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SNOWBOUND SERIES BOOK 1

Snowbound Christmas

Veronica Tower

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By

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Chapter One

Ron opened his eyes when the line of passengers stopped shuffling past him, pleasantly surprised to find a dark-skinned beauty uncertainly eyeing the space next to him. There wasn't much room for her to squeeze into. Ron was a big man—six-foot-three and broad in the shoulder—and the elderly woman in the window seat had buried herself in Christmas packages that she refused to trust to the overhead compartments.

“17B?” the beautiful lady asked. “I think I’m next to you.”

Ron estimated she was in her late thirties or early forties—older than him for sure but very beautiful. Her skin was a deep ebony hue, her eyes just as dark, and her shoulder-length hair a shade lighter than true black. Her festive green holiday jacket covered an impressive bosom and equally festive red blouse. The matching green skirt ended two inches above her knees, revealing firm, sleek legs a man would love to run his hands over. All of a sudden, this flight from Newark was looking a thousand times better than it had when Ron had boarded.

Ron sprang to his feet and worked his way out into the aisle. The press of passengers pushed the woman in close to him, which no red-blooded male would

mind. She tucked the winter coat that was draped over her arm into the overhead compartment. Then she bent over to heft a truly large bag, breasts heaving pleasantly as she strained to lift the suitcase.

“Let me help you with that,” Ron suggested. His white hand touched her dark one as he gripped the suitcase handle igniting a trill of excitement that coursed through his body.

Her answering smile brightened the whole plane. “Thank you.”

Ron hefted the case in both hands and muscled it into the compartment. “Wow, this is big,” he observed. “How did you convince them to let you carry it on instead of checking it?”

“They never give me any trouble,” the woman said.

Ron found that easy to believe, especially if she flashed that sexy smile at an old-fashioned heterosexual male flight attendant.

The woman squeezed past him to take her seat. Her scrumptious breasts passed close, but unfortunately did not brush against him.

Ron settled down beside her, trying not to be too obvious about observing her cleavage. “The news reports say it’s snowing in Detroit. Do you think we’ll have trouble getting in?”

The woman frowned, considering the possibility. “Oh, I don’t think so,” she said. “And won’t it be nice to have a white Christmas for a change?”

Chapter Two

Detroit was starting to seem further away to Kara.

They'd been sitting in the plane for more than three hours, waiting without explanation for their turn on the runway. She'd paged through her issue of *Essence* twice and had finally dug out her battered copy of *Kindred* but the combination of her anxiousness to get home, nervousness about flying in bad weather, and her recent problems with Bobby were making it difficult to concentrate on the story.

The young man sitting next to her had his laptop out but he seemed more interested in talking than in working. He was really flirting, she supposed, despite the obvious difference in their ages. She wished she felt up to encouraging him. His blond hair and blue eyes made him very handsome, even if he was a little young for her. Mid twenties versus an even forty she estimated. What would her mother say about that?

She surreptitiously glanced at the man beside her. He was staring at the ceiling instead of the spreadsheet on his computer screen. He really was quite handsome – broad in the shoulder in addition to those gorgeous blue eyes. Too bad she wasn't in a mood to play. Some harmless conversation would help pass the

time, but she just didn't feel like making the effort no matter how flattering the younger man's attention might be.

This whole trip to New York had been one disaster after another with none of the charm and romance she had imagined when she flew in from Detroit. While she hadn't really expected anything as grand as a ring, she had expected something from Bobby—some sign that they were growing in their relationship and he was pleased that she had come to visit him. Instead, Bobby had acted more distant than ever, moodily watching television from his chair when they could have been snuggling on the couch and eating his food in oppressive silence without any real effort to engage with her in conversation. There had been none of the fevered energy that marked her earlier visits and no obvious joy derived from her presence.

When had things gotten so bad?

Kara could still remember that first trip out from Detroit after Bobby had moved here to accept a promotion eighteen months ago. They'd been so excited to see each other that they'd started ripping each other's clothing off in the hall of his apartment building. They'd acted like horny teenagers, doing it against the wall just inside the door that first time before following up with a second impressive performance in Bobby's bedroom. By the end of the weekend they'd christened every room of his small apartment and started a second time around the track. The closest they had come to having sex this time in was Kara sucking Bobby off their

last night in bed. Bobby hadn't even returned the favor leaving Kara frustrated, confused and more than a little depressed.

All Kara wanted now was to get back to Detroit and enjoy the holiday with her family. Pointless flirting with a handsome white man wasn't going to accomplish anything except to add to her frustrations when this trip to New York had already given her far too many of those for her to want to add to them.

"So you never said why you're traveling on Christmas Eve," the man said.

It was perhaps his twentieth attempt to start a conversation. Under other circumstances, Kara might have admired his persistence, but today she found it irritating. She decided to actively discourage the man.

"I was in New York visiting my boyfriend. Now I'm trying to rush home to spend Christmas with my family."

Her words almost had the desired effect. The young man deflated slightly at the mention of Bobby, but then he squared his shoulders again as if he had to demonstrate that he hadn't actually been hitting on Kara. "Well, I hate to be the bearer of bad news, but I don't think any of us are getting home today. Unless I miss my guess, we're still sitting here on the tarmac because the storm has overwhelmed Detroit Metro. They won't let us take off from Newark if we've no place to land in Michigan."

Kara sighed, realizing the man was probably right. A white Christmas

definitely sounded less appealing if she wasn't going to make it home to enjoy it.

"Try to look on the bright side," the man said. "If the flight does get cancelled, you'll get to spend Christmas with your boyfriend and no one back in Detroit will be able to complain."

It troubled Kara that this suggestion did not please her more. Had the trip really been that bad? A year ago, she and Bobby would have spent the whole holiday snuggling under a blanket on the couch normally watching Christmas specials as they soaked in each other's presence. This year she couldn't quite make herself believe that would happen. There simply hadn't been a lot of tenderness this visit—no holding hands while they waited on their food in the restaurant or sharing cups of hot chocolate together after a cold winter walk in Central Park. Come to think of it, they'd barely kissed hello or goodbye and the only truly intimate time they'd spent together hadn't been that wonderful.

The image of Bobby spurting cum between her lips flashed through Kara's mind. She grimaced at the memory. Normally she loved the feel of his thick cock in her hands as she pulled the foreskin back so she could lick the sensitive flesh beneath it. But this time she hadn't liked it. This time the dynamic had been wrong for reasons she still couldn't completely understand. Nothing had been quite right this trip between Bobby's constant complaints about the stresses at work and his many failures to even try to connect with her.

She'd almost given up, but Kara had a stubborn streak inside her that she inherited from her mother. So last night she'd bolstered her resolve and was determined to pull down the barriers Bobby had erected between them. She'd waited until he got in bed then slipped up beside him under the covers and fondled him through his pajamas.

Bobby responded by turning his back to her—rolling onto his side and mumbling something about being tired.

This surprised Kara, but she refused to let it dissuade her. She snuggled back up against him so that her groin spooned his ass. Then she slid one leg up over top of his so that her nightgown hiked up over her thighs giving him plenty of access if he should come to his senses. Her fingers began to fondle him again, caressing Bobby through his pajamas, exploring his big balls before sliding higher to feel his thick shaft.

Bobby's body began to respond even if his mind hadn't yet engaged with her. His body grew incredibly still while his penis hardened beneath her fingertips. He stopped breathing for a time as every one of his senses focused on what she was doing to his cock.

Kara began to tickle his ear with her tongue while her fingers continued to encourage Bobby's budding erection. Maybe all of the stress at work had been causing some dysfunction and he was too embarrassed to tell her about it. It was a

problem a lot of men had at his age. Viagra might help but maybe the real solution was having his woman pay some extra special attention to his needs.

She could feel her efforts paying off as his dick began to acquire some backbone. As it straightened out, Kara found the open fly in his pajama bottoms and slipped her fingers inside to caress Bobby's naked flesh. His dick felt feverishly hot and the veins began to stand out above the rigid meat. She could actually feel the pulse of his excitement hammering through them as his erection continued to harden. There was certainly no dysfunction here now.

She touched the hood of his uncircumcised flesh and he gasped. Pinching the viper's head of his cock between her thumb and forefinger, Kara gently pumped his foreskin—retracting it slightly then letting it slide back into place around him.

Bobby began to tremble against her body. His whole form quivered with pent up need and energy.

Kara pulled gently on her lover's shoulder and this time he followed her lead, rolling back against her until his weight settled against her breasts. She continued gently pumping the head of his erection, unsheathing and resheathing his meat within his pajamas. She imagined what it would look like, the glistening flesh peaking out of his hood only to duck inside again as the foreskin glided back into place. She resisted the impulse to throw back the covers and see how close to

reality her imagination came. Instead, she chose to continue teasing her man, helping him to relax even as she intensified the tension in his thick erection. Patiently working him with her fingers, she gently reminded him of all the kinds of heaven she could bring to him.

Her own body began to respond to her efforts. Her nipples pressed against the weight of Bobby's back and the heat rose between her legs as she imagined what they'd do together for the rest of the night.

She'd really thought she'd been breaking through to him—cracking the wall keeping them apart. The sounds in his throat had all been right and his hips began to lift up off the mattress, pushing his hard penis up against the blankets. It was obvious he was enjoying himself and equally apparent he wanted more.

Kara yanked the covers back exposing the tent Bobby's erection had formed within his striped pajamas. She got to her hands and knees on the mattress and forced his bottoms down around his thighs. His uncircumcised cock lay thick and hard beneath her gaze with a glistening pearl of pre-cum just becoming visible on the tip of his penis.

She took hold of the thick dark meat and pointed its head straight up into the air. Her breasts swayed slightly within her nightgown as she leaned over to enjoy it. She extended the tip of her tongue to touch the pearly drop and let Bobby watch her savor its salty essence. She didn't really like the taste of semen, but she

was willing to pretend if it would excite her man.

Bobby groaned and thrust himself up against her. He spoke for the first time since she had snuggled up against him. “That’s the way, baby, suck it for me!”

Kara kissed his foreskin just above the rim of his penis, then sucked lightly on the spot while Bobby got even harder in her hand. Whatever his earlier problem, there was certainly no dysfunction now. Her man was rigid with excitement and almost ready for her pussy.

His hand came up to caress her face. His fingers tangled in her shoulder length hair and encouraged her to take more of him.

Kara wasn’t certain how much farther she should go with her mouth. She wanted them to make love, but she knew Bobby’s body well enough to know she had some time before he ejaculated. She could accommodate him a little more.

She retracted the foreskin and ran her pink tongue across the sensitive flesh beneath it. Bobby’s whole body quivered at her touch.

“That’s good,” he said. “Now suck it!” His hand in her hair guided her mouth to the tip of his thick cock and pressed her down upon him.

Kara swallowed her misgivings and opened her lips. She really didn’t like the taste of his pre-cum. She’d never been excited about it, but she didn’t remember it bothering her this much in the past. Tonight that slightly salty slightly slimy combination curdled in her stomach even though none of it was

actually down there to go bad.

Bobby seemed oblivious to Kara's distaste. He pushed more forcefully against the back of her head and simultaneously thrust himself deeper into her mouth. Kara decided to give him what he wanted knowing he'd make it up to her afterwards. She began to bob on his dick, moving her mouth up and down on the top of his shaft, while simultaneously pumping him with her hand. His grunts and groans encouraged her, but his body made the task more difficult. His hips became ever more active, thrusting his cock toward her throat and threatening to make her gag. Both of his hands were on her head now—prompting her, guiding her, demanding she take as much of his shaft as she could manage—while his mouth continued encouraging her to *suck it good* and *suck it harder*.

He was getting close now. She knew him too well to have any doubt about it. His harsh grunts were always a sure sign. She tried to pull off him to finish manually, but Bobby tightened his grip on her head and held her in place.

What was wrong with him? He knew she didn't like it when he came in her mouth!

But Bobby obviously didn't care what she liked. His hips thrust harder than ever and his cock stabbed against the back of her throat. Slimy semen filled her mouth, clogging her air ways and making her want to retch. She tried to pull back again but Bobby wasn't done thrusting. He continued to hold her tight on his cock

giving her no choice but to swallow his load.

When he finished he lay panting on the bed. “That was really great!” he said. “You’re still good.”

Kara swallowed her burst of anger with his cum and slid back up beside him, ready for her turn.

Bobby disappointed her. “You’re the best,” he said again, before rolling over onto his stomach and ignoring her.

“I’m actually here on business,” the man volunteered, bringing Kara back to the present. “I’m an engineer, and my company is consulting on a defense contract. It’s worth a few hundred million to our client, and every time they’ve got a problem, I’m part of the team that’s got to fly out from Detroit and fix it for them.”

“That doesn’t sound so good,” Kara said. The man seemed awfully young to her for that level of responsibility.

“It pays well,” he said. Then his eyes brightened and the corners of his mouth perked up. “Hey, you’re actually talking to me.”

The blunt acknowledgement that Kara had been trying to avoid conversation embarrassed her. “I’m sorry. I guess I’ve been rude. I have a lot on my mind.”

“Why are you apologizing?” the man asked. “I should have taken the hint two hours ago. But the truth is, I think we’re going to be waiting a very long time

and I really don't feel like working or reading."

"So talking to me is just making the best of a bad situation?" It hurt her ego to realize that the young man hadn't been hitting on her.

"Oh no," the man said. "Talking to you would be great in any situation, but it's especially wonderful under these circumstances."

Kara felt a smile lifting her face. He was flirting and that had been a genuinely nice thing to say.

Evidently responding to her smile, the man offered her his hand. "I'm Ron."

"Kara."

"So you want to make a bet on whether or not we fly to Detroit today?"

"Do you want to get there or not?" Kara asked.

"Oh, I'd like to fly home," Ron said, "but for some reason I don't think Mother Nature is going to let us."

Kara shook her head. "Snow or no snow, we have to get to Detroit today. Tomorrow is Christmas."

Ron's growing smile might almost be considered a smirk. "So you want to bet?"

She decided to see what he had in mind. "What are the stakes?"

"If we get off this plane here in Newark, you let me buy you a drink in the bar."

“I have a boyfriend,” Kara reminded him. She decided not to mention that she was also a lot older than Ron.

“It’s just a drink,” Ron insisted.

“And when the plane lands in Detroit like it’s supposed to?”

“You buy me a drink.”

Despite the delays, the cramped conditions, and the crummy weekend with Bobby, Kara began to enjoy herself. There was something about a handsome man working hard to keep her attention that completely tickled her fancy.

“So let me get this straight,” Kara said. “If I win, my reward is that I get to buy *you* a drink?”

“Why not?” Ron answered. “I can’t think of a better prize than winning the right to buy you one.”

His gaze suddenly dipped toward Kara’s cleavage. It was just a fraction of a second before he looked up again, but it was enough to prove a drink was only the beginning of what he wanted. Still, they were in a public airport. How far could he expect to go?

Kara crossed her legs, better exposing her shapely knee and sleek calf. She was beginning to have fun with this. “You seem mighty certain of yourself for a guy who probably graduated college last May,” she told him.

Ron completely ignored her reference to his age. “If you’d feel better about

it,” he suggested. “You can buy me the drink in Newark and I’ll buy you the drink in Detroit.”

“That seems fair,” Kara agreed.

He leaned closer to her, and for a moment she thought that rugged square jaw was positioning for a kiss. But Ron lifted his hand before she could protest and pointed toward the window. “I really think I’m going to win.”

Kara twisted in her seat so she could see what he was pointing at.

“It’s starting to snow here as well,” Ron told her. “Somehow I don’t think we’ll be making it to Detroit today.”

Chapter Three

Another hour passed before the pilot made it official, and by then the announcement surprised no one.

“Ladies and Gentlemen, I regret to inform you that the tower has just directed me to take you back to the terminal. Detroit is still snowed in, and as weather conditions continue to deteriorate here in Newark, they want to de-ice the plane.”

“Well at least they haven’t cancelled the flight,” Kara said.

“They’ve cancelled it,” Ron corrected her. “They just aren’t admitting it to us yet. They wouldn’t have us disembark if all they were doing is de-icing the plane.”

Kara suspected Ron was correct but she wasn’t willing to give up on her white Christmas yet. “I don’t think you’re right. Didn’t Congress pass a law not so long ago forcing the airlines to let us off the plane to stretch our legs in situations like this?”

Ron smirked. “And do you really think these airlines care what Washington says? If they thought we’d get out soon, we’d be seated on the tarmac waiting.”

“So why aren’t you unhappy about this?”

“What do I have to be unhappy about?” Ron asked. “At home I’ll be surrounded by a band of hyperactive nieces and nephews. Here, I’m getting taken out for drinks by a fabulously beautiful woman. Which choice would you prefer?”

“Well, I would choose the kids,” Kara said with mock seriousness. “But then, I’m not attracted to other women.”

“Point well taken,” Ron said. “But *I* am a heterosexual male. I would choose spending time with you ten times out of ten.”

Kara smiled. She couldn’t help it. When was the last time Bobby had spoken to her like this? “Just keep in mind that this isn’t a date. I still have a boyfriend. I’m just making good on a gambling obligation.”

“Well then, we’ll have to increase the stakes for our next bet,” Ron told her, “because I definitely want a date.”

“What do you have in mind?” Kara asked, the words slipping out before she could censor them.

Ron grinned. The Cheshire Cat could not have shown more teeth or happiness. “We’ll discuss that while you’re paying off your first obligation.”

Chapter Four

Ron wanted to hold Kara's hand as the plane taxied into the terminal, but he knew it was much too early for that. Hell, she had a boyfriend. It was never going to be time for that. All that he could realistically hope for was a few diverting hours of conversation in the airport while they waited to find a plane to Detroit.

The plane braked to a halt, and the passengers at the front began to collect their overhead baggage and file out. There was much confusion as some people tried to get a jump on the line. The woman with the packages began to try and rise even though it would obviously be several minutes before they could disembark.

Ron decided to ignore her and kept talking to Kara. "Are you ready to buy me that drink?"

"We can still get to Detroit," she answered.

"That wasn't the bet," Ron reminded her. "But do you really think they would let us off this plane if there was any chance of it flying out of here today?"

He watched Kara's face while she considered his question. She truly was beautiful: the curve of her lips, the wide brown eyes...

“I suppose not,” Kara conceded. “I’ll pay up, but first I need to call my family and let them know what’s happened.”

Passengers continued to file out of their seats. Ron stood up, staking a claim to part of the aisle, and opened the overhead compartment. “At least you have your luggage,” he told her. “I only have my laptop. The rest of my baggage is checked.”

“Oh, I checked two bags as well,” Kara told him while Ron retrieved their coats.

“How long were you here?” Ron asked her.

“Three days.”

He stared at her until she smiled defensively. “What can I say? I’m a woman. I had to bring clothes to cover all the possibilities.”

Ron wondered how much of Kara’s baggage was devoted to nightgowns and lingerie. Her boyfriend must have been ecstatic that she’d come to visit.

The aisle cleared in front of him, so Ron pulled down Kara’s suitcase, picked up his laptop and led the way out.

He’d much rather have followed Kara so he could stare at her ass.

Chapter Five

Kara disconnected the call to her mother and turned to face Ron. Evidently, he had finished his call earlier than she had. His cell phone had been put away, leaving him nothing to do but stare at her back.

“Mom says it’s still snowing hard in Detroit,” she told him.

“That’s what CNN says as well,” Ron agreed. “And the storm is moving this way. We’ve seen nothing yet, compared to what’s coming.”

“I guess I should call Bobby to come and get me,” Kara announced. She was surprisingly reluctant to do that.

“Not quite yet,” Ron insisted.

“You think we can still get a plane out in this?” Kara indicated the large windows that lined the spokes of the terminal. Through every one, large white flakes filled the air. Two or three inches must have already fallen.

“No, not anytime soon, I guess. I was just thinking that you owe me a drink before your boyfriend arrives to sweep you off to an impromptu Christmas celebration.”

Kara liked that idea. Bobby could carry her through the snow and into his

apartment building. He could kiss her in the elevator, explore her mouth with his tongue while his fingers unbuttoned her blouse to free her breasts. He could bite her nipples through her bra while she felt his hard dick through his pants.

She'd brought four different nightgowns on this trip, and that meant two were left to tease and tantalize him...

If he could shake off his funk and get interested...

"I'd better call him," Kara decided.

Ron's face fell, which truly touched her deep in her heart. "Oh, don't worry. We'll still have our drink. It will take him a while to get here, even without the snow."

Ron perked up at this promise and Kara turned her back on him to make the call. She could almost feel him watching her, staring at her body.

It took four rings before Bobby's answering machine picked up. Puzzled, Kara disconnected without leaving a message and dialed again. Bobby hadn't taken her to the airport because he thought he was getting a cold. Surely he must be in his apartment now.

Four more rings and she hung up again, hitting redial with growing impatience. It was three more rings before Bobby finally answered, his voice hostile and out of breath.

"Hello?"

“Bobby?”

The anger in Bobby’s tone transformed to one of startlement. His voice dropped from a growl to a shade too low to hear properly. “Kara?”

“Yes. What’s wrong, Bobby?”

“Nothing’s wrong,” he assured her. His voice was still a touch too low. “Are you home?”

“No, we’re snowed in. I’m still in Newark.”

Bobby asked his next question hesitantly, as if he was searching for the right words. “So you haven’t seen my card yet?”

Card? Kara hadn’t seen Bobby slip a card into her suitcase. A rush of delightful heat flushed her body. Maybe there was some romance left in her man after all. “Did you stick a present in my suitcase for me?”

“It’s just a card,” Bobby corrected her. “What’s going on?”

“I need you to come pick me up. There’s snow everywhere. I don’t think I can get a flight out tonight.”

“Pick you up?” Bobby repeated.

“I know you’re not feeling well, Sugar, but I really need you to come get me.”

“In the snow?” Bobby asked, as if that point needed clarification.

“Of course,” Kara answered. Her initial flush of pleasure was quickly turning into irritation.

“Do you think the Turnpike is still open?” Bobby asked.

Irritation was rapidly becoming anger. “How would I know if the Turnpike is still open? Will you just come and get me?”

“Okay, okay,” Bobby said. “I’ll get there as fast as I can.”

“Call me on my cell phone when you arrive,” Kara told him.

Bobby hung up without answering.

Chapter Six

“Oh, this is nice,” Kara said before tasting the champagne a second time. It was dry and bubbly and just what she needed.

Ron had picked the drink and, despite their bet, insisted on paying for it. Dom Perignon, he’d insisted, and then toasted the white Christmas that had made it possible for him to meet her.

“If not for this snow,” he said, “we’d have likely sat next to each other on an uneventful flight and never shared a word.”

He took a healthy pull from his glass. “But thanks to this storm, I am now drinking champagne with you, the envy of every man in this room.”

Kara really enjoyed a fine glass of champagne. It seemed to rush in all directions, filling her head with bubbles while a wonderful heat suffused her body from breasts to inner thighs. “They’re envious,” Kara corrected him, “because you somehow managed to snag us a table.”

“They’re envious,” Ron insisted, “because you are quite simply the most beautiful woman in the bar. Every man here wishes he was sitting where I am.”

Kara looked down at the table, wondering if Ron could tell how deeply her

face was flushing. It was such a ludicrous thing to say, but oh how she liked to hear him say it. He made her whole body tingle with excitement.

“Now we promised to discuss the matter of our next wager,” Ron reminded her.

Kara instantly returned her gaze to his face, wondering what Ron had in mind. His blue eyes locked upon hers without any trace of discomfort or embarrassment. Where did a man this young get so much self confidence?

“It is now 4:07 PM,” Ron noted. “I suggest that your boyfriend will not be able to get here in the next ninety minutes. If I’m right, and he doesn’t, you owe me a very serious kiss.”

Kara caught her breath. The thought of kissing Ron brought her flesh to life. She couldn’t do it, of course, but the thought of him wrapping her in his strong young arms made her giddy with excitement.

She realized she was enjoying the thought. What was wrong with her? She couldn’t kiss this stranger. What would Bobby say? What would her mother or her sisters say if they learned she had fooled around with a strange white man in the airport—not to mention one who was probably fifteen years younger than her?

Still, it was a very pleasant image to play with—Ron lowering his mouth to hers, pressing his lips against her, letting his tongue dart inside her mouth...

She shook her head in an unsuccessful effort to clear it of the tantalizing

image. “I...what would happen if I win?”

Ron shrugged as if to say he didn’t think there was any chance of that happening, even as he demonstrated he’d given careful consideration to a stake that might interest her. “I will do everything in my power to slip away so that Bobby never sees us together.”

Kara hadn’t even considered that problem. With all of the trouble she and Bobby were having, the last thing she’d want to do is give him an excuse to sulk some more. All things considered, it was damned considerate of Ron to suggest it. Still, it never paid to appear too eager. “Ninety minutes isn’t much time.”

“It is if you want an excuse to kiss me,” Ron countered. His cocky smile made him appear oh so sexy. “Besides, it’s been more than twenty minutes since you called him so he’s really getting nearly two hours for the trip. The snow can’t be that bad here in Jersey yet so the odds really favor him.”

Kara decided to go for it. “All right,” she agreed, “one kiss.”

“One deep and serious kiss,” Ron corrected her.

He reached out and took her hand between both of his and began to stroke her fingers.

Kara couldn’t bring herself to object. The sight of his young white flesh on hers captivated her attention but she couldn’t explain the fascination. Why was she doing this? Why was she letting this young white man flirt with her, hold her

hand, and set wagers so she'd kiss him? Why was she risking her relationship with Bobby for a few minutes of fun with Ron? She knew better! White guys had been exploiting black women for centuries! She should put an end to this right now, but all she seemed able to do was watch his pale fingers gently caress the back of her hand.

She forced herself to look up and meet Ron's piercing blue eyes. He looked genuinely happy to be sitting here with her. She felt her lips curve into a smile and the tension in her shoulders ebb. They were just holding hands. What could be the harm in that?

Chapter Seven

Ron looked up from his watch. "Time's up!" he said, his voice bursting with uncontainable enthusiasm.

He stood up, embarrassed by the growing bulge in his pants but unable to do anything about it. He was simply that excited. A fabulously beautiful, deeply interesting, woman was waiting for him to kiss her. The fact that she was also black simply made her more exciting. Kara's ebony hue gave her an intriguing and exotic flavor that was far outside of Ron's experience and her age gave her a depth in insight and understanding that he found absolutely fascinating. She was like no one he had ever met and he couldn't wait to move beyond holding her hand.

What he wanted to do was step around the table, pull Kara out of her chair and crush her against his body. He was dying to hold her and feel her weight in his arms. He could lock his lips against hers and fuck her mouth with his tongue.

What he actually did was slide his chair around the small table until it stood next to hers. Then he sat back down and reclaimed her hands. With any luck, they were going to be in this airport together a very long time and Ron was not going to scare Kara away by acting too hot and horny now.

Chapter Eight

Kara's eyes widened slightly when she saw the evidence of Ron's erection. The discovery both embarrassed and excited her. When she thought about how difficult it had been to get Bobby hard last night, and here was this hunk of a man all charged up at the mere thought of kissing her —it just didn't seem fair.

When Ron first rose, she'd been afraid he would pull her to her feet and press his hard body against her. The thought of him claiming his prize so publicly embarrassed her. It wasn't that she didn't want the kiss, but she wasn't twenty-five anymore and she didn't want to make a spectacle of herself.

When he pulled his chair over next to her she went wet with anticipation. How could he understand her so well in such a short time? His left hand sought hers upon the table and she squeezed her thighs together to help control her excitement.

Ron leaned forward, mouth slightly open as his right hand lifted to cup her cheek.

"Maybe," Kara began, "I should call..."

Ron kissed her. His hard lips pressed lightly against hers, and his tongue gently asked permission to enter her mouth.

Kara opened to him, welcoming Ron's tentative quest with the tip of her own tongue.

Her response increased his confidence, encouraging him to loosen the reins on his passion. His lips pressed more firmly against hers, and his tongue thrust deeper into her mouth.

Kara's closed her eyes. Her heart pounded against her ribs. Her breasts heaved with excitement. Her hands left his to reach around his back, and his arms moved in counterpoint to embrace her.

They slipped off their chairs to better hold each other. Her breasts pressed against his chest and her nipples grew rock hard. Ron's tongue continued to probe her mouth, increasingly forceful in its demands. His hand slid up her side, beneath the green jacket and over her silk blouse. A mini-spasm ignited in her flesh as his fingers threatened to brush against her breast.

Startled, Kara broke away from him, staggering back onto her seat. Her breath came in ragged gasps, and heat flushed her face and neck. "I think..."

Ron pulled her back into his arms, crushing his mouth down upon hers as his arms locked her tight against his body. She could feel his iron length pressing into her stomach, and she couldn't stop herself from grinding back against him as she thrust her tongue up into his mouth.

It had been like this with Bobby when they first started dating, all fire and

passion, lust and need. They hadn't worried if people could see them then. They'd just-

Bobby...

Kara broke the embrace a second time and floundered back onto her seat. As much as she longed to keep kissing Ron, she knew she was still committed to Bobby. She couldn't cheat on him! She couldn't do this! They were in a public bar. What if he walked in upon seeing them? Flustered, she tried to justify pushing Ron away. "I thought we agreed to only one kiss," she reminded him.

"I don't remember a limit," Ron said, reaching out for her again.

Kara steeled herself and pushed him away. "I have to call Bobby," she insisted.

Ron sat back on his seat, but didn't return it to the other side of the table. His blue eyes watched intently as Kara took out her phone and hit redial. The line was already ringing before she realized Bobby wouldn't be home to answer it. She was that flustered. Her breaths remained hot and heavy. She couldn't seem to think straight. She was just moving her thumb to disconnect the line when Bobby answered on the third ring.

"Hello?"

"Bobby?"

"Kara?"

“What are you doing home? You’re supposed to be coming to get me.”

Bobby hesitated a long moment before answering. “Well, I haven’t actually left yet.”

“Haven’t left?” Kara repeated. “It’s been two hours.”

“Well, I...it’s snowing pretty hard. I don’t think I can make it.”

“You can’t make it?” Kara confirmed.

“Well, yeah.”

“And you didn’t try?”

“Well, no. You see...”

“And you were going to call and tell me when?”

“Well actually, you see, I put it all in the card.”

“What card?” Kara asked. The shock was going away now and a cold anger brewed in her belly—anger mixed with embarrassment that Ron could hear her being treated this way.

“The card I put in your luggage.”

“What could a card in my luggage have to do with you standing me up at the airport?”

“Just tell her,” Kara heard a female voice say from Bobby’s side of the phone.

“Who is that with you?” Kara asked, her voice growing flat rather than shrill.

“Well, actually, I’m seeing someone else now,” Bobby said. “I explained it all in the card.”

“You broke up with me by putting a card in my suitcase?” Kara asked, her incredulity finally bringing some emotion back to her voice. “You’re an asshole.” Kara yelled.

The woman’s voice became clearer over the phone. “Bobby’s my man now! You just stay away!”

The line went dead.

Kara stared at the phone in disbelief. It was true they had been growing more distant over the past year, but it shocked her that he hadn’t had the nerve to break up with her face to face. Hell, he could have done it by phone and spared her the trip out here.

Ron waved the waitress over to their table. “Could you take the champagne away and bring us something harder to drink?”

Chapter Nine

“I just feel so stupid,” Kara repeated. She didn’t know how many times she had said it, but it had to be a couple of dozen by now.

“I understand,” Ron said. It was a new line for him. Mostly he’d responded by insisting she hadn’t been stupid at all.

“So you think I was stupid too?” Kara asked. She still hadn’t cried, but for some reason the thought that Ron really did think she’d been dumb threatened to push her over the edge. The whole situation was excruciatingly embarrassing—made worse by the fact that she was dumping her personal problems on a young white man. She wanted to get up and walk away, but being alone with her thoughts about Bobby’s betrayal seemed even worse to her than humiliating herself this way.

“Not at all,” Ron insisted. “I only said I understand what you’re going through. You’re not the only person to be fooled like this.”

“You haven’t been,” Kara objected.

“Oh yes I have,” Ron said. “The first love of my life was screwing my best friend behind my back.”

Kara felt herself sitting up straighter. They were both on the floor of the terminal, propped against the wall where they could see both the display of cancelled flights and the snow falling thickly out the window. Her coat was over her lap like a blanket and throngs of people milled about waiting for information regarding their flights.

She had greeted the news of Bobby's betrayal by letting Ron get her a little bit drunk on malt whiskey. It had tasted terrible, but the sharp kick it provided had acted like a slap in her face and helped her firm her resolve to preserve her dignity. Thanks to that drink, there'd been no sudden flood of tears in the bar to mortify her and ruin her makeup. She was grateful for that, even if she'd grown embarrassed by her sudden need to share everything that had gone wrong with her and Bobby.

Ron had listened patiently, staying by her side and supporting her, buying her a second drink to bolster the first. She still wasn't sure if he'd intended to make her tipsy. If he had, he'd soon changed his mind, because he escorted her out of the bar and straight to the airport McDonalds, where he'd forced her to fill her stomach with a Big Mac and a salad. They ate the food against one of the terminal walls, because chairs had become quite scarce. Now they sat together beneath their coats while Kara continued to worry about how foolish she'd been.

She latched on to the chance to turn the conversation on to Ron's

embarrassing moment. “How did you find out?” she asked him.

“The worst way possible,” Ron confessed. “I walked into her bedroom while she was riding him.”

“Oh no,” Kara said.

“Oh yes,” Ron answered. “And I guarantee you that no matter how low and foolish you’re feeling right now, it’s nothing compared to what I felt then, watching Liz grind herself on Adam’s pole.”

“Wow,” Kara said, agreeing completely that it would have been worse to somehow make it back to Bobby’s apartment, only to find him there with another woman. But she still felt stupid not to have seen what was happening.

“You know, all that snow is really quite beautiful,” Ron said. “People would pay for a view like this if it weren’t for all the problems circling around it.”

The sudden change in topic confused Kara and it took her a moment to understand what Ron was saying. Out the windows, much of the manmade world had disappeared from view covered in a fluffy white blanket which slid out into the obscuring storm. One jet was still visible, sleeping under white covers, but the snow fall was vigorous enough to cover everything else.

“I’ve always liked the snow,” Ron continued. “I’m not saying it can’t be inconvenient but at this stage at least it’s also always beautiful.”

He paused, waiting for Kara to make some response, and she didn’t really

know what to say. “I liked the snow when I was a child,” she told him. “It usually closed school for the day and my sisters and I had a lot of fun playing in it with the neighborhood kids. As an adult, it’s seems more burdensome than enjoyable.”

Ron laughed. “Spoken like a person who shovels her own driveway.”

Kara found herself laughing as well. “Well I do shovel it!” she defended herself.

“I live in an apartment,” Ron told her, “but I still shovel my parents’ driveway when the weather gets bad. Thank God for my four wheel drive!”

He scooted closer to Kara and hooked his arm through hers beneath the coats. “You know what I think you need to do? Go outside and have some fun in the snow again. Toss some snowballs at your sisters and maybe make a couple of snow angels.”

Ron’s suggestions reminded Kara of the age difference between them. She could see a twenty-five year old going out with his friends and having a snowball fight. At forty, she just couldn’t picture herself doing it. She opened her mouth to voice her objections when Ron cut her off.

“And don’t go saying we can’t do it here because we’re at an airport. I’m talking about something we should do when we get home to Detroit.”

“We?” Kara asked him.

Ron slid a couple of inches closer and patted her knee beneath the coats. “Of

course, we,” he told her. “Do you think I want to miss seeing you let your hair down and have some fun?”

Kara was almost painfully aware that Ron’s left hand remained balanced on her knee just a few inches away from her inner thigh. He’d made the maneuver appear so casual but the end result was that this handsome young man was sitting next to her with his hand touching her stocking-clad flesh. She couldn’t quite believe today was happening. First the snow trapped her in the airport, then Bobby broke up with her in the most cowardly of ways, and now Ron was feeling her knee as he suggested they get together back in Detroit.

“Are you...are you asking me out on a date?”

Ron’s incredible blue eyes didn’t blink when he answered her. “Yes, I’d like to get to know you better.”

She couldn’t restrain herself any longer. One of the issues that had troubled her since she’d met this man leapt up her throat and escaped into the air before she could catch it and censor herself. “You do realize I’m a lot older than you, don’t you?” She hated putting the thought in words, but really the whole situation was getting increasingly ridiculous.

“Of course,” Ron answered. He never lost his smile. “I have it on pretty good authority that you’re black too. Is this a problem for us?” He leaned in to kiss her as if to prove that neither issue mattered at all to him.

Kara twisted toward him and put her hand on his chest, pushing back against him to prevent the kiss. “This doesn’t feel right,” she told him. “I just broke up with Bobby. I-”

“I know tonight has been a shock for you,” Ron interrupted, “but the more I think about it, the more certain I become that you knew in your heart things weren’t right between you and Bobby long before he broke things off over the phone.”

“I...what makes you say that?”

“The way you kissed me, for one thing.” Ron’s fingers began to gently stroke Kara, tickling her inner knee and upper calf. His actions both excited Kara’s flesh and increased her uneasiness. But he was using his left hand with both of their backs against the terminal wall. The angles were wrong to let his hand drift higher up her leg, and the coats in their laps would keep anyone else from seeing what he was doing anyway.

“Your kisses were deep and sensuous. They completely electrified me. And the way your body clung to mine... It was only your mind that belatedly remembered Bobby. Your heart and your body were already questing for new love.”

Before Kara could answer, Ron twisted his torso to face her squarely. His right hand came around to cup her chin, and he gently guided her mouth to his

own.

Kara closed her eyes and let Ron kiss her.

Her lips opened at his insistence and her mouth accepted his advances, but she didn't kiss him back. Instead she sat passively letting his tongue explore her while her heart pounded ever harder in her chest.

Ron's left hand pulled out from beneath her coat and circled around her back, his towering strength slowly pulling her against him. Her breasts bumped against him and then flattened against his hard body. Her nipples swelled and the heat rose between her legs. Slowly, almost against Kara's will, her tongue began to move against Ron's, teasing, darting, questing with ever increasing passion. Ron's right hand left her chin to massage the back of Kara's neck, encouraging her to press her lips far more tightly against him. The urgency of his kisses increased with her participation. There was no tentativeness left now as he struggled to thrust his tongue ever deeper into Kara's mouth.

A stranger's cough brought Kara back to her senses. She broke away from Ron and pressed her shoulder blades back against the wall. Her chest heaved, her nipples throbbed, and her skin burned with a disturbing combination of need and embarrassment. Ron's arm remained around her back, and she wanted him to pull her up against him again and kiss her some more. But they were in public, and Kara knew she couldn't let him. Forget the fact that she had to be fifteen years

older than him, mature adults simply didn't make out in airport terminals.

Most of the people who'd noticed them politely turned their heads, but some continued to stare, and one twenty-something Goth girl grinned openly at them. Kara simply couldn't continue under these circumstances.

Ron was breathing as hard as she was. "I wish I could get us somewhere to go," he said. "But I think we're stuck here until the snow stops."

Kara looked over at him, still struggling to calm her pulse and ease her burning lungs. A minute ago she was afraid Ron was getting too forward, and now she wanted to go anywhere she could to feel his arms around her back and his lips on hers without having half the airport stare at them.

"I keep thinking we could sneak into a stall in the bathroom, but the airport is just too crowded."

That idea splashed a dash of cold water on Kara's ardor. "You'd take me in a public restroom?"

"I'll take you anywhere if you'll keep kissing me," Ron told her.

Kara's passion immediately rekindled. She *wanted* Ron to start kissing her again! "I appreciate the thought, but we are *not* doing it in a bathroom stall. Find me some place clean, and I'll give you a fair shot at seducing me." She couldn't believe she had just said that but she meant every word. Feeling physically desired—especially by a young guy like Ron—was both an aphrodisiac and a

highly addictive sensation. She craved the feel of his lips on hers almost enough to start kissing him again despite the public circumstances.

Ron readjusted the coats on top of them then slid his right hand underneath and onto Kara's knee. His thumb was beneath her skirt, stroking her inner thigh through her smooth silk stockings.

"I'm just so frustrated," they said in unison, then burst into simultaneous peals of laughter.

"Seriously," Kara said, after their mirth subsided. "It's been a long time since I've felt this...good. I like you, Ron. You make me remember feelings I'd almost forgotten."

Kara cringed inside when she heard her own words. What was wrong with her? Was she still tipsy from the whiskey? Did everything she said have to remind them how much older she was? She tried to fix the statement, twisting its meaning away from age, without really considering what she was confessing. "Things with Bobby these last couple of trips...well, they were far from great."

"You're not just talking about the emotional stuff, are you?" Ron asked. He lightly squeezed Kara's leg beneath the coats. "That asshole you were dating wasn't man enough to satisfy you."

Talking about this was mortifying, but it also felt good to get it off her chest. "Lately," she mumbled, swallowing the words so that Ron would have to strain to

hear them, “Bobby wasn’t even trying.”

Ron’s hand slid a couple of inches higher up Kara’s thigh. The light caress of his fingers on her smooth skin felt heavenly, even if the temptation he offered was devilish. “I would love the chance to satisfy you,” he whispered. “You’re the most beautiful, exciting, intriguing woman I’ve ever met.”

Kara stifled a small moan. In the back of her mind, a small voice asked what she thought she was doing and how could this be happening? But for now at least, Kara wasn’t listening to it. “There’s not much we can do about that here,” she whispered back, hoping against hope that Ron could show her she was wrong. His fingers burned against her inner thigh and she desperately needed them to move further up her leg.

“Yes, there is,” Ron corrected her. He scraped the tips of his nails along her stocking-clad flesh, causing a tremor to work its way up Kara’s body.

“No, there isn’t,” she insisted.

“Yes, there is! I have to wait, but you...you deserve a little satisfaction at the end of a hard day.”

His fingers inched closer, moving over the hem of her stocking to touch the actual flesh of her soft inner thigh. Kara’s pussy quivered with excitement. She couldn’t believe she was letting Ron touch her this way. They were in public! He was a younger man! He was a *white* man for God’s sake! What was she thinking?

“As long as we’re careful,” Ron informed her, “the coat will cover us. No one but you and I will ever know what’s happening.”

“No,” Kara whispered, a spark of sanity momentarily restoring her good sense. She closed her thighs tight on Ron’s hand but the contours of his fingers molding into her flesh felt so wonderful she almost lost her new found determination. “It’s too public here,” she insisted. “If we can’t think of someplace else, we’ll have to wait.”

Ron wiggled his fingers, pushing against her soft silky skin under the cover of their coats and her skirt. “I want to touch you, Kara.”

His low voice drove tingles up her spine. Unconsciously, Kara eased the pressure holding her thighs together, and Ron’s fingers prowled forward until the tips brushed the crotch of her panties.

The breath caught in Kara’s throat. “People will see!” she protested but she didn’t try and force her thighs closed again. Deep in the recesses of her hidden soul, she wanted Ron to do more, wanted him to touch her, wanted him to pull back the moist fabric and explore the places Bobby had ignored. She could not remember ever having been so excited. Her nipples strained at her bra. Her heart pounded so forcefully she could feel the ringing in her ears.

“Move closer to me,” Ron commanded. “Put your head on my chest like you’re trying to go to sleep. Our coats will hide everything.”

He removed his hand to readjust the coats, stretching them across the both of them like two long blankets. Then he slipped his hand back underneath, hiked up Kara's skirt, and began to stroke her thighs again.

Tentatively, Kara laid her head on Ron's chest. His heart was pounding every bit as loudly as hers. His hand worked its way back to the point where the tips of his fingers brushed her panty-covered lips. "I wonder what color these are?" he whispered.

"Wouldn't you like to know?" Kara teased.

"Yes, I really would," Ron replied. "Now let's see...your bra is red like your blouse, but your skirt is green. What color does that make your panties?"

His hand began to lift from Kara's crotch, and she had the sudden vivid image of him pulling the coats away to look at her silk-clad pussy. She grabbed his hand beneath the coats and pushed it firmly back between her legs. "They're red, okay? They're red."

Ron's smile looked all too cocky. He began to stroke her lower lips with the back of his fingers. "The Goth girl is watching us again," he whispered.

Startled, Kara tried to rise, but Ron held her firmly in place with the arm he had wrapped around her shoulders.

Sure enough, Kara could see the Goth girl. She had rings piercing her lips and nose, and very black lipstick and eyeliner. She was staring right at them,

sitting directly across the corridor with her backpack beside her and her coat spilled over her lap.

“Do you think she knows I’m touching you?” Ron asked.

Kara looked directly into the Goth girl’s eyes. The girl stared back without blinking.

“Do you think she knows I’m hooking my finger into the crotch of your panties?” Ron asked.

Kara couldn’t answer him. His finger not only hooked her panties, but pulled them away from her lips, exposing her to the cool airport air.

Ron began to brush his knuckle up and down her labia, lightly touching her swollen flesh.

She closed her eyes and struggled to control her breathing.

“When I enter you, will I find you ready for me?” His finger positioned itself above the crevice that separated her labia. “Are you wet for me?”

Kara slid her hand down from Ron’s chest to his groin. With the coats on top of them, she didn’t think anyone could tell she was taking hold of Ron’s cock through his trousers. He was already quite firm and growing even harder. “I’m not the only one who’s excited,” she observed.

“I think our Goth girl is turned on as well,” Ron said.

Kara opened her eyes, peering over at the young woman without lifting her

head from Ron's chest. She was still watching them, one hand buried beneath her coat. The tense expression on her face suggested they were not the only people touching something.

"Poor girl," Kara said. "She doesn't have a hard cock to hold on to."

"Or someone to finger her," Ron added, suddenly pushing himself so deep inside Kara that the heel of his hand ground against her mound as his finger explored her wet inner passage.

Kara gasped, eyes widening, too caught up in the feeling to relax and enjoy it.

Ron ground the calloused heel of his hand upon her swollen clit through the silk panties. Kara's whole body jerked in response.

The Goth girl across the corridor pressed her thighs tight together and lifted her knees toward the ceiling as her feet came together flat on the floor. The girl's coat rode up with her legs, still covering her lap, but letting Kara see the backs of her white thighs. The young woman's skirt was hiked up as much as Kara's was.

Ron ground against Kara again, twisting his rough flesh hard on her mound, then he pulled back, dragging the length of his finger up across Kara's aching clit. The tip of his digit felt wet and smooth and excruciatingly wonderful against her more sensitive organ.

He switched to his middle finger and delved inside her once again. The

whole length of his hand rubbed across her clitoris while his index and ring fingers squeezed her outer labia together and his middle finger plunged back into her depths.

Kara let go of Ron's cock to grab hold of and brutally twist her own nipple under her coat. He was pumping faster now, fucking her with his finger, riding her clit with his hand. Her eyes were closed blocking out the visual stimuli so that all of her attention could focus on the flesh beneath Ron's fingers and the nipple in her hand. Why hadn't Bobby made her feel like this? Why hadn't he even felt the need to try?

Ron's lips brushed her forehead and she lifted her face toward him. His mouth latched on to hers, greedily sucking, breathing her air, inhaling her essence while his fingers drove her toward heaven.

"Oh God..."

Kara broke away from Ron's mouth and ground her face into his chest to muffle the sounds of her orgasm. Ron's grip on her shoulders tightened, locking her into place, but his right hand actually increased its tempo, fucking her pussy with all the speed and strength he could command. She tried to catch Ron's wrist, but he ignored her. Her thighs clasped tighter around him, but that actually increased her pleasure—intensifying her climaxes.

Her fingers found his arm, and since she couldn't force him out she pulled

him deeper inside her, muffling his ability to piston his finger in and out of her until she actually got hold of her voice again.

“You have to...stop!” she pleaded.

Ron clearly did not agree, but Kara found her second wind and insisted on slowly inching his slick finger out of her.

Across from them, the Goth girl closed her eyes and gritted her teeth. Her body silently shuddered in imitation of Kara’s.

Chapter Ten

The terminal clock read 1:42 AM.

Kara slept peacefully against Ron's chest while the snow fell in huge flakes outside the window, blocking out the rest of the world.

Ron felt good! Despite spending the entire day in the airport, he felt better than he'd been since that terrible day three months ago when he caught Liz fucking Adam. Somehow, that didn't hurt so bad anymore with Kara snuggled against him and sleeping against his chest.

The only tremor disturbing his inner peace was the certain knowledge that this wonderful experience would end. In a few hours, or at most another day, the snow would stop falling. Twelve to twenty-four hours after that, most of the people stranded by the storm would find a plane to take them home again.

Kara would go with them, and the likelihood was that, despite both of them living in Detroit, he would never see her again.

Fingering Kara in the airport corridor had been exciting, but in retrospect, Ron feared it had been very stupid. She was already troubled by the difference in their ages and this would feed those uncertainties. When she got home again, this

moment of passion following her break up would embarrass her terribly. She would want to write it off as a rebound—a few moments of poor judgment following the shock of Bobby's announcement. Ron had to find a way to make her see today as the start of something beautiful, something wonderful, something so incredible she would never want to let him go.

He didn't see how he could accomplish that in the airport, but there might be a way if he could pull off a Christmas miracle.

Slipping the cell phone out of his pocket, Ron began to make some calls.

Chapter Eleven

“Merry Christmas, beautiful,” Ron greeted her.

Kara blinked her eyes against the lights in the terminal and tried to get herself oriented. In a tumble of flashing memories, the events of the previous day came rushing back to her: Bobby, Ron, the snow, *Bobby*, and wonderful Ron again. She couldn’t believe the things she had let him do to her. The kisses were bad enough but to let this strange man finger her in public? And to top things off, she had let herself fall asleep leaning against him? What had come over her?

“I think the snow is tapering off,” Ron told her. “It will be a long time before they get this airport up and running again, but I have a car service that thinks they can get a vehicle through to us.”

“A car service?” Kara repeated. Perhaps she was more disoriented than she thought, because she couldn’t think of why they needed a car at the airport. They hadn’t somehow gotten to Detroit had they?

“I have it all worked out,” Ron said. “Frankly, the airlines are not certain when they can fly us out of here, so I made other arrangements for tonight.”

“Arrangements?”

“It’s the Saddle Brook Marriot. I’ve stayed there myself on business. They’ll take good care of us: hot showers, good food, comfortable beds—unless you’d prefer to stay here on the floor for another twenty-four hours?”

Kara was still trying to clear her head. “You got a hotel?”

“It’s not very close,” Ron explained, “but it’s not as far as New York City. Also, it’s right off the highway and it’s got a vacancy. What do you say? Would you like a hot shower and some place comfortable to wait?”

“I...”

“The car is already on the way. All we have to do is go down and meet it.”

“What...what time is it?”

“It’s 8:35. With any luck we can be at the hotel by ten o’clock. What do you say?”

Kara finally pulled her wits together enough to really look at Ron. He was staring across at her so earnestly. His eyes looked so hopeful. She saw no trace of the cocky attitude he’d displayed when he first kissed her yesterday. “How did you set all this up?”

“Cell phone,” he answered. Then, as if he realized that wasn’t much of an explanation, he added, “I didn’t sleep much last night.”

Kara thought about driving off into a snowstorm with what was essentially a young white stranger. She knew she should never do it—shouldn’t even consider

such an action—but she also realized she'd already decided to go along.

“Is this all a plot to get me out of my clothes?” she asked him.

“That will do as a start,” Ron told her, “but I don’t think we should stop with getting naked.”

Chapter Twelve

It was nearly 1:00 PM before the car service got them to the Marriot. Ninety minutes of waiting for the driver at the airport followed by two and a half hours on the snowy roads. Kara wasn't certain what Ron had tipped the man, but it must have been impressive, for his face split wide open with a toothy grin and he drove away singing *Joy to the World*.

Their room was spectacular. Bouquets of roses framed a bottle of champagne that sat chilling in a bucket of ice in the center of a small table. Two champagne flutes stood before the bucket, waiting to be filled. A third bouquet adorned the nightstand, which stood against the wall between the two double beds. Beneath the bouquet was a small black box tied with a bright red ribbon.

"What is all this?" Kara asked through peals of delighted laughter. All she had wanted was a hot shower and soft bed. This totally surpassed her expectations...

"Merry Christmas," Ron said, wrapping her in his arms. His kiss was firm and demanding, but not quite the full throat assault she had enjoyed the day before.

His hands squeezed Kara's ass, a delicious feeling that she wanted to encourage — but not before she had the chance to shower. "Wait a minute! Nothing happens before I wash and brush my teeth."

Ron silenced her with another kiss, his tongue delving deep inside of her. He slid his hands up inside her jacket, cupping her breasts for the first time and rubbing his thumbs over her nipples.

Kara's knees trembled, but she steeled her resolve and pushed him away. "Not before I shower," she insisted. "And don't you come in while the water is running."

She backed out of Ron's arms but paused at the bathroom door, remembering the present on the nightstand. "Maybe I'll just take a peek," she said, starting back across the room toward the box.

"Not so fast," Ron told her, scooping her back into his arms. "I get to peek first." He pulled at Kara's blouse, looking down into her cleavage.

Kara slapped his hand away. "Not until after my shower!"

She gave up on the present and returned to the bathroom door. "Remember, you wait out here until I'm finished."

She stepped inside and closed the door behind her.

She did not lock it.

She wondered what Ron would do.

Chapter Thirteen

As soon as Kara closed the bathroom door, Ron went to the bureau and opened it. As promised, four flat white tie boxes were waiting inside for him. He took them out, checked to see the neckties were actually inside, and then placed each box carefully on the edge of the far bed.

In the bathroom, Kara started the shower. Presumably she was standing naked beside it. Ron wanted desperately to go open the door and stare at her, but he restrained himself. He knew she wanted to prep herself for him, and he wasn't going to ruin this moment for her.

He took off all of his clothes and tucked them out of the way in the bureau. He was a tall, strong man, with good muscles and a broad chest and shoulders. Whisker stubble lined his cheeks, and there was evidence of the sleepless night in the shadows below his eyes. His cock hung limp before him, and he pulled on it reassuringly, taking the moment to think about Kara standing beneath the spray of water. He couldn't wait to gaze on her in all her naked glory. He had touched her breasts and explored her hot pussy, but he still didn't know how thick her nipples were, or how wide the aureole spread across her breasts. He wanted to get down

close between her legs and breathe in her musky scent, then let his tongue lick the drops of moisture beading on the lips of her pussy.

His cock was at half-mast just thinking about the woman. He went to stand by the bathroom door, listening to the water, imagining her within it.

His dick grew harder.

She'd be soaping her body, running her hands over her breasts, slipping her fingers between her legs. If he slid in behind her, he could take her under the hot spray. Get one hand around her, cupping her breast, then lift her up and onto him till her sweet pussy sheathed his now rigid meat.

With his free hand he tried the doorknob. She'd left it open for him — a clear invitation.

He opened the door, releasing a cloud of steam against his bare flesh. His hand continued to pump himself, keeping his dick primed and ready.

Kara's lovely face appeared around the curtain looking worried, not glad. "I'm not ready for you yet! Get out and close the door!"

Ron did as she commanded, a bit deflated that she hadn't even noticed his erection.

Chapter Fourteen

Kara's heart pounded fiercely within her chest.

The size of Ron's dick was completely unexpected. When she had felt it through his pants, she'd thought he'd been completely hard, but now she realized she had seriously underestimated things. Unveiled in all its majesty, Ron's cock was like a king's scepter.

She couldn't wait to feel how tightly he would fit in her pussy.

Slipping out of the shower stall, she examined herself in the mirror. Her breasts weren't as firm as they used to be but they still held up pretty nicely. Her flesh was a rich ebony hue and her nipples darker yet. They were soft now in the warmth of the shower-heated bathroom, but she knew that when she stepped out into the hotel suite they would pucker up for Ron and do her proud.

She ran a hand across her stomach. Her belly wasn't as sleek as it had been in her youth and naked there was nothing to hide that fact. It wasn't that she was fat, but neither was she twenty-five anymore either. This wasn't going to be as easy for her as she had hoped.

She continued her inspection. Running her fingers over the curve of her hips

and then sliding inward to feel her mound. She needed a shave and not just here. Stubble had appeared around her trim bush, along her legs and of course in her arm pits. Fortunately, the hotel staff had anticipated this problem, or Ron had when he gave them their extra instructions with his reservation. Disposable razors had been set next to the drinking glasses beside the sink. She took one, and slid back into the shower where she lathered up the soap and began to groom herself.

Ron had clearly gone to great effort to have the room prepared like this on Christmas. She was going to go to a little extra effort herself to make certain they both enjoyed it.

Chapter Fifteen

Kara stretched back on the near bed while she waited for Ron to finish his shower. She was wearing a white terrycloth robe tied loosely about the waist and enjoying the feeling of being clean again. If anything, she was a little bit too comfortable, lying there on the mattress. So to keep herself from getting sleepy, she decided to take a look at the packages.

The four white boxes perplexed her. They contained simple neckties. Nothing to get excited about, and nothing Ron seemed to really need today. But the fifth package, with its jewelry box size and the bright red ribbon, really piqued her interest.

She decided that there was no harm in opening it.

Sitting up on the side of the bed, her bare feet on the carpet, Kara picked up the present and pulled the ribbon free. Then she pulled off the top to find a diamond-studded ruby pendant peaking out at her.

It was so beautiful her breath caught in her throat.

The chain was white gold, and Kara could barely contain her pleasure as she plucked the necklace from the box and fastened it about her neck. The stone fell

perfectly into her upper cleavage.

“Do you like it?”

Ron wore a white towel about his waist and nothing else. Beads of water glistened on his skin. The erection which had so captivated her attention before had disappeared, but the intensity with which he had looked at her in the shower was still very evident in his face.

“Oh yes,” Kara assured him. “It’s beautiful. How did you arrange this?”

Ron picked one of the bottles off the table and began to open it. “*You* are beautiful,” he said. “That stone is merely pretty.”

The cork shot out of the bottle and ricocheted off the ceiling. A shower of foamy liquid sprayed out, catching Kara on her thighs and sending her scooting back onto the bed. She was laughing so hard she almost missed what Ron said next.

“And that is simply exquisite!”

Following his gaze, she saw her robe had popped open, exposing her newly trimmed pussy to his eager blue eyes.

Embarrassed, she pulled the flap back in place, covering herself.

Ron turned and filled the champagne flutes, then exchanged the bottle for the glasses. He crossed the room to stand before the bed. “Merry Christmas,” he said, as he handed Kara her champagne.

“Merry Christmas,” she said.

As she lifted her glass to her lips, Ron hooked his fingers in the front of her robe, pulling it out just enough to let him see her nipples. They were charcoal black against her ebony flesh, with thick chewy centers surrounded by large puckered aureoles.

“You just keep getting more beautiful,” Ron told her, “but I think these want to stand out even prouder for me.”

Before Kara could object, Ron tipped his flute and splashed the icy liquid onto Kara’s right breast. Her nipple responded instantly, thickening to its full magnificence even as she tried to jump away from him.

Ron’s grip on her robe held her firmly in place.

“That’s cold!” she protested.

“Let me take care of that,” he suggested. Dipping his head, he chastely kissed the top of her breast, and then worked his way down beneath it: licking, kissing and sucking, further loosening her robe.

Kara trembled with each stroke of his tongue. She closed her eyes and tried to control her breathing while Ron nursed at her breast, lightly chewing on her nipple. Without pausing in his ministrations he freed her other breast, letting the dark flesh pop free, and a second libation of champagne splashed down on top of her.

Hissing with surprise, Kara tried to surge to her feet, but Ron caught her and forced her down on the bed. His lips pulled free from her right breast and transferred to her stomach, licking the trail of champagne back up toward her breast and the puckered, aching nipple begging for his attention. His tongue was warm and rough against her silky flesh, his sharp teeth little keys to ecstasy.

She was ready for him when he spilled the remainder of his glass onto her stomach, then stepped back to watch the tendrils of golden liquid thread their way down her sides, into her navel, and down around her bush.

“I have another bet for you,” Ron told her. He stretched out beside her and trailed his fingers through the liquid still pooling on her flesh.

Kara felt the muscles in her pussy tighten at his words. Each of his earlier bets had worked out to her decided advantage, even though she had technically lost both of them. They had also been tremendously exciting and had served to bring them closer together. She was dying to learn just what it was Ron had in mind now.

“Do you want to hear the wager?”

Kara nodded.

“Then you have to let me prepare you first.” He leaned down and gently drank the champagne from her navel. His rough tongue flicked in and out of the little hole, making certain he recovered every drop.

Kara closed her eyes and tried to calm her pounding heart. She couldn't believe how turned on she was. Ron hadn't even touched her pussy yet and her body was ready to come.

"May I prepare you?" Ron asked.

"Oh God, yes," Kara gasped, almost ready to agree to his terms without hearing them.

"Good," Ron said. "Let me start by helping you out of this." He eased the robe off her shoulders and slid it out from under her.

To Kara's immense surprise, Ron used it to cover her again, laying it over her naked body from pelvis to breasts.

"That's only while we negotiate," Ron assured her. "You're too damn beautiful. It's very distracting."

He stood up and took one of the tie boxes off the other bed.

"I've been wondering what those were for," Kara told him.

"I like to make certain of things," Ron explained. He removed a Santa Claus print tie and discarded the carton. Then he picked up her arm and quickly tied the silk to her wrist.

"What are you doing?" Kara asked.

"Binding you to the bed."

A tremor ran the length of Kara's body. "Why are you tying me?"

Ron's voice was flat. "So you can't push me away when you start coming like you did last night."

The tremor intensified, working its way from the depths of Kara's pussy up the length of her spine while Ron calmly secured the other end of her restraint to the bedpost.

"What if I don't want to be tied up?" Kara asked.

Ron removed a second tie from its box. It was gold with green wreathes—ugly, but more than sufficient for this purpose. He looked her straight in the eye. "Do you want me to stop?"

Kara's nipples hardened beneath the robe. "No," she whispered.

Ron tied Kara's other wrist to the opposite bed post. She tested the restraints. They were both very secure.

Ron pushed her ass into the middle of the bed and set about tying her legs down. In no time at all she was spread eagle before him, tits and pussy still hidden by the robe. Ron plucked a pillow off the other mattress and slid it under Kara's ass.

"I seem to have miscalculated," he admitted. "I forgot the blindfold."

"Blindfold?" Kara asked. "But I want to see you!"

"Maybe we could use the belt of your robe," Ron suggested.

"No! I want to see you!"

“Really?” Ron grinned and pulled his towel loose. At half-mast he was significantly smaller than the glimpse she had enjoyed earlier in the bathroom, but he was still mighty impressive. His cock seemed to grow as she looked at it. She couldn’t wait to get it in her hands.

“Now for the wager,” Ron reminded her. His voice was low and exciting. “You are an exquisite woman who has been poorly used of late. Where you should be worshipped, stimulated in both mind and body, you’ve been horribly neglected. I propose to change all that. You need a man who can fully satisfy you, and I want to be that man.”

Kara couldn’t keep her voice from trembling. “You do?”

Ron continued as if she hadn’t spoken. “I bet that I can make you come today like you have never dreamed of coming: harder, longer, faster, better than you have ever climaxed before.”

Kara swallowed hard. Ron’s finger traced the arch of her left foot. It wasn’t a sexual action, but she found it erotic nonetheless. She tried to pull her foot away, but the necktie held her securely. Ron acted like he didn’t know he was slowly driving her crazy. “What’s the...What’s the wager?” she asked.

“You stay with me one night for every orgasm you experience. Every time I make you come, our relationship extends another twenty-four hours. I’m betting I can satisfy you for the rest of your life, and I’m willing to give you an easy out if I

ever let you down. The moment you stop coming, you'll be free to go."

Kara's heart beat like a snare drum, a rapid patter far too quick to count. How long was Ron really talking about? They had just met! Talking about the rest of her life was absurd.

Ron ripped the robe off Kara's body, fully exposing her to his greedy eyes. Her thick, swollen nipples strained toward the ceiling; the lips of her pussy glistened with excitement.

Ron sat down on the bed beside her and ran his fingertips lightly across her smooth stomach. "Of course, to be fair," he continued, "you will have to be available to me any time I want you—night or day, at your home or your office, out dancing or at your parents' house..."

He reached out and tweaked her thick brown nipple. "If I want to touch you, I can. If I want to kiss you..." he bent over Kara's groin and brushed her swollen clit with his lips, making her whole body jerk with pleasure.

He looked back up into her eyes. "If I want to fuck you..."

Ron gave his hardening dick a quick tug. "No matter where we are or who we're with, your body is mine."

Ron let go of his dick and plucked at one of the neckties. "That's why I've tied you up," he said, "so you'll remember our wager. If you agree to our bet, every night after this you'll be just like this, even if you're not physically tied to our bed."

Kara didn't think she'd ever been this wet before. He hadn't even really touched her yet and her pussy was quivering with excitement. But she wasn't completely certain she understood what he wanted yet. He wanted her, of course, but the wager confused her. "So tell me again what you win."

Ron straddled Kara's body and slowly licked each of her nipples. His tongue was long and flat, and her body strained to follow after it. He grinned broadly when he met her eyes again. His now rigid dick pointed straight up her stomach toward her mouth.

"I win you, of course — night and day, body and soul — for as long as I can keep satisfying you."

"And if I win?"

Ron shook his head, then slid down her body, a trail of his pre-come staining Kara's stomach. "That is you winning, Kara. You get a man who adores you and wants more than anything else to satisfy all of your desires." He hesitated, his mouth hovering inches over her clitoris. "You do think I can satisfy you, don't you, Kara?"

Kara knew that if Ron actually touched her clit with that tongue she would die from excitement. He was all the man she had ever wanted. She tried to tell him so, but her throat clogged with emotion and only a husky "Yes" popped out.

Ron's mouth drew closer, half an inch above her swollen nub of flesh. His

hot breath prickled her skin, and she thrust her hips up against him. Ron tried to pull away, but she was too fast for him, smacking his mouth with her pussy and leaving her juices glistening on his lips.

She watched Ron taste those juices, his hard dick thumping with happiness. He was smiling as well as he placed a hand firmly on each of her thighs and pressed her back down onto the mattress. He got right back over her aching clit so she could feel his breath when he spoke.

“I’m glad you want me, Kara, but I’m not going to let you come until you agree to my wager. We’ll make it retroactive. Last night won me today. Before Christmas is over, I want to win the month of January.”

January? That was, like, forty times! Ron thought he could make her come forty times? It just wasn’t possible, but suddenly nothing was more important to Kara than feeling Ron’s rough tongue try. She bucked back up against him, but Ron was ready for her this time, and his hands were too strong. No matter how she squirmed or thrust or twisted, she couldn’t get her pussy up into his mouth.

“Do you agree?” he asked again.

“Yes, damn it, yes!” she shouted, then screamed and thrashed anew as he sucked her clitoris inside his mouth.

Chapter Sixteen

Kara bucked like an unbroken mare and it was everything Ron could do to keep his mouth latched onto her. Despite the neckties binding ankles and wrists, Kara's hips were everywhere on the mattress, twisting, pulling and thrusting in her excitement. Every muscle in her body seemed to have exploded, and the more he sucked, the more frenzied were her gyrations.

It was absolutely the most exciting thing Ron had ever experienced. She was a mad woman, thrashing beneath him. He couldn't begin to imagine how incredible her frenzied pussy would feel exploding around his rigid dick.

Kara kept trying to say something, but her seizure-like orgasms wouldn't let her form the words. It was breathtaking! Ron couldn't be sure how many times she had already actually climaxed and there appeared to be no end in sight. When he'd suggested this wager, he'd naively believed that a space naturally separated each of a woman's orgasms. He hadn't realized they could all blur into one like a string of firecrackers or a machine gun. No woman had ever been this excited by him before, and he had never wanted to fuck a woman as badly as he wanted Kara.

Kara continued gasping, thrashing her head from side to side, making

incoherent sounds of pleasure. Her rich ebony skin looked even darker now, if that were possible. She screamed with excitement, fought with her bonds, and writhed her hips in helpless ecstasy. Ron thought he ought to consider slowing the pace and letting Kara catch her breath, but her endless gyrations and sexy moans had him far too horny to stop now. His fevered dick needed to feel Kara's pussy while she was still climaxing. He had to know *now* what Kara's passion felt like squeezing against the naked flesh of his rock hard dick.

Ron reared up over Kara, wiping at the juices that smeared his cheeks and chin. The veins stood out on his cock like corded muscle. He had always been large, but today he felt bigger than ever. His fat mushroom head was so swollen it had turned dark and purplish. Pre-cum oozed out of the eye and dripped onto Kara's thigh like water from a leaky faucet.

Kara kept writhing beneath him, unable to calm down while Ron rubbed the slick head of his cock against her juicy lips. He was so big he'd thought he'd have trouble entering her, but she was so wet and excited that the massive head easily slipped inside.

Kara's head snapped off her pillow, her mouth forming a beautiful, sexy 'O'.

Ron just couldn't wait anymore. He lunged up the length of her body, crushing her wonderful breasts beneath his chest, and thrust his rigid cock as deep within her as he could make it go.

Chapter Seventeen

Kara hadn't believed that anything so big could enter her without tearing something, but the cum-slicked head of Ron's cock felt velvet smooth as its more narrow tip opened her and Kara's juicy lips happily swallowed it.

Then Ron's weight came crashing down on top of her, and his hips thrust hard against her own. His swollen meat stabbed deep inside her body, stretching her vagina to places it had never gone before.

Ron was no longer gentle or patient. He was no longer worried about her needs. All he seemed concerned about was ramming his cock as deep inside her as possible.

Kara loved it all!

What might have hurt if he had tried it in the bathroom was everything her body wanted now. She'd been coming for what seemed like hours. Every nerve ending in her body had fired at least a thousand times. She could never be more ready to accommodate his girth than she was right this moment. And Ron's thick head, pulsing veins, and the rougher skin of his shaft ignited her body anew. Her pussy shuddered all around him, and the only thing wrong was that the damn neckties prevented her from wrapping her arms and legs about Ron and locking

him inside her.

Ron lifted his hips, dragging that delicious cock back through Kara's passage. He got his arms beneath him, taking some of his weight off her chest while improving his leverage. Then he shoved his cock back inside her.

He wasn't as completely gone as Kara had first thought, but he was definitely teetering on the edge of abandon. The faster he pumped his hips, the tighter she squeezed her pussy around him, the closer he came to exploding in her depths.

His cock pistoned in and out of her. His flushed face darkened toward purple. He seemed to be trying to adjust his angle, leaning over on his side as he thrust against her in a way that her g-spot utterly adored. She started coming again, still always, and his lips clamped on to her, sucking at her mouth, her cheek, her earlobe.

His right hand left the mattress, and his fingers dug hard into her breast. The pain blurred with her pleasure, and she spasmed even more tightly around his thick shaft. Her left leg finally broke free of its restraint and she threw it around his thighs. His breaths were rapid, hoarse, and obviously painful, sure signs that he was close to erupting.

"Fuck me!" she shouted with all the passion in her blood. "Fuck me! Fuck me! Fuck me! Fuck me! Fuck me!"

Ron thrust even deeper than before, the tip of his swollen cock grinding against the end of her vagina. That added pressure was all it took. White-hot fire spurted out of him until they both began screaming out their passion.

Ron collapsed back onto Kara's breasts, still pumping, still spurting that luscious heat inside of her. It dribbled out of her lips to slide down to her anus while his teeth nibbled sharply on the lobe of her ear. The fingers bruising her breast began to relax, but continued to tighten spasmodically with each new spurt of semen.

Kara twisted her head toward Ron, only to find his lips already seeking her mouth. His fingers tugged at the necktie still securing her wrist even as his tongue brushed her own.

They lay together with her right limbs still tied to the bed, trying to let their heart rates calm.

"That ought," Ron whispered between deep breaths, "to win me ... a few more days of your company."

Kara held him, enjoying the feel of his hard warm body snuggled against her own. But something wasn't right in what he'd said. Why, she wondered, was their bet solely based upon her pleasure? Could a relationship work when only one person worried about satisfying the other?

She let go of Ron and picked at the necktie binding her other wrist. His

breathing deepened as he lay quietly beside her. She remembered that he hadn't slept much last night. He'd be asleep before long so she needed to act now.

When her wrist slipped free, she turned her attention to freeing her final ankle. Then she rolled over, stifling a groan as the muscles in her thighs protested. Her mouth was right where she wanted it—directly over Ron's limp cock. It was slimy with the combination of his and her juices — not something she would normally want to touch. But for making the statement she planned, his dirty limp dick would serve perfectly.

She flicked out her tongue and tasted him, a combination of salty and sweeter fluids. Ron opened his eyes and looked down at her.

"I want to adjust our wager," she told him.

Her tongue flicked out again and cleaned a swathe of the underside of his cock. Much to her delight, his penis began to stir.

Even spent, Ron's dick wanted her. It didn't care that she was black or fifteen years older than him. And Ron didn't care either.

"It's too late," Ron said. "We already have a deal."

Kara licked him again, carefully cleaning the base of his dick and then moving down to his testicles. They were big and covered in silky blond curls. She sucked the left one into her mouth and massaged it with her tongue. When she let it fall, she let a string of saliva trail from her lips down onto him.

“I don’t think you’ll mind this change,” Kara told him.

She sucked the other ball into her mouth and repeated the procedure.

Ron’s face began to flush again. The flesh of his neck just beneath his jaw reddened, before the color rapidly moved up into his cheeks. “What do you have in mind?”

“It’s all about satisfaction,” Kara explained, before pausing to kiss the base of his dick again. He was longer now, but still decidedly limp. She began to clean the cum and juices from its length, like a cat cleaning her kittens.

Ron had a little bit of trouble answering her. “Are you saying you weren’t satisfied with my performance?”

Kara’s pussy quivered in protest of his words. “Oh no! You’re an incredible lover,” she assured him. “But I want to make sure you’re satisfied as well.” She was halfway up his length now, enjoying the feel of him hardening beneath her mouth.

“I am *very* satisfied,” Ron assured her. “I don’t think I’ve ever come that hard.”

Kara tickled under the rim of his head with the sharp tip of her tongue. “But our wager doesn’t account for that,” she reminded him. “It’s focused only on my pleasure. I want to change that.”

She took him in her hand and enjoyed a longer lick, traveling around the world, cleaning all of the remains of their love making off the rim of his dick.

Ron groaned.

“Satisfaction is a two way street,” Kara continued. “I can’t be happy unless I know my man is happy with me.”

“I’m very happy with you,” Ron assured her.

“You are *now*, but what about tomorrow and the next day?” She tried hard not to let Bobby’s face flash before her eyes, but in a very real way *he* was what was driving her now. Bobby had become unsatisfied and let another woman entice him away. “Our wager,” she continued, “should account for you in the equation. Every time you come for me, I want it to count for another day.”

She began to rub his slick glands against her cheek while pumping his long, hardening shaft. “When you come in my pussy, we get another day together. When you come in my mouth, we both win. When you splatter semen all over my tits, or between my breasts, or pull out and spray love on my ass, we get another twenty-four hours. When you’re traveling and you jack off while I talk dirty to you on the phone, we earn another night. Anytime you come for me, we both benefit.”

She paused to swirl the flat of her tongue over the sensitive eye of his penis. Ron was fully erect again, just as hard as he had been when he first entered her pussy. “You’ll even get bonus days when you spurt instead of dribble. But the one rule you can *never* break is that you *only* come for me. I’m not sharing you with anybody.”

“I ... like that idea,” Ron conceded.

Kara took him in her mouth. Stretching her lips as far as she could, she still couldn't get him in without scraping his head with her teeth.

Ron's whole body shook, suggesting he favored the sensation.

Kara began to pump him, uncertain if she should suck him off or bounce up and down on his pole. Her thighs were sore and she thought she'd had enough of coming, but this hard cock pulsing in her mouth had her juices flowing again.

“How are you doing this to me?” Ron asked. “I can't come twice!”

Kara pulled her mouth free of him, squeezing his shaft hard instead of pumping him. “Twice? I've got more like four or five times in mind. We've got all afternoon and all night.”

She licked him again when he tried to speak, and the little tremor she caused kept him silent.

“I figure I've come at least ten times. It's only fair you start to catch up with me.”

Ron's eyes widened at the thought she would really try to catch him up. “I sort of like these odds,” he said, “ten to one, or five to one. I could be very happy with that ratio.”

Kara smiled. She sort of liked those numbers herself. “Let's see how high we can both go.”

Despite her protesting muscles, she raised herself up over him until her pussy straddled the tip of his restored erection. Her lips trembled in anticipation, eager to engulf him. They looked so dark even against the almost purple shade of his swollen head.

“Merry Christmas, Ron.”

Kara lowered herself onto Ron’s hard penis, her lips stretching to swallow that wonderful flaring head.

Ron thrust up to meet her, sheathing his rigid dick deep in her silky wetness.

Kara dropped harder on top of him, twisting her hips as she descended, grinding herself on his rod.

Her orgasm was already brewing.

She knew Ron’s wouldn’t be far behind.

The End

Author Bio

Veronica Tower was married to her high school sweetheart for five deliriously happy years and ten far less wonderful ones. Now she is taking the time to make up for lost opportunities. In addition to returning to school to pursue a degree in psychology, Veronica has committed herself to fully exploring her fantasies, both in writing and in person...

Other Books by Veronica Tower and Red Rose Publishing:

Christmas Wagers

House Rules

My Son's Roommate

Not Another Dateless Valentine's Day

One Night Stand

Tricks

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Snowbound 5 Snowbound Treat

Blind Date

Please Stop Filming

The Runaway