

# Internet Rebound

by

Yvette Hines



www.tease publishing Ilc.com

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously and are not to be construed as real. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, organizations, or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

#### **Internet Rebound**

A Tease Publishing Book/E book

Copyright© 2010 Yvette Hines

ISBN: 987-1-60767-123-7

Cover Artist: Kendra

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be used or reproduced electronically or in print without written permission, except in the case of brief quotations embodied in reviews.

Tease Publishing LLC

www.teasepublishingllc.com

**PO BOX 234** 

Swansboro, North Carolina 28584-0234

Tease and the T logo is © Tease Publishing LLC. All rights reserved.

## I want to meet you. Smiley face.

Jason Kensington stared at the words on his monitor as he'd been doing the last five minutes. He had been chatting with a woman, AKA Jennifer Aniston for over four months. To hear his co-workers tell it, that was considered a long time in internet dating years.

## Hello? ... Tony, are you still there?

She knew him as Tony Roma. This was about as real as her being Jennifer Aniston. He still remained textually silent. His divorce had ended over two years ago, he'd moved from the Charlotte to San Diego all the way on the West coast and yet he was still feeling awkward emotionally. The craziest thing was that he still loved his ex-wife. However, in a strange way he was beginning to have strong feelings for this Jennifer person too. A woman whose real name he didn't know.

## **Guess I scared you off.** Now there was a sad face.

Groaning aloud and hearing the sound echo around his room that only held a desk for his laptop and a bed. He began to type before he changed his mind.

#### Still here. Uh, had to take the trash out.

Yeah, right. Now she probably thinks I'm some type of neat freak or even worse a slob.

Phew! Another smiley face. I thought you'd run for the hills.

Thought about it. Nope.

## Look. I know this seems crazy, Tony. I'm a woman asking a strange faceless man on the net to meet me. But, I think we have something here. U?

Yea. Same here. He plowed his hands through his hair. So, where do u want 2 meet? Jennifer, there's a great pastry shop in Seaport Village. We could meet for coffee Saturday morn.

Yeah, that was good. That way he'd appear less like an internet psycho. Wasn't that what he'd heard his female co-workers tell each other? Meet the guy in daylight in a public place.

## The marina sounds great. Uh, how about the Marriot next to the convention center?

The Marriot? His mind began to swarm with the possibilities and options available to them at the hotel and none of those thoughts had to do with pastries or coffee. Could it be her mind was on the same thing? Hell, it had been over two years for him. Maybe he'd reached the point of desperation and that's why his body was going ninety on the freeway of lust.

**2 forward?** A blush face appeared this time.

## All depends on what ur asking?

The curser blinked without response for a long moment. Then the note that she was typing appeared. Next the message popped up. **What's the wildest thing you've ever done?** 

**Had sex at the foot of the bed**. A smile curled the corners of his lips as his fingers flew over the keyboard.

# LOL. I remember that episode of *Friends*. My character Rachel said it.

**Yup.** It had been a good show. Even the re-runs were still worth the thirty minute time to watch. \*sigh\* U n me.

**Okay. That part I'm clear on.** He didn't want any misunderstandings. It this woman was offering sex to him, he wanted to make sure it was spelled out.

# I'll get a room at the hotel. Clear enough??

Nope. For a game of checkers?

The answer came back quick and plain. Sex.

There it was in bold text. Her mind had been headed in the same direction as his own. Leaning back in his chair, he flipped a pen through his fingers and stared around his office. If he did this, things would change between them and he didn't know if he was ready for that. The head on his shoulders told him that just because he and a woman had a lot of things in common like Friends and

the love of the Dallas Cowboys it wasn't enough. It had shocked him to find a woman who loved football and Dallas in California, but that's what she said attracted her to him, his screen name. The head further south on his body told him to go for it. Hell, two years plus of celibacy couldn't be good for anyone.

Hello?

**When**? He typed back quickly. He was going for it.

Sat nite.

**I'll B there.** He'd ponder the foolishness of his decision on Sunday morning.

Five minutes of silence went by and he was about to sign off, when he saw the message come up that said she was typing. So, he waited.

I'm really nervous. Never did anything like this before. He could understand her fear. From their text conversation, he knew she was a divorcee like him and this was her first attempt at dating again.

Not completely so for him. He'd tried to go out to bars and clubs to meet women, but after being married and settled for so long, those women just seemed shallow and sleazy. Not his can of Coke at all. Blind dates arranged by his friends and co-workers had been a disaster for many reasons.

Me neither.

That's nice 2 know. See you Sat.

**Sat**. He signed off that time, before one of them came to their senses.

Getting up and heading to his kitchen, he had the urge to call his best friend Doug. They'd been friends since college. Doug had been his best man and the witness at his divorce hearing. He decided not to call or tell anyone about the rendezvous he had planned with a woman he met on a Chat San Diego discussion group. He'd been attracted to Jennifer's witty comments on the happenings in San Diego and the two of them had paired off. They still met in the chat room, but had kept a private conversation between the two of them for the last three months. Why they never exchanged numbers of personal e-mail addresses he didn't know.

He made himself a can of beef stew and a grilled cheese sandwich, haunted by thoughts of his exwife. He hadn't thought about Nali in a long time. She was beautiful, smart and funny. He wouldn't even allow his mind to consider how great they were in bed together.

He and his wife had met in college and he'd expected them to be together for the rest of their lives, but it was true what they said, people change and grow apart. They sure had. They'd had a great life for a while, until they started to grow up and apart. She started doing things that didn't leave time for him and vice versa. One day they stood in front of each other as strangers. Maybe he should have tried harder and not let her go. Hell, who knows. He had to stop thinking about her. Jennifer Anniston might be the place to start.

Before he left North Carolina, he'd heard through mutual friends she was dating again, which had angered him to say the least. The divorce was over and she had the right to date, just like he had the right to meet a strange woman in a hotel room for sex. It still didn't make the knowledge go down any easier. Not wanting to risk the chance of bumping into her in the city hanging on some other guys arm, had prompted his choice to seek jobs elsewhere. He'd always wanted to move to San Diego and now it was done.

So, it was time for him to get on with his life. That was the whole purpose for meeting Jennifer. Coffee was more his speed, but having sex with her would be a kick in the ass toward the new direction of life, instead of buying up property in Lonelyville.

Pushing thoughts away from what could have been he took his food into the living room and sat down to a long night of ESPN. He'd think about Saturday, Saturday.

"Good evening, sir. May I be of assistance?" A small framed man with slick jet black hair greeted him when he approached the service desk.

Jason swallowed, and then cleared his throat for good measure. "There should be a key waiting for me. I believe my friend has checked in already." Shoving his hands deep in his pockets to keep them from nervously tapping on the counter, he hoped this guy didn't question him about the woman. Like her real name, otherwise he was doomed. He'd argued with himself all day and all the way here, but he refused to allow himself to turn away; at least not before he saw her.

"What's your name, sir?" Juan was etched into the nametag pinned to his lapel.

"Tony Romo." Damn, that name sounded stupid out loud.

Juan stared at him for a moment, assessing.

Jason knew what this guy was thinking as he took in his shorter than six foot frame and his blond hair with its silver highlights. He was no Tony Romo. The NFL Dallas quarterback was six-two with dark hair and that was only the mild end of where the similarities stopped. However, keeping his confidence, Jason lifted his chin a notch and dared the clerk to deny it.

"One second, sir." Stepping away, Juan opened a door at the back desk and pulled out an envelope. Returning to the desk he passed it to him.

Tony Romo was written in elegant script. Jason wondered whether or not Jennifer had written or someone at the hotel. Inside was a card key with 904 written on it.

Nodding, he thanked the man then headed to the bank of elevators.

~YH~

Taking a deep breath, Jason used the card key. Once the green light flashed, he entered the room. It was large and elegant. From the door he could see out the window, where a balcony overlooked the marina. The sliding glass door was open and he could smell the salt water and feel a subtle breeze. Crossing the room, he looked outside and noticed a table set up on the balcony with candles and a covered tray, soft music played from an all music station in the room. Only thing missing was Jennifer. He had no doubt someone was here. The bathroom door was closed and there was the sound of running water.

He couldn't relax. He didn't know if she just expected him to undress and stretch himself across the bed or something. Deciding not to do anything, he stood there and waited, to assure himself he didn't mistakenly get the wrong key and find himself in some ninety year old grandmother's room.

The bathroom door opened slowly. Then she stepped out slowly and allowed him to follow a bare, toned, tanned leg up to her body revealed beneath sexy, short, sheer blue lingerie with silver bows on her shoulders. He could clearly see her dark brown nipples pressed against the material. The only part of her body hidden from him beneath the sheer material was her sex, covered by a small pair of sliver metallic panties. All his blood went south and his pants became tight as his cock went on full alert.

A groan attempting to escape his throat was cut off immediately when he saw her face and gasped in shock. It wasn't Jennifer Aniston. Real or fake.

"Nali?" His body went cold, then hot all at the same time. His body was a jumbled mess, it didn't know whether to be turned on at the image she made before him, or not, because of who she was. Her soft black, natural curls were pinned high on her head, leaving a few tendrils to surround her beautiful face. As a fair-skinned black woman her looks had always stolen his breath.

"Jason! Ohmygod...ohmygod. What are you doing here?" She looked around frantically as she tossed her hands up in an attempt to shield her private parts. Like a sexy game of peek-a-boo, she kept shifting them and giving him flashes of her breasts clearly visible under her outfit.

"Me? I live in San Diego!" His eyes kept dropping to her breasts and he kept forcing them back to her face. A striking face, maybe even more gorgeous since the last time he'd seen her two years ago.

The years had been good to her body as well. She'd always been a knock out to him, but damn, her body looked amazing. Brown and toned, still perky in all the right places.

"Did you follow me?" Finally, she opened up a closet and snatched a blouse out. A green shirt she must have worn there because it was slightly wrinkled as she held it pressed to her body.

"Follow you? I didn't even know you were here." He stepped back and groaned. "No. I was meeting someone here. Trust me, this was a mistake." What were the odds?

She eyed him suspiciously. "Who were you meeting?"

Now he really felt stupid. More stupid than when he'd had to face Juan the clerk downstairs. "I don't know," he grumbled.

A dry, short laugh escaped her lips. "You're trying to tell me you're meeting someone, but you don't know who? And why'd you pick this room?

"I didn't rent the room. *She* did." Moving toward the balcony, he looked out. The dinner for two still sat there waiting for diners. "It looks like you're expecting company too."

"I am, but that's none of your business."

"A vacation quickie? Or is your boyfriend here with you?" He could have bitten his tongue off. The last thing he wanted her to think was that he'd been keeping tabs on her. That was far from the truth, but his heart already felt pained just knowing she had been seeing someone else while he lived in Charlotte.

Gritting her teeth, she pushed out the words. "I don't have a boyfriend and if I did it would still be none of your business."

"Well, let me go before I ruin your night. I'm sure there was a mix up at the desk." He headed toward the door. He couldn't stop himself from taking another glance at her. She was gorgeous and hot. The sad thing about it was she'd ruined his night. He didn't want to even find out who his mystery woman was now that he'd seen Nali. It had always been that way with her, she'd ruined him for other woman. From the moment they'd met, he only had eyes for her. His body could only respond to her. He groaned at the thought. In two years, he'd barely managed to internet chat on a daily basis and then the one time he actually decided to sleep with someone, Nali popped up out of nowhere and ruined him again. Well, here's to another two years of celibacy.

Her voice stopped him on his way out.

"What's the woman's name you were meeting?" Her words were soft, cautious.

Shaking his head, he said, "It doesn't matter now."

"Humor me?" She gave a one shoulder shrug.

There was something in her eyes, innocent and unsure that made him answer her. "Jennifer Aniston."

"Oh, God." She collapsed onto the bed and covered her face with a hand.

Crossing the room, he stood before her, afraid to touch her. "What's wrong?" He rushed on, "Look, it wasn't the real Jennifer Aniston. Hell, even living in California there's no way I'd have a chance with her. She proba--"

"I know." She moaned.

He shoved his hands through his hair. "You know. Then why are you upset?" Shit. He hated seeing her upset. If she cried that would be his undoing. Her tears always struck him to the core; he didn't like hurting her.

"It's me."

Frowning, he tried to piece together her message. "Who's you?" That sounded real intelligent.

"I'm Jennifer."

Shaking his head, he stepped back, moving away from her and her words. "No, you're not."

"Why? Because I'm black and you were expecting a frosty blond white girl?" Gazing up at him, apprehension lighting her eyes, she said, "Yes, Tony Romo. I am."

Oh, shit, this must be some sick joke. "Who put up to this? Doug?" That was crazy because his friend didn't know. He'd decided not to call him.

Standing, she said, "No, I haven't spoken to Doug since the divorce."

"Shit. Shit. Shit." He shoved his hands deep into his hair and paced the room. What were the freakin' odds? Only he could move across country and find himself in a hotel room with his ex-wife. He was pissed off and wanted to direct his feelings at something or someone. "Were you really coming here to screw some mystery guy?"

She attacked back. "Were you coming here to have sex with some faceless woman?"

Touché.

He whipped a hand down his face. "I don't know." Even with his pocketful of condoms, he still wasn't sure if he'd had been able to go through with it.

"Me, neither," she admitted. She stared down at the floor. "I thought if I just pushed the envelope and slept with a guy...you know, get it out of my system." She looked at him, then away quickly. "It'd close the door finally on us."

"Lock it, shut it," he added.

The room fell silent.

"I heard you'd moved out of Charlotte but I never could bring myself to ask where," she broke the quiet.

"This is insane," he groaned, dropping his arms.

"You're telling me." She moved to the window and stared out.

He wished she hadn't moved, because now he could see her bare back through the material, including the fact that the back of her underwear was transparent as well. His mind conjured up all the things he'd done to that ass in the past. They'd always had wild adventurous times in bed. The urge to spank it and fuck it again hit him like a three hundred pound line-backer. Too bad it didn't knock sense into his head. His body was on full alert once again. He was so hard, it amazed him that he could walk upright.

"Maybe I should go."

She was silent for a moment. He took that as her confirmation, so he turned.

"Tony. Jason. Maybe this means something."

When he shifted back to face her, she was looking at him now, the blouse, a mild protection from his wayward thoughts. "Like what?"

Shrugging both her shoulders, she said, "You and me. After all this time."

"The same city," he said.

"The same chat room," she added.

"The same hotel...room," he finished.

Nodding, she took a tentative step toward him. "Is it possible that we might have rushed things? Jumped the gun."

"In deciding to meet--"

"No." She lifted a hand as if to touch him, her blouse covering slipped down a little, not enough to reveal her gorgeous breasts again, but enough for him to recall what was behind the top. "No, in the divorce."

The D word. He didn't know what to say. The quick answer was just to give the expected answer. We'd grown apart. Blah, blah, blah. Things didn't work out. Blah, blah, blah. However, at that moment the quick answer didn't seem like the right answer.

"What do you think?" He turned the question on her.

Stepping closer, she said, "Two years ago I would have said no. That it all made sense. I was going for a second master's and my life was moving in another direction and you seemed so content to do your own thing."

"Now?" He stared at her, taking in all of the beauty and allure of her face. Features he hadn't forgotten. Wide brown eyes, a small pert nose and full lips that begged a man to kiss them-- or fuck them. His cock hardened even more.

"I've been miserable without you. The last year and a half has been hell. I thought it was Charlotte and the memories of us, so when I finished school I put in for jobs anywhere that was hiring. I got one here a year ago."

For a year, she'd been living in his city. Breathing the same air. How many times had they crossed paths and didn't know it? Possibly one of them leaving a place the other had just arrived at. Glancing down at the carpet, then her, he confessed, "I didn't want to admit it to myself, but being without you hasn't been the picnic I expected either." He chuckled.

She smiled. Nali always had a lovely smile, with pretty, straight white teeth, a blessing of birth, not cosmetics.

"So, what now?" She bit down on the side of her bottom lip.

"That's my question." Glancing around the room, his gaze couldn't help but take in the king-size bed less than five feet away from them.

"I'm not saying we should definitely get back together," she rushed on.

He glanced back at her. "Neither am I." There were a lot of things they needed to talk about, sort out. A lot of things he needed to decide if he wanted to sort out.

With a coy smile, she said, "But, I recently read in Cosmo that there was no better sex than exsex."

His smile broaden. "Ex-sex?"

She laughed too. "Yeah, you know. Being with someone who already knows all your special places and how to touch those spots that turn you on." Her voice caught at the end, becoming slightly breathy.

His body was heating up once again as he stared at her. "Cosmo is known for providing knowledgeable relationship information."

Her smile was wicked and sexy.

"How about we put them to the test?" He closed the gap between them, refusing to give place to the warning bells going off in his head. Reaching out, he stroked a finger down her shoulder feeling her smooth warm skin.

"You were always good at reading my mind." She let go of her shield and the blouse fluttered to the floor.

"In this area it was easy," he brushed his lips across hers, "because we think alike."

"Hmm, hmm," she moaned into his mouth.

The kiss was electric. Dipping into the warm recesses of her mouth was like a return trip home. He would have never thought and imagined that he would be here at this time, at this moment with his ex-wife. As the kiss continued and he wrapped his arms around her, pulling her body flush to his own, he was in rapture. *God, how I've missed kissing her*.

Somehow they made it from the center of the floor to the bed. He didn't know who moved first, how their clothes disappeared, but all he knew and cared about was that the heat of her body entwined with his.

"Is this a dream?" Nali stared up at him, gliding her hands along his face, tracing his brow, nose and then stroking his mouth with her thumb. "I've awakened so many mornings disappointed not finding you beside me. Tell me it's real this time, Jason."

His heart began to pound in his chest, as if for the last two years it had ceased to beat since he'd strolled out of the courtroom with his friend, Doug, beside him. He'd been a walking dead man and didn't even know it. Gazing into her eyes, he said, "It's no dream, Nali. Of yours or mine."

Kissing her eyes, the tip of her nose and leaning down, he whispered in her ear. "This is real. You and me. Feel it." He clasped her hand and pressed it to his heart. "Feel me." He lowered her hand down his body, and guided her fingers around his length.

"I've missed this." She squeezed, stroking her hand up and down his cock.

He pumped himself along her palm. "I'm glad, because he wants to reacquaint himself with you." She giggled.

The musical sound warmed him and made him smile. Laughter in bed was something they had been really great at.

"But, first things first." Removing her hand, he kissed her palm and then winked at her as he descended her body.

Cupping her breasts in his hand, he massaged them and watched the tips tighten even more. Bending down, he took one perk peak into his mouth. Pushing as much of her medium size breast into his mouth as possible he suckled her. He loved the feel of her stiff nipple pressing against the roof of his mouth. Drawing hard on her flesh, until he felt her squirming against him he continued to tease. She was grinding her sex along his thigh, leaving wet evidence of her arousal.

He wasn't ready to slake her lust yet. No, he wanted her hot and begging for it. From experience he knew she became wild, urgent and damn raunchy after her first orgasm. That's the way he liked her best.

She moaned when he pushed her breasts together and drew a figure eight with his tongue around her nipples. He took the other into his mouth, until her nails bit into his shoulders. Kissing his way across her skin, he created a path to her sex. When he reached her navel, he licked the small indention and then took hold of her thighs and spread them wide. It had been over two years and six months before that since he'd seen her exquisite pussy.

Bare as he remembered it. He still recalled their first year anniversary when she'd gotten it waxed as a surprise for him. On sight, he hadn't cared much for the new look. However, the first time he went down on her and felt the smooth silkiness of her wet sex against his tongue, he was sold. Her fierce response and orgasm had been a blessed experience and had sealed the deal for them both.

"Hello, my sweet treat, have you missed me?" Using his thumbs, he parted her brown folds and admired the erect clit barely concealed between them.

"If it answers back, I'm leaving." Her body shook with her laughter.

Glancing up her form, he gave her a sly smile. "If you think I'm letting you out of this bed before I get a taste, you're wrong."

"Great, because this is where I want to b--" She moaned, then screamed, "Jason!"

As he drove his tongue deep inside her warm pussy, he enjoyed hearing her call his name. Pulling out, he circled her clit and took it into his mouth causing her to thrash against him. Her scent was spicy, alluring, complimenting the tangy sweetness of her sex. She was his own personal delectable kumquat.

"Oh, Jason," she chanted his name as she buried her hands in his hair and her hips pistoned against his mouth.

They worked in tandem towards her orgasm. Her gyrating against him in an ardent manner and him licking and fucking her with his tongue. Nali's body bowed up from the bed seconds before she came hard, bucking on the bed for long moments. It took a heavy amount of his strength to restrain her hips so he could continue giving her oral pleasure.

When her body finally calmed to an occasional shiver, he kissed her softly on her hardened clit, then slipped up beside her.

She gripped him around the waist as if he were trying to leave. "Jason," she murmured, her gaze heavy with lust and satisfaction. "I need you."

"Nali, I'm here baby. The entire Chargers team couldn't pull me away." He brushed her curls out of the way. Her cute up-do had been undone and was wildly disarrayed around her head. She was most attractive at this point, a picture of unkempt sexual gratification.

Leaning forward she kissed him, passionately, demanding as she suckled her liquid passion from his lips. "Hmm, I taste good on you," she murmured.

"I'll feel better in you." Pushing her on her back and settling between her open thighs. Centering himself, he drove into her in one smooth, solid thrust and allowed his body to be enveloped in her tight, wet, silken warmth. He was in heaven, a paradise of ecstasy.

"Yes," she cried, arching her head back on the pillow.

His groan met her cries as they moved in unison, finding a beat and tempo that was built on passion and crafted out of history. Their history. Tomorrow would be a new day and he wasn't even sure if they would have more than this moment now, but he would not think about it. Not care about it. Not allow anything to spoil this time. Maybe this was a closer in a sense. Or just maybe it was the opening to the rest of their lives.

Her thighs locked along his hips as he pushed his hard cock inside of her over and over again. He was determined to imprint himself into the walls of her sex. Do to her what she'd done to him, ruined him for any other woman. Her body was his, his alone. Slamming into her delicious pussy, he was claiming her.

"Yes," she cried, throwing her hips up to meet him, pressing him deeper.

"Fuck!" He slapped his hand onto the headboard, searching for purchase, to ground himself. His world was spinning out of control in a tornado of euphoric gratification. Nali, she was the cause of it. Her voice, her laugh, her body, everything. Just like the first time they'd made love, she was once again making him a prisoner of his own lust and desire for her.

He could feel her body trembling, an orgasm brimming on edge. "Harder," she beckoned.

Answering her request, he pulled her legs up over his shoulders and gave her the force she demanded, needed. When she came, her fisting sex sucked his release right out of him.

Everything around him went black then erupted with a kaleidoscope of colors, but it wasn't enough. Still needing more, he rolled to his back. "Ride me," he commanded.

Her smile was captivating as she placed her hands flat against his chest and obeyed his request. Seating herself firmly, she began rising and falling on his dick. Only minimally having decreased in size from the recent orgasm, he allowed her control.

As she rotated her hips and bounced on him in a steady beat, heat rushed through his body. Relaxing into the bed, his hands idly stroking her thighs as he watched the jiggle of her breasts and enjoyed the slick glide of her sex along his hardening shaft.

"Tell, me it feels good, Jason." She added an extra twist to her hips.

"Very good." His gaze dropped to the point where their bodies were joined. He loved watching that part of them. Seeing her legs wide and her cunt greedily feasting on his cock, it was a beautiful sight. Returning his gray eyes to her brown gaze, he gripped her hips and shoved into her.

"Oh, ah," she moaned.

He did it again. She tossed her head back and gripped his pecs as she bucked against him. Increasing her tempo put them both in rodeo heaven.

They pounded into each other repeatedly, both of their bodies headed for the ultimate goal. Clutching her hips, he halted her movement. She whimpered in response.

Taking one hand, he slipped it between her legs and fingered her clit, coating himself in her essence.

"Please, Jason, I need to come."

"Reverse cowgirl, baby," he called out.

Sighing, she slowly and expertly guided her body around so that she was facing the opposite direction without allowing his cock to slide out. Glancing over her shoulder she wiggled her backside

at him. Her voice lowered to a husky southern drawl, "Are ya gonna fuck me in the ass, darlin'?" She flexed her sex around his length, punctuating her words.

He chuckled. "Later, sweet. Right now, my dick doesn't want to leave your sweet pussy." He swatted her right cheek hard, enjoying the sound echoing around the room.

She arched her back, availing her ass for another strike as she pouted her lips, begging.

He obliged her. "Now, gitty up, cowgirl."

Up and down, she carried on an arduous rhythm as she clasped his thighs in her hands.

Delighting in the view of her plump ass bouncing before him, he rose up on his elbow and played in her creamy juices. Flicking her clit and hearing her moan. Her orgasm was returning and he knew it wouldn't be long before she was floating in the cloud of ecstasy.

"Let me see that ass, Nali."

Accommodating him, she leaned forward, but keeping her hands on his calves for support.

Moving his hand back around her body, he fingered the puckered second opening, coating her with her own sexual liquid. She wiggled against him. Pressing forward and slipping one finger inside of her.

She moaned and rotated her hips against his cock and palm, with a slight hesitant adjusting to the wicked invasion.

In and out, he toyed with her as he reacquainted her body to the nefarious touch. When she resumed her steady pace he added a second finger.

Whimpering, she bowed her head, but didn't stop bucking against him, instead her movements became more untamed, feral. She came hard and loud, screaming his name on her release.

He couldn't hold back any longer, flipping them back over until she lay on her stomach with her thighs spread and him pumping into her from behind.

"Don't stop, Jason," she called out. Her hands flat against the head board as he slammed into her continuously.

"Never, Nali," he growled as he fucked her with his cock and fingers, thrusting one in her pussy and the others in her ass. He could feel the combined strokes through the supple flesh separating them. That was his undoing.

Collapsing on top of her back, he climaxed, suckling the curve of her shoulder. She joined him, quivering beneath him.

Jason didn't know how many heartbeats had passed with them in the same position, but once he could move his trembling muscles, he shifted them to their sides and wrapped his arms around her body.

Sleep claimed them both.

~YH~

When he finally awakened, he could see out the window that the sky was barely showing the signs of mornings approach, caught between shades of blue.

"Regrets?" he asked, as he stroked her naked hip. He knew she was awake, her breathing no longer holding the heaviness of sleep. Neither of them had moved while they recuperated.

"No." She glanced over her shoulder, apprehension clouding her gaze. "You?"

Urging her to her back, he stared at her. "No regrets." He stroked her thick bottom lip. "I have questions."

She nodded. "Like what now?"

"I was thinking more on the line of what's for breakfast." He winked at her, trying to break the tension surrounding them.

Smiling, she confessed, "I thought my stomach growling had awakened you."

"Not when you exhausted me so thoroughly." He tweaked her nose.

"Me?" She popped him on the shoulder.

Rolling his eyes, he pretended to be persuaded. "Okay, us. Happy now."

Glancing away, she mumbled, "Kinda."

"Kinda?" He kissed the corner of her mouth. "That's not what a man wants to hear after spending the night loving a woman to distraction."

Her soft laugh echoed in the quiet morning. "You know I was not talking about your loving, Jason."

"Phew." Then he sobered up. "What would make you happy, Nali?" It was a do or die moment for them.

Reaching out, she brushed his wayward locks away from his forehead and then assessed him with her pretty brown eyes. "I'm afraid to hope. I'm afraid that once we leave this room, it will be over. That we're just meant for one great night of sex. That...that..." her words drifted away.

"That this is the closer."

She nodded. Her eyes filled with water at the corners, threatening to roll out.

Pressing his forehead to hers, he squeezed his eyes shut. He hated to see her cry. Opening his eyes, he stared at her. "I don't know what all of this means. Karma. God's-hand. Fate. I don't even know if we give it a chance if it would last this time."

Looking away, she spoke, her words coming out strained, "I understand." She began to roll away. "The divorce was probably the ri--"

"Hey! Listen to me," he called out, pulling her body back against his. The tears were clearly streaming down her face. "Nali, what I was trying to say is that I don't know what will happen between us..." he touched her face, brushing his thumb over her cheek. "But I know I want to try."

Her eyes lit up as she nuzzled her face against his palm. "Try. As in dinners and movies and--"

"Sex." He dragged her beneath him. "Lots of sex." He cupped her breast as he rested between her thighs. "Then maybe more dinners."

Wrapping her legs around his hips, she smiled. "Can we take walks in Balboa Park, see the museums?"

He groaned and laughed when she cupped his ass in her hands and squeezed. Grinding the stiff evidence of his arousal along her sex, he conceded, "Fine. We can even have picnics here at the marina and long drives to Coronado."

She traced the features of his face, her gaze serious as it captured his. "Jason, we'll take it all one day at a time. Pace ourselves. Maybe when we were younger we moved too fast."

"I agree. Can we still chat daily? I enjoyed getting to know you." He kissed her.

"I don't know what I'd do with most of my nights if we didn't."

"Well, I have some ideas on that front." Maneuvering their bodies, he glided into her slowly.

"Mm, you always were a trend-setter." Her words were breathless.

"Then follow my lead." He rotated his hips, pushing himself further inside.

Mirroring his actions, she gyrated hers taking him deeper. "I love you, Jason. I never stopped."

Pausing, he wrapped his arms around her, holding her to him. "I love you, Nali, always." Leaning away from her, he captured her mouth, kissing her thoroughly.

They parted.

"I missed you so much," she whispered.

"Show me," he taunted, giving her a wicked smile.

She arched her back, closing the gap between them and willingly surrendering to the pleasure he gave her.

Jason was relieved and delighted to discover that his internet rebound had led him back into the arms, bed and heart of the woman he loved. Nali Kensington.

I love romance and writing it is one of my greatest guilty pleasures. I enjoy creating happily ever after stories with HEAT. The hotter the better! Life is busy, it would be great to have a chance to sit down and enjoy a long read. Since that is often not the case, I bring you Short and Sexy, Sensual Erotica. Just long enough to help you meet the *need*. I was talking about your reading need...where's your mind? As an erotic romance author, I try to show that every woman, no matter color, age, shape or size, deserves a high level of passion in her life. So, if you like diversity and a good read, check out one of my books. Then drop me an e-mail about it and we'll chat. I run a newsletter group where I post contests, excerpts, blurbs, covers and news about where I am and what I'm doing.

**Email**: sasseyvettehines@yahoo.com

**Website Address**: http://sasse-yvette-hines.blogspot.com/ **Myspace Address**: http://www.myspace.com/yvettehines **Newsletter**: http://groups.yahoo.com/group/sassesheets/

**Twitter/Facebook Address**: Sorry, Yvette is not on Facebook or Twitter ⊗

#### Other Tease Publishing stories by Yvette Hines

The Marriage Clause
One Reckless Night
Holiday Affair
Take This Man
Golden Treasure
Ho, Ho, Ho and a Dom
Bet on a Mistletoe
Making the Man
Lady Justice
Trusting St. Nick