze he couldn't contain the small groan that escaped. He leaned over and brushed his lips along hers.

"May I get you something from the bar?" The waiter cleared his throat as he arrived at the table, causing Matt to reluctantly tear his eyes away from Evie.

"Honey?"

"I'll have an iced tea, please."

"Make that two," he added quickly and then returned his complete attention to the captivating woman at his side. "So how was the store today?"

"Oh, you'll never believe this one customer that we had..."

Matt marveled at the ease in which the evening progressed. It was as if they had known each other forever. There were no awkward silences or uncomfortable moments of searching for topics of common interest. His heart skipped a beat with each sexy smile that she flashed when she became animated over whatever subject was on the table at the time. Why had he waited so long to follow his dream and retire to the sleepy little town that was home to his woman?

"So furniture making is a passion of yours?" she asked while innocently licking a bit of the whipped cream left on the back of her fork.

Lord, he was having trouble following the conversation all of a sudden. Evie was enthusiastically enjoying the dessert and obviously had no idea what she was doing to him with each stroke of her tongue. It was definitely time to move this party to a more private setting.

"Currently the only passion on my mind revolves around you, Evie." The light pink that instantly stained her cheeks in response to his remark was about the hottest thing he'd seen, until she demurely dropped her gaze and idly traced the pattern on the tablecloth with one manicured fingertip.

"I would love to see your work sometime," she whispered shyly.

"Sometime is tonight, honey, because my house is full of my stuff and that is where we're headed." Matt draped his arm around her shoulder. He scanned the room and gave a nod to their waiter who stood by the bar. His gaze immediately fixed on the man who was standing next to the waiter and boldly staring at Evie. The waiter came to the table and set down the check. The other man waited to approach until the bill had been collected.

"Evie, what a pleasant surprise."

"Hi, Steve."

Matt was instantly on edge. Evie's entire body language changed. The hand that she had rested casually on his knee clenched noticeably. He gave a reassuring squeeze on her shoulder.

"Matt Carstead," he said while extending his hand across the table. "And you are?"

"Steve Billings," he replied with a limp, sweaty handshake and no eye contact. "Did you have a nice dinner, Evie?"

"Very nice, but we were just leaving." At her pleading look, Matt immediately helped her out from around the table.

"Can I buy the two of you an after-dinner drink?"

"As the lady said, Steve, we are leaving."

Matt pulled Evie tight to his hip and ushered her from the restaurant. Once on the sidewalk, he guided her with purpose to the parking lot.

"Hey, wait a second, Matt. I left my car at the store." He paid no heed to her attempt to get out of his hold. "Seriously, slow down a sec."

He maneuvered her to the passenger side of his car and opened the door. "Get in, Evelyn." When she looked up at him with wide eyes and braced her arm on the hood of the car, he took a calming breath. "We'll get your car later, honey. I'm taking you home—to my home."

He held his breath while she hesitated and he expelled it in relief when she finally slid into the seat. He waited for her to secure her seatbelt before he went around to the driver's side, entered and then closed the door a bit too hard. The engine roared to life with a turn of the key. In a spray of gravel, he sped off down the street.

"Do you want to tell me what the problem is?" Evie questioned after they had been on the road for more than five minutes in silence.

"Who is that guy, Evelyn?"

"A tourist. He's been in town all summer. Geez, Matt, lighten up. He comes in the store, we chat, nothing special." He glanced over when she laid her hand on his forearm. "It's not as if I've ever gone out with him or anything."

"He's asked?"

"Yeah, you could say that." Evie shook her head dismissively. "He's not big on taking no for an answer either. He's very persistent. Oh well, a side effect of my irresistible charms."

In his mind he understood that she was being playful, making a joke, but it wasn't his mind that was directing his actions at the moment. Every animalistic, protective, primal element of his personality was dictating his responses.

"You will not have anything more to do with that guy, Evelyn."

"I haven't had anything to do with him to begin with, Matt." He heard her rising anger but was intrigued that she offered an explanation.

"I'm a very good judge of character, Evie, and he is *off*."

"You can tell that by the three sentences you two shared? Give me a break." She harrumphed loudly.

"You are well aware of that too, Evie. I saw it in your reaction, your body language. You welcomed my help and support in getting you away from him. Don't let stubbornness cloud your common sense. I protect what is mine."

"How dare you assume that after some wild sex and pleasant conversation you have the right to dictate my behavior on any level? Mine; I now belong to you? Why don't you take your bullshit caveman act and stick it up your ass! Either take me home or I swear to God I will walk home from here. I'll find *somebody* to get me to my car tomorrow." She blatantly grabbed her door handle.

"Oh that's behaving like an adult," Matt scoffed as he hit the safety door lock button while increasing his speed on the deserted country road. "I don't appreciate you trivializing what is going on between us, Evelyn, and I won't tolerate you threatening

me. I'll be honest though. Your fiery little temper is making it hard for me to drive, what with my cock fighting to break the zipper on my pants and all." He slowly ran his hand from her knee to the crease of her thigh. "Why are we wasting time arguing, honey?"

"Because your attitude is scaring me, Matt, and I have every right to question it." She swatted his hand off her leg.

Matt took his eyes off the road for as long as was safe to meet her heated gaze with one of his own. "Of course, Evelyn, but be ready to honestly address what you're feeling because the only games that we're going to play with each other will be of my choosing and only in the bedroom."

Chapter Four

Evie tried to calm her chaotic thoughts as she ran her hand along the intricate inlay work of an end table that she had no doubt Matt handcrafted. The piece was extremely masculine, bold and unique, like the man who created it.

The evening had been wonderful until Steve showed up. "Damn him," she muttered, continuing her perusal of the large living room. She grinned when she finally noticed that her painting was hanging above the stone fireplace. Memories of their lovemaking had her nipples beading to attention and butterflies dancing along her nerve endings. His mastery and control had been such a turn-on physically but the reality of him thinking he had the right to wield the same in her day-to-day life was frightening, wasn't it? She definitely had been relieved when he handled the situation in the restaurant, he'd just taken it too far with his "you're my woman, I know what's best for you" thing in the car. On the other hand, it was titillating to consider all of the possibilities of a relationship with a powerful, confident man. "I won't lose myself in the process though." Evie ran a hand absently through her hair.

"Talking to yourself, honey?" Matt walked into the room and handed her a small snifter of brandy. He gently clinked his glass to hers and took a sip of the amber liquid. Evie followed his lead, enjoying the warming sensation after she swallowed. He flashed a devilish grin right before he circled one of her aching nipples. "Tell me what you were thinking about, Evie."

"Your woodworking is incredible, Matt. If you ever want to sell some pieces, I'd love to have them in Northern Treasures." She put some distance between them by walking over to the low coffee table and setting down her glass. When she turned back to face him, he stared at her with amused annoyance. "What?" She lowered herself to perch on the edge of the couch cushion.

"At best, a feeble attempt to change the subject, honey, but the complimenting my handiwork was a nice touch. I expect an honest answer to my question, Evelyn."

From his wide-legged stance, to his arms clasped behind his back, to his unblinking eyes, Matt left no doubt that he would tolerate nothing less than her complete obedience. Much to her confusion, her pussy pulsed to life at the picture he made.

"I am a successful, intelligent and maybe most importantly, independent person. I won't insult either one of us by denying that I react very strongly to your take-charge manner but it also really freaks me out. No man will run my life, Matt."

"I have no desire to do any such thing, Evie. The qualities you mention are a big part of what makes you so damn sexy to me. The shrinking violet type has never held any appeal. It's a strong, confident woman who can respond with such passion and intensity. Have you ever experienced anything close to what happened between us last night, Evie?"

"Not in my wildest dreams," she chuckled nervously, fiddling with the material of her skirt. "I've made it a habit to stay far away from men like you." Heat burned her cheeks when Matt raised an eyebrow and frowned. "Wait, that didn't come out right."

"Tell me what type of man you think I am." Evie struggled to maintain eye contact while working up the nerve to answer honestly.

"Powerful." She licked her dry lips. "Intimidating...no, that's not the right word, well, it kind of is, but I don't mean it in a bad way. There's something almost commanding about you. I mean, of course there's your big, muscley goodness and all, and probably me knowing you were a policeman has something to do with my perception, but it's more."

Evie's pulse quickened as Matt toed off his shoes before moving silently toward her. Disappointment followed when he settled himself onto the cushions, a good six inches away. He casually crossed one leg over the other and rested his arm across the back of the couch. In order to continue having a face-to-face conversation without

getting a crick in her neck, Evie kicked off her sandals and repositioned against the armrest, legs crossed Indian-style beneath her skirt.

"More? Do continue." His quiet tone coupled with his piercing stare and devilishly handsome, ever-so-slight grin were beyond sexy.

"Fishing for compliments, Mr. Carstead?"

"Not in the least, Ms. *Ashlyn*." Evie's entire body snapped to attention. "I'm simply trying to encourage you to continue on with this most interesting discussion. The fact that you find me attractive makes me happy, of course, and will keep me focused through my workouts from now on, but I'm waiting with bated breath to hear more about my other qualities."

"I think you're making fun of me."

"Far from it. This conversation is incredibly important if we're going to pursue what's happening between us, what has already happened between us. The first time I saw you, I couldn't tear my eyes away, Evelyn. It's a miracle I didn't crash my car. I had to meet you." To have a man like Matt profess instant attraction sent a surge of feminine power coursing through her.

"Truth be told, you'd caught my eye before you came into Northern Treasures. Despite this being the height of tourist season, you definitely stand out in a crowd. Nice car, by the way."

"Thanks, it was my retirement gift to myself."

"It suits you, very sexy." She smiled and wiggled an eyebrow. Matt chuckled.

"I'm glad you think so, honey, but let's not get off track. I was compelled to find you. When we shook hands, I swear I felt an electrical charge. And your paintings blew me away, so sensual, I wanted you instantly, and that's never happened to me before. I was pretty damn sure you were attracted to me too. Last night, I couldn't stop myself from going to your house. My plan was we'd chat, start to get to know each other, and hopefully, you'd agree to go on a date." Goose bumps rose along her arms and butterflies fluttered in her tummy as she watched Matt's eyes darken with lust.

"We were on fire for each other. I'll bet my bottom dollar you've never made love to a virtual stranger before, and neither have I. We instantly connected physically, but more importantly is how we seem to get along so well, enjoy each other's company. Talk to me, Evie. What are you looking for? What are you feeling?"

His questions were deep to be sure, but his casual posture and coaxing tone of voice kept her at ease. She took a few moments to collect her thoughts. No man, her ex-husband most notably included, had *ever* asked her what she wanted in a relationship. Deliciously decadent sexual acts played through her mind, along with images of her and Matt boating on the lake, barbequing, her painting while he built furniture...how very interesting! Unbelievable desire, and incredible excitement for what a future with this man might hold, pulsed through her system.

"I'm feeling happy, intrigued, adventurous, horny and grateful. I want to learn everything about you and," she lowered her voice to a mere whisper, "I think learn some things about myself."

"Like what, Evelyn?" He uncrossed his legs.

"Like why I asked permission before sucking your cock, and why I followed your every direction, shit, I actually begged you to fuck me!"

Matt leaned forward and gently wrapped his hand around the back of her neck. "Deep down, you already know the answers to those questions. Be honest with yourself and with me, Evie, and I will fulfill your wildest dreams, your every fantasy."

"Please," she panted as he pulled her into his strong embrace. Their lips met, and they kissed frantically. Evie entwined her fingers through his hair, then let go to rake her nails down his back. Matt scooped his hands under her ass and flipped her underneath him. They writhed together in complete abandon. After countless minutes, they surfaced for much-needed air. Matt held her wrists tightly together over her head as he flexed his pelvis against hers.

"Yes, yes, yes," Evie chanted. She wrapped her legs tightly around his hips, pressing him down, as she pulled against his hold on her arms. The more she fought, the more aroused she became. "I don't understand..."

"But I do, baby." Matt shifted, holding her wrists with one hand while shoving her skirt over her hips with the other. Evie frantically bucked on the couch when he ripped her underwear off. "You're a sexual submissive, honey." His fingers plunged deeply into her channel, sending her careening over the edge to mind-blowing release.

"I'm confused, Matt, and embarrassed," she whispered as soon as her body settled down enough for her to speak. Heat infused her cheeks and she tried to move away from him. Matt's hold on her wrists tightened as his fingers, which were still deep in her pussy, stretched and caressed her.

"Oh sweetheart, there's absolutely nothing to be embarrassed about." He gently kissed her forehead. "I'll help you, teach you, if you'll let me."

"You're an expert in this sort of thing?"

"I'm a Dom, Evelyn, so yeah, I'm very good at sexual training." Evie's heart rate increased tenfold. "You're not only a natural sub but you're curious and extremely responsive." Matt smiled seductively. Evie whimpered when his thumb brushed her clit. "It's all up to you, sweetheart. Where do we go from here?"

"Anyplace you want to take us," Evie answered without hesitation. There were reasons why she'd responded to him so intensely, broken her own rules, and she was getting more eager by the second to discover what he would show her. Matt let go of her arms, removed his hand from her cunt and stood. He said nothing until he finished slowly licking each of his fingers.

"Off to the bedroom it is then." Evie squealed with delight as he scooped her up in his arms.

Matt forced himself to walk, not run, down the hall. His entire being was on fire with the knowledge he was going to be the one to introduce Evie to sexual pleasures

beyond her wildest dreams. He had no doubt that she was going to test his ability to control himself to the limits. His cock swelled at the thought.

Right now, however, he was just going to play a bit, nothing serious. He was a Master and knew exactly how to slowly initiate a new sub. He set Evie on her feet by the side of the bed. Matt cupped her face and kissed her. Evie wrapped her arms around his waist. He took his time, savored the sweetness of her mouth and the feeling of her breasts pressed against his chest. When Evie began to rub herself against his erection, he broke the kiss and stared down into her lust-filled eyes.

"I'm in charge, sweetheart. I set the pace." Her lips turned down in the cutest pout he'd ever seen but she didn't argue. "Lift your arms above your head." She did and he removed her blouse and bra in one swift motion. He then pushed her skirt down over her hips to pool at her feet. "Exquisite," he whispered. A faint blush traveled from her chest to her cheeks.

"Shouldn't it now be your turn to get naked?"

"If we were in a true training session, that question would earn you punishment."

"If we were in a true training session, you would have had me pick a safe word."

Matt burst out laughing. Her expression was filled with humor and more than a bit of attitude.

"Have you been messing with me, Evie? Honesty is extremely important in a Dom/sub relationship."

"I may not have experienced things personally but I've done some reading, seen a couple of movies."

Matt reached out and traced her lower lip with his index finger. When her tongue darted out, he trailed his finger down her throat to the tip of her breast. "Books and films, huh?" He pinched her nipple, hard. "See, I knew you weren't completely unaware of your submissive side."

"I don't really get it myself, so it never crossed my mind to admit it out loud to anyone, especially a man." When Evie stared down at the floor and shifted nervously on her feet, Matt instantly recognized the trust she was putting in him.

"What's your safe word, Evelyn?" Her head snapped up and the nipple he still held came to complete attention. She smiled broadly.

"Cornflower."

"Okay, I can't help myself, why?"

"It's the name of a weird shade of blue that makes no sense, so I know I'd never say it in normal conversation." Matt grabbed the cheeks of her ass and hauled her up tightly against his cock.

"Honey, you're a fucking hoot." He was pleasantly surprised to feel her hands on his butt in return.

"I'm glad you think so." When she pinched, he was done playing. Matt hadn't been this close to coming in his pants since he was a teenager. He shifted enough to tear his shirt up and over his head.

"Take my pants off," he ordered in the sternest tone he could muster. Evie fumbled, first with the button, then with trying to pull the zipper down. He was in agony by the time she wrestled the jeans and underwear down far enough to allow his cock to spring free. She froze and stared while licking her lips.

"No way, sweetheart," he growled. She mumbled something he couldn't quite hear but finished her appointed task.

"Now get up on that bed, on your back. I want your legs spread and your hands holding the rungs of the headboard." The sight of Evie practically jumping at his commands was his undoing. He pulled the drawer of the bedside table completely out of the track in his haste to get a condom. The moment he had himself sheathed, Matt went to her. He made sure his cock nestled against her pussy as he quickly snapped the waiting fur-lined cuffs that hung down from the headboard around her upstretched

arms. Oh hell, next time he'd secure her ankles to the footboard. Tonight, he'd feel her legs wrapped around him.

"Hurry, please," she begged. Matt had never witnessed anything as erotic as Evie tugging on the restraints, her head thrashing back and forth on the pillows while her hips bucked wildly. He grabbed onto her shoulders and surged into her body with one powerful stroke. Her legs came around his thighs, her heels pressing into his flesh.

"Oh God, I need..."

Matt knew exactly what she needed. He withdrew almost all the way out of her body before returning, harder, faster, each thrust becoming more urgent than the last. The sound of the bed frame creaking mixed with their moans of uninhibited ecstasy. Matt exploded at the first contractions of Evie's pussy.

"Fuck, yes, that's it, baby," he encouraged as they frantically ground against each other. Matt had no idea how much time passed but ultimately, complete satisfaction coupled with exhaustion and a cramp in the arch of his left foot, caused him to reluctantly leave Evelyn's magnificent body. He quickly unfastened her cuffs and gathered her close in his arms.

"That was incredible," he whispered against her temple.

"Indeed," Evie sighed. Matt loosened his hold as she snuggled closer. "But there's one thing I'm wondering about."

"And what might that be?" he asked, intrigued when she took his hand and placed it on her ass.

"Earlier, you mentioned punishment."

"Your point?"

"I think I want to be a very bad girl."

About the Author

Tessie Bradford lives in Michigan with her husband of twenty-two years, two rescued pit bulls, a geriatric cat and a freakishly personality-filled parrot fish named Fred. When her youngest went off to college, she knew the time was right to pursue her passion for writing with the same fervor that her characters pursue their passion for each other.

Tessie 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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