

Evernight Publishing



BAD GIRL

AMARINDA JONES

For six months Kealea and Christopher have been lovers, while consensually enjoying multiple partners. For a while it worked for Kealea. She wanted no commitment, and she craved the excitement and thrill of being taken by each new lover. But it's not enough. She wants forever with Christopher. How can she make him realize there's so much more to be enjoyed than wild sex?

Christopher shares Kealea's desires, but he's not sure how to change what they have into what they both crave. What if everything changes? Sex has always been easy, but loving could unleash consequences neither of them can handle. What is he to do? When another man shows interest in Kealea, Christopher knows he must make a move, or lose the woman he loves...for good.



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Bad Girl

Amarinda Jones

DEDICATION

To all the fearless women out there.
Whatever you need or want—go for it.
There are no limits.

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Prologue

The Present...

"You're a bad girl. I saw what you did."

"I can do what I like." Kealea drew in a shallow breath as she fought the restrictive feeling of being trapped by rope. She was naked and it wasn't the first time Christopher tied her up. She was on her hands and knees, her forearms roped to her upper thighs. With her head bowed down in submission, her ass was exposed and vulnerable to whatever he chose to do.

She jumped as Christopher smacked her bare flesh—hard.

Kealea squinted, willing herself not to moan. Christopher knew she loved being spanked. It was both a joy and a punishment for her. There was something so raw and primal that appealed to her, being in this wicked position. The heat of his palm, the sound of the slap and the sting of his hand sent a wild rush of excitement coursing through her veins. The punishment was fighting the urge to enjoy it.

Smack! Smack!

Kealea bit her lower lip. She knew what this was about. He was jealous, and lately it was a common occurrence. But that wasn't her problem. Either Christopher should declare he wanted Kealea for himself or let her go on choosing those men that amused her without questioning her actions. Knowing he didn't believe in monogamy was fine. She had always known what their relationship would be like, and entered it with both eyes open. Christopher slept with whomever he pleased and Kealea did the same. They had a mutual understanding, but lately a tension lurked between them she couldn't shake.

I'll be damned if I'll be held accountable for my actions when he's doing the same or worse. "You don't own me."

Christopher's hand strayed in between her butt cheeks. "Don't I, baby?"

"No—we're free agents." They had been for six months. While they always came back to the other, both of them indulged in liaisons. On the whole, Kealea enjoyed her

diverse sexual encounters. But of late, she wanted more. *Maybe he finally understands. Maybe that moment with Hutch pushed him into realization. Maybe...*

"Nothing is free." His finger touched her anus. Kealea closed her eyes. Her legs were so tightly bound, the pressure of his finger invading her small opening was intense. *Hot. Perfect. Keep pushing.* That's what Christopher liked to do. He enjoyed pushing her past her comfort zone and making her come like no other man could.

"You knew I was watching you." He dropped down on his haunches.

Yes, she did. Kealea knew what Christopher was like. She squirmed and raised her ass to meet his hand. "You and I..." Kealea hesitated. *What was the right word to explain their relationship?*

Christopher continued working his finger inside her. "Yes, what?"

"We're complicated." *Yeah, that was it.* "And messy and bad." *So bad it was good.*

Christopher leaned over her body and whispered in her ear. "But you like being bad."

Yes. His hot, hard, naked body teased her flesh. Kealea wanted his body slammed down on her not hovering above. "I want more."

"What?"

If he had to ask now, Kealea knew he didn't get her at all. "You wouldn't understand."

Christopher's voice was soft and low in her ear. "How little we know each other, baby." He then removed his hand and lifted up from her. "You have to pay a penalty."

Kealea shivered. He gave the best punishments. "For what?"

"For being a bad girl." He slapped her ass one last time. "Daniel, come in here."

Her head jerked up. "I don't want anyone but you." Couldn't he see the reasons behind why she acted the way he did?

"Liar." Christopher's smile was thin and tight.

He was right of course. By himself, Christopher was sexually amazing. With another, it added the cherry.

"Please Chris..." Kealea wasn't sure what she was begging for. *More? Less? Faster?*

"You should have thought of that before you fucked the other man." His hand came down on her ass two more times. "You're a bad girl."

Oh yes. Kealea awaited her punishment.

Chapter One

Three hours before...

"So my horoscope said *beware of inconvenient people*." Kealea Chambers sighed and closed her eyes. "Is there any other type of person?" She looked at the tattooist sitting beside her while she laid flat on her back, wearing only a t-shirt that barely covered her pussy. His tattoo needle buzzed as he applied ink to her upper thigh. There was pain but not enough to make her cry out.

Andrew Hutchinson, 'Hutch' to his friends and clients, smiled as he concentrated on the needle moving over her pale skin. "I love jaded women."

"Oh yeah?" That amused Kealea. There was a simple, raw honesty about tattoo artists. There was no pretense. Maybe they were a little rough around their inked edges but inside they were smart and caring. They saw the world and their clients for who they were. Kealea believed it had a lot to do with the pictures they inked onto a person's skin. Every line told a story and each was unique. *You had to see a lot of the world coming in those doors*. She looked down at the blond head hovering above her thigh. There was a rawness about Hutch that appealed greatly to Kealea. He wasn't handsome with his angular, stubble covered face studded with piercings, but his smile was sweet and his eyes were the gentlest she'd ever seen. Not like Christopher. He was only gentle when it suited him to be. *Probably why I allowed Hutch to fuck the stuffing out of me. I wanted to taste just one man who wasn't scared to care*.

Kealea smiled at the memory.

It first happened several months ago, when she went into the wildly spray painted tattoo parlor two blocks from her apartment. Kealea was looking for something to change her life. She had the feeling she needed a catalyst, and the idea of a tattoo appealed to her. Christopher was against it.

"It's my body." To Kealea, what she did with it was her prerogative.

"And mine."

Secretly his possessiveness thrilled her. Outwardly she was not going to show it. Kealea liked to push him for a reaction. It was sometimes the only way she knew what was going on in his mind. "We're not joined at the hip."

"Sometimes we are. So tight and hard that you beg me never to leave your body."

"How much for a tatt?" she'd asked the artist.

Inking her skin had nothing to do with Christopher and everything to do with who she was as a person. She needed to taste life and push boundaries.

"Depends how much you can take."

Kealea liked smart-ass men. They had instant sex appeal to her. "I can take a lot and then some."

He grinned in response. "Oh yeah?"

His genuine, flirty smile made her heart flip flop. A long time passed since she'd felt all girly with a man. With Christopher she was all woman and while she enjoyed that, Kealea wasn't averse to playing the field. "Do you flirt with all your customers?"

"Only the ones I fancy."

"Wow, you come straight to the point." Kealea enjoyed it when a man spoke his mind, especially on matters of the flesh.

"Life is short."

"Yes it is." Kealea knew by the look in his eyes that she wasn't the only one feeling the sexual tension between them. To her, that first moment of can-we, should-we with a potential lover happened in a heart beat and needed to be acted on with the same passion, or the moment died with 'what ifs'. Maybe it wasn't the lifestyle that other women enjoyed but Kealea never considered her actions on the thoughts of others morals. "So—"

He moved closer towards her. "Yeah?"

"If I said you made me wet with need what would you do about that?" To Kealea it was thrilling to just say what she felt without worrying about consequences. Sex was to be enjoyed and not ignored.

"I would have to fuck the stuffing out of you."

With those few simple words, suddenly she was in his arms and kissing him, while his hands were on her ass pulling her close to him.

"Shop," he murmured in between kisses, "need to close it."

She pushed away from him. "Well hurry up." Kealea was not one to worry about formalities. If she liked a man, she had a man. It was as simple as that. Some may have considered her a slut, but to Kealea it was all about freedom to choose and be who she wanted to be.

"Strip." Hutch returned to her, his gaze hot.

Before Christopher came into her life, the idea of dropping her clothes to stand naked before a man wasn't something Kealea would've been keen on doing. All hips and ass with large breasts, she never considered her body beautiful. Curves didn't appeal to some men and there was always that first moment with a new lover when she hesitated and worried what he would think. But now, she didn't care. Christopher taught her that bodies were made for pleasure and it was irrelevant the shape or size.

Kealea let her clothes drop to the floor. She smiled when she saw the look in Hutch's eyes. Pure lust. *I love it*. The fanciest designer drug could not compete with the rush of that. "I need cock."

"I love straight talking women."

When Hutch dropped his pants, Kealea was gob smacked. "It's pierced." Two large steel balls were on the top and underneath the head.

"Yeah, there's a metal bar right through my dick."

Her eyes snapped wide open. "Holy crap, that had to hurt." She'd enjoyed her fair share of dicks but not a studded one. Kealea moved in and fingered the two steel balls.

"All the better to fuck you with."

She licked her lips. *This I have to try*. The thought of extra pressure and friction inside her was a definite turn-on. "Condom." While she loved sex she was always careful. Kealea tilted her head and considered the dick before her. "Will one fit over it?"

"Oh yes." Hutch retrieved his wallet and pulled a rubber out.

"Before you cover it, I need to lick it." Kealea liked sucking cock. It was a power trip for her, seeing a man weakened by her lips.

"Yes, please." Hutch watched intently as she dropped to her knees.

She leaned in and ran her tongue over the metal ornaments. While the piercing looked sexy, it was hard for her to fathom why any man would want to have a metal bar shoved through his dick. Christopher wanted her to pierce her clit but there was no

way Kealea would. That would've been more for his satisfaction than hers. She laved the head of his cock with her tongue. Kealea enjoyed the way it bounced in excitement. She traced her tongue down the long vein that lined the shaft. Kealea smiled as he jumped in reaction. *Men. So predictable. So yummy.* She tongued his balls while her hands held his thighs. When she sucked one of his balls into her mouth, the strangled groan from the man above made her heart beat faster with excitement.

Hutch pushed at her shoulders. "Stop. I want to be inside you when I come."

"Yes." She needed to be filled. As much as she loved orgasms, the driving fullness of cock was what she craved most. "Please take me." Kealea watched him with greedy anticipation as he rolled the condom on.

Hutch lifted her up onto one of the tatt benches. There were no preliminaries. He was thrusting inside her body within seconds. She sighed, wrapping her arms and legs around him. There was nothing that Kealea liked better than a good, hard fuck.

"Still up to getting a tatt?" he murmured against her lips.

"If this is your customer service policy, I'll be getting several."

* * * *

The distant buzz of the tattoo needle grew louder, drawing her back to the present.

"Yeah, jaded women always hide stuff."

Possibly. "Do not. Anyway if I do it's because of self preservation."

This was the fourth tattoo so far. Kealea had limited trust in many men but Hutch, drawing on her thigh with permanent ink, made her confident because he understood what she needed and never questioned it. While they were lovers and friends, Hutch was also a true professional and took his job seriously. When she got a dagger inked on her arm, he merely smiled. The Japanese rose on her shoulder made him nod his head without comment. The elaborate butterfly on her foot got a 'cool' from him.

"I hear ya," he said, keeping his focus on the ink.

"But you don't believe it."

Hutch shook his head. "Nope. Wanna know why?"

"No—okay yes." Opinion was always good. Kealea didn't need to believe it but she wasn't averse to hearing him out.

"Self preservation means you are looking after yourself, right? If you spend so much time worrying about what could happen to you and trying to analyze other people's motives, you miss out on all the good stuff going on around you."

Kealea laughed. "Don't give me the whole life is beautiful speech."

"You don't believe it?"

"I believe what I can see and feel." Hence the reason for the latest tattoo. Life with Christopher was a challenge. She loved him while hating him at the same time. Living separately was a blessing, for Kealea needed time away from the intensity of the man. She didn't doubt for a second he probably felt the same of her. In some ways they were totally alike. Both were driven to get what they needed. *Probably because we can't give in and commit to the other.* Realistically, Kealea knew it had a lot to do with fear. Strong people couldn't often drop their guard to allow another person totally in. Sexually it was easy. Surrendering to emotions was another thing.

"So why the positive tatt of a phoenix rising from the flames? If you were really as jaded as you make out you would get a skull like the last guy."

Kealea had seen that. It was a skull with a dagger stabbed through it and the words 'death before dishonor.' It was excellent in a scary way. "A skull would make my thigh look fat."

Hutch pulled the needle from her skin and laughed hard. "I love tattooing you. You're so weird."

So speaks the man with multiple tattoos and facial piercings. But weird worked for Kealea. Anyone could be normal.

"Weird — and sexy. I also like fucking you." His hand started moving up her thigh.

Kealea knew where he was heading. She spread her legs wider. "I love how you service your customers."

Hutch turned the power off and placed his needle on the work bench. "I really need to taste you." He stood up and lifted her shirt. "Pretty pussy. More women should go panty-less." Hutch dropped his head between her legs and licked her clit.

Kealea whimpered, clutching his head as he lapped and sucked the pink flesh between her legs. She knew he wouldn't stop until she came. That's what she liked about Hutch. He was all about giving pleasure. "Anyone could walk in you know." *What would they think? Would they be shocked or stand and watch? Maybe ask for a turn?*

Hutch lifted his head. "I don't care. It's my shop and I do as I like and who I like."

She reached one hand out and unzipped his jeans. Hutch angled himself so she could play with his cock and suck on him. It was madness. It was fun. That was until the bell on the shop door rang as it opened.

Kealea looked up at the man who walked over to them.

Christopher.

Even if she didn't know who it was she would have been magnetically drawn to look at him. His long auburn hair was tied back in a leather thong and his square black framed glasses did nothing to hide his hawk-like gaze. The real man stubble on his face and his dark, gothic-looking clothes made him an instant draw to anyone with an ounce of curiosity in them.

She was flat on her back while Hutch devoured her pussy. Her eyes locked with his. Neither of them spoke. *What was he thinking?* It was so hard to tell with Christopher. It wasn't like he'd never seen her with another man before.

Kealea was not surprised to see him. Curiosity had finally got the better of him despite his avowal never to visit the tattoo parlor, as it pandered to her 'unnecessary desire to mark' her body. That's what he called it. Not that Kealea cared. She did as she chose and she knew it drove him wild. Christopher liked to dominate and while Kealea often enjoyed that, it was not something she wanted to live all the time. Her gaze never left his.

The place reeked of sex. Did he smell it? Kealea tightened her legs together as Christopher's eyes came to rest on her exposed limbs. She trembled in anticipation. She knew Christopher would punish her for this. While they were not exclusive, Kealea was aware how much he hated not knowing what was going on in her life until it was too late.

Hutch looked up only when he was ready to. "After a tatt, mate?" Like his tats, he was not part of conventional society. Obviously, eating pussy, out in the open and on the clock didn't mean anything to him.

"No, thanks," Christopher responded, his stare fixed on Kealea. "I found out what I needed to know."

Chapter Two

Christopher was furious as he spanked her. He knew Kealea was a free agent to take which man she chose. Their relationship after all wasn't exclusive. The fact that she'd been with the tattoo agent more than once annoyed him. He was supposed to be the one she always returned to, not the man with the painted skin. Christopher had been wild with jealousy watching her squirming under his mouth as her hand milked this cock.

He wanted to punish her, to teach her a lesson and yet Christopher knew Kealea was doing nothing wrong. *She just isn't doing it with me.* When exactly that realization hit him, Christopher wasn't sure. One moment he was the hard man moving from woman to woman and the next Kealea had wandered into his world and shook it up. Although he'd kept up his old ways of screwing many without a care for consistency, he kept turning back to her. He fought it at first.

Christopher wasn't looking for one exclusive woman to have and hold. But Kealea was different. She tasted like no other nor did she hide the fact she loved sex. Many women had sex. But he wondered how many really enjoyed it as she did.

Neither he nor Kealea believed in monogamy and yet they both always came back to the other for more. Others may not have understood their relationship but Christopher cared for no one else but Kealea and himself. He loved her. *I wonder what she would say if I told her that? Love. When the hell did that happen?*

One minute it was amazing sex with a partner who enjoyed extremes as he did and the next, Christopher woke up beside Kealea suddenly in love with her.

The tattoo artist worried him. Kealea was not one to go back to a lover. If she did it meant they meant more to her than just a simple lay. That was the thing about the two of them. Each was attracted to the other and yet neither was prepared to say or do anything to recognize that fact. *It's like we're scared to admit it.* Christopher was definitely scared to say it. For the first time in his life he understood love and the concept of jealousy. The tattoo artist made him crazy in the fact that he wanted to know why Kealea kept going back to him. Of course, Christopher could ask but he was scared of what Kealea would say.

Does she love him? Can I live without her?

He looked at Daniel as he entered the room. The tall, sleek black man was someone he knew scared Kealea. It wasn't the man himself. It was the size of his dick. Christopher saw Kealea's eyes open as the naked man came to stand before her. He slapped her ass one more time to remind her she was under his control now. Christopher knew whatever fear Kealea showed was only fleeting. He knew she enjoyed being made to do bad things. While it was a lesson, it was also a moment to make her more dependent on him. *How many other lovers knew her needs so well?*

"You've been a very bad girl and I need to teach you a lesson."

Kealea's eyes were locked on the black dick before her. "Too big."

"Too bad." Christopher pushed his finger into her anus. "He can come in here or your mouth. You choose."

"My mouth."

Christopher wasn't surprised at her choice. He was also pleased. He liked to pound Kealea's ass as he held on to her soft mounds of flesh. Few women were built like the curvaceous Kealea. Too many dieted and reduced themselves to waifs. *No man wants to fuck a waif.* "You heard the lady, Daniel."

Christopher liked seeing a man's cock in Kealea's mouth knowing *he'd* put it there. He didn't mind sharing Kealea with another man. It was who she was having sex with that she kept going back to that did. And while it may be simple to tell her how, Christopher wasn't sure what her reaction would be. *What does she feel for me?* "Kealea, we need to —" He hesitated as he tried to find the right words. *We need to talk? Work out what the hell we're doing? What we feel?*

"What?" She turned her head to look at him.

Christopher's gaze locked with hers. The deep, sexy green of her eyes and the shoulder length sweep of her brown hair made his cock jump with excitement. Now was not the time for deep and meaningful moments. Later, when they were both calm and quiet he would talk to her.

"Christopher?"

The breathless way she said his name made his pulse leap.

"Do you want me to fuck your ass?"

"Yes—" any other words she was about to say were drowned out by inches of cock between her lips.

Christopher nodded at Daniel. The other man knew he was not to spill his seed within her. No one but Christopher did that. And, despite their multiple partners, neither Christopher nor Kealea allowed another to come inside them. It was one of the few things they had spoken about and agreed upon. For them it was easier to talk and agree on the physical than the emotional.

"We need —" Christopher hesitated. He was about to say 'we need to sort out what's between us once and for all.' But he stopped those words going out. *What if she doesn't need what I do? Wasn't it better to take what was on offer and enjoy that?*

Christopher reached behind him for the tube of lube he'd brought with him to Kealea's apartment. He wanted to 'punish' her in the one place he knew she would remember for a long time. He knew she would come here after the tattoo. Christopher looked at her upper thigh. The tattoo of the phoenix was beautiful. *It suits her.* In many ways Kealea was like a wild, rare bird that made him watch and wonder at what she might do next. While Christopher had never understood the need to mark skin nor did he believe a tattoo could not change a person's life, he could see the beauty of it with Kealea. "Are you ready for me, baby?"

* * * *

Kealea let Daniel's dick slip from her lips. "Christopher?" What had he been about to say before? "*We need —*" 'we' was itself unusual. Yes, there was a strong connection between them but other than sex they rarely talked about anything important. Everything was a neat, gliding over the surface basis. Sometimes Kealea believed that both of them were too scared to ruin what they had — what it was — by saying the wrong thing. Their relationship, although tense, was not something she wanted to walk away from. But, for a moment, the look in his eyes had Kealea thinking he was going to say something important. *But maybe I'm the only one who feels more in this relationship? Maybe I'm projecting my needs for him.*

The cool squirt of lube made her jump. Her thoughts were torn between wanting to know what Christopher was about to say and what he was about to do. Once more

Daniel's dick slid between her lips. She toyed with the head, wishing she could rest her hands on Daniel's upper thighs as she licked. But that was not possible, bound as she was. She had to rely on these two men to keep her upright. Kealea knew better than to deep throat his cock, even if that was possible, with Christopher's own dick probing against her anus. Kealea pushed back knowing it would make the entrance easier. She sighed as the bulbous head surged through the tight muscle and inside her body. Pure heat raced through her as Christopher impaled her.

"Suck me hard," Daniel demanded.

"Do as you're told, baby," Christopher added.

That was what Kealea wanted to hear. She loved being made to do things. She wanted to lose control. She needed to be taken. Once more her mouth swallowed the dick before her and Kealea gave in to the slow, deep thrust of Christopher. She arched her back as he lifted her hair, holding it like reins as he pummeled her ass. While there was biting pain, it was also exciting to be used solely for pleasure. Kealea knew she could object. *But I don't want to.* As lessons went, this was an excellent one. She not only got sex but Kealea came a little closer to working Christopher out. That moment with Hutch pushed him to act as he never had before.

Kealea choked on the cock in her mouth as Christopher's thrusts became harder. She knew he was hard and ready to come the minute she saw him at her apartment. That he'd tied her up, which indicated the level of patience he had. This was not about submission. This was about need mixed with anger. Kealea saw it in his eyes. She expected it after being caught, and didn't stop him stripping her bare, nor fought the ropes while he quickly lashed her. Christopher had never hurt her before.

Once more Daniel's dick slid from her mouth and she moaned under Christopher's thrusting pace. She knew Daniel would come whether her lips were on his flesh or not. Her gaze fixed on his hand as it curled around the shaft, pumping and straining for release. "Christopher, please —"

"Beg me."

Kealea licked her lips. She wanted to come with him inside but she needed the stimulation to her clit. Bound as she was Kealea knew that was not going to happen. "Touch me." She wanted that sweet friction in contrast to the pounding heat. "Please, Chris." He growled something not intelligible as his hand moved to her clit and rubbed.

Kealea grinned. No matter how much they drove each other crazy, they both understood the need to come. She looked up at Daniel. "Are you going to come or are you just going to play with yourself?"

Kealea moaned as Christopher's free hand came down hard on her ass.

"Bad girl." Christopher's voice was low and hoarse as he increased the rhythm of his fingers stimulating her clit.

Perfect.

Daniel swore as jets of cum pumped out and landed on her shoulders.

Kealea felt a spasm of pleasure as the orgasm began to rush through her body. "Harder...faster..." Christopher obliged. Her knees ached and her back was sore but none of it mattered as she suddenly felt Christopher shake and shudder as he came inside her. "Oh yes..." she dropped her head to the floor and gave him all the access he needed to her ass.

Christopher slumped over her, his body still moving but slower now as he caught his breath. "I love it when you're bad."

Once more Kealea smiled. *And I love you.*

Chapter Three

Five minutes after meeting Christopher six months ago, he'd had Kealea's panties down and her body tight and hot against his at a party. Her legs were around his waist as he fucked her hard. None of the other partygoers said anything. They just smiled and went on their way. It was that sort of party.

People were there on the make. They were dressed for action. Breasts, asses and cocks were on display in tight, scanty clothes. People locked on a target and they went for it. Sex was the main event and finger food came a poor second. In hindsight Kealea knew she should have done the same and walked away but Christopher was like no other man, and when he looked at her she'd felt helpless to do anything but follow him when he took her hand.

"I need to be inside you."

Kealea was gob smacked by his words. "You can't just say that to a woman you don't know."

His grin reached right into her panties and stroked her to life. "Oh, but I can. I don't follow other people's rules. I do as I want." It was then, when he'd slammed her up against the wall.

"What are you doing?" She'd known of course. No man put their hands under a woman's skirt without the intention of being clear.

"I'm going to fuck you hard and make sure you never forget our first meeting."

"But I don't want this." Kealea had made a vague effort of pushing his hands away. She wanted sex. She needed sex. She wanted *him*.

Kealea went to the party in order to get laid. However, she was wary. There was a difference between mutual wild passion and rape. As much as Kealea loved sex, she was careful. When she saw the tall, gorgeous man with the long auburn hair, Kealea's mouth dropped open in lust. A guy like him was normally beyond her grasp. Hot men did not go for short, chunky women. Kealea was not about to miss out on the opportunity. When his hands settled on her bare hips, her dress hitched up and his knees nudged her legs apart, she knew there was only one thing to say. "Condom."

"No." He unzipped his pants

She trembled from the decisiveness of that single word on his lips. "But I insist."

"I won't come in you because you're going to suck me off."

Kealea's mouth dropped open in shock. "But —"

Christopher lifted her up. "I'm in charge here."

She'd wrapped her legs around him without thinking. "I want —"

"I know what you want, baby." He impaled her in one long, deep thrust.

Hot, hard dick penetrated her body and Kealea gasped at the force of it. No one had filled her like this man. It was all consuming and she had no control whatsoever. "Oh god..." Her arms wrapped around his neck as her mouth met his. Kissing a stranger was often awkward. But it wasn't with Christopher. He kissed with intention. His tongue played with hers as his mouth tasted and devoured what was on offer. For the first time in her life, Kealea was speechless as she followed exactly what the stranger wanted. Her head banged against the back of the wall as he pounded into her. There was no finesse. It was raw hunger. It was a moment she'd never forget, exactly as he'd warned. Just as Kealea was feeling the start of an orgasm, Christopher pulled out.

"Suck my dick." His hands flattened on her shoulders as he pushed her down to her knees.

Kealea was so overwhelmed by sensation she was helpless to do anything. One minute she was filled with cock and the next she was on her knees ready to suck. Kealea looked up in his eyes. She had been about to tell him to 'fuck off' but the fierce possessiveness she saw in his eyes stunned her.

"Do it." He pushed his cock against her lips.

She could smell the combined scents of their bodies. Kealea had sucked dick a few times before and she enjoyed it. It gave her secret pleasure to know that a man was solely concentrated on her and what she chose to do with her lips and tongue.

Kealea viewed the cock before her. It was long and thick. The urge to taste and suck grabbed her. *Two can play this game.* "And you're never going to forget me." She curled her hand around his shaft and swallowed the head of his dick. When she heard him groan, Kealea smiled. *Good.* She began sucking with the intention of driving him mad. He was a stranger to her yet somehow she knew this would not be the last she would see of him. Maybe he'd pinned her against a wall and used her. Maybe she

wanted to be used. But she would use him now for her own pleasure. There was nothing more rewarding than watching a man lose control.

Kealea licked and sucked his stiff flesh enjoying his low groans. She could sense others were watching them, and she didn't care. It was all about making him come. The fact that she hadn't was irrelevant. Kealea wanted to see him weakened so she could walk away the victor. And she would have had she not felt the solid body of a man drop down behind her and start playing with her bare ass. The dick slipped momentarily from her mouth. She could not see the man but she felt his fingers slide around to her clit.

Christopher smiled at the other man. "Make her come as she makes me come." He pulled her head back towards him, his cock pushing at her lips until she opened her mouth once more.

It was harder to concentrate. Her mind was focused on the fingers rubbing her clit and the unknown male at her ass. When she heard the sound of a zipper behind her, and the prod of another cock, Kealea nearly choked. "What the —"

"I'll use a condom. I know Christopher has rules about his possessions."

Kealea eyes rose to Christopher's. *Possessions?* "I don't want —" Her legs were forced apart.

"Yes, you do, baby." Christopher sounded certain. "You are going to swallow my cum with Jason fucking you." He smiled wickedly. "I told you this would be unforgettable."

And then the man called Jason was pushing inside her cunt and Kealea had a dick once more in her mouth. She was helpless to do anything but suck and be fucked. Kealea instinctively pushed back against the man to allow him access. It was easier that way. Once he was fully inside her she could continue sucking, and she did, sucking and swirling her tongue around his cock until she could see a slight tremble in his stance. He would come soon. As would she.

The earlier shagging up against the wall had made her hot and ready. The stranger plowing her cunt and playing with her clit was pushing her over the edge. She worked her ass against him as she slid one hand up and down Christopher's cock. He groaned and shook against her as he came.

Warm, bitter cum flooded her mouth.

The man behind her gripped her ass cheeks and came with a loud yell. Kealea felt the familiar jerk and shudder against her body. Her own hand went between her legs to make herself come. She pushed his hand away and rubbed hard, a wild rush of heat taking over her body as the orgasm shook her. Christopher's dick fell from her mouth, and a milky, white trail of cum slid down her chin.

"You are mine now," Christopher said.

"Bullshit. No one owns me." But Kealea knew she had been taken and owned that night, just like he said.

* * * *

After Daniel left, Kealea sat naked and crossed legged on the bed in her apartment. Although they didn't live together she knew Christopher had a key to her place. Kealea wasn't sure how he had gotten the copy made but knowing Christopher as she did, nothing surprised her. He liked to be in control. He obviously also enjoyed teaching her this lesson in her own home. It would be a constant reminder to her. She stared at him, wondering what he was thinking. *What does he actually feel for me?* Once, she thought she had known. Once, she mistook lust for love. Now, she was more realistic. Sex was a need. A hunger. Sucking another man's cock was nothing more than a moment of power knowing she could make him weak purely by her mouth. Kealea was not one to agonize over her actions.

"You know I like sex." Her eyes were on his. Her ass ached from his pummeling thrusts yet she would do it all again in a heartbeat.

"Yes." Christopher nodded once.

"Neither of us is faithful to the other." Kealea was at a point where she wanted to be but she knew Christopher didn't believe in exclusivity. There was no point asking for the moon when it wasn't on offer.

"Correct."

"So why were you so upset at finding me with Hutch?" That intrigued her. He'd never acted this way with any other man she'd taken nor did she question his women.

"I wasn't."

Kealea rolled her eyes. Ever elusive, Christopher only said what he needed to and gave nothing of his real feelings away. "That's not an answer."

"I wasn't aware we needed to answer to the other."

"Whatever." Kealea knew there was no point talking to him when he was like this. "So, after your little hissy fit we've just been through, I'm assuming you'll be on your way?" she stood up and reached for her robe. Kealea didn't plan on sitting around and moping after him.

"Where are you going?"

"Wherever I like. After all, Christopher, we're not exclusive." *But I am going to make him jealous enough to change that.* Today proved she could.

Chapter Four

"Hey you." Hutch looked pleased when Kealea pushed through the door of his shop.

"Hey." Her plan hadn't been to come to Hutch's shop. It was more just to get out of her apartment and think. *I love Christopher. I love sex. What the hell does he love or want?* It would be the most logical thing in the world to ask him. *Problem is I'm not logical and I'm worried about his answer. Does he love me back?*

"Back for another tatt?"

"Yes — no — I don't know." Even if she covered her skin with ink, it still wouldn't answer her questions.

Hutch raised a brow. "Uh huh."

"What?" Kealea watched as he walked over to her. *Why can't I fall in love with someone like Hutch? He is sweet, caring and understanding. Why do I want a complicated man like Christopher?*

"That man who came into the shop —"

"Was just a man." That, of course, was the least likely statement she could have ever made about Christopher. Some people couldn't be defined so easily.

"Nothing else?" Hutch took her hand in his.

"No." *Yes. So much I can barely think straight.*

"So why are you so tense if he's 'just a man'?"

"I'm not — I'm, er..." *What the hell am I?*

"Confused?"

"Yeah."

Hutch nodded. "Do you love him?"

Yes. No. Possibly. Next question please. "I don't know."

"That's not an answer."

"Well, how can I love him when I have sex with you?" That was another thing that was confusing to Kealea. Wasn't love all about commitment to one person only? *How can I touch another man when I have deep feelings for another?*

"Sex is just a function the body craves. Love is more than that. It's about needing to be with someone no matter how much they drive you crazy because they're the only one for you."

Oh yeah, that sounded about right. "Well, it's hard to love when someone doesn't love you back."

"Have you asked him if he loves you?"

"I shouldn't have to ask."

Hutch wrapped his arms around her. "I'm sorry."

It was nice to relax into the body of someone who asked nothing from her. Kealea smiled as she felt his denim encased cock jutting out against her thigh. "You're hard."

"Always with you." His hands moved down to cup her ass.

"You're sweet, why can't —"

"He be like me?" Hutch put his finger to her lips. "Because some people are only meant to give comfort and others are meant to drive you crazy. Now, come with me and let's have some fun."

Kealea lay naked on the red velvet sofa with her hands above her head as Hutch requested. Before Hutch, Kealea would have felt subconscious about displaying her body like this. Not now. She knew what power she possessed and it gave her a secret kick to be naked and have him look at her. Kealea gazed at the loaded paint palette Hutch carried towards her. *Where was the canvas?* "So, you're doing a portrait?" This was the last thing she expected of Hutch. While the man was undoubtedly talented, the last thing she expected was to be taken to the small shed behind the shop and into the world of a painter's studio.

"Yeah. Sort of," Hutch murmured as he stopped at a nearby camcorder.

He explained that he liked to use a camera to capture the true colors as they happened, as memory sometimes wasn't reliable enough. It sounded like an artistic enough reason to Kealea. Besides, the idea of being filmed naked made her hot. If it was any other man, Kealea would have said no. But this was Hutch. *And I trust him.* "Sort of?"

"It's for my personal collection." He flicked the switch on and the camera began recording.

"I see." Kealea didn't really see, but then, she didn't have an artistic bone in her body, so who was she to question stuff?

"Don't worry. I never share my art." Hutch stopped and gazed down at her. "Do you believe in fate, Kealea? That things happen for a reason and only the strongest face their fears?"

"That's sounding pretty much like a Kung Fu saying, tattoo man."

"Well, do you?"

"Yes." Fate was understandable. The facing your fears thing was a little harder to deal with.

"So why do you find it so hard to believe that you can take pleasure from those that cross your path, yet only love one?"

Good question. There was no answer Kealea could give.

"Spread your legs wide."

"Ah, you're not so mystical now." She did as he requested.

Hutch smiled. "Boys will be boys." He sat down between her thighs. "Beautiful."

"Just a crazy observation, but aren't you supposed to have a canvas on an easel and stand over there and paint me?"

"You are my canvas." He dabbed his paintbrush in bright blue paint and swirled the tip around, loading it up with color. When the paint hit her breast, Kealea jumped. This was no warm semen. This was cool, blue paint on her overheated skin. He swirled the brush around her nipple coating it with soft, teasing strokes.

"Oh-h—"she moaned, her fingers sinking into the thick red velvet.

Hutch applied paint to her body like she was cherished artwork. "I like painting on canvas. It's a hobby of mine. But painting on you is much more fun." His brush moved from one nipple to the other.

"Do you do this often?"

"Most women find this an odd fetish."

Kealea could see that. "It's kinda fun."

"That's what I like about you, Kealea. You only hesitate for a second before jumping in to try new things." Yellow followed the blue as he began circling out over her skin.

"You have a great body."

When he settled his hand on her inner thigh, Kealea jumped. "You're saying that because I've given you access to it and you're horny."

"Yes. I am." His brush now covered with pink paint circled down her body in wild spirals.

She giggled. "How many women have you painted?"

Christopher was edging down to her pussy. "Six—it would have been seven but one woman hated green." He changed his brush and started stroking that color over her pussy curls.

"Green is good."

"I know. I kept telling her that but she said it clashed with her skin tone."

Kealea could almost picture that discussion in her mind. *You can paint me and fuck me but no green, mister.* "Some people huh?" She jumped as the brush touched her clit.

"What color would you like here?"

"I like red."

"No, I have something else planned for that color."

"Purple?"

Hutch looked pleased. "Excellent."

The feel of brush strokes continuously coating her clit with paint made it hard for Kealea to lie still. She wanted to grab the palette from him, throw it across the room, and pull him on and into her. Sex always made her crazy. "I need—"

"I have the perfect thing." Hutch nodded his head. He reached behind her and pulled out a long, crimson vibrator.

"Not what I had in mind." But she could see where the *red* paint would have clashed.

"There is more to come."

Excellent. He inserted the dildo inside her cunt and turned it on at the base. The vibration made Kealea whimper with pleasure. Once more the brush went back to her clit. She moaned and rolled around under the sweet influence.

"You like?"

"I love it, but I need real dick. Your dick." Plastic just didn't do it when there was the possibility of plundering male flesh.

"Turn over and ass up," Hutch ordered.

"But the paint will get on the upholstery."

"Who cares?"

"Okay, then. It's your cleaning bill." Kealea did as she was told. She smiled as she felt the brush on her ass cheeks. "What color?"

"Orange. It's the color of peace and harmony."

At that moment, with the vibrator humming away inside her, the last thing Kealea wanted was peace. She wanted a good, hard, old-fashioned fuck that would make her sweat and scream. Kealea pushed her butt at him for the touch of the brush. "I need cock."

"And you shall have it." Hutch pushed his brush into her anus.

Kealea jumped as long, slow strokes moved in and out. "Oh-h-h—" She loved the intense, conflicting feelings of what he was doing to her body. But then he stopped. "What? Why?" Kealea turned to see him unzipping his trousers. His beautiful, hard dick jumped out. She reached down to pull the vibrator out.

"No—keep it in." Hutch was digging around in his art bag. He pulled out a condom packet.

Kealea's eyes looked on the bright red latex as it covered his dick.

"Ready?"

"Yes."

"You're beautiful." Hutch positioned himself behind her.

She'd never believed anyone who told her that before and especially not when they were lining their cock up for penetration. "I'm a slut."

"No—anyone who gives pleasure to make another happy is never a slut."

He was sweet. She needed that sweetness in her. "I want that red, hot dick in my ass now."

"Yes ma'am."

The first hard thrust drove Kealea face forward. It was not a tentative stroke. It was one of possession and meant to be remembered. She cried out in a mixture of pain and pleasure as Hutch began to push in and pull out of her in deep, long strokes. The vibrator in her cunt and his cock in her ass made her so full and so hot she was having

trouble trying to keep up the pace. There were so many conflicting feelings tearing through her body. "Oh Hutch..."

He leant down and whispered against her ear. "What?"

"The things you make me do." They were truly divine.

Hutch stilled his thrust. "I don't make you do anything, Kealea. You want me to fuck you."

"Yes." She needed that closeness. That connection. She thought of Christopher. *Why can't he give me that? Why don't I ask for that?* He was not the only one at fault. If neither told the other how they felt then how would they ever know what they could have? "I need to come."

"You're a greedy girl." Hutch chuckled and resumed his pace. "What are you doing this evening?"

"Well, if I can walk after t-t-this —" Kealea stammered on the last word as the joint effort of cock and vibrator sent a thrill of pleasure through her body. "Oh..." She trembled under the intensity of it.

"You like that?"

"Oh yeah." She settled into the rhythm of his dick as the last of the orgasm washed over her.

Hutch did not miss a beat. "So, tonight?"

"I'm doing nothing."

"Come out with me. We'll have a great meal, some laughs and —"

Kealea felt him jerk and shudder as his release came. Giving him pleasure pleased her. "And?"

"And, we'll see what comes up." He dropped down over her body, his arms wrapped around her waist, cradling himself close to her.

"Uh huh." The heat of his body was like a soothing balm. *Why can't I love him?*

"And it will drive him mad that you're out with such a handsome man."

"I doubt Christopher will care."

"Oh, he cares. I saw his face when I was licking your pussy. He was a jealous man."

Christopher? Jealous? The man who kept his emotions closed off? "Really?" Maybe it would be worth seeing how far she could push him.

Chapter Five

He stood behind Kealea pinning her against the cold, rough bricks in the alley. She shivered as his body pressed hot against hers. Kealea could see nothing but the bricks and mortar before her. She was his captive. She knew it. He knew it. Every instinct told her to fight, to push back, and to scream and yet Kealea knew it was pointless. Just the feel of his lean body against hers made her aware of his strength. Any fight they might have, he would win. She shivered at the thought. *I am trapped.*

"Let me go." She was amazed at how breathless she sounded.

There was no struggle. Kealea knew who it was without a doubt, and she'd known he'd followed her along the street. Maybe going down a side alley would not have been the choice of most women when a predator stalked, but Kealea was not 'most' women.

His voice was calm. "No, I'm not ready to do that."

"I don't want this." But she did. *Badly.* The clean, musky smell of hot male made her knees shake. Some women were weakened by chocolate. Kealea loved men.

"Liar. If I pulled down your panties and stuck my fingers in your cunt, we both know you'd be wet with need."

Just the way he said it made Kealea close her eyes and wish he'd do just that. It was madness of course. It was immoral to want to be taken in an alley where anyone could see them. "Please—"

"Please what? Touch you? Fuck you until you beg to come?"

Yes. "No. This is wrong." Even she knew her words didn't sound convincing.

"But you want my cock all the same."

Kealea swallowed hard to control herself. Yes, she wanted everything he could give her. She never stopped thinking about this man. She ate, slept and dreamt about him. "If you walk away now, I won't tell anyone." This was a game. She knew it. He knew it. Both knew how to play to get the maximum benefit from it.

He laughed. "I want what I came for." He lifted her short black skirt.

After being with Hutch, she'd gone home to clean up, and was on her way to her waitressing job. She knew what she wore was no protection against what he wanted.

His hands were rough as he jerked the material around her waist. "But you could have any woman."

"I want you." He slapped her bare ass. "No panties. What a slut you are. Or were you hoping for some action?"

"I — er —" What could she say? She liked the feeling of her pussy being bare, the chance that the slightest rubbing or friction would make her want to play with her clit until she came. Kealea jumped as his fingers slid into the crack of her butt pulling her cheeks apart. She pushed back into him without thinking. *Please fuck me now.*

"I knew it." His fingers moved around to her cunt. "You're wet."

Kealea whimpered as he toyed with her clit. "This is wrong," she repeated once more, not believing it for a second. She liked *wrong*.

"But we both know you like to do naughty things." He removed his fingers. "We both know you're a bad, bad girl."

Put them back. "You don't know me." It was then she heard the sound of a zipper being pulled down. *Oh yes...*

"Oh, but I do. I know you better than you know yourself, Kealea."

She moaned as the head of his dick pushed at her ass. Kealea loved how Christopher knew exactly how to act with her. He was that sort of man. Give Christopher a challenge and he rose to it. He would have known she'd been with Hutch. While she'd gone to the tattoo shop for comfort, Christopher was the one man who thrilled her above all others. That he had tracked her down on the way to work now indicated a level of feeling that thrilled her.

* * * *

Before, the knowledge of Kealea being with another man was something Christopher accepted. They did not do monogamy. Knowing she'd been with the tattoo artist again, drove him wild. *What did she see in him and why did she keep going back?* Christopher had his suspicions Kealea was doing it to drive him wild with jealousy. It was working. Never before did one woman consume his thoughts as she did. And it wasn't that she had sex with another. It was because she'd gone back to the tattoo artist, when before, she'd only ever gone back to him. Was she trying to test how great

his need was to win whatever this battle was between them? *Because I will. I want control of my woman.* Maybe it was old fashioned and high-handed. *But I want Kealea for me only.*

Christopher's hands now moved up to her breasts, cupping them with a fierce possessiveness. "What game are you playing with me?"

"I could ask the same of you and expect no answer."

That was true. Neither of them was forthcoming with explanations for why they did what they did. Christopher's hands pulled on either side of the front of her blouse until it ripped down the front. Buttons popped onto the ground and rolled away. "You drive me crazy."

"As you do me."

"I love doing you." Just the thought of filling her body made his cock jerk with excitement.

* * * *

Kealea longed to have those lips sucking on her body. His hot breath teasing her ear made her crazy with need. Sex with Christopher was unlike any fuck she'd had with another. It was dark and passionate and all about giving in to the inevitable. She gave no protest as her blouse slipped off her shoulders to the ground.

"What is it with you? Why do I want to hunt you down and mark you in such a way that no other man can have you?" He unsnapped her bra and let it fall to her feet.

Kealea held her breath. This was the closest Christopher had ever come to calling her his. "I belong to myself. I choose who I have. Isn't that what we agreed upon? I don't question *your* lovers." To be honest, Kealea didn't even want to think about who he was finding pleasure in. Those women were shadowy figures that she would not allow to come into the light to analyze. It might hurt too much if she dwelled in it.

Christopher chuckled. "I think we both know better than that." His fingers skimmed over her ribs.

Kealea shivered. She wanted those large, warm hands everywhere on her body. "Think what you like, Christopher." The thought that she could be driving him to acknowledge they were more than just lovers was thrilling. Being the first to admit it, however, was not something she was sure of. Was that the case with him too? Did Christopher worry about her reaction?

"You are so sexy, Kealea. You have changed so much since we first met."

Yes, she had and it was all because of him. "I'm still me inside and that'll never vary despite what I choose to do. But you, you have never changed."

"Haven't I?" His tone was low and hoarse against her ear.

"I don't know. You're too inscrutable for your own good."

He laughed. "Now that's the pot calling the kettle black."

Kealea smiled at his words. They were both pathetic when it came to honest emotions. It was nice that he was admitting it, albeit in a round-about way.

"You've enjoyed being with me, Kealea."

"Yes, as you have with me." She was going to match his words and moods until she knew where this was heading. To blurt out she loved him without him reciprocating that feeling would kill her. Since being with Christopher, Kealea discovered something about herself that both thrilled and scared her. She'd found a side of herself she was unaware existed. She loved sex and adored cock. Kealea wasn't scared to admit it any more. That in itself gave her a feeling of great power. To give in to your desires without worrying what anyone thought was liberating. But there was a flipside to that. Giving in that first night to Christopher had exposed a weakness in Kealea she never knew she possessed. She liked to be taken as another decreed. It was exciting to have no control over which man or men took her or how they took control of her. What scared Kealea was it was her Achilles' heel and Christopher was aware of it. "You don't know me."

"Oh but I do, Kealea. You need sex like you need oxygen. I understand your craving for more than just vanilla sex. You want all the flavors. You want hard and fast and dirty. Look at you and your tattooed man. You play with him to make me jealous."

Maybe. But she also enjoyed Hutch's gentleness. "What I do is none of your business." Kealea jumped once more as his fingers went into her cunt, slowly thrusting in and out. She pushed back against him. *I need cock.*

"Really?"

"Yes." No. Everything Kealea did had Christopher in it.

"Do you want me to fuck you Kealea? In the alley like a whore?"

"Yes." The word was out before she could think.

Christopher laughed and pushed back from her. "Get on your knees and suck me."

Kealea turned around and faced Christopher. Her breath caught in her throat. He was so gorgeous. How could any man compete with the long auburn hair, the lean yet muscular body and overwhelming hotness of him? His face was strong and raw-boned, his green eyes intense yet so sexy. He was all man. *My man*. Her gaze travelled down to his stiff cock. It was firm, tinged with pink and beautiful. Some dicks were just like that. "No, I will not." Kealea knew what he wanted. She wanted it too. But she knew how to play the game for her own satisfaction.

"Get on your knees."

"No." Kealea put her hands on her hips and stared at him defiantly. Her heart was pounding and every breath was sharp and fast. She wanted to be made to take his dick inside her mouth and satisfy his needs and in turn, satisfy her own.

"Or what?" Kealea licked her lips in anticipation.

"Or I won't give you what I crave most."

Everyone had their addictions. Some needed chocolate, others required the solace of alcohol. Kealea craved the hard thrust of a dick inside her body. She looked into his eyes. Christopher knew her weaknesses. "But I want..."

"What Kealea?"

"I need you inside me." *To hell with pride*. Pride didn't get you dick.

Christopher looked pleased. "And I need your lips on my dick sucking me until I come."

Kealea felt the heat surge through her body at his words. He knew how much she liked sucking cock. The power it gave her to have a man totally under her control thrilled her. "And If I don't?"

"You won't get what you long for."

She wanted him. On her. In her. Kealea needed him from the moment they had sex six months ago.

"Come on, Kealea. On your knees like a good girl and suck me."

In her normal everyday life Kealea hated being ordered around. "Do good girls suck stranger's cocks, Christopher?" *Of course this is not normal life and I'm no good girl*.

"Some are not as good as they make out, Kealea."

That was true. Many a beauty pageant contestant was photographed with her crown askew as strange men with even stranger desires pummeled her ass and fucked her

pussy. "So you just want a blow job?" What *did* someone like Christopher really want and would he ever just come right out and say what was in his heart?

"I want so much more from you than that."

The admission surprised her. What did Christopher feel for her? And why can't he just say it? He was straight forward and direct in everything else in his life. But then she was no better. Kealea knew she could quite easily say 'I love you' to Christopher but then what would happen if he didn't respond in kind? *Checkmate*. "What do you want?" *And more importantly, what am I prepared to give?*

Christopher moved in and placed his hands on her shoulders. "Don't be so impatient. Just do as you're told, Kealea. Get on your knees."

"Or what?"

"Or you will never know what you could've had."

Her skirt was around her waist, her blouse torn and on the ground beside her bra. She was unraveled in more than just the physical sense. Christopher had the ability to turn her world upside down in a wild heartbeat. His hands on her shoulders were strong yet soothing. That surprised Kealea. But then everyone had another side they rarely showed the world.

"It's all about taking and giving. I know what you need, Kealea."

She knew he did. Christopher forced his way into her mind like no other man. There was only one thing she could do.

Kealea dropped to her knees before Christopher. The ground was dirty and cold. But that was irrelevant when she assessed the stiff cock before her. *Beautiful. Mine*. Kealea's hand circled around the heated shaft. She looked up at him. His eyes were on hers. She trembled at the intensity of his gaze. At that moment there was no one else in the world but them.

Kealea leaned in, her eyes never leaving his and licked the bulbous tip. For the briefest moment she saw his eyelids flutter. A surge of power shot through her body at the realization that this man was at her mercy. *He needs me*. Kealea rested one hand on his thigh and sucked the tip of his dick into her mouth. A slight groan tumbled from his lips and it made her feel bold. She pushed her mouth further down the shaft and sucked, while she continued to watch his expression. Kealea didn't want to be the only one out of control. She wanted to feel Christopher jerk and shake and close his eyes in

pleasure as he came. This was need in its rawest form—giving pleasure, taking from another and enjoying what was on offer without guilt.

“Kealea...” Christopher growled, his hand straying to her hair, pushing some loose strands away. “That’s enough.”

Oh hell no. She wanted so much more. *I want this man on his knees begging me to slide further down his dick.* Kealea sucked harder. She felt his thigh muscles jump under her hands. *Perfect.*

Christopher pushed her head back and his cock slid from her lips. “I want to taste you.” Kealea wanted to savor his bitter, musky cum on her tongue. She pushed in once more to suck him.

“No.” Christopher pulled back from her, his hand wrapped around his shaft as he stroked it hard.

“Why not?” Kealea knew by the jerking motion of his hand he was ready to come. She reached out for him.

“Sit back on your haunches and put your hands behind your back.”

“But —”

“Do it now, Kealea.”

The harsh command made her instantly jump to obey him. That was unlike her. But then Christopher was like no one she had ever met before. She did as he bade. Her breasts pushed out towards him. Christopher moved in closer, his cock an inch from her face. Kealea flicked out her tongue but Christopher moved back.

“Bad girl.” His hand moved faster along his shaft.

“I like being bad.” She watched in fascination. There was something about a man playing with his dick that fascinated her. Once more he moved in close. Kealea refrained from giving into natural instinct. When the first burst of cum shot out onto her breasts she trembled as the smooth, viscous substance slid down to her nipple. Kealea moved in for more. Christopher obliged. Cum splattered her breasts. It was warm and rich and she liked the way it felt on her skin. Kealea’s hands moved round, dipping her fingers in the gooey substance.

“Rub it in, Kealea. You are always going to be mine.”

She shivered while doing as she was told, her fingers smooth and sticky as they ran over her skin.

"Come to me tonight."

Kealea looked up at him. "I don't want to go back to what I was." She knew she'd lose control and like it.

"Because you become who you really are." Christopher pushed his cock into his pants and zipped up.

He knew her too well. "Are you just going to leave me like this?" She was horny as hell and needed to be filled.

"Come to me tonight and you'll be taken many times over. I know you like that, Kealea."

She did. "But I need a dick now."

Christopher laughed. "I'm spent. Use your fingers."

"It's not the same as —"

"Get up on your knees and do it now."

Helpless and controlled by lust, Kealea rose to her knees at his command. Her fingers moved down between her legs.

"Look at me. I want to watch as you come."

Kealea began to rub her clit. "You're a bastard." This was the last place she wanted to be. It was dirty and cold like every other alley in the city. The sounds of cars rushing past, people yelling and the chance that anyone could see them made it worse. *But could I — would I stop even if I had the power to deny Christopher?* Kealea knew the answer was no. She was and would always be at his beck and call no matter where.

"Yes, but you need me."

She did. She rubbed harder, her eyes on his, thinking about his cock and how it would fill her. It was no surprise to Kealea that she came so quickly. She was ready since she entered the alley. Her cries of release echoed against the dingy brick walls.

"Tonight, Kealea." Christopher turned and walked away.

"I have other plans," she yelled after him.

Kealea felt dirty and tired as she watched Christopher walk away. "This is not all about you!" Even as she shouted the words, Kealea knew she was always going to be his for the taking. She pulled her clothes back into place as best as she could. She had no doubt in her mind she looked like a tart fucked in an alley. "What is it with that man? Why him? Why me?" As she staggered on her heels, Kealea knew no matter how

much she thought she could deny him, her body and her heart were always gong to override her mind when it came to Christopher.

Chapter Six

Kealea knew Christopher followed them to the club. From where they sat at the bar, she couldn't see him but she could feel him watching. Anytime he was near, she felt his presence as though he was a part of her...like an extension of herself.

"Well, this is flattering," Hutch murmured in amusement. "I bring you to a great club with fantastic music and excellent food and all you do is mope."

"I'm not moping. I'm —"

"Watching to see if he appears."

Her head jerked up. Was it that obvious? "I, er, well, it's complicated."

Hutch chuckled. "It's love. It's always going to be a messy, convoluted emotion that no one can work out."

"I don't love him."

"Uh huh." He looked skeptical.

Kealea smacked his arm. "You're such a smart ass."

Hutch grinned and caught her hand. "But I'm right."

"Yes. The thing is, Hutch —"

"You love sex. Me too. You love cock. I adore pussy. If it's on offer I'll take it. What you and I have is mutually satisfying but even I know we're just ships passing in the night."

Kealea looked at their entwined hands. He was a good man but not *her* man. "Why can't I fall in love with you?" That would have been so much easier than the need for a dark, complicated man who messed with her mind and played with her body until she begged to be taken any way he chose. While Kealea liked to believe she was in control, she rarely was with him. And despite how much she wanted to believe she fought his dominance, Kealea liked it.

"Because the heart wants what it wants."

"Wow, how many drinks have you had? You're sounding like a greeting card."

"You know I'm right —oh hello, there's your moody Lancelot over there." Hutch pointed to Christopher.

Kealea's eyes went immediately to the man in question. "I always thought he was more of a Heathcliff type."

"And you were Cathy wandering around on the moors trying to fight the inevitable?"

She reached over to Hutch. "You're beautiful." Many may not think so with his piercings and tats but his heart was pure gold.

"As are you. Now, I say we make the man crazy with jealousy."

"Oh yeah? How?"

Hutch stood and pulled Kealea up with him. "Sex in the men's bathroom."

Kealea's eyes widened with surprise. That was not what she expected him to say. "I, er — really?"

"Interested?" Hutch winked at her. "Never done that before?"

"No."

"Come, let's drive the man mad."

* * * *

Christopher followed, and his eyebrows shot up when he saw them enter the men's bathroom. That could mean only one thing. "And I'm not about to let that happen." He was mad at Kealea for not meeting up with him. But he was angrier at himself for not having the balls to tell her how he felt. "Now, I'll probably lose her regardless." The thought cut into him like a knife. He strode over and kicked the bathroom door open.

"Christopher!" Kealea looked shocked by his actions. "What are you doing here?"

"I could ask you the same question." Christopher looked from Kealea to the other man. Both were leaning against the sink in the bathroom. Neither was touching and each was fully clothed. *So what the hell is going on?* If Christopher took Kealea into the men's room her pants would be around her ankles and her ass out ready to receive his first thrust.

"What did you expect man? Or did you come in to watch?"

Christopher's hands bunched into fists. He wanted to punch this man out for even looking sideways at his woman. *My woman?* That stopped him in his tracks. *Yeah, Kealea is my woman and I need her to understand that.*

"He can watch." Kealea's voice was defiant.

Christopher wasn't sure whether to laugh or pull her into his arms and spank her. Instead, he looked at the other man. "Leave us."

"Why?" Hutch crossed his arms over his chest, indicating no rush to do as he was bid.

"Not that I have to explain my life to you, but I need to talk to Kealea."

"About what?" The woman in question asked.

Christopher ran his hand through his hair. "Bloody hell, you're not going to make this easy are you?"

"Do you want easy?" Kealea looked at him knowingly.

I want you. "She and I need to talk." This he directed at the tattooed man.

Hutch turned to Kealea. "Are you okay with this?"

That the other man cared for her surprised Christopher. He wanted to believe that it was only sex that drew them together. Deep caring was a hard bond to break. *Does Kealea feel that way with me?*

"I'll be fine."

Hutch focused his attention on Christopher, his gaze hard but not dangerous. "If you are too stupid to see what you could have with this woman, then I pity you man. Many men would jump at the chance to love her."

As much as he didn't want to agree with him, Christopher knew the other man was right. He'd hidden his feelings for so long that he was in danger of losing the one person who meant anything to him. "Thank you. I know." He waited for Hutch to leave.

"So you followed me."

He wasn't surprised at the resigned tone to her voice. "We were supposed to meet up this evening." He thought it sounded less needy than tracking her down like some love sick swain, which he was.

"No, you all but demanded I appear at your beck and call."

Yes, he had done that. "Why him?"

"If you have to ask then you'll never understand. So, why are you here?"

"If *you* have to ask than *you'll* never understand." Christopher used her own words against her.

Kealea threw her hands up in the air. "Whatever." She started to move towards the door.

"Stay." He caught her before she could pass.

"Why?"

When he looked in her eyes he couldn't think straight. This woman was everything he wanted and he was making a mess of telling her that. Christopher loved Kealea. Weird how love had a way of sneaking up on a person. While it was true he would eventually tell her, the idea of making her do anything he wanted also appealed to him. He suspected she enjoyed it too. He wanted to believe she needed him as much as he needed her.

"Because."

* * * *

"Well, that tells me everything — not." Kealea tried to pull from his hold.

Christopher shook his head. "Why is this so difficult for us?"

"Because we're us and we only do one thing well together."

He smiled. "Yes."

"It's not enough anymore." *There. I said it.*

"What do you want?" He pulled her closer to his body.

She naturally moved in line with him. "What do *you* want?"

"You can't answer a question with a question, Kealea."

"Why not? You do it all the time."

"Yes," Christopher agreed.

"So..."

"We should..."

"Go? Stay? Fight? Annoy the crap out of each other? Avoid a serious conversation?"

Kealea had endured enough. "What are we doing here together?"

Christopher gave a small smile. "Because we suck at being apart?"

"And yet, we're not good at that either."

"No."

"This is a weird place to be having this conversation." It was surprising no one had come in. Not that Kealea felt the need to explain her actions.

"Where do we have it?"

"The conversation we're not exactly having because neither of us wants to be the first to say the wrong thing conversation?"

That made Christopher laugh. "Yeah, that one."

"You're weird." Her body touched his.

"And you're beautiful." His arms held her close.

Kealea shook her head when she felt his cock at her thigh. "And you're rock hard. Are we more than just sex?"

"Do you want to be?"

She pummeled his chest with her fists. "You're like the riddle of the sands."

"You're not exactly straight forward, baby."

No, she wasn't. And yes, she wanted more than sex but she also wanted sex. *It's all so complicated.* Her hand moved down to his cock. Kealea smiled when he sighed. Sex was the easiest thing between them. "Chris —"

"Yes?"

"Get on your knees." It was his turn to submit as she did in the alley.

"Yes ma'am." He extricated himself from her arms and dropped down level with her pussy. His hands pulled at the fastening of her black pants.

"Lick me."

He grinned. "With pleasure."

When his tongue touched her clit, Kealea grabbed his shoulders and ground her pussy against his mouth.

Christopher chuckled in response. "You're such a bad girl."

"Suck me." Kealea staggered slightly as his lips fastened on her clit and tugged at the pink folds. Whatever deep and meaningful thing she had wanted him to say was now lost due to the pleasure of the moment. So lost in fact that both of them were oblivious to the man who walked into the bathroom and stopped dead on seeing them. "Fuck," he murmured in surprise.

Christopher lifted his head momentarily. "Not yet, but that's the plan."

Kealea was too caught up in the moment to worry who saw what they were doing. She was so close to coming, it was the only thing that concerned her. The spectator unzipped his trousers and began to play with himself, and she didn't care. That was his problem, since he'd walked in on them. And yes, while it was a public bathroom, when she was with Christopher no one else existed.

Her hands caught his as she felt the first spasm of pleasure shoot up her spine. She shrieked as Christopher shoved his tongue inside her vagina and thrust. "Oh Chris —"

"Oh man." The guy watching them exploded into his own hand.

Kealea shook as wave after wave of intense feeling made her cry out. "I hate you!" Christopher removed his mouth and smiled up at her. "I love the way you hate me, baby."

* * * *

"Blow me." Christopher stopped the car at a red light and looked at Kealea. They were one their way back to his place. Neither said much until now.

"Oh, fuck off." She was annoyed at him but mainly at herself. They'd resolved nothing between them other than sex. *Is that all we have? Do we only understand each others bodies and nothing else?*

"I know you like to suck me. I know you like seeing me lose control."

Yes, Kealea did. She also liked the bitter taste of his cum on her lips. He was the only man she swallowed for. Maybe that saying was true. If you swallowed it was love. *Maybe I'm just dumb and needy and over-sexed and I'm calling it love.* This wasn't the first time that thought occurred to Kealea. "You never lose total control."

"How do you know?" The light turned green. The car didn't move. Christopher kept his gaze on Kealea.

"Because you're always so contained." That was the thing that got to her the most. His emotions were so bottled up that it forced her to bottle her own in defense.

"Ever wonder why?"

Constantly. "No. I assume you have your own half-assed reasons that are completely beyond my ken."

"As I assume you do." Cars beeped behind them. Christopher put the car into gear and continued down the road.

Kealea sat silently for a while, pondering their relationship and what the hell they were going to do with each other. "We do a lot of assuming."

He smiled. "Yes we do. Now blow me."

"You have a one track mind."

"Yes, it's always focused completely on you, baby."

Kealea did not believe that for one second. "You could have any woman suck you."

Christopher nodded. "Yes, I could, but I love looking in your eyes when you touch me. I sometimes forget to breathe you're so beautiful."

Kealea's mouth dropped open at his words. Now she was the one forgetting to breathe. "Did you say that to make we want to suck you?"

"Did it work?" He turned his head and grinned at her for a moment.

Lordy, he was adorable when he smiled. "You're so not funny."

"So?"

"Are you serious?" Hurricanes could occur, civil wars could break out and a plague of locusts could descend on them and Christopher would still get what he wanted.

"Oh come, you know you want to make me crazy."

Yes, there was that. "You want me to suck your cock in a moving car?" Kealea never did that before. That in itself made the idea fun.

"Why not? Scared?"

She snorted in derision. "As if."

"So do it, baby," Christopher responded.

"What if you crash?" Kealea could see the news report now. *Woman sucks man. Man loses control. Woman vindicated. News at six.*

"I'll have a smile on my face."

"What if I bite it off on impact?" Kealea pointed out the obvious. "It's your best and most useful feature." She flashed him an over-sweet smile. This was the first time in ages they'd simply fooled around with silly banter. *I've missed this.*

"Ah, but you would never do that. You like *it* too much."

That was true. "I don't know..." One minute he frustrated her and the next she wanted to do whatever Christopher wanted. *Love is weird.*

"Come on. Besides, you have to. I sucked you in the men's room."

Yes, one of my finer moments in life —not. Lust had a way of making you do dumb things at inappropriate times. "So, this is about tit for tat?"

"I love your tits." Christopher lifted one hand off the wheel and brushed his hand against her breast. "Undo your top."

"Suck me. Flash me. You're very bossy."

"You love it."

She did. That was Kealea's problem. If he'd ever done something to hurt her or make Kealea hate him, she would have been able to walk away. But he didn't. He was

Christopher. He promised nothing but gave everything he could—except love. It was the one thing Kealea wanted most from him. “I’m not showing you my tits.”

“Spoilsport.” Christopher did a mock pout.

“Now it’s attitude from you?” Not that the man wasn’t a seething mass of attitude already. “Do you want to be sucked or not?”

His eyes met hers. “Please.”

Kealea gulped. She’d never heard that word from his mouth before. It was sweet and sincere and her heart pounded wildly. Was Christopher also feeling more than he was letting on? “Stop the car.”

“Why?”

“Because I don’t want to be responsible for you running into a tree when you come.” The car skidded to a halt beside a nearby park. “Desperate huh?”

“For you —yes.”

“Who are you?” Who was this man? In the last twenty-four hours she’d noticed a change in Christopher that was perplexing and it gave her hope.

“I’m just a man.” He unbuckled his seat belt.

Kealea reached over and unzipped his fly. Christopher’s cock jumped out impatiently. She fingered the head and looked into his eyes. There was a softness there that called to her. *Yeah, something was going on but what?*

“Please, baby.”

Again with the ‘please’. There was only one thing Kealea could do. She was on a public street. Anyone could see them. And yet for the sake of a simple ‘please’ none of that mattered. Kealea wanted to give Christopher pleasure. She undid her seatbelt and twisted toward his lap. “Bloody hell, this isn’t easy.” She ended up getting onto her knees, ass in the air.

“Nothing good is.” She touched the tip of her tongue to his dick head. Christopher’s hands slid through her hair and pushed it back from her face. “I want to see your eyes.”

Kealea sucked his dick inside her mouth as far as it would go. She was pleased when she heard him groan in satisfaction. Kealea loved knowing she wasn’t the only one out of control in this relationship. *Hmmm...relationship.* Her mouth slid up from his cock. “Do we have one?”

"One what?"

Her hand curled around his shaft. "A relationship?"

"This is an odd time to bring this up."

"Actually, it's a good time as I have your undivided attention." Her fingers ran up and down his shaft, teasing his silky flesh. "What do we have here?"

"I have an erection —ow! Hey, watch it."

Kealea released the pressure she'd applied. "It's just sex isn't it? I mean that's all there can ever be between us."

"Do you believe that?"

She shrugged. "I have no idea anymore."

"Come back to my house tonight."

"For sex?"

"Yes, I did have something special planned that I thought you might like."

"Kinky sex?" That's what she liked. That's what he knew of her. "What if I want more?"

"Do you?"

Kealea sighed. *Maybe I'm lucky to have what's already in my grasp. Some people never have sex or if they do it's not what they crave. Christopher gives me that so why can't I just be content with that? He doesn't have to love me as I do him.* Once more she dropped her head down to his dick and sucked.

"Kealea?" Christopher lifted her head so he could look into her eyes.

"What?"

"Are you okay?"

"Always." *I was born okay.* Her mouth covered his cock and she sucked him until he came in a rush in her mouth.

Chapter Seven

Kealea had no idea why she agreed to go back to Christopher's house. His home was large and imposing, left to him by an old auntie of dubious sexual morals and wild bohemian ideas.

"I came to prove you have no hold on me." Even as she said the words, Kealea knew he was one of the few people who could draw her in and hold her. Call it charisma. Call it sex. Whatever it was, Christopher had it in spades.

"Are you trying to prove it to me or yourself?"

That threw Kealea. There was no answer she could give without giving herself away. "Actually, I've been thinking that it's best if we leave each other alone." It would be hard but it was easier to deal with feelings if the one you loved was not always in your face.

"Can we?"

"I can." *Though, I had to come all this way to declare it. How insane was that? I could have ended this in the car.*

Christopher assessed her with a keen eye. "What about your needs?"

"I'll get by." Although he frustrated the hell out of her with his lack of definitive communication, Christopher never left her sexually wanting. He understood her libido like no other.

He tilted his head and smiled at her. "Poor Kealea. You've been thinking about us quite a bit."

"Well, that's what you do when you, er, ah — care about someone." For a moment there she nearly said 'love'. Kealea didn't want to say it unless there was a very good chance Christopher would say it back. She understood they were lovers, but lovers did not always love each other especially when others waited in the wings for his attention.

"You care about me."

"Of course. We're friends."

That made Christopher smile. "Friends?"

"Aren't we?"

"Yes, and as a friend I have a surprise for you tonight. It's something I want to give you one last time before things change between us."

Great. I'm being dumped. Well, I should have seen that coming. "I don't need anything from you."

"Call it a last hurrah before we move on to bigger and better things."

This was the first time Kealea had ever heard the 'it's not you, it's me' described as a 'last hurrah.'

"I don't need anything from you, Chris." *Except your love and that's clearly not going to happen.* Kealea held out her hand. "I've really enjoyed out time together." *Now I just want to go home and curl into a ball for a while.*

Christopher held her hand in his. "Me too. But I still want to give you this last gift before we move on. "

Why was he smiling all of a sudden? Was he pleased she was walking out of his life? Her eyebrows arched in thought. What did he plan?

"You crave dick." There was no question in his voice. The both knew it to be fact.

"Yes." Kealea wasn't ashamed of her needs. But he would find a new lover. There was always Hutch. While they were more 'friends with benefits' type, she knew she would still find sexual fulfillment. And the other men who'd crossed her path? They were just toys. She wanted the real deal. That was Christopher. However, Kealea doubted Christopher was going to take her hand and lead her to a bedroom and make love to her as a farewell gift. He was not the sort. *Shame.* "So?"

"I have a gentleman here this evening—"

Kealea threw her hand up to stop him. "Not interested. I didn't come here for that." *Is that all he thinks I want? Dump me and give me some causal dick as a consolation prize?*

"Steady on, baby," Christopher murmured as his hand curled around hers. "I told you. It's a gift I want you to enjoy before things change in our lives."

"You don't know me or what I want, if you think you can buy me off with a gift." *I want you, you big dummy.* Up until now, Kealea thought Christopher understood her, at least up to a point. Screwing some stranger as a farewell gift did not appeal to her at all. "Um, I have to go."

"Why?"

"Because, this is wrong." *I want you but I can't have you.*

Christopher arched a brow. "Wrong to need sex? To feel? To satiate an appetite? There has to be another reason."

"I'm not a slut."

"Never for one moment have I ever thought you were, Kealea."

She looked at him in amazement. How many other men, knowing her history, would say that? "What is going on here?" This was so puzzling. Christopher was being sweet and understanding yet inscrutable as hell.

"I have a 'farewell to our old life' gift for you. Don't look so worried. It'll be fun."

After six months with Christopher, Kealea had a good idea of what he considered fun. "I'm confused."

"David," Christopher called out. A tall man with long brown hair tied back in a ponytail appeared from a side room. "This lady likes to tie herself up in knots. Maybe you can do some of your own."

"I'm happy to oblige further with that." David walked towards Kealea.

Holy crap! Her farewell gift was another man? "I, um, er —" Kealea was lost for words. What did Christopher want her to do? Her eyes grew wide at his approach. He moved with a sensual, graceful step that intrigued her. He was dressed in black leather. *That had to be itchy...*

"I, er..." *What?*

"Hello Kealea." David took her hand in his.

While Christopher was anything but restrained, this man's subtlety made her gulp. In many ways Kealea preferred in-your-face kind of people.

"Take your clothes off," David said. "They'll get in the way of the rope."

Okay, not so subtle. "What?" It wasn't like she hadn't been naked at Christopher's house before, but still, this wasn't what Kealea planned on. *I don't want to say farewell to one dick and hello to another.* "Chris?" She turned towards him.

"Do it."

"Why?" She knew why but didn't want to come across as weak.

David smiled. "We need you naked."

"We?" Kealea looked from Christopher to David. How many *we's* were there going to be?

"You can't turn down my gift, baby. I would be offended. Besides, David brought guests," Christopher explained.

"Huh..." *Guests? Why? And more importantly why am I getting all excited all of a sudden?* But then that was how life was with Christopher. It was always one thing or another until Kealea had no idea what she was doing.

"I need someone to work on."

Christopher leaned against a nearby wall and watched Kealea. "David likes to tie women up."

"Well, duh Christopher. I did work that out." She turned to David. "No thanks." Sex was not something Kealea considered a spectator sport.

"Scared?" Christopher taunted.

Know-it-all bastard. "No. I just don't see the point of the whole sexual dominance bullshit." *What was that about anyway? If you want sex, have it. Why all the theatre?*

David laughed. "Don't you?"

"No." Kealea began to wonder why Christopher was doing this. *Clearly Christopher doesn't want me. Why play with me like this for one last time?* And yet even as she thought about it, Kealea could not deny the idea of a stranger tying her up for whatever reason made her horny. Hutch was right. Sex was just a bodily function. Anyone could be turned on by it. She looked at Christopher. But love was different. It was messy and only doable if two people felt the same way. *So what do I do? Go along with this as one last memory with Christopher? Or walk out and never see him again?*

"Well let's see if we can enlighten you." David grabbed her arm and pulled her to him.

"Hey!"

Christopher did nothing to stop him. "I'd go with him, Kealea. You'll enjoy it. Remember, it's my gift to you. "

"I would have preferred shopping vouchers." But her words meant nothing as David dragged her away before Kealea could say anything else. She found herself in the room David had come from.

"Take your clothes off."

"No thanks." Kealea looked around the room. It was no different to any of the others she'd been in at Christopher's. All very stylish with scarlet red walls and deep purple furniture. It was opulent and elegant yet with an air of trashy decadence.

"Do it or I will have my two less gentle assistants do it. Boys!" At David's call two leather clad men appeared.

"Holy fuck." This was the last thing Kealea expected. As farewell gifts, Christopher was going all out.

"Strip her."

Kealea threw her hands up. "No, no. I'll do it myself. Jeez, talk about pushy." She started pulling off her clothes, and had to admit it was kind of exciting to be shedding outward layers to reveal her nakedness beneath. While bare flesh was the obvious result, the less obvious one was the inhibitions that were being shed. "Happy?" Kealea stood naked before them. The hunger she saw in their eyes made her pulses leap.

Where the hell was Christopher?

"Oh yes." David came towards her, his gaze following the curved contours. "Delicious." His fingers brushed the curls of her cunt.

Kealea stepped back and hit the wall. "I'm anything but." Her voice as a little breathless with excitement. There was no disguising the fact.

David slammed her body against him, his fingers delving into her cunt deeper, more demanding. "You're wet."

"And you're a genius." She saw the other two men smile at her words.

David laughed. "We're going to have so much fun. Boys — bring over the rack."

The rack? It was more like a seven foot frame with various hooks around the sides from top to bottom. One man left only to return with bundles of rope. To be honest, this was like one of her fantasies coming to life —being bound and unable to stop whatever a man wanted to do to her.

David pulled her from the wall. "Rope." He caught a hank of it in one hand.

Kealea knew she could call out at any time to stop this. Christopher did not allow unwilling participants. Problem was, she was willing. Too willing and intrigued. *Rope tricks might be fun. Why fight the need?* David pushed her against the frame and lashed one then the other hand above her head.

"Comfortable?"

"As you can be on your toes with your tits up in the air."

"You have great tits." David cupped a breast in each hand. "So big and lush. I'm going to tie them up and show them off. But first — our audience."

"What?" Her eyes grew wide as people started to troop. She thought he meant just him and the other two men, not the twenty odd people who wandered in and sat on the floor. Some leaned against the wall, their eyes fixed on her body. *Holy shit. Where is Christopher?*

"Welcome friends. Miss K here has kindly agreed to help out in tonight's performance."

"I didn't agree. You forced me and —"

David put his hand over her mouth. "Shut up, Miss K." He gestured to his assistant. "The ball-gag please."

Once the rubber was thrust and secured in her mouth by the strap around her head, Kealea could not speak. She'd lost the ability to cry out for help. There was no way she was in control, and she was wet with anticipation.

David fondled her breasts. "Let's rope these beauties and have them stand out and be proud." He was handed more rope. With this he began winding it around her back to her front several times before he held up one breast.

Kealea looked down in horrified fascination as David proceeded to wind the rope firmly around her breast then back around her body only to do the same to the other breast. This he did several times over while chatting to the silent audience who watched it all. The pressure on her ribcage was imprisoning, as it was meant to be and her breasts jutted out straight forward, nipples red with the pressure of the rope. To Kealea, it appeared obscene yet strangely erotic.

David then started on her legs, this time roping around her waist and thighs but leaving her pussy bare and framed by rope as the main focus. He pushed his fingers into her cunt. "Right. Shall I fuck her now?" There was a round of applause.

Kealea strained against the ropes. She wanted to be free to —what? Run? Enjoy?

"Make her suck you off," a man in the front row yelled.

"Excellent idea," David responded.

Kealea was lowered to her knees and the ball gag removed. This was all so dirty and disgusting but Kealea wanted it all. These people did not view sex as a sacred gift to be

enjoyed by committed partners. They knew sex for what it was — a need to feel, to taste and to be taken. Kealea was feeding off their hunger for more.

Please fuck me.

"I think she needs something else. Lance—" He beckoned to one of his men. "Lower Miss K down and let her sit on your cock for support while she blows me."

Kealea opened her mouth in outrage at being used in such a way as she was dropped down in order to cover a cock. But no outraged words came out. *I want to be fucked. I want to suck. Christopher knows me too well.*

Lance stripped off and covered his dick with a condom. He wasted no time sliding under Kealea and grabbing her hips to guide her movement. There was no way she could avoid being impaled by the thick cock that awaited her. Nor did Kealea want to. As she sank down over the heated shaft, she closed her eyes on the avid audience and just allowed herself to feel as she began rocking back and forward on his body. She enjoyed cock. Why deny it?

David pulled her face around to his now naked cock. There was no condom. "Open wide."

Kealea eyes locked on his cock and smiled. David had a Prince Albert piercing. When she'd first heard about the ring of metal that threaded through the head of a man's cock, she was intrigued. Why would anyone go to such pain? But now, looking at it up close and personal, it was quite beautiful. The urge to suck that tip in and circle her tongue around the metal was overwhelming. She swallowed the head in one greedy mouthful. As with most women, Kealea was good at multi-tasking. With the promise of an orgasm and the certainty she could make the man in her mouth lose control, Kealea sucked and licked and fucked eagerly. She no longer paid attention to the audience. They were there. She knew that by their moans of approval.

After a while, David held her head and groaned loudly. "That's enough."

Her mouth slipped off his be-ringed cock. "No. I want you to come."

"Oh, I plan to." He fisted his cock and rubbed the shaft vigorously. Thick, white cum spewed forth to land on her bound breasts. Kealea whimpered and rode the man beneath her faster. Her suspended arms were aching, her breasts were sticky with semen and she was about to come. It was all so naughty. Twisted. Perverted. *But I love it.* She howled out Christopher's name as her body jerked and twisted under the

power of her orgasm. Yes, these two men had used her as she had them, but Christopher was the one who ensured she would come.

Chapter Eight

"Did you enjoy that?"

Kealea stumbled against him. Had she enjoyed it? Yes and no. Sex always excited her, the kinkier the better, but knowing she would never have Christopher again made it all such a pointless exercise. Lust was fine. Love was better. "Do you care?" She stepped back from him. *God I need a shower.*

"Of course."

"What sort of a gift was that?" *Hell, he hadn't even watched or joined in.*

"It's the start of a new life for us."

She rolled her eyes at him. "A simple handshake would have been fine."

He smiled. "I wanted to give you something you'd enjoy and remember."

I wanted you one last time. I wanted to remember that. "Whatever. I want to go home."

"Why?"

Was the man that dense? "Why do you think?"

"You're upset," Christopher acknowledged.

"Well, yeah." She slapped his chest. "I understand that you were all pissed off about me and Hutch. I understand that you no longer want me. But ending what was between us like that? What the hell was that about?"

"You didn't enjoy it?"

Kealea sighed. "That's not the point." She would always enjoy wild sex. But she wanted it now to be just with Christopher and he didn't want her.

"What is?"

She poked her finger into his chest. "You being so bent out of shape over Hutch that you break off what's between us."

"Is there an 'us'?"

"There's always been an 'us' but you've been too stupid to realize it. Hutch was just someone who made me feel good about myself."

"You liked him."

"Yes." *But I love you.*

Christopher nodded. "I could see he cared for you."

"You know we set the rules ages ago. Monogamy was not for us."

"Yes."

"So you're being jealous was insane." Kealea hadn't reacted to the women she knew he had to be sleeping with. She just preferred to ignore they even existed.

"Yes."

Great. One word answers that could mean anything. "You're impossible."

"Yes," Christopher agreed. "I haven't been with another woman for six weeks."

That piece of information rocked Kealea's world. It was the last thing she expected to hear. "Bullshit."

"It's true."

"Why?" *And why 'farewell' me now?*

Christopher arched his eyebrows. "Why do you think?"

Kealea didn't know what to think. She was amazed and hopeful and yet she didn't understand how a man, who may possibly be in love with her, could give her to another for sex. None of it made any sense at all. "Why the hell didn't you tell me any of this?"

"I thought you were enjoying your freedom."

She groaned. "You just don't get it do you? Do you know how hard it is to love someone when you have no idea if they love you back?" Kealea shook her head. "Maybe this is just not meant to be between us."

"Maybe it is."

"Whatever it could or may possible be, I'm too tired to work it out tonight. I want to go home."

"Stay here baby, it's late."

Baby? "Christopher, I—"

"Have a shower. Feel free to stay the night. I won't touch you."

That's not what she wanted to hear. "But Christopher—"

"The bed is yours." He walked away.

"Damn it, I love you." But he was too far away to hear.

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Kealea awoke to the most amazing sensation. At first she thought she was dreaming. It was the most wonderful feeling. A tongue licked the inside of her thighs in

soft, insistent strokes as it made its way up to her pussy. "Oh boy..." Kealea moaned and reached out for the head between her thighs. The soft, smooth hair that her fingers threaded through felt surprisingly real for a dream. Not wanting to wake up completely and destroy the dream, her eyes flickered open on the man crouched down before her. It was Christopher.

"Hey, what are you doing?" This was the last thing she expected when he'd walked away from her.

He chuckled. "If you don't know, I need lessons and you need a lecture on sex."

"I know what you're doing. I meant—" And then Kealea couldn't remember what she meant when his tongue licked her clit. It felt like the first time a man had touched her. Kealea's whole body rose up to give him anything he wanted. Her hands held his head close as Christopher lapped at her clit. "Oh god— this is fantastic but why now?"

He lifted his head. "Don't question. Just be a good girl and enjoy."

"But, I need to know. You can do all this inscrutable stuff really well, but I can't. I need to understand what the hell is going on. I thought you hated me when you walked away."

"I want to make you come, baby." He smiled at her.

Her heart flip-flopped at the beautiful image he presented. "And I absolutely want to come with you, but—"

"—you need more. That's one of many things that fascinate me about you. You give, you enjoy, but you have to question everything."

"I am a woman." Christopher, in answer to this, dropped his head and tongued her clit, making her cry out for release. When he stopped, Kealea wanted to scream.

Instead, Christopher moved over her body until he was resting lightly over hers, his weight supported on his arms. "You were always going to be mine, baby."

She blinked at his words. "But I thought..."

"I heard you crying in the shower."

"Oh, I stubbed my toe." How embarrassing to have him listening to her crying over a man she couldn't have. Or could have, as it now appeared. The heat from his body was soft, yet overwhelmingly male. And his hard, condom-covered cock against her stomach? *I want it.*

"I wanted to hear you say what we had was more than sex."

Kealea's hands went around his body to run up along the solid muscles of his back. "I wanted to, but I was scared you'd think I was nuts falling for you so soon. Then I started thinking I didn't want to be one of those needy women who chase a man who doesn't want them and—"

Christopher smiled. "Shut up, Kealea."

"What?"

"Seriously, you think too much."

She opened and closed her mouth several times to dispute this, but the knowing look in his eyes made any argument she had null and void. Instead, Kealea chose to concentrate on the man who lay upon her. Maybe the missionary position was old-fashioned, but it was also sweet and sexy looking into your lover's eyes.

"Hello, baby." Christopher lifted one hand to push a strand of hair back from her face.

"Hello, Christopher." She wrapped her arms and legs around him. The passion in his eyes for her was mesmerizing.

He ground his hips against hers. "May I come inside?"

Kealea burst out laughing. "You're asking? I thought you'd take."

"Taking is about meaningless pleasure. Asking is about wanting another so badly that you'd beg them for even a smile just to make your day."

She gulped at his words. They were beautiful. "Good god, Christopher, you're a romantic." Her hands went down to rest on his tight ass.

"Problem with that?"

No. Kealea loved the fact that he was. "It's just...well, I don't know...strange, considering the stuff we've done so far." She felt so safe lying in Christopher's arms. "So why didn't you tell me how you felt? I shouldn't have had to cry in the shower over you." Like any woman worth her salt, she needed to know what her man was thinking.

"From the moment I first saw you, sparks of attitude flying off you, I wanted you."

"Really?"

"Yeah." Christopher leaned in and placed a soft kiss on her lips. He smiled as she sighed.

"But why did you let me flit from man to man? I thought you just wanted me for sex?"

"I did," he murmured against her lips.

Kealea slapped his shoulder. "Be serious."

"Because you wanted to experience life and I was too scared to accept I had fallen in love with you. Hell, a player never falls in love. It's against the rules."

She smiled "You're so dumb."

"Yeah, I know." His gaze was soft on hers. "But you had to admit you enjoyed your sexual freedom."

"Yes." She had. Kealea had learned more about herself in the last six months than she had in her entire life time. "What if I had said no to being in this crazy game we played with each other?" In answer to this, Christopher rose up slightly to push his cock inside her cunt in a long, slow stroke of possession.

"I would have done anything I had to in order to have you in my life."

Kealea closed her eyes and gave in to the burning heat that penetrated her body. It was perfect. There was nothing hard or fast, as there was nothing to prove. It was all about desire and fulfilling need. "Oh, Christopher..."

He pushed into the hilt of her and stopped. "You like?"

"I love—you." Kealea's eyes locked with his.

"I love you back."

Perfect. It was no storybook start to a romance, but it was theirs and that's all that mattered. "Are you going to move?"

"I was trying to be all sensitive and caring, baby."

She laughed. "Fuck me, Christopher. I'm yours."

"You're such a bad girl...but I love it."

The End



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