

ELLORA'S CAVE *Moderne*

Marilyn
Campbell

*Start
Your
Engines*

Merry Kinkmas

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Marilyn Campbell

Apple McGee has impatiently waited all year for the December auto show. She isn't just an admirer. Jungle-cat-sleek sports cars are her fetish.

Erik Santana has been waiting as well. His wife finally divorced him over his "unnatural obsession" with cars, allowing him the freedom to pursue the woman he'd fantasized about for years.

Apple remembers noticing Erik and his powerful muscle car before but this year, instead of showing off his prized possession, his attention is focused on seducing her. When he introduces her to his private collection of vehicles, her arousal is uncontrollable. What they do in, on and around those super-hot rides fulfills every sexual fantasy Erik *and* Apple ever had.

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Start Your Engines

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START YOUR ENGINES

Marilyn Campbell

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Gran Torino: Ford Motor Company

Indianapolis 500: Indianapolis Motor Speedway Corporation

Jaguar XKE: Jaguar Cars Limited Corporation

Lamborghini: Same Deutz Fahr

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Plymouth Barracuda: Chrysler Corporation

Pontiac GTO: General Motors Corporation

Porsche: Dr. Ing. h. c. f. Porsche Aktiengesellschaft Corporation

Trans Am: Sports Car Club of America

Toyota Celica: Toyota Jidosha Kabushiki Kaisha TA Motor Corporation

Chapter One

December 20th had finally arrived. There were times in the last few months when Appolonia McGee had wondered if time had slowed down just to frustrate her. Or was it a scheme to build the climactic anticipation? That was certainly a possibility considering how wet her pussy got the instant her eyes had opened that morning and she realized what day it was.

In less than a minute the doors to the South Florida Exhibition Center would open and she would be granted access to the ultimate display of man's sexual power. From factory new Ferraris, Porsches and Corvettes to privately owned vintage muscle cars, they would all be there for her visual, and sometimes tactile, pleasure.

Part of her private game each year was to see how many of those exotic lovelies she could experience from the driver's seat. Most of the exhibits were owned or managed by men who tended to be vulnerable to coercion by a sweet smile and sexy body. Those men also knew that such a young woman usually attracted potential buyers. From prior experience, she knew the image that best served her goals—her long, honey-colored hair styled in a high ponytail with a fringe of youthful bangs, her petite figure shown off in a classic “Daisy Duke” outfit of low-riding, denim short-shorts and a sleeveless shirt with its front ends tied just high enough to reveal a few inches of bare tummy and all finished off with high-heeled sandals that accentuated her tanned legs.

The doors opened precisely as scheduled and she heard the rock music even before she was fully inside the convention center. In an instant the smells of new leather and carnauba wax teased her nose and amped up her excitement a bit more. Despite her lack of interest in the background décor, she couldn't help but notice the oversized ornaments of every shape and color hanging from the rafters. Miles of red and green

carpet marked the aisles and white, silver and gold garland roped off each exhibit. After all, even in steamy South Florida, it was the holiday season.

Normally she would simply start at the entrance, turn right and methodically work her way from one section to another. But not this year. From studying the trade show program online, she knew her first objective was in the hub of the expansive arena. Rather than the traditional, giant Christmas tree slash Hanukkah bush on the raised center stage, there was a huge, elegantly wrapped present. Door prizes and raffles were common at the auto trade show but this time a Secret Santa had donated a car to be raffled off for charity purposes. So far, the trade show organizers had managed to keep the identity of the donor company, as well as the type of car, hidden from the public. The only clue was the one hundred dollar price per raffle ticket. The winner would be announced at the end of the four-day event.

As she headed for the mysterious prize, she forced herself to keep her gaze on the floor, knowing that once she caught sight of one of the sleek sports cars her body's reaction might cause her to stop. She had taken several vacation days just so she didn't have to rush through the show in a day. She even had a packed bag in her trunk in case she decided to stay at a nearby hotel rather than drive back and forth to Fort Lauderdale every day.

Her effort to ignore the displays proved futile, however, when a brand new, burgundy Lamborghini Murcielago appeared in her peripheral vision.

Almost involuntarily her steps slowed, her head turned toward the Italian marvel and her breath caught in her throat. It was magnificent. A true work of seductive art. And incredibly, the real thing was even more sensual than the photo she had masturbated to last night. It was the definitive phallic symbol. Long, hard, low to the ground, the epitome of raw, barely controlled sexual power. It was like a slinky jungle cat purring for her attention.

Heat rushed to the base of her body and her pussy trembled with need. Her mind flashed on a vision of her straddling the projectile hood of that magnificent beast. She

could practically hear the purr evolve into a growl as the powerful engine revved against her cunt and a bit of moisture dampened the crotch of her tiny thong.

Pretending to study the program, her veiled gaze skimmed over the exquisite vehicle as she imagined riding it toward the finish line. Rhythmically tightening and relaxing her vaginal muscles tickled her pleasure center and quickly brought her to the final stretch.

Erik Santana willed his cock not to respond to the sight before him. He then had to order the rest of his body not to approach the source of his lust until she was finished enjoying whatever fantasy had just overtaken her. Between the hungry expression on her face, her held breath, the way her nipples visibly hardened beneath her thin shirt and how her fingers tightened on the program to keep them from roaming elsewhere, he recognized the euphoric state and had total respect for it. It was all he could do to restrain himself from joining her.

After all the stress he'd endured over the last year, he had hoped she would be here. Seeing her walk in the door had immediately buoyed his spirits but being able to witness her blatant sexual response to the Lamborghini felt like a reward for his patience.

He had seen her at last year's show and the one before that but he didn't allow himself to make contact then. There was no way he would have been able to settle for a casual conversation and his marital vows had prohibited him from doing more, so he had done nothing.

It would help his cause considerably if she also remembered seeing him before. However, he was certain she would not. In fact, he doubted she ever noticed any of the men who openly gaped as she passed or got sweaty when she actually spoke to them. She wasn't here to pick up a date. For her, it was all about the machines and that was something they had in common...the most important something as far as he was concerned.

The restriction of being married was no longer an obstacle to his introducing himself to the adorable little car-nut. After four years his wife had finally given up trying to change him into the husband she needed and filed for divorce. She had wanted him to be more focused on gathering money and prestige and to give up what she called his “unnatural obsession” with cars. Fortunately she had found a man more to her liking and was anxious to come to a settlement that Erik wouldn’t fight over.

Now he was free. Free to spend his time however he wanted. Free to obsess over cars as much as he pleased. Free to approach the woman he had fantasized about for the last two years.

Appolonia tightened her core muscles one more time and held them taut as she gave in to a tiny shiver of mini-orgasm. The effect such a car had on her was impossible to ignore or even prolong until she could retreat to a private place, thus her imagination and vaginal muscles had strengthened sufficiently for her to swiftly achieve some relief without having to commit a lewd act in public. She was able to take a calming breath a moment before a salesman stepped up to the garland barrier.

She gave him an innocent smile and said simply, “Nice ride.”

His return smile wasn’t quite so innocent. “I can’t offer a test drive but I could let you sit in it for a moment if you’d like.”

Her eyes widened with surprise. It usually took some serious flirtation to get that offer for a car of this caliber. “That really would be awesome but I need to be somewhere else right now. Maybe later?”

His unabashed leer ran down her body and he gave her a wink. “I’ll be here whenever you’re ready.”

Now that she had burned off some of her built-up need, she had no trouble making it all the way to the center stage without stopping again. One very pretty young woman handed her a flyer announcing the rules of the Secret Santa drawing. Another was seated at a table ready to sell her as many tickets as she could afford.

Appolonia pulled her debit card out of her purse. "One, please." As she filled out her personal information on the raffle ticket stub, she asked, "Have you heard any rumors about what kind of car it is?"

The girl didn't respond. Her attention was entirely distracted by someone standing behind Appolonia. She pushed her stub through the slit in the small safe provided for that purpose and moved out of the way. For several seconds she visually examined the largest Christmas gift she'd ever seen, trying to glean some detail from its size and shape. The only thing she concluded was that it wasn't high enough to be a van or truck.

"A raffle ticket for your thoughts."

The man's voice was a low rumble, close enough to her ear to feel his breath, which was too close for her comfort, but his tone seemed more playful than scary. A raffle ticket with a blank stub flashed in front of her eyes and she was momentarily captivated. She turned to see who dared make such an outlandish offer and forgot what she was going to say.

It was *him*. The one and only man she had seen last year who was attractive enough to pull her attention away from his car. Ironically, he was also the one and only man who had not succumbed to her sweet smile and sexy body routine. None of her usual ploys had worked on him. He hadn't let anyone but a serious buyer get close to his baby. *What had it been?* She flashed on a vintage muscle car and how sexy he had looked leaning against the front fender... "1964 Pontiac GTO."

"That's right!" His surprise was evident. "I can't believe you remembered."

"It was a very hot car," she answered with partial honesty, though she sensed she'd made a tactical error in admitting that she recalled anything about him.

"Still is," he assured her with a grin. "I didn't get the offer I wanted so I didn't sell her. In fact, I drove her here today."

She scanned the area as though she might catch sight of it despite the sea of vehicles. "Hoping for a more generous buyer this year?"

“Naw. She’s parked in the garage next door. I don’t have anything on exhibit this time. Thought I’d see what it’s like to be just a spectator for a change. And, of course, I couldn’t resist the Secret Santa raffle. Which brings us back to my offer.” He held the ticket up between two fingers.

As much as she was tempted to snatch the extra chance, she reminded herself that he was probably a wheeler-dealer salesman who hadn’t been willing to give her a minute of his time last year. She smirked at him. “My thoughts aren’t worth a hundred dollars. Why don’t you tell me what you really want from me in exchange for that ticket?”

He laughed. “Fair enough.”

As he tucked the ticket into his jeans pocket, she felt a trickle of pleasure at the thought of slipping her own fingers into that pocket and retrieving the ticket herself. Her eyes lingered on the bulge in his jeans and she wondered if she was the trigger for that response or if he was like her, aroused by the horsepower around them. When she dragged her gaze back up to his, she knew he had noticed her interest in his anatomy.

His brow arched and he dipped his head close to her ear again. “I’m betting the thoughts I want to hear from you are worth far more than this ticket.” He paused to let that sink in then backed away a step. His expression was playful again. “But I don’t mind elaborating on what I really want from you. First, tell me what kind of car you’d like to see in that box? What’s your dream car?”

“That’s easy,” she answered with a smile. “A 1958 white Corvette convertible. With red seats.”

He gave her a nod of approval. “Good choice. Okay, second requirement. Come have coffee with me.”

He lightly touched her elbow to move her along but she held her ground. “I’d really rather —”

"Fifteen minutes. If you stay true to form, you plan to spend the whole day here and probably more than today, so a coffee break will hardly put a dent in your sightseeing time."

She sighed and took a few steps with him before balking again. "Wait. Is that it? We have coffee and I get the ticket?"

His grin turned devilish. "Not quite. After coffee time is when you'll tell me your thoughts. Then you can have the ticket, no more strings attached."

She still thought it sounded too good to be true but he had piqued her interest enough to take the chance. On the trek to the food court she found herself checking him out instead of the vehicles they were passing. That wasn't a total shock since his physical appearance was what had first caught her attention last year. The second thing was his obvious connection to the GTO.

From several exhibits away she had seen him stroke the glistening black body and reflective slices of chrome. He had looked like a man in love...or at least lust. She had been ready to break her personal rule against one-night stands but his aloofness had kept her at a distance. Today, there seemed to be a completely different man inside that car-loving body.

A few inches taller than she was in heels, he was the perfect height for her taste and the firmness of his lean body was apparent in worn blue jeans and a fitted white t-shirt that also enhanced his olive-toned skin. His nearly jet black hair was wavy and long enough to give a woman something to run her fingers through, while his eyes were a dark shade of chocolate that made her think of melting into him.

As she took it all in, she realized he could have been molded by an Italian car designer just to satisfy her secret desires. Perhaps he was a very special Christmas present from St. Nick! That thought made her chuckle out loud and he noticed.

"Sounds like you just had another thought I might want to make a deal for," he said with a wink.

They reached the food court in time for her to avoid a response. The next few minutes passed ordering coffee and selecting a somewhat isolated table.

As soon as they were situated, he held out his hand. "Erik Santana."

She shook his hand and smiled. "Appolonia McGee."

His brow arched. "That's a bit of a mouthful. Please tell me you have a nickname."

"My *close* friends call me Apple."

He leaned forward and used his rumbly voice. "As in red delicious or Granny Smith?"

The teasing tone in his voice gave her the courage to flirt back. She leaned in and licked her lips. "As in Adam's temptation."

That made him laugh out loud. He picked up his coffee cup and toasted her. "Then here's to my being one of your *close* friends right away, just so I can call you Apple and you can get started on the temptation."

She clucked her tongue at him but the truth was, she was well on her way to being tempted. "I believe you're the one who called this meeting..."

"You're absolutely right." Glancing at his watch, he added, "And there's not a minute to spare." He cleared his throat and pretended to get serious. "Let's see, I told you my name. I'm a financial advisor by trade but my passion is restoring old cars. I have a home in Coconut Grove, no children, married once, divorced once. I first saw you right here, two years ago and, if I hadn't been married, I would have never let you walk away without at least getting your phone number. When my wife asked for a divorce, one of my first thoughts was the hope that I'd get another chance to ask you for that number. Okay, your turn."

Despite the lightness of his tone, she saw the honesty in his eyes and was thrown completely off balance by it. "I, uh, I'm...flattered. I think. I'm not sure how I want to respond to that."

"I'm not asking you to. I just thought you'd appreciate a straightforward approach more than the usual skirting around. Some of your basic statistics are enough for this round."

"Okay. I'm a graphic designer, self-employed, rent an apartment in Fort Lauderdale near the water. Never married. Not sure I ever want to be. No children. I drive a ten-year-old Trans Am because I love it and can't afford anything else I would rather own."

"And your passion?"

She met his gaze and had the distinct feeling he already knew her secret. A quiver shot straight from her mind to her clitoris and gave it a flick. Her voice was husky when she finally gave him his answer. "Sports cars. And some muscle cars."

"Like my GTO?"

She gave him a shrug of admission but in her mind she was suddenly naked, sprawled on the hood of his black beauty and he was unzipping his jeans...

"When did it start for you?"

His question yanked her back to reality. "My love of hot cars? Hard to say. I remember noticing them when I was too young to drive, then all my early, uh, *dating*, took place in cars. Hard to separate the two things for me. You?"

"Same. Except maybe I was even younger. While my brothers wanted toy trucks and police cars, I only wanted the 'cool' models. And if it made engine revving sounds, so much the better." He paused as though to give her a chance to ask another question and, when she didn't he said, "Okay, Apple, time to prove how much you'd like that raffle ticket."

"I'm guessing you're not wanting to know my thoughts about America's immigration policy." That earned her another one of his devilish grins.

"Not quite." He pulled the ticket out of his pocket and set it on the table between them. "I admitted that I was hoping to see you here. I was actually keeping an eye on the entry doors so I might see you when you first came in. When you did, I nearly

knocked someone over in my rush to say hello to you. I was a few feet away when you stopped at the Lamborghini. What I think I saw after that...well, let's just say, I reacted to your reaction and it would mean a lot to me to find out that I'm not as *unnatural* as my ex-wife thought I was."

Apple could certainly empathize with that. She didn't know anyone who would consider her sexual response to sports cars *normal*. It was one of the reasons she figured she would never get married. What she was having trouble wrapping her mind around was the fact that this gorgeous man, who apparently shared her intense passion for automobiles, had been thinking about her for two years. Since he had kept his distance while he was married said a lot for his morals.

She glanced at the ticket then studied his face. If she told him the truth and he laughed or was disgusted, she might be embarrassed but really wouldn't lose anything. If he accepted her confession without shock, she just may have met a man worth getting to know. She crooked her index finger to bring him close enough for her to whisper in his ear. "I was imagining that I was humping my brains out on that baby's front end."

Chapter Two

Erik burst out laughing.

She had her answer. Bolting up from her seat, she grabbed the raffle ticket and took a step to leave. Instantly his fingers clamped around her wrist to stop her.

"Wait, please. I wasn't laughing at you. That was my *ohmigod that is so fantastic* laugh. Seriously." He tried to force a serious expression to prove his point but didn't quite make it work.

It was her turn to chuckle at him and she sat down again. "Guess I'm a little touchy on the subject." She set the ticket down on the table but he put it back in her hand.

"No. You paid the price. It's yours. What do you say we go deposit it and do what we came here for?"

This morning Apple had known exactly what she was coming here for. Now she wasn't so sure. Drooling over the objects of her passion was usually a solitary activity. Did she really want this man in her personal space, knowing what was going on in her mind, sharing her fantasies? She looked into his dark chocolate eyes and stopped questioning herself and his true intentions. "Sounds like a plan."

Minutes later her completed ticket stub was in the raffle safe. "Do you care where we start?"

There was that devilish grin again. "I thought we already had. As I said before, since I know where all the roads lead, I'm happy to let you pick the route."

She was pretty sure he wasn't talking about the trade show's layout. Instead of being put off by his assumption of where the two of them would wind up, she felt the nerves in her clit twitch and, somewhere in her mind, an announcer's voice called out, *Ladies and gentlemen, start your engines!*

To Apple's delight, Erik wanted to spend at least as much time at each exhibit as she did. The main difference was that while she was enthralled by the design of the body, he was all about what was under the hood. She had observed plenty of men who liked cars but Erik's interest clearly went beyond the mental to emotional and physical levels. Being in the midst of all the super-sexy cars naturally aroused her but this man was adding fuel to the simmering fire within her.

The sleek foreign sports cars like the Lamborghini, the whole Ferrari family and their American counterparts like the Corvette and Dodge Viper had the strongest effect on Apple. Erik admired those with his eyes but his lower parts responded to the refurbished older American models with horsepower to spare, like the Gran Torino, Dodge Charger and Plymouth Barracuda.

The first time he bent over to get a closer look at an engine, she had to drag her gaze away from his taut, nicely developed butt. His worn jeans gave her a fair idea of what she might behold once he was stripped down. And the way his biceps flexed when he pushed a stray lock of hair off his forehead raised her body temperature another notch. The thought of his fingers releasing her hair from its ponytail tie sent a frisson of anticipation all the way down to her toes.

All too soon it was impossible to tell what was turning her on more, the machines or the man. This was a totally new experience for her. No one had ever come close to distracting her when even one magnificent sports car was in view, let alone hundreds. All she knew for certain was that she was nearing her boiling point and he was keeping too close an eye on her to discreetly do anything about her discomfort.

It was late afternoon by the time they reached the Corvette section and she felt like a tightly coiled spring that could let go at any second. Her mouth was dry and her breath was coming in short puffs. When Erik placed his hand on the small of her back to urge her out of someone's way, she was unable to stop the shiver of response to his touch on her bare skin. He made it worse by murmuring close to her ear.

"Is that the one?" he asked, keeping his fingers lightly resting on her waist.

She looked where he directed and would have lost her balance if he hadn't immediately offered his body as a support behind her. There it was. A perfectly restored 1958 white Corvette convertible. It even had red seats. She could hardly believe he had to point it out to her.

Her cheeks flushed as ribbons of heat ran through her body. God, what she wouldn't give to be able to climb into that honey and drive right off with it. The thought instantly formed a vision in her head, only Erik was in the passenger seat and as she stepped on the gas, his fingers found their way between her thighs and under her shorts...

"Maybe we should take this somewhere less public." Erik suggested quietly.

That was enough to startle her back to reality. Directly behind her, his hand was firmly gripping her hip as though trying to hold her still. Then she realized why. She had unconsciously pressed her bottom against him as her need rose and his sizable physical reaction suggested he didn't mind all that much.

"I am sooo sorry —"

"Shssh," he whispered, tightening his hold to keep her from turning around or moving away from him. "Just stand still for a second. You might not believe me but I never thought I'd find a woman who would understand how it is for me. You, my delicious little Apple, are a dream come true. If it was up to me, we would jump in that car and drive straight to the nearest hotel. But I'm a patient man. Like I said before, the route is up to you. So is the speed."

She took a deep breath. He was practically reading her mind. "In that case..." She eased away from him just enough to turn to face him. The move made it explicitly clear he was as aroused as she. So breathless with need, her voice was barely above a whisper. "I was thinking I'd like to take another look at your GTO. *Now.*"

Much to her relief, Erik needed no further encouragement. He completely understood her urgent need for speed. As though she had just waved the green flag, the race was definitely on. They exploded off the starting line with engines roaring.

Grasping her hand in his, he led her onto the straightaway toward the exit doors, unconcerned about what anyone thought of their swift departure. She kept up with the pace he set all the way to the elevator of the parking garage.

Even before the doors closed, their bodies collided, pressed together from head to toe, hands clinging and groping. Everywhere they touched a spark ignited. His mouth crashed down over hers. Her tongue invaded his mouth. She was in his arms but he was at her mercy. Their hunger seemed so evenly matched, it was impossible to tell who would take the lead.

When the doors opened on the top level, it took Apple a moment to remember where they were. *Why* they were there was obvious—her cunt was dripping wet, his cock was rock hard and they couldn't wait another minute to do something about it.

Erik had parked his baby at the far end of the nearly vacant floor. Although it was a practical protective strategy, it was turning out to be a fortuitous decision. Seeing the black beauty sitting in isolation helped them put their craving on hold for the minute it took to reach it.

Apple came to an abrupt stop in front of the GTO. The white racing stripe up the center of the hood seemed to be showing her exactly where she should place her body. Her lips parted and her breathing became ragged. Fortunately Erik didn't require a verbal explanation of what she needed.

Smoothly stepping behind her, he pulled her back against his body with his hands on her shoulders and his erection pressing for attention. As his fingers grazed slowly down her arms, he murmured into her ear, "Are you imagining what I am? You, totally naked, bent over the grill..." His hands slid up her abdomen and covered her breasts. "I've come up behind you and I'm very ready to take you right where you stand. All you need to do is open your thighs for me." While his left hand squeezed her nipple, his right moved down to capture her cunt.

Apple's moan of desire let him know how much she liked what he was doing. She could have come easily with nothing more than the dry rub but this man could give her

so much more and she wanted it all. Turning around without parting their bodies, she wrapped her arms around his neck and shifted her hips to tease his swollen cock. "That's not exactly how I was picturing it."

He grinned down at her and eased her back a few inches until she was against the front end of the car. Pushing his lower body against hers, he said, "I can see that too. But it would be a hell of a lot more fun without all these clothes between us." Instantly her fingers slipped between their bodies and unsnapped his jeans but he pulled her hands away. "I meant we should save the good stuff for later, when we can be sure of privacy. For now..." Holding her hand, he guided her to the driver's side, unlocked the door and moved the seat forward. "When's the last time you made out in the back seat of a muscle car?"

She giggled. "It's been a long time. High school. But it was memorable. I also remember it being a pretty good solution to what ailed me." Presenting him with her bottom, she climbed into the back seat and patted the space next to her.

In a heartbeat he was beside her and they were locked behind limo-tinted windows in the belly of the beast. He helped her swivel around on the seat so she was comfortably in his embrace, facing him. Before putting her feet up on the seat, however, she kicked off her shoes and got an appreciative smile for her thoughtfulness.

Rather than getting right back to the race as she expected, he brushed his lips back and forth over hers, placed light pecks on the corners then gave her a leisurely, closed-mouth kiss that was so soft and sexy, she sighed. "Now I'm definitely thinking about my teenage years and long hours of kissing and above the clothes petting..." She gave him a long tender kiss in return then ran her tongue across his lips. "And I remember going home frustrated as hell. I was counting on a different ending here." She sat up so she could get to his zipper but he stopped her again.

"Ladies first. Scoot back."

She inched to the opposite side of the seat from him. As soon as she leaned back, he made quick work of removing her shorts and thong and repositioned her legs so that

her left was bent up against the back of the seat and her right knee was pressed against the rear of the passenger's seat. There was a brief moment when she started to question her sanity then his thumb found her clitoris and logic and modesty were both out the window.

"I see why you weren't interested in the making-out part." His thumb slid down, caught some of her moisture and dragged it back up over her clit. "I bet it wouldn't take much for you to come for me."

His thumb leisurely stroked up and down, once, twice, thrice and on the fourth pass, her back arched and a groan of release escaped her throat. She felt her juices gush as the walls of her vagina quivered. Before the orgasm faded, however, his head lowered between her legs, his mouth covered her pussy and he sucked hard. He nipped her clit with his teeth and laved the lips with his tongue. He devoured her as though she was the sweetest treat he had ever tasted.

And then he started arousing her all over again.

Despite how sated she felt and how good he was, Apple was stunned that he was intent on giving her a second climax. No man had ever thought to do that for her. Part of her mind wanted to consider what that meant but he slipped two fingers inside her and wiggled them, effectively bringing all thoughts back to her pleasure center. Her hands moved to his head to let him know how much she liked that but combing her fingers through his silky black hair added to her own pleasure. Gradually his sucking, nipping and licking took on a rhythm that was complemented by the subtle movements deep within her and she could not help but shift her hips to the beat.

She wanted the erotic symphony to go on forever but his pace quickened and along with it her arousal built to a crescendo. When her muscles began to clench around his fingers, he pushed back and sucked hard on her clit. The climax was so powerful, she cried aloud. To her further surprise, he continued to gently stroke her with his tongue until the last tremor subsided.

She used her grip on his hair to pull his face up to hers. With eyes open, she kissed his lips and slid her tongue along his. She could taste herself in his mouth but she wanted to make sure he knew how much she had enjoyed his gift.

His eyes closed and he deepened the kiss. In the next moment, his mouth hungrily slashed over hers, his tongue stabbed into her mouth and she was suddenly aware of how long he'd waited for his own relief.

With a gentle nudge, she made him sit back and allow her to take charge. Seconds later his jeans and briefs were pushed to his ankles and his fully erect cock gave her a nod. "Well hello there, big guy," she murmured as her fingers curled around the base and she gave it a kiss on the head.

Erik inhaled sharply, closed his eyes and leaned his head back on the seat. He was ready to let her do all the driving on this lap.

It didn't appear that he would need much in the way of foreplay but she made him wait just a moment while she learned the shape of him. Her fingers grazed up and down the length, circled the cap then traveled back down to discover the feel of his balls. Gently kneading them in her right hand, she used her left to hold his penis still as she lowered her head.

She saw a drop of pre-cum surface and dipped her tongue into the tiny hole to capture his nectar. With a swirling motion, her tongue teased the tip then slid down one side of him and back up the other. When she saw his hands ball into fists, Apple knew it was unsportsmanlike to make him wait any longer.

Her lips parted, she wet them with her tongue then eased his erection into the small, firm opening her mouth created. In one slow, slick motion, she took his rigid cock into her mouth until it touched the back of her throat.

The groan he sounded was both grateful and desperate.

As she raised her head, she tightened her fingers around his base and drew them up along with her mouth. At the top, she gave his penis a strong suck, tickled the head with her tongue then down she went again. Like her, he couldn't hold out for more than

a few strokes. She barely picked up the pace when his orgasm began. She felt the first spurt and switched from sliding her hand to gently squeezing his shaft in time with his pulse while her mouth focused on sucking and swallowing every last drop.

When he was finally empty, he tucked a finger under her chin and brought her face up to his. "You didn't have to —"

"But I wanted to," she said simply.

He grinned then pulled her closer for a deep, slow, tongue-mating kiss. When he ended the kiss, he smoothly shifted gears. "I don't know about you but I'm suddenly starving!"

She laughed and moved out of his embrace. "Wow, it's almost like you can read my mind! How about using your psychic powers to tell me where my shorts disappeared to?"

"Check the front seat," he replied with a broad smile as he yanked up his pants. "I was in a bit of a hurry to get rid of them. But as to my reading your mi —" The rest of what he was about to say was left hanging as she leaned over the center console to reach her discarded clothing. His hands ran up the backs of her thighs and squeezed her butt cheeks. "I believe this might be the most perfect ass I have ever seen."

She glanced back over her shoulder and saw the lust in his eyes. "Don't tell me. You're back in the fantasy where I'm bent over the front end." His only response was another squeeze that opened her ass to his view. He kissed and licked each cheek then blew a puff of warm breath over her hole, making her shiver. Even though her fantasy had her positioned differently, she could now see them doing it both ways. But not here. "I thought you were hungry...for *food*."

He blinked and released her with a little shrug. She grabbed her panties and shorts off the floor in front then sat back to put them on. "So, do you want to food court it again?"

"No way. Coffee and lunch were enough for one day. I have a much better idea." He quickly hopped out then went around to the passenger side to help her move from

the back to the front. "And I figured you might like to take a short drive. We can come back for your car later."

Despite a flash of awareness that she was taking another giant step toward trusting a man she barely knew, her instincts screamed at her to go for it. "Sounds good to me." By the time she had her seatbelt fastened, he was behind the wheel.

Vroom. Vroom. Between the roar of the high-powered engine, the barely muffled dual exhausts and the cavernous echo of the parking garage, the noise level reached the danger zone. The mighty beast was suddenly wide awake and anxious to prowl. Apple felt the vibration in every cell of her body but the strongest sensation seemed to be coming straight through the seat cushion. The deep rumble massaged and teased her cunt in a way that she had only previously imagined. She closed her eyes and let the delicious sensation run through her.

Erik stroked her cheek. "You like?"

She opened her eyes and gave him a slow, sexy smile. "Very much."

He shifted the GTO into first gear and rolled out of the parking space. "Maybe later we'll find a place to really open her up for you."

As he maneuvered down the winding ramps of the garage, Apple couldn't help but notice that this was the second time he used the word "later" with regard to their doing something together. Despite his claim that he'd been thinking about her for two years and was finally free to do something about it, she still hadn't completely realized that he was seeing them having a future together. She was definitely attracted to him in a major way. They clearly had the most important thing in common—a lust for hot cars—and great sex was a given.

But was this a wild fling that would ignite, burst into flame and quickly burn out, leaving only a very sensual memory? Or was it the beginning of something greater, maybe even a long-term relationship? Her girly side wanted to know what he was hoping for up front but the dominant part of her personality wanted it to be a surprise.

Since spontaneity seemed to be the word of the day, she figured she'd just enjoy the ride for as long as it lasted.

Chapter Three

"Do I need to buy another thought here?" he asked, glancing over at her with a quizzical expression.

She gave him a soft smile then ran her fingers through his hair. "Since I'm sure you know exactly what I'm thinking, does that mean you just want to hear me say the words?"

He chuckled without taking his eyes off the road ahead. "I will admit to enjoying a little *talk* with my action. But not so much while I'm driving in traffic. I just wanted to make sure you were...comfortable."

She brushed the back of her fingers along his cheek. "Comfortable doesn't even come close to how good I'm feeling." She withdrew her hand so as not to distract him further. "So, where are we going?"

"It's a surprise. Something I think you'll enjoy seeing."

Again she wondered if he was a mind reader. "Oh, I do like surprises." Someone gave a toot on their horn as they drove past and Erik gave them a little wave. "Friend?" she asked.

"Probably just a fan of the car," he said returning another person's wave. When they stopped at a red light she understood what he meant. Everyone noticed his car, some openly admired and gave him a thumbs-up, while others just glanced. She had always been one of the gawkers. It was definitely more fun to be on the receiving end.

A little boy was staring open-mouthed in the car next to them and Erik revved the engine for him. It was cute but the *vroom* shot an extra vibrational surge into her core and she crossed her legs to capture it. As they pulled forward again, she asked, "How long have you had her?"

"Almost twenty years. She was my first."

She chuckled. "I hope you mean she was your first *car*."

He wiggled his brows at her. "Actually she was the first *wreck* of a car that I bought and rebuilt. My dad was a mechanic and taught me everything he knew. My mom used to say we were both born with motor oil in our veins."

"Wow – to both you building this car and having parents who understood."

"Meaning that you didn't?"

"Hmmp. Let's just say I didn't tell them I took this week off work to ogle cars."

He nodded his comprehension then asked, "Did you just say you have a whole week off?"

"To ogle cars. Yes."

The mischievous grin took over his expression. "Excellent."

"Why do I get the feeling I need to barter for your thoughts now?"

"You'll see soon enough."

She noticed a directional sign bearing the words "Coconut Grove" and recalled his saying he lived there. Since she had already decided to trust him, she could look forward to seeing how he lived. And why he was still smiling about her plan for the week.

Not long afterward they were in a lovely old neighborhood with narrow streets shaded by giant coconut palm trees. Each tree had lights circling its trunk and sported a large candy cane or stocking to commemorate the season. Although many of the homes looked quite modest, Apple knew this was expensive real estate even by South Florida standards.

He pulled into the driveway of a typical fifty-year-old Florida home – single story, somewhat Spanish-styled using concrete block covered with cream-colored stucco and an orange barrel-tiled roof. The front yard was neat but announced that the owner was not as interested in landscaping as some of his neighbors. Also, unlike his neighbors, his only holiday concession was a wreath on his front door.

Apple watched how quickly Erik got out of the car and came around to open her door. It was more than gentlemanly politeness. He was very excited about something.

"I'll apologize once for the mess," he said as he unlocked his front door. "I could use the excuse that I've been working a lot of long hours but the truth is, I'm not much of a housekeeper."

Since he prepared her for the worst, the reality wasn't so bad. During a very brief tour, she noticed dust on tabletops, clothes on the floor, scattered papers and magazines, most of which were automotive in nature, and some dirty dishes in the sink. Nothing unacceptable. More noticeable to her was that the three-bedroom, two-bath house was very sparsely furnished and lacked any accessories.

Guessing her thoughts, he said, "My ex-wife stripped the place when she moved out and I haven't had the time or motivation to fix it up."

Apple's first thought was that she was glad there was nothing here to remind him of his ex. Her second was that it could be a lot of fun to help him decorate. She didn't say either thought aloud but since he was obviously waiting for her to comment, she said, "It looks fine to me. Like I said, my passion is cars not home décor. The important thing is that it looks like it would stand up to a hurricane."

He drew her into his arms and gave her a soft kiss. "I'm really starting to like you, you know that?"

She tipped her head back and smiled. "Yeah, I'm getting that."

His hands slid down her back and cupped her bottom. "And?"

Wrapping her arms around his neck, she stood on her toes and pressed her lower body against his. "And I guess I'm really starting to like you too." She tilted her head for a kiss and he gladly gave it to her. Instantly she felt his cock move against her tummy and a flush of heat spread from there to her cunt. She sucked his tongue into her mouth as she tried to bring their sexes closer together.

Erik shifted his position just enough to insert his muscled thigh between her legs. "Go ahead, baby. Use me." His hands pulled her hips forward then pushed her back.

"That ride made you horny, didn't it? All that horsepower vibrating right through your seat. I'll bet you're ready for another lap."

Apple's arousal had been maintained by the ride but now she couldn't tell what was turning her on more, his thigh rubbing against her or his words. However, she did know what she wanted and it wasn't another solitary orgasm. She took a step back and reached for his jeans snap.

He caught her hands and pressed them to his chest. "As much as I want to be inside you right now, this is not how, or rather *where*, I want it to happen." His hands moved to the button on her shorts. "But we can take care of—"

"No," she said firmly. "If you have something in mind that you're willing to wait for, then I want to wait for it too."

His expression brightened and he gave her a quick kiss on the mouth. "You just keep getting better." He led her back into the kitchen. "I hope leftover Chinese is okay."

She had completely forgotten about food until he said that. Her stomach growled in anticipation and they both laughed. "Chinese is always great." She glanced around his small kitchen. There was no table, just a single barstool next to a counter. As she took the only seat, she asked, "Do you eat out a lot or are you one of those people who eat all their meals in front of the television?"

It took him a second to follow her train of thought. "Oh. No, well, not exactly. I mostly do take-out and...never mind. I don't want to spoil the surprise."

Since she didn't want it spoiled either, she chose a new topic while he divided the leftovers onto two dinner plates. "How about a few more vital statistics then? Where are you from? Where did you go to school? You mentioned brothers. How many? Sisters?"

As he reheated their dinners in the microwave, he filled in some blanks about his life, without getting into any lengthy anecdotes then insisted she do the same while they ate. By the time they were cleaning up their dishes, they each knew more about the other than they did about some of their neighbors and coworkers.

"Feel better now?" Erik asked.

She patted her stomach. "Nicely filled, thank you."

"I meant about my being a stranger."

"Oh. Was it that obvious?"

He shrugged lightly. "Only when your mind wasn't on cars or sex." He took her hands in his and placed kisses on her knuckles. "I have to keep reminding myself that you haven't been fantasizing about me for two years like I have about you. So if you want to talk some more —"

"Yes, I want to talk some more and get to know more about you. But the truth is I feel like I know everything that matters. Maybe I haven't been *fantasizing* about you for two years but I definitely noticed you before and found you very, *very* attractive...and not just because of your sexy car."

She watched the expression on his face change from concern to relief to being extremely pleased. She knew the instant his thoughts turned lusty and she smiled. He lowered his head as she snaked her arms around his neck. Their lips came together slowly then the kiss deepened as their tongues entered the play.

Apple couldn't remember any kiss being more perfect or any man's body feeling more suited to hers. There wasn't a car in sight and yet she felt her heartbeat quicken. His arms tightened and his hands pressed her closer still. At the same time as the pulse between her thighs strengthened, his cock moved.

"Are you ready?" he whispered against her mouth.

She shifted her hips. "Silly question."

"Good answer. Wait here a second."

To her bewilderment, he abruptly broke the embrace and left the kitchen for a minute. When he returned, he had that mischievous grin on his face. He grasped her hand and led her to the back door. At the last second he grabbed something off the counter that looked like a remote control. Her confusion rose as they stepped out onto

his back patio and she saw nothing but a couple lawn chairs and a minimally landscaped back yard. Then she noticed that, although his front and side yards had high wooden privacy fences covered by overgrown, thorny bougainvillea bushes, there was none separating his lot from the one behind it. Even stranger was that the building on that lot looked like a storage facility with metal security grating across the entire front. As he walked her closer, she realized there were four garage doors behind the criss-crossed grate.

“Time for the surprise.” Erik punched a code into a lockbox on one end and the grating automatically opened in four sections. He then pressed one button on the remote and the garage door on the far left slid up and out of sight.

Shiny, red metal caught her eye just before he made the second door open, then the third. Her breath caught in her throat as she recognized a 1992 candy-apple red Ferrari Testarossa, a 1956 silver gull-wing Mercedes Benz and a canary yellow 1963 Jaguar XKE. She was pretty sure she’d died and gone to heaven.

He released her hand so she could take a closer look but she couldn’t decide which door to go through. She felt flushed from head to toe. Fingers of excitement fluttered down her spine and started a fire that instantly leapt to her clit. Finally she managed to utter, “They’re beautiful.”

“You can touch these all you want,” he assured her.

As she stepped inside the garage she couldn’t help but notice the contradiction between this building and his house. It was neat as a pin, with matching cabinets and utility chests and tools on hooks on pegboards. Erik had turned one corner into a living space, complete with a big-screen TV, recliner and small refrigerator. So this was where he relaxed and ate his take-out food!

She started with the Jag, circling it slowly while trailing her fingers over the body. It was the definitive foreign sports car as far as she was concerned. It was also her second choice for dream car behind the ’58 Corvette. She glanced back at Erik, imagining how hot his dark features would look in the driver’s seat and she suddenly wondered how

long he would make her wait before she could feel him inside her while they were inside this car. He winked at her and she knew it wouldn't be long at all.

The gull-wing Mercedes was one of the first of its kind and, like the XKE, very few were still around. Just touching the fender sent a shimmer of pleasure up her arm and through her body. She was in her own personal paradise.

And yet, as she moved toward the Ferrari, she wanted to share what she was feeling with someone who would understand and want to share it with her. As though her thought was enough, Erik joined her in front of the fiery red phallus. It invited her closer, invited her to touch, to become one with it. Her cunt pulsed in response. Her gaze slid to Erik and back to the car. She wanted them both. Her lips parted to speak but no sound came out.

"It's okay, baby. I've got this." With the press of a few buttons, Erik closed all the doors behind them and turned on the lights.

She stood completely still as he pressed a kiss to her lips then undid her ponytail. The way he tenderly stroked her scalp while threading his fingers through her hair might have been relaxing under different circumstances but at the moment it only enhanced her sensitivity to his touch. Her hands slid beneath his t-shirt and found his nipples. When she scraped a thumb nail across each, he got the message.

The green flag was waving once again.

He yanked his shirt off, giving her full access to his chest and she quickly took advantage of his offering. While her hands explored the firm muscles, she licked one nipple then the other and giggled when they immediately puckered. Then it was his turn to make her squirm.

Her shirt and bra were discarded in a moment. Removing her shorts and thong took even less. Wordlessly he turned her so her back was to the Ferrari then he nudged her down to sit on the hood.

Apple's eyes widened as her bare bottom met the cool metal. She could hardly believe what was happening. Her hands pressed against the hood on each side of her

and she glanced over her shoulder to get another look at the car and confirm that it wasn't just her imagination. As her pussy dampened in readiness, she turned back to Erik.

He had finished undressing and was standing before her, clearly pleased with her reaction. His stiff cock stretched in front of her, impatiently waiting for attention. With one hand she enveloped the length of him while the other gently toyed with the sac below.

He let her play for a while then stepped back and murmured, "Lie back."

She kicked off her shoes and reclined with her hands behind her head and her feet on the front edge of the Ferrari's hood.

His gaze ran from the roof of the Ferrari over her naked body to her feet. He let out a soft whistle. "That has got to be the sexiest picture I've ever seen. I don't suppose you'd –"

"Not a chance, bud. Your eyes only."

Grinning, he took one more long, appreciative look and moved close again. He parted and bent her knees so that her heels were against the backs of her thighs then slowly leaned over her. As he captured her nipple in his mouth, his penis caressed her clit. He took his time suckling at one breast then the other, while his cock rubbed her wet cunt. When she could take no more of his teasing, she moaned in need and he ended her torment.

She held her open position for the seconds it took him to don a condom. When he leaned over her again, his cock was poised at her entryway but he held back until he covered her mouth with his and seduced her back to a point of desperation.

"Please," she murmured and wrapped her legs around his waist.

He slid into her body and held there. She felt him pulsing deep within her and her muscles clenched around him as if they both wanted nothing more than to stay just like that. But their bodies were tuned up and ready for the big race. There was no holding back now.

Being sandwiched between the Ferrari and Erik was the most erotic thing Apple had ever experienced. As soon as he withdrew and plunged again, she felt her body begin to gush her pleasure. But his next stroke took her to a new level of arousal. In and out, he drove her to a precipice she didn't know existed. His body was arousing places within her that had never been touched before. Suddenly he shifted gears, speeding dangerously toward his goal and she could only hang on and trust that he would take her with him.

In a fiery explosion of sensations, the checkered flag waved and they crossed the finish line together.

"*Vroom-vroom*," he said in his rumble voice.

She laughed and felt him twitch inside her. "*Vroom-vroom*, yourself. I just hope we didn't hurt the car."

He kissed her nose. "Not to worry. He was a wreck when I got him so I can assure you there's nothing you can do that I can't fix."

"You consider this one a male?"

He arched an eyebrow. "Don't you?"

She laughed. "If I didn't before, I do now." His cock moved again and she squeezed her vaginal muscles in response. "Are you trying to tell me something?"

That got her one of his special grins. "What can I say? I've been saving up." He brushed his lips back and forth across hers. "I'm sorry I couldn't make it last longer. I'll do better next time."

She giggled. "I don't think *better* is possible. Anyway, in case you missed it, I was in the same drag race you were. I wouldn't count on the two of us having a leisurely Sunday drive anytime soon."

His cock flexed inside her again but instead of proving her wrong, he eased out of her body, removed the condom and started dressing. "I was thinking you might want to go back and get your car."

A cold wave washed over her. What a fool she'd been. His sweet words meant nothing. He was already finished with her. "Of course." Without looking at him, she got off the car and grabbed her panties.

Erik touched her arm. "Hey, what was that?"

She shrugged him off and went for her bra. "It's okay. Really. I get it."

"Well, I don't. I was just thinking that going back for your car would give you an excuse to drive the Ferrari —"

"What?" She spun around with her bra only half on.

"Or we could take the Jag. Or the Benz. Your choice."

Her shoulders slumped with relief. "Sorry. I misunderstood. In my defense, I'm not used to people, men in particular, accepting my, uh..."

"Uniqueness? Spontaneity? Passionate nature?"

She smirked at him. "That's putting a pretty slant on it."

He pulled her into his arms. "You're a very pretty lady." He drew her into a deep, wet kiss. "I think we've both had our share of being with people who don't get us. You and I don't have to pretend with each other. I think that's a good enough reason to give this a chance. But you're going to have to trust me a little."

She tilted her head back and smiled. "Did you say something about my driving the Ferrari?"

Chapter Four

Apple had sat in the driver's seat of an Italian stallion before but she had never actually driven one. For a man whose name she didn't know that morning, Erik had already made several fantasies come true for her. He offered to drive her Trans Am on the way back so she could have some private time with the Ferrari but she was so turned-on by the drive to the parking garage that she didn't trust herself to be alone with it quite yet.

By the time they had both cars back to his house, the sun had set and she knew exactly how she was going to repay him for this very special day.

He offered to let her park her car in the fourth garage space but since the GTO was part of her plan for him, it needed to be out of sight. While he put his cars away, she took her small suitcase out of the trunk and took it into his bedroom. No four-star hotel was going to offer her the services Erik could. There was only one thing she needed for her surprise and she found it in his bathroom.

Erik could not imagine being any happier than he was at that moment. There had been dozens of times in the previous weeks when he wondered if she would even be at the trade show this year. And dozens more when he thought that he would be disappointed if he finally did meet her. He had prepared himself for all the ways she could not live up to his fantasies. But through it all he had hoped that his instincts about her had been right on.

Now he just had to figure out how to make her happy enough to give their fling a chance to turn into a relationship. As he headed to the back door, she came out. She looked exactly as she had the first time he saw her. Even her hair was tied back up in a ponytail that bounced with each step. As she got closer, the glint in her eyes warned

him that she was up to something. And she was also hiding something behind her back. "Whatcha doin'?" he asked in singsong voice.

She turned so that he couldn't see what she was holding. "It's a surprise. First, give me the remote."

That was easy enough. He didn't actually care what she was up to; his penis was already swelling in anticipation.

"Now, stand right here." She pointed to a spot in front of the GTO's parking space. "And don't move until I, um, until I snap my fingers."

He watched her open the garage door he had just closed, go inside and close it again. There was a *clang* sound he associated with the opening of the hood of the GTO but he couldn't guess what it meant. Finally the garage door started to rise again.

The first thing he saw was her high heels, set about a foot apart, then her shapely calves came into view, then her thighs appeared in front of the Pontiac's grill, then her incredible ass...

His jaw dropped as he realized she was naked, bent over the front end of his car as though she was working on the engine. His cock sprang into action despite the constriction of his jeans.

"Hey there," she called out in an exaggerated southern accent. "Do y'all think ya could hand me that li'l ole socket wrench?"

Despite his desire to lunge at her, he waited until she snapped her fingers. Anxious to play whatever game she had in mind, he grabbed the wrench she indicated. When he walked up to the side of her, two thoughts fought for prominence—she was completely naked *and* she had chosen an appropriate tool. He couldn't tell which turned him on more. "Daisy Duke, I presume?"

"Y'all got that right, sweet-cheeks." She fluttered her lashes at him.

"I, uh, can't help but notice that you're taking a big risk there."

"I don't think so," she said, losing a bit of the accent.

He grinned and covered a breast with a hand. "You wouldn't want anything to get caught in a moving part." He massaged the soft flesh hanging over the edge of the radiator and gave the nipple a squeeze. She let out a little gasp and he moved his hand to the other breast.

"Then ah guess it's a good thing you came along. But, y'know, you oughta take those nice duds off too...just to make sure y'all don't get grease on 'em." She fluttered her lashes again and had to stifle a laugh.

He was pretty sure he broke a record for stripping. His cock was ready and rarin' to go but his mind wanted to get one more snapshot of her poised in the way that he had fantasized. The high heels brought her bottom into perfect position for his entry into either one of her secret places. As if she knew his thoughts, she widened her stance and shifted her hips so that he could easily see her dark passages. Then he noticed what she had set on the fender—two unwrapped condoms and a tube of lubricant. She was clearly giving him permission to take her however he wanted.

She pretended to have difficulty loosening a bolt. "Aw shucks. Ah think ah could use a little help here."

That got him moving again. He was behind her in an instant, his erection quickly making itself cozy between the cheeks of her ass. He noted that she had covered the near-immaculate engine with a towel and was using it as a support for her upper body. He reached around her and took the wrench out of her hand. "I can hardly believe this is real," he murmured into her ear. "Are you sure?"

"Mm-hmm. After the day you've given me, I figure nothing short of offering you virgin territory was good enough. Did I guess right?"

"Just let me know if—"

She cut off his concern by clenching her butt cheeks around his cock and a drop of pre-cum came out of his tiny hole. He had never wanted anything as badly as he wanted her right then but he couldn't enjoy himself unless he knew she was feeling good too.

He needn't have worried. He slipped his hand down her stomach and ran two fingers down over her clit to her vagina. She was already dripping wet. He stroked her with her own cream, up and down, round and round, but when he felt she was about to come, he pressed his hand against her. "Hold it in," he ordered.

Stepping back a few inches he hurriedly pulled on the doubled condoms and coated his erection with lubricant. He used just a bit more on his left thumb to smooth the path into her body. As his coated digit entered her hole, he pushed his cock into her vagina.

She wriggled against him, more than ready to take as much as he had to give. Smoothly slipping in and out of both her openings, his right hand snaked back around to her pussy and his fingers took up right where they had left off. As he teased her clit back to the heights of arousal, he withdrew his throbbing penis and penetrated her virgin offering.

The sound she made was pure pleasure as his hand worked her cunt into a frenzy of need while his cock stroked sensitive areas within. He had never been gloved so tightly. He wanted it to last but knew that was impossible. He felt the first tremors of her climax and lost the ability to hold back his own volatile release.

Gradually his body relaxed over hers and their breathing returned to normal. He pulled out of her body and petted her back and bottom as he removed the condoms. Turning her around, he tipped her chin up with his finger and placed the gentlest kiss on her mouth. "*That...was beyond...anything.*" The way she smiled up at him made it impossible not to have to kiss her again, more thoroughly. "Only one problem."

She raised both brows in surprise.

"I'm going to have a hell of a time trying to top it."

She laughed and shook her head. "And yet, somehow I'm betting that if anyone could, it would be you!"

He tapped her nose. "Challenge accepted."

* * * * *

Three days later, Apple's curiosity was at its all-time high. Although Erik wouldn't admit it or give her a single clue no matter how she tried to trick him, she knew he was working on the challenge she had presented. After the first night, there was no question of her getting a hotel room and, by unspoken agreement, the future beyond the close of the trade show was not discussed. Each day began and ended with his making unbelievably hot or incredibly sweet love to her but he had declared car-related sex on hold and the entire garage off-limits.

They had taken the Jaguar to the trade show the second day and the Mercedes on the third. Though they spent most of those two days within inches of each other, scrutinizing exhibits and attending seminars, there were several times when Erik excused himself to have a private conversation on his cell phone. Each time he returned to her with a mischievous grin, effectively cutting off any thought of jealousy.

On the final morning of the show, the sun was just above the horizon when Apple woke up in Erik's arms. They had fallen asleep totally sated, certain it would be a while before either was overcome by desire again. And yet, as she felt his hard body curled around hers, she felt her sex awaken in a most delightful way. Except for their first day together, her passion had been completely stirred by Erik—his smile, his gaze, his touch, his words. His insistence she stay away from the garage and car sex had been for purposes of his surprise but she had gotten a bonus out of it. She had discovered that she didn't need a photo of a Corvette or Lamborghini when Erik was within reach.

"Good morning, baby," he murmured in her ear as his hand grazed her hip. "Big day today."

She moved her bottom against his morning erection. "Are you finally ready with your challenge?"

He chuckled. "Almost. But I was actually thinking about the raffle drawing. Aren't you anxious to find out what kind of car is in that box?"

She rolled over and propped herself up on one elbow. "As anxious as you are to see if we have a winning ticket."

He pulled her head down for a long kiss. "I have a favor to ask and you'll just have to trust that I have the best intentions."

"Okay," she said without hesitation. "Whatever you need."

"I need you to go to the trade show by yourself this morning and I'll meet you there in time for the drawing."

She was disappointed. There was going to be a seminar and film on the history of the Corvette and she had been looking forward to experiencing that with him. But she decided to trust him as he had asked. "Okay. But first..." She trailed her fingers down his chest and found his sex. To her surprise, he captured her hand and brought it to his lips for a kiss.

"No time." He rolled over and got up.

"Wow. This surprise of yours better be pretty damn good!" She was teasing and he knew it.

"You can count on it," he said with a wink then disappeared into the bathroom.

* * * * *

For the zillionth time Apple glanced at her cell phone, both to check the time and make sure she hadn't missed a call. The drawing was less than ten minutes away and there was no sign of Erik. He had given her his two tickets to hold with her two, just in case he was late, but she had really hoped that wouldn't be the case.

The crowd was getting increasingly restless and the more aggressive people were muscling their way to the edges of the center stage. Everyone was hoping they were holding the ticket that would win them the most unforgettable Christmas gift ever. She felt more comfortable staying on the fringes and watching for Erik.

Finally, strong arms wrapped around her waist and a deep voice said, "Hey. Sorry I'm late. I decided to call a cab so we wouldn't have two cars and it took forever."

She tilted her head back and smiled. "Smart thinking. The parking garage is packed. You made it in time. That's all that matters."

A man dressed as Santa Clause walked on stage followed by a model dressed as a sexy elf. The pretty helper was holding a glass fishbowl filled with raffle ticket stubs. "Ho. Ho Ho." His holiday greeting got a roar of applause from the audience.

"Excited?" Erik asked Apple.

"Of course," she answered but the feeling was coming more from his body being pressed against hers than what was going on in front of them.

Five children were chosen to draw stubs and hand them to Santa one at a time. "The first runner-up gets an all-expenses paid trip to next year's Indianapolis 500!"

The name was called and it wasn't Appolonia McGee or Erik Santana but they weren't here for the consolation prizes. They were actually relieved when neither of their names was called before the final grand-prize drawing. A hush fell as Santa was handed the last stub and he announced the winner – someone not named Apple or Erik.

"Ah well," she said. "It was fun while it lasted." They kept their eyes on the stage as the winner tore the wrapping off his prize and the sides of the box dropped to reveal a new silver-blue Toyota Celica.

"Now I don't feel so bad," Erik said. "Nice Christmas present. Just not quite what we would have asked Santa for."

She laughed. "At least the winner looks thrilled. I don't think I could have pulled that off."

"Okay, let's go." He took her hand and practically pulled her to the exit doors.

On the way to his house, she filled him in on what he'd missed but she got the feeling he was barely listening. "So what kept you busy all day?"

"You'll find out yourself in a couple minutes so don't try to wheedle anything out of me."

The first thing she noticed when they arrived was that the GTO was parked in the driveway. She started to ask why but he tapped her lips with his index finger. He walked her to the backyard and made her stand in the same spot in front of the GTO's

garage door where she had put him the first night. He went into the house, grabbed the remote and came out pressing a button.

Slowly the door raised but it took her until it was all the way open to realize what she was looking at. Apple glanced back at him then walked into the garage to inspect the surprise.

It was a large Christmas-wrapped box with a big bow on top, similar to the one at the trade show. "Were you that sure we weren't going to win?"

"No, but I'd heard a rumor about the model and knew it wouldn't work for you."

"Can I open it today or do I have to wait for Christmas morning?"

He chuckled. "It's your present. You decide."

In less than five seconds she had torn all the paper off but he had to help get rid of the makeshift cardboard box. Even then, she still didn't know for sure what she had been given.

It was the bare bones of an automobile, a low, narrow chassis that suggested a sports car but not enough to identify it. He stepped inside, guided her around the rear of the metal structure and pressed the remote to close the garage door.

There, on the inside of the door was a poster of a 1958 white corvette convertible with, of course, red seats.

"I thought it might help if you had an after picture to go with the before."

She squealed and threw herself in his arms. "Oh my god! You are absolutely the most adorable, brilliant man!" She released him, walked around the chassis, touching here and there while glancing at the poster.

"The title will be in your name," he said as she made her second tour around the skeleton. "But I thought we could build this one together. Parts aren't as available as they once were. It might take a while. Maybe even years."

She came back to him and pulled his head down for a deep, tongue-probing kiss. "Years, huh? Sounds like a bribe to keep me hanging around a while."

His grin started slow and broadened. Then he drew her back into a kiss that seduced her whole body.

She eased her hand between them and massaged the hardening flesh beneath his zipper. "You win this challenge, sir. How would you like your prize?"

His cock flexed in her hand. "Stay right here."

"There's more?" she asked with delight.

He quickly went around the Jaguar and came back holding a worn, red leather bucket seat. Her mouth opened as she watched him place it in the chassis where it would eventually be installed.

"This was actually the piece I started searching for," he said taking her hand and directing her to try out her present. "I found the chassis by accident."

As she stepped over the car's frame and lowered herself onto the old red seat, Apple's heart pounded with the thrill of the mind-blowing surprise. Unbelievably, it got even better when he positioned himself on his knees in the space behind her and started massaging her shoulders.

"Pay no attention to the man behind the curtain," he teased and nipped her earlobe. "Just look at the picture and imagine that all the work is done and we're about to take her out for her virgin voyage." His fingers worked their magic on her muscles while he planted kisses all along her neck and shoulders.

"Mmmm. I do see it. In fact, I can even hear her roaring to get out of her cage."

His hands trailed down to caress her breasts. When he found her nipples already puckered with excitement, he chuckled and unbuttoned her blouse to get a better feel.

"I think it's getting warm in here," she said, tilting her head to give him greater access to her neck.

"I think you're right. Maybe you'd be more comfortable with a few less clothes."

"It's certainly worth a try," she said coyly and stood. Keeping her back to him, she slowly stripped off her shirt and bra then wiggled out of her shorts and panties. When

she turned around she was delighted to see the blatant hunger in Erik's eyes. She stretched then ran her hands from her thighs, up her abdomen and over her breasts. "Oh, yes. That's much better. You probably should try it yourself."

Rather than imitate her seductive striptease, he tore his clothes off as though they were on fire.

Giving him a sexy smile, she nodded at the red seat and he took the hint. A heartbeat later, he was sitting in the driver's position with his penis standing as straight as a gear shift.

His hands immediately cupped her bottom and brought her pussy to his mouth. He licked her and smiled. "I gather you like your Christmas gift."

"You gather right," she said and smoothly lowered herself onto his shaft. With his help, she repeatedly raised and lowered her hips then gyrated in tiny circles that tickled them both. Their mouths and tongues came together in celebration and their hands sought to touch everywhere at once. However, the restricted space and unstable seat were making it difficult to get where they both wanted to go.

"Just be still for a minute," she whispered. "Let me..." She slowly contracted and relaxed her vaginal muscles over and over until she felt his fingers tightening on her hips. Then she picked up the pace of the contractions until they were both ready for the home stretch. It took only a few strong squeezes to take them both over the edge.

As soon as he caught his breath, he gave her a hard kiss then said, "That's a handy little talent you've got there, Daisy."

She wiggled her brows at him. "I may have another trick or two to surprise you with before we're done building this baby. Only one problem."

He looked skeptical.

"I'm going to have a hell of a time trying to top this surprise of yours."

As his words were thrown back at him he laughed out loud. "But please promise that you will try!"

She fluttered her lashes at him. "Y'all can certainly count on that, sweet-cheeks!"

He brought her head back down for a soul-melting kiss that promised whatever she came up with was going to be absolutely fine with him.

About the Author

Marilyn Campbell has been writing fiction novels, nonfiction works and screenplays for nearly twenty years. A true thrill-junkie, she has jumped out of an airplane, raced around the Indy 500 track, driven solo throughout the United States and believes a great roller coaster ride can cure whatever ails her. Happily, she is able to start every day with a morning walk on the beach with her four-legged companion, Sweetie.

Marilyn welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and email address on her [author bio page](#) at www.ellorascave.com.

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