



Marilyn Lee Unleashed Presents

Naughty Girls, Inc.

No Commitment Required

By

Marilyn Lee

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Chapter One

I think the first thing I noticed about Josh was how handsome he was. That really surprised me. I'm not sure why, unless it's just that I'd become used to men who looked like him having beautiful, slender, blond trophy wives or girlfriends on their arms. If it was one thing I was not, it was a beautiful blonde capable of being anyone's trophy. Not that I'm selling myself short. My hair is long and dark. Although I wasn't full-figured, I wasn't model thin either. And my skin, which I'd always taken pride in, was what the love of my life had called a rich, warm, make-you-melt-in-your-shoes, golden brown.

Mark had always called me gorgeous, but being a realist, I knew I was just a little above cute. With skillful make-up, I could look what I called low-key glamorous. Not that my looks would matter much in my present situation. Nothing mattered except getting the job. If I managed that, I would also get the time and solitude I'd need to finish the second book in a three-book deal I'd landed a year ago.

After years of struggling to maintain a full-time job as an interior decorator while writing romances part-time, I'd saved enough to quit my job. I'd given myself a two-year deadline to make my writing pay. If I didn't manage to sell a novel in that time, I'd go back to working full-time and writing part time.

Four months into my retirement, I landed the three-book deal. I'd already delivered the first book and had it accepted. I'd been on cloud nine, until both my parents' insurance ran out. As I was gearing myself up to going back to work full-time, my friend Janice approached me about a business she'd secretly started three years earlier called Naughty Girls/Boys, Inc.

I'd been amazed to hear she was running what I considered a high-class call girl/boy operation. Then she told me how much money was available and suggested I might want to look into it.

At first I was shocked and insulted that she'd think I was interested in having sex for money. But long after I'd refused, the thought lingered in my mind. She approached me again a month later when I needed to earn enough money to keep my parents in the expensive senior care center where they were both thriving.

My parents had given me a childhood filled with kisses, laughter, love, and happiness. Unfortunately, neither was very practical or as financially responsible as they could have been. Still, since I was determined to ensure they were able to stay in the center, I rethought my position on Janice's offer.

To keep them there I was willing to do whatever it took — even if it meant temporarily turning myself into a well-paid kept woman. When I'd initially decided to try my hand at being a live-in lover, I'd worried that I'd have to wear pounds of make-up, torture my hair, and strut around in heels so high I'd get a nosebleed.

But after learning how much another friend, Kimmie, enjoyed the experience before she ended up marrying her last live-in lover, I decided it couldn't hurt to try. I posed for a couple of glamour shots in what my mom would consider scandalous outfits, submitted them to Naughty Girls, Inc. and now I stood in a home office facing a handsome forty-something man with dark hair, graying at the temples. Although the dark glasses he wore concealed them, I'd been told his eyes were green.

I allowed my gaze to drop to the desk, where his hands rested. They were big and powerful looking. Imagining them stroking my naked body, as we lay in bed together, my cheeks burned.

Sometimes when I thought of what Mark and I had shared, my eyes filled with tears and I remembered that old Ronnie Milsap song about having only one love in life. After two lonely years struggling to recover from Mark's death, I feared I'd never love like that again. In the first weeks after his death, I'd sit for hours in the dark. As I cried and listened to the country music Mark had introduced me to, I clenched my hand around the bronze medallion hanging around my neck. It had been a present from Mark. I cherished what was left of it.

When he'd first shown it to me, it had appeared to be a lovely trinket in the form of an embracing couple about three inches high. The tiny figures had appeared to be fused together, so I was surprised when he'd unlocked them and asked me to wear the male half, while he continued to wear the female half. Each half was lovely and sensual. Holding the tiny male in my hand, with Mark's arm around me, I knew he was the love of my life. Although I've never been particularly superstitious, I felt an undeniable aura from my portion of the medallion.

I'd looked up at him. "It's so beautiful. Are you sure you want to part with half of it?"

He'd smiled and nodded. "It's always brought good luck. My father was wearing it when he met my mother and I was wearing it when I met you. If we each wear one half, we'll always love each other as much as we do now."

Mark was sweet and romantic like that.

"Did your father have it made for your mother?" I'd asked him.

He'd shaken his head. "No. My father bought it from an antique store."

"So it's unique?"

“Actually, it’s not. He said there were a number of them in the shop in various colors...bronze, gold, and silver.”

Once I put my half on, I only took it off to clean it. Often, as we made love, our individual halves would entangle and fuse. When that happened, the couple could only be separated after Mark removed his cock from my body. Mark said that had never happened with any other woman he’d ever made love to, so he knew, as his father had known with his mother, that I was the one love of his life.

After Mark’s death, his half had disappeared. I guess it was lost during the accident which took his life. It would have been such a comfort to have his half, but I’d slowly learned to deal with his death and the loss of the other half of the love medallion. My heart would always belong to Mark, but it was time I gave my body to another man.

Gave? Sold was more like it. That is, if I got the job. Job? I shook my head. If my parents knew the lengths I was prepared to go to keep them in Green Acres, they’d insist on immediately moving to a cheaper place. So I had no intentions of telling them.

“Are you still there?”

The sound of my prospective boss/lover’s voice roused me from my reverie.

I blinked away a mist of tears, along with the memories. “I’m sorry. What did you say?”

He sat forward. “Is there a man in your life who would object to our arrangement?”

I shook my head before I remembered he couldn’t see. “No. My...my fiancé died in a car crash two years ago...two months before we were going to get mar...” I stopped abruptly and shook my head, struggling to keep tears at bay.

I swallowed hard several times and took a deep breath. Josh had troubles enough of his own without having to sit and listen to my sob story.

To my surprise, he spoke in a soft, sympathetic voice. “I’m sorry. That must have been very difficult for you.”

“It was, but I know he wouldn’t have wanted me to wallow in misery.”

“So there’s no one to object?”

“No. There’s no one.”

He inclined his head. “And you won’t have a problem giving me what I want with no strings attached?”

Oh, there’d be strings all right — in the form of the money I’d earn. “No.”

“Are you sure? I don’t want romance or false promises or hopes. And I don’t want a good girl. I want a sexy, naughty woman who understands the facts of our arrangement. I just want sex...”

He paused and I watched his lips tighten. When he spoke again, his voice had deepened. “Let’s start off as we mean to go on. I want pussy and ass whenever I want it without having to tell you I love or care about you to get it.”

My nostrils flared. Wasn’t he just the charming, romantic one? No wonder he had to pay for sex.

“And sometimes things between us might get a little kinky. Can you handle kink?”

“I can handle most things short of sex with a woman.”

“You have something against threesomes?”

The thought of two horny men, both of whom wanted me, held definite appeal. “I don’t have sex with women.”

“Is that your only restriction?”

I hesitated. “Well, I can’t think of anything else short of heavy S & M or manhandling that I won’t be at least willing to consider.”

“I like to pamper and spoil a woman, not spank or handcuff her.”

Although I wasn’t averse to an occasional spanking before anal sex, I wasn’t interested in being tied up, blindfolded, or sexually humiliated.

“Good.”

He smiled. “If you’re prepared for the final test, we might have a deal.”

“What did you have in mind?”

He pushed himself away from the desk and patted his lap. “Come sit here and we’ll discuss it.”

“You want me to sit on your lap?”

“Yes.”

I moistened my lips. “Why?”

“I like the sound of your voice, but as you know, I can’t see you.”

I stared into the lenses of the dark glasses. “What happened?”

“To my sight?”

“Yes.”

His lips tightened. “Sometimes friendship costs more than one expects.”

“What does that mean?”

“I tried to help a friend and got more than I bargained for.”

“How?”

He shook his head. “I want to talk about you and me. If you’re still here I’m assuming there’s nothing about my face or physique that turns you off.”

He was handsome, he looked fit, and he was sexy. “No.”

“Good. Now, I need to know if there’s anything about you that will turn me off.” He patted his lap. “Come sit here.”

My heart raced. I’d come to his house knowing why I was coming. At least I knew what he’d expect if I landed the job. I guess I just hadn’t considered he’d want me to audition.

“Are you coming, Ms. Black?”

At thirty, I’d spent most of my life playing it safe and sticking to the rules. But there’d always been a wild streak I’d suppressed. Mark’s unexpected death had been my wake up call. Life was too short not to fully embrace it and make the most of it. When Mark had wanted to have a baby within months of our becoming lovers, I’d wanted to wait until I sold my first book. Had I not put my career first, I might have at least had Mark’s baby to love.

I’ve always admired women with enough guts to use their bodies just as they liked, despite what society said or thought. From the moment I’d lost my virginity at eighteen, I’d known sex was one of the greatest things ever. Since that time, I’d frequently wished I had the courage to let myself go and have as many lovers as I wanted. And I’d long suppressed the fantasy of doing something totally wild and sexually irresponsible — like sleeping with a total stranger or having a favorite lover fuck me in a public place.

Now I had an opportunity to live out at least a part of my fantasy. I wasn’t planning to start a career at Naughty Girls and I probably wouldn’t be having sex in a public park, but I sure as hell planned to have sex with the handsome stranger in front of me.

Was I coming? Oh, yeah. I rose and walked around the desk.

His hand shot out and closed around one of my wrists. “Sit on my lap,” he instructed.

I glanced down at his lap and caught my breath. His pants were unzipped. A luscious shaft with a helmeted head protruded from the opening. His naked cock stood at attention, rising a satisfying length above his groin.

I went wet as I stared. He was only an inch or two above average length, but Lord was he thick. And I’ve never been one of those women who thought size and skill was the same thing. I’ve always believed a big cock wielded by an unpolished lover would be a painful turn off while a skillful lover with an average sized shaft could take his lucky lady close to heaven.

Josh tugged at my hand and swung his chair away from the desk. “Sit on my lap.”

I licked my lips, took a deep breath, and tossed one leg over his body. Then I straddled his thighs, only just resisting the urge to press myself

against his thick length. I sat staring down at the big, dark pink head staring up at me, my heart racing.

Some women love wide shoulders or washboard abs in a lover. Others go wild over a tight tush. I went wet at the sight of a beautiful, fully erect cock. I'm not easy. Despite my repressed fantasies, I've only had three lovers. Nevertheless, the favorite folder on my computer was filled with sites that featured men with huge cocks. Okay, so maybe I do prefer big cocks to average sized ones when it comes to pictures. In real life, an average sized guy with a fair amount of width will get the job done for me. Since Josh was a few inches above average length, he had nothing to be ashamed of.

Although I'd seen bigger cocks in my favorites folder, Josh had a very nice tool. It had been so long since I'd been so close to the real thing, I had to clench my hands shut to resist the urge to reach down and wrap my fingers around him. I was almost giddy with the need to feel him inside me.

His big hands moved gently over my face. There was something very sensual about sitting there while he caressed my face, as if he were committing every inch to memory. From my face, he trailed his fingers down to my breasts. He fumbled with the buttons of my blouse for several moments before his fingers slid inside my bra to tweak my nipples.

I hadn't been with anyone since Mark's death and the feel of his fingers on my sensitive nipples sent a strong streak of lust down my spine. I moaned softly and arched my back, pushing my breasts against his palms.

He encountered my half of the love medallion hanging between my breasts. He tilted his head. "What's this?"

"A memento." I didn't like his handling something that had been very special for me and Mark. I eased it from his fingers and moved it around so it hung down my back.

He cupped his hands under my breasts. "You have a big rack. Do you like to have it sucked?"

What woman didn't? Often when Mark and I made love, we'd sit in a chair with me facing him. As we enjoyed either a leisurely love session or a hot, explosive fuck, he'd suck, caress, and fondle my breasts until they ached. Once he'd gotten me so hot sucking them that I'd come without his cock or hands touching my pussy.

I closed my eyes briefly, fighting back a wave of pain and longing. Dear God, would I always miss Mark with this deep, abiding ache that time seemed incapable of lessening? I missed him and the wonderful sexual relationship we'd shared. But I also missed the times when he'd just held me in his arms and made me feel as if his world centered around me.

Sometimes I'd lie sleepless at night, wondering if I'd ever be lucky enough to find another love like Mark. At those times I feared I was one of those people who only loved once. The thought of spending the rest of my life longing for a love I could never have again frightened me. How could I be happy settling for even wonderful sex without the sweet love I'd shared with Mark?

"Hey? Do you?"

I shook my head and took a deep breath, chasing the sadness away. I blinked. "Do I what?"

He tilted his head. "Are you all right?"

I wasn't, but I would be. "Yes."

"You're sure you're ready for this?"

His thoughtfulness surprised and touched me. I smiled and nodded. "Yes."

"Yes? Then tell me, do you like having your breasts sucked?"

"Yes. I like that." But I wasn't overly fond of his calling my breasts a rack.

"Good. Boobs this large and firm were made to be sucked, caressed, and cherished."

I blinked at him. Perhaps I'd misjudged him. His consideration of my feelings and his saying my breasts should be cherished tended to negate his earlier, tactless remarks about not wanting to pretend he cared about me to fuck me.

"Cherish away," I invited.

He smiled and removed his hands from my blouse. He stroked them down my back. "I intend to, but first things first." His hands brushed against my ass before moving around my body to stroke under my skirt. "You're wearing panties but no hose."

I nodded and then spoke. "Yes."

"Stand up."

I frowned. Had I displeased him already? Uncertain, I rose.

"Pull them down for me please."

"Pull what down?"

"Your panties. I want to touch your ass and your pussy."

Even though I gushed at the thought of a hand down there other than my own, I blushed and shook my head. "No. Not before we have a deal."

He frowned. "If I don't get to touch the goods, we have no chance of making a deal."

The goods? Another tactless remark. I know it was ridiculous to expect to be treated like a shy virgin, but did he really need to keep reminding me he had no interest in romancing me?

Almost as if he sensed my growing agitation, he shook his head. “Look, I know it’s a lot to ask, but it’s the only way I have of knowing if you’ll suit me. So please pull your panties down.”

Sinking my teeth into my bottom lip, I lifted my skirt, and pushed my panties down just above my knees. Realizing I wouldn’t be able to straddle him that way, I pulled them off and allowed them to fall to the floor. Heart racing and lust running wild, I slowly sank onto his lap — inches from his cock.

With his nostrils flaring, he reached out to stroke his hands over my belly, down my body to my pussy. He fingered my clit.

I gasped and shuddered as a jolt of pleasure shot through me. When you haven’t been with a man in a while, every intimate touch can be beyond sweet.

He slid his fingers up and down the length of my slit, sending a series of cascading chills all through me. “You’re wet.” His voice was low and husky.

I nodded silently, my empty pussy aching to be filled.

“You’re wet and fragrant. I love the smell of a woman with a pussy ready and eager to be fucked.”

Mark had been a perfect gentleman who never cursed around me and certainly never talked about cocks, pussies, and fucking. He’d always talked in terms of making love, which had endeared him to me even more. But I found that I liked Josh’s graphic language — at least I did when he wasn’t going out of his way to be as unromantic as possible.

While a part of me longed for love and romance, I didn’t expect either from Josh. My current need was for physical satisfaction. That I planned to get from him. Even as I blushed, I was so horny I was ready to explode.

Apparently Janice had been right about a bad girl imprisoned inside of me, waiting to get out. The idea of having sex with a stranger, albeit a handsome one for money (no matter the reason) should have shocked me. It excited me instead. Sitting there looking down at his cock, I knew with a shameless sense of absolute certainty that I didn’t need a reason to fuck Josh. Just the fact that he was handsome and had a thick cock was reason enough.

Of course I think that realization came much later. At that moment, I was still pretending I was stooping to something I wouldn’t ordinarily do to help my parents.

He stroked my pussy again.

As a fresh rush of moisture filled me, he inhaled deeply and reached around to fondle my ass. I have a nice ass, if I do say so myself. My men have always loved touching, stroking, and holding it.

He slowly ran his palms over each cheek. "Your ass is perfect. It's big and firm, but not so firm it won't jiggle as I fuck you." He pressed a finger against my tight hole. "You know I'm going to want to fuck this, don't you?"

On my twenty-second birthday, my college sweetheart had introduced me to the joys of anal sex. The first two times had been uncomfortable but tinged with brief flashes of pleasure. In the middle of the third time, while my lover's long, slender cock was thrusting deep into my ass, he'd reached between my legs. Using the fingers of one hand to stroke my pussy, he'd used his thumb to brush against my clit.

A rush of unbelievable pleasure surged through me. I'd come so hard, I gasped for breath. Long after we separated, I'd lie awake at night, savoring the memory of our nights of lust filled with hot, explosive anal sex.

Mark had been a pussy man. Once he had his big, hard dick inside me, he'd had no interest in anal sex.

It seemed I'd found a lover who wanted to explore the delights of anal sex. "Yes. I know."

"And you'll be okay with that?"

The thought of his cock sliding up my neglected ass sent a fresh jolt of lust through me. "Yes."

"You're sure?"

"I'm very sure."

He caressed my ass. "Have you ever had anal sex?"

"Yes."

"And you enjoyed it?"

Enjoyed was too tame a word for how I felt about anal sex. "Yes."

"Good." He moved his big warm hands from my butt to rest between my thighs. He stroked into my pussy and I squirmed on his lap against his thrusting fingers.

He withdrew his hands from between my trembling thighs and popped the fingers, wet with my juices, between his lips. "Hmmm. I love the taste and smell of your aroused pussy."

I trembled and struggled to resist the urge to push my pussy onto the hard cock pressing against my lower belly. There's only one feeling in the world as wonderful as a hard shaft against your body and that's having it sliding in and out of you.

“Would you like to give me a quick sample fuck?” he asked, his voice low and brusque. “Just to let me feel what I’ll be getting?”

I rose and shook my head. “You’ve had all the sample you’re getting. Do we have a deal? Do you want me to be your live-in lover?”

He closed his hands around my waist and gave a powerful jerk that propelled me back onto his lap. Holding me still with one hand around my waist, he grasped his cock with his other hand and rubbed the warm, hard head along my slit.

I bit my lip and only just managed not to arch my back and allow my aching pussy to swallow his cock with one greedy movement.

He bent his head and nibbled at my cleavage. “If I say we have a deal, will you let me fuck you now?”

I swallowed hard. If I allowed this to go much further, there’d be no stopping either of us. Was I really ready to do this?

Chapter Two

While I struggled to contain my lust, he made the decision for me. He tightened his arm around my waist, pulled me forward, and slid the thick, warm head of his cock between my pussy lips.

“Oooh!” I remember reading books as a teenager about virginal, Victorian women who “swooned” at the sight of a man’s cock. I was neither virginal nor Victorian, but I swear I felt a little dizzy at the sweet intrusion of his cock into my aching body.

I half expected him to keep pushing until he was all the way inside me, but to my surprise, he paused. He touched my cheek. “I need you and this,” he whispered. “Please?”

He felt so good, I knew I wanted more. I don’t know who moved first, him or me. All I know is one moment only the head of his cock was inside me. And the next moment, I felt his hard, thick length ruthlessly invading my pussy.

When you haven’t been with a man in a while, you can’t believe how good it feels the first time you get laid. Good didn’t begin to describe how wonderful those first few inches of his shaft sliding into me felt. I gasped and pushed my legs as far apart as I could, eager to make it as easy as possible for him to slide balls deep inside me.

Holding me by the waist, he kept pushing into me until our pubic hair pressed against each other. Finally, I had a pussy full of hard, wonderful cock again.

I closed my eyes, licked my lips, and savored the delight. Good. So good.

He groaned and moved his hands up my body. He eased my breasts out of my bra, cupping them against his palms. “Oh, damn, they’re nice.”

I sighed with pleasure as he sucked one into his mouth and played with the nipple of the other one.

I wrapped my arms around him. I ground my hips against his, enjoying the heavy feel of his thick length inside me.

He trailed his mouth across my chest to my other breast. I moaned, and trembled. He groaned. Then all hell broke loose and we were fucking.

And I do mean fucking. He held me on his lap, and slammed his cock in and out of me so hard and fast my ass jiggled. Currents of heat and pleasure sizzled through me each time I felt him sliding balls deep in me. I enjoyed my toys and they had been getting the job done since Mark’s death. But I hadn’t realized how much I’d missed being fucked by a man until I felt Josh’s width stretching my cunt.

How had I done without this wonderful feeling of a lusty cock taking command of me and turning me into a greedy, needy woman for so long? Lord, there was nothing in the world that could compare to having sex with a handsome man wielding a thick shaft he knew how to use.

Wildly thrusting my pussy onto his length, I was in a lonely, horny woman's paradise. I lost myself in an erotic haze. Surge after surge of sexual delight slammed through me. Greedy to lose myself in the incredible climax building in my belly, I rocked my hips and tightened myself around him.

"Fuck me harder!" I demanded. I knew this was going to be a hell of a release. While I was eager to have my climax crashing over me, I was also eager to prolong the delicious pleasure we were sharing.

He shortened his strokes and shot his cock in and out of me with a passion and hunger that drove me closer to the edge of a sweet climax. With his lips and tongue wreaking havoc on my breasts, while his cock stretched and branded my pussy, I tossed my head back. I arched my body into his, forcing my breast into his mouth, and raked my fingers down his back.

Teasing my nipple with his teeth, he curled his fingers on my ass, and thrust into me with deep, hard, long, pussy-conquering strokes. Just a few moments of that intense fucking did the job.

Rotating my ass on his lap, I moaned with delight and showered his hard, thrusting cock with my juices.

Biting into my breast, he shot his hips forward in rapid succession, surging into me with such force, I gasped. He tore his lips from my breast, curled his fingers in my hair. He devoured my lips in a series of long, sensuous kisses.

I moaned against his lips, raking my fingers through his hair, and rubbing my breasts against the hard muscles of his chest. As I came down from my high, I felt the tension in his body and knew he was about to come. I shuddered and pushed against his shoulders. "Pull out... pull out..."

"I can't," he groaned. "There's no way I can pull out now. I have to come inside you."

Janice had assured me he'd had to pass a health inspection from her doctors, but still... I pushed at his shoulders again. "No..."

"It's all right. I haven't been with a woman without protection in over fifteen years. I have to come in you."

There was a brief moment when I felt as if, despite his words, he would have pulled out, if I insisted. I should have, but it had been so long since I'd had a real cock in me, I was reluctant to have him withdraw from me.

Taking advantage of my indecisiveness, he thrust deep, almost hurting me, and came, blasting his seed inside my pussy. He seemed to come for a

very long time before he stopped shuddering. He laid his head against my shoulder, keeping his cock buried deep in my depths.

For several moments, we clung to each other, silently enjoying the aftermath of our fuck.

Finally, he sighed, brushing his lips against my shoulder. "Damn! That was incredible."

Incredible? Maybe, but crazy was an even more appropriate word to use for what I'd just allowed to happen. Lord, I'd taken complete leave of my senses. Fantasy was one thing. Crazy was another. Although I was on the pill, how could Janice possibly know for certain that he was clean?

"Did I hurt you?"

He had been a little rough near the end, but my orgasm had been worth it. "No."

"Good. I was afraid my need might have made me too rough."

I studied his handsome face. I wasn't sure what to make of him. One moment he was a little crude, the next he was expressing what I suspected was genuine concern for my feelings and my pleasure. Despite myself, I was intrigued.

After pressing a warm kiss against each of my nipples, he lifted his head. "I don't want you to think I'm only concerned about my own pleasure."

"That's nice to know."

He smiled and caressed my cheek. "When can you start?"

I stared into the dark glasses he still wore. With a pussy full of cock and seed what could I say? "I've already started," I told him, dismayed that I'd just allowed a stranger to not only fuck me without protection but to also come inside me.

He laughed. He had a warm, wonderful laugh that set something tingling deep inside me. "I suppose you have at that, Ms. Black."

How long was he going to call me Ms. Black?

He fondled my ass. "I can't wait to have you on a regular basis. When can you move in with me?"

"In about two weeks. There —" I started to rise.

Clasping his hands around my waist, he drew me back onto his lap and thrust his cock back into my flooded pussy. He was still semi hard.

He groaned.

I shuddered and ground myself against him. Lord, he felt good.

Leaning his forehead against mine, he spoke in a husky voice. "Two weeks is too long for me to wait for you." He brushed his mouth against mine. "You're sweet and sexy and I'm lonely and horny." He pressed a soft,

quick kiss against my mouth. “Take pity on me and move in with me tonight?”

Now that the first rush of lust had been satisfied, some of my common sense returned. This was all moving too quickly. I drew away from the sweet heat in his lips. “Tonight? I can’t possibly move in tonight.”

“Why not?”

Because I needed time to think about what I was getting myself into. “It’s too soon.”

“Please don’t say that.”

“What’s the rush?”

“It’s been too long since I’ve been with a woman. I want to spend the night with you in my arms.” He stroked a hand between our bodies and rubbed my clit. “I need you tonight.”

“If you feel a pressing need, Naughty Girls, Inc has a lot of women for you to choose from. If you call the office, I’m sure they can find you someone on a temporary basis. I’m sure you’ll find someone sexually exciting who’s willing — ”

He pressed his fingers against my lips. Then he leaned forward and kissed me. “I’m not interested in anyone else. I want you.” He whispered the words against my lips.

For a man who didn’t want any romance, he sure knew how to push my emotional buttons. What was to stop me from moving in with him? I was on a month to month lease and if I moved in now, I wouldn’t have to pay another month’s rent on my apartment. And I could spend the night with him inside me. The lustful thought should have shamed me, but I think what was left of my shame had vanished the moment I felt his cock pulsing just inside the entrance of my pussy.

What was the point of clinging to a false sense of modesty or kidding myself by saying I wasn’t sure I wanted to be his lover? Money played no consideration in my decision. To myself, at least, I could admit that I had enjoyed that fuck and I wanted him to fuck me again and again.

“Okay. It won’t be easy, but I’ll move in tonight.”

“Good.” He smiled, revealing even, white teeth. “I’ll get my friend to help you with anything you need.” He reached past me and felt around on his desk. I glanced over my shoulder in time to see him push a button.

While I was still impaled on his cock, wondering if it would look too shameless if I instigated another fuck, his office door opened.

I gasped and tried to rise.

Josh tightened his arm around my waist and kept me seated on his lap. “It’s all right,” he said softly before raising his voice. “Richard, this is Nila

Black.” He spoke in a normal voice, but his cock twitched inside me and I stared at him. Was he getting off on having me sitting on his lap, full of cock in front of someone else?

I heard footsteps crossing the room and buried my face against his shoulder in an agony of embarrassment. So much for being shameless, huh? How had I gotten myself into this embarrassing mess?

Josh stroked his hand over my shoulder and down my back, sending a tingle of lust through me. “It’s all right,” he whispered again, his lips against my ear. After a moment, he lifted his head. “Nila, this is Richard Reardon, my best friend.” He gently nudged me away from his shoulder.

My face felt like it was on fire. “Tell him to wait outside while I...while we...”

“Sssh. There’s no need for shame. Richard and I have no secrets from each other.”

So he, Richard, and I should have no secrets from each other either? What was the use of hiding my face when it was clear I was impaled on Josh’s luscious cock and loving it? I sucked in a deep breath and lifted my head.

When I opened my eyes and looked at the man standing behind Josh, I found myself gazing into a pair of beautiful, blue eyes. The charm around my neck pulsed, sending a gentle, but unmistakable jolt through me. I caught my breath. That had never happened before.

I stared at Josh’s friend, Richard. He was a tall, muscular blond with wide shoulders, a narrow waist, long legs, and an intimate smile. He looked several years younger than Josh.

As his gaze locked with mine, the smile playing around his sensuous lips vanished, he sucked in a quick breath, and touched his hand to his upper chest. I watched his Adam’s apple bob up and down before he spoke. “Hello, Nila.”

If they weren’t embarrassed, why should I be? I lifted my chin and gave myself a mental shake in an effort to recover from the shock of meeting Richard. I frowned. Why should meeting him shock me? “Hello.”

“Nila is going to move in tonight, but she has a few things she might need help with. Are you free?”

“I’m dateless and eager to help.” Richard’s blue gaze moved from my face to linger on my exposed breasts.

I only just resisted the instinctive urge to cross my arms over my chest. The time for false modesty had long since passed. Besides, there was something about this Richard that totally disarmed me.

Josh smiled. "Great. You'll make sure she gets back here sometime tonight with as little trouble to her as possible?"

"I'll do my best."

"Good."

Richard looked at me, tiny lights dancing deep in that beguiling blue gaze of his. "Here, let me help you."

I blinked up at him, slowly starting to enjoy myself. I hadn't actually fucked Josh in front of him, but I was sitting on Josh's cock in front of him. This seemed to be the day for living my fantasy. "Help me do what?"

To my surprise, Richard put his hands around my waist and lifted me. Josh's dick came out of me with a plopping sound. My newfound sexual abandonment fled and I was consumed with embarrassment. My body felt as if it were on fire from the top of my head down to my toes.

Richard set me on my feet by the desk.

I glanced down and saw Josh's cock, semi-erect, was covered with our combined fluids. I sucked in a breath and then let it out on a squeak when Richard pushed his hand up my skirt and palmed me.

Josh frowned and tilted his head. "What's the matter?"

"Nothing," I muttered, staring at Richard in shock.

He grinned at me and slipped two of his fingers inside me.

I could feel the fluids inside seeping from me into his palm.

Keeping his gaze locked on mine so that I felt unable to look away from him, he stroked his thumb against my clit.

I trembled and swallowed a gasp of delight.

"Richard? Nila? What's wrong?"

Richard kept his gaze trained on mine. "Nothing. Nila and I are saying hello."

"Yeah?"

Richard nodded. Keeping his thumb against my clit, he thrust his fingers in and out of me with a slow heat. "Oh, yeah."

I closed my legs and shamelessly humped his fingers.

Josh smiled. "Good."

Richard rubbed his thumb against my clit again and I had to bite my lip to keep from moaning.

"Then I'll see you later tonight, Nila." Josh slapped my ass with enough force to send my hips forward. Richard's grin widened as his fingers slid further into me.

Trembling and hot, I pushed his hand away and reached down to snatch my panties up from the floor. As I bent over, I felt a big, warm palm

caressing my ass. I straightened and swung around in time to see Richard withdrawing his hand.

Ignoring his amused gaze, I stepped into my panties and pulled them up over my wet pussy.

Without another word, I turned and hurried from the room, my heart racing. I heard the office door opening and closing. I didn't look back.

A big hand closed over my arm.

I jerked away and turned to face Richard. "What do you want?"

He smiled. "I'll drive you back to your place and help in any way I can. Josh is eager to have everything go smoothly so you can return as soon as possible."

I pulled away from him. "Thanks, but I can manage without your help."

"Are you sure?"

"I'm positive."

"Then you might want to put those dark beauties away before you go outside," he said, his gaze on my breasts, which were still exposed.

I attempted to stuff them back into my bra with trembling hands.

He spoke after a short pause. "Allow me."

There was something about this Richard that shook me to my core. I was afraid of my reaction if he touched me again. "No!"

Ignoring my protest, he brushed my hands away and gently cupped my breasts in his palms.

A jolt of desire sizzled through me at the touch of his big, warm hands on me. I bit my lip, feeling needy and afraid of the emotions he roused in me.

He gazed into my eyes and slid his thumbs over my nipples, making them pebble. "You have such lovely breasts. Do you know how lovely you are, Nila?"

Despite my shock at the unexpected turn the day had taken, my belly rippled at his touch. Josh's touch had sent the needle of my lust meter spinning wildly. Richard roused my desire and a deeper emotion I hadn't felt since the moment I looked across a crowded living room at a mutual friend's party and met Mark's dark gaze.

Mark told me later that he'd fallen in love with me the moment our gazes met— as I'd fallen in love with him. My reaction to looking into Richard's eyes was reminiscent of the intense emotions I'd felt the night I met Mark. That was scary.

I wanted to look away, but couldn't.

"May I?"

May he what? What was he asking? Whatever it was, the answer had to be no. My lips parted, but all that came out was a wordless sigh.

Taking my stunned silence for acquiescence, he bent his head. He brushed his warm, firm lips against my nipples before pressing a slow, thoroughly arousing kiss between my breasts.

I felt as if he'd lit a fire that raced down my breasts to my pussy. But it wasn't just my physical reaction to him that tilted my world. It was the raw, powerful emotions I felt for him that frightened me. "Oh...please...no," I whispered.

He lifted his head and looked down at me. He caressed my cheek. "I won't hurt you. I won't ever hurt you."

Why did I want to believe him? Why didn't I insist he step away from me? Why did I stand there, trembling and hungry for his touch?

Still cupping my breasts in his hands, he gently drew one nipple between his lips and sucked briefly on it. He skillfully rolled his tongue around my nipple. Delicious waves of pleasure inundated my senses.

My knees buckled and I placed my hands on his wide shoulders to steady myself. The desire to cup my hands over the back of his head and urge him to suck harder was difficult to overcome. But knowing I couldn't afford to feel like this with him, I forced myself to speak. "No."

After a last, sweet suck, he lifted his head and stared down at me, his eyes dark with desire. "No? Are you sure?"

"Yes!" I hissed.

"Okay." He sighed and eased my breasts into my bra. He then buttoned my blouse.

I should have pushed him away. Somehow I couldn't.

He slid his hands down my arms. "There. You're all respectable again—at least until tonight. If you don't mind, I'd like to offer you a little piece of advice. From now on, make him use a condom."

My cheeks burned. "Take your hands off me."

He released me immediately. "Of course."

I stared at him, taking slow, deep breaths to calm my pounding heart. How dare he touch me himself and then offer unwanted and unneeded advice? Did he think I was some silly airhead?

He matched my stare. "I didn't—"

"I don't want or need advice from you."

He shrugged. "If you need to take a cab, someone will be here to pay for it when you arrive."

"Fine." I turned away.

As Josh had done, he slapped my ass.

I swung around to glare at him. "What do you think you're doing?"

"I'm sorry. I lost my head."

"It's not your head that's the problem. It's the hands you can't seem to keep to yourself!"

"I don't usually go around fondling strange women." He paused and our gazes locked again. "But then you don't feel like a stranger."

I knew the feeling. The moment our eyes met, I'd been thrown off kilter. But that didn't give him the right to run his big, warm, caressing hands all over me. "Well, we are strangers."

He shook his head. "No, we're not. You must feel some of what I feel."

I shook my head. "I have no idea what you're talking about. I came here to see Josh, not you."

He hesitated before speaking. "I know that, but he's just interested in sex."

"And you're not? Right?"

"You don't believe me?"

"No." But I honestly did believe him. It was just going to take a while to absorb it and decide what, if anything, I should do about it.

"No? Fine. After seeing your lovely bare ass resting on Josh's lap I couldn't resist touching it. Is that better?"

I swallowed but remained silent, staring at him.

He brushed his fingers against my cheek. "There's something so arousing about a pretty black woman with long legs, large breasts, and a big, round, brown ass."

I shook my head. "You didn't just touch it. That would be bad enough. You slapped it. And where do you get off talking about my breasts and butt?"

He shrugged. "I've seen them both bare. I'm a normal, healthy man. What do you expect me to do? Look away and pretend I can't see how lovely and breathtaking you are? Should I attempt to pretend that there's no special spark between us? If you want to pretend, you go right ahead, but sooner or later you're going to have to acknowledge the truth."

He had a low, seductive voice. I felt an unwanted flutter in my belly as his words washed over me like a warm, wet wave, creating a new ache in me. I gave myself a mental shake. There was no way I was going to allow this smooth talking man with the wandering fingers and lips to sweet talk me into...what? What did he want or expect to happen between us? "If you think I'm going to play games with you—"

He leaned down until his lips were just a breath away from mine. "Who the hell is playing? Didn't Josh tell you the real deal?"

“What real deal?”

He shook his head. “I’ll let him tell you. Don’t forget to take a cab,” he reminded me.

I looked around the large, elegant hall of the mansion. “Do you live in the house?”

“Why do you ask?”

“Because I want to know if you live here.”

“Yes, I do. At least I do for now.”

What did that mean? What did he do for a living? Or was he Josh’s assistant? I frowned. I didn’t like the idea of him being at Josh’s beck and call. There was an air of authority about him which hinted that he was more used to giving orders than taking them.

“What’s the matter, Nila? Can’t wait until Josh is asleep to creep out of his bed and into mine?” He stroked a hand down my cheek. “When you do, you’ll be welcome.”

Struggling to suppress the roiling in my gut, I slapped his hand away from my face. “Don’t count on it.”

He slipped a firm arm around my waist and pulled my body close against his. As I gaped up at him, he slid his other hand up my skirt and into my panties. His fingers stroked over my ass, lighting a fire in my pussy. “But I am counting on it. It’s the only thing that will help make the situation between you and Josh halfway tenable.”

Okay, this was getting weird. What gave him the right to talk as if there were some established relationship between us? I pressed a hand against his chest. I felt the clear outline of some kind of pendant or medallion under his shirt. I sucked in a breath. If it were half of a love medallion that might explain the rush of emotions I felt with him. I dismissed the thought as crazy and turned my attention back to the anger I struggled to maintain. “What do you think you’re doing?”

“Not half of what I’d like to do,” he whispered in a husky voice.

Before I could protest, he lowered his head. A pair of warm, sweetly demanding lips moved against mine, cajoling them apart. Then I felt his tongue touching mine.

I hate to admit it, but I lost all my sense of outrage and uncertainty after that. I wound my arms around his neck and returned his kiss with a shameless hunger that made me burn for him.

Without breaking the kiss, he swung me around. I felt the wall at my back. He tore his lips away from mine. I opened my eyes in time to see him kneeling in front of me.

I stared down at him, trembling.

“There’s no need to be afraid of me. I won’t hurt you.”

I trusted him with my physical safety, but I had a feeling my heart was in the greatest danger it had been in since I’d lost it to Mark. Nevertheless, I didn’t protest when he pushed up my skirt.

Pressing warm, biting kisses against my thighs, he eased my panties down to my ankles. Sitting back on his haunches, he parted my outer lips and stared at my crotch for several moments, before he raised his gaze to mine. “You have such a pretty pussy. I’d love to make love to it and you.”

I was confused and horny as hell. I went from loving how like a lady Mark treated me to getting aroused when Josh and Richard talked about cocks, pussies, and fucking.

“So pretty.” He leaned forward and pressed his lips against me. He licked my length, pressing the side of his tongue against my slit. “Your pussy is so pretty and smells so fragrant.”

I didn’t have time to wonder if he minded the smell of Josh. “Oh, hell!” I moaned as I felt his fingers, lips, and tongue on me—in me. I couldn’t remember feeling anything sweeter or more erotic.

Sliding one hand around my body to cup over my ass, he used the fingers of his other hand to hold me open as he ate me. He did it with a slow, greedy urgency that made my toes curl and my body arch. Within minutes, I was biting on the side of my hand to keep from moaning too loudly as I gushed against his sweet lips and thrusting tongue.

He continued to eat me through my bone-rattling climax. Then he released his cock from his pants, and rose to stand in front of me.

I stared down between us. The muscles in my stomach clenched and my gaze widened. Lord, he was a few inches longer than Josh, but just as thick. Oh, damn, but he was big and thick.

As I raised my gaze to his, he pushed my skirt back up to my waist and leaned against me. I gasped at the feel of his long, thick length pulsing against one of my thighs. “I need you.”

Need. Not just want. There’s something undeniably alluring and irresistible about a man who needs you. “I...I...”

His eyes dark with desire, he bent his head and claimed my parted lips. As he kissed me, I tasted myself on his lips. In his kisses, I felt a passionate tenderness that reminded me of the sweet intensity with which Mark had kissed me just before he told me he loved me and wanted me to be his wife. When I said yes, Mark had given me the sweetest fuck of my life. For weeks afterwards, I shivered with pleasure whenever I thought of that special fuck. Now Richard was making me feel with him as I’d felt with Mark, the love of my life. How could I resist a man who reminded me of my Mark?

Afraid of what I might do or allow next, I dismissed thoughts of Mark and shoved against Richard's broad shoulders. There was no way I was going to allow a second stranger to fuck me with or without a condom in one day.

He resisted my efforts to be free and wrapped his arms around me. Keeping his lips pressed over mine and his tongue stroking into my mouth, he rubbed his groin against mine and deepened his kiss.

Fighting the need to part my legs and surrender totally to him, I dragged my lips away from his. "No," I whispered. "Oh, God, no. Please don't do this."

Chapter Three

“No, sweet, no. No. Please don’t be afraid. There’s no need. I won’t hurt you or force you to do anything you don’t want. I just want to hold you close like this. I won’t penetrate you,” he promised.

At the sincerity in his voice, I opened my eyes and met his gaze. I wanted to be strong and insist he move away from me, but the stark look of hunger in his eyes rendered me breathless, needy, and incapable of resisting him.

He caressed my cheek. “You won’t have to be afraid. I’ll never force anything on you that you don’t want. I promise. No penetration.”

I swallowed hard, trying to rally a hint of shame. If he put that big cock of his anywhere near my pussy, I’d lose it and spread my legs like the shameless, sex-starved hussy I’d behaved like since I’d arrived.

He cupped my face in his hands. “It’s all right, sweetheart. I won’t attempt intercourse with you. I promise.”

I closed my eyes, unable to maintain his gaze and unable to say no to him or to my own hunger.

Releasing me, he turned me so that I faced the wall. He moved behind me, parted my ass, and I felt his big cock sliding between my cheeks until the head protruded from between my legs, just below my wet pussy.

I shuddered and moaned. “No.”

“No penetration,” he whispered.

Holding my hips, he buried his lips against my neck and sawed his cock back and forth between my thighs.

A knot of heat coiled in my belly. I didn’t dare let him inside me, but I wanted to touch him. I reached between our legs to cup one hand over his balls. They were big and heavy. I massaged them while I rotated my ass against his groin. He inhaled harshly at my touch.

I love it when a man lets me know he likes what I’m doing to and with him. Of course I wanted to do more than touch his balls. I wanted to wrap my fingers around his big, thick cock, press it against my slit, and let it slide deep into my wet, aching pussy. I just knew he would feel wonderful buried inside me.

But that was out of the question. Wasn’t it? I couldn’t allow him to fuck me. Could I?

He slid his hands up my body to hold my breasts. My skin tingled and burned everywhere he touched—even through my blouse. Oh, Lord, he was getting me so hot I felt like I was about to spontaneously combust. I bit my

lip to keep from moaning out his name. Richard. Big, handsome, sexy, irresistible Richard.

He nipped at my ear as he groaned and shuddered. "Oh, Nila. You're so soft...so sexy...so sweet and warm. Damn I need to fuck you."

I gasped and shuddered. *Lord, please help me be strong. I don't want him to think I'm easy.* I gently squeezed his nuts, eager to feel him coming over my fingers.

The tension in his body and his sudden, rapid movements, sawing between my legs, told me he was about to come. I slid my hand from his balls to hold the base of his big, beautiful shaft. I turned my head until our lips were close together, but not quite touching. "Come for me, handsome," I encouraged. "Don't hold back. Come for me."

"Oh, shit!" He groaned and shuddered against me, closing his fingers around my waist. He held me still and thrust his hard length between my thighs, groaned again, and then I got my wish.

His cum squirted over my fingers in a series of tiny explosions. Resisting the urge to lift my fingers to my mouth and taste him, I gently pumped him until he sighed and leaned against me. Even after he came, I kept my hand on him, savoring the feel of his still hard shaft.

There's something so sexy about a handsome man with the right sized equipment. The urge to turn around, drop to my knees, and taste not only his cum, but his cock as well, was difficult to overcome.

He sighed and leaned against me, moving his lips near my ear. "Oh, damn, sweetheart. I'm sorry. I didn't mean to lose my head like that and do this to you."

His words, which he'd probably meant to reassure me, sent a wave of shame washing over me. I released his cock and shoved back against him with my body. "Let me go."

He moved away.

I turned to face him, pushing my skirt down.

He reached down and pulled my panties up over my pussy and ass. Then he stood there with his cock still outside his pants, staring down at me.

"You're angry."

Yes I was, but not at him.

"Forgive me?"

Forgive him when all I wanted to do was to suck his cock until he came again? This time in my mouth? Before I fell for Mark I'd found the thought of having a cock anywhere near my face repulsive. Now all I could think about was sucking Richard's big boner until he rewarded me with a nice, sticky cumshake. A cumshake? Lord, I was definitely losing my mind.

I sucked in a breath. "Put that...thing away." I blushed because even as I spoke, I kept my gaze locked on his groin. I've always loved a man with a helmeted cock that rubbed against my slit as he pushed it into me. Slowly. Ever so slowly. Dear Lord, I wanted Richard to shove me back against the wall, push my legs apart, and maintain my gaze as he slowly drove that big, bad boy of his deep into my aching cunt.

Lord, today! That's what my mother used to say when she really wanted something that she shouldn't. I really wanted Richard between my legs pumping those lean hips of his against mine as he fucked me out of my mind.

He arched a brow. "Are you sure you want me to put it away?" He caressed my breasts. "Or do you want me to put it in that sweet tasting pussy of yours?"

I caught my breath. "What?"

"Your eyes are telling me you want my cock. And God knows I want to give it to you." He glanced toward the staircase. "My suite is just up the stairs and halfway down the hall."

The thought of lying in bed with him made my pussy convulse. I took refuge in anger. "I said put it away."

"I know what you said, but your eyes are begging me to put it in you."

My face burned. "You arrogant, overconfident bastard! Put it away!"

Pulling a handkerchief from his shirt pocket, he wiped himself, but left his cock hanging outside his trousers. He was still semi-aroused and looking at him was sending my blood pressure soaring. "What are you waiting for?" I demanded.

He shrugged. "You're the one who wants it put away. You do it."

"You think I won't?"

"I don't know. Will you?"

"Yes!"

"Yes? Are you sure you want to risk touching my cock?"

My medallion pulsed and I was lost. Instead of telling him to go fuck himself, I reached out and closed my fingers around him. I felt a shock of desire at the contact. I met his gaze and then couldn't look away.

He bent his head and kissed me. It was a slow, hot kiss that burned the taste of his lips onto mine. Slipping my other hand under his balls, I leaned forward, parting my lips. He sucked my tongue into his mouth and pressed me back against the wall.

We French kissed each other over and over until I could barely breathe and couldn't think about anything except how much I wanted him. He pushed my panties down again. By the time he finally tore his mouth away

from mine to rain warm, insistent kisses against my neck, I realized my pussy was flooded and I was jerking him off.

As the realization settled into my lust-filled brain, he groaned, pushed my skirt up, pressed against me, and exploded.

I licked my lips and held his cock and balls as he ejaculated against my pubic hair. When he stopped coming, I released his cock.

He gripped my hips and pressed his groin against mine, slowly rotating his hips. He pressed a soft, sweet kiss devoid of passion against my lips before he gazed down into my eyes.

Blushing, I reached for his cock with trembling hands, and pushed it into his trousers and his briefs.

He slid up his zipper, still looking at me. "We need to talk."

"About what?"

"You and me."

"There is no you and me."

"You can say that after what we just shared?"

My charm was still pulsing, but I was determined not to let that influence me. Besides, Richard was clearly delusional. Still, as sleazy as what we'd just done was, I didn't regret it. And I wanted it to happen again. Not that I was in the mood to admit that to him. I pushed against his shoulders. "Don't make more of it than it was. Step away from me."

His eyes shot annoyed sparks at me, but I maintained his gaze.

He swore softly and took several steps backwards. "Sooner or later you're going to have to admit we feel something special for each other."

"Why would I admit that?"

He compressed his lips briefly. "Because I'll make you admit it."

"Aren't you a cocky bastard?"

He smiled suddenly. "Cocky being the operative word."

I sucked in a deep, steadying breath. "Really? Well, do me a favor and don't touch me again."

"Nila—"

I liked the way he said my name in that low, deep, intimate voice of his, but I steeled myself against any further weakness and stared at him. "Is that clear?"

"Do you really think that when you move in here, you'll be able to or even want to keep me out of your bed?"

"And this from the man who promised he wouldn't do anything to me I didn't want?"

He immediately softened his gaze and caressed my cheek. "I meant that."

“Then what are you talking about?”

I frowned as he touched his upper chest before he spoke. “Isn’t it clear?”

“No.”

“You’re going to want me in your bed, Nila. I know it and so do you. So when I’m there, it will be because we both want and need me there...in your bed...in your arms...in your sweet pussy.” He caressed my breasts. “Did I say your pussy? I meant my pussy.”

My heart hammered. “What?”

He smiled at me. “Once I slide my cock into you, you’re going to become my woman and your pussy will belong to me.”

His words, his tone, and his confidence made me feel weak and needy. I also felt a shadow of fear. I wanted to lean against him and moan yes, I was his woman and he should immediately fuck his pussy. Right there in the hallway. Instead I gave him a cool look. “Then maybe I won’t come back.”

He narrowed his gaze. “What?”

“You heard me.” Aware that he stood staring at me, I lifted my chin, moved around him, and walked down the long hall with the ornate gold inlay moldings toward the door.

“Nila?”

I glanced over my shoulder at him. “What?”

“Will I...” He stopped and raked a hand through his short, blond hair.

“Will we...will Josh see you later?”

I shrugged. “I don’t know.”

He sighed. “Please don’t let what just happened between us change your mind. He’s looking forward to your return. He’s had it rough since he lost his sight. Please don’t let my bad behavior...don’t punish him for what I did.”

I turned to face him. “You should have thought about that before you started pawing me.”

He closed his eyes briefly and then walked down the hall toward me.

I had plenty of time to get a firm, emotional grip on my wayward heart, open the door, and flee. I stayed where I was, drinking in the sight of him as he approached. Lord, it should have been a crime for any man to be so damn sexy and handsome.

He stopped inches from me, hesitated, and then reached out to enclose one of my hands in his. “Please. If you come back, I promise I’ll do my best not to touch you again. You have my promise.”

I stared up at him. He said that as if his promise should mean something to me. Strangely enough, it did. Maybe it was foolish, but I believed him—just as I would have had he been Mark.

He squeezed my hand and then, to my surprise, brought it up to his lips. He brushed his mouth against the back of my fingers. "Just think about it. Please."

With my hand still clasped in his, he lowered his head and pressed a long, delicious kiss against my mouth that sent a rush of fresh moisture into my already drenched panties.

It took all of my willpower not to grind myself against him and return his kiss. I wanted to feel his cock inside me so badly my pussy ached.

He lifted his head and released my hand. "If you come back, I won't touch you again."

"Then what was that?"

He touched my cheek. "Just a last kiss. You can believe me, Nila. I always do my best to keep my word."

What was wrong with me that I wanted to believe him? What was so believable about a man who pawed me within minutes of meeting me? And what if I didn't want that promise? What if I wanted him to do more than touch me? Confused and trembling, I turned toward the door.

He reached out and caught my hand. "Nila..."

I swallowed hard and turned to face him. "I need to go." Before I lost my mind completely, unzipped his pants, drew out his cock, which I could see outlined against his inner thigh, impaled myself on him, and fucked him until my cunt was raw.

"I know, but...will you be coming back? If you do, I won't become a nuisance to you."

"If I come back, it won't be because of you."

I watched his Adam's apple bob and when he glanced away from me, I noted the clenching and unclenching of his jaw. He sighed and nodded. When he looked at me again, his lowered lids concealed the expression in his eyes. "Understood."

Great. So why did I want to reach out and embrace him and assure him everything would be all right? I tugged at my hand. He pressed his lips against it several times before he released it. Every time his lips touched my skin, a tiny, electric charge sizzled through me and my medallion pulsed.

We stared at each other in silence for what felt like an eternity before I turned, and pulled the door open.

He pushed it closed and took me in his arms.

The breath caught in my throat when he kissed me. It was a warm, sweet kiss that made me long to have him fuck me. What was wrong with me? How could I want Richard so much after that hot, satisfying fuck with Josh?

What was Richard doing to my emotions and did I dare trust my heart around him?

I tore my mouth away from his and leaned against the wall by the door, staring up at him.

He leaned down and kissed me again. When I didn't push him away, he pressed me against the wall and rubbed his groin against me. I felt his cock hardening and a tiny shock against my breasts. Was my charm pulsing again or was it his?

I gave myself a mental shake. I didn't know what was on the chain around his neck. And I wasn't going to stay around long enough to find out. I shoved against his shoulders. "Stop it."

He immediately stepped back. "Nila..."

I shook my head and slipped out of the door, closing it behind me. Outside, I stood gulping deep, tortuous breaths into my lungs. I should be happy to have escaped without allowing him to fuck me. But I just felt needy. And if he opened the door and called my name in that sexy voice of his, I would follow him up to his suite, spread my legs wide, and moan with pleasure as he slid balls deep inside me.

I knew when that happened, he'd rock my world. My world? Hell, the first time he fucked me, my entire universe would probably be turned upside down.

Realizing where my thoughts were going, I froze, glancing back at the door. *God, please don't let him follow me.*

He didn't and I stood in the cool afternoon, gulping in several deep breaths.

What had just happened between Richard and me? I didn't even like blue-eyed blonds. Hell, I'd never been particularly attracted to white men period. The white men I did find attractive all had dark hair and eyes. So what was this thing with Richard all about? Why did I feel as if he'd ripped my heart out of my chest and was now wearing it around his neck? Feeling horny about him was one thing. Feeling...whatever this was I was experiencing was something else.

And what was Josh's idea of kinky? A threesome? Did he expect me to be a plaything for him and Richard?

Even though the idea held definite appeal, I shook my head. Janice hadn't said anything about my having to sleep with more than one man. Even though I found Josh and Richard handsome and sexually exciting in different ways, I'd have to decide what they wanted from me and if I was prepared to give it to either of them.

I feared if I wasn't careful, I could very easily fall in over my head with Richard. So what did I need to do? Return to Naughty Girls, Inc. and ask for another partner who wouldn't expect me to allow his friends to paw me?

Recalling the feel of Josh's thick cock sliding into me and Richard's warm lips between my breasts and his big dick sawing between my legs and hearing him call me sweet, just as Mark had done, in that honey soft voice of his, I shivered, my pussy tingling. How would I have responded had he attempted to penetrate me?

Would I have had the strength necessary to rebuff him had he tilted his hips and I felt his hard length pressed against my pussy? Or would I have pushed down and allowed him to slide that bad boy balls deep into me?

Until I had time to clear my head and decide just how much of my wild fantasies I wanted or needed to experience, I'd be sleeping alone in my own bed. Sighing at the prospect of climbing into an empty bed that night instead of sliding into either Josh's bed or Richard's strong arms, I walked to my car, parked half a block away.

For now, I'd been shameless enough to last me for a while. It wouldn't be the end of the world if I had to go back to work. If I juggled things and gave up a few luxuries, like cable, my expensive gym membership, and maybe my car, I might even be able to get by working part-time.

I slipped into my car. After meeting Richard, I had an uneasy feeling I'd be spending some more quality time listening to Ronnie Milsap and reminding myself I'd already had the one love of my life. As I pressed a palm against my cheek, a small treacherous voice whispered that Mark was gone, but Richard wasn't.

Ignoring that traitorous voice, I took a deep breath, and drove away, uncertain where I was going or what I planned to do when I arrived. One thing was certain, forgetting the pleasure I'd shared with Josh wouldn't be easy. Dismissing my unexpected reaction and feelings for Richard would be even more difficult.

I sighed. Considering the reaction of my medallion around Richard, it might be almost as impossible as forgetting Mark had been. I was horny and confused. Wasn't this whole Naughty Girls thing supposed to be about allowing all participants to freely explore their wildest sexual desires and fantasies without any strings or commitments? If that were true, why did I feel as if there was a very strong, invisible cord stretched out between me and the house I'd just left?

I swallowed hard. I was driving aimlessly with my pussy full of Josh's seed and my pubic hair matted with Richard's cum. It wasn't the house that threatened to snatch me back. It was Josh...and Richard. Richard. Richard.

Everything about the damned cocky bastard inflamed my desires and tugged at my emotions in a way I hadn't expected to feel about any man for a very long time again—if at all. After all, no man, no matter how handsome or charismatic, could take Mark's place in my heart.

In my heart? I doubted it. But in my bed? In my aching pussy? God help me, I wanted them both in very different but powerful ways. Nevertheless, if I managed to go on after Mark's death, I could get over my temporary insanity with Richard and my lust for Josh.

But did I want to get over them? Did I want to walk away from Josh? Did I want to spend the rest of my life without Richard in it? Which one of them did I want more? I wasn't sure. Could I possibly have them both? Did I dare try to satisfy two men at once? Recalling Josh's tender passion and Richard's confident assertion that I'd soon be forced to admit that there was something special between us, I considered my options.

With Josh, my lusts were on maximum burn. With Richard, I knew my heart was in danger. There was something irresistible about the sexy bastard that I knew I wouldn't be able to resist for long. If I moved in with Josh, there was no way I wasn't going to suck Richard's big, beautiful cock and feel it sliding...thrusting...pounding my pussy.

I shuddered with lust and forced myself to concentrate on the road ahead. I needed a cold shower, some panties that weren't filled with cum, and some time to think. Just how "Naughty" was this girl prepared to be? And just how naughty did I want the two of them to be with me? Once I decided, I'd know if I'd seen them both for the first and last time or if I was going to try and have two hot, handsome lovers.

With my pussy pulsing, I smiled at the luscious thought of sharing a bed with them both. Luscious? Oh, yes. But would it be wise to embrace them both and toss my remaining inhibitions to the winds and really get naughty?

Chapter Four

After Nila left, Richard closed his eyes and leaned his forehead against the door. The soft pulsing of the charm he wore around his neck stopped the moment the door closed. The instant and powerful attraction he'd felt for her sent a chill of fear through him. He hadn't been so taken with a woman since he'd met the dark, liquid gaze of Carmen Morales, and lost his heart to her.

Carmen had given him the medallion he wore on their wedding night. Although he cherished it because it was a gift from the only woman he'd ever loved, he had never shared her belief that it was anything other than a trinket until it had started to pulse the moment he'd met Nila's dark, seductive gaze.

He'd slept with countless women in the last five years. Many of them had been super-model gorgeous. None had ever elicited any reaction in his charm. Had Carmen been right? Was the charm he wore more than just a trinket? No. He didn't believe in magic or anything supernatural. What he'd shared with Carmen had been the kind of love and passion that only happened once in a lifetime.

Carmen. Sweet, lovely Carmen. Her death, seven years earlier in childbirth, had led to a spiral of out of control and reckless behavior on his part. His family and friends had tried to intervene. He'd rebuffed all their efforts. Only Josh had persevered. Richard sighed as he recalled how he had repaid Josh's loyalty.

He'd spent the last five years trying to atone for his mistake. During that time he had willingly done any and everything he could to make Josh's situation as bearable as possible. But after meeting Nila, he doubted he could continue to engage in the behavior Josh had come to expect from him.

He felt trapped. As things stood between them, he was in no position to move out. Yet if his reaction to Nila was any indicator of things to come, he was in no emotional position to stand by and watch as...

Shaking his head, he opened his eyes. He was getting ahead of himself. Resisting the urge to open the door and follow her, he walked back down the hall to Josh's office.

Josh sat behind his desk with a satisfied smile on his face. As he entered, Josh lifted his head from the headrest and tilted it. "Well? What did you think of her?"

Richard swallowed and sat on the leather sofa along one wall. "She's sexy and beautiful. I'm sure she'll be able to satisfy your needs."

Josh nodded. "I think so as well." He frowned. "I'm going to want to do this differently, Richard."

He sat forward, narrowing his gaze. "What do you mean?"

"I mean I want her to myself. All to myself."

He exhaled slowly. "Really?"

"Yes. I'm sure you won't have any problem finding a woman of your own. You never have, but Nila's sweet, tight pussy is going to be mine exclusively. Damn, Richard, I've never felt anything as sweet, hot, or tight as her pussy. When she came and it started contracting around my cock, I thought I'd died and gone to heaven. I had the most incredible climax in her cunt. I can see now why you've always preferred dark-skinned women."

Richard balled his right hand into a fist and stared coldly at the man he had once considered his best friend. Best friend? Listening to Josh talk about Nila like she was just a willing pussy infuriated him. In the last five years, he'd allowed Josh to involve him in all kinds of sexual shit he'd never have tried on his own. How long must he continue to pay for his mistake?

"Do all non-white women have such delicious pussies as Nila's?"

Richard shot to his feet, feeling the blood rushing up the back of his neck. "Since I haven't made love to Ms. Black, I couldn't say."

Josh's lips tightened. "You sound annoyed. Is something wrong?"

"No. I just need to take a drive to clear my head."

"Fine, but you'll be around when Nila returns tonight?"

"When? I think you should make that *if*." He walked across the room to the door.

"*If*? What the hell happened after you left my office? She agreed to come tonight! What the hell did you say to change her mind, Richard?"

"What makes you think I said anything?"

"Because she'd agreed to come back. Now you're telling me she might not? What happened between you two? Whatever the hell it was, you'd better forget that drive and go and make it right. I want her in my bed tonight, Richard. Is that clear?"

He closed the door and leaned against it, staring at Josh's angry face. "She's not some cheap tramp you can fuck up the ass until you're tired of her and then discard. She's not like the others."

"How the hell would you know what she's like? Did you fuck her in the hall?"

"What the hell makes you think she'd allow me to fuck her in the hall?"

Josh shrugged. "I had my dick buried balls deep in her sweet pussy within an hour of meeting her. I think she likes cock. So did you fuck her?"

"No, I didn't fuck her!" But he'd sure like to fuck up Josh. "Now I'm going for that drive before I lose my temper."

"Why the hell should I care about your losing your temper?"

“You should care because if I do, I’ll come over there and knock you on your ass!”

Josh shot to his feet. “Threatening a blind man takes a lot of courage, doesn’t it?”

Richard closed his eyes and sucked in a deep breath. “That taunt has long since lost its sting, Josh! You and I both know there’s no physical reason why you can’t see.”

Josh clenched his hands into fists at his side. “You’re stupider than I thought you were if you think I don’t want to see.”

That wasn’t exactly what Richard meant, but he wasn’t in the mood to explain anything. “I’m leaving now before you push me too damn far. But before I go, you should know that I’ve about had all the shit from you I’m prepared to take.”

“Oh, you have, have you? Well, let me remind you that if not for *your* shit, neither of us would be in this position. Don’t forget who’s to blame here. I’ll give you a clue. It’s not me. Go on your fucking drive and clear your head. And then go get laid because hell will freeze over before I allow you to lay another finger on Nila. She’s mine and I’ll be damned if I’ll have you stretching her pussy or ass out of shape with your oversized cock.”

“Fuck you!”

“Fuck you! Don’t let your dick rule you, Richard, and don’t let a woman come between us. We’ve lived here together for five years without any problems. You meet Nila and now you’re giving me shit? I hope you enjoyed whatever the hell you did with her in the hall, but she is now off limits to you. If you so much as lay a hand on her, I—”

Richard walked out, slamming the door behind him.

* * *

Josh sat back down. Removing his dark glasses, he closed his eyes and leaned back against the headrest. He already regretted the harsh words he and Richard had exchanged. Damn, he hoped Nila wouldn’t come between them, but if that bastard had driven her away, there would be hell to pay.

Recalling the quickie they’d shared, he cupped a hand over his cock. It had been a very long time since he’d wanted any woman more. He frowned. Had he ever desired a woman so strongly, or so early in a relationship? Probably not, which meant he’d need to guard his emotions carefully or risk feeling more for her than was wise. Morgana had taught him how fickle a woman could be and how easily and deeply one could wound a man when he was battered and bruised and needed her most.

* * *

“What are you going to do?”

I sat in the kitchen with my hands wrapped around a coffee cup. I lifted it to my lips and slowly sipped it before I answered Kimmie. “I don’t know. I was prepared to pack, give my notice here, and go back there tonight until that incident with Richard.”

Kimmie, happily married to a man she’d met through Naughty Girls, Inc., gave me a searching look. “You want to do it, so do it.”

“What makes you think I want to do it? And anyway, what do you mean by *it*?”

“You want to go back there and see where things go with both of them.”

“I...”

“You can admit it to me. Remember I’ve been there and done that.” She glanced down at the rings on her left hand and smiled. “Signing up with Girls was the best thing I ever did. I’d never have met my Black Knight otherwise.”

I smiled. “I’m glad you’re happy, but that’s another thing. They’re both white.”

She arched a brow and touched her chest. “Oh, my, doesn’t that sound interesting. Is that a problem for you?”

“I don’t think so, but getting involved with two guys at once is a big step for me. When you make it two white men, it really gets a little...”

“Exciting?”

I laughed. “That’s not what I was going to say.”

Kimmie shrugged. “Look. You only go ’round once and I say take full advantage of everything life has to offer while you can. If Kanye didn’t light up every night like the fourth and fill my days with tender sweet talk, I’d be jealous. I say go back there tonight and take them both on.” She grinned. “Show them the time of their lives, while having the time of yours. It must be very exciting having two handsome men lusting after you at the same time.”

I had no doubt Josh lusted after me. And I shared his lust and was prepared to handle and satisfy it. The feelings Richard had triggered in me were what had me worried. I did not want to feel anything more than lust for him. Besides, I wasn’t sure I was naughty enough to want two lovers at once—at least not on a permanent basis.

Kimmie reached across the table and squeezed my hand. “Whatever you decide to do, if you need to talk, call me any time.”

I nodded. “Thanks.”

She tilted her head. "I'm curious. Did Janice give you one?"

"One what?"

She hesitated and then reached down the front of her blouse to lift a delicate gold chain from her neck. I caught my breath. Hanging from the chain was a three-inch bronze male figure that might have been the twin of mine.

"Janice gave that to you?"

She nodded. "She said she's given a number of them out and most of the people who'd received them have ended up in happy relationships. I didn't believe her when she said the charms were special. Then mine started pulsing like mad when I met Kanye. Did she give you one? If she did, that might explain your reaction to Richard."

"I have one, but Mark gave it to me, not Janice."

"Did it pulse when you met Josh?"

"No."

"But it did when you met Richard?"

I nodded. "Yes."

"Is it the same as it was or did it change?"

"Change?" I frowned. "How could it possibly change?"

"How can it pulse? I have no idea, but we both know it does. It changed. Didn't it?"

"Of course it didn't."

"Are you sure?"

"Of course I'm sure. I've had it for over three years and it's never changed."

"Had it ever pulsed before?"

"No."

"Then how do you know it hasn't changed?"

How indeed? I pulled the chain from my blouse and allowed the charm to fall against the outside of my blouse. "See?"

"Has it always been silver?"

"Silver?" I lifted it in my palm. The charm which had been bronze was now silver. I blinked and stared at her. "I don't understand. This isn't my charm." And yet I knew it was.

Kimmie touched my hand. "Don't worry. Janice said that could happen."

But Mark had never said anything about the charm changing. "What does it mean?"

Kimmie grinned. "I'm just guessing, but I'd say the next love of your life is going to be white."

"Where did Janice get these charms she's been giving out?"

She frowned. "Hmm. I think she said she found them in a large trunk in the attic when she bought the Naughty Girls, Inc. office. She said there was a note with them saying they were hers to do with as she wanted, but she shouldn't take one for herself and only give them to someone she wanted to find a true love."

"Yeah? Then why didn't she give me one?"

"I haven't got a clue. Maybe she knew you already had one." She glanced at her watch. "Look at the time. Kanye and I are leaving for the Bahamas tomorrow and I still have to decide what I want to take. I'll have my cell with me so you can call even after we leave if you need to talk." She rose and kissed my cheek. "Don't waste too much time thinking this to death. Just follow your heart."

After Kimmie left, I stood in the middle of my living room. This had been home for the last few years. I walked into the bedroom and stared at the bed. This was the last place Mark and I had made love. Was I really ready to give up this bed and all the wonderful memories it held?

I closed my eyes and wrapped my arms around myself. I could put my furniture in storage, but when things got really bad, I'd always felt a little better lying in the bed Mark and I had shared. I couldn't consign it to a storage facility like it was just another piece of furniture. Yet, I doubted Josh would like the idea of my bringing it to his house and then insisting on sleeping in it alone. I'd never shared the bed with any man but Mark and I wanted to keep it that way.

I sighed. The whole idea of moving in with Josh was to share his bed. I couldn't leave the bed and I couldn't share it with Josh. So where did that leave me? I hesitated and then decided to see just how much Josh wanted me in his bed. I walked over to the nightstand and picked up the cordless phone.

* * *

When Richard returned to Josh's mansion that night, he immediately noticed the late-model car parked in front of the house. He sat in his car clenching the steering wheel. So she had decided to become Josh's lover after all. He glanced at his dashboard clock. It was a little after ten. They were probably already in bed together. The thought of Josh touching her...caressing her... fucking her infuriated him.

He had not returned any of the many calls Josh had made to his cell phone since he'd stormed out of the house earlier. Nevertheless she had returned to be with Josh. He closed his eyes and took several deep breaths. He'd have to learn to deal with her relationship with Josh.

Removing his key from the ignition, Richard got out of his car and let himself into the house. He stood in the dimly lit foyer, his head tilted. Was it his imagination, or did the place already feel different because she was there?

He pushed himself away from the door, set the alarm, and moved down the hall to the staircase. Ignoring the muted sounds coming from the closed living room door, he ran up the stairs. As he reached the second floor landing, the door to one of the unused bedrooms opened, and Nila stood there.

They stared at each other in silence for several moments. He longed to reach out, take her into his arms, and kiss her breathless.

She gave him an uncertain smile. "I decided to come."

He nodded. "So I see." He glanced into the open doorway, surprised to see a modern bedroom set had replaced the traditional wood furniture.

She glanced over her shoulder into the room before looking at him again. "Josh said I could have my own room and bring my own bed."

Josh must really want her to allow her to set conditions. Still, he doubted she'd get to spend much time in her own bed. "Are you all settled in? Is there anything you need?"

She shook her head. "No, thanks." She closed the door and stepped into the hall. "I'm just going to meet Josh in the living room." She moistened her lips. "Will you be joining us?"

"No."

"We're just talking and listening to some jazz. So if you want to—"

"No!" He forced a brief smile. "Thanks."

"Okay, ah—"

"If you don't need anything, I'll say good night."

"I don't need anything, but I hope—"

"Then good night."

Richard flashed Nila a quick smile and moved down the hall. While Josh had been in rehab, Richard had convinced Josh to allow him to refurbish the second and third floors of the mansion. He and Josh had individual suites. Josh's suite was at the front of the house, Richard's next to his. Two other bedrooms at the top of the stairs had been left for visitors. Nila now had one of those.

Richard entered his suite and closed the door. He walked out onto his balcony, taking deep breaths. Sleeping would be difficult that night knowing that Nila was next door in Josh's arms.

* * *

I stood outside my new bedroom door, staring after Richard. That morning, he couldn't keep his big, warm hands off me. Now he behaved as if he couldn't get away from me fast enough.

Granted, I'd told him I wasn't there for his pleasure, but still. I closed my eyes briefly and shook my head. *Get it together, girl. You can't have it both ways. Either you want him to stay away or you want him pawing you.*

Ignoring the urge to follow Richard, I went downstairs, to the living room where Josh stood at the patio doors.

For a moment, I was nonplussed, seeing him apparently looking out into the night.

He turned immediately, a smile on his handsome face, his head tilted. His nostrils flared. "Nila?"

I nodded. "Yes."

"Did I hear Richard coming in?"

"Yes. I just saw him upstairs."

A small frown marred his features. "Will he be joining us?"

"No." I closed the door and crossed the room to sit on the sofa we'd shared earlier.

He smiled. "Good." The large living room was sparsely furnished. As I watched him confidently cross the room to the sofa where I sat, I understood why. Every piece of furniture had been placed so as to minimize the risk of his tripping or bumping into anything.

He touched the padded arm of the sofa before sitting beside me. He turned his head so he faced me. "I made it clear to him I wanted you to myself."

So Josh had warned Richard off too? No wonder he'd been so cold. "Do you usually share your women with him?"

"Yes." He lifted a hand and stroked my bare arm. "But after that sweet interlude with you in my office, I knew I wanted you all to myself."

His touch on my arm sent a tingle through me. "Did he expect to share me?"

"Yes, but he can get his own woman."

I hesitated, choosing my words carefully. "Tell me about you and him."

He stiffened. "What do you want to know?"

"How you two became friends."

"We grew up in the same neighborhood, but I'm six years older so we weren't really friends until we ran into each other after college during a ski weekend. We hit it off then and became best friends."

"And decided to move in together?"

"That happened after I...after the accident."

I watched his Adam's apple bob and reached out to touch his arm. "How did it happen?"

His lips tightened. "Why don't you ask Richard?"

His cold tone sent a chill through me. What did Richard have to do with the loss of his sight? "Are you saying it's his fault?"

"Ask him." He shook his head. "I don't want to talk about Richard. I don't want to talk at all."

My heartbeat increased. "What do you want?"

"This." He leaned forward and kissed me.

His lips were warm and demanding, moving over mine with an insistent heat I found difficult to resist. Yet, even as I parted my lips and responded to his kiss, I pushed thoughts of Richard to the back of my mind. I wasn't going to allow my unexpected and unwanted reaction to him to overwhelm me.

Josh's kisses grew more demanding as his hands caressed me, sliding over my breasts and down my body to my thighs. I closed my eyes and willingly parted my legs when he pushed up my skirt to reveal my bare pussy.

He moved his lips down my body, raining hot, biting kisses against my flesh. He removed his glasses and pressed his lips between my legs. When he fingered me, a rush of desire flooded my pussy. I pressed his head close and ground myself against his lips. "Eat me!" I wanted to feel his lips and tongue inside me. I wanted him to make me come hard enough to chase away the memory of the sweet release I'd felt with Richard earlier.

Sliding off the sofa, he cupped his hands under me, tilted my ass upward, and buried his face against my wet slit. Slipping his tongue between my outer folds, he ate me slowly, licking me, nibbling at my clit while finger fucking me. Waves of pleasure tightened my belly and crashed over me. I moaned and came.

He leaned against me until I felt his erect cock pressing against my thigh. He kissed me and slipped a finger inside my pussy. "I want you," he whispered.

The words and the soft, needy tone of his voice unnerved me. Based on what he'd told me earlier, I'd expected him to sound greedy and demanding. But there was nothing harsh or unromantic about the way he kissed me or told me he wanted me. When I felt his cock pulsing against my pussy, I remembered Richard's admonition and pressed against his shoulders. "You have to use a condom."

"Oh, come on, Nila." He gripped his cock and rubbed the thick head against my pussy.

A jolt of lust shot down my body. I bit my lip and shook my head. “Use a condom or you get off of me right now.”

For a moment, he stiffened and I thought he was going to try to force me. I tensed too. As I was weighing my options if he refused to be reasonable, he suddenly rolled off me.

I opened my eyes.

He stood at the patio doors again, raking his hands through his hair.

I took a deep breath and sat up. I put my feet on the floor. My right foot landed on his glasses.

I picked them up, placed them on the end table beside the sofa, and then crossed the room to him. Standing behind him, I touched his back. “I want you too.” I slipped my arms around his waist and pressed my cheek against his back. “Let’s go upstairs. I have condoms in my room. We can get them and then go to your room and spend the night together.”

He turned in my arms. To my surprise, I found myself looking into a pair of vivid green eyes. I’d never seen a blind person without dark glasses on. I expected his eyes to be unpleasant to gaze into. Although his eyes were unfocused and his pupils dilated, there was nothing about his eyes to unnerve me. I could see a series of tiny scars around the corners of both eyes. How had he lost his sight?

“What I want is to make lov–fuck with nothing between us.”

I shook my head. “We did that once.” I nibbled his lips while stroking my fingers through his hair. “But not to worry.” His cock hung erect outside his pants. I rubbed myself against it. “I’ll give you the fuck of your life.”

He sucked in a breath, but didn’t respond.

So he wanted to play hard to get, huh? I’d teach him not to be difficult with me. I removed my arms from around his neck and stepped away from him. “Maybe Richard will be interested.”

Chapter Five

I'd barely had time to turn away before his hand shot out and closed over my wrist with surprising accuracy. He turned me back to face him. The muscles in his jaw clenched. He closed his other hand over my arm and pulled me against him. "You're mine." His mouth crashed down on mine.

He kissed me until I felt hot, excited, and sexy. My pussy pulsed and I wanted his cock inside me. By the time he drew me down to the carpet and lay on top of me, I couldn't think of anything except how much I wanted him to fuck me. I wanted him inside me all night long.

I was in no shape or mood to insist on his putting on a condom. I parted my legs and wrapped my fingers around his cock. I rubbed the head along my slit before I pressed it against my entrance.

He endeared himself to me forever when he groaned, drew away from me, and dug into his pants pocket. As I lay panting on the carpet with my legs open, ready to be fucked senseless, he pulled out a condom. Tearing it open, he quickly slipped it over his cock.

As he did, I unbuttoned my blouse and unhooked my bra. I moaned with pleasure as he settled between my legs, pressing the head into me. He entered me slowly, inch by inch, allowing us both to savor the sweet, sexy slide of his thick cock taking possession of my eager pussy.

When I felt his pubic hair against mine, I wrapped my arms and legs around him. He kissed me, sucking my tongue into his mouth. I surrendered completely to him. Rotating his hips so I could feel every inch of his thick length, he slid in and out of me with a sexy rhythm that kept me on the edge of a delicious climax almost from his first thrust.

He dragged his lips down from mine to press wet, biting kisses against my aching breasts. He alternated between sucking each of my nipples as we fucked. Lord, I love a man who knows how to suck my breasts. Stroking my hands down his back as I thrust my hips up against his, we enjoyed a long, sweet fuck that made my toes curl and my back arch.

When I moaned out that I was about to come, he shortened his strokes. Instead of the long, leisurely movements that set my lust on a slow burn, he drove his cock into me with a fast, powerful rhythm that quickly drove me over the edge.

I sobbed with delight and shattered all around his cock, my pussy convulsing wildly.

He groaned, clutched me tightly, and bit into my breast.

I shuddered.

In response, he slammed his cock into me for what felt like a delicious eternity before he shuddered, ground his hips roughly against mine, and blew his load.

I dug my nails into his ass and squeezed my pussy around his cock until he stopped shuddering, and rested his full weight on me.

“Thank you,” he whispered.

I turned my head, cupped his face between my palms, and kissed his warm lips. “You’re welcome. Now let’s go to bed. I want to fall asleep in your arms.”

“That was so good I don’t think I can move.”

I laughed, feeling sated, confident, and wicked. “Good pussy, huh?”

He brushed his lips against mine. “It’s better than good, Nila. It’s... oh, God, that was just incredible.”

“Yes. It was.” On a physical level, it was as good as anything I’d ever felt—even with Mark. The difference between what Josh and I had just shared and what Mark and I had shared when we made love was the fact that with Mark, all my emotions were engaged as well as my physical desires. That’s what set my relationship with Mark apart from any other relationship I’d ever known.

I quickly dismissed a sudden, unwanted thought of how I’d felt with Richard earlier that day. Like Mark, Richard had engaged my emotions and my lusts. But he wasn’t Mark and I had no desire to ever love that deeply again. I wanted to fall in love again, but not so deeply that the loss of my lover left me feeling as lost as I still sometimes felt without Mark. Besides, a love like Mark’s and mine only came along once in a lifetime. It wouldn’t happen again.

Josh chased all thoughts of Mark and Richard from my head when he kissed me. It was a long, slow, deep kiss that took my breath away and made me want him all over again.

As I lay clinging to him, drowning in his kiss, he groaned and rolled over so that he lay on his back with me on top of him, still impaled on his cock. I reluctantly climbed off him and removed his condom. Then, wanting to see him completely naked, I unbuttoned his pants. “No clothes allowed.”

We undressed. When we were both nude, he slid his hands over my body, “seeing” me. I smiled, enjoying his warm, possessive touch. There’s something about being touched by a big, handsome man that makes me feel sexy and deliciously wanton.

When he allowed his hands to fall away from my breasts, I stepped back to study his tall, taut body. There was no excess fat. He had long legs and looked fit and just muscular enough to make me glad to be a woman.

I turned my attention to his cock. He was erect again. I licked my lips as I gazed at his jewels. There's no substitute for a thick, hard cock. It's so much more exciting than a long, slender one.

Just looking at him got me wet. I parted my thighs and rubbed my pussy. God, I felt so shameless, standing there licking my lips and staring at his cock with lust in my heart and moisture in my pussy. What a liberating feeling to freely admit I wanted him to fuck me again.

I took his hand in mine and placed it between my legs. "I'm wet," I told him.

He smiled. "So you are." He took my hand and led me to the sofa. There, he stretched out on his back with his legs parted, his cock erect. "Join me," he invited.

Oh, yeah, boy. Here I come. I lay on top of him with his cock between my legs, but not inside me. I kissed him and then pressed my lips against his ear. "Do you have another condom in your pants?"

"Yes."

I got up and got it. Kneeling beside the sofa, I rolled the condom over his cock, and then climbed on top of him. I sighed with lust and pleasure as I felt him easing up into my pussy.

Oh, yeah, he felt good.

I kissed him and we shared a hard, fast fuck. Within minutes the sound of our bodies coming together as I thrust myself on him, the smell of sex, and the pleasure he dispensed with his thick length, combined to send me moaning to another explosive climax. He came soon after and eased out of my sated pussy. I sat up while he removed his condom, then eagerly lay back on top of him.

He held me in a gentle embrace, and I drifted to sleep lying on top of him.

* * *

The buzzer on his nightstand woke Richard from an uneasy sleep. He groaned and glanced at his bedside clock. It was just after twelve a.m. What the hell did Josh want? He looked at the control panel beside his bed and saw that Josh was buzzing him from the living room.

He got up, pushed his feet into his slippers, and wearing only his boxers, left his bedroom. As he passed Nila's bedroom door, he ignored the temptation to open it. Yawning, he padded down the stairs and across the hall to the living room door. He opened it and stiffened. Josh, clad only in a pair of briefs, stood at the patio doors. A naked Nila slept on the sofa.

Richard sucked in a breath and strolled across the room to stare down at her. God, she was so lovely. She had big, firm breasts, long, shapely legs, and a luscious butt. He could see hickies on her neck. Her legs were parted and he could see the matted hair of her pussy. She had clearly been fucked hard. Probably more than once.

Richard's only solace was the two discarded condoms lying on the carpet. At least she'd made the bastard use protection this time. But even that knowledge did little to mitigate his jealousy. The charm around his neck pulsed, sending an unpleasant jolt through him, which fueled his anger.

He strolled across the room to stand behind Josh. "What the fuck do you want?"

Josh turned to face him. "I need you to carry her to my bedroom. I'd do it myself, but I'd probably stumble over something and drop her."

"You expect me to carry her to your bed?"

Josh narrowed his gaze and spoke in a short, angry voice. "Yes, Richard, that's exactly what I expect. Now stop thinking with your cock and carry her upstairs for me. Please."

Richard closed his eyes, afraid he'd lash out and knock Josh on his ass. He took a deep breath and opened his eyes. "Carry her yourself."

"Fine. If you want to risk my stumbling over something and dropping her, I will."

Why the hell should he care if she were dropped? Hadn't she made it clear she was only interested in Josh and didn't care how Richard felt about her?

He shouldn't care, but God help him, he did. As angry and jealous as he was, he didn't want her hurt. Richard turned and stalked over to the sofa. Bending, he lifted Nila into his arms. Murmuring softly, she settled against him, pressing her cheek against his chest.

Heart pounding, he carefully carried her across the room to the door. Aware that Josh followed more slowly, he mounted the staircase quickly, and carried her down the hall to Josh's suite. The door was open and he walked inside. He carried her to the bedroom, pushing the door open with his foot.

Placing her on the bed, he stood staring down at her. Why the hell did he care about this woman who slept with men for money? She was no better than any of the many hookers who'd shared Josh's bed.

Only he'd never cared about any of them. God, he wished he didn't feel so damn drawn to her. Unable to stop himself, he reached out and caressed her breasts. As he did, he noticed the fine chain around her neck holding the

silver form of a man. It pulsed as he brushed a finger over it. He felt the charm around his neck warming.

Even the two charms knew he and Nila belonged together. Why didn't she? She would—even if he had to make her.

He slid his hand down her body, over her stomach to cup her pussy.

He heard Josh entering the suite and bent quickly. To hell with Josh. Fingering her pussy, he kissed her.

Her mouth opened under his and she made a soft sound, grinding her pussy against his palm. He removed his fingers and, trailing his lips down her body, he pressed a quick kiss against her pussy, flicking his tongue against her clit.

She sighed softly and moved her pussy against his tongue. "Richard." At the soft whisper of his name, he thrust his tongue between her cunt lips, breathing in the musky scent of her. He gently sucked her clit while caressing her. God, how he longed to lie in bed with her and slowly slide between her long, dark, lovely legs, and into her pretty, fragrant pussy. Thoughts of fucking her got him hard.

She reached down to push his head further between her lips. "Hmmm. Richard. Oh, Richard. My Richard."

Her Richard? The words sound right. He lapped at her pussy, his cock hardening along the inside of his leg. Damn, he ached to pull off his briefs, climb into bed with her, thrust his cock deep into her sweet pussy, and fuck her until his cock was sore and he couldn't come anymore.

Instead, he pressed a last, quick kiss against her cunt. He straightened as Josh entered the bedroom. He caressed her breasts, rolling one of her nipples between his fingers until it hardened.

She murmured softly.

Josh tilted his head, listening. "Richard? Where are you? What are you doing? You're not touching her, are you?"

Richard reluctantly released her nipple and stormed across the room, deliberately knocking against Josh's shoulder as he passed him. "Fuck off," he said.

"Richard!"

He turned to face Josh. "What the fuck do you want now?"

Josh's eyes narrowed. "I think you should see this so you'll know just where the hell you stand around here and what your chances are of ever touching her again."

He watched Josh pull off his briefs. He was aroused. With a small smirk on his face, Josh got into bed. Lying on top of Nila, he slipped his bare cock between her legs.

As Richard watched, feeling as if he was about to explode, Josh pushed his cock into her pussy and started fucking her . He groaned with pleasure each time he pushed his cock all the way into her. “Oh, God, Nila, you’re so sweet. So tight...so hot. I love this, baby. I love it.”

Within moments, Richard suspected Josh had forgotten he was even there as he centered all his attention on the woman he was fucking. The woman Richard ached for.

He wanted to walk away, but he stood watching Josh’s ass clench each time he thrust deep into her.

“Oooh. Oh, yes,” she moaned softly. “Yes. Fuck me! Harder. More. Oh, God, please give me more.”

Richard sucked in an aching breath. Greedy bitch! Even in her sleep she couldn’t get enough cock. He swore softly and returned to his room, took a cold shower, and then lay sleepless in bed.

Thoughts of Nila responding so eagerly and wantonly to Josh tortured him. How could he feel more than lust for such a woman? What was it about her that tore at his emotions, making him feel as if she were the only woman in the world for him? He’d only ever been in love once with Carmen. He’d never expected to feel this aching need again. But he felt it now for a woman who probably wouldn’t even recognize love if she tripped over it. Damn if he’d allow her to toy with his emotions.

Even as he tried to think of her as a glorified prostitute, he knew no matter what she was, she had managed to touch him in a way no woman since Carmen had. How much of this could he take before he lost his control and did something he’d probably regret, but wouldn’t be able to undo? Like strangling Josh with his bare hands and paddling Nila’s big, brown ass until she learned how to keep her legs closed to everyone but him! Damn her for letting Josh touch her. Damn him for caring!

When he finally fell asleep, it was to dream about his and Carmen’s wedding night. The pleasure of their first fuck as man and wife gave way to the horror years later, on the awful day he lost her and their child. His beloved wife and baby were gone within hours of each other. Their loss left him wallowing in despair.

He woke with a start, bolting up in bed. His heart pounded and tears streamed down his cheeks. “Carmen,” he whispered and then fell back against the bed, closing his eyes. God, would he never stop missing her? In the years since her death, Nila was the only woman who had ever come close to easing his pain. And she belonged to Josh. He’d made that clear when he’d thrust his bare cock into her and fucked her while she slept.

Richard groaned and rolled onto his stomach, rubbing his aching cock against the mattress. He wasn't much better than Josh. He'd kissed and fingered her as she slept. At least Josh had her tacit permission to touch her. That was more than he'd had when he'd pawed her like some sex-starved pervert.

After struggling to fall asleep for half an hour, he glanced at his bedside clock. It was just after six a.m. He wasn't likely to be able to fall back asleep now. Maybe a swim would ease some of his tension. He took a quick shower and left the house by the back door.

Chapter Six

I woke alone in a strange bed. It took me a while to remember what had happened the previous night and realize that I was in Josh's bed. So I'd done it. I'd slept with him again for money.

Sleeping with him had definitely satisfied my physical needs, but not my emotional ones. Lying in Josh's bed, my thoughts turned to Richard. Recalling how I'd felt with him, I shook my head. I'd chosen Josh. I couldn't have them both.

So then why the hell did you pick Josh instead of Richard? Tortured by thoughts of Richard, I couldn't shake the certainty that I'd made a big mistake. My medallion pulsed. While I had no intentions of allowing it to govern my love life, I couldn't ignore the fact that it had responded to Richard, but not to Josh. That had to mean something.

Confused and tired, I closed my eyes, but the question of why I'd slept with Josh when my heart ached for Richard kept sleep at bay. The more I tried to will myself to fall asleep, the tenser I became. Finally, my body felt as if it were one big knot of tension. I needed to unwind.

I got up and looked around the room. That's when I noticed the single red rose in an elegant crystal vase on one of the nightstands. I shook my head. The last thing I needed was for Josh to decide he wanted to romance me as I struggled to decide if I wanted to be romanced by Richard.

I looked around the room for a robe. Seeing none, I shrugged. Even if Josh were there, he wouldn't realize I was naked. I found the bathroom and took a quick shower. With a towel wrapped around my body, I made my way to my own bedroom. I put on a one-piece bathing suit and walked through the house barefoot.

When I'd arrived the night before, Josh had told me there was a pool. I left the house by the rear door. I stepped onto the back patio to find an Olympic-sized pool. Someone was already having an early morning swim. Josh had told me he kept in shape by swimming an hour each day.

I hesitated, trying to decide if I should retreat into the house. I didn't really want to see Josh until I'd eaten, dressed, and gotten a handle on my wayward thoughts. Commonsense dictated I couldn't be Josh's woman if I was going to lose myself in thoughts of Richard the moment I was alone.

Maybe an early morning swim with Josh would do us both good. I took off my robe and dived into the pool. When I emerged from under the water, I found myself looking into Richard's blue gaze.

My heartbeat quickened and I felt what must have been a really silly smile spreading across my face. “Richard! What a nice surprise. You want to do a few laps together?”

His gaze lingered on my breasts before he looked into my eyes. “Thanks, but I’m finished.” He swam past me.

I treaded water, turned, and watched him climb out of the pool. He had a beautiful body with wide shoulders, a narrow waist, a taut ass, and long, sexy runner’s legs. There wasn’t an ounce of fat on him. He was muscular without being overly muscle bound. “Are you avoiding me?”

He picked up a towel from one of the lounge chairs around the pool and dried his body before he turned to look at me. “What do you want from me, Nila? You made it clear yesterday that you were here as Josh’s property. I clearly recall your telling me to keep my hands to myself. I got your message loud and clear, so do us both a favor and leave me the hell alone.”

I bit my lip. His harsh tone bothered me more than it should have. I climbed out of the pool and stood beside him. That’s when I noticed the medallion he wore. The sight of mine didn’t seem to surprise him.

Nevertheless, we stared at each other in silence for several moments.

“So you have one too.”

He nodded. “Yes. And you must know what they are and what they mean.”

I licked my lips.

He narrowed his gaze and then swept me off my feet.

“Hey! Put me down!”

“I will—when I get you where you belong—in my bed!”

He pushed the back door open with his foot and carried me into the house. I suppose I should have struggled and forced him to put me down. Instead, I pressed my cheek against his damp chest as he carried me up the stairs. Midway down the hall, he set me on my feet, and opened a door. With an arm around my waist, he swept me into an ultramodern living room. I barely had time to note the masculine tones of the furniture before he propelled me through the apartment and into his bedroom.

I stared at the big, unmade bed before I turned to find him leaning against the closed door. Lord, he was big and gorgeous. My gaze dropped to his groin. I could see the outline of his erect cock straining against the dark material of his swimming briefs. I went wet and my cheeks burned. My charm pulsed wildly and I knew then that I had to have him. Consequences be damned.

“Why the hell did you come back here to sleep with Josh when you know you belong to me?”

I took slow, deep breaths in an effort to steady my pounding heart. “I don’t belong to you. I—”

“The hell you don’t!” He leveled a finger at me, his gaze narrowed. “If you think that I’m going to stand by and allow you to sleep with Josh again, you can forget it! Do you hear me, Nila? You can forget it! If you allow him to touch you again, I swear, I’ll knock him the fuck out!”

“You can’t dictate what I do. I’ll make my own decisions!”

“The only decision you need to make is how many ways you want me to fuck you!”

Even as my pussy pulsed, I lifted my chin and stared at him. “Aren’t you the charming one?”

“Don’t you talk to me about charm! I watched last night as he fucked you without a damned condom! And you were loving every second!”

I shook my head. “He used a condom both times.”

“I mean when he fucked you after I carried you up to his room.”

So that’s how I’d gotten from the living room into Josh’s bedroom. “He didn’t touch me without a condom.”

“I watched him. You must have felt yourself being fucked.”

I heard the pain under his anger and swallowed hard. “I did, but I thought it was you in a dream.”

“And you expect me to believe that?”

“Yes!” I sighed. “It’s true. You have to believe me.”

“The only thing I have to do is fuck you now!”

When he pushed away from the door and placed his hands on my shoulders, I trembled, but didn’t protest. How could I when what was about to happen felt as right as making love with Mark had felt? With the charm pulsing around my neck, I knew why. Whatever was happening between Richard and me was as right as anything Mark and I had shared.

He cupped my face between his palms and bent his head.

I parted my lips and linked my arms around his neck, leaning into him. He kissed me with a deep tender passion that made every part of my body come alive. My heart raced, my knees knocked, and my heart shattered into a million tiny pieces.

Clinging to him, I found myself totally incapable of any pretense. I’d never wanted or needed anything or anyone more. He totally engaged my emotions while overwhelming me physically in a way that left me at the mercy of my feelings for him. Every movement of his mouth over mine, every touch of his caressing hands, seemed to make me a slave of the desire and need I felt for him. I didn’t just want him. I needed him with an intensity that shocked and frightened me.

What I felt for him in those first sweet moments in his arms rivaled what I'd felt for Mark. The arms holding me, the lips caressing mine, might almost have belonged to Mark. I felt the bulge of his cock pressing against me and moaned.

He whispered something inaudible against my mouth.

The soft, urgent words increased my immediate need for him. I ground my hips against his cock.

He dragged his lips away from mine and quickly peeled off my swimsuit. I stood in front of him with my nipples hard and my pussy flooded. I extended my right hand. "Please? Oh, Richard, please. Make love to me...fuck me."

"I'm going to." He pulled off his trunks. His cock, long, thick, and erect, called to me. I licked my lips. "Oh, my God!"

Just the sight of that big, hard, beautiful shaft pushed me over the edge. I dropped to my knees in front of him and pressed my face against his pubic hair. Closing my eyes, I wrapped the fingers of one hand around him. I cupped his heavy balls in my other hand. Inhaling slowly, I brushed my face against his genitals. After allowing myself several moments to savor the joy of feeling him pulsing softly against my fingers, I was ready to taste him.

He cupped his hands over the back of my head. "Nila...please, sweet. Don't torture me. Do it. Taste me."

As if there was any force powerful enough on earth to stop me. I opened my eyes and tilted my head. Staring up into the brilliant blue eyes looking down at me, I lost whatever small part of my heart he hadn't already stolen. The tender passionate need I saw in his gaze sealed my fate. I knew then why my medallion had pulsed the first time we met. It had known, as I did now, that Richard and I were meant to be together.

With that certainty driving me, I parted my lips and touched my tongue to the big, warm head of his cock. *Hmmm*. I laved his tip slowly before taking several inches of his hard length into my mouth.

He groaned and shuddered, increasing the pressure of his fingers in my hair. But he made no effort to push himself into my mouth, for which I was grateful. It had been a while since I'd had a really big cock in my mouth and I wanted to enjoy it without the fear of him trying to push himself down my throat.

Swirling my tongue around him, I applied gentle pressure to his nuts. When he gasped, I leaned closer and took several more inches of his sweet, hot cock into my mouth.

He tightened his fingers in my hair and thrust his hips forward.

Oh, God, I loved feeling him sliding back and forth between my lips and over my tongue. As I sucked him with a growing hunger, I got wetter. And I wanted to taste more of him. I released his cock and balls and gripped his hips.

“Oh, shit!” His hips shot forward and suddenly more cock than I’d had in years surged between my lips.

I settled my hands over his tight ass, mentally preparing myself for the face fucking to come. After a few, frantic, powerful thrusts, I felt his pubic hair against my face. Just as I was about to gag, he withdrew abruptly from my mouth.

Surprised, I opened my eyes and blinked up at him. “Richard? What’s wrong?”

He reached out and lifted me into his arms. “I was about to come and this time when I come, I want to be inside you.” He carried me to bed.

Spreading me gently on my back, he knelt by the bed and caressed me, evoking a swell of emotion I made no effort to control. I trembled as his big, warm hands parted my thighs.

He lowered his head and settled his mouth against the top of my pussy. Slipping two fingers inside me, he flicked his tongue against my clit.

A wall of hot, sweet desire crashed over me like a gale-force driven ocean wave, dragging me under his wet warmth to happily drown in delight.

When my senses returned, he was stretched out on the bed beside me, his erect cock pressing against the side of my body. Without conscious thought, I rolled onto my side, closing my fingers around him. “I want you.”

He stroked his fingers between my legs, his lips against my ear. “Are you ready for me?”

“Lord, yes!”

He unwound my fingers from him and slid his body over mine.

“Oh, yes, Richard. Yes.”

He settled between my legs with his cock lying against my belly. Resting his weight on his extended arms, he stared down at me. “I don’t just want you... I need you, sweet.”

My heart raced. “Take me,” I whispered. “I’m yours.”

“Are you?”

“Yes!”

“Mine and Josh’s? Mine when Josh isn’t around? Or—”

“I’m yours regardless of who is or isn’t around.”

“You’re sure?”

“Yes! Oh, yes!”

“Damn straight you’re mine.”

Balancing his weight on one hand, he grasped his cock and rubbed it along my slit. I had a moment when I briefly considered the advisability of asking him to use a condom, but quickly discarded it. Such a request would not only break the mood, but it would also give him reason to question my feelings. How could I ask him to use one after allowing Josh to take me without one?

Besides, I was on contraceptives and I wanted him inside me. I thrust my hips up to encourage him.

He pressed his lips against mine and slowly, blessedly pushed his hips forward. I felt the head of him nudging against my entrance. A fresh rush of moisture greeted his entrance.

Oh, God! He felt so wonderful going into me...big, hot, thick, and hard. So hard and deliciously thick. There's nothing in the world half as wonderful as having a man you care about sliding into you. A riot of emotions buffeted me. Although some of them were physically awesome, he touched more than raw, base emotions. He managed to make me feel as if he were making love to me.

All this before he was even fully seated inside me. When he was, he sighed softly and whispered something soft and incoherent against my lips. A feeling of greedy delight warred with lust and love as I felt his big, sweet length sliding slowly into me until his hips settled against mine. He had every inch of his cock buried deep in me.

I shuddered and wrapped my arms and legs around him. I felt the charm lift from between my breasts and knew it—he—was reaching for the one around Richard's neck. When the two met, I felt an undeniable jolt of delight.

For several moments, I was lost in a surreal world. Nothing had ever felt more natural. With the first few, delicious strokes, I knew I was no longer in danger of losing my heart to Richard—because it was already his. With every sweet thrust of his cock, he claimed my heart as surely as he'd claimed my body.

I rotated my ass on the bed and thrust my hips up against him, hungry to reach the apex of the wonderful delight we were sharing. He fucked me with long, deep thrusts that made my toes curl and my back arch uncontrollably. As my climax thundered over me, I raked my nails down his back and sobbed "I love you" against his lips.

He rested his full weight on me, gripped my hips, and fucked me with a deep intensity that had me on the verge of coming again before he called out my name, and came in me.

I couldn't feel his seed shooting in me, but just knowing he was coming inside me made me feel closer to him. He collapsed on top of me, trembling in my arms. I held him, stroking my hands down his damp back.

He whispered against my lips again and finally rolled onto his back.

I lay sprawled on top of him with his semi-erect cock still inside me. Nice. I settled against him, feeling our two chains pulsing between our bodies.

He pulled the cover over us and I drifted to sleep with him still inside me and our chains still entwined.

When I woke after a brief nap, he lay behind me with his lips against my neck and his hands cupping my breasts. "Are you awake, sweet?"

"Yes," I whispered.

"How do you feel?"

I answered with my heart. "Wonderful."

He nibbled at my ear. "You have to leave here now. Move back into your apartment."

I thought of my parents. "I want to but I can't."

"Can't? Or won't?"

"Can't. I only agreed to this because I need money to help keep my parents in—"

He gently squeezed my breasts. "Money doesn't need to be a problem."

"It's not if you happen to be lucky enough to have it. I don't."

He massaged my breasts, sending jolts of love-laced desire all through me. "I have a lot of money."

I frowned. As much as I needed money, I didn't want him to think money would make any difference to how I felt about him. "Really? Are you independently wealthy?"

He released my breasts and turned me to face him. "As a matter of fact, I am."

"Then why are you living here in Josh's house? It is his house. Isn't it?"

"Yes, but only because I bought it for him."

I remembered Josh's bitter statement about the loss of his sight. "Did that have anything to do with his losing his sight?"

He sighed and rolled onto his side with his back to me. "What did he tell you about that?"

"Nothing." I stroked my hands over his shoulder. "Why don't you tell me what happened?"

"The loss of his sight and his livelihood is my fault."

I heard the pain and guilt in his voice. I kissed his shoulder. "What happened?"

“I was married to a woman I fell in love with at first sight in high school. She was my world and my reason for living.”

I swallowed hard and tried not to mind that he'd loved someone so deeply I could hear the emotion in his voice when he mentioned her.

“Do you know how incredible it is to meet someone you know you were meant to spend the rest of your life with?”

Thinking of Mark, I nodded.

“And then how unbearable it is when you lose that person?”

As I'd lost Mark. “Yes. I do.”

He turned to face me. “You've loved like that and lost him?”

I nodded, touching my finger first to his medallion and then to mine.

“Yes...he had the other half of this charm.”

He nodded. “As Carmen had the other half of mine.”

“Do you believe in fate, Richard?”

“Yes.”

“And love at first sight?”

“The moment I saw Carmen I knew she was my soul mate.” He caressed my breasts. “What I didn't know or expect is that I could ever begin to feel that level of need, passion, or love for another woman until I walked into Josh's office and saw you yesterday.”

My heart raced and I bolted into a sitting position. “What are you saying?”

He sat up slowly, leaning back against the headboard. “I'm saying I knew the moment I saw you that you and I were meant to be together.” He turned me to face him. “But then you knew it too. Didn't you?”

Had I? I bit my lip. “I'm not sure what I knew or felt then.”

He watched me in silence, his left brow arched.

I sighed. “I don't know if I knew right away, but my charm knew. It pulsed when we met. It's never done that since I've worn it. Mark said it pulsed for him when we met.”

He sighed. “Then you're ready to admit we belong together?”

How could I deny it? “Yes. Now what happened between you and Josh?”

“Carmen was my wife and she was going to be the mother of my child.”

He paused, and I watched a play of emotions crossing his face...pain...anguish...despair. All those emotions were ones I'd become intimately acquainted with after Mark's unexpected death. I leaned forward and kissed his cheek. “What happened?”

“We were happy and I was excited at the thought of becoming a father. I used to go on and on about my impending fatherhood to all my friends until

only Josh didn't avoid me. He would sit and listen for hours while I talked about Carmen and our baby. He agreed to be the baby's godfather. Even though he's six years older, we grew up in the same neighborhood and became friends after I graduated from college.

"Everything in both our lives was good and poised to get better. He was engaged to this gorgeous supermodel type blonde named Morgana and about to become a partner in the CPA firm where he worked."

"What about you? What did you do for a living?"

"I was a neurosurgeon."

"And you gave it up? Why?"

He shook his head and looked away from me.

I scooted close and slipped my arms around him. "Don't shut me out. Please."

He sighed before he responded. "When Carmen went into labor, we were both so happy and sure we were hours away from being even happier when we welcomed our daughter into the world." He stopped and gulped in a deep, shuddering breath.

I pressed closer and waited in silence.

After several moments he went on in an almost inaudible voice. "There were complications. I ended up losing them both."

"Oh, Richard! I'm so sorry."

"I fell completely apart. I started drinking and nearly cost a patient his life during an operation and then...I just didn't care. I resigned from the hospital and devoting myself to my new full-time job—drinking.

"My family encouraged me to get help, but I didn't think I needed help. When they insisted, I pushed them all away. I didn't need them or my job because I inherited a fortune from my grandmother. To show them how independent I was, I drank even more. Everyone left me to it—even my family. Everyone except Josh. And I repaid him by causing him to lose his sight. Some friend I was."

I rubbed my cheek against his. "What happened?"

"One night I got really drunk at a bar. Josh tried to stop me, but I'm younger, bigger, stronger, and I was a damned sight meaner. He couldn't stop me so he came with me and I had an accident. I nearly killed him. He lost his sight and was in a coma for a week. My hands were burned and I suffered enough damage to ensure I no longer had the ability to risk another patient's life by operating drunk."

"Oh, Richard!"

“No. I deserved what happened to me, but Josh didn’t. Not only did he lose his sight, but he lost the partnership and the woman he loved. Morgana wasn’t interested in being married to a blind man.”

I closed my eyes. “Does he blame you?”

“Of course he does, and he should because what happened was my fault. He lost everything that was important to him trying to be a friend to me. So I bought this house and gave him as much of my inheritance as my grandmother’s will allowed. He’s invested wisely, and he’ll never have any financial worries. When he had difficulty adjusting to his new life, I moved in here with him and the two of us became degenerates together. We went through a succession of women, none of them meaning anything to either of us. That changed when we met you.”

He drew away from me and cupped my hands between his palms. “If you feel anything for me, you have to leave him now. You can’t sleep with him again or I swear I won’t be responsible for what I do to him. I can’t share you.”

“I don’t want you to! I just feel so bad for him. When I think of him never seeing again, I—”

“Who says he’ll never see again?”

I frowned. “You said he’d lost his sight in the accident.”

“He did, but the damage wasn’t permanent. There’s no physical reason why he’s still blind.”

“You mean he could regain his sight?”

“Yes. So if you’re considering sleeping with him again out of sympathy, forget it!”

I decided it was time I explained my actions to him. “Look, I know how my coming here and sleeping with you both so close together must seem, but—”

He pressed a finger against my lips before he touched my medallion. “All you need to know is that we belong together. From this point on, you belong solely to me.”

I felt the charm pulsing between my breasts and smiled. “I’m yours alone.”

“With no regrets?”

I nodded. “I’m just sorry you weren’t the one who requested a woman from Naughty Girls. Then there would be no memory of seeing me with Josh to mar our happiness.”

“As long as you’re mine, nothing can mar my happiness. You won’t ever have to worry about me mentioning your brief relationship with Josh again.”

I linked my arms around his neck. "Are we...can we...this is so sudden, Richard. I loved Mark as much as I know you loved your Carmen and never thought I could ever feel anything like this again. It's scary but I know it's right." I touched my charm. "It led Mark to me and now it's led me to you."

"We're talking a real commitment here, Nila."

I nodded. "I know. It's so sudden and a little crazy, but I know I love you."

"I love you too." He kissed me. "Now we have to tell Josh."

"How do you think he's going to take it?"

He sighed. "I don't know, but I know I can't bear the thought of him touching you again."

"That won't ever happen again."

"So let's decide how to tell him."

I shook my head. "I think I should do that. I got myself into this and I should be the one to—"

"No!" He shook his head. He took my hands in his. "This is going to be a partnership. We'll tell him together."

I'd fallen for another man who wanted to share everything with me. I'd lucked out again. I smiled. "Okay. We'll do it together. Before we do, I want to enjoy being with you for a little while."

He hugged me and slid down in the bed, pulling me on top of his body. He stroked his hands over my back and ass. Feeling happy but a little apprehensive about Josh's reaction to our news, I drifted to sleep.

I woke alone in the bed. I glanced at the bedside clock and sat up with a start. I'd been asleep for several hours. How had Richard explained my absence to Josh? And how would Josh react when I moved out of his house a day after moving in?

There was only one way to find out. I got out of bed, put my swimming suit back on, and went to my room. I showered quickly. I dressed more slowly and then went down the stairs to Josh's study.

I took a long deep breath and then knocked on the door.

"Come in."

When I opened the door, I found Richard and Josh standing by the window behind the desk, facing each other. Richard's blue eyes looked dark and angry and Josh's shoulders looked tense. A frown marred his face. He turned his head, his nostrils flaring slightly. "Nila? Richard is giving me some shit about your moving out. Where the hell did he get that idea?"

I sighed, closed my eyes briefly, felt the charm pulsing gently, almost encouragingly between my breasts. Squaring my shoulders, I met Richard's gaze.

He smiled and extended his hand.

I moved across the room toward them. Placing my hand in Richard's, I faced Josh. "I'm sorry, Josh, but it's true. I'm moving out."

He shook his head. "Why?"

"Moving in here was a mistake."

I watched the muscles in his jaw clench. "Why?"

Richard squeezed my hand and arched a brow. I knew he was volunteering to take over, but I shook my head. "I'm in love with Richard."

"What the fuck!" Josh turned in Richard's direction. "You took everything I had and now you want her too? You backstabbing bastard!"

Without any warning and with amazing accuracy, Josh's right hand shot out and connected with Richard's jaw. I saw the startled look on Richard's face before he hit the carpet.

He swore angrily and bolted to his feet, rubbing his jaw.

I grabbed his hand and dragged him away from Josh.

Josh suck in a breath. "Nila? Don't do this. Please. Don't leave me for him. Don't. He's not good enough for you. He's a drunk and will only drag you down as he did me."

Richard swore and jerked his hand from mine. "You miserable bastard, I'm going to knock you on your ass for that!"

I grabbed Richard's hand again and struggled to pull him across the room and out the door.

We quickly left the house and went to sit in his car. Although we were eager to make plans for our future together, we first had to make plans to have someone to replace Richard in Josh's life.

As you can probably guess, my decision to end my relationship with Josh didn't go over well. While I sympathized with him, there was no changing my mind. My heart and body belonged to Richard alone.

But fate decided to be as kind to Josh as she'd been to Richard and me. Within a short time of Richard and I marrying and starting our life together, Josh, had finally forgiven Richard. Once he had, his sight returned and we happily watched and encouraged as he moved on with his own life.

These days he's enjoying his life. Somehow, between his numerous torrid relationships, he finds time to visit Richard, me, and his god-son, R. J—Richard Joshua Readon. One of these days, when he's ready to settle down, Richard and I have decided we're going to give him our charms. With both of those in his possessions, we know he'll one day find a woman who makes him as happy as Richard makes me.

The End

WHERE YOU FIND IT

By Marilyn Lee

Jennifer Smallwood stood on the crowded platform with the cool, damp late March wind whipping her all-weather coat around her legs. She drew the collar of her coat closer around her neck and sighed in annoyance as the long, dark train finally came into view. She glanced at her watch. The train was fifteen minutes late and pulling two cars instead of three.

So much for taking the train because she didn't trust her car not to break down and make her late for her staff meeting. Some days she just couldn't win.

As the train slowed, she found herself swept forward by the people behind her on the platform. The train came to a stop, with the doors of the second car several feet away.

The conductor stepped down onto the platform. Urged forward by the swell of people at her back, Jennifer hurried toward the train. Clutching her briefcase in her left hand, she pulled herself up the steps and onto the train with her right hand.

Standing in the juncture between the two cars, she quickly glanced to her left and right. The car to her left seemed less full. She walked down the long aisle hoping to find an empty seat. If she were lucky, she'd just make it to the office in time for a cup of coffee before the meeting. That meant she needed at least ten

minutes on the train to review her notes before she arrived. For that, she needed a seat.

She spotted an empty space on a three-seater bench occupied by two men, near the end of the car. The men sat on either end with a space in the middle. Not exactly her first choice for a seat, but it would beat standing. She stopped near the seat.

The man on the aisle side looked up from the paper he was reading.

Jennifer swallowed several times as she found herself gazing down into the bluest eyes she'd ever seen. Not that she'd had occasion to gaze down into many white men's eyes. Certainly not any who looked as if they'd stepped off the cover of GQ. His tie was silk, his suit looked tailor-made. She hated to think how much he'd paid for his haircut. He was clean-shaven and George Clooney sexy.

She nodded towards the empty space to his left. "Excuse me."

"Of course." He flashed a brief smile, folded his paper, and rose.

She resisted the urge to look him up and down. He was about six two or three and well built with wide shoulders. The train was crowded, which meant she had to brush past him to get into the seat. Her heart thumped as she caught a whiff of his cologne, subtle, yet sexy-like the man himself.

Once she sat, he slipped onto the seat next to her. It was a tight squeeze. Too tight. She could feel his thigh pressed tight against hers. She tried to draw her leg away, but there was no room. She swallowed. The aroma of his cologne intoxicated her senses and made ignoring him harder.

Placing her briefcase on her knees, she opened it and looked through the financial statements she needed for the meeting. But she couldn't concentrate. Not sitting next to this man whose mere presence played havoc with her breathing and heartbeat.

All right, Jen. Get it together, girl. He's just a man. A white man, who doesn't know you're alive. You'll never see him again. Don't start daydreaming.

Out of the corner of her eye, she saw the man now had the paper on his lap. He was looking at her. She turned her head slightly and found him smiling at her. His smile was charming and warm. It filled his gaze and turned the corners of his sensual lips upward in an irresistible and appealing way.

"Do you have the time?" He had a warm, deep voice. The kind that would make a woman tingle in anticipation of a long night of love making when he whispered anything in her ear. Love making? Who was she kidding? He was the kind of man who made a woman dream of being fucked senseless all night long.

"Ah...yes..." She cleared her throat and lifted her arm to look at her watch. As she did, she saw an expensive looking silver watch on his left wrist below the white cuff of his shirt. She glanced at his watch. "Battery died on you?"

"It's solar powered. It runs perfectly." He flashed that dimpled smile at her again.

If his watch wasn't broken, he was coming onto her. "It's eight-forty." She forced her gaze back to the open briefcase. *Okay, Jen. Get it in gear. He's probably*

bored and having a little fun at your expense. Or more likely, he was looking for someone with whom to have a brief, meaningless affair. Her pussy convulsed at the thought of the forbidden delight of a fuck with this handsome man. She glanced at his hands. They were big and would feel wonderful on her bare breasts, tweaking her nipples as he thrust his cock into her aching pussy.

Stop it, Jen. It was difficult, but she kept her gaze on her reports for the next fifteen minutes. She was aware that the man beside her cast several glances in her direction, although he didn't speak to her again.

When the train pulled into her stop, she turned to find him looking at her. "Excuse me."

Smiling, he rose. The train wasn't as crowded now, having made two stops since she'd boarded. So there was no reason for him to stand so close to the seat, making it almost impossible for her to step into the aisle without brushing against him.

The train lurched unexpectedly and she was thrown forward. Her briefcase flew from her hand. She threw out her arms to break the coming fall. A strong arm wrapped around her waist, not only keeping her on her feet, but also pulling her back against a very solid, very male body.

"It's all right. I've got you."

The lights blinked out as she turned to face her rescuer. Still, she knew whose arms she was in, whose deep voice whispered softly against her ear, and whose cock stirred against her, sending heat and moisture into her thong.

The lights flickered back on and she found herself pressed against his chest, staring up into his blue eyes again. He was so handsome and sexy. She swallowed slowly, resisting the insane urge to grind herself against his hardening cock. She couldn't look away from him. Couldn't move. She could barely breathe.

Where You Find It published by [Marilyn Lee Unleashed](#)

Marilyn's booklist:

Marilyn Lee Unleashed

Red Rose Publishing

Betrayed By Love

Song of Desire

It Had To Be You

Tempting Neal

In Blood And Worth Loving

Eye of the Beholder

Night Heat

Summer Storm

Skin Deep

Ellora's Cave

Night of Sin

Bloodlust series:

Mikhel Dumont

The Talisman

Taming Serge Dumont

Forbidden Desires

Nocturnal Heat

Midnight Shadows

All In The Family

Moonlight series:

Moonlight Desire

Moonlight Whispers

Long Line of Love series:

Night of Desires

Love Out Loud

Only One Love

Teacher's Pet

Trina's Afternoon Delight

Branded

Road To Rapture

The Fall of Troy

Full Bodied Charmer

Breathless In Black

Playing With Fire

White Christmas

Quest II – Divided Loyalties

Quest III – Return to Volter

Changeling Press

Moonlight Madness

Soul Mates

Daughters of Takira

Loose Id, LLC

Fantasy Knights

Fantasy Knights 2 – Endless Love

The Dare

Dream Lover

Falling For Sharde

Nice Girls Do

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Marilyn's Bio:

Marilyn Lee lives, works, and writes on the East Coast. In addition to thoroughly enjoying writing erotic romances, she enjoys roller-skating, spending time with her large, extended family, and rooting for all her hometown sports teams. Her other interests include collecting Doc Savage pulp novels from the thirties and forties and collecting Marvel comics from the seventies and eighties (particularly Thor and The Avengers). Her favorite TV shows are forensic shows, westerns (Gunsmoke and Have Gun, Will Travel are particular favorites), mysteries (loves the old Charlie Chan mysteries. Her all time favorite mystery movie is probably Dead, Again), and nearly every vampire movie or television show ever made (Forever Knight and Count Yorga, Vampire are favorites).

Marilyn has won numerous writing accolades, including a CAPA award for Bloodlust: Conquering Mikhel Dumont and the following Lub-Dubs Awards for 2009: Lifetime Achievement Award, In Blood And Worth Loving (Best erotic novel and best sci-fi/fantasy/paranormal Award.

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