



MARIE TUHART

QUICKSILVER RANCH:

# Roped AND Ready



COWBOY KINK



Quick Silver  
Ranch:  
Roped & Ready

by

Marie Tuhart

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Quick Silver Ranch: Roped & Ready

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Contact Information: [info@thewildrosepress.com](mailto:info@thewildrosepress.com)

*Cover Art by Angela Anderson*

The Wild Rose Press  
PO Box 708  
Adams Basin, NY 14410-0708

Visit us at [www.thewilderroses.com](http://www.thewilderroses.com)

Publishing History  
First Scarlet Rose Edition, February 2011

Published in the United States of America

## **Dedication**

To Isabel and Nia,  
the best critique partners in the world.

To my sister, don't faint.

To my mother who always believed in me.

*PRAISE FOR AUTHOR*

***Marie Tuhart***

*AND HER BOOKS*

**ROPED & READY**

“Marie Tuhart’s talent shines with her latest scorchers. **ROPED & READY** ropes you in with the first paragraph. It’s rompin’ stompin’ romance at its best.”

*~Sloane Taylor, Aspen Mountain Press Author*

“With sparkling characters, a sensual setting and dripping hot sex scenes, **ROPED & READY** takes the reader on a promising and enticing excursion into a world where lust and love combine.”

*~April Vine, The Wild Rose Press Author*

**IN PLAIN SIGHT**

“**IN PLAIN SIGHT** is a steamy read...”

*~Lynette, CK<sup>2</sup>s Kwips and Kritiques*

“Fans of super-hot erotica with a slathering of BDSM will thoroughly enjoy **IN PLAIN SIGHT**.”

*~Whipped Cream, the Long and Short of It Reviews*

## Chapter One

Becca Dalton ignored everything else as she threw her suitcase on the colorful quilt in her cabin at the Quick Silver Ranch and dug out her sneakers. She needed to get outside. Now. Dispensing with her high heels, she strode from the cabin that would be home for the next nine days.

Turning right, she found the trail and began walking at a brisk pace. The fresh air brushed along her skin, birds sang in the trees and leaves rustled in the light breeze.

Her steps slowed. There was no need to be in a hurry here. Pausing, she drew in a deep breath and let it out.

Scents came to life. Clean air, not city air. Her shoulders dropped a bit as the tension of the last twenty-four hours began to melt away. She didn't have a clue where the trail led and at this point she didn't care.

Too much had happened in the last twenty-four hours, from finding her fiancé in bed with her boss, calling her wedding off, quitting her job, and setting up an interview in ten days for her dream job.

Becca wasn't sure if she should be celebrating or crying. Nothing made sense, including this trip that her best friend, Angie, convinced her to take.

Hell, Angie had paid for it, saying it was a pre-wedding present, but now it was a chance for her to find herself and start over.

But a dude ranch? Which was less than a two-hour drive from San Francisco? A small laugh escaped her lips. While it would have been a romantic trip with her ex-fiancé, Alan, she was still

surprised Angie had purchased this trip. It wasn't like Alan was the outdoor type; he couldn't stand the sight of an ant in his apartment.

Her fingers went to the pocket of her designer suit. Damn, no cell phone. Rules, she was told at check-in. And maybe it was a good thing. Alan couldn't call begging for forgiveness, not that she'd forgive that lying, cheating rat. It was bad enough he cheated, but with her boss no less.

A week to chill out, explore nature and not worry about anyone or anything. Becca only hoped she could do that, she wasn't one to laze around.

A strange noise caught her attention and she slowed but continued to follow the path as it turned. She realized what the sound was—a horse.

A wistful sigh escaped her. She always wanted to learn how to ride. She took in the fenced-in ring, and the man standing next to the brown horse moved closer.

Oh, what a man. Her gaze roamed over his midnight hair, past broad shoulders, down legs encased in denim to black cowboy boots. Reversing course, she settled on his large hands and long fingers as they stroked over the horse. And Becca wondered how it would feel to have those hands on her body, her breasts, to have those long digits in her pussy, pumping in and out, bringing her to climax.

Hell, she wasn't dead, only broken hearted. Or was she? Alan hadn't broken her heart, only bruised her pride—and that should say something. Like maybe she'd know all along Alan wasn't the man for her. She'd never been emotionally invested in their relationship.

The man's voice was low as he spoke to the horse, but there was something familiar about that deep timbre, as if she'd heard it before. Without thought her gaze traveled back down to the finest



ass she'd seen a while, the material of his jeans caressing him when he shifted his stance.

"Would you like to meet Rose?"

Becca's heart jumped and her gaze snapped up to his face. Darn, if the face didn't look familiar, too. But she couldn't place it.

"I didn't mean to disturb you," she said.

His blue eyes locked on her. Her nipples hardened and her nerves tingled. She'd never had a reaction to a man like this before, not just from one look.

He turned and she noticed a hint of a five o'clock shadow, a long but slightly crooked nose and thick lashes any woman would kill for. His raven hair had a wind-tossed look to it.

"Hop over the fence and I'll introduce you to Rose."

Hop over? Yeah, right. "How does one hop over this fence?"

Masculine laughter swept over her skin and she shivered. Her breath caught in her throat when he strode over to her.

"It's easy," he said once he was standing in front of her. "Put your left foot on the lower board."

Becca did as he said. "Now." His tone became softer, almost intimate. "Stand up and throw your right leg over the top."

"Isn't there another way?" she asked, her throat tight as she glanced around for a gate.

"This is much more fun." He took another step closer and she caught a woodsy scent mixed with pure masculine heat. "I'll help." His hands closed around her waist.

A squeal left her lips as she pushed up and he lifted her. Her fingers dug into his shoulders as he lifted her over the fence.

"There. Wasn't that easier than walking around?" He set her on the ground.

Becca tilted her head back and gazed into his twinkling blue eyes when he gave a chuckle, her body went on alert. She knew that laugh. Tyler Carson. The bad boy of Jackson High. And her college lover. Her knees went weak and her clit throbbed.

Her hand almost started to check her hair, but she quelled the impulse. Tyler had seen her tousled look after making love to her for half the night. And if he was still single...Oh, man how was she going to survive a week with him around?

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Tyler Carson couldn't prevent the grin that spread across his face. While he was aware new guests were arriving today, this was a surprise. A very pleasant surprise. As he lived and breathed, Becca Dalton had come back into his life.

He hadn't seen her since he left San Francisco State for Humboldt. While she was only a few inches shorter than his six-foot-three frame, she seemed tiny to him. And she weighted next to nothing when he lifted her over the fence.

His body went on alert the second she walked into the clearing, as most guests didn't venture to the stables until at least the second or third day after their arrival. When he caught the scent of jasmine, his cock hardened in response. The reaction had caught him off guard.

Even now he was having trouble making his body obey his commands. He needed to remove his hands from her waist before he did something foolish like carry her into the stable, throw her into a freshly bedded stall, and thrust himself deep into pussy.

He had to behave. If she was here then she must be a guest, and with a partner. Guests were off limits, and he didn't mess around with other men's women.

Fighting his instincts, he released her and stepped back. "It's been a long time, Becca." Too long.

"Good to see you again, Tyler."

"Ah, so you do remember me?" He sauntered back to Rose, as if he didn't have a care in the world, but his fingers itched to remove the clip holding her light brown hair to see it tumble around her shoulders. His lips tingled with anticipation of tasting her rosy red mouth.

"How could I forget the bad boy of Jackson High, and the captain and quarterback of the champion San Francisco State football team?"

Tyler nodded, and wondered why she didn't mention him as a former lover. In the past he was all those things. Now he was just a man carving out a living doing a job he loved.

"Have you ever been around a horse, Becca?"

"Not unless you count a pony when I was ten."

"When you're ready, come to my side." He'd let her decide in case she was afraid of the horse. "I'll introduce you to Rose, Becca."

Why did he keep saying her name? Maybe because somewhere inside, he couldn't believe she was here. He wanted to pull her into his arms, to taste her sweet mouth and remind her he was her first lover.

Reining in his libido, he fought to remember why people came to Quick Silver Ranch. Was she married? Glancing at her hand—no ring. But she had to be here with someone. Singles never came to the ranch.

His eyes narrowed as he took in her tailored, dark blue suit. Dressed for success, his ex would have called it. Another reason he should keep his distance. City women were not for him.

Heat radiated off her, soaking into his skin when she slid next to him. Tyler inhaled and caught

her jasmine scent once again. Memories rushed back and he let them soak into his psyche, reliving the good times they had together.

“Rose is a beautiful horse.” Becca’s voice was soft with a little bit of hesitation in it.

Forcing his mind back to his task, Tyler reached down and snagged Becca’s hand. “She’s a beautiful four-year-old and has impeccable bloodlines.” He could feel Becca trembling beneath his touch. Was she afraid of the mare or him?

Raising his arm, he placed her palm against the horse’s shoulder, his palm covering the back of her soft hand. “Stroke her back and forth with easy gentle movements.”

Images of him stroking Becca to climax as he did years ago came to mind. Would she still make the same little whimpers today as she did then? Or would she be more vocal?

Rose snorted and Becca jumped away, slamming into him.

“Easy.” His arms automatically slipped around her waist, anchoring her to him.

She fit. There were so few women who really fit against him as well as she did. It had been like that in the past as well.

“Did I hurt her?” Becca asked.

“No, she liked it. She was only blowing out some air. Go ahead, pet her again.” Keeping her anchored against him, he watched her hand raise, and she patted Rose again.

His cock jumped as he remembered those same fingers stroking him, up and down, varying the pressure as she went from base to tip. His cock twitched. This is not good. He shifted his stance.

“She’s very soft.”

“I brush her every day. It keeps her coat shiny and smooth.”

“It must be nice to be brushed every day.” There

was a wistful tone in her voice, and Tyler almost told her he'd brush her every day if she'd give him the chance.

"Rose likes it." He glanced at Becca's hair. She had it bundled up in an uncomfortable looking bun. He wondered if it was as long as it had been in college, or longer? When they made love would it brush against his skin like before? The silky strands teasing his chest and his cock.

He almost reached up and removed the pins to see, but at the last second he stopped himself. There had been beautiful women at the ranch before, but he'd never been tempted to make a pass at any of them. Even when they'd indicated they were open to having him as a lover. With every ounce of strength he had, he made himself release her waist and step away.

"Who would I see about taking riding lessons while I'm here?" Becca asked.

"I can teach you." Oh yeah, his cock shouted in approval. He'd teach her to ride all right. "After dinner, we'll set something up."

You're digging yourself one hell of a hole, Tyler, he mused before glancing down at his watch. "Speaking of dinner, I need to put Rose back into her stall and clean up."

"Yes, of course." She slid away from him, and Tyler missed her already. Get a grip, man, she's just a woman.

"I'll help you back over the fence." He escorted her to the railing and helped her climb back over, his body protesting every second.

"Thank you, Tyler." She tilted her head and looked up at him. "I'll see you around." The sway of her hips as she strode away made him want her even more.

"It's impossible," he muttered.

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Becca thought about Tyler on her way back to her cabin. What were the odds of running into him? Astronomical, but that didn't stop her from thinking about how delicious he looked. More filled out than in their college days, more handsome, more muscular and damned if he didn't make her panties wet.

But she had to wonder if she was acting on the rebound. Yes, finding Alan in bed with her boss was difficult, so was calling off her wedding and quitting her job, yet it caused her to make decisions she'd been putting off for a while now. Decisions that needed to be made by the end of the week.

She'd known Alan wasn't quite the right man for her, but she'd gone ahead with the engagement party and the planning of the wedding.

A gentle smile curved her lips. The surprise on Alan's face when she calmly took her ring off, placed it on his dresser and told him the wedding was off and for him to have fun.

They would have made each other miserable. She'd been lonely, came the other realization. She picked Alan because he was a good companion and safe, but as a lover? Hell, they'd never slept together. And after Thursday she knew why.

Finding herself back at her cabin door without realizing how she got there, Becca decided she needed to quit thinking so much. Thinking was what got her engaged to Alan in the first place, and her brain wasn't exactly doing a great job with men. Maybe she should follow her body's desires.

Tyler. Her body desired Tyler, and she did too. Glancing at the clock, she had an hour to get ready for dinner and make some choices. Did she follow her mind or her desires?

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At six on the nose, Becca strode into the dining room of the main ranch house. She couldn't believe

how quickly time was slipping by now that she'd come to some conclusions about her life.

Pasting a smile on her face, she greeted the six people milling around the table. They all looked like couples, and Becca fought against squirming. Her stomach tightened and she had to remind herself that she didn't need to feel uncomfortable because she was single. There was nothing wrong with it.

She was about to pull a chair out and sit when her nerves tingled, just like they had this afternoon.

"Allow me," said a husky male voice.

Tyler. Only his voice could make her pussy cream this way.

"Thank you." Her words were breathless as he held the chair for her.

"You are quite welcome." His breath brushed against her ear, causing a shiver of excitement to travel through her body.

He was arousing her with his voice, something that hadn't happened in a long time, not since she was twenty and with Tyler. He took his place on her left, at one end of the table. She noticed another man at the other end, grinning as the other people were seated. He was dressed much like Tyler, in jeans and a western button down shirt.

"Welcome everyone," said the man at the opposite end of the table. "I'm Jared, and at the other end is my business partner, Tyler. We want to welcome you to Quick Silver Ranch."

Jared glanced around the table, his gaze lingering on the empty chair beside Becca for a moment. "If there is anything you need while you're here, all you need to do is ask. We will do our best to provide you with whatever you desire."

Laughter flowed into the air, but Becca wasn't sure why everyone was laughing.

"I can't wait to try out what you're providing," said the man sitting to Tyler's right, which produced

more laughter.

“We’ll do our best to keep up with you. Tonight is a chance for everyone to become acquainted, for tomorrow, your adventure starts.”

As if on cue, a large man walked into the dining room carrying bowls and platters of food. The smell of roasted beef and fresh bread caused her mouth water. When was the last time she ate? Last night?

Plates were filled, and everyone began to introduce themselves over the wonderful food. Becca found she was right—the others were all couples, and from different locations, and one couple had been to the ranch before.

Then all eyes were on her. “I’m Becca. My best friend gave me this trip to the ranch and I’m looking forward to the experience.”

“Is your partner joining you later?” asked Jared.

“Partner?” Her gaze sought out Tyler’s before returning to Jared’s. “I’m here alone.”

Silence descended. Becca drew in a deep breath, her gaze still on Jared’s face. Was there something wrong?

Yes, there was. She could see the concern in Jared’s eyes, and felt it in the air. Her gaze traveled around the table to each person and each face held some element of surprise or shock.

Oh, no. The food in her stomach turned into a lead ball. Maybe this wasn’t a good idea. Becca swallowed trying to stop the panic that welled up in her. She wanted to have this week away from the stress and tension, to explore being reunited with Tyler, and now...

“Excuse me.” Pushing back her chair, she fled from the room, all the while fighting back tears.

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Tyler rose, then dropped back down onto his chair. He couldn’t go after her, not until he and Jared talked. But a part of him was ecstatic she was



alone on this trip, this meant he didn't have any competition for her time, regardless of the problems it could cause.

"Oh, my," said Emma, one of the guests. "The poor thing."

"It's okay, Emma," said Tyler, smiling at her. "I'll go and talk with Becca in a bit. We'll get this straightened out."

Emma nodded, but Tyler barely held his impatience in check while dessert was consumed and the couples began to wander off.

"My office," said Jared.

Tyler followed his business partner down the hall. He needed to explain. Hell, explain what? That he wanted Becca to stay so they could pick up where they left off in college?

"This isn't supposed to happen," said Jared, running his hand through his brown hair.

"I know." Would she consider staying with him as her partner? Tyler rubbed his chin. "I'll go talk with Becca. It's not like we can't handle a single person wanting to take advantage of a regular dude ranch."

"True, but we are an adult ranch, Tyler. What happens if she wanders upon another couple? Or into one of the special cabins?"

"The cabins are locked for a reason. As for spying on another couple, some might like it." Tyler tried to make light of the situation, but Jared had a right to be concerned. When they went into this business five years ago, they had agreed the ranch was couples-only—fully consenting couples, at that.

Jared stared at him and Tyler was aware he needed to explain better why he wanted Becca to stay. "I know her. We attended the same high school and then college together." He wasn't going to lie or conceal anything from Jared. They'd come too far together. "And we were lovers."

"I see." Jared nodded.

"I know we have a hands off policy with the guests, but..."

"You want her, don't you?"

Tyler inclined his head. Oh, yes, he wanted her.

Jared blew out a breath. "Go and talk to her. Tell her about the adult part of the ranch, but don't offer yourself up. I'd rather she make her own choice without pressure."

"Thanks."

"But Tyler," warned Jared. "If she wants to leave, let her go. We'll give her a full refund."

"She'll stay." Even if Becca didn't want anything to do with the adult side, he'd convince her to stay. He wanted to explore the sexual attraction between them, especially after all these years.

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"Angie, I'm going to kill you," Becca muttered, leaning her head against the back of the sofa. In her lap was a book that not only had a map of the ranch but outlined the activities. Adult activities. Becca shot to her feet and began pacing. Angie sent her to an adult ranch, where the activities were strictly sexual. Why? Her best friend knew she hadn't been intimate with Alan. Alan had wanted to wait until they were married, what a joke that was.

But then again, this was set up as a pre-wedding trip, maybe trying to loosen Alan up? But once they broke up, Angie had encouraged her to take the trip anyway. So that had to mean Angie didn't know it was couples only?

Or did it? Angie was always pushing her to chill out and have more fun, so now here she was footloose and fancy free.

And Tyler? What was he thinking? She was here alone, all alone. Could he be thinking...A crazy idea popped into her head. How would Tyler feel about being her partner this week?

Her mind went over the activities from the book and her body heated. But Tyler was one of the owners, and there were probably strict rules about being involved with a guest. Hell, this whole thing was geared toward couples in a relationship, not for once-upon-a-time lovers.

Her choices were very limited—stay for the dude ranch activities or leave. Her body wanted her to stay, but her brain knew the risks. It was better to play it safe and leave. She didn't really want to go; she'd played it safe with Alan and look where it got her.

Indecision kept her from going into the bedroom and packing. A knock sounded. Crossing the room, she pulled open the door.

"Hi," said Tyler.

Her insides melted. Liquid heat flooded her pussy and her nipples grew hard. Damn it, it wasn't fair he could do this to her after all this time. "Come in." She left the door open and retreated, wrapping her arms around her waist.

The door slid closed with a quiet click. She paced around the room. "I didn't realize—I mean—Oh, hell." Her arms waved in the air as she tried to explain. "I'm sorry. I'll leave."

"You don't have to." He crossed the room to stop in front of her.

The heat coming from his body singed her skin. "It's couples only, Tyler. I didn't know about the adult part either, until I read the book here in my cabin."

"Yes, it usually is couples only. But you do have a choice in the matter."

"I don't see how." She tilted her head. Did he want her to stay?

"We do have regular dude ranch activities. I'm sure you read that in the brochure. I can teach you to ride, if you decide to stay. I'll be your guide for the

week.”

“That would be nice.” Who was she kidding? It would be torture. He’s asking as a friend, not as a lover. She wanted the lover. After Alan’s rejection the unwanted, unlovable feelings overwhelmed her. And now here was this uncontrollable reaction to Tyler, giving her more proof the wedding to Alan was nothing but a shame. She needed to feel like a woman, again. And Tyler could do that for her, she was confident he could. But only if he was willing.

“Your choice, Becca.”

Her hazel gaze clashed with his blue one. Stay or go? She wanted to stay.

Her mind was made up. Stepping closer to him, she asked, “Will you be my guide for the adult activities as well, Tyler?”

## Chapter Two

Becca turned away from Tyler, looking out the window at the sunset, not wanting to see his rejection. She'd blurted out the truth for him to hear. Oh. Dear. God. If only a hole would open up at her feet and swallow her.

The air vibrated with anticipation and she could barely take a breath. What was Tyler thinking?

Strong hands curved around her shoulders and a hard warm male body pressed against her back. His palms skimmed down her arms and settled at her waist. His breath brushed against her ear. "I'm more than willing to be your partner."

Moisture flooded her pussy. This was crazy. She was crazy. But deep down, she wanted this. She wanted to explore the adult side of the ranch with Tyler. She wanted to be wanton and wild, but caution raised its head.

"I really shouldn't have blurted that out. It's unfair to you."

His fingers rested beneath her chin, tilting her head back until it rested on his shoulder and she could see into his blue eyes.

"For the record, I've never agreed to partner with a guest and never will. This is a one time deal."

"That's good to know." She fought to keep her fingers laced together instead of sinking them into his raven hair and pulling his lips down to hers. What was it about him that was making her lose all common sense?

"It will be good between us, Becca." His lips brushed her cheek. "You know it will be."

“Tyler, I...”

His mouth touched the corner of hers. Ah, the hell with it.

She curved her hand around his neck and drew his mouth to hers. A small groan filled the air when his lips parted, allowing her tongue to explore this familiar and new territory. He still tasted like chocolate; they’d practically lived on it in college. Yet, his flavor was richer than before, his mouth firmer and his tongue stroked along the roof of her mouth as if he was tasting her, and she wanted more.

Tongues tangled and dueled with each other as the kiss became deeper, more passionate, but there was tenderness in it as well. Her body came alive under his lips, her pussy moistened. Had it been like this between them before? She didn’t think so. This was hotter, more sensual, more...everything.

Squirming in his arms, she tried to maneuver her body around so she could press her breasts against his chest, but he held her firm. The kiss continued, but now his tongue was in her mouth, tracing the roof of her mouth, teasing her. A moan left her lips when he broke the kiss.

“Think about it, Becca. How good we’ll be together exploring all things sensual and sexual.” He stared at her. “I don’t want you doing this on an impulse you’ll regret later. I’ll expect an answer at breakfast.” He kissed her hard, then he was gone.

Becca’s fingers trailed over her lips. What was she going to do now?

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Becca walked into the dining room the next morning to see Jared sitting at the table, alone with a cup of coffee and a newspaper, looking well rested.

“Good morning, Becca.”

“Morning.” Going over to the buffet, she poured herself some coffee and took a seat at the table,

staring down at her coffee, unsure how Jared felt about all this.

"I'm sorry if you were uncomfortable last night."

Her head snapped up. How did he know she hadn't slept? She'd made sure the bags under her eyes were covered. Then she realized he was talking about dinner.

"Not your fault, Jared. My friend didn't tell me about the adult part of the ranch or that it was for couples only."

"Having couples does make things easier." He cleared his throat. "Tyler told me about the request."

Heat flooded her cheeks, and she wondered why she was embarrassed. Staying meant leaving her inhibitions behind, but hearing it said out loud made it seem...she wasn't sure. *Risqué* maybe.

"If it's going to cause a problem—"

"It won't." Jared cleared his throat. "Actually you'll be good for Tyler. I haven't seen that sparkle of life in him in a long time. You shake his world, and I'm glad." Jared rose and crossed to her. "Just make him work for it," he whispered.

Becca was about to ask what he meant when Tyler walked in. Her heart sped up, her nipples perked, and damn if her pussy didn't tingle with excitement.

She watched him pour coffee, take a sip, and then take the chair next to hers. Damn, the man looked good enough to eat. She barely registered Jared leaving the room.

"Have you decided?" His voice was husky, as if he'd just woken up.

"Straight to the point." Jared's advice of 'making Tyler work for it' bounced in her brain.

"Yes. Tell me, Becca."

She shifted, her thighs rubbing together to contain the excitement that zinged directly to her core. Her body already knew the answer.

“With you as my partner, I’ll stay.”

A grin spread across his mouth and her blood heated. She remembered that grin, that ‘bad boy’ persona.

“I’m more than happy to be your partner.” His palm brushed over her thigh and she could swear a bolt of lightning tore through her at his touch.

Becca picked up her mug and sipped her coffee, trying to control her body’s reaction.

“We need to discuss what services you’d like to use while you’re here.”

Her cup clattered to the table. Thank goodness it was empty.

“But first,” he continued. “I want you to eat breakfast.” He stood. “I’m going to gather some materials. I’ll meet you at your cabin in thirty minutes.”

She watched Tyler amble out of the room, all the while admiring his tight ass in black jeans. Damn, it wasn’t going to be easy to make him work for it, as Jared wanted. Her body was on fire for Tyler, every nerve alert for his touch and moisture filled her pussy.

Forcing herself into action, she strode back to the buffet and proceeded to pour another cup of coffee and get food. If she was going to tango with the bad boy she needed her strength so she could be a very bad girl.

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Twenty minutes later, Becca paced around the living room of her cabin, she’d finally found a small stereo system, so the silence wasn’t driving her out of her mind anymore, only her body.

Alive. That was the only word she could think of. Her body was alive and kicking, looking for the one man who set her on fire faster than matches to dry tinder. How would she cope when they actually had sex?



Her pussy clenched. They'd had sex before, but they'd been kids. Well sort of. Tyler was only a few years older than her twenty-eight years, but this was different. They were adults now, and at an adult ranch were anything goes as long as they consented to it.

How did she really feel about that? She wasn't sure. Part of her was excited, another part afraid. Was she staying for the right reasons?

Yes, she was. It was time for her to be herself, and let the real woman out. A sharp knock startled her out of her thoughts, then Tyler was there filling the doorway.

He slid into the room, shut the door and turned the lock. Every nerve in her body went on high alert. His gaze captured hers, and she forgot how to breathe.

His dark gaze beamed with desire, his legs spread apart, arms crossed over his chest as he stared at her. There in front of her was the bad boy she remembered. The reckless, adventurous man who would take her places she'd never been before.

"How did you sleep last night?" he asked.

"What?" She shook her head, and then his question registered. "I didn't. I couldn't think about anything else but us."

"Good, then I wasn't alone." Her head fell back when he strode over to her. "Why don't we go outside on the porch and talk? We have some items to discuss before we start."

Tyler didn't wait for her to answer, he captured her hand and tugged her outside, guided her to one of the chairs. After she was seated, he placed another chair directly in front of her and sat down.

The soothing sounds of birds singing calmed her racing heart, until their knees touched. Heat filled her body. Tyler did this to her. So what if she and Alan hadn't slept together, so what if she hadn't had

mind-blowing sex in like eight years. She wasn't a virgin and Tyler knew that, but she wasn't experienced, either.

"You're nervous."

Biting her lower lip, she dipped her head.

"Why?"

"I've never done anything like this before."

"Becca." He took her hands in his, thumbs brushing the backs of her knuckles in a soothing motion. "We're only going to talk right now. We haven't seen each other in a long time and we need to get re-acquainted. Plus, we need to discuss what you want to do while you're here."

"You're not going to tell me?" This was a surprise—she thought for sure Tyler would tell her what they were going to do.

"I'll give you firm suggestions, but in the end it's your decision on what you do or don't do."

She blew out a breath. Damn. This was what she wanted, wasn't it? To make decisions for herself? Or did she? She didn't know anymore.

"First thing to get out of the way, I'm healthy and free of all sexually transmitted diseases. I can provide you with my last physical, if you want."

"I'm clean, too." She had her annual physical a few weeks back and since she hadn't had sex in over two years, there was no chance of diseases.

"Are you on the pill?"

Becca shifted in her seat. "Yes."

"Good. I want to feel you."

Her breath caught. In college they'd always used a condom, even though she was on the pill, but now the image of him pushing into her pussy slick and hard, without latex between them, caused it to tighten with anticipation.

"What kind of sex do you like?" he asked.

"Huh?" She tilted her head and stared at him. "What do you mean?"

A chuckle floated in the air between them. "You've read the activities book about the ranch. What do you want to try?"

"Ahh..." Now she was squirming in her seat. How could she talk about this? How could she not?

"We're consenting adults, no taboo's here. Anything you want, if it's legal, I'll do my best to provide it."

The ball was back in her court with expertise she couldn't match, and damned if she knew what to do with it. She wanted him, but that would be stating the obvious. But...why was this so hard? She never had trouble talking sex with Angie.

But then Angie wasn't Tyler. Tyler was a living, breathing, sex-on-two-legs, fully-grown, male. Her gaze slid over his body. Oh yeah, the bulge in his jeans told her just how grown he was.

"Let it go, Becca."

"What?"

"Your embarrassment, inhibitions, whatever is stopping you from talking to me."

"What's holding me back is I don't know what the hell I want."

A grin spread over his lips, and she wanted to be annoyed, but she'd said the words.

"I see." Releasing her hands, he rubbed the back of his neck. "Do you trust me?"

"Yes." The admission surprised her. He'd been a gentle, generous lover the past, but that had been years ago. Yet the trust was still there, deep down inside.

"Quick answer. I've changed from the lover you knew in college."

"I've changed, too." And she had. She'd buried the wild and carefree girl she'd been then, and in her place was a responsible woman. But she was tired of being responsible.

"I can see that. You've been suppressing your

sexuality.”

His insight was startling. “What makes you say that?”

“I can see it. When we were together before, you never thought about touching someone, fingers trailing up an arm, a pat on the back, even a hug of support or in greeting. Now, I see a woman who is closed down, a woman who is suppressing a side of herself.”

She couldn’t deny it because it was true. Yet another reason for her to have this week of carefree sex. “So what can you do about it?”

“Free her,” he whispered. “Tomorrow you will attend the lecture called Revitalizing Your Sex Life.”

“Somehow I don’t think my sex life needs revitalizing, it’s alive and kicking.” She punctuated her words with laughter.

He grinned and she returned it. “There’s more to the lecture than you know. It will help you to open up, to communicate with your partner, to never fear being honest with me.”

She nodded. Sounded like a good place to start.

“Tell me what else you want to try?” When she didn’t speak, he stroked her cheek. “No fear, no embarrassment.”

Becca blew out a breath. Why was this so hard? Finding a point over his shoulder, she stared at it. Maybe if she didn’t look at him, she’d be able to get this out.

“Ummm...toys,” she whispered.

“What else?”

Tension crept up her legs. “Bondage.”

“Light or hardcore?”

“Light.” Hardcore? Her muscles tightened.

“Got it. Next?”

She closed her eyes. “Anal.” Everything inside her froze as she said the word. She didn’t want to see his reaction, afraid he’d think her abnormal as other

lovers had.

His fingers found hers and he squeezed. Her gaze met his. There was no shock or disgust in his eyes, only acceptance and a flare of excitement.

“No problems there. But there is more, isn’t there?”

Her gaze skidded away. She removed her hands from his, stood and strode to the edge of the porch and back, and back again. But would Tyler understand her fantasy of adding another lover to the mix? Just once, she wanted to experience two men loving her. She wasn’t sure she could voice the deep dark desire within her.

She gripped the railing and stared out at the shrubs surrounding the small enclosure. Tyler’s scent of pine and masculinity called to her, even before he placed his fingers on her shoulders.

“I won’t judge you.”

“You couldn’t work here if you were going to judge people based on their sexual preferences.”

“So tell me?”

Each muscle in her body tightened until she was ready to scream. But still she couldn’t voice her desire.

“Do you want to experiment with another woman?”

She shook her head.

“Another man?”

Her body jerked in his grasp. How had he guessed? She was afraid to turn her head and look at him.

“Is that it, Becca? You want two men to pleasure you, to worship your body, to take you to heights you’ve only dreamed about?”

Her lashes drifted shut, her back slumping against his chest. “Yes,” she whispered.

“My Becca.” His lips brushed her cheek. “I think we’re going to have a marvelous time together.”

“What if...” She bit her lower lip. Would he understand if she couldn’t go through with everything?

“What?”

Taking a deep breath, she forced the words out. “What if I don’t live up to your expectations?” There, she said it. For the past eight years she hadn’t lived up to anyone’s expectations. Not her mother’s, not Alan’s, nor any of the previous men in her life.

“My expectations?” Disbelief colored his tone. The next thing she knew, she was facing him, his palms on her cheeks.

“I do not expect anything from you. This is all for you, Becca. This is a safe place for you to explore your sexuality and sensuality. My expectations have no place here.” She heard the sincerity in his voice, and saw it in his eyes.

“But what if I can’t do something I’ve said I wanted to try?”

“Not an issue. Communication at all times between us. If we try something and you absolutely don’t like it, we stop.”

“You won’t force me.”

“I might push you out of your comfort zone, but I would never force you.” He lowered his forehead until it touched hers. “This is about pleasure, not pain. Your pleasure, Becca, not mine.”

Her lashes drifted shut, then opened. She met his gaze head on and her hands slipped around his waist. “Then let’s do this.”

“Why don’t we go for a ride?”

A grin spread over her lips. “I’d like that.”

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Tyler kept an eye on Becca as he saddled his stallion. How deep was her fear of force? And all that talk about expectations, what man would expect a woman to do something she wasn’t comfortable with?

An idiot. She was perfect the way she was. Even in college, she'd been a willing and open lover. Admittedly, their sex wasn't too adventuresome, mainly a little exhibitionism, and a few different positions, but nothing like they were going to do here.

He'd learned a lot over the years they'd been apart. She shifted from one foot to the other again—he suspected she was nervous, or perhaps aroused. Probably a bit of both.

“Since we don't have time for a full riding lesson, we're going to ride double.”

He didn't want her to hide her arousal. He wanted her aroused, continually. “I know a place where we can sit and talk.”

“Haven't we talked enough?”

He chuckled. That was usually a male response. “No, we haven't.” He motioned her over to him. Once she was by his side, he maneuvered her into position. “Put your left foot into the stirrup.”

He waited until she complied.

“When I say lift, push yourself up, throw your right leg over the horse and saddle, and don't worry. I'll help you.”

“Sure, sounds easy.” There was a note of doubt in her voice. He suppressed a grin.

“One, two, three, lift.” Damn, she was light. He observed this yesterday, but today it seemed even more evident. He would make sure she ate well while she was here. She would need the calories for what he planned.

“Great job.” He slid her foot from the stirrup and she cried out. “Easy.” He gripped her leg. “I need the stirrup to climb up behind you.”

He mounted behind her in one quick motion. Her fingers clenched around the saddle horn when the horse shifted beneath them. “It's okay,” he said, lifting the reins.

“Are you talking to me or the horse?”

“Both.” He adjusted himself in the saddle. Because many couples liked riding double they had custom-made saddles that would fit two people comfortably. And every horse was sturdy enough to carry two people, even if the couple decided to have sex while riding.

His cock jumped. Maybe he shouldn't be thinking about sex right now, but damn it was hard not to. All he could think about was the horse at full gallop with Becca's tight, hot pussy riding his cock. He ground his teeth together.

“Is this a good idea?”

“The best,” he said, then realized she meant them riding the horse together, not his fantasy. “There's another set of stirrups, slip your feet into them and lean back against me.”

Her back was warm against his chest, he tightened his arms around her before clicking his tongue.

Becca made a squeaking sound and stiffened as the horse began to walk.

Tyler brought his lips to her ear, glad that her hair was up so he could have access to it, but later he'd let it down.

“I won't let you fall,” he whispered. “Feel the horse beneath you. Feel the power of his body between your legs, the way he moves and allow your body to sway with him in this delicate dance.”

Her ass wiggled against his groin, and his cock was doing a happy dance within his jeans, expecting to be released so it could have some satisfaction.

But not now. Anticipation was part of the game. Based on what she'd told him, he was already working a schedule out in his mind.

How surprised would she be when she attended to the toy lecture and found he was the instructor? He knew what toys he wanted to use on her, to make



her feel hot, to tantalize, to arouse, to make her come, and to make her scream with pleasure.

"It's beautiful out here," she said, bringing him back to the present.

"Yes." The horse knew the trail well and followed with little direction. "Jared and I bought the land a little over five years ago."

"Why an adult dude ranch?"

"It didn't start out that way." He nudged the horse to take the right trail at the fork toward the more wooded area of the ranch. "We were originally planning on a normal dude ranch until Jared attended a conference in San Francisco."

"What kind of conference?"

Tyler cleared his throat, wondering how she would feel knowing Jared's profession. "A therapy conference."

"As in physical therapy?"

"No. Jared is a licensed sexual psychologist."

"Oh...that's interesting."

Tyler smiled—everyone reacted differently to hearing about Jared's specialty. "At the conference, Jared realized there was no place for couples to explore their sexual side. When he came back to the ranch, he proposed the idea."

"And you took to it like a surfer to water."

Her tone was playful and his stomach began to lose some of its tightness. "Naturally, do you remember what my major at State was?"

"Partying," she said without hesitation.

He chuckled. "Yeah, there was that, but my major was human development."

"That's right. Human development with a heavy dose of sex thrown into the mix."

Her banter made him realize how much he missed this. Companionship with a woman who would challenge him, not take him to task about his job, his life, his sexuality.

“Hey, I like sex.”

“Not a thing wrong with that.” Her butt wiggled against his hard cock.

“Behave or you might get a ride you weren’t expecting.”

She let out a gasp, then said, “Continue with your story.”

“We decided to create a place where consenting adults could come to explore their sexuality. It took us almost two years to get the place built and hire the right people. Plus we had to be careful how we advertised.”

“You don’t want the locals or the police interfering with your business.”

“Partially, but we also didn’t want people to think they were just coming here for sex. This is a place to explore and discover, not to fuck your brains out.”

“Oh darn, I was looking forward to fucking like bunnies.”

“For you, I’ll make the exception.” A grin took over his lips. “But we really didn’t have to worry, with Jared connection in the psychology community, we had couples lining up. Word of mouth really does sell the product.”

“One of the couples last night said they’d been here before.”

“Yes, Bill and Kelly Peterson. They plan a trip at least once a year. It gives them a chance to get away from the pressure of their lives, but also the freedom to explore sexual practices that some might consider taboo.”

“Like anal sex.”

“Yes, or a ménage, or some might even consider bondage unnatural. Here we give the couples the freedom to try anything they want. Plus we give them instructions on how to be safe doing it.”

Tilting her head back, she looked up at him.

“What happened to your degree in animal science?”

“Oh, I have that. A degree in animal husbandry along with a degree in human development. I manage the horses and the grounds personnel, Jared manages the ranch staff.”

Tyler guided the horse onto the smaller path, then into the clearing. Maneuvering to the right spot, he brought them to a stop. Dismounting, he grimaced at the tightness of his jeans.

Reaching up, he put his hands on Becca’s waist. “Slip your feet out of the stirrups, then swing your leg over and slide down.”

With a sigh she did what he told her and slid right into his arms.

### Chapter Three

Tyler watched Becca follow his instructions to dismount the horse and held her close when her feet touched the ground. He had her right where he wanted her. In his arms, against his body, and he wanted to lay her down right here in this quiet meadow, strip her bare, and bury himself in her core.

The air would brush their naked skin, and the sky would be filled with the cries of her passion.

Hold on, buddy. There was a lot of ground they needed to cover before he could even begin to sink his rock hard dick into her warm pussy.

“Okay?” He needed to put some space between them before he lost all his good intentions. Not that he had any. It’s just for a week, he reminded himself. One week of fun, nothing more.

“I’m fine.” She stepped out of his hold.

“Good.” Striding around her, Tyler opened the saddlebags. Tucking a blanket and a couple of small pillows under one arm, he captured her hand and led her into the clearing.

After scanning the area, he found the best place for them to sit. He spread the blanket and dropped the pillows onto the fabric.

“Have a seat.” She lowered herself down and he slid onto his knees.

She jerked when his finger brushed a stray hair behind her ear. “Touching is an integral part to this week.” Skimming over her hair, he found the pins at the back of her head and began removing them.

“I know.” There was a note of exasperation in

her voice and he fought against smiling.

"You may know it, but you're far from being relaxed. What is it, Becca? On the horse you were bantering with me, wiggling against me. What's changed?"

Pure silk flowed over his hands when the last of the pins fell away. He resisted the urge to bury his face in her hair and inhale what was sure her unique fragrance. All woman.

"I..." Her hand fluttered to her throat.

She didn't have a clue as to why she was so nervous. Maybe he could make this a bit more pleasant for her.

"Let's try this." Maneuvering his body, he picked up a pillow, placed it against the rock, then sat back into the natural depression. "Come here." He spread his legs and patted the ground between his thighs.

Becca rose to her knees. Within seconds she was seated between his legs, her back against his chest, her head resting on his shoulder.

"That's better." He settled his arms around her waist, but kept his touch light. "How much sexual experience have you had?"

"I could ask you the same thing."

He chuckled. There was the fire he was looking for. "I haven't been a monk, but then again, I'm not the hound dog you seem to think I am. It's been a while since I've had a lover." Not since his fiancée decided her job was more important than he was six months ago.

"It's been over two years for me."

He sucked in a breath. Two years was a long time. She tensed. "By choice?"

"Not really." She let out a sigh and melted against him. "My ex-fiancé didn't want to sleep with me before the wedding, he believed the wedding night should be special, and the only time we came close he found my BOB and freaked out."

“BOB?”

“Battery-Operated Boyfriend.”

Laughter spilled from Tyler, he couldn't help it. “The man was an insecure idiot.”

“To say the least.”

“You said ex, what happened?” How bad had this man hurt her? And he wasn't the one who tried to force her, if he freaked out over a vibrator.

“Thursday night I found him in bed with my boss. Or should I say ex-boss. When I saw them together, I took off my engagement ring, put it on the dresser and walked out. Yesterday morning, I quit my job. But thankfully, I already have an interview for my dream job.”

Her words set bombs off within him. How could any man cheat on her? Let alone not fuck her? But wait a minute, trips to the ranch had to be booked months in advance, that meant she was suppose to be here with the ex.

“If he was upset about the vibrator, why were the two of you coming here?”

“My friend, Angie, gave this trip to us as a pre-wedding present. She probably figured Alan would loosen up once he shed his inhibitions. She couldn't have been more wrong. Alan didn't want me, this trip wouldn't have made a bit of difference.” Her palms curved over the back of his hands. “I came here because Angie encouraged me to get away for the week, I didn't have a job anymore, and I didn't want to be home if Alan came around trying to make excuses.”

“I'm glad you came.” He nudged her hair out of the way with his nose, and blew in her ear, delighted when she shivered.

“I am too. I'm not on the rebound. Alan wasn't the right man for me. I knew that deep down, or I wouldn't have been so damn calm when I caught him in bed with another man.”

“What the fuck?” The words were out of Tyler’s mouth before he could stop them.

“Yeah. Surprised me, too, but it does explain why he didn’t want sex with me.”

Becca shifted, her ass pressing against Tyler’s crotch. His cock pulsed, and Tyler realized she was only getting more comfortable.

“Would you like to hear what I have planned for the week?” Somehow he was aware she’d feel more comfortable talking about their time together, rather than what happened in the last few days.

“Yes, please.”

“As I told you earlier, you’ll go to the Revitalizing Your Sex Life lecture tomorrow. This is the only lecture I won’t be attending with you. It will take up the morning. I’ll meet you at your cabin after lunch.” He heard her swift intake of breath before she spoke.

“And what will we do?”

“Go over what you’ve learned.”

“And the next day?”

Her body sank even more against his, and this was a good sign. “Toy lecture.” He didn’t mention he was teaching that particular class, he wanted her to be surprised.

“I know about toys.”

“Is BOB your only experience with toys?”

“Yes.”

“Then there’s a lot more to learn. Again, the morning is filled with the lecture, and in the afternoon we’ll go over what you’ve learned.”

“I like the sound of that.” She turned her face toward him, and smiled.

His cock thickened and her smile widened. He was aware she could feel his hardening dick against her ass and he shifted, rotating his hips.

“Feels good.” She pressed her ass against him, and if he wasn’t careful, he’d lose control.

“Then there will be the anal lecture.”

Her lashes fluttered down, concealing her eyes from him, but her body stayed relaxed.

“Then day after that, Bondage.”

“And after that?” Her voice held a breathless quality to it.

“The last lecture you’ll attend will be about ménages.”

Her cheeks filled with color. “You’ll be with me in all the classes but the first one, right?”

“Yes.”

“Okay.” She let out a sigh and snuggled closer to him.

“Tell me what you like.” His fingers lightly stroked her stomach through her clothing.

“Like?”

“Sexually. What turns you on? What makes you so hot you can’t wait to tear the clothes off your partner and have your wicked way with him?”

“I could ask you the same thing.”

Interesting. He’d found a pattern. Every time she became uncomfortable, she tried to deflect him by throwing the question back at him. “This is about you, not me.”

A puff of breath brushed against his chin before she spoke, “I’m not sure what turns me on.”

What the hell? He almost blurted the words out. The Becca he knew from college hadn’t been shy about telling him what turned her on, what else had changed in the last eight years?

“Are you aroused sitting here with my cock pressing against your ass?”

“Yes.”

“What about this?” He covered her right breast with his palm, and massaged it. Her nipple hardened beneath her bra.

“Oh, yes.” Her lashes were drifting shut once again.



"And this?" His left hand slipped down, tracing the seam of her jeans over her pussy. Even the denim fabric couldn't hide her heat.

"Oh God, yes." Her hips shifted upward.

"Not yet, sweetheart." He ached to lower the zipper on her jeans and plunge his fingers into her moistness, but he would wait. Today was more for them to become reacquainted, for him to find out about her sexual experiences, so he would know just how far he could push her.

"Tease." Her lips caressed his jaw.

"I'm going to tease you without mercy this week." He nudged her head back so he could capture her mouth with his.

Becca shifted closer to Tyler. She wanted him, yes, but there was something more. Something known. They were very different people than they had been eight years ago, but inside her sensual side was hidden. Tyler could bring that out; he could uncover it and let her be the woman she needed—no—wanted to be.

His arms had her anchored around the waist, preventing her from turning in his arms to deepen this magnificent kiss. So, she shifted her arm up and curled it around his neck.

A moan escaped her lips when he broke off the kiss. "Talk to me. I want to know what you're feeling."

Ugh, she'd never been good at expressing her feelings to anyone, hell her mother taught her very effectively never to show them.

"I don't know if I can." Her arm fell from around his neck into her lap, her fingers clenching.

He tightened his hold around her waist for a second, then his right hand covered her breast. "What am I doing?"

"Caressing my breast."

"And it feels like?"

“It feels good.”

“You can do better than that, sweetheart.” When she didn’t answer, he continued. “Close your eyes and rest your head against my shoulder, again. Then just start talking, don’t censor yourself.”

Taking a deep breath, her head slid onto his shoulder, her lashes swept down.

Oh dear God. The sensations flowing through her body had changed, her entire nervous system came alive and focused in on his touch.

“Your caress is tender, not too hard, but not too soft, either.” Shivers of excitement tingled their way up her spine.

“Ohhhh.” He pinched her nipple and her back arched, sending a surge of arousal to her pussy.

His lips touched her temple, his breath brushing her skin. “If something hurts, tell me.”

She squirmed in his grasp when his other hand took her left breast and began massaging it.

Lightning coursed through her body as he caressed, plucked and played with her nipples and breasts. But she wanted more; she wanted his bare skin against hers.

“Touch me, Tyler.”

“I am.”

“No.” She shook her head. “Really touch me. I want your hands on my bare breasts. I want to feel your fingers as they pinch my nipples.” Heat spread through her body. More, she wanted more of his touch, more of him.

“Your wish is my command.” His hands slid down her abdomen, to the hem of her shirt. “Lean forward, sweetheart.”

Funny, she realized, as he pulled her shirt up, she normally objected to anyone calling her sweetheart, but coming from Tyler, she liked it.

His fingers were at her spine, tracing a light path until he found the fastening of her bra. With

deft movements, her bra was undone and joined her shirt on the blanket.

The soft fabric of his shirt caressed her back as he settled her against his body once again.

"The air is dancing over my skin." The words flowed from her and she wasn't going to stop them. "My nipples are getting hard, begging for your touch."

"So I see." The pad of his finger traced her areola, sending more heat flowing through her body. "You have beautiful breasts and your nipples...I can't wait to put clamps on them."

Another zing of arousal flowed to her pussy, moisture coating her panties. "Clamps?"

"Would you like that?" He teased her with the tip of his nail, lightly scraping across the engorged nipple.

"I'm not sure." She remembered the time she and Angie ventured into an adult store, she'd seen nipple clamps but they'd looked more like torture devices than something for pleasure.

But she had tried a set of nipple rings, and liked the feeling of them until her boyfriend of the time had seen them and freaked out. But Tyler wasn't freaking out.

Tyler tweaked her nipple, gaining her attention. She turned her face toward his. "You're thinking."

"How did you know?" Did she have no secrets from him?

"Your body changes—you stiffened. What were you thinking about?"

Becca bit her lower lip, then spoke, "My best friend, Angie, and I went into an adult store once."

"How long ago?"

"About four years. I bought a pair of nipple rings."

"Did you wear them?"

"Yes. They weren't tight, kind of like a ring I

would wear on my finger.”

“Did you like them?”

“Oh yes. They made me excited and I enjoyed them until...”

“Until what?”

“My boyfriend of the time saw them and called me depraved.”

“Another idiot.” Tyler’s nail began making widening circles around her breasts. “Rings on your nipples are a nice enhancement to what nature provided you. And since you’ve used them, clamps will be easier.”

His lips touched her ear, his voice grew huskier. “Think about having clamps on these hard buds.”

Her stomach somersaulted with excitement.

He tweaked her nipples simultaneously causing pure pleasure to run through her body. “Plus there’s a small chain between the clamps that hangs down. Now, I’m tugging the chain as I lick your pussy until you come all over my mouth. Then I do it again, and again until you’re screaming with only the pleasure I can give you.”

Oh. Dear. God. He tugged at her nipples and she could feel it all the way to her core.

Her ass pressed against his hard cock as he spoke. Wanting him inside her, making her come. His tongue caressed the lobe of her ear and she let out another moan.

“Would you like that, sweetheart?”

“Fuck yeah.” She turned her head and captured his mouth with hers.

She had to do something. She was on fire. Tongues tangled and dueled with each other before parting, only to merge back together. All the while he continued to play with her nipples, and she rubbed her ass against his cock.

More moisture flooded her panties. She wanted, needed more. Tearing her mouth away from his, she

said, "I want to touch you." She met his gaze head on. "I need to touch you."

His blue eyes darkened before his dropped a light kiss against her lips, then his mouth trailed up to her temple.

"Later," he whispered, one hand trailing from her breasts to the top of her jeans. "Unzip them for me."

Hand trembling, she fumbled with the button and zipper before lowering it. "Are you wet?" he asked.

Her stomach contracted when his palm slid down beneath her panties. "You are," he said, fingers parting her pussy lips, stroking her ever so lightly.

"Tyler." She shifted her pelvis toward his finger.

"What do you want?"

"You," she sighed when he slipped a finger into her pussy. It had been too long, way too long since she pleased herself.

"You're so soft, so wet." His movements were short and sharp due to the restriction of her clothing. "And I can feel you tightening around my finger."

"Feels good." Already her pussy was tightening, her stomach clenching with the need to climax. "Too long, I—" Sucking in a breath, an orgasm tore through her body.

"That's it baby, let it go. Come for me. Let me feel your passion."

She couldn't answer him, her body shuddered around his finger deep within her pussy, her breathing erratic until her climax subsided and she found herself sagging against his body.

Taking a deep breath she whispered, "I want you inside me." It took her several minutes to realize he'd removed his hands from her pussy. Within seconds, her jeans were fastened and he slipped her bra back on

“Tyler?” Why was he dressing her?

“Anticipation,” he whispered, urging her to scoot forward. Then he slipped her shirt back on, and got to his feet, holding his hand out to her.

“But—”

His index finger pressed against her lips as she rose to her feet.

Becca was about to protest when she heard the rustling of leaves and voices. Someone else was here.

That’s why he stopped.

Tyler nudged her in the direction of the bushes, and through the tall brush she saw Peter and Maggie Watson, another couple at the ranch.

Two blankets were spread out in the small clearing, and the couple lay naked caressing each other’s nude bodies.

Becca averted her eyes. “We should go,” she whispered.

“Haven’t you ever wanted to watch another couple having sex?”

Swallowing hard, she kept her gaze on Tyler’s face, even when Maggie said, “Yes, that’s it baby. I want that big boy to fill me. Take me, fill me on the first thrust and don’t stop until I’m screaming.”

“Maybe I’d like to watch,” Becca said, “but not now. Not when they don’t know they’re being watched.”

“Are you sure?”

Becca’s gaze found the couple again, and it seemed as if Maggie was staring right at her and Tyler. Then Maggie smiled, letting out a groan as Peter thrust into her. Becca’s pussy tightened at the look of pure bliss on Maggie’s face.

“How would you like to have another person watch as I fuck you?” Tyler’s husky voice whispered in her ear. “His eyes on your body. Your nipples hard and begging to be touched, my cock plunging in and out of your wet pussy. And he’s watching everything,

every move, every stroke, knowing that you're mine."

Becca bit her lip to stop a moan from escaping at Tyler's words. She was no longer seeing Maggie and Peter—instead she was seeing herself and Tyler.

Tyler slid his arms around her waist and slowly backed them away from the bushes. Becca's knees shook, but she forced herself away from Tyler's touch, to pick up the blanket and pillows.

Tyler put them away, then taking Becca's hand, they walked a bit, in silence, before mounting the horse.

It was bad enough she was aroused by Tyler's touch and words, along with the sight of the other couple, but now his cock was pressed against her once again.

What would happen if they were both naked on this horse? If she leaned forward, and reached back, she could direct his cock to her core.

How would it feel to have him pumping in and out of her in time with the horse's movements? Would he have the horse go fast, so he could fuck her hard and fast, or slow and torturous?

Her body was on fire. At this rate, she was not only going to need a cold shower, but a vibrator. But she hadn't packed one.

Hell, this was an adult ranch there had to be one somewhere she could use.

"Your face is flushed, your eyes slumberous and your breathing labored. What are you thinking about?"

"You, me, naked on this horse." The words flowed out before she could stop them.

"And I take it we're fucking."

"Yes." Becca swallowed, her head resting back against Tyler's shoulder. By the time they arrived back at the stables, her panties were soaked with fresh cream. Her whole body was aroused, the fabric of her bra irritating her hard nipples.

Tyler helped her down from the horse, and she clung to him. Her body craving his touch.

“Tyler,” she started.

“Later, Becca.” He brushed a kiss across her lips.

“But...”

“I need to take care of the horse and we both need to cool down. I’ll see you at dinner.”

He turned and led the horse away. Becca was about to call out to him, when she noticed Tyler’s uneven gait. He was suffering as much as she was.

Without saying another word, she turned and marched back to her cabin. A cold shower would help take the edge off. She hadn’t been this aroused by a man since college. Since Tyler.

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Tyler watched Becca’s hips swaying with each step she took and his cock pulsed in time. The woman oozed sex. And this was only the beginning. She was going to test his control to the limits.

Leading the horse back into the stables, Tyler worked on automatic pilot before making his way back to the main house. Once inside his private rooms, he stripped and went straight into the shower.

The cold water made him grit his teeth when it hit his overheated skin. He braced his arms against the wall, letting the water slice over his body, willing his dick to soften. It didn’t work.

After ten minutes, he growled in frustration, turned the water warmer, and scrubbed up. It wouldn’t pay to show up at dinner smelling of horse.

Finishing up, he dried off and strode back into his bedroom, his cock slapping against his skin with each step. The damn thing had a mind of its own, and right now it wanted pleasure, any way it could get it.

Flopping down onto the bed, he reached over



and opened the drawer on the nightstand. He pulled out a condom and one of his favorite toys.

After slipping the condom on, he placed the pump over his cock. Lying back against the pillows, he took the bulb in his hand and began squeezing.

Fuck, the first pump had his hips rising. Closing his eyes, Tyler thought about how Becca looked in the clearing. Her long brown hair spread over her shoulders, her breasts swollen, her nipples erect, begging for his touch.

His fingers pumped the bulb faster as he fantasized about those hard nubs encased in one of his clamps, the silver chain dangling between her globes as she straddled over him, her head facing his feet and his dick pointing at her mouth.

Oh, yes. He'd tug the chain as she went down on him, pulling him deep into her mouth, sucking him. He'd pull the chain harder watching her nipples grow more taut, and her body begin to flush from the pleasure.

Her pussy glistened above him, his tongue swiped the moisture gathering there.

His balls tightened, and he squeezed the bulb even faster. Consumed by his fantasy.

His fingers parted those rosy pussy lips, before plunging two fingers into her core and capturing her clit and pulling it deep into his mouth.

Her screams of pleasure were muffled by his cock as he exploded. His hips arched higher and his climax hit him, hard. But he didn't stop squeezing the bulb until he was sure his balls were empty. Then he slumped against the mattress, his body covered in a fine sweat.

Damn, now he needed another shower, but he really didn't care. The fantasy had helped, at least for now. And he couldn't wait for tomorrow. Once Becca's lessons started, she wouldn't know what hit her.

## Chapter Four

Becca woke to music. Music? Then she remembered she left the radio playing last night. The cabin had been too quiet and she couldn't stand it.

Throwing the covers aside, she slid out of bed. The cool air flowed over her naked body. And it was all Tyler's fault.

After their ride, she'd come back to the cabin and masturbated in the shower, figuring that would satisfy her body. It had until dinner, when Tyler sat next to her, his masculine scent teasing her senses, and every chance he got he touched her. Making it clear to her and everyone else they were now partners.

Her body was so sensitive to his touch, and every time he glanced her way with those blazing blue eyes, her pussy flooded. Throughout dinner she fought the urge to grab him, strip him bare and fuck him on the dining room table, not caring who was watching.

And she was scared out of her mind. She'd never reacted to a man like this, not even when she and Tyler were together before. Yes, he'd been insatiable—both of them had been—but nothing like this.

Besides, Tyler had become a tease. After dinner, he'd walked her back to the cabin and left her on the door step with another scorching, deep, wet kiss before telling her he'd see her in the morning.

He even had the nerve to whistle while he strode away. Stomping into the cabin, she started to search

for a vibrator; it was an adult ranch, after all.

She found a freestanding cabinet in the bedroom, but there was a padlock on it, and she couldn't find a key. What adult ranch locked up their vibrators? And outside of calling to ask about obtaining a vibrator...How embarrassing would that be, especially if Tyler answered the phone.

Heading for bed was her only option. Unable to stand the feel of clothing against her body, she'd crawled into bed naked, and masturbated again. It didn't help. She only craved Tyler more.

Glancing at the clock, she let out a groan. Eight. She'd better get a move on if she was going to shower, dress and eat before the first lecture at ten.

Moving to the dresser, she scooped up clean underwear and headed for the shower. Again. At this rate she would need to bathe in lotion or her skin would dry out.

At nine fifty-five, Becca walked into the lecture building. She was surprised to find it was a separate building, but then wondered what other surprises this week held in store for her, because this trip held a mountain full of them.

Finding the right room, she strode in. Maggie Watson and Sally Carpenter were already there.

"Hi Becca," they chorused.

"Hi." She bit her lip and was about to take a seat, when a perky blonde woman all but bounced into the room.

"Hey ladies, I'm Lisa and I'll be your instructor today. Since we're a small group, why don't we sit on the mats and get comfortable."

Becca followed the other women to the front of the room and lowered herself onto the mat. They sat in a loosely formed circle.

"That's better," said Lisa. "We'll start off with introductions, then on to the lecture. I've been on staff here since the ranch opened, as most of us here

have been. I'm married to Bart, who is another instructor. And if needed, I'm also one of the housekeepers."

Once they finished with introductions Lisa said, "Tell me why you're in this lecture?"

"I wanted to see how communication can spice up my love life," said Maggie.

"Me too, plus exploring the more exotic side of sex," said Sally.

"Ummm, Tyler recommended the class," said Becca, what else could she say. Then lifted her chin, "My best friend gave me this trip as a pre-wedding present, I was supposed to be here with my fiancé, but I found him in bed with my boss three days ago." Three days? It seemed like a lifetime ago.

"Bastard," said Sally.

"You're better off without him," said Maggie.

Becca smiled her thanks at the ladies. "My best friend convinced me to take this trip anyway," she continued. "I didn't know it was an adult ranch."

Everyone nodded, then Lisa started talking. "Thank you each for sharing. This lecture concentrates on communication with your partner. While your partners are not with you today, that's okay. There are so many lectures to fit in, we encourage couples to split up the first day and try different ones, and report back to each other."

"Charlie wanted to come with me," said Sally. "But I sent him to the cunnilingus class. He needs help in that direction."

"And I sent Peter to the sexual positions class. Sometimes he forgets missionary can be a bit boring," said Maggie.

All the women laughed, and Becca's muscles began to unwind.

Lisa said, "You both communicated to your partners what you would prefer, and that's what this class is about, how to communicate your fantasies

and desires to your partner.”

Fantasies? Becca tilted her head. This was going to be very interesting.

“Forget your inhibitions,” said Lisa. “Or anything else you’ve been conditioned to think about sex and fantasies. Today you are free. So, Sally, tell us your fantasy. If you could do anything you wanted with Charlie, what would it be?”

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Tyler knocked on Becca’s cabin door at five minutes after one. He’d worked like a demon last night and this morning to make sure he had the afternoon free to spend with Becca.

He’d seen Lisa and asked her about how the session went. All she told him was he was lucky to have a partner like Becca.

Where was she? He knocked again. No answer. A frown settled between his brows. This time he knocked harder and called out her name. If she didn’t answer soon, he’d use his key.

“Just a second,” he heard the muffled yell. A minute later the door was flung open.

Becca’s face was flushed, her hair half in and half out of a pony tail. Her breathing erratic, her nipples pointing out beneath the fabric of the T-shirt she wore.

His gaze continued down her body. A pair of short-shorts and bare feet. She shifted from one foot to the other as his gaze lingered on her exposed thighs. When his gaze returned to her face he saw a hint of defiance in her eyes, as if she expected him to disapprove of something.

“Ready for our afternoon session?”

Without a word, she turned and marched away. Something was annoying her but he’d discover it shortly. Instead of following her, he sauntered into the small kitchen and opened the refrigerator.

Good, his instructions had been carried out.

Fruit, cheese, sandwiches were all there, along with water and juice. Closing the door, he sauntered to the doorway of the bedroom.

Becca stood by the window, arms crossed around her waist. Then he glanced at the messed up bed. Ah, that's why she's so upset.

"Someone has been masturbating?"

"Not that it's helping," she muttered, then in a stronger voice. "I want a vibrator."

Crossing over to her, he slipped his arms around her waist and pulled her back against his body.

"After the toy class tomorrow."

"Today."

"No."

"Damn it, Tyler." She twisted in his hold. "I need to come."

"Then let me help you." Tugging her with him, he maneuvered them over to the bed. "Tell me your fantasies."

"Right now it's roasting you over a fire pit."

"At least you're honest." He grinned. There was the spunky woman he remembered from college. "But not so fun for me."

"This isn't funny, Tyler." She squirmed in his hold.

"Then I'll remedy it." He released her, and toed off his shoes, then pulled his shirt over his head.

"What are you doing?"

"Undressing. Are you going to join me, or would you like me to peel those clothes off you, one by one?"

"Do it," she whispered.

His cock hardened with those words. She was daring him and he wasn't going to back down. He slid down the zipper on his jeans, and let them fall to his feet.

Stepping out of his clothing, he bent down picked them up, folded his jeans and shirt, and

snagged his shoes. Putting the shoes next to the dresser, he set the clothes on top.

Her gaze was glued to his body—he could feel it. When he turned back to her, a soft gasp escaped her lips as her gaze rested on his erection.

“Ummmm...it’s...ahhh...bigger than I remember.”

“Could be.” In a few steps he was in front of her. Leaning down, his lips hovered above hers. “I’ve been jacking off since yesterday and it hasn’t helped me, either.”

His mouth closed over hers in a soft kiss. He wasn’t going to rush this, he’d make her come, but on his terms. Finding the hem of her T-shirt, he lifted.

Mouths clung to each other until the last second before he whisked the fabric over her head. Folding it quickly, he tossed it on top of his clothes.

His palm covered one bare breast, massaging it gently before finding the other. Her nipples were already taut. She was so responsive to him and he liked that.

“Your skin is silky smooth.” Trailing his fingers down her sides to the waistband of her shorts, he hooked his thumbs inside. “Nice short-shorts.”

She shifted her feet again. “Take them off.”

His thumbs slid around, unhooking the button, and he edged the zipper down. Then peeled the fabric over her hips. Her musky scent tantalized his nose as he stripped her panties away with her shorts. Not caring where they landed.

“You are so beautiful.”

She squirmed beneath his gaze, then quivered when his palms covered her hip, his thumbs drawing lazy circles on her stomach.

He dropped to his knees in front of her and leaning forward, blew out a breath, ruffling her pubic curls.

“Tyler.” Her knees wobbled.

Rising to his feet, he scooped her into his arms and placed her on the bed. Before he could scoot away, she ran her fingers up and down his cock.

“Hard, but warm,” she murmured. “And definitely much bigger than I remember.”

“And it’s all yours,” he whispered, laying next to her. Pushing her hair away from her ear, he licked the lobe. “What’s your fantasy for today?”

Becca drew her lower lip between her teeth. She couldn’t believe how forthright she’d been with Tyler, but then again, she’d never been so frustrated in all her life. Even now, his mouth caressed her skin below her ear, causing delicious shivers of pleasure to run through her body, and she knew what she wanted.

“I want...” She cleared her throat. “I want you to lick and suck me, all over.”

“I’m going to have fun.” His lips caressed her neck, his tongue leaving a light wet trail, until he found the spot where her neck and shoulder met. He sucked, then blew air on her skin.

Oh, my. Becca let out a moan.

“Good moan or bad moan?” The words were muffled against his skin.

“Good one.” *Oh, so good.*

His mouth continued to travel down, dropping kisses on her collarbone, then over her right shoulder, and on down her arm, kissing each finger in turn.

Becca fought against squirming, her senses totally focused on Tyler’s lips. Each touch, lick or nip caused more moisture to gather between her thighs.

“I’m going to use my hands, too.” His voice was heavy with desire.

Tremors swept through her veins as his nails skimmed down her left arm, while his tongue ran down her inner right arm, and then the fingers of his



left hand entangled with hers.

His tongue paused at her wrist where her pulse pounded, before going lower. “Ohhhh.” It was more of a groan than a word as he drew her index finger between his lips and sucked.

Her core tightened. She was going to come from him sucking her fingers; she knew it. Then, as if Tyler recognized what was happening, he released the digit.

His mouth slid up her arm, between her breasts to her stomach. Becca opened her eyes. When had she closed them? Tyler’s cheek rested against her stomach, and he gazed at her with those incredible blue eyes.

“Now what?” A bad boy grin played around his lips.

She shifted her legs, parting them.

“Tell me what you want?”

“I don’t remember you being this demanding in college.”

“Then, we didn’t have much time. Now we have all the time in the world.”

Could she do this? Before when she voiced her needs, her boyfriends had turned cold, telling her they didn’t need instructions. But this was different. This was Tyler. Her hips shifted, but he didn’t move at her clue.

“I...” She couldn’t get the words past the lump in her throat.

“Maybe you need more warming up.” His mouth closed over her right nipple.

Oh fuck. He nipped at her flesh, making her body tighten further. Then he switched to her other breast, and her breathing increased. Only to stop all together when he released it and slipped between her legs. Pushing her thighs apart, he brought her knees up at the same time.

*Yes, that’s what I want.*

His breath brushed against her over heated skin. She glanced at him from beneath her lashes to find him watching her. Then he put his index finger into his mouth, and pulled it out with a pop.

“Oh God,” she whispered, when he traced her outer lips with his wet finger, and his lips began to nip and lick her inner thighs.

Her hips rose, and she could swear he was smiling against her skin. Without conscious thought her fingers tangled in the quilt. He continued to nibble, kiss and lick her inner thighs, causing more moisture to flood her pussy.

Now his fingers were spreading her outer lips, but instead of diving in as she expected, cool air caressed her, while his thumb circled her clit. Never touching it directly. The combination began to drive her up the wall. Her fingers tightened and released the fabric beneath them. She needed...

“Tyler.” Was that breathy sound her voice?

“Yes, sweetheart.” His breath brushed against her clit and her hips bucked. She wanted him, his lips on her clit, his tongue caressing her until she came.

“Please.”

“Please what?”

Heart pounding, she said, “Please lick my pussy.”

“My pleasure.” His tongue swept from top to bottom.

“Yes,” she cried out. But instead of going for her clit, like she expected, he circled it, his finger following after the path of his tongue.

“You taste so sweet. Sweeter than when we were in college.” A finger slipped into her core. “And wetter.” A second finger joined the first, deliciously stretching her. “You’re sopping, aren’t you, sweetheart?”

“God, yes.” Her hips arched up, pressing toward

his fingers.

“I want you wet. I want you hot. Most of all I want you on edge, begging for it.”

His mouth covered her clit, his tongue flicking it as he wiggled his fingers within her. She cried out again. Her internal muscles clamped down on those wonderful digits. She wanted to come so bad.

Her orgasm was hanging there, waiting for the right touch, the right movement that would send her over the edge. But, Tyler wasn't doing that. He held his fingers still inside her until her muscles relaxed, and then he started teasing her again. And stopped, and started.

“More,” she said. “More, Tyler, I need more.” That needy tone in her voice scared her, but only for a mere second. It wasn't fear of Tyler. It was fear of being left unsatisfied, as she'd been by past lovers.

A third finger wiggled its way into her. He drew her clit into his mouth and curved his fingers into her G-spot.

Her climax rolled over her body in unforgiving waves and she screamed, her fingers clenching and unclenching the quilt beneath them.

It wasn't until the waves began to recede that she realized that Tyler was licking her with slow strokes, his fingers caressing the interior of her pussy.

“Tyler, I don't think—” The words came out slowly while she fought to catch her breath. But he didn't stop; instead his fingers stroked faster.

She couldn't...but she could. Her stomach tightened and her pussy quivered as her fingers tangled in his dark hair, when his tongue flicked her clit and her second climax hit. Her hips arched into his mouth and her head thrashed against the pillows. She'd never been a multiple orgasm woman.

*Until now.*

The tremors faded, and she collapsed against

the mattress, her hand falling away from his head, to flop on the bed. She was spent, totally spent. And she'd enjoyed every second of it.

Tyler raised his head, licking his lips. When her body went limp beneath him, pride swelled within him that he could make her come like that. She was fantastic, so responsive and so damn sweet tasting. Her mouth was parted, her breathing rough and her nipples at full attention. He was tempted to take those taut peaks into his mouth and suck for all he was worth.

A slight pull on his fingers, still in her pussy, reminded him he'd pleased her more than once within a short period of time. He smiled—damned if he didn't like making her come.

He slid his fingers from her, and began kissing his way up her body, lying over her, but keeping his weight on his hands and knees. Her lashes rose and there was satisfaction and desire in her hazel gaze. Not hesitating, he took her lips, tongue thrusting deep into her mouth. His cock jumped in anticipation of being in her hot, moist core, but he tamped it down. Today was about communication, building trust, and her satisfaction.

He broke the kiss and her sigh brushed against his skin. Her fingers were digging into his shoulders.

"You're so beautiful," he whispered, rolling onto his side, cradling her against him.

"I've never..." Her lashes fell, concealing her gaze from him.

He waited; she would talk when she was ready. Their gazes connected once again.

"I've never had multiple orgasms before."

"You'll have more before we're through." He was happy she trusted him enough to tell him that. During college, he'd been more interested in his satisfaction than his partner's.

She'd have several multiple orgasms during

their time together; he'd make sure of it.

His stomach rumbled and Becca laughed. "I think someone's hungry."

While he didn't want to leave her luscious body, it was time to feed another hunger. "Be right back." Dropping a kiss on her rosy lips, he slid off the bed.

Striding into the kitchen, he quickly assembled the sandwiches, cheese and fruit on a large plate, then grabbed two bottles of water, and returned to the bedroom.

A picnic in bed sounded good to him. But Becca wasn't there; she was standing by the window with a robe on. He fought to hide his disappointment. Give her time. They may have known each other in the past, but this was a different time and place. They'd matured and changed.

"Why don't we go eat out on the porch?"

"Sure," she said with a shrug.

This was not good. His gut clenched as he pushed open the French doors and stepped outside. He set the platter on the table along with the bottles of water then crossed back to where she stood in the archway.

Without a word, he framed her face with his palms, and took her lips in a deep kiss. When he broke it, they were both breathing hard.

Tyler gazed down at her upturned face, seeing her desire, but also something else—hint of fear maybe. He reined in his own desire. Communication was important. "Sit down." He gestured to the swing.

"Ummm...aren't you going to put something on?"

"No." He sat on the swing, waiting for her to join him.

"But..." Her gaze shifted to his rock hard cock and it jumped. "What about the neighbors?"

"We have complete privacy." He gestured to the hedges. "These are grown for that reason around

each cabin.”

“Yes, I see it now.” Instead of taking a seat on the swing, she took the chair across from him, the table between them.

Masking his disappointment, Tyler grabbed a sandwich and bit into it. He hadn’t eaten since breakfast, and he needed to keep his strength up.

Her silence ate at him as he waited to see what Becca would do, but she sat there, hands folded neatly in her lap.

“Why did you put the robe on?” He twisted the cap off the bottle and took a long drink.

“I can’t run around naked.”

“Sure you can.”

Her head tilted, a giggle escaped before she sobered up once again. “I sound like my mother.”

“Tell me about her.” Tyler sat back. During their time in college he knew her mother would call her constantly, but he never really asked about her family.

“My mother is a piece of work.” She sighed. “You know she called me every day.”

He nodded.

“Well, after you left, the calls got more frequent, and when I graduated she insisted I move back home.”

“Did you?”

She’d crossed her arms over her stomach, and her features tightened. Did she even realize how much she was telling him with her body?

“For a while. I knew it was a mistake, but I needed to build up my résumé first.”

Tyler almost sprang over the table to pull her into his lap and cradle her close. What ever happened wasn’t good.

“My mother has always been controlling.”

“What about your father?” She’d never mentioned him.

She shook her head. "I don't know. All my mother would ever say is that he wasn't around."

It hit Tyler then. She had said *my mother*, not *my mom*. "I'm sorry."

Her lips tilted up. "After I moved back home, Mother became even more obsessed with controlling every aspect of my life."

"That couldn't have been easy. You'd been at State, on your own for four years."

"It wasn't, and I had grown an attitude."

"I bet." He grinned at that.

"At least that's what Mother would tell me, that I had attitude. Anyway, without my knowledge she arranged a job for me." She snorted, there was no other way for him to describe it. "I should have realized, there was no way a person like me, straight out of college with only a bachelor's degree and no experience should have gotten a job in the catering department of the Franco Hotel."

Tyler whistled. "You were excited."

"Yes, and afraid. The excitement overrode the fear and things were fine until..."

He waited; he was starting to get a picture, one he was sure he wasn't going to like. "Until?"

"Until Randall." Another sigh escaped her. "I was so stupid, Tyler. So damn naïve. After you left, I wasn't really interested in being with another man."

"Then this Randall entered into your life." He fought down his own jealousy. He'd had other lovers during the eight years they were apart. Why shouldn't she? But part of him wished he'd been her only lover.

"Yes. He was older, and I couldn't believe he was interested in me."

"Any man with half a brain would be interested in you."

"Thanks." She drew her lip between her teeth. "I started to date Randall while working. At first it was

fun, then Mother started pressuring me to marry Randall.”

“Did you?”

“No, but it was damn close. I can see now what happened with perfect clarity, but then I guess I didn’t want to see it.” Her voice quivered.

Tyler clenched his hands. He had to let her get the story out, in her own way.

“Did you know that going to State was the first time I defied my mother’s will?”

“No.”

“I was always the perfect little girl, then in high school when I was a cheerleader, I saw you.” She let out a soft breath. “You were so handsome, two years ahead of me in school, and known as Jackson High’s resident bad boy.”

“Yeah, I was the ultimate bad boy fantasy.” He sighed. Sometimes he hated that title.

“Still are.” She gave him a grin. “After I graduated high school, Mother wanted me to be part of her ladies groups, charities and all that.”

“You had other ideas?”

“Yes. I wanted to study hotel hospitality, State was the perfect place. I had the grades, and I even had the scholarships all lined up. When I told my mother, she went ballistic.”

Tyler could see it—an eighteen-year old Becca standing up to her mother for the first time.

“She yelled and raged at me, and for once I let it all bounce off me. Everything I’d done up until that time was to please my mother. I held my ground, and when fall arrived, I moved into the dorm at State.”

He’d noticed her the second day of classes. They were in a marketing class together. It wasn’t until two months later that he asked her out.

“My mother never knew that I had a lover in college, not until Randall.” She seemed to curl into



herself now, her legs drawn up, her arms wrapped around them. “Randall and I had been dating about six months when he asked me to marry him. I was going to say no, but he’d already spoken to Mother. Not wanting to disappoint her, I agreed. My first mistake.”

Her breathing grew rapid. “The second one was two months later. One night he took me back to his place—not unusual, we would go there and talk.”

“This night was different.”

“Yes. I’d been dragging my feet about a wedding date. Mother was pressuring me, Randall was pressuring me, and all I wanted to do was run. That should have been a clue.” Becca surged to her feet and paced for a moment.

Tyler caught the agony in her gaze, and in an instant he was at her side pulling her into his arms.

“I was so stupid, Tyler.” Her voice trembled with the tears she refused to shed.

“Not stupid.”

“Why didn’t I see what was coming?” She hiccupped. “I trusted him.”

“Shhhh.” He cradled her closer. “It’s okay. You don’t have to tell me.”

“Yes, I do.” Leaning back in his embrace, she gazed up at him. “Communication is important. You need to know this, and I need to tell it.”

Tyler inclined his head, but refused to release her.

“It started off innocent enough, just some kissing and light petting, but then Randall got aggressive.”

“He raped you.”

“Almost.” Her voice was barely a whisper now. “I fought him, hard. I wasn’t ready for him to be my lover yet. He’d ripped my clothing from me, and hit me. While I was dazed he threw me onto the bed. He was holding me down when my cell phone rang.”

What a bastard. Tyler tightened his arms around her.

The laugh she gave wasn't a pleasant one. "The only time I was grateful for my mother calling. It gave me the chance to push Randall off. I grabbed the phone and screamed at my mother to help me."

"And did she?"

Eyes filled with anger met his gaze, anger and disappointment. "She demanded that I give the phone to Randall, which I did, thinking she'd tell him to back off. Instead, he placed the phone on the table and hit the speaker." Her body began shaking. "She told Randall he couldn't fuck me, but he could use his fingers on me, see if I was still a virgin."

"Son of a bitch." If he ever found this man he'd kill him with his bare hands and her mother, too.

"I was so shocked by my mother's words. I wasn't prepared when Randall forced me back on the bed. But something inside me broke at that moment. I screamed at the top of my lungs, which startled Randall. I pushed him off, grabbed my shirt and ran out of his apartment."

"Shit." He could picture her trembling and afraid, out on the streets of San Francisco.

"That's how I met Angie. She happened to be driving by, she saw me and realized at once what was happening. She got me into her car and took me to her apartment. She was an angel that night.

"The next day, Angie came with me to my mother's house. I think it helped that she was dating a guy in construction, so he and his two huge friends helped me pack up my belongings. All the while my mother raged at me about misunderstanding the night before. I told her there was no misunderstanding and walked out."

"You moved in with Angie?"

"Yes. I couldn't stand to be alone. It wasn't until I showed up for work the next day that I realized my

mother had secured the job for me. People treated me differently that day, and suddenly it was like I was enemy number one. When I was called into my supervisor's office, I found out why. Randall was there accusing me of sleeping with him to get a better position in the department."

"Bastard."

"In more ways than one. By then I was so tired of everything Randall and my mother had done. I walked away from everything. If it hadn't been for Angie, I would have been on the streets."

"When I meet Angie I'm going to give her a big hug for taking care of you." He drew her head to his shoulder, holding her close, wanting to take all her hurt away.

"She's my best friend for a reason. Needless to say, I found a new job and began working my way up. Until last week, my dream job as head of catering at the Palace Hotel opened, it was always out of my reach. But now it's right there for me to grab."

"What about the ex?" He almost hated to ask, but he had to. He needed to know.

"Alan? I already told you about him." She relaxed more into his body, letting him take her weight.

"How did BOB come into play?" he asked, trying to lighten the mood and take her mind off her past.

Becca laughed, all traces of tears and fears gone. "Angie, of course. She introduced me to vibrators and the adult store. She helped me realize that my sexual fantasies weren't unusual and it was okay to have them."

"Yet, you've been suppressing your sexuality for years."

"Yes." She turned her face up to him. "It wasn't until I saw Alan in bed with my boss that I realized how much I'd been suppressing. Then I came here

and saw you...it was like something broke free. An old lover, a man I could trust, a man who would be my partner and help me free the woman inside.”

He was stunned. “Why did you make that assumption? It has been eight years.”

“I watched you with the horse. The way you touched her, the way you talked to her, your patience with her. I knew that while eight years had passed the man I once knew was still there.”

Her trust in him caused his knees to weaken. But it also worried him. He couldn’t get close to her. Any attachment would fail—she had her dream job to go back to and he wouldn’t compete with it. He’d done that once before and lost. “I promise you, I will never hurt you, never force you, push you some, but the moment you say the safe word *tomato*, it ends.”

“Agreed.”

“Good, now let’s get rid of this robe.” Tyler undid the tie and slipped the robe from her shoulders. “Now tell me what you want?”

Becca fought to control her breathing as Tyler’s hands roamed up and down her spine. She’d aired her fears, and he didn’t mock her, tell her she was silly. He only supported her. Angie had been the only other person to do that. Her heart stuttered with the knowledge.

“I want...” She licked her lips in anticipation. “I want to suck your cock. I want to make you come for me.” She pushed him backwards until he fell onto the chair, then she was on her knees between his legs. Her fingers encircled the base of his cock.

“Hard as steel, yet soft.” Her index finger traced up one side, then down the other. “How do you taste?” Her breath brushed the tip. His cock twitched, then she stuck her tongue out and licked him from tip to base, and back again.

He groaned, his hands tightening on the arms of the chair. Becca knew he was enjoying this.

"I can feel you pulsing against my tongue." She kissed him from tip to base, before finding his balls, and kissing them, too.

"Oh, Becca." His fingers tangled in her hair.

Her mouth closed over him. So hard. Her tongue trailed over his heated skin, savoring his salty taste.

"Yes, sweetheart." His hips shifted. "Suck me."

Her nails traced over his balls as she drew him deep into her mouth. He was so big, bigger than she remembered from college. And she wanted to take him all. Relaxing her throat, her tongue danced around him as she hollowed out her cheeks.

"That's it, baby," he whispered, giving her encouragement that she was doing this right.

She hadn't sucked a man since Tyler. His fingers tangled in her hair, guiding her, his hips tense as he kept them from thrusting when she caressed his balls.

"God, baby, that feels so good."

Her teeth nipped at the tip then she took him deep once again. He wasn't going to last much longer—his balls were tightening beneath her fingers.

"Baby, I can't last much longer."

She didn't want him to last; she wanted to taste his pleasure, to make him come. Raising her head, she let his cock slip free. "Let go, Tyler." Then she took him all the way in, once again. Now his fingers held her head and his hips began thrusting. And she took all he had to give.

He cried out and started pulsing into her mouth. God he tasted good—not too salty, but pure male. And she did this to him. She didn't fight his hold, instead she kept sucking and stroking his balls until he was spent and his cock began to soften. She released him with a pop, and smiled with satisfaction.

"Witch." He pulled her into his lap and covered

her mouth with his. His musky taste still on her tongue.

Their tongues danced and Becca squirmed on his lap, trying to find a way to straddle him. She wanted his cock inside her.

A loud bell rang.

Becca reared back, almost falling off of Tyler's lap. "What the hell was that?"

"Warning bell." A soft curse left his lips. "Jared's idea to give the guests a reminder that dinner is in an hour."

"That gives us enough time."

"Not yet, sweetheart." Her took her lips for one more kiss, and then stood with her in his arm. "Shower, then dinner."

## Chapter Five

How the hell had Tyler gotten away from her last night, Becca wondered the next morning. And it wasn't the first time she asked herself that question.

He'd carried her into the cabin, deposited her in the shower, and told her he'd see her at dinner. Then after dinner, he kissed her and told her he'd see her this morning in the lecture.

Frustrated, she'd slept fitfully, wanting Tyler there beside her, in her, fucking her brains out. Then there was the note she found under her door this morning. Please dress in comfortable loose clothing for the toy lecture. Underwear is optional.

Optional? Was this someone's idea of joke? Her nipples stayed hard no matter what she tried, but she wasn't crazy enough to advertise it.

She surveyed the clothes she brought with her, settling for a pair of yoga pants and a T-shirt, complete with underwear. A quick look at the clock told her she had just enough time to grab coffee and food before the lecture. She was going to need it.

Becca walked into the lecture hoping to find Tyler there. No such luck. Charlie and Sally were there, along with Peter and Maggie.

Becca sat down on the mat with the other couples, wondering where the hell Tyler was.

"Good morning, all."

Becca's body went on alert even before she turned her head to see Tyler sauntering into the room. He was carrying a large box. "Today, we're going to talk about toys for both men and women. Give me a few minutes to set things up and we'll get

started.” He started to remove items from the box.

Her teeth sank into her lower lip. Tyler was the instructor? Damn, she hadn’t seen that one coming. This would be one interesting lecture.

“Oh, and the cabinets in the bedrooms have been unlocked.”

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Tyler didn’t bother to knock on Becca’s cabin door—knowing it was unlocked—and he walked straight in.

She wasn’t sitting in the living room waiting for him as he expected. He’d known she’d been surprised today when she found out he was the instructor. But more surprises waited on her during the class. The other two couples weren’t as shy as Becca. They’d played and tried out several of the toys while in class.

Striding to the bedroom, he spied her sitting on the edge of the bed staring at the now-open cabinet.

“There’s a heck of a lot more in here than what we talked about today,” she said without taking her eyes from the variety of items.

“Yes.” He crossed the room, standing next to the bed. “Remember, I said there would be items for bondage and submission, along with anal penetration.”

Her hand fluttered to her throat. “Will...” She cleared her throat. “Will we use them?”

“If you want. Your choice, your pleasure.” He slipped his arm around her shoulders when he sat next to her. “We still have more lectures to attend and time to play. What would you like to try first?”

When she didn’t speak, Tyler wondered if he was pushing too hard.

“I’m going to grab some water and a sandwich. Take out what you want to play with and I’ll be right back.” He dropped a light kiss on her lips before ambling from the room.



Becca watched Tyler leave the room grateful for a few minutes to find her composure. Her hands shook as she removed the toys from the cabinet. There were several she wanted to know what they were before they tried them. Others, such as the butt plug, she remembered from class. She set them on the nightstand. During class, the other couples were much less inhibited, and they'd tried out several of the toys, even with an audience. And that had excited her, more than she wanted it to.

Tyler strode back into the bedroom with two bottles of water, his grin turning devilish when he observed the items she'd laid out.

"I'd like you to explain some of these to me."

"Sure." He set down the water, and picked up the odd shaped dildo that had a squeeze ball on one end, a set of small beads on a string and an odd looking skinny thing. "These three we'll talk about after the anal lecture." He put them back and Becca let out a breath. No wonder she hadn't known what they were.

But Tyler took three different sized vibrators, a bullet-shaped object and some sort of jewelry out of the cabinet, and her heart began to pound. A shiver slid up her spine. Was that excitement or apprehension?

Excitement. Her stomach clenched and moisture gathered between her thighs.

"Pick out the first item you want me to explain. But." The 'but' had her hesitating, she stared at him. "Be prepared. If I decided it's something for us to use, we will use it."

"You decide?" This was a switch from yesterday.

"Yes. I'm your partner, and I know what will give you pleasure."

Pulling her lip between her teeth, she stilled. Then she picked up what looked like a weird vibrator. It was curved near the top where a small

ball shape sat. At the end of the ball tiny nubs protruded. Her body throbbed when she picked it up.

“The Vibrating Prostate Stimulator.” His hand covered hers while his other hand ran over the toy. “This is for a man.”

“I wondered how a woman could enjoy it.”

“You can use this to stimulate my prostate either manually or with the vibrator, or—” the pads of his fingers ran over the tip “—the nubs can be used to press against the perineum, making me come harder than ever.”

“You’d let me use this on you?” Another unexpected turn.

“If you wanted to, but not today.” He slipped the toy from her grasp, put it back then turned to her. “Next?”

Snagging the next items, she held them up. “I know these are handcuffs, but why are they attached to suction cups?”

“These are made so I can cuff you to any smooth surface.” He slipped his arm around her waist and pulled her close. “I can use them in the shower, on a window, a wall, on the hood of my truck.”

“The hood of your truck?” Why did the image of her spread out nude on the hood of his vehicle make her pussy weep?

“Oh, yeah.” He maneuvered her until his cock pressed against her core. “Think about it—you’re naked, hands cuffed above your head, your breasts are full and your nipples are pointing toward the sky. Your legs are dangling over the edge, so I easily slip between them. You’re completely helpless to anything I want to do, but I start off slowly, lifting your legs to my shoulders, and licking your pussy.”

Her pussy clenched at the picture he was painting.

“Once you’ve come from my tongue and lips, I’ll straighten and bury my hard dick in you on the first

thrust. You'll cry out from the shock and pleasure. Then I'll caress your body, taking you to heights you've never known as I fuck you, long and hard."

Her knees gave way. If he hadn't been holding her she would have crumpled at his feet. Her breathing erratic.

"You're excited."

"Oh, yes." She wasn't about to deny it.

"Good." He drew the cuffs from her fingers. "Next."

Forcing her knees to lock, she reached down for the next toy she wanted him to explain as he put the cuffs away. If she wasn't careful she was going to come without him touching her core. She held out the piece of material to him, by the fabric handles.

"Ah, the Doggie Harness."

"A what?" She dropped it into his outstretched hand. "If you use that on a dog, why is it here?"

Masculine laughter filled the room and she glared at him. "No, sweetheart, not for a dog." He maneuvered his body behind hers. "Bend over and place your palms on the mattress."

Without thinking she did as he directed. The next thing she knew, the harness was around her waist. "Tyler?"

"Remember when I used to take you from behind? Doggie position."

"Yes, but..." He pulled her back by the harness, her ass meeting his hard erection. Her breath rushed out of her at the contact. Excitement built in her veins.

"This will allow me to ride you hard and long in doggie position, giving me full control and a greater range of motion than we ever had."

"Clever." She ground her ass against him.

"Behave." There was laughter in his voice and then she was released from the harness.

When she turned, he pointed to a black piece of

what looked like a very oversized cushion. "This is made so I can put you in any position on the bed, or on the floor. It is complete with wrist and ankle restraints. It's called The Liberator." He put the harness away, then turned back to her. "I'll explain the rest of these items after we're naked."

Becca watched Tyler strip, unable to move. What was wrong with her?

"Slow poke," he said, before lifting her T-shirt up and over her head. "Pretty lacy bra, but it's time for it to go." Her bra was removed and tossed across the room with her T-shirt.

"That's much better." His palms covered her breasts, and she sucked in a breath at the heat coming from them. "Your skin is so soft, so sensitive."

She arched her breasts into his touch, her eyes fluttering shut.

"Look at me."

She kept her eyes closed. Her fingers explored his muscular chest, nails scraping his flat brown nipples.

"Open. Your. Eyes." This was a command.

She responded and her gaze connected with his intense blue one. "Communication with your partner."

"It feels good," she whispered.

His hands traveled down to her stomach and to the waistband of her pants. He slipped the fabric down over her hips until it pooled at her feet.

"You still have your pants on," she said, only realizing it when her thighs touched the material.

"Take them off."

Lowering her hands to the top of his sweats, she found the tie, loosened it, and pushed them down over his hips. His cock sprang between them, hard and wanting. "Commando," she whispered, her fingers trailing over his cock.

Tyler groaned and Becca pulled her hand away, fearing she'd done something to hurt him.

"That was a good groan, sweetheart." He kissed her nose and kicked his clothing away.

He was fighting to keep his libido under control. "What shall we try first?" he asked forcing the word out. He wanted nothing better than to throw her on the bed and fuck her until they were both exhausted. Later, he promised. Right now, there was a lot more he had to teach her before the week was out.

Skirting around him, she picked up a silver chain with several beads hanging from it. A grin spread over his face. She was becoming more adventurous.

"I'm not sure how this works." She slipped her fingers through the chain loop, letting it dangle.

"It's a cock lariat." He forced the words past his tight throat. His dick was already so damn hard; the toy was only going to increase it. Spreading his feet apart, he straightened his spine, and pushed his hips forward. "Take the chain loop and slip it over the head of my cock."

Her touch was cool to his overheated skin. He kept his gaze on her fingers as she worked the chain loop over his glistening head. "Now gently tighten the loop until it's snug below the head, and then let the rest of the chain hang loose."

She released the chain and his head dropped back. The beads were not heavy, tugging just enough to make him grit his teeth. Each step he took would torment and tease him, and he was looking forward to it.

"If I wasn't already hard, I would be now." He dragged air into his lungs. "Now it's my turn."

Selecting nipple dangles with the crystal beads, he held them up. "Remember these from this morning?"

"Nipple dangles." Her eyes grew bright with

excitement.

“Good. They won’t pinch or hurt.” He touched her shoulder. “But first I need to get you ready.”

“Ready?” Her breathing had increased and her pupils were dilated. All signs of arousal.

“Yes. Sit on the bed, sweetheart.” He guided her onto the mattress, then spreading her thighs, he knelt. Her pussy gleamed with wetness, and he bit back a smile, scooting forward. Her hands curved around his shoulders.

“These need very erect nipples to work correctly.” He lowered his head. Her back arched as his tongue toyed with her nipple, working it into a tight nub. Without giving her time to react, he slipped the first ring of the dangler over her nipple while covering her other breast with his mouth. When it was ready, he slipped on the second one.

Damn, his toys looked good on her. Raising his head, his gaze connected with hers and he let the beads drop.

“Oh my,” she whispered, her back arching further.

Tyler rose to his feet and pulled her up—the movement caused both of them to let out groans.

“How—” She inhaled. “How can they do that?”

“Do what?”

“The small weight of the beads is teasing my nipples, making them harder, but it’s like it has a direct line to my clit.”

“The lariat is doing the same to my cock.” He looked at the other dangler on the table. Was she ready for what he wanted? Slipping his hand down, his fingers parted her pussy. She was drenched.

She arched into his touch. “Oh, yes. Touch me.”

He slipped a finger into her and wiggled it, making her hips sway. Then he removed it. “I want to try something, sweetheart. Do you trust me?”

Her gaze met his. She gave a sharp nod.

Reaching down, he picked up the clit clamp. It wouldn't hurt her, just arouse her even more.

"What is that?"

"A clit clamp." He fingered the round tip. It was similar to the nipple dangles, but instead of a round attachment, this one was elongated to fit down and around her clit. "I'm going to slip this over your clit, and then let the beads hang."

She shifted from one foot to the other then, nodded. Her stomach contracted then released. He noticed the fine sheen of perspiration on her skin.

"Spread your legs." She widened her stance, and Tyler knelt down, using one hand he spread her lips, revealing her clit. It was hard and rosy, making his job much easier. He slipped the clamp on and then released the beads.

"Ahhh." She threw her head back, drawing air through her nose into her lungs. "Oh, God, Tyler. It feels...I don't know how to describe it."

"Let's dance." He drew her into his arms and began waltzing around the room.

Delicious shivers of arousal shot through her body. Nipples to clit and back again. The beads created enough pressure to keep her on edge, and wanting more.

Tyler executed a deep dip, then brought her back up. An unexpected cry tore from her lips. Without warning an orgasm overwhelmed her. He pulled her against him as her body spasmed, her body trembling with the unexpected orgasm. When it subsided, Tyler started dancing once again.

"Tyler." Her arousal grew again. Already her pussy was clenching, her clit pulsing and her temperature rising.

"Feel good?" He gazed down at her, never missing a step.

"So good. But what about you?" His cock bounced between their bodies, and she could feel

pre-cum leaking from him.

He did a complicated set of turns that had her on edge once again. She didn't want to come without him. "I'm going to come again."

"That's the idea." He swung her in his arms.

"But..." She threw back her head as the climax hit, stronger than the last. But this time, when the tremors stopped, Tyler picked her up into his arms and carried her to the bed.

The sheets felt good against her overheated skin. Then he was pressing her legs apart, his fingers spreading her lips and then...The clit clamp was gone.

His fingers danced their way up her body, to her breasts. With sure movements, he'd removed the nipple dangles as well.

Her nerve endings tingled with need. Their gazes collided, and she knew Tyler needed relief as well. Sitting up, she pushed him onto his back, carefully removed the cock lariat, and then drew him deep into her mouth.

"Oh yes." His soft words were music to her ears.

She hadn't sucked a man in years, she was now making up for it. She loved the feel of his hardness in her mouth, his salty taste and his need for her. Her fingers encircled his base, as she continued to suck, caressing his cock with fingers and lips until he stiffened and spurted into her mouth.

He moaned her name while she swallowed his essence, then she released him and fell next to him on the mattress, they both lay there, panting.

"Ready for round two?" he asked.

Becca burst out laughing. She couldn't help it. "And what would round two entail?"

"You lying there with me doing all the work."

"Sounds like fun."

"My kind of fun." Tyler reached over to the nightstand and picked up the nipple sucker.



Becca eyed the toy with a bit of excitement. Oh, how she wanted to try those today in class, but she was too inhibited.

His fingers were at her breasts once again, toying with them, and then he placed the suction cups over them. But wait, something was different.

He slid down her body, his fingers parting her pussy lips again, and he was putting another one over her clit.

“What are you doing?” It was a silly question, but she couldn’t help it.

“I’m going to make you come, again.” He grinned up at her. “And again and again.”

Her mouth fell open when the vibrations started—she hadn’t expected that. A grin played around his lips. He was up to something.

A second later, he pressed the small bulb in his hands. The cups sucked her nipples and her clit. Fire swept from her clit to her nipples. She cried out his name.

“Talk to me.”

Her teeth gnawed her lower lip. “It feels like I have three mouths on me, two on my breasts and one on my clit.” Her hips shifted right then left, making the clit sucker shift a bit, which only caused more heat to cascade through her body. The vibrations went up a notch. And her back arched. “Wicked man,” she muttered. “The ones in class didn’t vibrate.”

His chuckle filled her ears. “No, they didn’t.” He pumped the bulb faster and harder.

Before she could say another word, her back arched as pleasure swept through her, filling every crevice of her body. And she wanted more.

Tyler loved watching the look of pure bliss on her face as she came. He let the vibrations continue, but didn’t press the bulb any more. Her nipples and clit were going to be very sensitive after this. He

waited until her orgasm passed, then he let the air out of the suckers, turned the vibrations off, and removed them from her body.

Her hand curved around his neck, and she pulled him down for a hard kiss. "Fuck me, Tyler," she whispered against his lips.

There was nothing more he wanted to do, but this was time to build up her pleasure.

Setting the toy back on the nightstand, he picked up the dildo. Using her own juices for lubrication, he coated the dildo and began circling her pussy with it. Teasing her.

"How big have your previous lovers been?"

A flush rose to her cheeks. "Average, I guess. I really didn't take time to measure them." She let out a giggle, which turned to a moan as he pressed the head of the dildo into her pussy.

"You're so wet and that's a good thing."

"You make me wet."

"And you make me hot and hard." He applied more pressure to the dildo and the head along with part of the shaft slipped into her pussy.

His cock jumped when her muscles tightened around the toy. Then she let out a moan, his gaze settled on her flushed face.

"How does it feel?"

"Hard, yet I want more. Give me more, Tyler."

"Let's try a different one." Tugging the dildo from her clenching core, he set it aside.

"This one," she said, guiding his hand over to one of the vibrators. "All at once, I want it inside me. Show me how it would feel to have you fill me on the first thrust."

Pre-cum coated his cock and damn if he didn't grow harder from her words. Lowering the vibrator, he placed the head at her entrance. Her gaze locked with his, her tongue slipping out to moisten her lips.

"Do it," she whispered.

His heart sped up and he pushed the vibrator in, half of it sank into her warm moist depths as her hips arched toward him.

“Fuck.”

“Easy, sweetheart.” He held the toy still, allowing her body to adjust around it, she was so damn tight. “Do you know how sexy you look with your pussy clenching around my toy?” He liked talking to her while he brought her off. He hadn’t done that with other lovers, not even his fiancée.

Leaning over, his lips caressed her stomach as he slid the vibrator out and then in, to her core. Slowly working more of it in her with each stroke.

“Relax your inner muscles.” Her clenching around the toy was making it hard from him to work the vibrator completely into her.

“Easy for you to say.” She took a shaky breath and let it out before taking another.

“That’s it.” Her stomach contracted while he moved the toy in and out of her moistness.

“Oh God Tyler, it feels so good. It’s scraping the sides of my pussy, sending bolts of electricity through my body, making me come alive. I wish it was you in me.

“Later, baby. First we have to prepare you. We have lots of things to cover yet.”

“Like what?”

She was fighting to relax her muscles, to allow him to use the toy on her, but at the moment it didn’t matter too much. She had all but an inch inside her.

“Anal lecture, BDSM lecture, Threesome and more lectures.”

Her fingers curled into the covers as he slowly pulled the vibrator from her body, only to push it back in.

“And we’re going to try all that?” She was panting.

“Do you want to?” It was her decision, not his.

“Yes,” she whispered.

“Good, because I want to explore so much with you.” He began to thrust the toy faster, then turned the vibrator on low.

“That feels...” Her hips arched into the toy, her pussy taking it all.

“What?”

“Good. Delicious. Wicked.”

“You haven’t seen wicked yet.” His lips covered hers as he turned the vibrator up.

Her tongue tangled with his and he could feel her pussy tightening with each new stroke. When he angled the toy against her clit, she cried out into his mouth.

The tiny nubs on the base rubbed over her clit with each stroke. Her hips rose and fell with each pass. The orgasm was there, building inside her. He made one last thrust with the toy, pressing the nubs against her clit as he turned it on high.

She screamed into his mouth, her hips flexing as she orgasmed once again. The toy shifted slightly within his grasp as her pussy clenched and unclenched.

He broke the kiss when she slumped against the mattress. Turning the vibrator off, he pulled it from her and set it back on the nightstand.

Her eyes were closed but her body was shaking. “Becca?”

“Give...me...a...second.” The words stuttered out of her. Tyler, gathered her into his arms, cradling her against his chest.

“I—” She hiccupped.

“It’s okay, baby.” Tremors still coursed through her body, echoing in his.

“I’ve never climaxed some many times in one day and I’ve never come that hard with BOB.” Her words were choppy, but she got them out.

Tyler was shocked into silence. He hadn't been patient enough in college. He hadn't put her pleasure before his own.

He held her until her body was tremor-free and the tears gone. Then he carried her into the bathroom. Turning on the water, he filled the tub and dropped in some bath gel.

Once the tub was full, he placed her into the hot water. "Lay there and soak for a while." He straightened, his cock bobbing with the movement.

"He needs attention." Her fingers danced over the head.

His body tightened with desire. Not now. He wasn't going to be selfish, not this time, even if they only had a single week to be together—it was all for her. "Later." Carefully removing her fingers, he left her alone.

While Becca soaked, Tyler cleaned up the toys and put everything away. They'd played all afternoon and now there was just forty-five minutes until dinner.

The fabric of his clothes irritated his skin as he pulled them on.

"Becca, dinner is in forty-five minutes. I'm going to go clean up, but I'll see you at dinner."

"Okay."

"Soak for at least another twenty minutes or so. You're going to feel those muscles we used today." With a chuckle, he left her cabin.

He had just enough time for a shower and to jack himself off.

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Becca found Tyler was right about being sore. She was feeling not only muscle strain, but damn if her clit didn't tingle with each step she took, and she had to leave her bra off because her nipples were so sensitive.

Walking slowly into the dining room, she

wondered how Tyler was fairing, considering he was still hard as a rock when he left her. Her attention was captured when Tyler strode into the dining room. He made a beeline directly to her and kissed her. He plundered her mouth; there was no other word for it. When he broke the kiss, his eyes were glittering and both of them were breathing hard.

The sound of masculine chuckles and feminine sighs brought Becca back to the present with a jolt.

Jared stood at the head of the table with a big grin on his face. The other couples were already seated.

Heat crept onto her face. She almost buried her burning cheeks onto Tyler's chest, but they were all adults. Consenting adults at that, and there was nothing wrong with a passionate kiss.

Dinner was an experience in anticipation. During the meal, Tyler would trail his foot up and down her calf, then had the nerve to traced the seam of her jeans pressing against her already throbbing clit. And she gave it right back to him, especially when she wiggled her toes against his cock. He'd just about come out of his chair. The others all smiled as if they knew what the two were doing.

During dessert her attention was caught by the special cakes there were brought out. She only knew of one supplier that provided these delicious, calorie-riddled cheesecakes.

"Not that we really have to worry about calories this week," she said. "But I should warn you ladies, that this particular dessert is about sixteen hundred calories on its own."

"How do you know that?" asked Sally, as she took a bite.

"I work in catering, and there's only one company that provides these. Delicious as they are, they're also deadly to the waistline."

"That explains why Lou is so secretive about

these desserts,” said Jared. “How long have you worked in catering?”

“Eight years, in various positions within different hotels. Next week I have an interview with the Palace Hotel.”

Peter whispered, “Quite an achievement.”

“Yes.” Becca ducked her head, looking at Tyler from beneath her lashes. The five-star hotel was known for only hiring the best. She didn’t know what she expected, but he was smiling.

After the meal ended, Jared bid everyone a good evening and retired to his office. Tyler took Becca by the arm and led her outside. “I’ll be by your cabin in the morning to take you to the lecture.”

“Okay, but you don’t need to do that.”

“Yes, I do.” He kissed the tip of her nose, before trailing down over her cheeks to her ear. “Do you know how hard I am seeing you without a bra?”

“It’s all your fault.” Her arms entwined around his neck.

“How is that?” He nuzzled her neck.

“Those damn nipple dangles made them so sensitive I couldn’t wear a bra. Hell, even this shirt is driving me crazy.”

Tyler chuckled against her skin, sending delicious vibrations through her body.

“It’s not funny.” She tangled her fingers in his raven hair and tugged.

“How do you think I’m feeling?” His head lifted and his blue gaze glittered with need. “I’m so hard it’s going to take me days to get rid of it. All because of your sweet, delicious, hot body.” His hips met hers and his desire was obvious. Instinctively, she widened her stance, cradling him between her thighs.

“Come back to my cabin and let me see what I can do about that massive cock of yours.”

His nostrils flared and his gaze turned molten.

Tyler rested his forehead against hers, his moist breath brushing her skin. "I'd take you up on it, but I have work to do."

Becca sighed as he pulled back. "So you're going to leave me all worked up and alone."

"Yep." He placed her at arm's length. "Anticipation is part of the program. I'll see you in the morning." Releasing her, he turned and strode away.

But Becca noticed that he was waking slightly off balance. She bit her lip to prevent a grin from taking over. She wasn't the only one worked up and alone.

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The next morning, Becca was drinking her third cup of coffee when a knock sounded. Crossing the room, she opened the cabin door to see Tyler lounging against the frame.

He looked refreshed and relaxed, damn him. She'd spent the night sexually frustrated. She wanted nothing more than his hard body against hers, in hers, around hers.

Reaching up, she dragged his mouth down to hers. God, he tasted good. Coffee and mint, and something else. Control, she decided.

"Now that's a good morning," he said when she broke the kiss.

"A good morning would be me and you in my bed." Her sleep had been disturbed by dreams of him. She woke hot, sweaty and in need. She almost walked to the cabinet and pulled out a toy, but didn't. Anticipation, he'd said. Well, she was anticipating all right.

"Soon." He promised and nudged her into the cabin. "I need to get you ready for today." The door slipped shut.

A tiny shiver worked its way over her spine, excitement or apprehension, she couldn't tell.



Probably a bit of both. Today was the anal lecture.

"Ah, Tyler." She crossed her arms over her stomach.

"You're not backing out." He pushed a piece of hair away from her face, his fingers caressing her cheek.

"No, but..." She closed her eyes. How did she explain? Hell, she didn't understand herself.

"Becca." His fingers curved around her jaw. "Open your eyes." Her gaze connected with his. "Fear is natural. Remember I said you don't have to do anything you don't want to."

She nodded.

"Good." He released her and she heard him in the bedroom, and come back out with something in his hand. "Come here, sweetheart."

"What do you have in your hand, Tyler?" Part of her wanted to obey him, the other part wanted to run to the next county.

"Something to make today a little more excitable." He watched her with those baby blues and Becca found herself standing in front of him, without any clue how she got there.

"I'm glad you're wearing shorts," he said, his gaze traveling over her body. "How are the nipples today?" He tugged her forward as he moved back, then he was sitting on a chair with her in front of him.

"Better."

"Good. Spread your legs apart, sweetheart."

Becca swallowed, but did as he asked.

"Each day we're going to build on what you learned the previous day. Yesterday's lecture was about toys."

She nodded wondering what he was planning as he slid her shorts down to her thighs.

"Are you wet, baby?" He slipped his hand down the front of her panties.

“Yes,” she whispered, her lashes slid shut as his fingers slipped into her.

“Good, I need you wet.”

She was about to ask why, when something cool slipped into her pussy, followed by Tyler’s fingers. He removed his hand and she wiggled her hips. Becca could feel something in her pussy—not a dildo, but something else. Something smooth, round and her pussy moistened with excitement. Then he drew her shorts back into place.

“Tyler?” Her toes curled at the slight pressure of her clothing between her legs.

“Open your eyes.” His breath brushed her ear. “I’ve placed two small pleasure balls deep within your pussy.”

She shifted from one foot to the other and it shifted within her. Okay, she could handle that.

“They will stay there throughout the lecture and lunch.”

“That shouldn’t be a problem.”

“No?” He raised his left hand. In it there was a little key fob, much like that the one she had for her car. There were three buttons. His thumb touched the first one.

Her body reared back. “Shit.” The vibrations zinged through her.

“Vibrating pleasure balls.”

Becca groaned. “You’re not playing fair.”

“I never said I would.” He laughed.

The vibrations stopped and she took a deep breath, trying to control the twitching within her core.

“This is a wireless remote, and it has three speeds. You’ll never know when I’ll turn it on.” With that, he dropped the fob into his pocket and took her hand. “Time for the lecture.”

Each step across the compound to the lecture rooms was torture. All right, she had to admit it was

more arousal than torture, but when those damn balls shifted within her, delicious sensations coursed through her pussy and body.

Half way across the courtyard Tyler hit the remote, and Becca stumbled. He caught her easily, holding her until she got her feet under her again.

“Unless you want everyone to know about those balls, you’d better learn to control your reactions,” he said, turning them off.

Her pussy muscles tightened, pulling the balls tightly into her. “You think I can’t?” How could she? She was on edge now. He was playing her like a well-tuned instrument.

“We’ll see.” With his hand at her back, he guided her into the lecture room.

Becca let out a small moan when all the couples were there. She sat on the mat, and Tyler dropped beside her.

Then another couple walked into the room with several small boxes and a wedge.

“Hi everyone, I’m Will and this is my wife, Ella. Today we’re going to help you explore and understand anal sex.”

Becca let out a squeal as Tyler turned the balls on once again.

“You have a question?” Will turned to her.

“No.” She glared at Tyler, but he kept an innocent look on his face. “Sorry, something startled me.”

Will glanced at Tyler then back to Becca, he nodded. “Ella will be my helper; we will show you how to prepare your partner for anal penetration. We’ll also discuss the right way for penetration so both of you receive pleasure.”

The vibrations flowing through her body stopped, and Becca almost sighed in relief. This was going to be a long lecture.

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Becca was never so glad to have some time between lunch and Tyler showing up at her cabin.

With her foot, she pushed the porch swing into motion. After the lecture this morning, she wasn't sure about anything anymore. She never realized that she could be so turned on by watching another couple have sex. Anal sex at that.

And she hadn't been the only one affected. The other couples climaxed just as she had. Tyler was the only one who hadn't. It wasn't because he wasn't hard. His cock pressed against her ass during the class, growing harder as things progressed, but he hadn't come.

Sighing, she closed her eyes and rested her head against the back of the swing, her foot slipping a bit, jarring her hip. A slight moan left her lips. Tyler insisted she keep the pleasure balls within her. And why didn't that bother her?

His dominance wasn't like her mother's. Tyler was more subtle, but he also let her have a choice to end their sexual play anytime she wanted. By the time she left she'd know her mind and body better. A sense of sadness flashed through her. When she left that would mean leaving Tyler.

Shaking her head, she shoved the thought away. Because, if today was going to be anything like the past day, Tyler would tease her, and he would use her ass. A delicious shiver of anticipation shot through her pussy. Instinctively, she knew Tyler wouldn't try and fuck her in her ass today, but that didn't leave out plugs or anything else he might like to try.

She tried to remember what toys she'd put out yesterday but he had put back—the box of plugs, a set of beads, an inflatable dildo—nothing sinister, nothing she couldn't handle.

She wondered how much more time she had before Tyler arrived, when she heard voices.

“Yes, that’s it, baby.”

That was Maggie’s voice. Becca remembered that Peter and Maggie’s cabin was next to hers. But this was the first time she’d heard them.

“I love your tits,” said Peter.

Becca knew she should go back inside, but she was frozen in place.

“I know,” said Maggie in breathless pants.

“Ready, baby?”

“Yes, fuck me. Fuck my ass.”

Becca’s hand covered her mouth as several grunts and then sighs floated to her ears.

“How do you feel, baby?” Peter’s voice was strained.

“Full,” said Maggie. “Between your cock in my ass and that damn vibrator in my pussy, I don’t think there’s another inch to be filled.”

“There’s still your mouth.”

Becca’s eyes widened, her hips shifted, and her clit began to pulse.

“Later. Fuck me, please.”

“Anytime.”

The next few minutes were filled with heavy breathing, the slapping of flesh against flesh, groans and moans, and occasionally Peter or Maggie talking.

“Oh, God, yes. I’m almost there. Fuck me, darling, fuck me hard. Turn the vibrator on high.”

Peter must have done what Maggie asked, because her next words were, “Yes, fuck my ass. Make me come.”

“I’m going to make you come, then come again and again. You’re mine. All mine.”

“Yes. I’m yours.” Maggie moaned. “Yes, that’s it, I’m—”

Maggie screamed.

That speared Becca into action. Springing off the swing, she high-tailed it back inside her cabin,

closing the doors. Only her erratic breathing filled her ears, and that was all she could hear. No outside noises.

“The cabins are soundproof.”

Becca squealed and spun around. Tyler stood, nude, leaning against the frame of her bedroom door.

“Tyler, you scared me.”

“Did you like what you heard, Becca?” He stalked over to her—there was no other word to describe it.

“I—” How could she answer that? “How long have you been here?”

“Long enough.” His fingers found the top of her shorts and panties and he pushed them to the floor in a quick move. “Did you want to touch yourself while you listened the Watsons fucking, Becca?”

She bit her lip. She had almost caressed herself, but had stopped at the last minute.

“I can smell you.” Her T-shirt followed her shorts to the floor. “You’re aroused.”

Her hips shifted when Tyler’s fingers slipped down between her legs. Yes! She almost cried out at his touched. She needed him in her.

“Oh yes, you’re wet.” His mouth captured hers as he thrust two fingers into her pussy.

Becca cried out into his mouth and pushed herself into his touch. Yes, she wanted to touch herself. She wanted to come.

Tyler’s fingers touched the balls deep within her, and her hips arched toward him.

“You’re so fucking wet, and hot. Did my vibrating balls bring you pleasure?” he asked after breaking the kiss.

“You know they did,” she whispered, grasping his cock. “But you haven’t been pleased.”

“I will be. Anticipation, remember.” He gripped the string and removed the pleasure balls from her. A sigh left her lips.

While she was glad he'd removed them, she also felt empty. "What are we going to do today?" she asked, anticipation flowing through her veins.

"We're going to build on yesterday. I thought we'd start with some nipple clamps, try out a few toys, and then get your ass ready."

"Do I get to play with you?"

Tyler grinned down at her. "Of course. I can't wait for you to play with me."

He swept her up into his arms and into the bedroom.

Becca shifted from one foot to the other as Tyler placed the black foam wedge on the mattress. He'd tease and torment her for hours already, not that she hadn't come, she had, but he still hadn't fucked her and her frustration level was rising.

"On the bed. Lay on your stomach over the wedge."

Swallowing hard, she climbed onto the mattress and placed herself over the wedge. Warm, masculine hands ran over her ass and she all but jumped up.

"Easy," whispered Tyler, his lips following his touch.

The sound of a top popping caused her to glance over her shoulder. He held a bottle of lube in his hand. A shiver of excitement along with some apprehension chased each other up her spine.

She kept her eyes on his hands, watching him pour the lube into his palms, then place them back on her ass.

"Ummm, that feels good," she whispered as he massaged her ass.

"Keep talking. Let me know how you feel or if something hurts."

More lube touched her skin and Becca allowed her eyes to close, rested her head on the pillows while her muscles softened under Tyler's touch. Then his fingers dipped between her butt cheeks.

Becca concentrated on keeping herself relaxed even as Tyler probed further, spreading the lube around, then he pressed forward.

“Breathe, sweetheart.”

Air escaped her lips on a laugh. His finger slipped into her ass and the laugh turned into a gasp. “Oh, my.” The word were inadequate to the tingling in her ass, it wasn’t unpleasant, just different. More lube trickled down her crack to his finger.

Another push and a slight pinch caused her nerves to tingle even more. His finger slid in and out with ease and her body grew warm. Her ass contracted around his finger and moisture filled her pussy.

“Okay?” he asked.

“Yes.” She tried to gather her thoughts. “Your finger is deep inside me, stroking me, making me wet. But it’s also different. I never expected it to feel this good.”

More lube was added, then more pressure. She sucked in a breath. “Tyler?”

“Two fingers, baby. Your ass is so tight.”

“God I’m so hot, it’s like there’s liquid fire running through my veins.” She shifted raising her ass up.

“That’s it baby,” he whispered, his lips caressing her spine while he stroked his fingers in and out of her ass.

Her pussy was clenching, reaching for something that wasn’t there, and her ass was tightening around his fingers, pulling them more and more into her.

“Ready for the next step?” He slipped his fingers from her ass.

“Yes.” Was that breathless voice hers? New pressure was applied and her nails dug into her palms.



“Breathe out and press out, now.”

“Ahh.” Her body stiffened. The plug rested barely inside her, or at least that’s what she assumed. Her ass burned a bit from the penetration, but already she was adjusting, her body softening, accepting the plug. She wanted more.

“More,” she whispered. Cool lube caressed her before another push and a moan left her lips.

“Becca, you okay?” His breath caressed the skin on her back.

“Oh, yeah. My ass is gripping the plug and my pussy is gushing, wishing you were fucking me right now.”

“Maybe this will help.” He slid two fingers into her wet pussy.

“Yes,” she cried out pressing down on his fingers. She wanted all he had to give.

“That’s it, baby,” he said as he began stroking her pussy. “I can feel the plug in your ass with my fingers, you’re so damn hot and tight.”

“Full, I feel full and yet—”

“Yet what?”

“More, I want more. Make me come, Tyler.”

“Think about how my cock is going to feel in your ass. Feel me sliding in and out, then my fingers are in your pussy, my thumb on your clit and I’m pumping in and out of your ass and pussy.”

She couldn’t catch her breath listening to him heightened her arousal up several notches. Her ass was gripping the plug and each time his fingers brushed against it, shafts of pleasure shot through her.

“Your pussy is contracting against my fingers.”

“Yes. Fuck me, Tyler. Take my ass. Take my pussy. Make me come.”

“When I fuck your ass I’m going to make you come all over my fingers, but I won’t stop there. I’ll keep fucking you until you think you can’t take any

more, then I'm going to fuck you harder until you scream out your orgasm and I spill myself inside your sweet tight ass."

His fingers curved into her g-spot and she cried out, ass and pussy tightening as her climax rolled through her body. And it didn't stop, it seemed to go on for hours, yet she knew it was only minutes.

Collapsing against the wedge, her body was sated. Her nerves were dancing and waiting for the next bolt of pleasure to hit.

"We've still have some time before dinner, what do you say we try those dangles with the plug?"

\*\*\*\*

Becca sat down very carefully for dinner. Tyler had played her body expertly all afternoon.

A thrill of excitement shot through her body when Tyler glanced over at her and winked. The small butt plug he'd placed earlier was still there and told her it was to stay there until later tonight.

He wanted her to get used to not only having something in her ass, but to stretch her out. Then there were the nipple dangles she still wore...Becca's lashes lowered.

Dressing for dinner had been fun. First, she couldn't wear a bra with the dangles, so she tried to find a blouse that didn't show her erect nipples. No such luck.

Opening her eyes, she looked around the table. She wasn't the only one having the problem. All the women wore some sort of nipple jewelry and their peaks showed through their clothing.

Then there was trying to slip on underwear with the plug in her butt. She swore at Tyler the entire time she dressed, but she was enjoying everything he did to her, with her, for her.

Shifting on her chair and the plug shifted with her and she let out a soft gasp when pleasure coursed straight to her pussy.

“Okay?” Tyler asked softly.

“Fine,” she whispered back, trying to concentrate on the conversation at dinner rather than her own arousal.

Oh, yes, she was aroused. More than she’d ever been. And Becca wasn’t sure if that was good or bad. In the past few days, her eyes had opened to her sensual side.

She’d never really thought about it before. Yes, she knew she liked her sex a little on the kinky side. But that meant more than just the missionary position, and doing it in the bedroom. The toys were becoming a part of foreplay, talking to her partner about what felt good and what didn’t, all a step in the right direction, and now ass play.

And she still had four days and five nights at the ranch. How much more could she explore? A lot. She’d glanced at her schedule before dinner.

Tomorrow was Beginners Bondage, then the Threesome, Foursome and More lecture. The next day was a free day where Tyler had written in the word ‘special day,’ And then the last day, the day she would go home.

Home. She felt at home here, with Tyler on the ranch, but that was an illusion. One week, that was the deal, and she would keep her side of the bargain.

The bondage class didn’t bother her too much, as she always fantasized about being tied up and helpless. And Tyler would love it. He enjoyed holding her arms and legs immobile.

The Threesome, Foursome and More class was a little disconcerting to her. Oh, she’d fantasized about being with two men, but she couldn’t imagine being with more than that.

It wasn’t until the other couples pushed their chairs back Becca realized dinner was over. She’d been so lost in her own thoughts.

“I had your cabin stocked while dinner was

going on,” said Tyler, standing behind her chair. “Somehow I knew you wouldn’t be eating much tonight.”

Becca looked down at her plate. It was still over half full. “The food is good, I’m just...” How could she explain?

“You’re aroused and needy. I understand.” His arms circled her waist and he pulled her to him. “I could barely keep my mind on dinner and the conversation.” He flexed his hips and his cock rubbing her mound.

“Tyler.” She moaned, her legs parting.

“Were you thinking about the plug in your ass?” His teeth nipped her ear. “Or were you thinking how my cock is going to feel in your moist pussy?”

Biting her lip, Becca dropped her forehead to his shoulder trying to control the impulse to throw him down on the floor and have her way with him.

“Or maybe you were thinking about using the triple sucker again as I fuck you.”

A shudder swept through her body. Oh, God, how would that feel, having her nipples and clit sucked as he fucked her?

“I can see you like the idea.”

“Tyler, I...” Her body shook as his fingers found the plug, and toyed with it. And damn if she didn’t like the arousal coursing from her ass to pussy.

“So ready for me,” he whispered, his right hand slipping around and down the front of her shorts. “So wet.”

She gasped as he plunged two fingers into her. Squirming on his fingers, she lifted her head. “Anyone could come in.” Even as she said the words, another shot of excitement flowed through her veins. Someone, anyone could see them, and for some reason that made her even more aroused.

“Who cares?” He stroked her pussy with one hand while the other pushed and released the base

of the butt plug. "Are you ready for what I want to do tonight?"

"Oh God, yes," she whispered. The afternoon had been a test in patience and endurance.

"Ah, excuse me."

Becca jerked back in Tyler's arms. Jared stood at the entrance of the dining room. "There's a phone call for Becca."

"Me?" Who could be calling her here? No one knew she was her but...

"Said her name was Angie, and she's been trying to get you on your cell phone. I explained you didn't have your cell."

"It must be important. Angie would never call unless it was."

"That's what she said. Come, I'll show you where you can take the call." Becca followed Jared through a door, and down a hallway, Tyler on her tail.

A million things ran through Becca's mind. Angie would only call if an emergency. Had her mother tried something? Or Alan? Nerves gathered in her stomach, making it tighten with dread.

"Line two." Jared gestured to the desk and phone.

Becca slipped into the room and picked up the receiver. "Hey Angie, what's up?"

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Tyler stood outside his office needing to be close to Becca in case the call was bad news. He glanced up as Jared came to stand beside him.

"She's very responsive," said Jared. "She didn't even realize I was watching."

"Yes." Tyler grinned. "I have ways to keep her distracted."

"I bet." Jared laughed and clasped Tyler on the shoulder. "I really don't need you around for the next few days."

"That's why I burned the midnight oil last night,

making sure you wouldn't need me. I plan on spending lots of time with Becca."

"I figured." Jared paused, and Tyler wondered what was on his mind.

Jared ran his hand through his hair. "I'll announce tomorrow that dinner is now optional—all of the couples tonight looked ready to explode."

"Yeah." Tyler watched Jared's face closely, and he noted the strain around Jared's eyes. "What is it, Jared? Need to get laid?"

Jared burst out laughing. "Not yet, my friend. But, there is one thing I'd like to ask."

Tyler nodded.

"If Becca decides to do a threesome, I'd like to be the third."

Tyler's head jerked in surprise.

"I know, I don't participate, but she's a hot little number and I see the way she looks at you. I'm not a threat, but I'd really like to be with the two of you."

"If she's willing, I don't see a problem." And Tyler didn't. Jared would follow his lead with Becca and there was no other man he trusted more.

"Great." Jared turned and headed for his office.

Tyler glanced at Becca; she was putting down the receiver, a frown marring her features.

"Problem?" He crossed to her side.

"Not really. My interview time was moved up to Monday morning rather than in the afternoon. Angie wanted to let me know." She smiled up at him. "Am I to assume this is your office?"

"Yes."

She glanced around the room. It was more or less functional, computer, phone, printer, fax machine, some file cabinets. Everything he needed for helping Jared run the place. "Where do you sleep?"

"Upstairs. The second and third floors are kept sealed off from everyone but Jared and I. That's our

private domain.”

She nodded. “Can we go back to my cabin now?”

Tyler laughed. Leave it to her to cut to the chase. “Race you.”

“What?”

Laughing, he jogged backwards. “You can run, can’t you?”

She glared at him. “Yes, but—” She bit her bottom lip.

“First one to the cabin gets to be in charge,” he called over his shoulder as he sprinted for the front door. She’d never be able to run, not with the plug in her ass.

Leaping up the steps to her cabin, he turned to see her moving quickly across the courtyard, not quite running. Her breathing was labored when she joined him.

“Cheater,” she said.

He grinned. “I want you to go into the bathroom and undress, then come back here into the living room and sit on the sofa. Don’t remove the dangles or the plug.”

She nodded and trotted off. Tyler went into the bedroom. He’d transferred some of his clothing and personal items he’d need over the next few days earlier.

Moving to the cabinet, he pulled out the wedge, massage oil and vibrators. But his mind was filled with her phone call. If her interview time was changed, what did it mean? His gut clenched. It was only for one week. One week for her to become bolder. That’s all it could be. She belonged in the city. He didn’t.

He heard her soft footfalls as Becca came out of the bathroom. To her credit she didn’t say a word, just as he ordered.

He carried the massage oil and vibrators into the living room and placed them on the coffee table.

Then returned to the bedroom and picked up the rest of what he wanted.

Becca sat on the sofa, her gaze was on the items he'd put on the table. Tyler grinned. He was going to push her boundaries a little. Setting the wedge on the floor, he made sure there was plenty of room for them to play.

"Are you ready for me, Becca?"

"Oh yes," she answered breathlessly.

"Then come here." She rose and glided over to him.

"So beautiful," he whispered, flicking the nipple dangles with his fingers, then he covered one with his mouth. She let out a moan as he suckled one breast then the other, making her nipples even harder than before.

He continued to play with her breasts as his fingers found the base of the butt plug, toying with it. She tensed against him, and he bit her nipple softly, eliciting a louder moan.

Then he pulled the plug out of her. She cried out as her body trembled. Tyler tossed the plug onto a towel on the sofa. Raising his head, he kissed her lips softly, and then removed the dangles.

"Are you sore?" he asked.

Becca shifted from one foot to the other. "I don't think so."

"Good. Go lie down on the wedge and stretch out on your stomach."

Becca swallowed, but followed his direction. Tyler waited until she was in position before he stripped off his clothes.

Grabbing the first bottle from the table, he knelt behind her. He could feel the heat rolling off her body. Flipping the top of the bottle, he poured the oil into his palm, and then set the bottle down. His palms touched her shoulders and her body jumped.

"Easy," he said. "This is for you." He rubbed the oil



into her shoulders and back, kneading the tight muscles. She was really wound up. He didn't want that.

He continued down her back, adding more oil until the scent of vanilla filled the air. At the base of her spine, he worked outward, just above her tailbone.

"Ohh, that feels so good," she whispered.

Avoiding her pale globes, he massaged to the back of her thighs, caressing them before stroking down to her calves.

"Ahhh."

Tyler grinned as he massaged her calves and lower legs, enjoying the feel of her muscles giving beneath his ministrations. Finding the warm wet washcloth he'd placed in a small warmer, he ran it up her body, removing all traces of the oil. Then he dried her off.

"Turn over, baby." He rinsed the washcloth out in the small water basin and put it back in the warmer.

She rolled onto her back, her hazel eyes watching him. Pouring more oil into his palms, he picked up her right foot. Her lashes drifted shut as he caressed the oil into her right foot and then her left. Tyler massaged and caressed, until she was a boneless heap beneath his touch.

He'd avoided her ass and pussy—those were areas he'd play with later. Right now, he wanted her totally relaxed.

Reaching over, he pulled out the washcloth once again, and gently wiped the oil off her skin, drying her quickly so she wouldn't chill.

Her eyes were still closed, her body totally relaxed against the wedge.

Good. Reaching over to the table, he picked up the vibrator. Moving back down her body, he pressed his hands to the inside of her thighs. Her legs

parted. Tyler lifted them onto his shoulders, opening her wide to him, and lowered his head to her pussy.

Becca bucked against his mouth.

Tyler hummed in the back of his throat. He'd put on a tongue vibrator and turned it on. So each time he licked her pussy, she'd feel the vibrations in her pussy.

"Oh God, Tyler," she said, as he ran his tongue over her clit. "That's wicked."

His gaze captured hers, even as he continued to lick her. He thrust his tongue deep within her core and she arched against his mouth, her juices flowing around her mound.

Yes, yes, yes, he chanted to himself. He twirled his tongue around, and then toyed with her clit.

Without pausing, Tyler thrust three fingers into her core.

"Ahhh." Her hips arched again.

She was getting wetter and wetter. Her fingers gripped the back of his head; time to take it up another notch. Tyler turned the tongue vibrator up and began thrusting his fingers in and out of her.

"Yes, yes, yes." Her breathing sped up and her fingers tightened in his hair, pulling him into her.

He could feel the contractions within her—she was getting ready to come.

Tyler placed the tongue vibrator directly on her clit.

Becca moaned as her climax hit. Tyler rode the tremors all the way through, then brought her to her peak a second time. On the third time she screamed, her entire body shaking with the force of her orgasm.

Turning off the vibrator, Tyler lifted his head, removed his fingers and lowered her body back onto the wedge.

Her hands fell limply to her side. He removed the vibrator, then used the washcloth to bathe her pussy.

"That feels good," she whispered.

Tyler grinned. She was so responsive. Even more so then she'd been when they were together before. Rinsing the washcloth, he put it away.

He rose and picked her up into his arms and carried her into the bedroom. Once there, Becca started to curl up, but Tyler climbed into bed beside her.

"Tyler?"

"The night is ours," he whispered before his lips closed over hers.

Within minutes she was squirming beneath him. "Take me, Tyler. Fuck me," she whispered.

His wasn't going to argue, his cock needed her convulsing around him. Tucking her beneath him, her legs opened, welcoming him. His fingers found her pussy, nice and wet, he would have no trouble penetrating her.

"Ready?" he asked, placing the head of his cock at her entrance.

"Yes." Her legs curved around his waist.

He thrust forward. Her moan of pleasure was captured by his lips covering hers. She was his now. He retreated then thrust forward, she cried out as her orgasm hit and he smiled. Oh, they were going to have fun tonight.

Becca woke early the next morning, wincing as she stretched. Her muscles hurt. Reaching out her hand, she found the warm spot next to her.

Tyler had fucked her long and hard last night. And she didn't regret a second of it.

Slipping off the mattress, she padded to the bathroom. Thank goodness Tyler wasn't there. She needed to clean up without him trying to help.

Taking a quick shower, she slipped on some clothes and made her way to the kitchen.

Tyler sat at the table and the smell of coffee teased her senses.

“Good morning,” he said.

“Morning.” She wondered why she was feeling embarrassed. It wasn’t as if she hadn’t woken up and had breakfast with him before.

But somehow this was different. She was different. She was beginning to lose her inhibitions and it was all because of Tyler. Filling a mug with coffee, she lowered herself onto a chair. A sigh escaped her.

“Sore?”

“A little.”

“Shall I take it easy on you today?”

Becca caught the laughter in his gaze and she smiled. “I’ll be fine.”

“Good.” Tyler stood and crossed over to her. “We’ve got a few hours yet, and I intend to play with you today, however you want me to.” He kissed her, and then strode into the bedroom once again, whistling.

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Several hours later, Becca listened to Tyler's heartbeat as he cradled her against his chest and smiled. Her body still hummed from his lovemaking, but she remembered this same feeling for a different reason.

“I can feel that smile, what are you thinking?” he asked.

“Remember after finals the first year, we were both so wired up from all the coffee?”

“Remind me.” His lips brushed the top of her head.

“We went back to your dorm room because your roommate had left and they hadn't assigned you a new roomie yet.” Her fingers traced circles on his stomach. “We held each other for hours, just laying there talking and kissing.” She'd been content to be in his arms then, just as she was now.

“Ah yes, I remember that.” His fingers cupped

her chin and tilted her head up. "One of my favorite memories." His lips caressed hers.

"Mine, too."

"What other memories do you have?"

Becca gazed up at Tyler. "The day we went to the beach."

He laughed and his chest rumbled beneath her. "It was fifty degrees and we froze our asses off."

"Yep." She couldn't help but smile, remembering the fog and wind. "You were so worried about me being cold, you took off your jacket and gave it to me."

"And I'm the one who caught a cold."

"True, but I did nurse you back to health."

"Oh, yeah." His mouth founds hers again. "You did, in a very sensual way."

"And the time you helped me with my hotel hospitality project." Unable to help herself, her hips wiggled against his.

"What else could I do?" A grin spread across his lips. "I wanted you to get an A."

"I don't think taking a guest to bed and fucking her silly was part of the plan." Oh, but how it worked. She'd been up early the next morning with ideas.

"Probably not, but I enjoyed it."

Becca hit him in the shoulder.

"Ouch, that hurt."

"Yeah, right." Her laughter filled the room. She hadn't been this carefree in years, and she was enjoying it.

"What about the time you helped me with my English homework?"

She groaned. "Please don't remind me. I think we shocked the teacher with your paper on *The Female Climax and Multiple Orgasms*."

"Hey I got a B plus on that paper."

"And then there was the paper on the sexual

practices—”

His mouth covered hers, and Becca really didn't mind.

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“Good morning, everyone. I'm Bart, and this is my wife, Lisa. We're here to teach you the right way to experience bondage,” started Bart. “First off, you have to decide who is the Dom, or Dominant, partner.”

“That's easy,” Tyler whispered in her ear. “I'm the Dom.”

Becca glared at him, and then returned her attention to Bart.

“The Dom is the one who wishes to be in control, where the sub or submissive is the one who wants to be controlled. Now you may choose one or the other, or experiment. There is no reason you can't be both.”

Becca wondered if Tyler would let her take control of him. Bart and Lisa began arranging items on the mats on the floor.

“The first thing,” said Lisa, “is sharing your fantasy with your partner. You have to fully trust your partner in order to make bondage pleasurable. If you don't trust the person one hundred percent to listen when you tell them to stop—” Lisa looked around the room. “You need to walk away.”

Was that why she was never comfortable with other men? Because she never trusted them like she trusted Tyler? Glancing out the corner of her eye, she realized trust was very important part of their relationship, and she wouldn't be here without it.

“If you are the Dom,” said Bart. “It is your responsibility to control the amount and type of stimulation the sub receives. As the sub, you must tell your Dom when things become too intense or if the situation is uncomfortable to you in any way.”

“And you always have a safe word,” said Lisa. “Choose a word you wouldn't use in every day

conversation.”

“When your sub says the safe word,” said Bart. “As the Dom, you will stop what you’re doing, release your sub and talk to her or him.”

“Usually a sub only says their safe word when something is really hurting them or making them extremely uncomfortable,” said Lisa.

“Do you have a safe word?” asked Sally.

“Yes,” Lisa replied. “Again, you have to trust your partner. If you don’t, do not get into bondage.”

“Bondage is not a game,” said Bart. “Many people treat it that way, but there can be damaging consequences. Even after you try it the first time, you may not want to do it again.”

Bart and Lisa sat down on the mat. “Let’s get started.”

For the next two hours, Bart had Lisa tied up in various positions, showing them how to make bondage exciting and arousing. Becca’s excitement rose with each demonstration and by the end she was more than hot and bothered.

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The second the cabin door closed behind them, Tyler kissed her, hard.

And she kissed him back just as hard, her fingers tangling in his raven hair.

“Are you wet?” he asked, his lips barely above hers.

“Are you hard?”

He took her hand and pressed it to the front of his shorts. Oh, yeah, he was hard. Without thinking, she slipped her hand down the waistband of his shorts. His cock was hot, and his juices were already leaking from the head.

“I would have thought by now you wouldn’t get so excited by these classes.” She ran her fingers down his shaft and back up again, teasing his head.

“This is the first time I’ve attended classes with

someone.”

Becca jerked her head up in surprise.

“The last woman in my life was more interested in her career than in my work.”

“Her loss is my gain.” She smiled at him. What woman would give him up? But wasn’t that what she was doing at the end of this adventure? No, this was different they’d both gone into this with their eyes open. Falling in love wasn’t an option.

“I like the idea of having you tied up at my mercy.”

Her heart sped up. “And I like the idea of being at your mercy.”

She spoke from the heart. She trusted Tyler, really trusted him.

“Do you have a special fantasy?” he asked, removing her hand from his shorts.

Becca ducked her head, her light brown hair falling around her face, then remembered that she needed to do this, she needed to be free.

“I want...” What would Tyler think of her if she voiced that fantasy?

“Anything you want, sweetheart.” He lowered his forehead to hers, pushing her hair back. “Tell me.”

Becca swallowed. “I’ve fantasized about someone in my bedroom while I’m unaware.”

“Keep going.”

Her tongue darted out and wet her lips. “He grabs my hands and forces them behind my back, whispers in my ear not to scream. Then unbuttons my blouse and undoes my bra. My breasts are hanging out. I start to squirm and he swats my ass telling me to be still.”

“Does he restrain you?”

“Yes. On the bed, spread eagle.” Damn, she was getting aroused just talking about this.

“Then what?”



“He teases me, torments me all the while telling me how much he’s going to enjoy fucking me every way he can.”

“Sounds like fun.” Straightening up, he released her hands. “Go in the bedroom and putter around. And Becca.” She paused and started back at him. “Your safe word is tomato.”

Becca nodded, heart pounding. Oh this afternoon was going to be interesting. She roamed around the bedroom keeping busy while waiting for Tyler. Anticipation heating the blood in her veins.

What was he doing? She padded over to the window and stared out.

Had she made a mistake in telling him? She tilted her head. No, she didn’t. Tyler wasn’t one to run from her fantasy. Besides that was the mild one.

Strong hands captured her arms and pulled them behind her back. “Don’t move.”

Excitement snaked through her body. She hadn’t even heard him come into the room. “Let me go.” She tugged.

“Not going to happen.”

Then the fabric was being looped around her wrists and tied. It was tight enough she couldn’t get them free, but not so tight that it hurt. His chest pressed against her back as he reached around and began undoing her blouse.

“What are you doing?” She made sure her voice had a slight wobble to it, even though she was more excited than afraid.

“What do you think?”

Becca started to take a step away, but he caught her around the waist. “Be still, woman. We’re going to do this my way.” Her blouse was undone and his fingers found the clasp of her bra.

Becca’s heart sped up. “Please, stop.” Not that she meant it, and she knew Tyler wouldn’t stop unless she said her safe word.

Her breasts sprung free and she squirmed, trying to find a way to escape. Tyler's hand hit her ass, it stung but it didn't hurt that much. "Ouch."

"Let me tell you how this is going to go." His palms covered her breasts, massaging them. "You're mine for the afternoon. I know your boyfriend is working and you're all alone."

"Don't hurt me," she whimpered softly, her pussy creaming.

"I have no intention of hurting you. A little pain maybe." He pinched her nipples, and a moan escaped from her lips. "You can't escape me and if you try, I will punish you."

Becca nodded, her body was trembling with excitement.

"Good girl."

He placed something over her eyes, and she cried out when her world went dark.

"Easy." His breath brushed her ear. "I can't have you identify me to the police, now can I."

Becca bit her lower lip. Tyler was really taking the fantasy to heart. She knew he wouldn't hurt her, but without her sight...She hadn't expected this.

"I'm going to release your hands. Let them fall to your sides and do not run."

Breathing shallow, her hands slid to her sides. Then Tyler's fingers trailed over her collarbone to her shoulders, where he pushed the fabric of her blouse and bra away.

"So pretty," he whispered. His fingers slipped beneath the waistband of her shorts. She squirmed against him.

"Be still." He hit her ass again. And unable to help herself, she wiggled again.

"Ah, Becca, you're making me think you want to be punished."

Cool air touched her thighs as he stripped her shorts and underwear off in one quick motion.

"No, please." She tried to keep in character, even though she was wet for Tyler, wanted him to plunge himself into her hard and fast.

"You will please me."

He lifted her into his arms and she cried out. Then she was falling. Her back hit the mattress and she almost sighed.

He was there then, straddling her waist, gathering her wrists and pulling them over her head. Something furry touched her left wrist first, then her right one. Her mouth opened, trying to pull more air into her lungs. Her wrists were pulled and her arms stretched. She tugged.

"You can't get away." His breath flowed over her face.

The mattress dipped. Becca strained to hear him. Fabric touched her left ankle and she jumped, he was restraining her, that shouldn't be a surprise.

"No," she squirmed, trying to dislodge the restraints. But he was faster, tightening them. She tried to keep her legs from parting, but he was good. Cool air hit her pussy and her ass.

"I set this up days ago, putting the restraints under your mattress, and hiding them until you were ready for me." His calming voice floated over to her.

How could he be so damn calm? She was so aroused, one touch and she'd probably climax.

"Now that you're at my mercy, what shall I do?"

Becca bit her lip, listening to him prowl around the room. What was he up to? God, she hated not being able to see.

"What do we have here?" His voice held a note of surprise, and she wondered what he was seeing. "My little victim is a closet slut, is she?"

He made a tscking sound, but he wasn't close to the bed.

"All these toys, what fun we're going to have this

afternoon.”

He was at the cabinet. Oh, my, what was he picking out? She rotated her head, trying to shift whatever he had tied over her eyes. But it didn't move.

“Your body is flushed, are you hot?”

Becca's heart jumped as he spoke the words in her ear. When had he returned to the bed?

“Let's see if I can cool you down. Can't have you coming too soon.”

Something clink. Her back arched as ice touched her breasts. Her nipples reacted to the coldness; they stiffened. “Ahhh.”

“Very good,” he whispered, trailing the ice down between her breasts to her stomach. The cold made her shiver but cooled down her overheated skin. There was the clinking again and she sucked in a breath.

The ice circled her navel, moving lower. Oh, he wouldn't.

He ran the ice down her slit and her hips bucked.

“You can't hold still, can you?” There was laughter in his voice.

“I'll get even,” she said.

“I look forward to it.” He plunged a piece of ice into her core. Her pussy tightened in response to the cold.

Becca's mouth opened, but she didn't cry out. She wouldn't give him the satisfaction.

“Now that I've cooled you down a bit...”

She strained to hear anything because it was driving her crazy that she couldn't see what he was doing. “Remove the blindfold.”

“Not a chance.” When his cool fingers took one nipple between them, her body jumped again.

“Such nice, big nipples,” he said, pinching and pulling them.

When he snapped the first clamp on her, she couldn't stop the cry that left her lips. She bit her lip, so only a small whimper emerged when he clamped the other one.

But there was something different; she could feel it. Something like metal rested between her breasts, almost like a small chain.

"Shit," she cried out as Tyler tugged.

"Nipple chain," he said, his lips caressing her stomach, as his fingers covered her mound.

Becca twisted, but she couldn't get free of the restraints.

Then he plunged two fingers into her moist pussy.

"So wet, so hot." His breath fanned her stomach, then his cool cheek was lying against her stomach.

"You're so wide open for me," he continued. "That's why I like these restraints. I can spread your legs far apart and see all your secrets." He adjusted his fingers within her. "Feel my fingers inside you, your pussy sucking them greedily."

A third joined the other two and Becca moaned feeling her body stretch to accept him.

"So pretty," he whispered. "Your pussy is flushed, and your clit is sticking up begging for some attention. Shall I give it some?"

Something cool and round pressed against her clit. An egg? A vibration bullet? She sucked in a deep breath in anticipations. "Tyler?"

"My pussy," he whispered as he lifted his head off her stomach. The object on her clit shifted, and then returned with more pressure than before.

Her hips rose, actually pressing toward it and his fingers.

"Ah, my beautiful slut, are you ready?"

She opened her mouth, but no words emerged. Tyler turned on the vibrator he'd put against her clit. Instinctively she tried to close her legs, but she

couldn't. She shifted her hips again, seeking more contact.

"Let's see how long my slut can last."

Those words sent a shiver of arousal from her toes all the way to her head. The mattress shifted once again, and he began plunging his fingers in and out of her pussy, the pressure of the vibrator against her clit constant. Her nipples throbbed in time with the pulsing on her clit.

"You're going to come, baby, when I tell you to. You see, I've got a bullet on your clit, and it's going to keep vibrating until you've come. But I'm going to control that as well."

Becca wondered what he meant. His fingers were stroking her, but at a leisurely pace, not too fast but not too slow. The bullet was on low, enough to make her squirm but not enough to make her come. Oh crap, he wasn't kidding when he said he was going to torment her this afternoon.

She ground her teeth together as he increased the speed of the bullet and fought for control. But each time she got close to coming, he'd turn the vibrator down and rest his fingers inside her, then start building the tension all over again.

Becca wasn't sure how much time passed, but her body was on fire. Tyler was playing her like a well-tuned piano. Sweat beaded her body, her pussy contracted around his fingers, her hips pressing against them. Her head tossed against the pillows.

"Are you getting close, baby?"

She couldn't take it. "I need to come," she panted.

"Of course you do." Though she couldn't believe it, the vibrations in the bullet increased.

Her hips bucked, her pussy fluttered and her stomach tightened. "Tyler," she cried, thrashing against the mattress.

"That's it, baby."

Impossible, but Becca swore the bullet was turned higher. Tyler's fingers plunged in and out of her, then he curved them.

"Now," he said, touching her G-spot, and pulling the chain between her breasts.

Becca cried out as her body exploded. From nipples to her clit, every nerve ending blew at once. She was flying apart and loving every second of it.

Tyler studied her face as she climaxed. God, she was so beautiful. Her pussy tightened and released against his fingers. He turned down the bullet until it rested quietly against her clit.

Becca lay limp against the sheet, her chest rising and falling rapidly. Her body was covered in a fine sweat. He pulled his fingers from her pussy and was met with a sucking sound that made him smile. He removed the bullet, and then slid up her body. The clamps were going to set her off again.

Getting into position, he took the first clamp off, his mouth closing over the torrid tip. She arched off the mattress. He waited, then removed the other clamp and placed his mouth over it. Again, she cried out and arched. Finally she collapsed against the mattress. Tyler stood staring at her flushed body. She couldn't be more beautiful than she was at that moment, in the rosy glow of multiple climaxes.

A grin slipped over his lips. There would be more of those. He strode into the bathroom, cleaned up the toys, then walked back into the bedroom.

"Hummmm."

He bathed her, wiping the sweat from her body and bathing her pussy. Once he was done, he dried her off, tossing the towel and washcloth back into the bathroom.

"Release me," she said.

"I'm not done yet."

Her body stiffened, but she didn't say a word.

Leaning over, he blew out a breath teasing her

skin. "Remember, I said all afternoon."

A groan left her lips.

Maneuvering around the bed, he picked up the lube.

Becca fought against the urge to squirm as she waited for Tyler. Then his cool wet fingers touched her ass.

Oh, brother. The first digit slipped in, spreading lube, and then slipping out. Then in again with more lube. Becca was withering in pleasure against the mattress.

There was a pause. Something pushed against her ass. Taking a deep breath, she relaxed her internal muscles.

"Good, baby," Tyler said. "I've put the medium butt plug into you and it will stay there the rest of the day."

Becca wet her lips. Already her body temperature was rising due to the damn plug.

"Now, let's see what else I can find to play with."

Unable to help herself, she groaned. She was at his mercy and damned if she wasn't getting more and more wet for him.

"Do your best," she whispered.

"Oh I will."

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Becca woke in Tyler's arms. She laid there for a moment, enjoying the warmth of his body around hers, his coarse hair brushing against her skin, and his breath teasing her nerves.

"Good morning," he said, his lips nuzzling her neck.

"Morning." She closed her eyes, letting herself feel him. His cock pressed against her butt.

"I don't know how you can be hard this morning." He'd played with her all afternoon, finally releasing her from her bonds so they could eat dinner. Then they'd fucked half the damn night, and



now he was fully erect once again, and aroused. It wasn't fair. How could he affect her like this? Her libido had never been this active before.

"I'm in a state of perpetual erection around you." His lips captured hers for a soul-deep kiss, one that curled her toes and made the blood sing in her veins with arousal.

He broke the kiss and rolled out of bed. "Shower and breakfast are the order of the day."

Becca winced when she stood.

"Sore?" Tyler was at her side in a second.

"A bit." She stretched, muscles protesting. "Someone did keep me tied up for a long time yesterday."

"Yes, but he also massaged the aches and pains away." He guided her into the bathroom.

An hour later, Becca glanced at Tyler over her coffee cup. Breakfast was done and they were sitting enjoying another cup of coffee before they attended another lecture.

Their time was coming to an end, and she couldn't believe how quickly it had flown. She also knew that what she was feeling for Tyler was more than lust.

"What's on the agenda for today?" she asked. For the life of her, she couldn't remember what today's topic was.

"Lecture." He grinned at her.

"I know that, I can't remember which one."

His grin grew wider. "I think I'll let it be a surprise then." He stood. "Come on, I want to get you ready for it."

Becca's teeth sank into her lip. Get her ready? She dragged her feet as she followed him into the bedroom. So this was why he wouldn't let her dress after her shower.

Tyler strode over to the cabinet and pulled out the lube, the butt plug, and an unusual looking piece

of fabric.

Becca swallowed, hard.

“Nothing too strenuous today,” Tyler said, placing the items on the nightstand.

“Yeah, right.”

“Come here and bend over. Hands on the mattress.”

Her body was already getting wet and damn if every neuron in her brain fired up with excitement. Once she was in position, Tyler lifted her robe.

“Such a nice ass.” His palms caressed the globes. “Tomorrow I’m going to enjoy making it blush. Would you like that?”

His lubed index finger slipped into her ass.

“Oh yes,” she said without thinking.

“Good.” A second finger joined the first. Tyler twisted them and she pressed her ass back against his fingers, her body humming with excitement.

The wide tip of the plug nudged against her ass, then he pushed. The plug slipped in and she knew this was the large plug. Every inch of her ass was stuffed full, causing delicious shivers of arousal to dance in her pussy.

Tyler lowered her robe and Becca straightened, a little moan escaping her lips. “Damn, that fills me up.”

“It should. Think how it’s going to feel to have my cock filling your ass.”

Another groan left her lips as Tyler picked up the next item.

“Your panties for the day.” He held the funny looking fabric.

“Ah, Tyler.”

His index finger covered her lips. “Trust me.” He slipped the robe from her shoulders, leaving her naked.

Tyler knelt in front of her, holding the panties out. “Step into them.”

Becca sighed, but did as he asked. As he stood, Tyler pulled them up over her legs and thighs, until the elastic settled on her waist.

“Now widen your stance.”

Becca opened her legs as Tyler kneeled again. He adjusted the back, and she couldn't help but squirm when he touched the butt plug. His fingers brushed her mound. Her hips flexed. But he didn't take the hint; instead he fiddled with the front of the panties.

Becca looked down, but his dark head blocked her view.

He brushed her clit before the fabric settled against her clit, then Tyler stood.

“Now you can get dressed. Maybe a big shirt, since you won't be able to wear a bra.”

Becca took a step and...“What have you done? With each step something hard brushed her clit and of course with the plug in her ass, it aroused her that much more.

“Just a nice dildo and clit teaser to keep you aroused.”

Hands on hips she glared at him. “If I have to wear these toys today, I only think it's fair that you wear something, too.” Carefully she strode over to the cabinet.

What could she do to him?

Tyler's heat surrounded her. “Your pleasure, not mine,” he whispered.

Spying a cock harness, she lifted it and held it up to Tyler. “Wear this for me.”

Tyler let out a groan. “What? You think I'm not going to stay hard?”

Becca smiled. “You'll stay hard all right, especially with that on.” She pushed off his robe, her fingers finding his rock-hard cock. Carefully, she put the cock harness on him, making sure the Velcro straps around the base of his cock were not too tight.

Then she caressed his balls, before making sure they too were encased in the fabric. She licked him, tasting his salty essence before rising back up.

“I wonder which one of us will come first.”

“You will.” He sauntered across the room to get his clothes.

“Oh, really.” She pulled on a light pair of shorts, and a large shirt. Looking down the shirt somewhat disguised the fact she wasn’t wearing a bra. Tyler’s idea was a good one.

“Yes, really. You will climax before I do.”

“Want to bet?” Becca didn’t know where the words came from.

Tyler regarded her for a moment. Then a sexy grin spread over his face and she didn’t like the gleam in his eyes.

“Whichever one of us orgasms first, the other gets to pick what they’re going to do to that person.”

“Within limits.”

He nodded. “Within limits.”

“Deal.”

Tyler’s grin grew wider. “Never bet unless you’re sure you’re going to win.”

“I will win.”

Tyler chuckled and finished dressing.

“You’re cheating,” Becca whispered to Tyler ten minutes later as they sat on the mat in the lecture. Tyler, being the little devil he was, had put in a vibrating butt plug and clit teaser into the panties she wore.

“I told you never to bet unless you’re going to win.”

Becca wiggled. When she made the bet, she was sure she could hold off her orgasm, but now she wasn’t so sure. Especially after he flipped the vibrating butt plug on again.

Upon hearing footsteps, she lifted her head, the vibrations died away and she gave a sigh in relief.

Jared walked into the room. "Good morning, everyone," he said, taking a seat on the mat at the front. The Carpenters and Watsons were both in the class as well.

"Today's lecture is about ménages, foursomes and more."

Becca turned her head sharply and glared at Tyler, but he ignored her.

"There is nothing wrong with wanting to add a third or fourth to your relationship."

"What you need to remember is that you need to decide as a couple how many people you want to add to your sex life. It can be just for sex or a more lasting relationship."

Becca almost jumped off the mat as Tyler started up the vibrators again. Damn, man.

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"So do you want to add a third?" Tyler asked her when they arrived back at her cabin.

"Right now I want to kill you." Becca faced him and punched her finger into his chest.

"Oh."

She hopped back as he turned the toys on again.

"Damn it, Tyler." Her knees were already trembling from the force of her first climax as they walked back to the cabin and now another one was building.

"I told you, you'd come first." He gathered her to him and kissed her, and tremors of pleasure took over.

"Okay, so you won the bet. Turn them off, please."

Tyler hit the remote in his pocket and she let out a sigh, hoping she could keep her control in place.

"I need a drink." She strode into the kitchen and pulled a soda out of the fridge.

Tyler joined her when she sat at the table. "You

told me at the beginning that you'd thought about a ménage."

Becca nodded, unsure anymore of what she wanted. So much had changed in the last few days; it was almost as if she didn't know herself anymore. In a way that was true. Tyler had brought out her sensual side, the side she kept hidden from the world. And at the same time he'd shown her a part of himself, a part that he had kept hidden.

"Are you willing to try one?"

"I don't know." And that was the truth. "Are you talking a man or woman?"

"Man." His answer was quick and firm.

Becca shifted on her chair, she wasn't sure if she could picture herself with any of the other couples there. "You obviously have someone in mind."

"Jared."

Becca almost fell off her chair. "But you said you don't get involved with clients."

"Jared is my friend, as you are." Tyler reached across the table and took her hand.

"When he found out I was alone—"

"He allowed me to be your partner," Tyler finished. "Jared and I don't get involved with the people who come to the ranch. You're different."

"Have you asked Jared?" How did she really feel about this? Jared was good looking, and muscular, but she didn't know him that well. It came down to trust, and she trusted Tyler. If he trusted Jared, then she could, but still...Oh my, how much she'd changed during this week.

"No."

"Tell me, who would Jared be..." Becca couldn't get the word out. Why now? She'd never had a problem before.

"He'd fuck you." Tyler's fingers tightened around her. "In the ass, or you could just suck him off. Your choice, Becca. I know you wanted to try, and I want

you to have the chance.”

“I need to think about it.” Two men loving her was a very big step.

“Fair enough. I’ll need an answer tonight.”

“Not a problem.”

“Good. Now, are you ready for your afternoon lesson?”

Becca tilted her head. “Bring it on.”

Tyler had watched Becca’s face carefully when he asked her about the ménage. Whether she realized it or not, she was aroused about adding a third and that third being Jared. He adjusted his afternoon plans in his mind.

“Since I won the bet, you have to pay the forfeit.”

“I still say you cheated.”

“I used all the weapons I had available.” He stood and held his hand out to her.

“Very effective weapons.” She took his hand and he led her through the bedroom into the bathroom and started filling the tub. Stripping her clothing off, he removed the plug and dildo from her body.

“Take a nice relaxing bath while I prepare the bedroom.”

“Why don’t I like the sound of that?” She climbed into the tub, sighing as she sank down into the warm water.

Tyler chuckled. “Just think about everything you’ve learned over the past few days, because we’re going to be covering every topic this afternoon.”

He turned and strode out of the room. This afternoon was going to be a test of his endurance, but he didn’t mind. Until he had Becca’s agreement, he couldn’t make plans for tomorrow, although he’d already reserved one of the special cabins for them. He hoped she would make the right decision. Actually, he knew she would.

Knowing he needed more room than what they had in the bedroom, and he wanting this afternoon

to be as close as to what their special cabin would be like.

Striding into the living room, he began moving the furniture out of the way. Then he carried The Liberator into the room, arranged it and the extra pieces to his satisfaction. Back in the bedroom, he pulled out the toys he wanted to use. Once they were arranged within his reach, he filled a warming bowl with water, and pulled out a couple of towels and washcloths. He opened the porch doors as the fresh air would be good for them. Surveying everything, Tyler nodded.

He strode back into the bedroom. And there he stripped, but left the Velcro cock strap on. Not that he needed it to keep him hard, but it reminded him for the need for control. His hand slid down his dick and back up again.

A feminine sigh floated over to him. "I've never seen a man stroke himself before."

"I'll rectify that, but later." He crossed over to her. "May I braid your hair?"

Becca tilted her head. "Sure."

He snagged the brush off the counter and one of the ties she used to keep her hair back with, and returned to the bedroom. Striding to the bed, Tyler grabbed several pillows, flopped down onto the mattress, and dropped pillows on the floor.

"For you to sit on," he said when he noticed the gleam in her eyes.

"I think you need attention, first." She knelt on the pillows.

His cock jumped at her nearness. "Later."

"That's always your answer, later."

Tyler grinned, and gripped her shoulders. "Sit."

"I'm not a dog." She flopped down on her butt.

"Of course not," he said, pulling the brush through her light brown hair. Silk. It was just like silk. Within minutes he had her hair in a braid. "All



done.”

Her hand rose and ran down the length of her hair. “Where did you learn to do that?” she asked turning to face him on her knees.

Tyler closed his eyes against the pain reflected in them. “I used to do it for my mom when she became too sick to do it for herself.”

“Oh, Tyler.” Becca’s lips touched his, lightly. “I’m glad you were there for her.”

They’d talked the other night and Tyler had explained his mother had died from cancer several years ago.

“So am I.” Their gazes clashed when he opened his eyes. He helped her rise from her position, then put the brush back into the bathroom.

Striding back over to Becca, he untied her robe and slid it from her body, revealing her creamy skin. He tossed the robe onto the chair, took her hand and led her into the living room. Her eyes widened when she took in what he’d done.

“Your safe word is Tomato,” he said and she nodded. “I’m your Dom now, so you will do as I say.”

Her head turned and her mouth opened. Then she shut it and gave a sharp nod.

“Good girl. Remember the safe word is the only thing that will make me stop, nothing else.”

“I understand.”

“Good, go to The Liberator chaise and lay on your stomach.”

Tyler watched Becca carefully. Her gaze found the toys on the table, he could see the slight tremor go through her body. He didn’t know if was from excitement or anticipation as she lay down.

He knelt and picked up the warming gel, and poured it into his palms. Then he started massaging her. After giving her a full-body massage, he rolled her back onto her stomach and slipped her wrists into the restraints.

Reaching over, he picked up the velvet whip. The straps were covered with velvet fur. It might sting a bit, but it would warm her up. Raising his hand, he brought the whip down on her right ass cheek.

She cried out in surprise, and then he hit her left cheek. Tyler continued until her ass was rosy and her breathing labored. Picking up the oil, he caressed her ass with it until she was wiggling.

“Up on your knees,” he ordered, pleased that she didn’t protest.

Lubing up his finger, he slid it into her ass. She let out a groan.

“Tell me what you’re feeling.”

“Your finger. Sliding in and out of my ass.” Her words were breathless.

“What else?” He slipped a second finger into her ass.

“My pussy is dripping wet with need for you.”

“Good.” He slipped a third finger into her and she tightened around him.

“Don’t come, Becca,” he ordered, giving her ass a swat with his free hand.

“Tease,” she said, wiggling her ass.

He swatted her again, then picked up the plug he wanted. As he slipped his fingers free, he pushed the plug in.

Her back arched, her breath whooshing out of her. Tyler slid his fingers down to her pussy. She was dripping wet. He slid three fingers as he began to move the plug in and out of her ass.

“Oh God, Tyler.” Her hips pressed against his fingers as he teased her ass with the plug. He continued until she was withering against his touch. “I need to come,” she cried out.

“No. You will not.”

A moan left her lips as he continued to torment her.

She was ready. Pushing the plug back into her ass, he slipped his arm around her waist. His fingers left her pussy. He needed to take her now.

She screamed when he thrust his entire length into her pussy on the first stroke.

Holding still, he let her adjust to his invasion. Her ass was pressed against him, and when her pussy began tightening around his dick, he pulled back, then surged into her.

He kept this up, until she turned her head and stared at him. He stared back, clenching his teeth.

“You’re still wearing the harness.”

“Yes.” The Velcro cock harness would keep his own climax from overwhelming him.

“But Tyler—” She groaned as he sunk balls deep within her and she tightened around him.

“You are not to come yet.”

She shook her head and dropped forehead against the headrest. Switching the arm that held her around the waist, Tyler picked up the remote. She bucked against him as he turned on the butt plug vibrator.

“You’re going to kill me,” she whispered, jerking against the restraint.

“We’re only getting started.”

She groaned and he grinned. Cradling the remote in between his fingers, he put both arms under her waist. “Here we go,” he said, and he began fucking her harder and faster, his balls slapping her pussy with each thrust. And her pussy tightened around his cock more and more. Her body bucked against his and he turned the vibrator up again.

“Yes, oh yes, Tyler.” Her head thrashed from side to side.

Her words were sweet magic to his ears. He began to thrust fast, and her stomach tightened beneath his forearms. She was to the point of no return.

And he was going to push her over. He turned the vibrating plug on high.

"Come for me, baby." He pulled his cock all the way out and thrust back into her. She cried out as her body spasmed around him. His balls tightened but he willed back his own climax. He rode out the tremors shaking her body, and then he turned the vibrator off. Gently he slipped from her, and laid her down on her stomach.

She was panting. A small moan left her lips when he removed the butt plug.

Tyler dipped the washcloth into the warm water.

"That feels good," she said, as he bathed sweat and lube from her body.

"Good." When he finished, he dried her body off, then slipped her wrists from their restraints.

Becca lay there, not moving and Tyler chuckled.

"Turn over."

She glared at him but rolled onto to her back. He put her wrists back into the restraints, but this time tightened them and moved to her feet.

"Raise your hips," he said. He was pleased that she didn't hesitate. He slipped the wedge beneath her and adjusted until he was satisfied. The biggest part of the wedge was cradling her lower back, as it tapered down; her shoulders took some of weight. Going to her feet, he pushed one thigh open. He tightened the foot restraint, and then did the same with the other leg.

He looked at her. She was wide open to him. "Are you in pain anywhere?"

She shook her head, but Tyler wasn't convinced. "Becca," he said softly and her gazed locked with his. "This is a serious question, don't say no if something is hurting you. I need to make sure you're comfortable in this position."

"I'm fine, Tyler. Really." The answer was in her

eyes. Excitement—not fear or pain.

“All right. Do you know how good you look being so open to me?” He knelt between her legs and removed the harness around his groin.

She licked her lips when he tossed it aside and leaned over her. “Now, my sweet, I’m going to taste you until you go wild.”

He lowered his mouth. And within minutes, Becca had come again. Tyler smiled; now for a new toy.

Becca cracked her eyes open and then wished she hadn’t. “You’ve got to be kidding me.”

“Nope.”

She watched him strap on a dildo, it sat right below his cock, now he had two of them. “And what are you planning to do?” As if she didn’t already know.

“Fuck you.”

He lubed up the dildo, then positioned himself at her openings. His cock at her pussy, the dildo at her ass.

Her arms jerked in the restraints, not because she was afraid, but because she wanted to touch him, to hold him, while he took her this way. Then his hips flexed forward and her mouth dropped open.

Moisture dripped from her pussy and her ass opened as he pressed forward. Oh. Dear. God. Her breath whooshed out of her lungs as he fully seated himself.

She could feel the two cocks rubbing against each other and a thrill shot through her nerve endings. “Is this how it will be with Jared?”

“Better.” He laid his forehead against hers, his hot breath brushing against her skin. Then he moved.

Becca let out a moan. “How could it be better?” She forced the words out as he sank into her pussy and ass once again. Her body tightened around both

cocks—she couldn't stop it.

"Trust me, it will be."

"Okay, I—" Then every coherent thought left her mind as he began to fuck her and she loved every second of it.

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Becca curled into Tyler's embrace. They'd eaten dinner sent down from the main house and were now cuddling in her bed.

The afternoon had taken her higher and further than she'd ever been. Tyler tested her boundaries, and then some.

And she'd loved every second of it with him. Never had she been so satisfied or so loved.

"How are you feeling?" Tyler asked, his palms skimming over her lower back.

"Wonderful." She tilted her head up from where it lay on his chest. "About tomorrow."

"You're choice, Becca."

"You always say that."

"Because it's true. It can just be us or a threesome it's all up to you."

After Tyler double penetrated her, a shiver worked its way up from her toes to her head, she'd liked the feeling of fullness and the pleasure...oh yes, the pleasure was indescribable.

"Do you think Jared will agree?" she asked.

"Yes."

Becca swallowed her excitement. She wanted to experience everything. "All right, I want to try."

Tyler's lips covered hers. "I promise you won't regret it."

"I know I won't."

"Jared and I will worship your body tomorrow. I set up one of the special cabins for us."

"Just how special?" When she'd read about them, the brochure only said they were available for couples who wanted more adventure than their

cabins could provide.

“Special for us.” He brushed his mouth against hers. “How long do you want Jared with us?”

“I’m not sure what you mean.”

“I mean, do you want him there the whole day, half the day, just long enough to take your ass?”

Becca squirmed against his body. “I hadn’t really thought about it.” She gazed up at Tyler. “I’d like some time alone with you at first, but I’m thinking not long, otherwise I’m liable to chicken out.”

“No, you won’t. You took everything I had to give today and then some. Tomorrow we’ll push your boundaries further.”

She smiled. “I’m sure the two of you will.”

“With that in mind...” He slid her from him and onto the mattress then stood.

“Are you leaving?”

“Yes.” He pulled on his clothes. “It’s almost eight, and you need to rest. If I stay, we won’t be sleeping.”

Sitting up, she stared at Tyler.

“There are some things I want you to know.”

“Okay.” Becca slipped on her robe and crossed the room.

“Tomorrow I’ll be in full Master mode.”

“And you weren’t today?” He was pretty commanding all afternoon.

“I’ll be so more tomorrow, and so will Jared. I’ll give Jared the safe word so he’ll be aware. I won’t ask tomorrow if you’re comfortable or if something is bothering you. You’ll have to tell me.”

“I can do that.”

“It also means when Jared or I tell you something, you do it. No questions, no hesitation.”

“Fine.” She could do that, couldn’t she? Be under the command of two virile males? Yes, she could. Excitement shot through her body.

“This will be an all day thing, so eat breakfast before you come to the cabin in the morning. We’ll break for lunch and finish before dinner.”

Becca nodded, waiting for Tyler to finish. After spending this week with him, she was beginning to tell when he had something on his mind.

“Everything you’ve learned this week will be explored tomorrow. We’ve only skimmed the surface in our afternoons together. I want you to go into this with your eyes open.”

At that moment, she realized just how important this was to her. To feel two men loving her body, it was the last step in freeing the inner sexual woman.

Tomorrow would be another step and she was ready to fly.

“My eyes are open, Tyler. And I want this.”

His lips tilted up before he brushed a soft kiss on her mouth.

“We’ll be in cabin two. The path and the cabin are clearly marked. You are not to masturbate tonight or tomorrow morning. Wear your robe and slippers, but nothing else. Make sure you braid your hair.”

Anticipation heated her blood and she wondered if she’d met anyone on the way to the cabin.

“The door will be unlocked. Enter, remove your robe and slippers. There will be a table. You are to climb on that table, face down. From that moment on, I’m in control.”

“I understand.” She brushed her fingers over his forehead. Her heart contracted at his serious tone, his protective instincts were up and it touched her deeply. “I want to do this Tyler, not just for you but for myself.”

His hand captured hers and he brought it to his mouth, kissing her palm. “Until tomorrow.” Dropping her hand, he marched out of the cabin.



## Chapter Six

Becca swallowed her nervousness when she opened the cabin door the next morning. She'd done as Tyler requested. No masturbation, her hair braided and only wearing her robe and slippers. Shutting the door, her eyes widened at the buffet of sexual items.

So many of them—benches, bars, cabinets, tables. She could see chains hanging down from the ceiling, on the walls. And then there were the three open cabinets, filled with vibrators, plugs, lotions. Two more cabinets stood closed.

“Okay, you can do this,” she reminded herself. She wanted to do this, to get past the last inhibition lingering within her. Slipping off her slippers, she undid her robe and hung it up on the hook by the door.

She shivered in the slightly cool air, then giggled she wouldn't be cold for long. The second Tyler touched her she'd be hot. Boiling hot.

Padding over to the table, she glanced around. She couldn't see Tyler anywhere, but he was here, watching her. The table looked like a massage table. She climbed on and lay down. Placing her face in the hole at the top, she waited.

It could have been a minute, or five, before she the sound of the shuffling of feet filled the room. As instructed, she didn't shift from her position, no matter how much she wanted to see if it was Tyler.

Fingers trailed up her spine and her body jerked.

“Easy, my pet.”

Becca took a deep breath and let it out. That was Tyler's voice.

"Safe word is Tomato."

"Yes, Master," she whispered.

"I'm going to prepare you for today. As we have done all week, you are to talk to me, pet. Tell me how you're feeling, how hot you are, how excited you are. Holding back is not allowed today. I want to know everything."

"Yes, Master." She'd learned to voice everything this week, and today would be no different.

Vanilla filled the air. Then Tyler's palms were at her shoulders, massaging.

"Umm, feels good." And it did—it had almost become a ritual with him. She loved the full body massages he gave her. By the time he was done, she was so relaxed she wasn't sure she could move.

"Time for a shower." Tyler helped her off the table. Taking her hand, he led her through another door. It was a bathroom with a huge glass enclosed shower.

"Let's fix your hair so it doesn't get wet." His fingers found her braid. He wound it on top of her head and secured it with a clip. Then he put a shower cap on her. He opened the shower and guided her through the opening and followed her, shutting the door with a click.

Okay, this wasn't like any shower she'd ever seen before. There were water jets everywhere on the main wall, including several handheld ones, plus several shelves at shoulder height there was soap, shampoo and a funny looking sponge. Then there were two long benches that ran the length of the shower on both sides.

Tyler turned to a small panel that was next to the door. The water started flowing out of the jets, small trickles at first, then stronger. He reached out, placed his arm under the water and touched the

control panel again.

“Perfect,” he declared. Snagging her around the waist, he pulled her underneath the water.

“Oh my,” she said. It was like being under several waterfalls at once. The water not only flowed down from overhead, it hit her shoulders, lower back, thighs and legs. She was facing Tyler when he reached behind her. She started to turn her head when he captured her chin.

“No peeking.”

Excitement shot through her. While they’d played a bit in the shower before, she suspected this was going to be different. Very different.

Keeping her gaze on his chest, she nodded and waited.

The sponge touched her shoulder blades, then slid down her back, caressing her spine, down over her ass. Goosebumps spread over her skin. He caressed every inch of her backside before starting on her front. His arm snaked around her waist and she leaned her head back against his shoulder, his hard cock pressing against her back.

Her gaze met his as he bathed her collarbone, then to her breasts. She let out a moan as he caressed her sensitive globes. The sponge started to vibrate as he rubbed it over her nipples, before gliding to her stomach. There the vibrations were much stronger.

His hand skated down past her stomach to the top of her mound. “Lift your right leg and put it on the bench.”

It took Becca a minute to understand what Tyler was saying before she followed his directions.

“You were a little slow.”

“Sorry, Master, it took me a second to understand your command.”

He grunted, lowering his hand. Her hips shifted backward as he dived between her thighs. The

vibrations seemed particularly strong now. Tyler slid the sponge from side to side until the soft material touched her clit. Her pussy tightened and her mouth opened on a breathless moan.

The vibrations caused her to shift her stance as arousal coursed through her. The slight roughness of the sponge made her clit throb harder. If he kept that up she was going to come, and while she really needed to come, she wanted to hold off, until he was pumping his hard cock into her pussy.

“Be still.” His free hand swatted her wet ass, and a stinging sensation flowed through her body, directly to her clit. Now the sponge pressed harder and rotated faster. Her heart sped up; her clit pulsed with need.

Her pussy tightened and her stomach clenched. She wasn’t going to be able to hold out.

“I’m going to come.”

“Then come for me baby, come.”

She cried out as her orgasm hit. Before she could take a breath, the sponge was removed, to be replaced with pulsating water. Instinctively she started to take a step, but his arm clamped around her waist.

“I said be still,” he growled in her ear.

“But...” Her voice faded away as Tyler’s finger penetrated her pussy. She pressed her body into his touch and the water tormented her clit.

“You’re driving me crazy,” she panted.

“That’s my job.” The water hitting her clit, changed, and Tyler curved his fingers in her pussy and hit her G-spot.

Her scream filled the air. She grabbed onto Tyler’s arm as her knees shook. He pulled his fingers from her pulsing core, his arm wrapping around her waist until her body stopped shaking.

Tyler placed the hand held back in its place and lowered her leg back to the floor. Letting the warm

water wash over both of them until her breathing had returned to normal.

He shut the water off, then opened the door and guided her out of the shower. Finding the towels on the warming rack, he dried her body off and removed the shower cap.

He could feel the slight tremors still coursing through her body. Taking her lips with his, he kissed her long and hard, and then stepped back.

“Go into the other room and wait for me.”

She opened her mouth, then shut it, he was her Master and she had to obey. She took a step away from his hard body, then another. A gasp filled the main room when she saw Jared, naked. He was a bit bigger than Tyler, and his cock was just as hard.

How was that cock going to feel in her ass? Her breathing increased as arousal coursed through her body.

“Come here,” said Jared.

Swallowing, Becca went to Jared, her heart pounding.

“So beautiful,” he said, his fingers coming up to her breasts, caressing them softly. His touch was different from Tyler’s—maybe it was because Jared worked in the office rather than outside so he didn’t have calluses on his hands. He pinched her nipples and she gasped. “And so responsive.”

“Keep your eyes straight ahead,” he commanded when she started to look down.

When Jared shifted positions, Becca forced herself to focus on a spot on the far wall. The air was heavy with anticipation.

There was a pinch to her right nipple, then her left. The coldness of a chain rested against her stomach. Nipple clamps nothing new there, but the chain never trailed down her stomach before.

“So beautiful,” whispered Jared, once again. Then his hands were at her shoulders, guiding her

backwards.

The back of her thighs hit something. Jared guided her into a sitting position on a hard surface. Her back was slightly reclined, almost like she was sitting in a reclining chair, and she kept her gaze neutral as Jared had commanded even as excitement flowed through her.

Jared's fingers caressed the outside of her thighs, then down to her ankles. He lifted her leg and placed her foot onto something, then strapped it in. Cool air teased her pussy. Oh my, stirrups? She glanced out of the corner of her eye as he lifted her other leg, placed it into position, and strapped it in the restraint.

Her legs were open, then his hands were at the inside of her thighs, pressing outward. Taking a deep breath, Becca forced her muscles to relax. Her thighs were opened wide, and then strapped into place. Out of curiosity, she tried to move her legs. No such luck.

"Lift your arms over your head."

She didn't hesitate. Her arms rose and her wrists were put into the restraints.

"Damn, you do good work," said Tyler.

Becca's gaze clashed with Tyler's. His eyes held appreciation.

"I told you to leave it to me," said Jared.

Tyler marched over to her, and her breath hitched in her throat. The possessive gleam in his eyes sent a shot of excitement through her body, and the look told her that she was going to be in for one hell of a ride.

"Keep your gaze on my face," he ordered as he stepped between her wide stretched thighs.

It was hard to keep her lashes from drifting shut or looking down to see what was happening, as her nipples were tugged by the nipple clamps. The tugging stopped, but the feeling was still there, as if

something was pulling them down.

"I think these can be a little tighter," said Tyler.

Becca's mouth opened on a groan as the first one was tightened, then a slight cry as he did the second one. Pleasure coursed directly to her clit and her pussy creamed.

"That's better, don't you think, Jared?"

"Yes, much better. Her body is so responsive, Tyler."

Becca gazed into Tyler's eyes, but he was looking down, his heat burning her body. His cock was so hard, so hot, pressing against her core.

"Look down at us, Becca." Until she glanced down, she didn't realize her position allowed her to see everything.

Her legs were restrained wide, her nipples poking from the clamps that were attached; she followed the chain from the clamps down to..."Oh my God," she whispered.

The chain was attached to a cock ring—one that Tyler now wore.

"Jared, see if she's wet enough."

Jared's fingers pushed into her pussy, feeling around, spreading her wetness. All the while, Tyler held his cock at her entrance.

"Oh, yeah she's wet."

"Good."

Jared's fingers slipped out of her, and Tyler's hips flexed, then he plunged halfway into her.

"Ahhh," she cried out. She strained against the restraints, wanting to grab onto his shoulders as he rode her. Hard. The tugging on her nipples increased as Tyler pulled back and plunged forward again and again. Until he was fully buried in her.

Tyler reached up and tugged the chain. Her back arched and she let out a moan.

"Remember the rules."

"Damn it," she forced the words out between

pants. "You're going to kill me."

"Really." He slipped an inch out of her then back in, his balls hitting her ass softly.

"Yes. Do you have any idea how it feels to have you fucking me, and those clamps pulling my nipples at the same time?"

"No. Tell me." Two inches went out and in this time.

"It's erotic, but also arousing. Each tug on my nipples makes my clit throb and my pussy clench."

"As it should be." Now three inches slid out and back in. Her nipples were pulsing with each stroke. Finally, he pulled all but the head out and sank back into her. He did it again, deliberate slowness.

Her lashes started to drift shut.

"No!" Tyler yelled, causing her eyes to open wide. "You will watch, watch us as we fuck you." With those words, Tyler began to piston in and out of her. His cock grew shiny with her juices as he fucked her.

Her nipples stung with each tug. The fluttering in her stomach started slowly but built fast. She tightened her muscles around Tyler's cock.

"I'm going to come," she said, mouth wide, trying to get more air into her lungs.

"Then come, baby. Cream all over me."

Her pussy trembled before her orgasm hit, shaking her body within the restraints. But Tyler didn't stop; he rode out her climax and kept fucking her.

It was difficult to keep her eyes opened, but she did it. Another climax was building.

"Now, Jared," said Tyler.

Now what? She wondered for only for a second. Jared's palm covered her stomach as his finger dived between her folds.

"Shit," she cried out when his finger touched her clit. He had on a finger vibrator. The vibrations shot



straight from her clit, to her pussy, then to her nipples and back again. It was like an electric charge arching between her pleasure points.

“Come for us baby,” said Tyler.

And she did. Her body shook as another climax hit, and as she was coming down from it, Tyler smiled and nodded.

Jared pressed down on her clit when Tyler gave one last thrust into her clenching pussy. Fighting for breath, she wasn't prepared when the nipple clamps were removed and their warm mouths covered her breasts.

Becca screamed as her hips bucked in the restraints, her body shook and she tugged at the restraints. Her pussy tightened around Tyler's cock, trying to milk him.

After what seemed like hours, her body stopped shaking and calmed from her multiple orgasms. Jared had removed his finger at some point, but Becca didn't know when.

She'd closed her eyes. But Tyler was still deep within her, like steel.

“Open your eyes.”

Forcing her lashes up, she saw Tyler pull his engorged cock from her. Her pussy clenched as if it wanted to hold on to him, but he slipped out of her. Her juices drenched his cock and dripped to the floor.

“So beautiful.” Tyler kissed her lips before stepping back.

Jared was there again. With a washcloth, he bathed her pussy, and then dried the sweat on her body as Tyler tended to himself. Together they released her from the restraints, massaging her limbs until they were sure she could stand. Each man praising her beauty, her openness as they pressed kisses over her face, neck and shoulders. Once they had her on her feet, they pushed the

recliner out of the way.

She wondered what they had in mind next. And how much she could take? She'd already come, what? Three, or was it four times?

They brought out a curved overstuffed fabric covered chair. Tyler held out his hand, and Becca took it. He drew her to him. "Lay down on your back."

Tyler positioned her the way he wanted, her upper body resting on the biggest curve of the chair and her head tilted back so if she wanted to see what they were doing she'd have to lift her head. She felt the restraints being fastened around her feet, spreading her legs wide once again. But this time they left her hands free.

Something cool teased her ass. Tyler was spreading lube around and she bit her lip when there was pressure against her anus. Breathing out, she relaxed her muscles. The toy slipped in, then out, then in. Her body readily accepted it and she wondered what would happen next. She wanted everything they had to give her. Whatever the toy was, it didn't feel like a plug. Finally it could go no further.

She breathed out a sigh of relief and concentrated on her breathing.

Tyler came into her line of sight. "You have a choice to make. Jared can fuck you while you suck me off, or I can fuck you while you suck him off."

Becca turned her head to see Jared waiting off to the side, his cock engorged. "I want to suck Jared." And she did. She wanted to experience having a man in her mouth while Tyler fucked her.

Tyler leaned down and kissed her, then Jared took his place in front of her. The way she was positioned, his cock was level with her mouth.

Her mouth opened wide, a squeal emerging when Tyler filled her on the first thrust. Then Jared

was there, his cock nudging her lips. She licked the head, tasting his essences. It was different from Tyler's. Jared was a bit more salty, but no less exciting.

Jared slid into her mouth as Tyler started to fuck her. Becca lifted her hand and caressed Jared's balls.

God, she never imagined she'd enjoy two men like this, but she did. She wanted to make these two men come; she wanted them on their knees shaking as they had her shaking.

Soon the room was filled with the scent of sex and passion. Her climax was building once again as Tyler's cock slid in and out of her pulsing pussy. Delicious arousal flowed through her body, making her nerves dance in pleasure as he fucked her.

But she didn't want to be the first to come. She concentrated on Jared, caressing his cock with her tongue, sucking him deep and hard.

"I'm going to come," said Jared, his neck flexing as he threw his head back.

His essences filled Becca's mouth and she swallowed him, allowing him to rest inside her mouth until he was finished.

Jared pulled free from her mouth breathing hard. Then he covered her lips with his, kissing her deeply.

Tyler picked up speed. Her orgasm would hit soon. All at once his fingers were at her ass and...the toy he put there pulsed to life.

Her hips arched up as he slammed into her. That was all it took. Her climax ripped through her body as Tyler spilled himself into her convulsing pussy.

Jared lifted her upper body, and Tyler captured her mouth with his as their bodies trembled with their shared orgasms. When they broke apart, harsh breathing filled the room for several minutes, before

the men released her legs, and bathed her body again, before cleaning themselves up.

And so the day continued, they broke for lunch, and started all over again. And the whole time Becca wondered how she'd be able to leave Tyler tomorrow. It was more than sex—they were connecting on emotional level as well.

By late afternoon, she wasn't sure how much more she could take. Her body didn't hurt, but every touch from one of them on her sensitized skin practically made her come.

They were arranging something connected into the ceiling while she rested on the makeshift bed. Tyler strode over to her and held out a hand.

Placing hers in his, he helped her from the mattress. He led her over to a swing-like contraption. She glanced up at Tyler's face.

"Now is the time, baby. I'm going to fuck your pussy and Jared is going to fuck your ass."

This was what she'd been waiting for. Together they positioned her in the swing and fastened the Velcro around her legs and hips so she was cradled off the floor, supported by the swing, but yet open for them to do whatever they wanted.

Tyler tossed Jared a foil packet, and she relaxed a bit. Condom. The lube was tossed next. Jared's fingers were cool as they teased her ass, pressing one finger into her, then two. Then his fingers were removed and the head of his cock replaced them.

Becca didn't need any instructions. Her gaze connected with Tyler's.

"Ready?" he asked.

She nodded. Tyler leaned into her body, bracing her so Jared could get into her ass.

She sucked in a breath as Jared pushed into her ass. He was bigger than Tyler, but not so big she couldn't take him. Sweat broke out on her body as Jared worked himself into her. The initial burning

sensation was fading and when he buried himself to the hilt her mouth opened on a gasp.

Tyler took her lips in a deep hard kiss, his mouth devouring hers. His fingers found her clit, in seconds her clit was pulsing hot, like it had never been before.

“Tyler?” she asked.

He grinned down at her. “Just some warming gel to make the experience more intense,” he said before taking his position.

Jared was at her back, holding her hips steady as Tyler worked his way into her pussy.

Her mouth fell open. Oh, dear God, she’d never experienced anything like this. Even when Tyler fucked her and used a dildo on her ass. The pressure was almost unbearable as Tyler pressed forward then retreated. The heat in her clit was growing and she tried to squirm closer to Tyler, but Jared held her tight.

“Oh, God, Tyler, fuck me.” Her hand slid toward her clit.

Tyler grabbed her wrist before it could make contact and she cried out.

“No touching yourself.” He grunted as he slid another inch into her.

How much more? She glanced down at where they were connected. And wished she hadn’t. There was still about three inches of Tyler left. She wasn’t going to survive if he didn’t start fucking her.

“Please, fuck me. Get that cock into me. I can’t stand this.”

“I don’t want to hurt you, baby.”

“You won’t. Please Tyler, you’re killing me. I need you, I need you now.”

“Soon.”

Becca closed her eyes and let her head rest back on Jared’s shoulder.

Jared’s lips caressed her neck, licking and

sucking lightly at her skin.

“Get ready, Jared,” Tyler said.

Tyler pulled back, then...

She cried out as he seated himself fully into her pussy.

Two men, two hard cocks. One in her ass and one in her pussy. She was so full, stretched beyond what she imagined she could take. And she wanted more. She wanted to be taken.

“Take me, now,” she whispered.

Tyler glanced at Jared and nodded. Jared pulled back, her ass clenching at his cock, then as he slid in, Tyler pulled out.

A moan escaped her lips as the two found the right sequence.

“Fuck me,” she whispered.

“Hold on, baby,” said Tyler, his lips covering hers in a hard kiss before they picked up speed.

Her clit was burning with need as the men fucked her, harder and faster. She clung to Tyler, trying to grind her clit on his cock. Then his fingers where there. “Yes!” she cried as he flicked her clit with his nail.

She didn’t know what to expect but the men began thrusting faster. Her body was tightening; her pussy knew it was time.

Her first climax fluttered softly, the second and third building on each other. Now her body trembled.

“Tyler!” she cried out. Her pussy tightened further, her clit begging for more attention.

The men’s thrusting changed, until they were filling her at the same time. Tyler’s finger pressed against her clit, rubbing it hard.

“Oh yes, yes, yes,” she cried out. It wouldn’t be long.

It wasn’t—seconds later she screamed, and she continued screaming as her climaxes came, harder

and faster until both men slammed into her body, Tyler spilling himself within her pussy. And while Jared wore a condom, his pulses echoed in her ass.

Heavy breathing filled the room. Tyler recovered first, pulling himself from her pussy, then Jared slid out of her ass. Together they removed her lax body from the swing. Tyler lifted her into his arms, and carried her over to the bed.

Lying with her, he curled his body around hers, cuddling.

Jared cleaned up then stood by the bed. "Thank you for letting me be a part of your special day." He kissed her lightly on the lips before straightening up and walking out of the cabin.

Damn, she was special. And he wondered if she realized just how special she was.

Lying there, holding her, Tyler didn't want to let her go tomorrow. He wanted to find a way to convince her to stay, because despite telling himself this was only a week of pleasure, he'd fallen in love with her.

## Chapter Seven

Becca slid the zipper of her suitcase home and sighed. She didn't want to leave, but her dream job was waiting. Dragging her case, she walked out of the cabin toward the main gate where her car waited.

Tyler had made love to her all morning. Then he left her, kissing her softly before leaving the cabin.

What was a girl to do? With each footstep her heart grew heavy. How could she leave the man she loved?

She stopped dead in her tracks. She was in love with Tyler. She didn't know when it had happened, but she loved him.

Pivoting, she headed for the main house and with each step she gathered her courage, she entered. She had to talk to Tyler before she left. She wouldn't feel right if she didn't.

The second she entered she heard the loud voices—Vic the cook's, and Jared's. Setting her case by the door, she followed the conversation into the kitchen.

"It's impossible Jared, they won't deliver until Tuesday."

"We need the food tonight."

"What do you want me to do?" Vic asked.

"Problems?" she asked.

"Becca." Jared's eyes lit up. "I thought you'd gone already."

"Not yet. Is there anything I can do to help?"

"Not unless you have some pull with Wilson's Produce Company," muttered Vic.



"I just might. Tell me what the issue is."

"We need the produce this afternoon for the new guest arriving tonight, but they're insisting they can't deliver until Tuesday." Jared said.

"That shouldn't be a problem for them. Do you mind?" She gestured toward the phone.

"Be my guest."

Lifting the receiver, Becca dialed the number she knew by heart. "Hey, Rich, Becca here, I'm at the Quick Silver Ranch and they need their delivery of produce today." She nodded her head while she listened to Rich talk about how busy they were and how they didn't have a truck. "Just a second."

She put her hand over the receiver and looked at Jared who was lounging against the counter. "If you double the order, I'm sure I can get it delivered today."

"Double it, hell, triple it. I can use whatever you can get me," Vic commented.

Jared nodded.

"Rich, deliver today and double the order. That will make it worth the special delivery." A grin spread across her lips and she laughed. "You bet. Thanks so much, Rich." She placed the receiver back in its place. "All done, it will be here in two hours."

"What about the other companies?" asked Vic.

"Other?" She tilted her head to look up at Jared and he was smiling down at her.

"Want to try your hand at a couple of other places that are giving us static?"

"Sure."

"Come to my office."

Becca followed Jared out of the kitchen and to his office. He guided her to his desk and placed the order sheets in front of her, then took a seat across from her.

"You're fantastic," Jared said leaning down and kissing her on the cheek an hour later.

“Nothing hard about it.” She grinned at him. It had been fun, negotiating with not only the produce company, but several others to deliver the food stuff that was needed today, not next week.

“You’re a life saver. Vic was ready to quit.”

“You need to let Vic work in the kitchen and find someone else to handle the ordering and delivery of the food.”

“I need a head of catering.” Jared stared at her. “The job’s open if you want it.”

Excitement and apprehension coursed through her at the possibility of staying and working at the ranch. Would Tyler want her to stay? She hesitated, then decided it was worth the risk. “Shut the door and let’s talk.”

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Tyler brushed the horse down after riding him long and hard. He’d said his good-bye to Becca this morning and rode out not long after that. He couldn’t bear to see her leave.

Maybe he should have told her that he loved her. But they’d agreed to the one week, she was coming off a bad relationship, and her dream job was waiting for her.

Last night he was prepared to ask her to stay, but when he thought about how excited she was when she told him about the new job, he wouldn’t stop her. He wanted her to be happy and if a job in the city made her happy, he wouldn’t stand in the way.

He survived before; he’d survive now. It was almost time for the new guests to arrive, and he needed to be on hand. Strolling to the house, he made his way up to his rooms.

While showering, his mind wandered. The ranch seemed empty without Becca. What would happen if he went to San Francisco? Would Becca want him? He’d have to find some sort of job, but he could do

that.

Shutting the water off, he dried his body and pulled on some clothes. He'd talk with Jared after dinner. He'd drive to the city, talk to Becca and tell her how much he loved her and wanted to be with her. Then come back to the ranch until this group was done.

He could interview someone to take over for his work with the horses, and drive up when Jared needed him to teach a class. Yes, he could do that. With that plan in mind, he descended the stairs. Already he could hear the chatter of the new guests.

His heart stuttered. Becca was standing by the table talking to a guest.

"Ah, here's Tyler, my business partner." Jared turned to him.

"Becca?" He almost couldn't believe his eyes.

"Hi Tyler." Her sweet voice teased his ears.

"I was just introducing the newest member of our team," Jared said, dropping his hand on Becca's shoulder.

Tyler's mouth dropped open. "Newest member?"

"Yes, Jared hired me to be head of catering. We're both assuming it's okay with you." She shrugged Jared's hand away.

Tyler crossed the room to Becca. Framing her face with his palms, he kissed her.

"What about the dream job?" he asked.

"Who needs it, when I have found the man of my dreams." She paused looking up at him with those soft hazel eyes. "That is if he wants me."

"Want you?" Joy filled his veins. She was staying.

"I hope you do because you see regardless of what we said earlier I fell in love with you. I love you, Tyler."

Her words took his breath away. "I love you, too." Then he swept Becca up into his arms. "Excuse

us, but I want to propose to my woman in private.”  
He strode from the room to sounds of applause.

“Your woman?” she asked, her hazel eyes twinkling.

“Mine. Now and forever.” He lowered his mouth to hers.

## About The Author

Marie Tuhart can't remember a time when she didn't have a book in her hands. A voracious reader since childhood, she began writing at nineteen, and in 1994 decided to join RWA and get serious about publishing. When she isn't reading or writing, Marie loves to spend time in bookstores. A world traveler, she enjoys searching out corners of the globe she hasn't experienced yet. While still totally open to finding her own tall, dark and handsome, she is certainly enjoying the journey.

Visit Marie at  
[www.marietuhart.com](http://www.marietuhart.com)

Marie Tuhart

Coming Soon

# Quick Silver Ranch: Saddle Up

by

Marie Tuhart

Angie Davidson finds herself at loose ends after her best friend's wedding and in need of a vacation, so when sexy yet aloof co-owner of the Quick Silver Ranch, Jared Turner, insists she stay to explore their sexual attraction, she agrees. Though she loves being a submissive in the bedroom, Jared's distant air after lovemaking brings back bad memories. Can she show this strong sexy man he has nothing to fear from her, or will he abandon her like everyone else in her life has?

Sexy yet aloof Jared, co-owner of the Quick Silver Ranch is eager to explore Angie's submissive side with two weeks of toys and other naughty play. However, the last time he was this attracted to a woman—mentally and physically—she wasn't able to put up with his Dominant streak. Can Angie see that her vacation with him can be the perfect way of life?

In Plain Sight

Also Available

# In Plain Sight

by

Marie Tuhart

Bad boy businessman Joe Bradshaw has achieved almost everything he's wanted in life, but his strait-laced colleague Victoria Collins is proving an elusive challenge. A steamy encounter in the elevator begins a wild journey of sensual discovery. Joe's determined to break through Vicki's barriers to reveal the red-hot woman hiding inside. But Vicki is stalked by her past—her ex-fiancé will stop at nothing to get her back. Falling in love and keeping Vicki safe could be the biggest challenges of Joe's life.

## Chapter One

Victoria Collins glared at the illuminated display panel and vowed to kill the entire maintenance department. She could see the headlines now—*Elevator Homicide, TechTronics employee kills due to slow cab.*

It wasn't as if she had some stud waiting at home. All she had a date with was a glass of wine, a hot bath, and her vibrator, but anything beat being in this slug of an elevator. She'd just had the day from hell and all she wanted to do was go home. To be anywhere but here.

She'd dropped off the marketing numbers at the VP's office, not trusting they wouldn't be lost again, and now she glanced up at the display. It flashed eighteen. The seventeenth floor was next. Joe's floor. Her nipples hardened. She'd had little control over her reactions since he came to work at the company several months ago. Victoria held her breath as seventeen lit up and stayed solid. The elevator shuddered to a stop.

Could it be him? *Oh, get a life, Victoria.* Why would he, the company's newest wonder boy, be working late on a Friday night? He was no doubt out partying with any number of gorgeous women in downtown Seattle.

She kept her attention on the display when the doors opened, wishing the person would hurry up and get in so she could get out of here.

The spicy scent of pure male and citrus surrounded her. Oh, dear Lord. She knew the scent—it turned her bones to water every time. Only



*he* smelled like that. She closed her eyes in a brief moment of ecstasy before the doors slid shut, reminding her of where she was.

Her gaze connected with his. Clear blue eyes danced with delight. His black hair was just long enough to cause the ends to curl in a sexy way. His tailored gray jacket covered his broad shoulders, the tie just a shade lighter, contrasting with his white shirt. His hands in the pockets of his pants pulled the fabric tight over his hard thighs and...

She swallowed, forcing her gaze away from his incredible body.

He was watching her. Shit.

"Good evening." Heat rose as her body betrayed her.

"It is now," he said, and a slow smile tugged his lips.

His voice was husky with just the right amount of sex appeal, and his smile... She gulped. The smile reminded her of a predator who had cornered its prey.

*Get a grip. He's just a man.*

Oh yeah, but what a man. Moisture dampened her panties.

A loud bang startled her out of her thoughts. The elevator jerked to a stop, throwing her off balance—and straight into Joe Bradshaw's arms.

"Are you okay?" His breath brushed her cheek.

The warmth of his fingers curled around her arms sent shivers of awareness and arousal singing through her veins.

"I'm fine." She forced herself to keep her voice steady and calm, even though her heart raced like an out of control freight train. She extracted herself from his hold. "What happened?"

"The elevator stopped." There was no mistaking the amusement in his voice as he stepped forward to the control panel. His long, tapered fingers pressed

the emergency button. Nothing happened. He opened the small metal door and picked up the phone.

How would those fingers feel on her skin? Against her breasts, caressing her nipples, in her pussy? Oh, God! If she didn't stop this, she'd climax without him even touching her.

After several moments, with precise, almost delicate care, he replaced the receiver. He faced her with a wicked light burning in his eyes.

"The guard's not answering the phone. He must be on his rounds. We may be stuck here for a while. These elevators haven't been upgraded with cameras yet." His tone was bland, but there was an unmistakable curve to his lips, as if he were happy they were trapped here.

"We can't be stuck." No, no, no. Not today, not with him. Oh, please, please. Anxiety swept through her. How could she hide her arousal if they were trapped together in this damn elevator? Could he smell the musky scent she was sure was wafting up from her moist pussy? With weak knees, she wobbled up to the buttons and pressed. Nothing.

Fumbling with the zipper on her purse, at last she got it open and pulled out her cell phone. 'No service' flashed. She shoved it back.

Shit. She was stuck in the elevator with a man who oozed sex. Of course, spending the last six months fantasizing about him day and night didn't help ease her frustration.

*Why not take advantage of the situation*, a little voice inside her whispered. Could she? No, she couldn't. After she was fired for her last workplace romance, she decided never to mix business and pleasure again. The price was too high. But the Fates had seen fit to put temptation in front of her, and it was difficult to fight both Joe and temptation.

"Are you claustrophobic?" he asked, watching

her with those intense blue eyes.

“No, but...” Her mouth became dry as the Sahara, and all coherent speech escaped her when he shrugged out of his jacket. His white shirt molded tight across his shoulders, showing off his muscular chest.

“Good. Tell me why you’ve been avoiding me.”

Her eyes widened, and what little bit of breath was still in her lungs whooshed out.

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Joe unbuttoned his jacket. He might as well get comfortable, since they’d be here a while. He was very conscious of the complication a workplace romance would create, and he’d held himself back until now. But being thrown together in this elevator, he’d be damned if he was going to let the opportunity pass.

At thirty-four he’d had his share of women, but no woman had fascinated him as Victoria did. He’d been intrigued the moment he caught sight of her. A woman who tried to hide her sensuality instead of flaunting it was a woman he couldn’t help but notice.

Damn, she looked tired tonight. Hell, she’d looked exhausted all week. How could anyone miss the slight smudges beneath her beautiful green eyes? Those beautiful sea green eyes that had grown dimmer and more remote as the week progressed.

She looked so vulnerable, and for a moment he almost backed away. But he couldn’t resist the temptation to uncover the sensual woman he felt sure was hiding underneath those dowdy clothes. Other men seemed to miss her soft sexiness. Over the last few months, he’d seen the way she’d glance at him, then away, when he looked at her. When he turned his attention elsewhere, she’d focus in on him again. He knew the second her gaze was on him. He could feel it and he enjoyed it.

Last week he’d seen her duck into an empty

cubicle to avoid him. The thought almost made him smile—almost. But he'd also noted her rapid breathing, dilated pupils, and pebbled nipples whenever they happened to meet.

This was the best sign he'd had to date. She was just as affected as he was. Now he had the chance, maybe he could find out what really made her tick.

But he had to make a move. A pre-emptive strike. If he waited until she was at top speed, she'd shut him down quicker than a cold shower.

"Got a hot date?" he asked, continuing to stare at her, even while she watched him drape his jacket over the faux-wood bar at the rear of the elevator.

"No, but I'm sure you do," she blurted out.

He arched a black eyebrow, and her cheeks grew warm. What was she saying? Where was her sense of self-preservation? It had disappeared into the stratosphere the second he'd stepped into the elevator.

"Forget what I just said." She pressed her fingers against her forehead. This just wasn't her day.

"I'll let it go. Tell me where you're off to in such a hurry."

"Listen, the only date I have is with a hot bath." How could he appear so fresh after working all day? She knew he'd been in early this morning because one of the secretaries had commented on him sending down several massive reports for typing.

He looked so good, it wasn't really fair. She tucked several wisps of hair behind her ear that had escaped the twist she wore.

His gaze roamed over her body and burned through her clothing. "Hmmm, if we get out of here soon, I'd be interested in sharing." He stepped forward, his breath fanning her cheek.

"What?" She'd lost track of what they'd been talking about. When had he moved closer? She

angled her body away from his. "Sharing what?" His heat called out to her, making her want nothing more than to surrender to it.

"Your bath, Vicki." His index finger trailed across her cheek, leaving a path of fire and awareness.

He was touching her. Her mind whirled. Was she dreaming? God, she hoped not. It would be too cruel to wake up and find this had been a fantasy. "You know my name?"

She could have slapped herself for asking such a stupid question. Her palms tingled with the need to place them on his chest and feel the solid beat of his heart.

"Yes." The finger teased her lips before taking a path over her neck to the base of her throat and down to the vee of her jacket. What was he doing? He'd never seemed interested in her before. Well, it wasn't like he had anything else to do while they were stuck here. She should be insulted. But she wasn't, and she didn't have a clue as to why.

Unable to help herself, she closed her eyes, luxuriating in the roughness of the pad of his finger against her soft skin. Her body craved the sensations, reveled in them, even while her brain protested: *This is someone you work with.*

"I know a great deal about you," he whispered, his breath teasing her ear.

She lifted her lashes to gaze at the fine dark stubble on his chin. "Wh...what do you know about me?" *Step away*, her brain ordered. But her legs wouldn't cooperate. Her heart beat so hard she thought it would burst out of her chest at any second.

"I know you're a beautiful woman." His palms cradled her hips. "And you're sexy as hell."

"Sexy?" She gave a harsh laugh. There was nothing sexy about the plain black suit she wore, or

the flat shoes, or her hair pulled into a tight bun and the bare minimum of make up.

But the woman underneath...well, no one knew about her. How could he have seen through her protective façade?

Joe's hands at her waist held her captive. She wondered why he was touching her. His grip was gentle, almost as if he was afraid of frightening her. She wasn't scared of him physically. Mentally, however, was another matter.

"Yes. Sexy." His blue eyes clashed with her green gaze. "Oh, you've gone to great pains to hide it, but it's still there, especially in the way you move."

"Mr..." Her hands fluttered to his chest, intending to push him away, but the second she encountered his warmth she was reluctant to leave it.

"It's Joe, Vicki." He slid closer to her and dipped his head.

"It's Victoria," she said in a firm voice. He'd called her Vicki a second time. No one called her Vicki. She angled her head away from his seductive presence, but it didn't help. She could still smell him and feel him—and damn it, she wanted him.

"Vicki is much sexier, and you're one sexy woman."

"Yeah, right." Her spine stiffened. Enough! Push him away. But her body wouldn't cooperate. This was crazy. They were stuck together and he just needed something—someone—to pass the time.

"Why do you doubt it?" His palms skimmed up to her shoulders, then his hands were in her hair. Seconds later, her blond tresses tumbled around her shoulders. "Better?"

"No. It isn't." She managed to get her body to obey and take a step back. Noticing what he'd taken from her hair, she held out her hand. "I'd like my clip, please." He had no idea how precious the gift

was to her.

He admired the silver design before slipping it into his pants pocket.

“Mr. Bradshaw, this is very unethical.” She fought to keep her tone stern, even though her spine wanted to melt and her lips tingled with the need to kiss him.

“It’s Joe.”

Victoria shook her head, her hair cascading further. “I can file sexual harassment charges.”

“But you won’t.”

A grin teased his lips, and excitement raced up her spine. That grin was wicked, sexy, and wildly devilish.

“What makes you think so?” She didn’t like the way he thought he knew what she’d do.

“Because this isn’t about your job with TechTronics or anything connected with work. This is between you and me.”

“There is no you and me.”

“There will be.” His fingers curled around her neck, cradling her head before he leaned down to capture her lips with his.

She stiffened, her internal alarms sounding, reminding her this wasn’t a good idea. But her body didn’t listen. She melted against him, and vaguely heard the thud of her purse as it hit the floor before she entwined her arms around his neck.

A part of her wanted this kiss, wanted to be in his arms. She’d wanted this since the first day she’d seen him. After work, she’d spotted him in the lobby of the building looking all sexy in jeans and a black leather jacket with a motorcycle helmet tucked under one arm.

Her lips parted. The rough texture of his tongue danced over the roof of her mouth before tangling with hers, drawing, pulling it into his own mouth. She could taste mint; he must have brushed his

teeth before leaving his office.

When the kiss ended, their harsh breathing filled the silence. She found herself gasping.

“You taste like sin.”

“And how does sin taste?” she asked, surprising herself with her boldness. Inhaling, she tried to get some oxygen to her brain.

“Delightful. Sweet. Erotic.” He nibbled her earlobe. “Do you know what I want to do to you?”

“You want to have sex with me.” She gulped. Where was her indignation that he dared to kiss her? Where was her outrage because this could cost her job? She tried to summon up some anger, but her body didn’t care. She was aroused, and damn it, she’d imagined this moment too many times while alone in bed.

“More than sex.” His tongue rimmed her ear. “I’ll touch and lick every inch of your body. When I’ve made you come from my fingers and my tongue, I’ll plunge my cock into your sweet, moist pussy to feel you squeeze and milk me.” He paused for a moment. “Then we can experiment to see how far over the edge we can drive each other.”

Her knees almost buckled. It wasn’t fair—she was twenty-eight years old and her body was reacting like Joe was her first lover. Her breath hitched and she couldn’t help but wonder what the hell she was doing. Just listening to him made her blood burn and her sex tighten.

“Mr...ah, Joe,” she corrected herself, when those blue eyes snapped to her face. “This isn’t the place for this type of conversation.”

“Why not?” He brought his right hand up between their bodies, toying with a button on her blazer.

“The elevator could start at any second and...” She stopped breathing as he undid the first button, then the second. Even with the material between



their skin, she could feel his heat. Her nipples pebbled even more, begging for his attention.

"I knew it," he whispered.

He'd uncovered the red lace camisole she wore beneath her jacket. His index finger traced the slope of her breasts, then he paused. She looked up.

"Say you don't want this. Say it and I'll stop."

The struggle on his face was evident and she knew she wanted him, and he wanted her, even if it was only for a brief moment in the elevator.

"I want this," she whispered, arching into his touch. She wanted him to continue. Forbidden sex in an elevator with a sexy man was a private fantasy come to life, and God help her, she was going to throw caution to the wind and take full advantage of it. Her body demanded it.

"Thank God," he grated as he pushed her blazer off her body.

Her mouth opened as his palm covered her breast. Heat enveloped her. He massaged her breast, making it swell, before catching the nipple between his thumb and forefinger and squeezing gently.

Her knees gave way and he snagged her around the waist. Hauling her up against his body, he brought her hips into sharp alignment with his. His hardening cock pressed against her very wet pussy.

No man had ever aroused her so fast or with such expertise. Her brain was shutting down. The realization the elevator could start and they could be discovered only added to her excitement. Danger heightened her arousal even more. She grew wetter, moisture slipping down her thighs in anticipation of feeling his cock deep within her.

He tugged her nipple once again before lowering his mouth to it.

Oh, dear Lord. Hot, wet heat surrounded her breasts. Her head fell back and her fingers curled into fists at her sides as he licked and suckled her

through the camisole. Tiny electrical shocks surged through her body straight to her pussy, making it throb with need.

Wet silk clung to her breasts when he lifted his head to stare down at her. "I've wanted to do this since the first day I saw you."

"What? Getting stuck in an elevator together?"

His husky laugh sent waves of awareness through her veins. "Not the elevator, but tasting you, touching you, fucking you."

His words danced along her nerve endings, causing her stomach to clench with desire. Why had he chosen to make a move on her now? Was it just her availability, her proximity? Her mind tried to reason, but couldn't. Her body's desire to devour him, inch by inch, was too overwhelming.

She drew in a startled breath when long, male fingers lowered the straps of her camisole. Cool air touched her skin and her nipples tightened further.

"These are fantastic." His voice was husky with need.

Her head rested against the elevator wall and his lips closed over her naked breast. His tongue swirled around the nipple before he pulled it deep into his mouth and sucked. She arched her back, giving herself to him. Her breasts were sensitive, always had been, but his lips, tongue, and teeth took her to another level. She was burning up and knew her climax was building.

He nipped her lightly, and as her hips surged to meet his, molten hot lust rushed through her. She was ready. Now!

"Joe," she whispered.

An audible pop filled the elevator as he released her nipple. "I've always been a leg man myself, but your breasts have converted me." His mouth trailed up to the hollow of her throat, where his tongue dipped into the small depression before tasting his

way back to her lips.

This kiss was hot, hard, and demanding. She didn't even think about resisting. She didn't want to resist. Who was she to throw this chance away? Someone saw fit to put pure male temptation in her path, and she wasn't going to ignore it.

Her tongue toyed with his, coaxing it into her mouth, where they tangled together.

She hadn't expected this. Never in a million years would she have thought she'd melt in his arms this way. Oh, she might have fantasized about him, but never this. Reality was much better. Just for once, she wanted to feel this man's desire for her and only her. Even if it only lasted these few minutes.

When he lifted his head, she forced her lashes open. His eyes blazed with passion, the fire within their depths burning a path straight to her soul. His palms rested on her stomach, fingers bit by bit inching up the fabric of her skirt. She could hardly breathe. One more touch and she'd go up in flames. But she didn't care and she wasn't about to let him have all the fun.

Forcing her arms into action, she began to unbutton his shirt and tugged it from his trousers. God, his coarse chest hair felt delicious beneath her fingers. She raked her nails across his nipples in a light touch. His quick intake of breath told her he liked it. Her ex had hated anything near his nipples.

"I want to taste you," she said, her pussy clenching with need.

"Go ahead."

A sense of power surged through her. Lowering her head, she licked him, her tongue darting in and out like a cat. He tasted salty and masculine. Pure delight flowed through her body at his groan of pleasure.

The sound was more than enough encouragement for her to continue. She laved one

hard nub then the other while her fingers trailed over his lower back, feeling the play of muscle beneath her palms.

His hands cupped her jaw, lifting her mouth to his. Another demanding kiss, their breaths mingling in the heat of passion. He pushed her against the elevator wall. She could feel his throbbing erection through his pants. Her palm wormed between their bodies and brazenly she cupped him.

A shudder swept through his body and he broke their kiss. "Take out my cock."

For a second her heart stopped beating, then with great care she lowered the zipper, found the opening in his briefs, and brushed her fingers across his hardness. His penis jumped, short-circuiting any rational thoughts she had left. Her fingers encircled his thick shaft and his hips shifted forward, pressing into her palm.

He was so hard. And so long. The veins of his cock stood out and the head glistened. She ran her fingers over it, spreading his wetness, biting her lower lip when she thought about his length surging into her.

"My turn." His tone was playful and husky.

His fingers plucked at the zipper and the back of her skirt gave way; his palms skimmed her hips, pushing the fabric down until it fell at her feet. Cool air caressed her legs. If he didn't hurry she was going to explode.

"Garters." He all but groaned out the word. "God, woman, you're sex on two legs."

Her breath caught in her throat when he cupped her through her panties. Automatically, her legs widened. She was so hot, so wet. Her sex throbbed for his touch and his cock.

She didn't have to wait long. With a hard tug, he tore her panties from her and his finger slid between her slick, wet folds. Unable to help herself, she

pushed her pelvis forward and widened her stance even more. He slipped in a second finger, and she groaned. God, it felt so good. So damn good.

She kept stroking his cock, feeling his need, his heat, his hardness. Wanting all he could give her and more.

"I can't wait," he muttered. "I've got a condom in my back pocket."

With trembling fingers, she found the small foil packet. Somehow she managed to open it, rolling it down his pulsing cock. "Done."

The word had just left her lips when he lifted her. "Put your arms around my neck then wrap your legs around my waist," he ordered, his voice tight.

There was no hesitation. She did as he demanded. She wanted this. No, *needed* this. At the touch of his cock at her entrance, her breath whooshed out. His fingers had stretched her, but he seemed impossibly big.

Anchoring her against the wall, he bent his knees, then thrust up.

"Ah!" The sound was torn from her throat as he penetrated her. God, he was enormous. She struggled to find not only her voice but also her breath. "Too big," she gasped.

"It's okay, baby," he whispered, hot and ragged against her ear. He stilled, waiting for her to adjust to him. Then as her inner muscles relaxed, he pushed in another inch.

She began panting. His cock stretched her, and she felt every vein. This time she couldn't help but grind her hips into his, wanting more of him. All of him.

"You're so damn tight." His breathing grew more erratic.

"It's been a while." Her heart pounded and she couldn't catch her breath. If she were to die right now, it would be in pleasure. Her head bumped the

wall when he thrust deeper into her.

“Stop,” she begged.

He became motionless in response to her plea for more time. She could feel his muscles quivering beneath her palms, but feared she couldn’t accommodate him in this position. He was too large, too hard, and too damn male.

“So hot, so wet, so tight,” he said, burying his face in the curve of her neck and licking her skin.

She wanted him, but fear hit her. He was tightly embedded inside her, stretching her, and she was pretty sure she couldn’t take any more, no matter how much she wanted to. A tremor shook her body.

“Easy. I’ll take it slow. Later you can take all of me into your sweet, hot pussy,” he whispered against her skin before withdrawing and sliding back in. With slow and gentle movements, he stroked her.

His body rocked against hers, easing himself in and out with measured thrusts. Fear began to dissipate as her body opened more and more to him. God, he felt so good. Filling her with his cock, making her want even more. Her hips began to undulate, pressing down as he thrust up. Sensations built, like a fire fed a little at a time until it blazed into full glory. Her muscles clenched around his cock and the tingling in her belly erupted out of control. She was going to explode.

“Joe.” She whispered his name as the tremors increased.

He took her mouth a second before the trembling overwhelmed her and she screamed out her climax.

When he released her, she gasped for air. Her pussy continued to flex around his cock, wanting more, until she came down from the sensual haze of satisfaction.

“You...ahh...you’re still hard.” It was difficult to get the words out. He pulsed inside her, fueling her

desire to take him again.

“Doesn’t matter.” He lifted her until his cock sprang free, then set her on her feet, holding her by the waist until she could stand without assistance.

The strain was etched on his face in the way his forehead wrinkled. He was so concerned with not hurting her, he was denying himself pleasure. Her heart warmed.

“But it matters to me.” With a sense of bravado she didn’t know she possessed, she dropped to her knees. She removed the condom from his throbbing erection, her fingertips caressing.

“Vicki,” he groaned.

She smiled, petting the head of his cock before taking him into her mouth.

God, he was huge. No wonder he’d stretched her body to its limit. She couldn’t fit all of him in her mouth, but she’d do her best to please him. Placing her fingers around the base, she stroked his cock as she sucked and licked. Her own desire flared, and a sense of power cascaded through her. She did this to him. She made him hard and wanting.

His fingers tangled in her hair as she pleased him. She cupped his balls with her free hand. They were hard, swollen and drawn up tight against his body. Widening her lips further, she took him deeper into her mouth, and she stroked harder and faster with her hand.

“Yes,” he cried out, his grip tightening. “Baby, I’m going to come.”

She didn’t pull away; didn’t want to. Instead she increased the sucking motion.

With a groan and a slight jerk of his hips, Joe’s essence filled her mouth. He tasted salty and tart, but she liked it, and it gave her a deep sense of satisfaction. She’d made him climax.

As his cock shrank in her mouth, she swirled her tongue around its head. He urged her away,

pulling her up from his feet. When she was standing again, he captured her face between his palms and kissed her. He lifted his head, his eyes still burning with passion. "I never expected you to go down on me."

Her face grew warm but she kept her gaze locked with his. "Only fair for me to give you as much pleasure as you gave me." Besides, she'd fantasized about taking him in her mouth. The reality was better than she had imagined.

A ringing sound made them both jump. It was a couple of seconds before they realized it was the elevator phone.

Swearing in a low voice, he turned to snatch up the receiver. "Yes." He glanced over at her, the heat from his gaze on her body making her want him again.

"I see," he said. "That's fine. Thank you." He hung up. His expression held appreciation as he took in her disheveled appearance. "The guard. He'll have us out of here in a few minutes." He tucked his cock into his pants, rearranging its fit before pulling up the zipper.

"Shit." She reached for her skirt, stumbling as she tried to get it on.

"Easy." His fingers curved around her waist. "Let me help you." Taking the skirt from her, he knelt down. "Brace your hand against the wall."

She did as he suggested. He lifted one of her feet, slipped the skirt underneath, then did the same with the other foot, taking care the fabric didn't get caught on her shoes. When he pulled the skirt up her body, his fingers brushed against her calves, then her thighs and her hips before settling at her waist. His chest rubbed her sensitive breasts as he reached around her, pulling up the zipper on her skirt. A sigh escaped her when he stepped back.

He bent over then straightened. "Sorry I can't



help you with your panties, they're useless." He held up the torn fabric before slipping them into his pocket. His eyes twinkled, and she knew he didn't regret ripping them from her body.

"I think I'll survive." Tugging the camisole over her breasts, she glanced down. She could still see the bulge in his pants where his cock rested, then the bulge moved. Her gaze snapped up to his face. His teeth were gritted.

"Keep staring at me and everyone will know just how hard I am for you. And trust me, I have very little control where you're concerned. I may have waited a while to make a move, but don't tempt me to take you again in this elevator, rescue be damned."

A husky laugh escaped her lips as she buttoned her jacket. "Maybe I don't want to be rescued."

"Witch." He snagged her around the waist, kissing her hard until the elevator began to descend.

Once again, Joe knelt down. Using his handkerchief he picked up the used condom and tucked it into his pocket. Then he retrieved her purse and held it out.

Taking the purse, she forced herself to glance away from his magnetic eyes. She knew her lips were swollen from his kisses. Her breasts were still tender from his touch, and her sex still throbbed with heat.

What was he thinking? Her emotions were tangled into one big knot. She watched him out of the corner of her eye, wondering what he thought of her. His face gave nothing away. He slipped on his jacket just before the elevator pinged and the doors opened.

The guard stood there in his brown uniform, a concerned frown on his face. "Sorry I took so long. I was on my rounds and just heard the alarm a few minutes ago."

“No problem,” said Joe, his voice steady.

“Ma’am?” The guard was staring at her.

He was doubtless noting her flushed cheeks and the disarray of her hair. Inhaling, she forced herself to exit the elevator, ignoring the way her naked sex tingled beneath her skirt.

“As Mr. Bradshaw said, no problem.” Her hair cascaded forward and she pushed it back with an impatient hand.

“Maintenance should check the elevator out. I would hate for anyone else to get stuck,” said Joe. He shot her a meaningful look, one she chose to ignore.

“I’ll get right on it. Do you need someone to walk you to your car, Miss?”

“No, I’ll be fine.”

The guard looked at Joe.

“Don’t worry, I’ll take care of Miss Collins.”

The guard nodded and took off down the hallway.

“Very good care,” Joe whispered in her ear.

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