

Unwrapping Lily Chloe Cole

Gabriel Sandoval is crazy in love. His life with his wife Lily is everything a man could ask for. She's beautiful, funny, smart and sexy. She even swallows. There's just this one little thing...

Lily Sandoval is wild about her man. He's strong, supportive and gorgeous. There's no one in the world she would rather spend time with, and their sex life is off the charts. But she knows that deep down, Gabe has a secret wish. And this Christmas, Lily will let go of all her inhibitions to make that wish come true.

An Ellora's Cave Romantica Publication



www.ellorascave.com

Unwrapping Lily

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Electronic book publication December 2010

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UNWRAPPING LILY

Chloe Cole

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Chapter One

Gabriel Sandoval shut the bathroom door behind him with a snap and leaned against the sink.

Why was he such a jerk? Lily was the best; a giving lover, a wonderful partner and wife. She was a great cook, loved football, action movies. She even swallowed. Most guys would kill to be in his shoes. And here he stood, in the bathroom – after an hour of great, energetic sex – pissed off.

It was just this *one* thing and he couldn't get past it.

He closed his eyes and thought back to the previous hour. His cock swelled as he remembered how good her mouth had felt. She did this thing with her tongue where she'd rub it back and forth right underneath the head of his dick while she cupped his balls. It drove him nuts. He dreamed of it, how she would look sucking him off, her long, dark hair spread over his stomach, her swollen lips pulling on his cock, her bare tits pressed against his thighs.

But it was all in his mind's eye, because even after a year of marriage, and no matter how many times he tried to convince her, she refused to have sex with the lights on. He'd never looked down between them to see her pussy as his cock slid in and out. He'd never seen the contrast of his hands, brown from the outdoors, on the soft white skin of her bare ass as he took her from behind. He'd never gotten to watch her face as she fingered herself until she came.

He had to rely on his imagination, which was laden with images of her in every position. Lily on her back, arms over her head, curvy thighs spread wide. Lily from behind, plump ass in full view while he fucked her doggy style. Lily on her knees before him, nipples hard, mouth open, cheeks flushed. If he didn't stop torturing himself, he was going to lose his mind. He moved away from the door and stood before the mirror. His reflection stared back at him accusingly. *Time to man up and let it go.*

At that moment Gabriel decided he was going to give Lily the greatest Christmas gift of all. He was going to stop bothering her about it. There wasn't a couple he knew of that had it as good as they did, and he was going to start his holiday season by being a little more grateful for what they shared. He gave himself one last warning glare and walked out of the bathroom to slip back into bed with his lovely wife.

* * * * *

Lily stared at herself in the dressing room mirror and tried not to wince. After two margaritas, she'd thought this was going to be a little less painful than usual. It wasn't. A little more blurry maybe, but still just as brutal. She hated shopping for regular clothes and this was ten times worse.

"Lemme see!" Marianne called from her perch outside the doorway.

"No."

"C'mon, don't be such a baby. Do you want to do this or what?"

"You know I do. It's just... Maybe we should go to another store. I think I discovered what Victoria's big secret is. She has no tits and no ass."

Marianne chuckled. "Don't try to distract me with humor. Come out, or I'm coming in to get you."

With one last glance in the mirror, Lily took a deep breath and walked out of the dressing room, face burning in shame.

"Lily, open your eyes. You look beautiful. Really, honey. Look at yourself honestly. Come here."

Marianne pulled her close to the three-way mirror and stood behind her. "Your hair is like something from one of those commercials, dark and silky and shiny. And the boobs? They make us flat-chested girls want to weep with jealousy."

"They're popping out all over the place," she responded, exasperated.

"So your cups runneth over a little, so what? You think your husband is going to look at you in that and say, 'Honey, you're showing too much cleavage'? I don't think so. Not to mention, your skin is gorgeous, your waist is trim. I guess I just don't get it, girl. What's so bad?"

Lily kept her eyes scrunched halfway shut so as to dull the edges a little as she again faced her reflection, this time in the mirror. "Well for starters my hips are huge. And look at my ass. I look like I'm smuggling two hams in my underpants, for fuck's sake. Gabe's in such good shape, his body is perfect. And as much as I love it sometimes I wish he had some flaws, then maybe I wouldn't feel so bad, you know?"

"Oh, yeah. Poor thing. 'My husband is too sexy'. Cry me a river."

Lily let out a crack of laughter. "Sorry. You're right. I just have to bite the bullet. After the first time it's got to get easier, right?"

"That's the spirit. Now come on, try something else on. Those panties aren't revealing enough. The sooner we find something, the sooner we can get your hair done and go celebrate with another margarita and some of those nachos."

"Okay, okay," she said, chuckling. She headed back into the dressing room, her smile fading as she shut the door behind her.

She'd told Marianne part of her plan – to get totally sexified and finally let Gabe see her, and them, while they made love. But that was only half of it. Somewhere, in that intangible place that a wife knew a husband, she knew Gabe craved something more from her but was afraid to ask. She sensed it. When things got really hot and wild, a part of him was still in check. He was holding back and it just wasn't her way to let it slide. She wanted all of him. As good as their sex life was – and it was damn good – she had the exhilarating feeling that there was something more for them, if she could just take that leap of faith.

As she stared at her reflection, she tried not to look away in shame. Gabe always told her how beautiful and sexy she was. He wanted her and loved her above all else. And if she believed in that, she had to believe that a little extra padding wasn't going to

make him love or want her less. And she had to believe that if she gave him her absolute trust, he wouldn't abuse it.

So for Christmas this year she was going to give him it all.

* * * * *

Lily had said she'd be home late. She was out with Marianne having a couple drinks and doing some last-minute Christmas shopping. That was cool, because it would give him time to wrap the present he had bought her.

Gabe held the bracelet in front of the light and it sparkled as he turned it in his hand. It was white gold with channel-set sapphires, her birthstone. He knew she would love it.

After taking a quick shower, he slid naked into the bed and waited for his wife to come home. He imagined her face when she opened the box and his eyes began to drift shut...

Lily's hair streamed down her back, her chest arched forward. Her full, creamy white breasts bounced up and down as she rode him. Reaching up, he pinched her hard, pink nipples between his forefingers and thumbs, groaning as her inner walls squeezed him in response to the contact. Fuck, she was tight. Her pussy gripped him as she moved and he arched up, seating himself to the hilt. If his cock got any harder, it was going to explode.

She reached up and sank both hands into her long hair, her thick hips flexing against his. He could tell by the tension in her body that she was close and he reached between them and wet two fingers with her juices, sliding them silkily over her clit in a circular motion. She froze over him and her mouth opened in a silent scream as she began to come. Her heavy breasts heaved and her thighs trembled as he continued to plunge in and out of her wet warmth, struggling not to follow her over the edge. She looked so damn beautiful.

As her tremors slowed she gave him a siren's smile and let her hair down. She climbed off him and slid down his body, cupping his throbbing cock then giving it a firm, knowing squeeze as he stared in fascination. She leaned forward and stuck out her little pink tongue to lick off the bead of cum she'd pulled from him.

She drove him mad. He wanted to grab her head and arch his back and force her to take it all, but he held back, perfectly still, holding his breath to see what she would do next.

Lily bent low and drew the head of his cock into the warm softness of her mouth, suckling gently. Blood rushed from his head and his vision swam as he strained to watch her. Her beautiful brown eyes met his and one dimple flashed as she sucked him farther in, until the swollen tip of his dick touched the back of her throat. His orgasm clawed at him like a beast, the ache spreading from low in his belly to his balls as they tightened, ready to launch.

Gabe reached down and put a hand on her head, working her hot mouth over him faster.

"That's it, babe, I'm going to come," he bit out, then wrapped his hand in her hair and froze. His eyes snapped opened. Blearily, he looked down to see an auburn-haired woman with shoulder-length hair bobbing her head up and down between his hips. *What the fuck?*

"Stop, please," he groaned, struggling to free himself from the woman's grasp. But it was too late. He was locked and loaded and nothing short of death could have stopped the flow. The climax barreled into him, momentarily short-circuiting his confusion and shock. He flexed his hips helplessly toward that hot, suckling mouth dragging him in, but quickly retracted them, pulling out at the last minute. He gripped his cock in his hand, terror warring with ecstasy, as it jerked and twitched, cum spurting onto his stomach.

His stomach roiled as he lay there for a moment, frozen in horror. Who the hell was in his bed? How could he ever look his beautiful wife in the eyes again? He would tell her the truth, he decided immediately. But who would believe this?

"Why'd you pull out?"

A few seconds ticked by before the voice registered, cutting through the fog in his brain. A spell of dizziness washed over him as relief flooded in at the sound of that familiar voice. He leaned closer, allowing his eyes to adjust to the light, and stared into his wife's smiling eyes. His heart began to beat again as he struggled to regain his composure.

Gabe had just lived through the single most terrifying moment of his life and now he had to play it off like he knew it was her all along.

"I was having a weird dream and you freaked me out a little. What are you doing? And what's with the hair?"

Lily stood and walked across the room into the bathroom and returned a moment later with a washcloth in hand. She pressed the warm, damp towel to his stomach and began to clean him off. "Sorry. I walked in and you were jerking off in your sleep. I just couldn't resist."

He remained motionless under her ministrations, waiting for her to answer his question about her hair. She finished wiping him off then lobbed the soiled towel into the laundry basket across the room; nothing but net.

She held up a hand for their customary high-five and he let out an appreciative whistle. "Nice shot."

She gave him her thousand-watt smile and he smiled back, the panic and adrenaline finally starting to drain from his body.

"So listen," she began, her smile fading, her voice a little strained. "I want to give you your Christmas present tonight, okay?"

"Okay."

"And the hair...well, the hair is part of it."

"It looks nice. Different, but nice."

"That's the beauty of it. It looks different. Not like me at all. So then there's nothing to be embarrassed about, right?"

Gabe's heart stuttered in his chest. *Did she mean* –?

"I'll be right back." With that, she turned and left the room.

If he allowed himself to hope and he was wrong, he didn't know if he'd ever get over it. Trying desperately to distract himself, he thought of Christmas, thought about

skiing, about watching *A Christmas Story*, but the vision of a redheaded Lily with her face in his lap kept replaying in his mind.

His cock began to swell again, despite his internal warnings. The door swung open and Lily called in, "Close your eyes."

He did.

Lily cleared her throat nervously. "Okay," she whispered.

Gabe opened his eyes. There stood his wife, bathed in the light of a half-dozen candles, dressed in a red bustier, black thong and thigh-high stockings with garters. Her feet were encased in black, mile-high, fuck-me stilettos. For a brief moment he wondered if he was still dreaming, then she ran her hands down her breasts, pinching both nipples until they peaked, and he no longer cared. He just hoped he never woke up.

She moved toward him slowly, hips rolling, breasts jiggling with every step. His eyes drank in the sight as his cock surged.

Holy shit, was this going to be good.

Chapter Two

As Lily sashayed toward him she tamped down every urge to cover herself and run screaming from the room. She eyed Gabe lying on the bed naked. She allowed her gaze to travel slowly down his body. A thrill shot through her when she saw his cock, thick and ready. Okay, that was a good start.

"I went to see Santa today, Gabe," she said, her voice husky. "He told me I'd been a very bad girl. Do you think I'm bad?" she asked, turning to let him see the back of her getup then wiggling her hips. She pressed her hands to the back of her thighs and slowly dragged them up and over the bare cheeks of her ass.

Gabe sucked in his breath and let out a strangled cough. Lily's fragile confidence soared again and she peered at him over her shoulder.

"Well?"

"Yesss..." he hissed, his eyes bright with need.

"So what are you going to do about it?"

He stared at her, immobile, as if unsure how to proceed. She reached over to grab what she needed off the nightstand and tossed them on the bed.

The handcuffs landed with a jingle. Gabe's eyes widened and he reached out a tentative hand to pick them up.

"Where do you want me?" she asked in a trembling voice.

His eyes were wide with shock as he looked down at the cuffs, and for one sick moment Lily wondered if she'd read him all wrong—if he was going to be repulsed by her bold suggestion. How would she get past the humiliation?

She started to backtrack. "Gabe, I'm sorry, we don't have to..." The words died on her lips as his eyes met hers and a slow, feral smile spread across his handsome face.

Gabe had to work to steady his hand as he picked up the cuffs. *This has the potential to be the best night of your life.* A *game changer. Whatever you do, take it slow. Do not blow it.*

But looking at his wife trembling in her stilettos, heaving breasts straining to free themselves from the bustier that barely contained them, something in him snapped. And something dark that had always lurked deep under the surface took its place. He'd never examined it before, always tamped it down, turned it off, but there it was. Did she know? Could she possibly know? And could she handle the beast she'd unleashed? One way to find out.

His skin felt too tight for his body as he rolled off the bed and stood. Lily must have sensed the change as she eyed him warily, taking an almost imperceptible step back.

"Come closer," he demanded, his voice almost unrecognizable to his ears.

Lily took a tentative step forward.

"Closer."

Uncertainty clouded her face for a moment, followed by an insatiable curiosity that was all Lily.

She took another step forward, stopping three feet away.

"Is this close enough?"

His cock throbbed in response to the question. It was up to him to decide. Was she close enough? What did he really want from her? She was his to command.

"Turn around and face the bed," he ground out. She did, treating him again to the sight of her plump ass and the sexy seam running down the back of her stockings.

"Bend over."

She hesitated and he repeated the command, this time with more force. She leaned forward until her elbows rested on the bed.

He groaned aloud as her ass spread like an offering before him. He stepped back to get a better view and drank in the sight. The slick lips of her pussy were visible, not

completely covered by the thong. It took all of his strength not to rip the scrap of silk away and bury himself in her wet heat. But patience was the game and he wanted her begging him for it.

"Thank you for letting me look at you, Lily. Would you like a reward?"

She hesitated and Gabe stepped forward, running his fingertips over one smooth cheek and then giving her a sharp slap. The resulting *crack* resounded through the room, followed by her gasp then a thick silence.

Leaning low, he covered her back with his chest, reveling in the feel of her round, curvy bottom pressed against his abs. He spread her ass roughly with his hand and nestled his rock-hard cock in the crevice, grinding against her. Pressing his mouth close to the shell of her ear, he whispered, "When I ask you a question, answer me. Do you understand?"

And here it was. The moment of truth. Either she was in or she was out. He waited, his whole world balancing on her answer.

"Yes," she said, her soft voice trembling.

"I can't hear you." If they were going to do this, he needed to know for sure that she wanted it too. That she understood what she was getting into.

She lifted her chin and her eyes narrowed at his tone, but she responded. "Yes."

A thrill shot through him. Close enough, for now. She would learn; he would teach her. "Good girl. Turn around and lay on the bed."

She stood and started to take her shoes off.

"Leave the shoes on."

She straightened and sat on the bed, swinging her legs up to lie down.

"Put your hands above your head."

She complied. Gabe closed one side of the cuffs over her left wrist, then the other over her right, removing the tiny key and laying it on the nightstand. He stood for a moment, just staring down at her ripe body, cuffed hands overhead, tits thrust forward.

One firm nipple peeked out over the top of her bustier, waiting for his mouth. *Fuck, did she look sexy.* They'd only just begun and already his patience was wearing thin.

He walked over to his dresser and pulled out three neckties, then returned to stand next to the bed.

"What – What are you doing with those?" she asked, her voice breathy.

"I don't want you to speak unless you are spoken to. Is that clear?"

She opened her mouth to reply, but snapped it shut, nodding. The pulse in her neck skittered and he quelled the urge to kiss it. First things first.

But Gabe couldn't stop himself from reaching down and cupping one full breast in his hand, pinching the exposed nipple. Lily moaned in response. Pleasure or pain, he didn't know, but soon it would all run together. He paused. "We need a word, Lily."

"A word?"

"A word that you can say to me when you really want me to stop. Because you can struggle and we can play rough with each other, but I never, ever want to truly hurt you. So you need a safe word, and once you say it, I'll know you're serious. Okay?"

"Okay. Pretzel," she said without hesitation.

"Pretzel," he repeated, biting back a smile. That was her favorite snack. A rush of tenderness assailed him and he bent low and pressed a kiss to her nose before making his way to the foot of the bed. *Pretzel*. Such an innocuous word. He'd never be able to look at the salty snacks the same way again.

Gabe unfolded one of the ties, stretching it to its full length, and moved to Lily's feet, noting with satisfaction that she'd begun to quiver.

Lily lay as still as possible as Gabe trailed the end of a silky necktie up the length of one leg, then back down the other. Her whole body was tense, partly in fear, partly in anticipation as she waited for his next move. He leaned forward and with a flick of his thumbs unsnapped both of her garters and began to slowly roll the stockings down. His

fingers slid down the soft inside of her thighs leaving a tingling path in their wake. He took off her shoes, peeling the stockings off completely. He pressed a soft kiss to each sensitive instep then slid the shoes back onto her bare feet.

Grasping a foot in one hand, he lifted her leg high, his gaze sliding from her shoe to her ankle and up her leg before settling on the junction between her thighs. "Why would you keep this from me?" he asked, his face a mask of lust and bewilderment. "You're like a painting. My imagination couldn't even create a fantasy sexier than you are."

And as she watched him watching her, so enthralled, she believed him.

He pressed his lips to her calf, then picked up one of the discarded ties and looped it around her right ankle once, tying the end to the bed rail. Grasping her other foot lightly, he looped the second tie around her ankle then looked her in the eyes as he slowly spread her legs, wider and wider.

Lily tried not to cringe as she became more open, more vulnerable, with every second. Her legs were spread almost uncomfortably wide, her muscles slowly warming and stretching to accommodate the circumstances. Gabe stared down at her, his molten gaze on her partly exposed sex. She felt a rush of heat between her legs as his breathing grew labored and his nostrils flared. Lowering her gaze, a fierce satisfaction coursed through her at the sight of his cock standing huge and stiff, almost reaching his bellybutton.

"Look at that pretty pussy. And look at you, all wide open for me. I've dreamt about this for the past two years and my dreams didn't even come close to the reality of it. You're perfect. I think it's time for that reward now, Lily."

Her heart knocked against her chest as he picked up the last necktie and trailed it up and down her bare legs. It was delicious, almost tickling, but not quite. She'd just begun to relax, allowing the gentle, comforting slide of the silk against her thighs lull her into a sensual stupor when Gabe stopped. He bent low and bit her sharply on the hip. "Ah!" She jerked away instinctively, her movement halted by the restraints tightening on her ankles.

"Stay still."

He climbed onto the bed, kneeling between her legs, thick cock bobbing as he moved. Ah yes, he was going to fuck her now.

He bent low again, pressing his lips to her hip, this time planting a warm, sucking kiss to the spot that still smarted from his bite. She groaned as he pulled away, his warm breath bathing the tender spot. Again she jumped as he nipped her in the same spot, harder this time. Something electric sizzled through her along with the pain. And again he pressed a soft kiss to the spot. He pulled away, a mere inch or two, his lips suspended over her hips, his breath washing over her. And, almost of their own accord, her hips bounced lightly, urging him downward.

"Do you want me to bite you, Lily?" he breathed, the whisper of his breath raising gooseflesh on her arms.

"Yes."

"Ask me nicely, then."

"Yes, please."

Still, he waited. She held herself stock-still, anticipating his strong teeth nipping her, then that hot tongue soothing. The wait was brutal.

"Please bite me, Gabe," she whimpered.

She felt his teeth close over the fleshy part of her hip, clamping hard then releasing. Moisture rushed to her pussy and a pulsing need began to throb low in her belly.

"Again."

This time he went lower, nipping the softer, more sensitive skin of her inner thigh. She yelped and he laved, sucking softly, soothing. He bit again, the same spot, and pain registered for an instant, followed by a current of electricity burning a direct line from the bite to her pussy.

"I'm going to lick you now. I've been thinking about it the whole time, looking at you with your legs spread that way, wanting to rip off that thong and suck that tight little clit into my mouth. I can't wait to see your pussy. This is the first time, you know. Do you want that, Lily? Do you want me to eat your pussy?"

His voice was lower than the Gabe she knew—almost guttural with need and intensity, and it was making her crazy. "Y-yes," she stammered. Hell yes she'd like it. She could almost come just hearing him talk about it.

He grasped the thong in one hand and yanked. The elastic bit into her skin for a moment before snapping. Gabe tossed the scrap of fabric aside and pressed his mouth to her pubic bone, which she had shaved bare for him.

"Mmm," she moaned. She brought her cuffed hands down to his head, pressing his face closer.

"Hands up," he snapped.

She pulled them back as if bitten. Whatever he wanted, as long as he got to business and made her come. She ached with need and was getting desperate.

He put a hand to her pussy and gave a light squeeze.

"Damn, you're wet." He slid two fingers deep inside in one firm press, covering her swollen clit with his mouth, sucking hard.

Her body bucked and she strained against the ties at her ankles, arching toward him. It was so much, all at once. She was being burned alive. He released her clit then lapped at it with his tongue, nuzzling it, flicking it. Her hips arched, urging him to move the fingers that were still deep inside her. He slid them out slowly then thrust them hard and deep. She froze, her mind screaming for him to do it again, just one more time. It didn't happen. She hung there on the precipice, waiting for him to finish her, but he was like a statue. Completely still.

"Please, Gabe, please." She jerked her hips in an effort to force his fingers deeper.

She almost sobbed when he pulled them out completely and removed his mouth from her. Her body quaked helplessly as he looked up at her with a hooded gaze, unmoving.

Well fuck him, then.

Lily met his stare, challenging him to deny her, as she brought her cuffed hands down between her legs. She pressed three fingers to her slick, throbbing clit and began to rub in a circular motion. Whole body tingling, she expertly hurtled herself toward release.

Chapter Three

Gabe was in a bad way, because as much as he knew he needed to punish her insubordination, the sight of her playing with herself was like a wet dream. They *so* needed a video camera.

He reached down and grasped his cock, stroking the shaft firmly as he watched her. His balls tightened and a drop of pre-cum snaked out the slit as he stared. Her delicate fingers moved faster and faster, massaging her clit. When her legs muscles tensed, Gabe knew with a stab of regret that the show was over. He grabbed the chain of the cuffs and jerked Lily's hands upward away from her pussy.

"Fuck, Gabe, goddammit," she cursed him as they faced off, chests heaving.

"You will come when I tell you to. Do you understand me, Lily?"

Her eyes flashed fire at him. She refused to answer, her body still shaking.

He moved to his knees and slid to the top of the bed, kneeling on the pillow next to her head. He tapped his swollen cock to her face, pressing the weeping head to her soft mouth. Her lips parted slightly and he groaned as the heat of her breath washed over his dick.

"Look at the clock. If you're a good girl, if you *listen*, in exactly ten minutes I will fuck you hard and I won't stop until you come. But you need to be patient. Do you understand me? Don't talk, just nod if you understand."

She nodded, her desperate eyes flickering to the clock and back to him. He almost gave in, almost went down on her and ate her pussy until she came all over his face. God knew he wanted to. But he also knew, as much as she wanted it, she didn't want it. She wanted to be teased and tortured as much as he wanted to tease and torture her. And if he was being honest, it was no easier on him. His cock was so hard it hurt.

He took a steadying breath. "Open up."

She opened her lips and he pressed forward, reveling in the wet heat of her mouth.

"Suck it. Suck and lick, just the head of my dick."

She did just that, her plump, pink lips pursing around his dick as she suckled.

"Fuck, yeah." It was all he could do to keep himself from grabbing her hair and fucking her mouth like an animal.

"Suck harder now," he commanded, arching his hips forward, seating himself deeper into her mouth. She drew hard then, taking him all the way down, her strong throat muscles closing over him like a fist. His stomach clenched as he tried to stave off the impending orgasm.

He grabbed her hair and gave a sharp tug. She winced then went still.

"Don't make me come. I'll be very disappointed if you do. Nod if you understand."

Lily nodded, but her eyes twinkled with devilish satisfaction. Ah, she liked knowing he was in as desperate shape as she was. They'd see about that. Seven minutes to go. He'd make them count.

He pulled his dick from her hot mouth—a Herculean effort—and reached down to grab both sides of the red bustier she still wore. With a yank, the snaps popped open and her breasts sprang forward. They were round and firm, with large, dusky nipples that stood at attention begging for his mouth. He was helpless against their power and bent his head low to suck one into his mouth. She moaned as he flicked it with his tongue. Pulling back, he released her nipple with a pop then blew softly. She trembled. Power coursed through him as he again bent his head to her breast and bit down. She flinched, then relaxed, waiting. A surge of pride and male satisfaction coursed through him. *She was catching on.* He bit down again and she moaned, arching toward him this time. He sucked her hard and her hips began to thrust upward.

Gabe released her and reached into the bedside table, taking out the small bottle of lubricant that lay there. He indulged himself by bringing one knee over her, straddling her chest. He grabbed his cock in one hand and spread a thin layer of lube on it. Then he pushed it down until the head brushed her nipple, leaving a pearly bead of cum on the tip. He groaned at the sight.

"Bring your arms down and use the inside of your elbows to hold your tits together. I want to see my cock between them." His voice was like gravel.

Her shining eyes never left his and her cheeks flushed as she did as she was told.

Large, perfectly cleaved breasts awaited him and he pressed his hot, pulsing cock between them. He moved slowly at first, relishing the feel, but it was the visual that hurled him over the edge of sanity. He began to fuck her tits in earnest, hips moving faster and faster. His cock slid up and down between those glorious white breasts, and they bounced and jiggled. Her breathing came fast and her lips parted. She dipped her head and her tongue darted out to swipe at the head of his cock as his thrusts brought the tip to her mouth.

Heat pooled in his balls as they drew tight against his body. Blood rushing in his ears, he knew he was edging to the point of no return. He pushed himself off her roughly, falling back onto the bed.

"Too close," he panted. "Way too close."

He looked at the clock and with relief saw the time. One minute. One minute until he could bury himself in that sweet, wet pussy.

Gabe reached down between Lily's legs and shuddered at the wet heat his fingers encountered. She was soaked, cream running down her thighs. He squeezed and rubbed and teased until he felt her building again, straining toward her climax.

"Do you know what time it is, Lily?"

She nodded, clearly afraid to speak and be denied.

He positioned himself between her curvy thighs, pressing the head of his cock to her slit. She was drenched, the lips of her cunt pouty, swollen, needing. It almost sucked him in, beckoning him to finish, to bury himself all the way. He fought the pull and slowly inched his way forward until he was seated halfway.

"Do you want the rest of that cock?" he asked tersely.

She nodded, her eyes almost feverish with need.

He slid a little deeper, letting out a hiss as her heat threatened to consume him.

"More?" Gabe whispered.

Yes, more, more, more, she thought, but managed to bite her tongue.

She nodded.

He slid in another inch, the width of him stretching her, filling her. God, just another inch, just one hard thrust...

"Do you want it all, Lily? Beg for it," he said, his strong arm muscles bulging as he held himself still within her.

She arched her hips shamelessly into his, trying to get him closer, deeper, the keen edge of her orgasm slicing at her. The restraints tightened on her ankles as she struggled, the metal of the cuffs biting into her wrists as she twisted and bucked. It was to no avail. She had to submit to him completely. A dark thrill coursed through her. "Please. Please, Gabe, fuck me."

"You've been such a good girl," he said, his gaze searing hers. He pulled back until he was almost entirely withdrawn. He flexed his hips and in a powerful surge, pounded into her, filling her in that one hard thrust.

"That's it. Come for me now, love. I want to feel that tight little pussy squeezing my cock," he urged. His lean hips slammed against hers as he began to fuck her in hard, long strokes. Lights exploded behind her eyelids as she started to break apart, his thick, hot dick sliding in and out and in again, touching her womb, his pelvis grinding her clit. It was so sublime, tears sprang to her eyes.

"I'm going to come, Gabe. Just like this. Don't stop, please don't stop."

He bent his head to her and nipped at her breast hard, sucking the nipple deeply as he arched his hips forward, driving his cock deep, and then she was flying. Her belly clenched tight and her thighs bunched as wave after wave crashed over her. Her pussy pulsed and squeezed, tightening over his swollen cock as she came hard around him.

He stiffened above her as he ground out a curse against her breast. His cock swelled even further, then jerked and twitched as he spurted deep inside her as she lay shattered and shuddering beneath his hard body.

Chapter Four

Gabe lay sprawled over Lily's soft body, gasping for breath, heart hammering. *Damn, that was good.* His whole body hummed with satisfaction.

She shifted beneath him but he was too wrung out to move. That had been the best Christmas present ever, but doubt was already creeping in. He was afraid to meet her eyes now that it was over. There was no doubt that she'd been satisfied sexually, he'd never felt her come that hard before. But he had no idea how she would handle it all emotionally now that the haze of passion had ebbed. Would she feel like he had disrespected her? And would it be a one-time thing, or the gift that kept on giving?

"Get off me, you big lug," Lily grumbled, but he could hear the smile in her voice.

He rolled to his side, leaning on his elbow to look down at her.

"You okay?"

"Yeah. Fine. You were just crushing my sternum."

"I mean, are we okay?" He searched her face for a sign.

She turned her head toward him and met his gaze. "We're great. I'm a little overwhelmed right now, Gabe. Sensory overload or something. Not to mention emotionally drained from the past couple of days leading up to this, the nerves, the fears and insecurities. But I feel good. The sex was amazing. I just need to...let it all sink in. Okay?"

Her words were reassuring, but her eyes were clouded with confusion. He felt like he'd been kicked in the stomach. As good as it had been for him, it wasn't worth it if it caused her to be unhappy. He sincerely hoped they hadn't broken something between them that couldn't be fixed.

"Can you untie me now?" she asked, her face flaming.

He jumped to his feet and quickly untied her feet and unlocked the cuffs. As he did, he studiously avoided looking at her body, knowing how uncomfortable it would make her.

"Why don't I make us a midnight snack? Maybe some pancakes while you take a shower?" he asked.

"Sounds good."

Gabe threw on a pair of boxers and went to the door. As he turned to close it behind him he saw Lily burrowing under the covers, head and all, and his heart sank.

How was he going to swallow pancakes past the giant lump in his throat?

* * * * *

Lily stood under the hot spray, her mind racing. The experience with Gabe had been incredible. Her body still tingled with the afterglow. Now if she could only turn off her brain.

Could she indulge this part of Gabe, and if she was being honest, this part of herself, while still maintaining her identity? Could she still be strong-willed, confident, opinionated, *his equal* if she allowed him that much control over her? Or would it eat away at their relationship and her confidence, spilling over into other areas of their lives, until he had all the hand and she was a pathetic mess?

They could put a stop to it right now. No harm, no foul. Their love was so strong, she had no doubt that this could be glossed over, a one-time thing and they could move on as before and be happy. Lily was surprised by the bolt of keen disappointment that shot through her at the idea.

She thought back to the sex with Gabe and her nipples pebbled instantly. It had been hot, so hot. The anticipation had gone on and on, and when she finally came it was like an explosion of sensation. And really, who was controlling whom? The desperate need in his eyes was no less than hers, as he warred with his own desire to control her while giving her what she so desperately wanted. *She* made him that hot. He was

trusting her with his darkest desires. Trusting her to embrace him, all of him. They were a team, just like they had always been, and they would be making a conscious choice to do this. She had the power to stop it at anytime because it was an illusion. An illusion of submission and control. The illusion that he could take her and do whatever he wanted with her. And damn if that illusion didn't make her want to fuck him right now.

Her thoughts ran wild with the possibilities as the hot water sluiced over her tensed body. His hard body was so strong, gripping her ankles, pushing her legs apart. A gush of moisture rushed to her pussy. She lifted a hand to her breast, teasing the nipple. What if Gabe came in right now? She needed to be alone, to think, she had told him. Slipping her hand between her thighs, she rubbed her rapidly swelling clit, sliding her fingers forward and back as she plucked at her nipple. He would be angry. It was his job to decide when she could come. He would press her face against the hard tile. She would struggle. "No, Gabe."

"Yes, Lily," he would say. "You've been very bad."

He would press the length of his body against her back, his cock grinding into her ass, as he held her arms high above her head. She would twist, trying to escape him, but he would stop her with a firm slap on the ass.

Lily's fingers moved faster and she moaned.

Gabe went to the bathroom door, fist poised to knock when he heard it; a low groan that shook him to the core. That wasn't an "in pain" groan. That was an "I'm going to come" groan. His sated cock sparked to life instantly, swelling. Decisions, decisions. Clearly, if she was broken up about what had happened between them, she wouldn't be masturbating in the shower. But she had asked for time to think and he wanted to give her what she needed.

Fuck it. He was going to roll the dice here, put it all on the line and be a good Dom by giving her exactly what she needed, what she *craved*. If she didn't want it, she'd have to tell him so.

A surge of love and possessiveness hit him hard as he quietly opened the door to the bathroom and stepped in. He could make out her silhouette through the lightly frosted glass door. Her head was thrown back, one hand on her breast, the other working furiously between her thighs. Gabe shoved down his underwear, freeing his now-fully-erect cock from its confines. He had to push aside the urge to stand and watch her. The visual was so erotic it made his head swim. He took a steadying breath and schooled his features into a mask of displeasure. Not an easy feat when his heart was singing.

He padded to the shower, not making a sound, and opened the door. Lily jumped, her lips parted in shock as her busy hands stilled.

"What are you doing, Lily?" he asked, his tone menacing.

"Noth-nothing." She dropped her hand from her breast and met his eyes warily. The pulse in her neck pounded and her breath was short. He'd gotten there just in time.

"Were you trying to make yourself come?"

"I—"

"I tell you when you can come."

"Yes, Master."

Even the sarcasm in her tone couldn't dampen the elation he felt at her words. His cocked throbbed and his pulse thrummed as he stepped into the shower with his wife, closing the door behind him with a snap.

Lily's thighs clenched as Gabe faced her. Once she'd gotten over the shock of him coming in and the initial frustration of orgasmus interruptus, she had to acknowledge that a naked, angry Gabe was a sight to behold. She tried to keep her eyes on his, but she couldn't stop herself from looking down. Droplets of water clung to his swarthy skin, blazing a trail down his muscular abs, pooling in his navel then streaming lower. His huge, rigid cock stood proud before him, the swollen tip calling to her mouth.

"You like looking at my cock?" he asked, his voice strained.

"Yes."

"Yes what?"

"Yes, Master."

He took his dick in his hand and squeezed. She was riveted as his fist pumped up and down in slow, deliberate strokes. She pressed her thighs together as he picked up speed, his breath going ragged.

He stilled abruptly and barked, "No more looking. Turn around now."

A frisson of excitement skittered up her spine. For a moment she hesitated, old demons plaguing her. She was buck naked. The light in the bathroom was bright and her ass was big. But the need for release won out. Maybe if she turned around he would slide that thick, beautiful cock into her pussy. She'd been so close, it wouldn't take much to push her over the edge.

"Yes, Master." She turned to face the shower wall.

"Put your hands up."

She complied, laying her hands on the warm shower tiles high overhead, her whole body tense with anticipation. Strong, warm, soapy hands ran down her back to her ass in a kneading caress. Slipping, sliding, squeezing. "Mmm, so good," she whimpered.

Crack.

Her eyes snapped opened at the stinging slap and heat spread over her ass cheek.

"Silence."

Crack.

Same spot, wet hand met wet flesh in a sharp slap. This time the heat rushed from her ass straight to her pussy. She pressed herself closer to the wall, her sensitive breasts rubbing against the textured stone tiles. Lily wiggled her chest experimentally, groaning as the abrasive tile rubbed against her taut nipples.

Gabe slid one hand between the cheeks of her ass, moving down until his slick fingers pressed against her entrance. Sliding forward and back, he worked her into a frenzy, his fingers massaging her clit then flitting away in a maddening rhythm. He leaned forward and nipped the nape of her neck, then kissed and sucked in time with the movement of his clever fingers. Lily bit her lip to keep from crying out, tried to stay still, hoping her body wouldn't betray her. If she was good maybe he would finish it. But her orgasm was barreling down on her, and helplessly she began to pump her hips in counterpoint to his thrusting hand.

Gabe wrenched his fingers from her and again gave her a sharp smack. Pain and pleasure melded and Lily wondered if she could come from the spanking alone. She needn't have worried though, because Gabe had other plans.

The water that had been sluicing over them stopped, but the sound of the running water continued. Lily turned her head to see why.

His face was carved from stone, his full lips a thin line of concentration. His jaw was set and his gaze so intense she shivered. She noted with a quiver that he held the detachable showerhead in his hand. Her pussy fluttered and she pressed her face to the tile once again.

His strong arm came around her, his big hand closing over her breast, squeezing and rubbing her nipple. A moment later the other arm came around her hip, low. Hot water blasted against her thighs, edging closer to her pussy inch by painstaking inch. A soft click and the steady stream turn into a pulsing, staccato rhythm pounding against her pubic bone. She wanted to grind herself against it, but held herself in check.

"Spread those fine legs for me, Lily. I am going to fuck you from behind now."

Lily's mouth grew dry and she fought to remain upright. She lifted a trembling leg and opened her thighs to him, planting one foot a couple of feet from the other. Suddenly the water that had been pounding against the outside of her pussy pulsed against her sensitive clit, taking her breath away. If only –

Then there it was. Gabe's cock probing her entrance, impaling her, filling her in one rough thrust. *Yes*.

Sensation battered her. His fingers plucked her nipple. His swollen cock buried deep, pressed unerringly against her G-spot. His hand held the pulsing shower head to her clit. He flexed his hips, pushing deeper as, to her relief, he began to fuck her hard – driving his hips into her over and over in long, powerful thrusts.

Lily let out a short, sharp scream, her body begging for mercy.

"Yeah, Gabe, fuck yeah," she moaned, past the edge of reason, grinding her ass frantically against his hips, pushing back to pull him deeper.

"I should punish you for all the talk. But godammit, I can't – fucking – stop myself," he growled, his hips working against her like a jackhammer, punctuating his words.

His words thrilled her. Her sensitive clit throbbed as the water battered against her, her nipples ached as he pinched and plucked. It was so close, so close...there! And she was flying.

Gabe closed his eyes tight against the onslaught, struggling to hang on to a shred of sanity as Lily's body jerked and quaked, exploding over his cock. Her pussy clenched tight over his turgid length, pulling at him. His balls retracted and he bellowed. The stream of cum pulsed out of him and into her hot, sucking heat. It went on and on as her clever pussy milked him dry, his body heaving and shaking behind her.

In a daze, he was vaguely aware of Lily taking the showerhead from him. She pushed back against his hips, then pulled forward, expelling his cock from her pussy with a gasp. She reached up and put the showerhead back it its holder, then turned to face him.

"I love you, Gabe," she whispered and pressed her mouth to his in a tender kiss. "Merry Christmas."

"I love you too, babe. So much." His gaze searched hers. Her eyes were clear, no longer clouded by confusion or doubt. Her cheeks were flushed and she looked *happy*. "So we're good, then?"

"We're great. The best," she said with a smile. "But I'm thinking, next Christmas we should get a dual shower. That way we can take them together from now on."

"That sounds like a plan. Now how would you like me to feed you some cold pancakes?"

About the Author

Chloe Cole is happily married and lives in Pennsylvania with her wonderful husband and a pack of teenage boys. She loves to play poker and fantasy football. If she weren't a writer, she would definitely be a cat burglar. Or a ninja. She also writes steamy paranormal and steampunk romance novels under the pen name Christine Bell. Someday she hopes to publish something her dad can read without wanting to poke his eyes out with sharp sticks. She *loves* to hear from her readers!

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