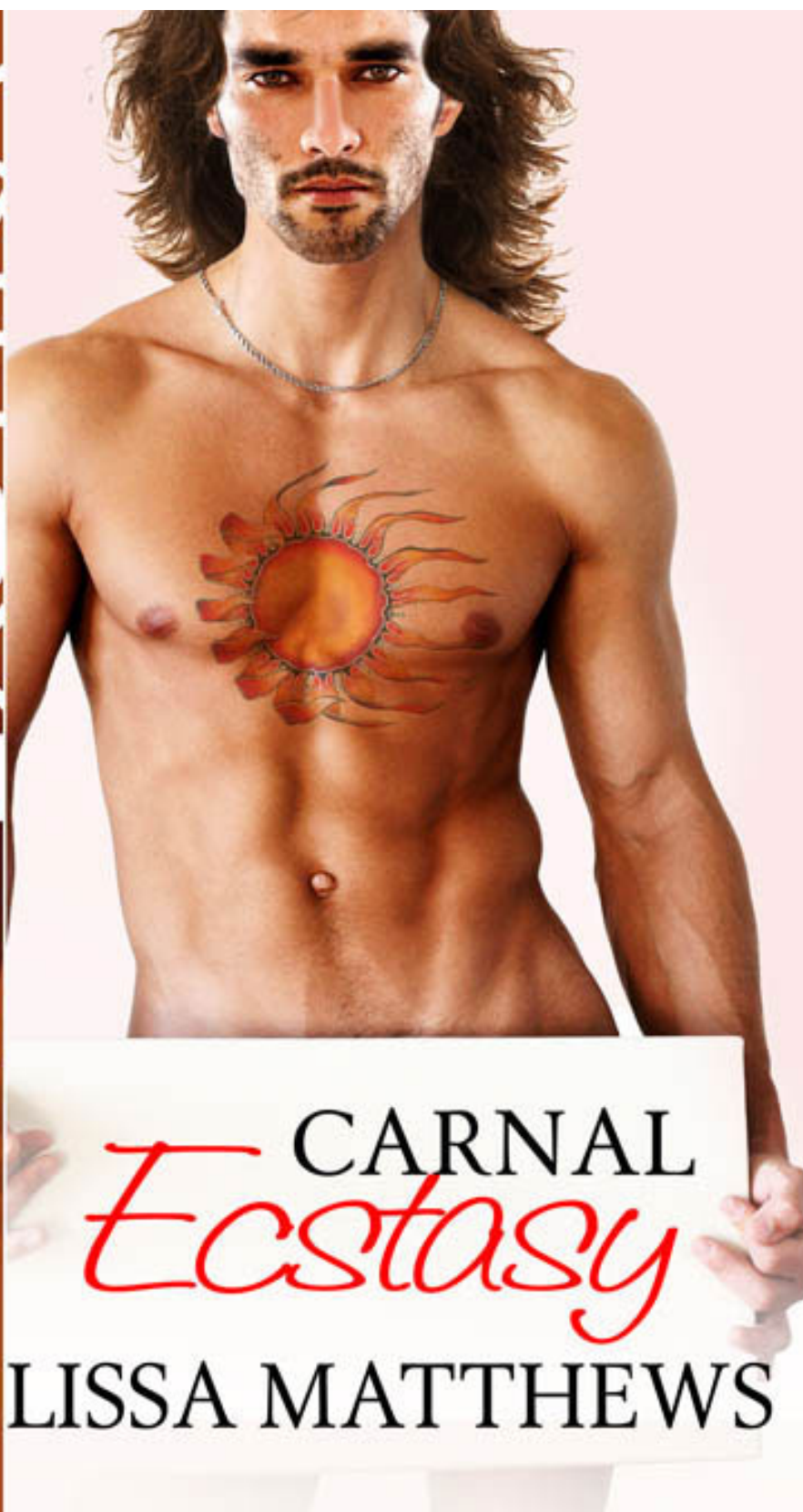


ELLORA'S CAVE EXOTIKA



## Carnal Ecstasy

Lissa Matthews

When good girls go bad, very, very bad...

The minute Carrie meets tattooed, bad-boy bartender Dallan, her decision is made. He's the one, her ticket to freedom and a new, independent life. She's tired of dictates and zero dates and following the path laid out before her by her well-meaning-but-completely-out-of touch-with-her-reality religious parents.

Dallan sees the buttoned-up, full-of-curves woman outside the grocery store and feels the flames of hell licking at his heels. When she asks him for directions to the large, nearby university where she's starting work, his gut-twisting lust for her doesn't diminish, but those flames start to singe his tough-as-nails hide.

With Dallan's promise of not sleeping with anyone associated with the university his father is the dean of about to go up in smoke, Carrie takes the first exit off the Heavenly Highway straight onto Sin Street. She wants Dallan to teach her all the things a good girl should never know, and she won't take *Hell no* for an answer.

An Ellora's Cave Romantica Publication



[www.ellorascave.com](http://www.ellorascave.com)

Carnal Ecstasy

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# *CARNAL ECSTASY*

**Lissa Matthews**

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Corona Extra: Cerveceria Modelo, S.A. de C.V.

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## **Chapter One**

Dallon wiped down the bar for what seemed the hundredth time. Damn. Was the night ever going to end? He didn't want to be there. It was that simple, but what he couldn't figure out was why. He loved the bar, loved being in the bar, loved owning his third of the bar. It was his home, his safe haven, but tonight he just couldn't muster up the love for it.

Tossing the rag in the sink, he knew exactly why he was so restless. Carrie. The woman he'd met at the grocery store earlier in the day. He'd walked out, carrying his purchases, and stopped dead when he heard her voice as she talked on the phone and just stared at her. Dressed conservatively in a knee-length skirt that hugged her hips and a blindingly white, stiffly starched button-down shirt, he couldn't take his eyes off her. Her dark brown hair was pulled back in a tight ponytail and all he wanted to do was pull it. He'd wanted her on her knees right then and there, sucking the hell out of his dick while he held his bags of pretzels and cans of peanuts in one hand and pulled on that ponytail with the other. And here hours later, he wanted her still, naked on the bar, with her legs over his shoulders while he ate at her pussy. He wanted her and the innocence in her eyes so much he hurt.

They spoke briefly when she'd approached him and asked for directions to her new job. She'd explained that she was new in town, knew how to find her way from her apartment to where she would be working, but that she'd gotten all turned around while running errands and was lost. As she talked, all he could see in his mind was his ass burning in hell for the outrageously impure thoughts he was having about her mouth, her tits inside a bra he figured was serviceable and not at all sexy, and the holy land between her thighs. He'd had virgins and innocents before, and at times loved being the one to pop cherries. But this particular cherry was not going to be picked by

him because she worked at the one place in town he swore never to associate with again, and that included the people there. She was off limits.

What a goddamn fucking shame too.

She'd asked his name and had willingly given hers, something he could have gone without knowing because now he knew what to call out when he came later. And that was just going to make it worse. Her name on his lips, in his mind.

Dallon looked up at the clock. Thirty minutes and he could close everything down for the night. He could lock up and head upstairs, jack off to the memory of her sweet, soft self. It was probably a good thing he didn't know where she lived or that's where he'd be going. He didn't think someone like her would venture into a bar, so he was safe there too, even though she'd asked where he worked and if it was likely she'd be seeing him again, how it would be nice to have at least one friend.

He'd cursed himself for telling her where the bar was at the same moment he was giving her those directions too. Resisting temptation had never been his strong suit and damned if he wasn't tempted from head to toe by her lush body and sweet voice and dark, melted chocolate eyes.

"Hello, Dallon."

His head shot up and his gaze landed on her. "What the hell are you doing here?" he barked.

Her eyes widened at his harsh tone and the question he'd carelessly thrown out at her. He hadn't meant to, but he was too close to the edge. He couldn't remember the last time he wanted someone so much. "I'm sorry, I didn't mean it that way, I just..."

She smiled and walked closer to the bar and to him, undeterred. God help him. He flinched inwardly at his choice of word. "It's okay. I'm sure we're both equally surprised."

She was so pretty, so downy and pure. He wanted to defile every inch of her flesh until nothing could ever erase the memory of him from her skin. He wanted so much but he fucking *needed* her to leave. "You shouldn't be here, Carrie." Literally, the man or

woman upstairs needed to send a bolt of lightning south and strike him dead for the thoughts he was having about this woman.

“Why not? This is a bar and I want a drink.” She sat down on a barstool directly across from him and linked her fingers on top of the dark, scarred wood.

He sighed. Why not? Oh, because the kind of things he wanted to do to her would ruin him for any other woman. And he’d bet she’d never had a drop of alcohol before. “You do, huh? Anything in particular?” There’s no way he’d give her just anything. He didn’t want her throwing up.

“Maybe a beer? One of those kinds with lime. You know, from the commercials of the couple on the beach. I like lime.”

Right. Beer wasn’t a bad choice. He personally couldn’t stand the stuff, but it was milder than a whiskey or tequila or rum. He dug around in the ice chest to his right for a Corona, popped the top off with the bottle opener and placed it on a cardboard coaster in front of her. “Take it slow. Don’t take a big swallow at first.”

She nodded and picked up the bottle and inhaled. It was the cutest thing how her nose wrinkled. She tentatively put the beer to her mouth, and just before she wrapped her lips around the opening, she looked up at him and lowered it slightly. “Do you like beer?”

Should he be honest or should he tell a little white lie? “Yes, every now and then.” What could the fib hurt? Whether he drank beer or not didn’t matter. What did matter was her feeling as if she weren’t completely alone in this.

“Okay.”

When she wrapped her mouth around the lip of the bottle and tilted it up, letting some of the smooth, golden liquid flow across her tongue, Dallon fought back a groan. She swallowed, and as he watched her throat working, all he could think of was her mouth wrapped around his dick and her swallowing his come. “What do you think?”



She took another small sip then a bigger sip, and then set the bottle back down on the coaster. "It's hard to describe. It's not really a pleasant taste but it's not a bad one either." She smiled. "I think I like it. How much do I owe you?"

"You don't. It's on the house."

"Oh no, I couldn't accept that," she said, and reached into her purse.

Dallon reached across the bar and stayed her hand. The contact was sizzling hot. "Yes, you can accept it. It's on the house," he said again. He didn't want to let go of her wrist, but he did. It was time for her to go, time for him to lock up and forget he'd ever met her. He liked being single, unencumbered. He liked one-night stands and no morning-after awkwardness. If he had her once, he'd have her again and again. Not good for his peace of mind and his carefree existence. "I need to close up."

He didn't know what else he should say, but she didn't respond. She was looking around the bar, turning full circle on the stool. When she faced him again, she picked up the bottle and took another swallow. Damn, but she had a pretty mouth.

"I don't want to leave."

Shit. Don't say anything. Not a word. Not a single solitary word. "You should."

She raised her eyes to look him square in his, a silent challenge reflected there. "Why?"

Dammit. He planted his hands on the edge of the bar and leaned toward her until he could smell the beer on her breath. "Because you don't know who I am and you don't know what fire you're playing with."

She licked at her lips. He wasn't even sure she knew she did it. "W-who are you?"

No sense lying about it or anything else now. "The devil himself." Even if he could protect her by doing so, she didn't want protection from him. He knew that as well as he knew his own name. "You were headed out to the college earlier."

"Yes. I was hired a few weeks ago. Why? What does that have to do with anything?"

"The dean is my father. He is also the pastor of the big downtown Baptist church here."

"Oh. I didn't know."

"Right. Very few do. You don't need to be messing with me, Carrie. You really don't. If ever there was a black sheep, I'm it. My reputation is bad, very, very bad. It's best that you go. Now."

She lowered her gaze and he thought he'd gotten through to her, even though he hadn't said much. He'd hoped it was enough and it appeared that it was. When she looked back up at him, he knew he was in deep trouble by the sheen of tears and the clenching of her jaw. She took a deep breath before she spoke again.

"I quit my job."

It was said so softly he wasn't sure he'd heard right, but the determined set of her jaw told him he had. "You quit?"

She blinked rapidly to keep the tears from falling. "Yes."

"Why?"

"I want something in my life that is all mine, that no one else has a say in. I've never had that kind of freedom and now that I'm out on my own, out from under my parents' thumbs, I want it."

*Don't ask, man. Please for the love of all that is twisted and dirty, don't fucking ask.*  
"That's all you want? Freedom?"

"No."

FedEx was going to bust through the doors, package him up and send him straight to hell by ten the next morning for asking his next question and already knowing the answer. "What else do you want?"

"You."

His dick throbbed at the one clearly spoken word. "You shouldn't, Carrie. I'm not the kind of guy you need. I don't do good girls," which was a huge lie, "and you are

one. I don't do tears either unless they're the kind that come from me spanking the shit out of you or the kind that come from you begging me to stop fucking your ass so hard."

As he spoke, shock widened her eyes, her mouth formed a little "O" and her cheeks turned a delectable shade of dark pink, much like the shade he imagined her pale butt would turn. She balled her hands into fists against the bar then flattened them out, pressing down until the tips were white. Had that finally gotten through to her? Had he finally said the right thing to get her to leave?

"Well, okay."

Her body relaxed and she dropped her hands and her gaze to her lap. Yes, she got it. Dallan breathed a sigh of frustrated relief and ignored the pinch of disappointment. He wasn't right for her. She was too clean for him and his rough, kinky ways.

Then she spoke, and at first it was hard to hear her, but as she went on, her voice grew louder with anger and her eyes shot daggers at him when she looked back up.

"It's not up to you to decide what kind of guy I need. If you don't want me, if I'm not the kind of woman that you...that you 'do', that's one thing, but don't tell me what I do and don't need. I've had enough of that in my life. I can make my own choices, my own decisions."

Dallan smiled. His little innocent had spunk. He'd never expected it, but he damn sure liked it. If she wasn't going to take his hints or his outright telling her to go, he wouldn't fight it anymore. "Okay. I won't tell you what you need. At least not when it comes to this. And I do want you, I just don't want you to have any regrets after. I might be a bastard, but I don't want you hurt when I don't turn out all sweet and tender with you. That's not me."

"Oh. Good. That you want me too, I mean."

Now she was looking everywhere but at him and he had to bite back a laugh. She was going to be more fun than he'd first imagined, what with the sparks she'd already fired at him. Oh, he knew sure enough that he should still walk away, that he should try

harder to convince her he was bad news, but he wasn't going to. The woman said she wanted him and he was just bad enough he was going to let her have him.

He took the beer from in front of her and poured it down the sink.

"Why are you doing that?"

"I want you sober and I don't know how much you can handle. So, best not to find out tonight."

"Okay."

"A little nervous now?" he asked as he walked around the end of the bar and over to the door. He flipped the locks into place and turned off the lights in the main room. Behind the bar area was still lit, but not for long if he had his way. Much as he wanted to see her naked and spread on the dark wood, he wanted to see her, smell her, taste her, fuck her in his bed this time.

"No. I want this. No sense being nervous or uncertain after putting myself in this position."

She was acting for all the world as if she was nervous, but she'd already put him in his place for telling her what she did and didn't want, need or feel. She would be a hellcat once out of the shell that cloaked her.

Measured steps took Dallan in her direction until he stood in front of her. He reached out and brushed at the hair that curled around her face. "What were you going to be doing at the college?" He asked the question as he wedged himself quite easily between her knees. If he bent his own just slightly and pushed his hips forward... Instead he just continued to touch her hair, watching as the soft waves wrapped themselves around his fingers. He might have said he wouldn't be tender, but damn, she had conflicting effects on him.

"I was going to be an events and public relations coordinator. My father secured the position for me and the apartment. I've only been here a couple of days."

Too many people tried to rule over too many others' lives. Dallan knew exactly what that was like. "Tell me more of what made you quit."

"You. I told you that. And freedom to be my own person."

The pulse in her throat throbbed a bit harder and he pressed his thumb lightly against it. He liked knowing he affected her so much. "And I told you to tell me more, about either, I don't care."

"I want you. I've never wanted a man like this before. I'm not even sure I've ever really wanted a man."

Was she a closet lesbian? "Explain."

"I just meant no man has ever...I mean, I've not dated much or been around too many men." She pressed her lips together then let out a breath. "I'm not explaining it right. I've been with guys, in college, but it was only to try, to experiment with sex. I didn't have much free time between volunteering, a full class schedule and tutoring for a little extra money that I could call my own. I can't really say I wanted those boys. And if I did, it was definitely not like this."

"I think I understand what you're saying. Why me?" His fingers drifted down her throat to her collarbone. Both hands slid down her shoulders and arms to her hands. Lifting them, he placed them on his hips. She was hesitant for a second but then he felt her fingers tug and pull at his belt loops. Heat wormed its way from his chest down to his crotch.

"Why not you?"

## **Chapter Two**

Her gaze never wavered from his. She was the only woman he could remember who ever kept her eyes locked on his. She didn't look away. She was blushing, but she didn't look away and she didn't drop her hands. It was very hot, sexy, like a little aphrodisiac.

"You little tease."

The blush deepened at his words, but still she looked at him, her gaze unwavering. What would those eyes be like when she orgasmed for him, when he orgasmed inside her, on her, over her tongue?

"Why? Because I like the way you talk. You say what you mean. You don't try to hide behind other words."

"No, I don't. There's no need or reason to. You're brave enough to look me in the eye, to walk into my bar and tell me what you want. I won't insult you by beating around the bush about what I want."

Again her fingers tightened and tugged on the belt loops of his jeans. "Thank you, Dallan."

And he loved the way his name sounded on her lips. So much so, he leaned forward and tasted those lips. Strawberry lip gloss and beer. He didn't press, didn't pressure, but waited for her, waited to see what she would do. He didn't have to wait long before her tongue took a shy lick of his lips. When he licked hers back, he again waited. Her next move slid her tongue into this mouth, testing the edges of his teeth and the roof of his mouth.

A small groan escaped at her slow exploration. He was on fire but didn't let her know it, simply returned her thorough quest. She lifted her head away from his but the separation only lasted for a second and her mouth crashed down on his.

It was all-consuming, unpracticed, lacking finesse, and the hottest fucking kiss he'd ever had. Her tongue was everywhere in his mouth. Teeth clicked together, and she pulled him closer, closer until he was pressed so tight between her thighs... He nipped at her tongue, and when it retreated back into her mouth, he lifted his head.

"You bit me."

Dallon grinned. "You'll know when I bite you and that wasn't it."

"Oh. Why did you stop kissing me?"

He took two steps backward, and instead of letting go, she followed him until she was standing. "Because if I hadn't I'd be fucking you on the barstool."

"You like talking like that, don't you?"

"Like what?"

"Cursing?"

"When it comes to sex, yes. And when it comes to you, I have a feeling I'll be cursing a hell of a lot more."

She closed the few inches of distance between them. "Why?"

"You're a good girl, Carrie."

"Make me a bad girl then. I want it. Please. What do I have to do? How do I convince you to take me seriously? I don't want easy or sweet."

What *did* she have to do? She'd offered herself more than once, and despite his saying he accepted it and would give her what she wanted, he was still pussyfooting around the subject. Shit. She was ready to put up, put out, and he was being a gentleman about it. "Strip."

"Strip? As in take my clothes off? Here in the bar?"

"Yes." He stepped back again and took a seat at a nearby table, crossing one booted foot over his knee.

Her fingers went immediately to the buttons on her white blouse and, one by one, she slipped the small circles through their loops. Creamy skin, plump breasts and a

slightly rounded belly came into view. The size of woman he took to bed didn't matter to him. He'd taken anorexic women as well as those who were considered full-figured or plus-sized. The women hadn't held more than his cock's attention and after sex, someone left and life went on. What mattered more than the size of her hips was how kinky and dirty the woman was. This one though, this squeaky-clean one, fuck, had his complete and total attention, and unless she really hated sex once she had it, she wouldn't be leaving his bed anytime in the next couple of days.

She pulled the ends of the shirt from the confines of her skirt and slipped it off her shoulders, down her arms, and dropped it on the floor at her feet.

Her tits hid behind white lace. The bra was beautiful, sexy. When she would have reached back to unhook it, he stopped her. "Leave it on."

"O-okay."

"Good girl. The skirt next." He was going to have to adjust the baseball bat in his jeans or undo them and let it out.

Carrie lowered her hands to her waist and tugged a button from the side of her skirt and unzipped the zipper he hadn't known was there. The black material fell to the floor without further assistance and it was all he could do not to gasp, groan and curse a blue streak. She wore white lace panties that matched her bra and hid nothing. Black thigh-high stockings with white lace tops hugged her legs, and she wore the same black serviceable pumps she'd had on earlier at the store. Something about her was more evocative than had she been runway thin and in six-inch stilettos.

He lowered his foot to the floor and spread his legs. He crooked his finger at her. "Come here."

Without hesitation she came to stand between his open thighs. "Do you normally wear lace like this?" He emphasized his words by fingering the edges of the bra cups. Her skin was softer than silk and completely blemish free. He'd have to take care of that. Couldn't wait to take care of it, in fact. How would she feel, carrying his marks on



her body? Would she hate seeing the evidence of what she'd done with him come morning light or would she crave more? They'd be finding out soon enough.

"No."

"So, you weren't wearing these when we met earlier this afternoon?"

"No. I went home after I quit the college and changed."

"Naughty girl."

"Do...do you like that?"

His hands skimmed over the fullness of her breasts and the nipples pebbled beneath the lace, poking against his palms. "Do I like what?"

"Naughty girls."

He leaned forward and placed a kiss over one of her nipples and felt her tremble at the light caress. "Love them." Sitting back, he drew his fingers down her sides and danced them over her stomach. It trembled too. "Naughty girls are sexy, but taking a girl like you," he slid a hand down the lace to cup her pussy through it, "and turning her into a naughty one is even sexier." She moaned when he squeezed her mound. "You trim your hair here?"

"Yes."

"Why?" He kept rubbing and squeezing, loving the feel of the lace as it began to dampen.

"I read somewhere that men like it that way."

What else had she read? And where had she read it at? "Read somewhere? Interesting. I like it shaved, personally. Maybe we'll do that tonight and see if you like it too."

Dallon stood and gripped her ass in both hands, pulled her flush against his body and ground his harder-than-steel cock into her belly. She fit him nicely, her lushness soft, welcoming, giving, but she was going to be tighter than tight inside. Just the thought made him squeeze her cheeks and rub himself into her just for the friction.

Damn. As he thought about having to pass the pool tables to get to the steps that led to his apartment over the bar, he wondered if he'd be able to make it without laying her out on the green felt and climbing on top of her. Pool cues would be fun.

Shit, he just needed to be inside her.

He turned her around and spoke into the crook of her shoulder, licking the sensitive skin. "You want to be naughty, well, naughty willingly and eagerly opens her thighs. Over to the pool table." The words were out of his mouth before he could call them back. He wouldn't regret them.

He nudged her with a light swat on the ass. She walked away, her ample ass and hips swaying with a seductiveness she couldn't have known she possessed. It wasn't practiced or rehearsed, just naturally her. He'd noticed it when she'd walked away from his truck earlier in the day, but in only lace now, it was more pronounced, a more definitive kick in the gut.

Damn. She was the temptation of man.

Behind the bar, he grabbed her beer bottle, rinsed it in hot water then went to her and helped her up on the edge of the table. "Now we're gonna find out just how much you want this."

"What are you gonna do?"

His pressed his hand between her legs and squeezed, bringing a moan from inside her. Her eyes fluttered and her teeth gripped her bottom lip. Heat penetrated the lace and the tips of his fingers touched the edges of wetness. "You're wet."

"Is that bad?"

Is that bad? Dallan had to fight the urge to groan and laugh all at the same time. "No, baby, it's not bad. It's a very, very good thing. Now lie back." When she tried to scoot back, he stopped her. "No. Leave your ass on the edge just like it is. Good girl."

"Am I pretty enough?" she asked, staring up at the light above the table. The reflections of the stained glass colors lit her body up in a rainbow and her eyes took on a whole new hue.

That stopped him dead. "Pretty enough? For what?"

"You."

He had to think how to answer that. He thought she was beautiful but didn't know how to say it. He'd never told a woman she was pretty or beautiful before. That kind of thing really didn't matter to him as much as a willing woman with a hot cunt mattered. "Yes. More than." And that was the truth.

She sighed and relaxed, let her legs fall open. "Okay."

"Let's find out just how wet you are, shall we?" Very. The woman was fucking soaked. The lips, outer and inner, glistened with her juices. "How many men? Any? Or are you a virgin?" His finger stroked her pussy from entrance to clit, light, barely there strokes. She wiggled and pushed and lifted into his touch.

"A few in college. Long time ago."

"None since?" He dipped a finger inside her to the first knuckle. She shook her head and he gave her more of the same finger. Her hiss was his reward. "How many years?"

"Almost ten."

Holy shit. Ten years since she'd had a man inside her? His cock was ready to explode at the knowledge. "Good. You're tight but I won't hurt you. Ready to be naughty?"

"Yes. Please."

"Give me one hand." He placed her middle finger on her clit. She tried to jerk it away but he held it against her. "Don't lift it away."

"Okay."

He reached up and pulled one bra cup down under her tit, exposing the globe to his gaze and the cool air of the room. He wasn't sure which made the tip of it harder. "Other hand now. Give me."

He took her forefinger and her thumb and pressed them to her nipple. She didn't try to jerk it away this time and he smiled down at her. "Pinch it. Tight, Carrie. Yes, good girl."

She looked almost naughty enough, but not quite. And she was incredibly beautiful laid out on the pool table, one hand between her legs, the other pressing her nipple with her own fingers. He'd always loved a woman who would touch herself for him, because of him, and for however long he would be able to keep and play with this particular woman, he was going to teach her how to pleasure him by pleasuring herself.

"Do you like it? Touching yourself?"

"I... Yes, I do. It's slippery and hot."

"It is. Have you done it before?"

"Yes. But...but never in front of anyone. It was a sin in our house to do it at all."

"I understand, baby. It's not a sin here though." Picking up the bottle, he pressed it to his lips, kissed the glass then lowered it. "It's going inside you. Are you ready?"

"I-inside me? You can't do that. It's...it's wrong."

But her eyes and excited, whispery little voice said it was very right. "Wrong in this instance is relevant. I'm guessing that given your upbringing, being in my bar nearly naked is wrong, yet here you are. You asked me, told me you wanted me to teach you naughty, well, this is just the beginning. Say the word, Carrie, and I'll stop, you can dress and walk out the door."

He waited, the bottle poised at her entrance, eyes watching her face. Her fingers never lifted, not even a fraction of an inch. Her eyelids lowered and again those teeth worried that bottom lip, but finally she looked at him. "Do it."

And he did. Inch by inch, the glass, makeshift dildo penetrated her pussy. Her hips lifted in a natural reaction and she took it deeper until the body of the bottle began to stretch her. "Oohhh."

Pulling it out just as slowly, he pushed it in again, this time a little faster. The next time a little harder. Over and over again until she was humping the neck just as she would hump a cock, his cock. "Play with your clit. Rub it, stroke it. Yeah, like that. Feels good, doesn't it?"

"It does. I can't... I want more."

"I know. You can have more. You can have everything you want, just give me your come. Keep doing what you're doing and come for me."

The bottle fucking her was hotter than he'd imagined it would be and her sex opened up to it like a blossoming flower. Her walls gripped it, sucked it in and fought hard to keep it there when he pulled it out.

He slammed it in hard and her hips lifted to it, enough so he had to take each of her legs and fold them around his waist.

His dick screamed and his heart thundered in his chest, but right then, the sight of her was enough to steal his last breath. The way she fucked the beer bottle like a natural, a pro, a woman who hadn't been deprived of pleasure and sexual expression all her life. She moved with him, with his thrusts.

"You are beautiful," he murmured, lowering his head to kiss the softness of her belly. The panties, the lace, the satin, the black of her stockings and her tiny heels digging into his back through his shirt...all of it was sexy as shit.

"Take it, Carrie. Take it and give me what I want."

He ground the bottle against her, used one of his own fingers to play with her clit right alongside hers. Mewling followed by whimpers followed by tiny squeaks were the signals and sounds until her body stiffened and her stomach muscles quivered against his lips.

The small cries kept coming, lowering in volume and frequency. She finally stilled and her entire being sighed when he pulled the bottle neck free. "Open." Her drowsy eyes slowly focused on him with questions floating through the dark hazel depths. He rubbed the soaked bottle against her lips. "Open," he said again. His meaning dawned and she complied, obeyed his request and he slid it against her tongue.

He watched her lick at her juices, probably the first time she'd ever tasted herself, and smiled down at her. Those eyes were locked on his again, a connection he hadn't been prepared for forming between them, strengthening something he didn't even know was there.

The glass was clean when he pulled it from her mouth and he leaned down, sliding his tongue inside, deciding it was his turn to have to taste, even secondhand. Heady, honeyed, new. "Proud of you," he whispered against her lips.

"Am I naughty now?"

The scent of her come when she exhaled a breath was intoxicating. "Do you like how you taste?"

"Yes. Am I naughty now?"

Her question was so sincere, so serious that Dallan had to laugh. Yeah, she was the temptation man had been warned against. "You're off to a good start."

## Chapter Three

She slept like a rock. Dallan had helped her upstairs and out of her bra and panties before she fell asleep, but only just. The second her head hit the pillow, she'd been out like a light. Her orgasm had been a strong one, at least for her. Someone seasoned to them, used to them likely wouldn't have conked out as she did right after, but for someone like her, who hadn't had orgasms before, well, it was to be expected. She'd be a little sore too, which was a good thing. It would give him time to figure out how to tell her they wouldn't be fucking, ever, and that she would have to learn the rest of how to be naughty from another man. It pissed him the hell off, but he didn't have a choice. He liked her. He liked her way too fucking much and could begin to have feelings for her, and that was out of the question. No way, no how. He didn't want that kind of entanglement.

And he was full of shit. All the way up to his neck full of shit. H—

"You have tattoos."

He didn't know she was awake and turned his head on the pillow. "Morning, sunshine." Why was he smiling? He needed to scowl so she'd know he was serious about her leaving. "Yes, I have tattoos."

"I've never known anyone with them."

"I'm sure you haven't."

"I like them."

"A lot of women do." He probably shouldn't have said it quite that way. He didn't know how to deal with morning-after niceties. His dick hurt, his balls were pissed off at him, and the best thing would be if he got her up and dressed and out the door.

She looked adorable and rumped though. Her skin had that just-awakened flush, her eyes were still drowsy and heavy lidded. She was so warm and soft, and he wanted

to melt into her at the same time he wanted to kick her out of his bed because she was a threat to everything he knew prior to meeting her. His one-night stands and easy lays were gonna come to a screeching halt if he didn't get rid of her soon.

"You hungry?" Yeah, that's it, feed her and tell her she's gotta go.

She purred and snuggled close. "Not yet."

Without thought, Dallan reached over and brushed her hair back from her face. Showing tenderness wasn't going to help him either. He needed to be cold, distant. Most women got the hint at that point, but in the last years, none had ever gotten there. They were gone before the sun even thought about coming up. This one though...this one slept in his bed, pressed up against his side and he wouldn't have booted her if his life depended on it. "Sore?"

He wished he hadn't asked because she moved, stretched, tested her muscles out. The sheet slipped and he found himself face to tit with one of her nipples.

"A little but I think a hot shower would help with that."

"Bathroom is through that door there." He pointed across the room, but his eyes remained on her breast. Damn. He couldn't seem to look away, and when she moved closer to him, brought the pretty little bud up to his mouth, he latched on, sucking it between his lips. She arched and he helped her by pressing a hand to the middle of her back.

He rolled her nipple in his mouth, tasting and testing every inch, every ridge, every moan from her chest. He nibbled with the edges of his teeth, teased with the tip of his tongue until she was writhing. When he lifted his head, her eyes had glazed over and he was helpless to keep from kissing her.

She met him tongue thrust for tongue thrust and did her best to crawl inside his skin. She didn't realize until he pulled back that he'd positioned her body so he could torment her other nipple, just as he had the first one.

"You like it," he breathed against her, watching as the goose bumps floated over her flesh.



"Yes." Her voice was throaty, kind of breathy, and he'd bet the bar she was soaked again.

"You want to learn more about being naughty?"

"Uh-huh." Her tongue licked at her lips and her eyes watched him like a hawk while he made his way down her body. Her belly was quivering again and her legs parted wide, her hips humping impatiently.

She was horny. His little innocent was so damn horny she could hardly contain herself. "Keep them spread. Let me taste this hot little pussy."

He dove in head first, burying his face inside her wet lips. She was sticky, hot. Her scent was strong, heady, real. And he loved real. He didn't go for the perfumed girls, the ones who tried to make every inch smell like flowers. He wanted real, unpracticed. He wanted to know that he could have the woman he wanted whenever and however he wanted her without having to wait for her to pretty herself up from head to toe.

He opened her with his thumbs and blew cool breath against her heated sex. He tongue-fucked her until all he could taste, all he could smell was pussy. The first time he'd gone down on a woman, felt the unimaginable thrill of a girl coming while he obscenely kissed her cunt, he knew he was going to hell. And he didn't care.

Her thighs jumped each time he grazed her clit and she let go a little high-pitched whimper. She was close to letting go, but he backed off and licked her softly, calming her already-overheated body.

The slick flesh shivered under his touch, under his coaxing. He wanted her to come, to cry out, to push her pussy into his face so hard he'd forget how to breathe without it.

He would definitely be shaving her too. He wanted to see what she'd feel like, what she'd think of the heightened sensations of being completely bare to the touch.

He raised his gaze to her face to find her, as always, watching him. Her hands were fisted beside her on the bed, her nipples were hard little points, and her mouth... God, if he wasn't so completely occupied with her pussy he'd have his cock between those lips and inside that sultry mouth.

He could sixty-nine her, but he wasn't a big fan. He wasn't a big fan of multi-tasking. He wanted to be able to concentrate on giving or receiving, not having to try to enjoy both at the same time.

"Naughty, will come on my tongue," he said, his breath fanning over her clit.

Her eyes widened and she smiled the most-wicked smile an innocent shouldn't know how to smile. She lifted one leg over his shoulder, lifted her hips and grabbed the back of his head and ground herself into his nose, chin and mouth.

Holy hell.

She rode him, controlled him and her own pleasure. She smothered him and he'd never wanted another woman more in his life. He wasn't even sure he was going to survive this one, but damn...

He drank her wetness, he feasted on her clit, he made her writhe until she came undone and screamed. Her cunt pulsed against his tongue and then he shrugged off her hold on his head and dropped lower, rimming the tight, puckered hole of her ass, she stiffened and then unfurled around him.

She had the darkest taste of any woman. The darkest, sweetest, most-intoxicating taste and he didn't know that he'd be able to ever take another pussy without thinking of, without wanting this one.

He licked her softly from stem to stern and all the way up her body. Her eyes were heavy lidded and she looked content as a kitten and as he bent to kiss the sensitive underside of her ear, he smiled at the thought. A sex kitten. *His* sex kitten, learning from him, following his lead, eating out of his hand of naughty knowledge.

"Why don't we hit that shower?" he suggested, crawling from her body and helping her up.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Oh yeah, Carrie. Good girl."

Dallon dropped his head back against the shower wall. The water was turning lukewarm, but he didn't really give a shit. The hot mouth sucking his cock complete with virgin enthusiasm drove everything from his mind but what her sweet little tongue was doing.

He had a loose, easy grip on her wet, tangled hair and did his best to guide her, but was quite fucking enjoying letting her get used to him. "You don't have to be gentle, kitten."

And she wasn't. She took his balls, one at a time, sucking, pulled them down from his body and then let them pop out of her mouth. Her teeth took sharp little bites of his cock, and her tongue...damn, her sexy tongue teased the hell out of the head, driving him up on his toes with the tip embedded in the little slit.

He wondered what she'd do if he asked her to rim his ass. He closed his eyes and savored the feel of her between his legs, down on her knees. She'd do it. If he asked her she'd do it. She was exploring and didn't know her own limits yet... "Damn, girl."

She looked up and smiled at him. His cock shaft stretched her lips wide but there was a smile in her eyes. "Get up, c'mon."

His dick screamed at him but he ignored the pain. He didn't want to lose it his first time with her like this. It never mattered for shit before, but with her it mattered a whole hell of a lot. He wanted it in his bed.

Reluctantly she let him tug her up and he thrust his tongue in her mouth in a hard, smashing kiss. He felt the cold chill of the water and turned it off, stepping out of the shower stall with her in tow.

"Did I do something wrong?"

He dried his hair. "Nope. You were perfect."

"You made me stop." She bent forward and wrapped the towel he gave her around her hair like a turban. He never quite understood how to do that.

"Not because of anything you did wrong, kitten."

In his bedroom, he pulled on a pair of jeans and a faded t-shirt. She followed and it hit him that she didn't have a change of clothes. She'd be wearing one of his shirts. She didn't have a toothbrush either or... "You didn't bring anything with you when you came last night, did you?"

"No. I didn't think you'd... I didn't think I'd be staying." She sat naked on the end of his bed, unfurled the towel and held it in her lap. Her hair was a riotous mess of curls. How odd he hadn't noticed those before. She'd had straight hair when he first met her and when she came to him last night. "Yeah, I use a straightener. My mother always said curly hair would make men have untoward thoughts about me."

What a fucking crock. "Maybe she was right. I have very untoward thoughts about you right now, but then I had those thoughts when I thought your hair was straight, so nah. It's got nothing to do with the curls."

He tossed her a shirt from the dresser. "Thanks. I'm a little embarrassed."

"Why?"

She shrugged and put the shirt on. He was irritated to see her tits disappear behind the gray material. Her thighs were pressed together all too tightly and the blush that stained her cheeks pissed him off. "I don't know how I'm supposed to act. I didn't even think you'd want me, much less let me stay the night. I didn't think to pack an overnight bag and..." She shrugged again.

"Do you want to go home?"

Her eyes snapped up to his face and she shook her head. "No."

"Then don't feel bad about not having anything to wear. Don't feel bad about anything, least of all coming here and laying it out to me about what you wanted." He knelt in front of her, slid his hands up her thighs, unable to keep from touching her, from reaching for that piece of heaven she was hiding from him right then. "You're strong and have a ton of courage. I didn't want you here last night. I wanted you to leave, but not because I didn't want you. I wanted you too much and knew that if we

started we weren't gonna stop for a few days. You showed up though, you offered yourself to me and there was no way I could or would say no."

"Do you have a lot of women spend the night?"

Honesty or another little white lie? "Sometimes, but it's usually because they're too drunk and we just fall out after sex."

"Do they bring overnight bags?"

She was so cute, this woman. So unsure of herself, of what the right thing to do or say was, but so damn cute. "No, kitten, they don't. They just put on whatever they wore the night before and leave. Often before I wake up."

"Do you ever see them again?"

Damn, nothing like straight and to the point. "No."

"Okay."

He saw how her eyes dimmed at that one word and though he didn't want to, couldn't give her any kind of hope that he'd be seeing her after today, he didn't like to be the cause of her feeling rejected. "Don't. Don't compare yourself to them. There's a lot you don't know, a lot you haven't done. We're not finished and you're not leaving yet."

And just like that, she smiled. It was small but reached her eyes. It was enough. "Oh. What are we going to do?"

Did she want the list in alphabetical order? Ass-fucking. Bondage. Cock-sucking. Defilement. Eat... "We're going to have breakfast. C'mon. You're gonna need your strength."

She stood when he took her hand. The shirt fell to just below her ass and that shirt was now his favorite. Anytime he looked at it, he'd see her. Hot damn.

"I've never had a man make breakfast for me before."

"I'm not making breakfast. That's Vinter's specialty."

"Vinter?"

"One of the other owners of the bar. He makes killer breakfast."

"What do you cook?"

"I don't. I make drinks." He grinned. "I can make awesome coffee too."

"Awesome coffee? Is that code for something?"

Dallon laughed. "No. A few years ago, I worked as a barista in a little coffee dive and learned how to make it."

"You can make the lattes and cappuccinos and all?"

"I can. Want one?"

"I've never had one."

He had to grind his teeth to keep from yelling. Much as he understood what it was like to be sheltered and not allowed to experience anything of the world, he was a little pissed at the fact she'd never tasted something as simple as a latte. Why did parents do that? Hers, his. What was the point? There was no sheltering from evil but from life itself and it really grated on his nerves. "I'm sorry."

No wonder she was willing to lay it all out. No wonder she was open to stripping down and lying back on a pool table. She'd been told "No" all her life and she was finally in a position to say yes. He just...she needed someone to guide her, watch out for her as she took these chances, made these choices.

In the eyes of reality, she was incredibly naïve. She was strong, had her own mind, her own thoughts, but she was naïve.

At the same time, he didn't know anyone else he trusted enough, other than himself, to introduce her to, who he would feel comfortable seeing her with. She could make her choices about what she liked and wanted to experiment with, but there had to be someone, male or female, there for her who knew the ways of the real world, because when the good, religious girls fell, they fell hard.

And speaking of hard...

"You're lost in thought. Is something wrong?"

"No. Let's get you your first latte, okay?"

"Okay."

She was eager, willing, hungry for life. He found it refreshing and incredibly appealing. The women he knew, the men as well, including himself, were jaded, cynical, unbelieving. Carrie though, she was taking it all in for the first time really and he couldn't deny that her vitality could, would and likely already was rubbing off on him. Not to mention, she was hot as fire when he touched her, so responsive, her eyes unable to hide her feelings, thoughts.

He led her downstairs to the bar and settled her on a stool, doing his damndest to ignore the pool table and the empty beer bottle from the night before. He wanted to take her on the table right then. He wanted to bend her over the side and watch his t-shirt slide up over her ass. He wanted to slam his dick so deep inside her that she clawed the felt of the table. Instead he said, "I'll be right back. Need to get some stuff from the kitchen."

"Sure."

He slammed through the door and straight into the walk-in freezer. He wanted her so bad his skin was on fire and the freezing-cold temperatures didn't do anything at all to lessen the hardness constricting his movements and making his jeans uncomfortably tight.

There was nothing he needed from the kitchen. The milk, the syrups, the espresso, the whipped cream...everything was under the bar. He just had to walk away from her for a few minutes, walk away from the temptation she posed. When he had himself under some semblance of control, he went back to her.

"Is there anything I can do?"

"No. I've got this. Why don't you talk to me? Tell me something about you."

"Well, I'm not sure what you want to know. Umm... I'm adopted. I don't know why my birth parents gave me up, but they did. I was just an infant. My adoptive

parents gave me everything I needed and I know they love me in their own way. I just... I'm different, you know, and they've never wanted to see it."

He knew. Boy, did he know. "Yeah."

"I always had more questions than they or their church had answers for, but they were my only family and so I tried to do what I thought would make them happy. I learned in the last ten years or so that what makes them happy doesn't do anything for me."

"Where'd you fall off the path of righteousness?"

"I started wandering off it when I was in college and then continued after I graduated. I'm thirty years old and am living on my own for the first time without any kind of supervision. I got lost and entered the line to hell when I met you yesterday."

He grinned. "Glad I found you then."

He scooped some espresso beans into the grinder. It was a new, very swanky burr grinder. He didn't make coffee drinks for the bar patrons unless someone asked, but he loved them. Usually the stronger the better. He just didn't like straight coffee. Vinter was always giving him shit about it too. Said he was a pansy ass for drinking them.

From the grinder, he filled the small basket with the grounds and tamped them until the surface was smooth and solid.

"I can smell it from here. I've always loved the scent of coffee, just never tried it."

"Did you go to college at a private or public school? State or Christian college?"

"State. My parents didn't want me to, were afraid of the wicked influences. They wanted me to go to a small Christian college, but I received a full scholarship to Tennessee and after some tense discussions, they agreed to let me go."

"You were eighteen and were in for a free ride. How could they keep you from going?"

"I was only seventeen when I graduated so I couldn't just go. I was home-schooled and finished early. My test scores got me in."



"Did you live in the dorms?"

"Yes. I had roommates and kind of lived vicariously through them. I didn't go out and party but they did and would tell me all about it. My junior and senior year was when I started venturing out of my shell. I was still able to put on the façade for my parents, but I was dating a little, working part time and spent a lot of time online."

"And after graduation?"

"I went on a few mission trips to Africa, China, Central America, and when I was home, I had a job in a small bridal shop. My degree was in hospitality management with a minor in creative writing. I don't have a bit of artistic talent but I can write. I've written vows and wedding invitations from time to time."

"I take it you don't still have that job?"

"No. I loved it, but it went out of business when the economy started to crash. I lived in the apartment above the garage at my parents' place. It was my own but not my own. Does that make sense?"

It did. She was still under their thumb, still beholden to their rules. "How will they feel when they find out you've quit the university here?"

"I'm sure they already know and I'm sure they've left a million messages on my voicemail. They've never understood my need to extricate myself from them, to explore life. I love them, but... I don't want their life. I want mine."

Her hair was dry and still full of curls, and her hands were folded on top of the bar. He wasn't sure what he wanted to do first. Fuck her or hold her. She seemed so vulnerable, so lost, but at the same time she seemed so determined and feisty. He'd never met a woman he was proud of for anything. Well, not before her. He knew how hard it was to do what she was doing, to essentially divorce herself from all she'd ever known and begin again.

He poured cold milk into a stainless steel cup and set it under the frothing wand. The noise from the steam made conversation impossible for a few minutes, which was fine. His dick wanted her and his thinking head was telling him after coffee he needed

to send her on her way. He wasn't the kind of guy she needed during this transition period in her life. He wasn't even sure she needed a guy at all.

She hadn't asked for anything more than last night, but he'd already told her he wasn't finished with her.

The small thermometer hit the temp he was looking for and he turned the steam knob back to off. He put the shot glasses in place and flipped the switch for the espresso to start dripping.

"What are you going to make me?"

"You like caramel?"

She grinned and his stomach did a little flip. He wasn't sure he liked that. "Yes."

"I'm making you a caramel latte. Very simple. Steamed milk, espresso, caramel syrup, whipped cream and caramel sauce drizzled over the top."

"Oh wow."

"I can see you having a bit of an addictive personality. You're gonna really cling to things you like and want."

"Like you?"

He'd been talking about coffee and not him, but... And he shouldn't do or say anything to encourage that train of thought. "I suppose so."

"That makes you uncomfortable, doesn't it?"

"Why do you think so?"

"You hesitated before you answered. I'm no good at this, the small talk, the easy banter. I've not done it in years and I wasn't really good at it then either."

"You're fine and I'm not at all uncomfortable. You say what you want to say. This is all about you and what you want right now."

He shook the can of whipped cream and swirled it over the top of the milk, espresso and syrup mixture then followed the swirl pattern with the caramel sauce. Placing the mug in front of her, he said, "Open."

He pointed to her mouth and she did. He aimed the nozzle of the can between her lips and pressed, filling her mouth with the sweet creaminess. She started to laugh and her eyes lit up. She closed her mouth and swallowed, grinning at him and opening up again for more.

Such simple pleasures.

"You've lived a sheltered life, Carrie."

She nodded after she swallowed the second helping. "Yes. Thank you for showing me different."

He didn't know what to say to that so he leaned across the bar and planted a smacking kiss to her lips.

He'd lost his ever-lovin' mind. He wasn't supposed to care about her beyond the pleasure they could bring each other, but he found himself unable to keep from caring. "Do you regret it?" he asked, walking around the end of the bar to take a seat on the stool next to her. He swiveled them both so they could look at one another as they talked.

"Regret what?" She took a sip of the latte and moaned deep in her throat as it went down. He knew it was all warm and silky and that she'd love it.

Dallon couldn't keep his eyes off her legs and how high the shirt rose. He could walk up to her, spread her thighs, bent his knees... Damn, he'd had the same thought last night. His dick still thought it was a pretty good idea. "Last night. Coming here."

"No. I regret nothing. Maybe I should, but I can't. I wanted this. I wanted you. I knew I couldn't keep my job, keep the life I pretended to live and still come to you. I can't lie to them again, not like I did in college. I lost my virginity and they didn't even know. They didn't know I spent the night with boys when I told my housemother I was spending it studying with girlfriends. I even experimented with kissing girls and I...I found that I really liked it. I found out I love looking at porn too. I can't lie to them like that again, but I can't keep lying to myself either. They'd be so hurt if they knew I

wasn't who they thought I was, that I've not really ever been that person. Not on the inside."

He realized then it was a good thing he wasn't drinking anything right at that moment because he'd have spewed it everywhere. She'd said some very serious stuff he wanted to touch on, tell her it was okay to want her own life, that he'd been there in the exact position she found herself in. He wanted to touch on all that, but his male brain only settled on two things. Porn and women. "Porn? You look at porn?"

"Yes. I love it. The women are so beautiful and the men are... Should I not like it? I mean, I know what I was told growing up, but honestly, I can't seem to help it."

"Sure you should like it. There's nothing wrong with it. I was just surprised is all. We'll talk about the girl kissing later." Porn. His downy innocent liked porn. Maybe he should pull out some of his vintage skin mags. "What are you going to do now?"

"I don't know. I have a specialty in event planning. Maybe I can find a job at a hotel or in a restaurant. I haven't thought that far ahead. Guess that seems irresponsible."

"I understand. I was only curious."

She took another sip of her coffee then another. Whipped cream collected on her upper lip and it took every ounce of his self-control not to lean forward and lick it off.

"You didn't have sex with me."

He grinned at the way she just threw the statement out there. "Not in the traditional way, no."

"Do you not want to?"

Oh yeah, he wanted to. Needed to. And would. Soon. After breakfast. She'd be lucky if they made it back upstairs to his bed. Hell, he wasn't sure he'd survive coffee before laying her out on the bar and climbing on top of her. "Yes, I do. I just wanted to play with you some first. You have a body made for sex, for lust, for a little kinkiness."

"Why did you use the bottle?"

"Why did you like it so much?"

She smiled. "Touché. I had just never thought about it before. I didn't know people, you know, real people did stuff like that."

"You didn't seem all that shocked and you sure weren't turned off by it."

"It was... You're right. I liked it. A lot. I like having something inside me. I like sex and hadn't thought of using things like that. I've never used sex toys either, even though I've seen lots of pictures of them."

"There are other things we can try later if you want. Believe me, you won't look at most household items quite the same way. Of course nothing else is allowed inside your hot pussy until I've been in it."

"And the pool table?"

"Liked that too, huh?"

"Yeah. It was kind of shocking, being under that big light, in the middle of a public place."

"No one could see, no one was there."

"But there were people playing on the table earlier in the night. They will be playing there tonight too, right?"

## **Chapter Four**

Dallon knew where she was going with that line of thought and question. She was turned-on by normality, by what was right in front of her, by the thought that someone would touch where she'd been, where she'd experienced pleasure, ecstasy. "Yeah."

"Is it wrong?"

"No. It's not wrong. It's something between voyeurism and exhibitionism. Some people are really turned-on by having sex or playing in places where they might be caught. Even though there was no one here last night when we were playing on the pool table, you like knowing there will be people there at some point."

"Does it turn you on?"

"I'd take you with the bar full of people if you wanted. So yeah, it turns me on."

And then her innocence showed itself again when she blushed, ducked her head and took another sip of her latte. When whipped cream collected on her upper lip again, he couldn't resist reaching out and swiping it away with his finger. He presented it to her and she opened her mouth, slid her tongue on the underside, curled it just under the first knuckle and pulled it in.

Carrie was a contradiction if he'd ever met one. Damn. One minute he was thinking of her as shy and unknowing in the ways of the world, but the next minute she was a fucking seductress and teasing little sexpot.

She sucked his finger with as much throaty enthusiasm as she'd sucked his dick in the shower earlier and he was ready to explode in his jeans. Every flick of her little tongue on the pad of his finger...well, he could swear he felt it along the shaft of his cock.

He pulled free. It was time. "Get the shirt off."

"Now?"

"Now." He was naked and stroking before it registered on her face. Hastily she pulled the shirt off. "Spread 'em."

She did. Without a second of hesitation this time, she spread her legs to the sides of the barstool. He didn't have to touch her to feel the humid heat of her pussy. "Lean back against the edge of the bar."

He brushed the length of her sex with the head of his cock, coating it in the juices that soaked her. She wouldn't need lube. Just like last night, she wouldn't need anything at all, just him.

He paused then... His eyes pierced her, glanced down her body, watched her nipples harden under his stare. Hell, she was beautiful, responsive, and as much as he hated the damn things, he needed to protect her.

Beside her, he reached across the expanse of the bar and felt for the small tin can he kept beside the tap. It was full of condom packets. It was something he thought would be a good idea. He didn't care if guys picked up guys or girls or both. He didn't care if they had sex in the back. He just wanted them protected, taken care of so no one was hurt or in trouble in the end.

He ripped the foil with his teeth then slid the thin sheath on. "Ready, kitten?"

She leaned back again, and this time stretched out her arms and gripped the edge of the wood. She was a feast, a sight to behold. He bent slightly. "As soon as I'm in, wrap your legs around me."

He punched his hips forward and thrust inside her. Sure enough, as he'd told her, she draped her legs around his hips. Her head dropped back, his lips latched on to her right nipple and he fucked her...fucked her hard.

Bending his knees farther, he pulled her sex closer with an arm at her back. It wasn't long and he was holding her hips, drilling her, filling her. Every gasp he relished, every moan and groan and whimper he cherished. Her tits bounced with the onslaught.

Her body was made for fucking, all soft and curvy and plush. Her cunt was tight, deep and so hot it singed his nerves. "Touch your clit, rub it. Make yourself come for me."

He nipped at her chin, her shoulder, her throat. The backs of her fingers brushed his pubic hair, the tips against the shaft of his cock when he pulled out. She played with that little button, and the more she played, the harder he drove into her until he claimed her mouth in a hard, punishing kiss.

She made him lose control, made him want to keep her naked and wet and horny for as long as he could. She made him want to protect her, help her through the transitions coming in her life. He didn't like any of it. Not one bit.

And all of that fled the second his balls pulled tight and his come exploded into the condom. He couldn't stop his hips from pushing forward and he couldn't stop feeling the pleasure at hearing his name cross her lips when she bucked through her orgasm.

It was the only thing she said from the moment he slid inside her and it chilled him. She was the hottest piece of ass he'd ever had and he'd be damned if he'd let anyone else have her yet.

\* \* \* \* \*

"You're pretty good with the dishes. Maybe you'd like to work here." Dallan meant it as a joke when he thought about it, but when the words actually came out of his mouth he realized he was more than serious. About her working there, that is. He wouldn't hire her as a dishwasher though.

"I don't know anything about work like this."

"You can be taught, and since I've already taken on the job of teaching you how to let go and be a little naughty, I can teach you how to fill drink orders, pour beer from the tap and take food out to the tables."

She turned her head and looked at him, really looked at him until he started to squirm in the spot he stood. "You'd do that for me? Give me a job?"



Damage done. "Yes."

"Wow. I don't know what to say."

"Just think about it, that's all. The offer is open, no matter what."

She nodded. "Thank you."

"Welcome. You about done with those?" He nodded in the direction of the sink and the dishes she'd already washed. He'd had enough of looking at her naked behind.

He hadn't allowed her to put the t-shirt back on after their earlier sex session and she'd still been heated enough to comply with his request that she do the coffee dishes naked.

And he was still wondering what in the hell he'd been thinking, offering to hire her at the bar. So many things were wrong with that idea, but as he watched her, remembered touching her, ached to touch her again, he couldn't find a single thing to regret in the offer.

"When do you want me to leave?"

Leave? "Leave?"

"Yes. I know you have work tonight and I'm sure you need some more sleep. I don't want to be in the way."

Dallon tried to connect the dots from the fucking a little bit ago and her doing dishes to where she came up with the idea he wanted or needed her to go, but was confused. He was forced to touch her then, to grip her hair and turn her head until he could see her pretty face. "I have no clue how you figured I would want you to leave, but you're wrong. If you want to go, I won't stop you." And that was a big-ass lie. He'd tie her to the bed if he had to, but he wasn't letting her go. "But don't do it because you think I want you to."

He punctuated his words with a smacking kiss to her mouth.

"Shouldn't I go home and get a change of clothes at least?"

"If you want. I don't mind you walking around naked."

She laughed and the sound wrapped its way around his chest, squeezing tight. How many times had he made her laugh in the last eighteen hours? How often in her life before had she laughed freely and without shame?

"I don't think your customers would like it."

"Are you kiddin' me? They'd do way more than like it, kitten."

"Would you?" Her voice was every bit seductive and sweet, unpretentious. Her soapy hands slid over his chest, and damn if he wasn't going to be fucking her again. For one who had rarely had sex, and not in a number of years, she was an eager participant and kinky. She had desires inside that he was looking forward to exploring with her.

"I wouldn't mind them looking, but I would mind them touching. I don't play well with others and I don't like them playing with my toys."

"Am I a toy?"

He smirked, tried to keep his look light. "You're whatever I want you to be." But his breath hissed out between his teeth. She'd dipped her hands back in the warm water and was now gripping his cock through his jeans. She squeezed the shaft, dropped lower to squeeze his balls and, God...

"What do you want me to be?"

His. His toy, his lover, his girlfriend, his slut, his kitten. Just...his. He didn't know about giving up his bed-hopping ways, but he knew he didn't want her hopping beds, and the only way to ensure that for the time being was to keep her in his. "Bent over the sink."

He spun her away from him and did just what he'd said. He bent her forward until her nipples touched the soap suds. "Don't move."

A light smack to her ass and he walked through the swinging door to the bar and grabbed another condom. He was going to have to replenish the supply at this rate. His

jeans were undone and the condom on when he stepped up behind her at the sink a few seconds later.

She wiggled her butt against his groin. "Didn't I tell you not to move?"

"I liked the little spank."

"You did, huh?" He gave her another two, one to each cheek. "Spread your legs," he urged. As soon as she complied, he thrust his hips forward until he was seated full inside her.

"Oomph."

"You okay?"

"Yeah. Don't stop."

"Not planning on it until I'm done."

He pumped and fucked her hard, fast, deep. Her back arched, taking as much of him as he'd give, following him when he'd slide out. Gripping her hips, he advanced and retreated, filling her and leaving her empty, hungry for more.

"How are those pretty nipples doing?"

She giggled and his balls tightened. "They're wet and making designs in the water."

He slowed, teasing her entrance with just the crown of his cock, and leaned over, placing tiny kisses down her spine.

"Oh... Dallon, please..."

"Please?"

She wiggled against him again. "Please f-fuck me."

She stammered and he thought the word "fuck" coming from her was the sexiest he'd ever heard. "Say it again. Say 'fuck', Carrie."

"F-fuck," she said softly.

"More. Don't hesitate. Just say it."

"Fuck."

"Good girl. Again."

"Fuck."

He gripped her hair in his hand, still held her hip in the other and rapidly descended back into her cunt. "Again, kitten. I love hearing you say it."

He drove into her like a bat out of hell, forcing the dirty word from between her lips. "Fuck." She screamed it this time and he grinned behind her.

"So naughty coming from such a sweet, innocent kitten girl."

"Fuck, fuck, fuck."

God, he was gonna come. Right then. Right goddamn then. He filled the condom and wanted so badly to be able to come without it, to feel that tight tunnel bareback, to feel those walls close in around him without any barriers between them.

His dick throbbed and jerked inside her, his balls releasing their grip on his sanity. He let go of her hair, smoothed it with his palm, and dropped out of her.

"How far away is your apartment?" he asked after discarding the condom and helping her to stand up straight again. He kissed her soft, delicious lips and grabbed a towel to dry her nipples. They hardened, lengthened, and she moaned, swayed toward him. "No, no. Not yet. How far?"

"I live in those apartments right down from the university and couldn't believe how turned around I got yesterday."

"It happens. C'mon. I'll go with you. I don't think we'll be done for a few days." Or weeks, or months, maybe not even years. He didn't put voice to his thoughts, but he would when the time was right.

Her smile brightened what was already a beautiful day. "Okay."

\* \* \* \* \*

Dallon pulled into the complex and around to the building she'd indicated. The entire time to her place his hand never left her thigh, sometimes traveling high up until his fingers pressed her skirt between her legs. He couldn't get enough of touching her, couldn't keep his hands off her. For more than twelve hours, all he'd done was touch her. She soaked it up too. The way her eyes lit up, the way she moved into his body, his hand, his mouth told him how much she'd been starving for human contact, for intimacy and that she was beginning to realize she'd been hungry for it as well.

"I liked saying that word." She spoke her admission softly, cautiously. "I was never allowed to curse, and when I got to college and heard that word for the first time...I laughed and whispered it to myself. It's so dirty to say or to even think out here in the normal world. I mean back at the bar when we were..."

He loved how she rambled, how she was so openly curious, openly thinking. She didn't hesitate with him when she spoke, she just let loose. "What word?"

She laughed and he looked over at her with his most serious expression. "You're teasing me. You know what word."

"Say it."

"I can't say it now." Carrie buried her hands in her face but not before he saw just how bright red her cheeks and throat were.

He shrugged and squeezed her leg. "Then I have no idea what word you're talking about."

He pulled into a parking space right up in front of her particular building and suddenly the word flew out from between her lips. "Fuck."

"Yeah, that's the one."

His tone was teasing still, but that wasn't why she'd said it. Her gaze was trained forward, out the windshield, at the two people on the upstairs landing.

Her parents. Her father wore a suit, just as his father always had, as if wearing anything else would offend their God. His hands were stuffed in his pockets, and he

was rocking back and forth on his heels. Her mother, in a dress, same as his mother would always wear when she was alive, stood against the railing, her hands clasped together, her purse hanging from her forearm. Both were looking down at Carrie with disappointment, disapproval, and Dallan's hand was still on her thigh.

The heat that moments ago had flooded her cheeks vanished and she turned pale. Gone was the woman he'd been with since last night and earlier that morning. In her place was the powerless teenager. He knew because the first time his father had shown up at the bar he'd worn the same expression as Carrie's parents, and Dallan had felt drawn back in to those desperate times when he needed his father to understand he wasn't like that, would never be like that, that he didn't believe the way his father did.

"Kitten?"

Slowly she turned her head toward him. Beneath that now-fragile exterior was a woman he knew to be strong, learning to be sure of herself, and so beautiful, so erotic and sinful it melted every part of him. "I wish I could be like you," she said softly. "I wish I didn't dislike the person I am with them and love the person I am with you."

He could well understand that. Disappointing others was always a high price to pay for one's own happiness. "Come on. Let's go and get this over with."

"You don't have to stay. You can leave. They'll bring me to my car later." She ducked her head and took a couple of deep breaths before she looked at him again. Regret shimmered in her eyes. "It had to come to an end sometime."

The regret he spied wasn't at having been with him. "Leave? End? Is that what you want?"

She shook her head and smiled, small but genuine. "This isn't your fight."

But he wasn't going to let her stand alone. "Maybe not, but I know what it's like trying to break free, to be who you really are inside, to let that person out. I've been there. I've done it. I've got all the scars to prove it."

"I don't know how to..." She shook her head, unsure what to say.

"You have to trust in yourself, Carrie. You have to believe in yourself, in who you want to be, in who you already are. You have the right to live your life the way you want. They can't dictate your steps anymore. And if last night and today have done anything, I hope you've learned you can stand on your own, make the choices that will make you happy and that you're not all by yourself." He hadn't planned on getting so deeply involved with her, especially when drama was not at all his thing. He had wanted a good time, a hot time between the sheets, and he'd had it, intended to have more of it. He intended to have a lot more than that though. She was special.

And his bachelorhood was fucked.

His hand lifted from her thigh to cup her cheek. He leaned forward and kissed her, right there in plain view of her parents. The tiniest flicker of heat, of need, of strength took root when she looked in his eyes and she smiled.

"Good girl. Now let's go. I have plans for you later." He got out of the car and met her halfway around the vehicle. His fingers locked with hers and they walked up the stairs together.

On the landing, she finally looked her parents in the face. "Mom. Dad."

"Carrie Anne."

Her father nodded at her and her mother just looked away. Carrie unlocked the door and led the way inside. Dallan stood with her, lending his strength and comfort. She could do this.

She squeezed his hand tight and cleared her throat. "I'd like you to meet Dallan."

Her father barely looked at him. "I am not interested in meeting him. This is a private matter and it would be best if he left."

She started to protest, but Dallan beat her to it. "Sorry. I'm not going anywhere. I brought her here and she'll leave with me when you're done."

The man did turn to him then, but Dallan didn't flinch. He'd been confronted with that same distasteful look. "This does not interest you, son."

He pulled Carrie closer to his side. She was becoming more tense by the second. "But she does."

Her mother still hadn't spoken, but Dallon wasn't surprised. His mother never did either when his father and she confronted him together. All the talking and decision making came from the man.

Dallon liked submissive women as much as the next alpha male did, but he didn't like one who was scared to talk or who could be forced into never thinking for herself or standing up for something she believed in. Where was the fun in that? He liked fire, sparks flying.

Carrie looked at him then. Her eyes started out dark, sad, but the longer she stared at him, the brighter, clearer they became. "What am I doing?" she whispered. Dallon didn't think she was actually talking to him but rather to herself as something dawned in her gaze. She squeezed Dallon's hand and nodded as if she'd just made a decision. The tension that had entered her body when her father suggest he leave, left instantly.

She turned back to her father. His eyes were warm, full of concern, but angry as well. "He stays. I assume you're here because I quit the job at the university."

"We are. They were very concerned when you gave no reason other than you wanted to find yourself."

The way he said "find yourself" made it sound worse than the curse word she'd said in the car. But then Dallon imagined they'd never understood her need to do just that...find herself, learn about herself, become her own person and not the person they had planned for her.

"I'm sorry to have worried you. I did intend to call you myself and tell you, but I..."

"But you took up with him instead. Shame on you, Carrie. We raised you better than that. I saw his hands on your person in the car. I saw him kiss you. You should be ashamed of yourself. Don't you know he doesn't love you, that he's just using you for his own lustful purposes and when he's done he'll just toss you aside?"



Damn but the bastard was cold and Dallan tried not to visibly flinch.

"I know."

Odd, but it stung a little to hear her agree with the old man. Dallan might not love her yet... Didn't mean he never would. He hadn't promised anything and she hadn't asked for anything.

"I'll deal with it. I have to learn somehow. I have to live my own life. Don't *you* understand that?"

"You have a life. You have a path laid out before you, sweetheart. All you have to do is walk it."

Carrie turned to her mother, listened to her speak, and Dallan saw the hope in her eyes that she could get through to the only child they'd ever had. He knew Carrie hated disappointing them, hated that she couldn't do what they wanted, that she'd die inside if she did. He knew her probably better than she knew herself. They could be twins with what she was now going through mirroring his own breaking-free stage.

"No. I have *your* life, *your* path laid out before me. I don't want it. I never have. You just wouldn't listen, didn't want to hear me say it."

"You will find a good husband and have a purpose. It's not as bad as you think it will be."

"Whether I find a good husband or not is for me to decide, as is having a purpose. It's my life. Please try to understand that. My. Life. Let me live it the way I choose. I don't want to hurt you or sound ungrateful. I just don't fit in your box."

"You don't know what you want."

"I want to find out."

"We won't financially support you any longer. You will be completely on your own. I will not support a...a heathen."

Her father's anger was now morphing into disappointment and disapproval. Anger was easier to deal with than what she was staring in the face at the moment. Her

mother stepped forward and touched her face, curled Carrie's hair behind her ear and smiled a very sad smile. "We still love you. You're still our daughter. Isn't there anything we can say to change your mind?"

"No."

"We just..."

"I know, Mom, and I understand." She let go of Dallan's hand long enough to hug her mother. Her shoulders trembled and Dallan ached to reach out and pull her back against him.

"Be very sure about this, Carrie Anne. Once we walk out that door, you're on your own. You'll be responsible for your bills, your clothes, everything."

She backed away from her mother and Dallan was there, his hand on her waist, holding her steady. "I am sure."

Her voice was strong, determined. She was likely scared shitless too, but she wasn't going to show fear to them.

"Very well. We will take our leave. You may keep your car and the furnishings here."

"Thank you." She sagged into Dallan's chest. He wished he could take away the censure in their words, in their eyes. Carrie wanted their support, but she wouldn't get it. They weren't disowning her though, and he figured that was something.

The couple turned and opened the door. Her mother walked through it and as her father started to, he turned back. "Your mother was right. We do love you. You are welcome to come home anytime, at least to visit."

After he closed the door behind him, Carrie just stood there, rooted to the floor.

He slid his hand up her back, his other one joined it, and together massaged her shoulders, the back of her neck. There were knots now where there hadn't been when they'd left the bar earlier. She winced at the pain but then began to relax, ease up and finally give in altogether and slumped, becoming pliable. He lifted her hair and pressed

a kiss to her hairline at the base of her skull then simply pulled her close and held her tight.

She didn't cry. He thought for a few minutes she might, but she didn't. She was just trying to process it all.

"You okay?"

She nodded. She was calm. "Yes. I am."

"I'm so sorry. You held your ground, and for what it's worth I'm proud of you."

"Thank you. I don't think anyone has ever said they were proud of me." Silence reigned for a time as he held her within the circle of his arms, offering whatever he could, whatever she needed from him. "Dallon?"

He kissed the top of her head. "Yeah, kitten?"

"I think I might need that job you offered earlier."

And then her tears fell.

## **Chapter Five**

"Who's the hottie in the kitchen?"

Dallon tried to hide his smile at the word "hottie". Carrie certainly didn't see herself that way and would likely be very surprised to know that anyone other than him did. He looked up at his partners Vinter and Jaz. "Mine."

"Well, does Mine have another name or are we just supposed to call her that?"

"Asshole."

"I don't know any woman with the name of Asshole, but if you say so..."

Dallon flipped Jaz off. "Carrie."

"Where'd ya meet? You gonna introduce us?"

"You gonna share?"

"At the store. Later. And not a chance in hell."

Once upon a time, the three friends cum business partners in the bar and the tattoo parlor shared their lovers, but since Vinter met Elise a month or so ago, there'd been no play like that. Now that Dallon had met Carrie, he didn't envision any play like that again. Whereas he'd never had an issue with sharing lovers in the past, what was between him and Carrie was different, special, and he was quite happy to keep her all to himself.

"Have you asked? I mean, I know Vin here is taken and all, but I'm still free as a bird."

"I haven't asked and I don't intend to."

Jaz grinned. "Stingy mother."

Dallon grinned back. "Damn right."

"She doesn't look like the typical bar worker or patron."

"Neither did Elise. Isn't that why she stood out to you the night she walked in?"

Vinter nodded. "Yep." He drained his beer bottle and Dallan couldn't take his eyes off the neck of it when Vinter set it down on the bar again. He wanted to take Carrie that way again, wanted to see the glass inside her pussy, tease her with it, fuck her with it. He wanted to be in her ass next time he did it too. There were all sorts of fun objects he intended to use as makeshift dildos, show her how naughty she could be and like it. Hell, how naughty he could be and like it, for that matter.

"She was supposed to start working for my father next week."

"Holy shit, man."

"Yeah, talk about a small world. She asked me for directions to the university and next thing I knew she was walking into the bar, telling me she'd quit."

"I know there's more to it than that, but I won't ask. Just tell me this...is she as good as she looks?"

"Better."

"Damn lucky SOB."

Just then, their topic of conversation walked in from the kitchen, carrying a tray of highball glasses. He'd talked her into wearing her tightest pair of jeans and took one of her plain white t-shirts, cut a small slit in the neck then ripped it down the front, creating a deep V. She wore her white lacy bra, no panties, and a pair of sneakers. Being on her feet for hours on end when she wasn't used to it would be hell, so he didn't suggest heels tonight.

The jeans hugged her ass like a glove and defined her hips just right. The shirt teased every time she bent forward, giving just a flash of cleavage, and when the air was on, hardened her nipples beneath the fabric. The bra did nothing but hold her incredible tits up.

She'd been a bit self-conscious at first, but once he pointed out the appreciative looks of some of the men in the bar, she let up a little and started smiling. She stopped next to him and he took the tray from her. "Thanks, kitten."

"Hi there. I'm Jaz. Dal here has no manners."

Dallon shook his head. "He's the third partner in the bar," he answered when she looked at him with questions in her eyes.

She took Jaz's outstretched hand and shook it. "Nice to meet you."

"Pleasure is most definitely all mine, sugar."

Carrie blushed and ducked her head. She was going to have to get used to people staring at her, giving her compliments. He hated that she was so shy about it, but at the same time her innocence was kind of nice. Vinter was right. She wasn't the typical bar patron or worker. She was fresh, sweet and she was all his. The men could look all they wanted, he welcomed it, but they couldn't touch. He hoped she would be okay with that.

She looked up at him. "I finished all the other dishes and cleaned the counters. Is there anything else you need me to do?"

Oh hell yeah there was. He needed her to strip naked and suck him off. Knowing she turned on the customers who had seen her, knowing Jaz wanted her, and knowing she only wanted Dallon... Damn, he was harder than a bat and certain he could knock one out of the park with it too. "Not right now, kitten. Soon as these two goons leave, I'll lock up and we'll be done for the night."

"Oh, so that's how it is, huh? We have to leave so you can..." Jaz waggled his eyebrows at Dallon. Again Dallon flipped him off.

"Yeah, that's how it is."

"That's cool. I'm outta here." He winked at Carrie and headed for the door. Vinter left shortly after with a wave to them both, and Dallon followed him, locking the door after both men exited.

"He's a flirt, isn't he? Jaz, I mean." She busied herself with the hem of her t-shirt.

"Yeah, he is. A big one."

"Vinter was kinda quiet."

Dallon nodded. "Vin is the quiet, observant one. He reads people real well but isn't the biggest people person. But then, most people see all the tats and piercings and steer well clear of him."

"Does he want it that way?"

"He finds it rather amusing."

"Yours aren't that plentiful or bright."

"No, but you like them anyway."

She smiled. "Yes, I do."

"Good."

"What do they mean?" She started tracing the one on his arm, the barbed wire that wrapped around his upper arm and down to the middle of his forearm.

"That one was done as a symbol or reminder that I don't want to be fenced in again. I don't want to be caged and powerless over my own life."

"I know that feeling."

"Yes, you do. You were brave today. It takes a lot of courage to do what you did, to stand up and say no."

She placed her hands on his shoulders and pressed on him to turn around. He did and she pushed his shirt up his back with one hand, and with the soft fingers of the other, she traced the edges of the guitar between his shoulder blades. "What about this one? Why does one side of it have a halo and an angel's wing and the other side have a devil horn and spiked tail?"

He loved her fingers on his skin. They were so gentle, like feathers. His dick hardened even more at her tender investigation. He'd never admit to the goose bumps covering his body having anything to do with what she was doing to him. "Jaz

designed it for me when we formed the band. He thought the irony of heavenly and hellacious would be fun."

"It's beautiful. The detail of the wings, each individual feather..."

"Yeah. He said it was my price of freedom from the tyranny of the church."

"I can see that. Your thirty pieces of silver, so to speak."

"Yep. The devil horn and tail were my descent or assent into being a sinner, into raising hell, into being something different than what had been planned for me."

"You really did go through it too, didn't you? Like me?"

Dallon turned around and took her face between his palms. "Yes. I did."

"Thank you for staying with me this afternoon."

"I wouldn't have wanted to be anywhere else. I'm glad I could be there for you." He kissed her, full and languid on the lips, his tongue seeking entrance to her mouth. She let him in and the kiss turned hard, possessive, dark and hungry. Her tongue curled around his and she sucked on it, bit down on it, and if she could have crawled into his body, he had no doubt she would have. He'd have welcomed it.

She tugged on his t-shirt and he pulled away from her mouth just long enough to get it over his head and on the floor. Nail scratches followed as she dug in and held on. He didn't mind the bite of pain, welcomed it actually. It was kind of like the tattoo needle, it reminded him of life.

"I need this, you," she breathed against his mouth. "Is that okay to say?"

"Yes, kitten, it's more than okay. I need it too." And he really wasn't sure need covered it. There was something more than need at play here, something more than simple want and desire.

"Good. I'm still not sure what is and isn't okay."

"Anything goes, Carrie. Except..." He stepped back from her and let his gaze rake lazily up and down her body.

"Except what?"



The worried tone of her voice made him smile when she should know she had nothing at all to be worried about. "Except you have way too many clothes on."

She grinned, relief flooding her eyes, and before he could blink, she had the modified and ripped t-shirt over her head. He decided to just watch. Some men might prefer a sexy dance routine, a slow, seductive striptease, but not him. He wanted the clothes off in the quickest way possible. If he wanted the other, he could go to a club. He wanted someone eager, someone who didn't keep him waiting, who couldn't be bothered to keep herself waiting either.

She toed off her sneakers and worked the jeans down her hips and legs. She wasn't shy about undressing in front of him. He liked that. She hadn't even been shy about it last night, she wasn't bothered about being naked, in fact, he would bet the bar she loved it. She had the womanly curves he craved to have in his hands and under his body.

The bra was unclasped and dropped to the floor, and she stood there in nothing but a pair of socks. When they'd come back from her apartment, they'd brought an overnight bag with a few days' worth of clothes and toiletries. He wasn't sure that was going to be enough.

"We need to shave you tomorrow. You'll be so sensitive to every touch, to every breeze. I think you'll love it."

"Okay."

"You're so willing, so open, kitten." He backed her toward the pool table with his hands on her waist, with his lips at the hollow of her throat, with his cock straining in his jeans, begging to be let out.

"Should I not be?"

"Oh no, I like it. You should always be genuine, and if being open is being genuine..." He left the words hanging in the air, knowing she understood his meaning.

"I want to experience everything, Dallan."

"I know you do and I want to give you everything, to show you what it's like to be so steeped in pleasure, so lost to the ecstasy of sex that you wonder how you ever lived without it."

When they reached the smooth wooden edge of the table, she lifted herself up, shifting back until her ass rested against the green felt. She was a sight. Her fair skin against the green, the myriad colors shining down on her from the lantern above the table—purples, greens, reds.

He walked around the table, felt her eyes on him. He turned to see them widen when he pulled a pool cue from the rack on the wall. "Are you gonna...?"

"Maybe. Lie back, knees bent, legs spread." From where he stood, he could straighten his arm with the cue in it and touch her. That's just what he did too when she was in the right position.

She offered herself up to him, willingly submissive to anything he wanted and he couldn't get over how incredibly sexy it was. He touched the end of the stick to one of her nipples, teasing the end until it pebbled. A light dusting of blue chalk was left on her skin as he trailed the cue down her side and leg.

"Like it?" Her eyes never left him, never left the movement of his arm. She watched everything he did to her. She licked her lips and fisted her hands.

"Yes."

He walked around her body, treating the opposite side with the same light teasing strokes. The small cube of chalk sat on the side of the table and he rubbed it against the end of the cue. The blue marks were pretty and something about it said "mine" that he hadn't expected but welcomed just the same.

When he stood between her legs, the wetness glistened on her inner lips, on the little tufts of hair he would be shaving off in the morning. He drew chalk swirls on her inner thighs then flipped the cue around in his hand. He pressed the wider end against her clit and she bucked up.

"Something wrong, kitten?"

"Nothing. Do it again. Please."

He did, sliding the smooth wood through her soaking-wet sex, wedging it against her clit and circling it. She met him with a lift of her hips until she was riding the edge of it. "That's it, Carrie. You can let go."

"Yes. God, Dallan..."

"You wanted to be naughty, kitten." He put more pressure on the stick and her lower body was lifting and lowering in a constant up and down thrust, her ass squeezing, her breath hitching the closer she got to the orgasm she was reaching for.

"Please..."

"Take it, Carrie. It's right there for you. It's all yours, baby."

And the second she touched her nipples, her fingers pinching the hard tips, a cry tore from her throat. The muscles in her legs trembled and he lowered the end of the cue from her clit to the entrance of her cunt, sliding it inside, fucking her while she rode the waves.

She was gasping for breath by the time she was flat on the table. Her eyes were closed by the time his jeans were undone and on the floor. Her come was seeping from her by the time he pulled the cue from her pussy and crawled on top of her. Her lips were open to his kiss by the time he slid his cock inside her.

She was the hottest fuck he'd ever had. And it was so true what they said about the girls who grew up good. They were the baddest and best in bed. Her legs lifted around his hips, her arms around his shoulders. His body held her down against the surface of the table and she clung to him during the plundering.

He couldn't slow down, couldn't take it easy. Seeing her open and flowering for him drove him, pushed him to claim her in every way he could. He was her first true lover and if he had anything to say about it he'd be the only one for a long-ass time.

He plunged deep, withdrew then bottomed out again balls-deep. She was the tightest damn thing. Driving hard, his balls slapped against her ass until they drew up

tight against his body. One final thrust pressed the head of his cock against her womb and he emptied inside her, his body jerking within her hold.

Every inch of her surrounded every inch of him and he couldn't think of any other place he would rather be. Ever.

Her face was buried in the crook between his neck and shoulder. She was alternately nipping at his skin and licking the small bite marks.

"I'm crushing you, kitten."

"No," she murmured. She shook her head too as a punctuation to her word.

"The bed would be more comfortable."

She nodded this time and he smiled against her hair. He lifted his head and met her lips for a soft but lingering kiss, eyes open, staring into hers. Something passed between them in that moment. He'd fucked her with an object that was never intended for that purpose, and then he'd climbed on her and rutted, plundered and pillaged. But something special and tender passed between them in that kiss and he felt his entire world fall over on its ass.

He untangled himself from her arms and legs and climbed from the table. "Let's go."

Holding out a hand to her, he helped her down then held her for a moment until she was no longer wobbly on her feet. There was a small wet spot on the green felt and when he pointed it out to her, she blushed and buried her face against his chest. He laughed at her false modesty. He left the cue on the table and took her hand, leading her around the bar while he turned out all the lights.

He was tired, sleepy, and for the second night in a row was looking forward to having a woman sleep next to him.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Did I do okay tonight?"

She was sitting cross-legged in the center of his bed, still naked, this time with her socks off. She looked for all the world like a girl just discovering everything around her, for the first time seeing life, color, daylight. She was touching texture and dipping below the surface of her existence. She was more beautiful than any other woman had ever been.

And she was asking him if she'd done okay. "Work or after?"

"Work. I've never had a real job before."

"You worked in the bridal shop. That was real work, wasn't it?"

"Well, yes, but this was different. It was physical work. It just..."

"How do you feel about it?"

She drew her bottom lip between her teeth and thought for a moment then raised her eyes to him again. "Tired. I liked it though. I liked the work. I mean, people can be really messy, but I've cleaned up after worse when I did mission work and summer camp. No one knows work until they've cleaned up after hundreds of preteens. I'll take cleaning tables and doing dishes in a bar any day."

Dallon laughed and joined her on the bed. His life was taking a fucking spinout in the short time span of twenty-four hours and he didn't know how to stop it. He'd never felt so out of control, but so in control all at the same time. Maybe it was because they grew up in very similar situations and he'd never met another woman he could connect with in that way. It could be the fact she didn't shy away from exploring her sexuality. Whatever he threw at her, she spread her legs and arms for and was right there to take him on. Could be nothing more than all of it combined. Whatever the hell, he wanted to keep exploring it, keep showing her new experiences.

He laid down on his side, propped himself on his elbow and stroked the inside of her thigh closest to him. "You did a wonderful job. You did more than I expected of you. Busing tables and taking drinks to tables..."

"Did I do it wrong?"

"Not at all. You looked happy, talking to people, laughing and smiling. I liked seeing that." Hell, he liked more than that. He liked her being there, within reach, close enough he could touch, kiss, spank.

"I was happy. I really enjoyed myself and it didn't seem like work at all. It's just so different than what I'm used to, and I can't believe how much has changed in just a day. I turned my life completely upside down, didn't I?"

"Yes, I would say you did." He knew what it was like though. He'd dived in head first as well. "When I told my father that I wasn't going to follow in his footsteps and go to seminary, the first stop I made afterward was the tattoo shop. That's how I met Jaz. Over the course it took to do that barbed wire design, we became friends and little by little I let it out what was going on with me. He introduced me to Vinter and together the three of us decided to buy the bar, partner in the tattoo parlor and start a band."

"Wow. All I did was come to you for sex."

Dallon laughed and reached up to kiss her nose. "And damn good sex it's been too."

"Has it?"

"Has it? Are you kidding me? Kitten, really... A beer bottle, a pool cue, a barstool and you're asking me if it's been damn good sex?"

She blushed that bright pink and hid behind her hands. He tugged her arm until he'd pulled her across his body. She made him happy, made him feel as if there was some other purpose beyond fucking as many women as he could. "Look at me." Slowly, she lowered her hands and opened her eyes. They held uncertainty in their depths, but there was also the hunger he was growing used to seeing. "The beer bottle was a test. I thought you'd scramble off the table and run. You didn't. You stayed, took it inside your pretty pussy and gave back to me everything I asked. You wanted me to teach you how to be naughty and I've done my best. Are you disappointed?"

She shook her head vehemently and he brushed the hair from her face. "No. A little sore, but not disappointed. I just... You have so much more experience than I do and I..."

"It's the passion between two people, the lust, the desire, and believe me, kitten, we have that in spades."

Dallon kissed her on the forehead, drew his lips down the bridge of her nose and kissed the tip then took her lips. She gave as good as she got in this too. Her kisses were the sexiest he'd ever had with her little mewling sounds and how she clung to him when she thought he was going to pull away.

"I don't want it to end just yet."

He barely heard the words she whispered into his mouth before she snuggled into his chest, but... "Carrie?" She shook her head against him and refused to look up.

He waited for, expected the panic to set in. She was clinging. She was asking for more. This was the moment he was afraid would happen but hoped was still a ways off. He waited...and didn't feel it. All he felt was her warm against his body, her breath teasing the hairs on his chest, her heart beating against his ribs, her nipple pressing into his abs.

All he felt was need for her to be close, to be near. She might have come to him looking to explore and learn, but it was she who was teaching him.

He pulled her fully atop him and forced her to look him in the face as he took her thighs in his hands and spread them over his hips. The second he felt her still-soaked cunt, he thrust up, filling her. She gasped, her mouth formed a little "O", and her eyes began to glaze over in heat and desire.

"Carrie?" She focused on him. "We're not done."

"No?"

"Not by a long shot." She smiled the most beautiful fallen angel smile down at him and he knew he'd just lost his soul. He urged her to sit up, her ass resting on his thighs,

his arms folded under his head, for all the world looking as casual as could be. “Now fuck me.”



## About the Author

Lissa is a full-time and multi-published author living in North Carolina. For more information and news, visit her website or email her. She loves to hear from fans.

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