



Loose Id

THE
DARE
MARILYN LEE

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LooseId^(R)
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**Published by
Loose Id LLC
1802 N Carson Street, Suite 212-2924
Carson City NV 89701-1215
www.loose-id.com**

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ISBN 978-1-59632-690-3

Available in Adobe PDF, HTML, MobiPocket, and MS Reader

Printed in the United States of America

Editor: Irene Williams

Cover Artist: Croco Designs



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Chapter One

I have just about worn out the all-too-brief clip you sent.

I lie awake at night thinking about all the things I'd love to do to that pretty pussy of yours. I need and want more. I know you do too. Isn't it time for the real thing? If you're ready to take this to the next level and want to see my cock up close and personal...if you want to feel it slowly sliding between the bald lips of your pussy, let me spend the night lying between your long, beautiful, dark thighs, loving and fucking you until you're limp with pleasure.

The suggestive words seemed to leap off her computer monitor and sear themselves into Cassidy Green's brain. Moistening her lips, she read on.

If the thought of spending the night with me buried balls deep inside your stretched pussy arouses you as much as it does me, meet me. I've taken care of all the arrangements. All you need to do is show up. When you do, I promise you'll be safe. When we part, you'll leave very satisfied.

Meet me, Sidddy. I dare you. Jake.

The thought of his thick cock thrusting inside her made her feel hot and very wet. Meeting in person the man she'd been having an uninhibited cyber affair with would have

been out of the question. If only he hadn't dared her. She'd been foolish to reveal her difficulty in resisting a dare. Did she have the courage to meet Jake and bring their relationship into the real world?

She pawed at her neck and frowned when her fingers didn't encounter the small emerald pendant she'd worn for years. When she noted the stone turning a dark green in the presence of coworker Nick Hart, she'd stopped wearing it. Seven months later, she still missed its comforting weight around her neck.

"Are you going to meet him?"

At the sound of the warm, deep voice near her right ear, Kassidy quickly closed the e-mail. Her cheeks burning, she turned in her chair to face the man who stood in the opening of her cubicle.

Tall and well built, Nick Hart had short, auburn hair and a pair of beautiful green eyes. With his physique, he looked equally as sexy in the dark business suits he wore at work as he did in the jeans and pullovers he wore after hours. Sexy? Beautiful? Beguiling? *Get a grip, girl.*

She and Nick had become programmers right after college at Semi-Tech within months of each other, seven years earlier. Their friendship had developed over a nine-month period when they'd put in long hours, working late nights and several weekends to help the company land a lucrative government contract.

Her best friend, Trina, often teased her about being the only one in their circle of friends to befriend what she'd called a semi-gorgeous white guy. Initially, Trina's characterization of Nick as semi-gorgeous had surprised Kassidy. When compared to her lover -- the tall, ebony-skinned hunk, Steven -- Nick and every other male paled in comparison.

However, after her unwanted break-up with Steven, she had begun to notice Nick's stunning smile, his sexy eyes, and his warm, deep voice that sent shivers down her spine,

regardless of his topic of conversation. Lately, each time she gazed into his beguiling green eyes, thoughts of his cock powering between her thighs, into her pussy, teased and aroused her. Those thoughts, combined with her pendant turning what her grandmother had termed a true lover's green in his presence, left her wondering why they weren't friends with benefits.

"Kass? Why are you staring?"

"Staring?" She blinked. "Was I?"

The corners of his lips twitched. "Yes. You were. Any particular reason why?"

None she was ready to reveal to him. "My mind wandered." She glanced at her watch. "It's five thirty. What are you doing still here? I thought once you made senior analyst, your days of working late on Friday nights were over."

He shrugged. "I received an e-mail that captivated me."

"In a personal way?"

He nodded slowly, a slight smile curving his lips. "In a very personal way."

"Really? Who was it from?"

"Wouldn't you like to know?"

"Yes," she admitted. "I would love to know."

He arched a brow. "I can't divulge all my secrets."

"Why not?"

He gave a dismissive shrug of his shoulders. "Never mind my secrets. Why are you still here?"

She hesitated. Should she press him?

Almost as if he'd read her mind, he shook his head. "They're called secrets for a reason."

"I know, but --"

“You can’t expect a man to divulge all his secrets, Kass.”

“Really? Well, remember that the next time you want to know things I’d rather not discuss with you,” she retorted.

His smile widened. “You mean you still have secrets from me?”

She compressed her lips. “Jake --”

“Jake? Having difficulty telling us apart now, Kass?”

Her cheeks burned. “Nick. You know that was just a slip of the tongue.”

“Was it?”

Her nostrils flared and she took a deep breath. “Nick --”

He held up a hand, palm out in surrender. “Before you get upset, you know I was just teasing.”

She gave him a wary smile.

“So why are you still here? I think you and I are the only two still here. Is your supervisor making you burn the midnight oil again?”

“No. I was so close to debugging the Marks program, I decided I’d rather finish it tonight so I wouldn’t have to face it on Monday.” Then, of course, she’d made the mistake of checking her private e-mail account before going home. But since Nick wanted to start keeping secrets, that’s all he needed to know.

“Ahhh. She’s pretty, intelligent, *and* dedicated to her job. What a find.”

She smiled, her annoyance vanishing at the compliment. “That’s me, all right. Pretty, intelligent, and dedicated.” Also horny and manless, but maybe not for long.

He nodded, slowly. “Yes, Kass. You are all those things and more.”

The soft, warm tone of his voice warmed her. “Aren’t you full of compliments tonight?”

“You deserve them all, but you never answered my question.”

“What question?”

“Are you going to meet this mysterious Jake of yours?”

Since Trina had relocated with her job to the East Coast a year earlier, Nick had become her confidant. She'd told him of her cyber affair a month earlier. He had surprised her by encouraging her to continue it.

Was she going to meet Jake? She moistened her lips. Engaging in cyber sex was exciting and allowed her to be totally uninhibited without any real risks. Although she longed to be even more adventurous, should she? Did she dare? *I dare you.*

She shrugged. “It's not polite to read other people's private e-mails over their shoulders.”

“No, it's not. Now you've avoided answering the question long enough. Are you going to meet him?”

Accepting a challenge tossed down by a trusted friend was one thing. Meeting a stranger whose only interest in her was sexual would be beyond foolish. What if he wanted to tie her up or spank her? What if he were into anal sex?

The pictures her imagination conjured up sent a tingle of anticipation through her, which threatened to consume her in a sensual haze -- if she allowed it. She shook her head. “Cyber sex is a great way to relieve sexual tension without any risks, but I don't know if I'm ready to meet him.”

“Why not?”

“The only place succumbing to a dare ever got me was in trouble. Besides, what if he's into anal sex? He might want to tie me up or spank me.”

He entered her cubicle and leaned against the edge of her desk. “What if he does? Wouldn't you like to be spanked?”

She swallowed slowly and quickly dismissed the impulsive “yes” trembling on her lips. There were few things more sensual than a playful spanking delivered by an attentive lover.

Steven had often suggested her ass was made for spanking. Of course, he'd also thought it was made for fucking. Had her reluctance to allow him that delight contributed to his desire to return to his wife?

"Kass?"

She blinked at him. "What?"

"I thought we agreed it was time you tried something different to help you get over Steven."

"What makes you think I'm not over him?"

He shrugged. "Oh, I don't know. Maybe the fact that you haven't dated anyone since the breakup. How long has it been?"

She stared at him, certain he already knew the answer. "Nine months."

"That's a long time to go without a man in your bed and arms."

And didn't she know it? "That doesn't mean I'm still stuck on him. I'm not. I just haven't met anyone I wanted to date yet." Well, at least no one who'd asked her out -- like Nick.

"Prove you're over him by meeting Jake."

She sat back in her chair, her eyes on his face. He seemed restless and edgy lately. She suspected he needed some female companionship himself. He hadn't mentioned dating in weeks. Or was that months? She couldn't understand why he didn't have a steady woman in his life. He was on the fast track to becoming head analyst with another big boost in salary, he was true-blue in a relationship, he was kind and considerate, and he was sexy as hell.

She'd begun to suspect a passionate lover lurked under his boy-next-door exterior he'd presented the first few years she'd known him. He would probably be a great lover who would sexually devour some lucky woman. Why shouldn't she be that woman? Since they'd become close enough to discuss their personal lives, why shouldn't they share each other's beds -- at least until they both met and fell in love with someone else? Until then they could

become friends with benefits and spend their weekends in each other's arms having hot, delicious sex.

Their gazes met and locked.

Her nostrils flared. His cologne left her longing to unbutton his shirt so she could suck his nipples, while trailing her hand down his abs to his zipper. She'd either slip her hand into the waistband or unzip his pants and close her fingers around his cock. Then she'd quickly impale herself on his cock and fuck him so long and good he'd forget his name. After they'd both come, she take him between her lips, lick her cum off his shaft, get him rock hard again, and then she'd lie on her stomach with her legs spread wide while he thrust into her again and again --

Ok, Kass, that's enough. This is Nick. Not Jake.

Had Nick suggested they meet for a night of unbridled lust, she would happily accept. He hadn't asked or ever even hinted he had any romantic interest in her. With her favorite toy buzzing her clit, while watching the short video of Jake, she had come more than once. For all the passion she suspected or hoped lurked behind Nick's cool, green gaze, she wasn't certain she'd be able to rouse Nick's passion. She knew she had Jake hot and bothered.

Nick slipped a hand under her chin and lifted her head so he could gaze down into her eyes. "Stay with me, Kass."

She tingled at the touch of his fingers, but sat back in her chair until his hand fell away. "You're a fine one to talk. You've been restless and edgy and haven't had a date in months."

He shrugged. "You want me to admit I'm horny? Fine. I'm horny as hell, but we were discussing you. Not me. I say you should meet him."

Her cyber affair, along with her sexual fixation on Nick, was a clear indicator that nine months was long enough without a man in her life and bed. Her sudden, disturbing desire for Nick would make their working relationship uncomfortable unless she learned to control it.

Better yet, she needed to work on dismissing it altogether. Or do something to make him notice her.

She shrugged. "Cyber sex is --"

"It's very nice."

She frowned. "Are you speaking from personal experience?"

He arched a brow and gave her an enigmatic smile.

She shook her head, annoyed. "You listened to me talk about Jake, but never once mentioned having a cyber lover of your own."

His smile turned into a grin. "Shocking as you might find this news, I just might have a secret or two from you."

"Why? I thought we'd grown close..."

"We have."

"And become friends."

"We've done that too, Kass, but there are things about me I'm not sure you're ready to hear."

"I'm a big girl, Nick. Let me make my own decision. Things such as what?"

He shook his head. "We can talk about my secrets another time. Right now I'm more interested in you and Jake."

This surely meant questions about his personal life were off limits. The rebuke stung. "There is no me and Jake."

"Yes, there is," he said softly. "And if you enjoy cyber sex with him, think how much you'll enjoy the real thing."

She shook her head. "That would be sex on a first date."

"So?"

"So I don't do sex on a first date."

“Not even on a dare?”

She sucked in a breath. *Oh, Nick, don't.* “I don't think so.”

“Life is too short to fight your desires, Kass. Instead of thinking of sex on a first date as lowering your personal standards, why not think of it as the beginning of a new, exciting, and more adventurous stage of your life?”

She smiled. “Spoken like a man who doesn't have to worry about his reputation.”

“You don't have to worry about yours -- at least not with me. So what are you worried about?”

“Oh, let's see. Aside from the reputation you tell me I shouldn't worry about, walking into a club to meet a stranger and getting...”

“And getting naked, aroused, and fucked senseless doesn't arouse you?”

Chapter Two

She blinked, surprised at the fervor in his voice and his frank language. Even when they discussed their sex lives, he'd never used graphic language. "Aren't you assuming a lot?"

"I'm sure once he gets you alone he's going to fuck you senseless."

She longed for a night with a lover skillful enough to make her back arch and her toes curl just before she came. "Why are you so sure of that?"

"Because it's your fantasy and you like the idea." He caressed her cheek. "You do like the idea, don't you?"

The intensity in his eyes and the urgency in his voice made it impossible to be anything but honest. "Yes, but the last time I accepted a dare --"

"I know. You got kicked out of your senior prom for flashing your breasts at the principal."

Recalling the look on old Garret's face, she smiled. "As I sat in my car missing all the fun, I swore off all dares."

He grinned. "I'll bet the principal had never seen such big, luscious breasts before."

"Big, luscious...and just how do you know my breasts are luscious?"

He arched a brow. "Any breasts that fill out a blouse the way yours do are bound to be luscious."

Her cheeks burned. "Have you been staring at my breasts?"

"I'm a single, horny man, and you're a pretty, voluptuous woman with large, luscious breasts. Of course I stare at your breasts every chance I get. It's time you flashed that big, round ass and those shaved pubes at a man eager to appreciate them."

She sucked in a breath. "What? My...how do you know my...my pubes are shaved?"

He allowed his gaze to briefly drop below her waist before he looked in her eyes. "Aren't they?"

"Maybe, but I never mentioned them to you."

"I've never had the pleasure of seeing you naked, so how else would I know if you hadn't mentioned you shaved them?"

"I didn't mention it. I only recently shaved them because..." She allowed her voice to trail off. The conversation was not only getting out of hand, it was getting her so hot the idea of meeting Jake was becoming more exciting by the moment.

"Why did you shave them?"

Because Jake had told her he loved fucking a hairless pussy. She had promptly shaved. Later, when he dared her to, she had laid on her bed naked. Keeping her face concealed, she had trained her video camera between her legs. It had taken a week of dares from him before she had sent a brief video of her parting her bald pussy lips and rubbing her clit.

He had sent her a slightly longer clip of him fondling his thick cock and a heavy pair of balls that had been responsible for her heightened desire.

Surely, on some subconscious level, she had planned to take their cyber affair to the next level.

"You're staring again, Kass."

“Our talking about something as intimate as that would be like my asking you about your...” She glanced briefly at his groin and looked away, her cheeks burning.

“My cock? You can ask me anything you like about it.”

She jerked her head around and stared at him. “Are you implying what I think you are about the size or girth?”

He leaned so close she felt his breath on her lips. Tiny lights of lust shot through his gaze. “Yes.”

She considered daring him to flash his cock at her. She swallowed the urge and averted her gaze. “So you're working late then?”

He laughed. “Chicken.”

She dismissed his soft taunt with what she hoped looked like a careless shrug. “Whatever.”

He pinched her right nipple.

She gasped.

He gave her an unrepentant stare. “Meet him.”

“Why are you pushing so hard for this?”

“Because I know it's what you really want to do.” He pinched her left nipple.

She jerked away. *If you're going to start trembling every time he touches you, it's definitely time to get yourself a real lover.*

“If you're worried, I'll go with you.”

“I'm not going.”

“Oh yes, you are.”

She met his gaze and thought of her pendant. With all the sexual tension between them, it would probably be nearly black now. “What if I go and later decide it was a mistake?”

“That's why they make nifty things like masks. You're meeting in a neutral place and he doesn't know your real name or where you live. If you want to end it after one night, you can.”

“You make meeting a stranger for a night of lust sound normal.”

He shrugged. “Maybe it's not normal, but I've always thought normal was overrated.”

“Normal is...safe.”

“That's overrated too -- at least when it comes to being afraid to experiment and try something new and exciting. I dare you to meet him.”

“It's not fair to dare me, Nick.”

He smiled. “All's fair in love and war.”

“This is neither.”

“I dare you to follow your heart and inclinations and meet him, Kass.”

“I don't think --”

“Surely you're not turning down a dare?” He pinched both nipples again. “Remember how much more exciting life was when you weren't trying to play it so safe?”

“Yes,” she admitted.

“Then do it, Kass. I dare you.”

“Fine.” She turned back to her computer. She opened Jake's last message.

Nick leaned over her shoulder.

She caught her breath, but made no effort to conceal the message.

“Go ahead,” he whispered, his lips brushing her ear. “Do it. Take the plunge and accept his dare.”

She hesitated.

“Do it,” he insisted.

Her heart raced with anticipation as she allowed her thoughts to linger on the possibility of spending a night with a perfect stranger she would probably never see again. She could be as wanton as she liked -- all without worrying about facing him ever again. The things she could do...allow him to do to her, with her. She felt hot and breathless. "I..."

She tried to contain her desire. "It's after five. What if one of the cleaners walks in on us --"

"Then they'll get an eyeful and have something to talk about."

She trembled, excited at the idea of being caught with his hands on her breasts.

Almost as if he'd read her mind, he licked her ear and cupped his big palms over her breasts. "Close your eyes, Kass, and imagine him fingering your breasts tonight...only there won't be anything between your naked flesh and his hands. Imagine you're both naked. When you part your thighs, imagine him slipping between your beautiful legs and rubbing the head of his cock against your clit. As your pussy fills...imagine him slowly sliding his hard cock deep into your pussy while he sucks and licks your breasts until your nipples are hard as pebbles and you're ready to come all over his cock at his first deep thrust."

She moaned and leaned back against him.

He brushed his lips against her neck. "Do it."

She sucked in a breath. With him cupping and massaging her breasts, she touched the keyboard and began typing...

As you know, I've shaved my pussy just to please you.

Nick squeezed her breasts. "That's it, Kass. Make him so hot that by the time you two meet he'll be ready to devour you."

She leaned into his hands and continued typing...

After watching the clip you sent, I'm eager to feel your cock sliding into my shaved pussy. I want to spend the night with you without any commitment required or wanted. I accept your dare.

She hesitated before typing *Siddy*. She paused again, her forefinger hovering over the enter button that would send the message on its way to Jake. Once she did that...

Nick slid his palms down her belly, allowing it to hover over her aching pussy. "What are you waiting for?"

A jolt of desire shot through her. It was difficult not to lift her hips and thrust herself against his palm. "You're making me hot," she whispered.

"I'm hot too. Now do it."

"If I do...I don't think --"

"This requires courage, not thinking." He lifted the hand lingering over her pussy and closed it over her finger. He pushed her finger against the enter button.

Her heart raced as the words *message sent* appeared on her monitor.

She bit her lip. "Nick! How could you?"

"You'll thank me for this later."

She stared at the monitor in shock for several moments, her lips parted. Then the implication sank in. She pushed back against Nick. When he released her and stepped back, she turned to face him. "Now he'll be expecting me."

He gave her unrepentant smile. "That's the idea."

"Nick..."

"It's done, Kass. Go home and put on something short, tight, and sexy enough to showcase your lovely ass."

"My lovely --"

He leaned down and nipped her right nipple through her blouse and bra. "Yes. Your lovely ass."

"Oh God," she whispered, her pussy filling with moisture.

"Be thankful I couldn't nip or caress your bare ass."

She stared at him.

He smiled, kissed her cheek, and straightened. "You look like a woman ready for a good fuck."

Feeling as if an invisible weight had been lifted off her shoulders, Kassidy rose from her chair. Tossing her head so that her long, dark hair flew around her face, she stared at him before turning with her back to him. She glanced at him over her shoulder. "You like big asses?"

"I like your ass."

"If you keep this up, I'll --"

"You'll what? Meet Jake and let him fuck you senseless while you think of me?"

What would he think if she admitted she'd rather stay and have him flash his cock at her? "If I decide to sleep with him, I won't be thinking of you."

He gave her a slow, enigmatic smile that sent a warm glow all through her. "We'll see. I'm sure he'll be a very happy man once he gets you alone."

She gave him a wicked grin. "Oh, I can almost guarantee that he'll be satisfied when the night is over."

Tiny lights seemed to flare in his dark green gaze. She locked her gaze with his. Why was he so pleased she was going to behave like an alley cat in heat with a stranger?

"I have no doubt you'll rock his world." He hesitated. "Do you want me to come?"

The idea of having Nick there was tempting. Not as a bodyguard, but as a spectator. But if she was going to do this, she was going all the way. She didn't want thoughts of Nick intruding when she was with Jake. She shook her head. "Thanks, Nick, but I don't think Jake would be pleased if I showed up for a night of pleasure with a brother figure in tow."

"Brother figure? If you had a brother would you allow him to play with your breasts?"

"No, but then I didn't exactly allow you to do that either."

He shrugged. "I didn't particularly notice any protests on your part."

She stared at him. "Fine. You're not my brother and I don't need you to come hold my hand. There's no need to be so snappy, Nick. This is going to be your last Friday night spent alone."

"Oh?"

"Yes. On Monday, we're putting *Operation Get Nick Laid* into high gear."

"Thanks, honey, but I have news for you. I plan to get laid tonight."

The news shook her. After a moment of stunned surprise, she swallowed slowly and forced herself to smile. "You do?"

He reached behind her and slapped her ass. "Oh, yeah," he spoke in a low, brusque voice. "I plan to spend the night fucking the hottest, sexiest woman I know."

Her smile vanished. "Wow. Anyone I know? Blonde? Redhead?"

He arched a brow and smiled. "Neither. As you know, I like my coffee black with lots of sugar."

There was no mistaking his meaning. She stared at him. If he wanted a relationship with a black woman, why hadn't he ever asked her out? Was it because she'd been too frank about her fantasies? Did he think she was easy? "I didn't know you liked black women."

"Oh, there are lots of things you don't know about me." He touched her neck. "Where's that emerald necklace you used to wear?"

"Since when have you noticed what jewelry I wear?"

"How could I not notice? The contrast was exquisite."

"What contrast?"

He slipped a finger down the scoop collar of her blouse. "When you wore a low-cut blouse, the stone used to rest between your breasts. The contrast between the light green

stone and your warm, brown skin was exquisite.” He grinned. “Hell, a few times when the light hit it just so, it looked much darker.”

She caught her breath. He’d noted the change as well. Hadn’t her mother sworn only a prospective true lover would note the change? “Have you ever heard of an emerald changing color?”

“I’ve heard a number of things about emeralds.” He shrugged. “Who knows if any of them are actually true. I do hope you didn’t lose it.”

“I haven’t. It’s at home.”

“That’s a relief.”

“Why?”

He arched a brow. “I’ll tell you Monday.”

“Fine. Monday.”

“Why don’t you wear it anymore?”

She shook her head. “There’s a story behind that particular emerald, which has been in my family for at least three generations.”

“Great. Let’s hear it.”

“The story behind the emerald?”

“Yes.”

“I’ll tell you Monday -- maybe.”

He laughed. “Touché.”

“Who is this woman you’re spending the night with?”

“I’ll tell you that Monday as well.”

“Monday. Monday. Great. Let me ask you this. If you have a hot date, why did you offer to play bodyguard for me? What if I’d accepted?”

“You didn’t, so there’s no harm done.”

“What if I had?”

“You didn’t.”

“What if I change my mind?”

He grinned. “And risk my thinking you’d done so because of jealousy?”

Damn him! “Jealousy --”

“You wouldn’t want me to think you’re jealous. Would you?”

“No.”

“I didn’t think so.” He smiled. “It’s time to let the lovely, wanton wild woman trapped inside out.”

“What wanton --”

“The one trying so hard not to appear jealous.”

She compressed her lips.

“Never mind admitting or denying she exists. Just let her out and have a great time tonight.” He flashed a quick smile and walked away.

She stared after him, admiring the way the material of his pants clung to the back of his muscular thighs. He’d soon be whispering lustful words of passion into some lucky woman’s ear. Fine, but after the way he’d flirted and touched her, she’d have another opportunity to reel him in.

Clearly, he planned to enjoy his night. So would she.

Chapter Three

An hour later, with her neck and shoulders cushioned by a soft, inflatable pillow, she lay in a bubble bath daydreaming about Nick. How did he compare to Jake? What did he look like naked, aroused, and ready to fuck his woman senseless?

She sat up. *Stop it, Kass. There's no room in your thoughts tonight for any man but Jake. Jake tonight and maybe Nick tomorrow night.* Why wait until Monday? The sooner she ended up in Nick's bed, the better. She smiled at the shameless thought.

She climbed out of the bathtub, wrapped a towel around her body, and went into her bedroom. After she'd dressed, she stood in front of her full-length mirror, studying her reflection.

She was tall with mocha colored skin and dark eyes. Her lips were full, her complexion clear. With the right makeup, she decided she could hold her own with most nonsupermodel women.

She lowered her gaze to her outfit. Her grandmother would think she was dressed like a hoochie mama. Since she fully intended to behave like one, she turned away from her reflection with a satisfied smile on her face. Moving over to her jewelry box, she picked up

the emerald pendant that had been passed down the maternal side of her family since her great-grandmother.

Pear shaped, it was only .05 carat set in an intricate white gold setting bordered with four small diamonds. Although it was pretty, it had only been appraised at five hundred dollars. It had helped shape the love lives of every woman in her family since her great-grandmother -- until she had stopped wearing it.

Her initial belief in the power of the emerald to enhance love had quickly waned when it had remained pale in Steven's presence, but darkened in Nick's. Perhaps it had been right about Steven -- she'd been in lust, but not in love with him. Had it been right about Nick?

She'd discover that soon enough. But first, she planned to have a wild night with Jake. She laid the pendant back in her jewelry box and stared again at her reflection.

She wore a short, tight leather skirt that hugged her butt and a white blouse that was little more than a half bra that exposed her cleavage and her flat belly. A pair of three-inch black spike heels helped showcase her bare, shaved legs.

I hope you live up to the hype, Jake, because here I come.

She walked into the exclusive downtown club Desire just before nine o'clock. The male attendant greeted her in a neutral voice and handed her a keycard without quite meeting her gaze. Minutes later, she took a deep breath before she entered the room Jake had reserved for them.

Looking around the moonlit room, she caught her breath. A tall, white male, wearing a Mardi Gras-style mask that concealed his nose and upper face and a pair of tight, black leather pants stood near the balcony doors, staring at her.

She stared back, her lips parted, noticing several things. His hair appeared to be dirty blond, yet a mat of dark auburn curls danced down his wide chest and over his hard abs before disappearing into the waistband of his pants. When he uncrossed his long legs, a cock with a big, purple head dripping precum popped out of his crotchless pants.

She licked her lips. She'd watched the clip of him holding and massaging his beautiful jewels so often, she felt as if they beckoned to her like an old friend.

Cupping a hand under his balls, he rotated his hips suggestively before thrusting them forward rapidly, several times, feigning a fucking motion.

Her pussy pulsed. She had to feel him inside her. She raised her gaze to his. "Cover that thick bad boy, and let's get acquainted."

A condom lay on a table near the balcony doors. He picked it up and slowly rolled it over his length.

After nine months of abstinence, all thoughts of heightening their pleasure by prolonging the moment they had sex vanished. She was ready to get laid. *Now*. She pulled off her clothes before quickly crossing the room to stand naked, breathless, wet, and eager in front of him.

He reached for her. His big hands cupped and massaged her breasts, brushing against her nipples until they hardened. A jolt of desire shot through her. She placed her hands over his, pushing them against her breasts. She closed her eyes and leaned forward. Oh, it felt nice to have her breasts touched again.

"You're late. I was afraid you'd changed your mind and decided not to come." He whispered the words against her ear.

She stroked her fingers over his chest. "I was a little uncertain, but I'm already glad I came."

"So am I."

"I want to spend the night coming."

"I'm doing my best to see you do just that."

She shivered in anticipation, loving the feel of his hands on her. "That's what I'm counting on."

He laughed softly. "You have such lovely breasts." He nibbled at her neck and shoulder while gently massaging her breasts. "You won't be sorry," he promised, his voice a soft murmur.

"I'm sure I won't."

Bending her head, she brushed her mouth against his chest. She savored the feel of his chest hair against her lips.

"Nice."

She smiled at the soft word and slid her tongue along his right nipple.

"Mmm."

Dragging her mouth across his chest, she lapped at his left nipple before taking it between her lips. She gently sucked on it.

He groaned.

She lifted her head to look up at him. "Are you glad I came?"

He slid his big, warm palms down her belly. "Hell, yeah."

She kissed her way across his chest and swirled the tip of her tongue against his other nipple.

He stroked his hands around her body to cup her bare bottom. "Nice ass." He pulled her closer. His cock pressed against her body.

She parted her legs, sliding her hands down his back to wrap around his waist. She slowly rotated her hips, sighing softly as she felt his cock against her bald, wet folds.

Keeping one palm over her butt, he slid his other hand around her body. He eased his groin away from her so he could slip a finger inside her, gently probing.

A flood of moisture filled her pussy.

"You're so slick and wet."

"And ready."

He removed his finger and slipped it between his lips. "And delicious."

Kassidy's stomach muscles clenched. The low, brusque tones heightened her pleasure. She felt hot and eager to be penetrated. She rolled her hips suggestively.

Placing both hands on her waist, he turned her and placed her against the balcony doors. She stared at the adjoining building. No lights showed in the building, but if anyone happened to turn on a light and look out...

Nick had been right about a wild woman being trapped inside her. The possibility of someone seeing her naked and about to be or being fucked by Jake...

He trailed his fingertips down her back to her rear.

She pushed her hips back until she felt his hard flesh against her butt. Surrendering to her desire, she reached back to part her ass cheeks in a shameless display of need. "I'm so aroused."

He sucked in a breath. "You're so beautiful."

"Then take me."

He slid his hands down her body and widened her stance. He placed her hands on the window and stroked two fingers inside her.

She moaned and bit her lip.

Leaning his body against hers so that his cock pressed against her ass, he cupped her breasts. "I'd like to hold your breasts all night."

His warm hands seemed to burn palm prints into her flesh. "I'd like that too...except I have other body parts and...crevices that need attention."

"I'll give them all the attention they want." He nipped her shoulder before sucking hard at her neck.

She closed her eyes, her stomach muscles clenching. She was going to have one hell of a hickey, but nothing but feeling his cock powering into her pussy mattered. She rotated her ass against his cock.

He ground his hips against her body. The head of his cock slipped between her ass cheeks.

Her pussy ached and her entire body burned with need. "Please."

Releasing her breasts and moving his groin away from her butt, he rained kisses along her shoulders. "I'll please you, my lovely Sidy."

The soft words washed over her like an aphrodisiac, leaving her feeling ready to melt with need. "I'm on fire."

"I'll put it out and then get you hot all over again."

"Oh, Jake. That's what I want."

He licked and kissed his way along her back, sending tingles of pleasure shooting up and down her spine. Kneeling behind her, he held her hips and licked each buttock. "You have a lovely ass."

"You're repeating yourself," she teased.

"You go to my head." He parted her cheeks and blew against her hole.

She shuddered.

"It looks sweet, tight, and in need of a lot of loving and a good fucking."

Her heartbeat raced. "We can do almost anything you want except have anal sex."

"No anal loving?"

"No...at least not with your cock."

"Not with my cock? How about a finger?"

She wouldn't say no to a finger up her ass, but she'd allow him to discover that for himself. "Convince me," she suggested.

"I will." He pressed his lips against her rear.

Nice. She ground her rear against his face.

"Is that an invitation to continue?"

She reached back to touch his hair.

Taking her silence for assent, he released her cheeks and slipped two fingers into her pussy.

She licked her lips and closed her eyes.

Taking his time, he alternated between slow and deep and hard and shallow movements...in and out...slow and deep...hard and shallow...in and out.

He was a talented finger fucker. "Hmmm."

"Push your ass back so I can reach your clit and get deeper penetration," he instructed.

She eagerly tilted her hips and pushed her ass back.

He rewarded her quiet obedience by flicking his tongue against her clit.

She shuddered. He had a lovely, skillful tongue. She cupped her hands over her breasts and rotated her hips in time with the hot, sweet sweep of his tongue and fingers. Tension and pleasure built in the pit of her stomach with each thrust of his fingers and lick of his tongue.

She moaned, barely resisting the urge to thrust her ass tight against his face. She wanted the digital delight to last as long as possible. Yet within minutes he drove her to a quick orgasm. Surrendering to the passion tightening her belly, she gasped and gushed over his thrusting fingers.

He kept her hot and aroused by lapping at her flooded pussy.

"Good," she moaned and pushed her pussy downward so that his tongue slipped deeper inside her.

He gripped her hips and licked at her pussy for several moments until he finally removed his tongue, parted her cheeks again, and pressed one of his wet fingers against her anus.

She tensed, but offered no protest or resistance.

He slipped one finger knuckle deep inside her. "Is that okay?"

She nodded. "Yes."

He eased his finger deeper inside her.

She pinched her nipples.

Licking and nibbling her cheeks, he gently finger-fucked her. He paused. "Still okay?"

She sighed softly. "Nice...so nice."

"Oh, yeah." He sighed. "It's so nice I'd better stop before the urge to have my cock replace my finger drives me wild." He eased his finger out of her, gently bit each cheek, and rose. He leaned against her back. "I'm going to wash my hands. Don't move."

"I couldn't move if I wanted to," she murmured. She closed her eyes and stood with her cheek pressed against the balcony doors until he returned to the room. "What took you so long? You might have to get me wet all over again."

"My pleasure."

Placing his big, warm hands on her waist, he turned her to face him.

She opened her eyes. What did he look like under the mask? *His* mask. The sudden realization that she had forgotten her mask added a new level of excitement to the night. He would remain a stranger to her and could be any man she passed on the street or even in the building where she worked. While he she was no longer a stranger to him.

He knelt.

She parted her legs.

"You have a pretty pussy." He licked her slit several times, dragging his tongue up and down the entire length before stabbing his tongue between her wet folds.

Delicious. "Please...I need you inside me now."

"Not yet." He thrust two fingers in and out of her with a ruthless precision that started a slow burn in her belly.

“Yes.” She ground herself against his face. “Eat me...taste the pussy I shaved just for you.”

His skillful tongue and fingers sent the flame in her belly roaring down between her legs. She curled her fingers in his hair. A cauldron of liquid fire filled her pussy and quickly spilled over as she came against his tongue, lips, and fingers.

Cupping his hands over her ass, he continued to eat her as she shuddered to a powerful climax.

She leaned against his face. “Oh. That was good.”

“Only good?”

She smiled. “No. It was wonderful.”

“I’m delighted you enjoyed it.”

“How could I not?”

He licked her clit and rose.

She cupped him in her hands and slipped a hand under his balls and gently squeezed.

He groaned.

She pumped him slowly.

He ground his hips against her. “That’s nice, but I need more.”

She released him. “You’re nice and aroused.”

“And ready to fuck.”

“Show me,” she challenged, pinching her nipples and sliding the tip of her tongue along her upper lip.

He turned her around to face the balcony doors, pressing his body against her back. “Are you ready to be fucked?”

Chapter Four

She nodded. "I'm eager to say hello to your cock."

He placed a hand on her hip and bent to kiss her nape. He rested his length against her entrance. "I've wanted this for so long."

She glanced over her shoulder.

He lifted his head.

Their gazes met.

"Your wait is over. I'm all yours. Take me. Plunder me."

Keeping his gaze locked with hers, he slowly slipped the head of his cock between her outer lips.

She gasped and closed her eyes, widening her stance.

He slowly invaded and claimed her body, confidently tunneling into her as if her slick pussy had *Private Property of Jake* stamped on it.

With most of his cock inside her, he paused, cupping his hands over her breasts. "Feels good, doesn't it?" he demanded, his voice hoarse with passion.

"I'll let you know when I have every inch inside me." With her cheek against the window, she pushed back against him, eager to feel the final delicious inches of hot, demanding cock buried deep in her body.

She experienced a lecherous thrill knowing she was but a breath away from being fucked by a man who would remain a stranger to her. But getting to know Nick would be just as exciting as this night with Jake. Maybe Nick was thinking of her -- even if he were buried inside some lucky woman's pussy. Hopefully he'd be ready to become her lover very soon.

Hopefully? After the way he'd gushed over her body, thoughts of fucking her should make Nick as hot as it made her. Just the thought of his cock sliding inside her --

Jake's pubic hair pressed against her ass and his hands tightened on her breasts. "You feel good...so tight and wet and slick...so mine."

With every thick inch of his cock fully imbedded inside her, she licked her lips. She'd had lovers with longer cocks, but none as deliciously thick as Jake. She loved the way her pussy lips stretched around his hard girth. Oh, yeah, she'd take width over excessive length any day.

"Your cock feels so good stretching me," she murmured.

Jake moved his hands from her breasts and eased her against the cool glass doors. With both her breasts and her clit pressed against the glass, thoughts of Nick were driven from her mind. Jake's big, powerful body pressed tight against her, groin to butt, his leather pants molded to the backs of her thighs.

He moved his big warm hands to caress the sides of her breasts.

She ground her ass against him. "Fuck me."

He stroked into her with long, sensuous movements. Her nipples and bald slit rubbed against the cool glass each time he bottomed out in her.

"Oooh."

He linked his long fingers through hers and pressed his warm lips against her ear. "Siddy, you are all mine."

She shuddered, pleasure radiating all through her. She loved having him make verbal love to her in his deep, baritone. "Oh, yes, Jake. Just like that."

He fucked her slowly, pulling his cock nearly all the way out of her protesting body before pushing his hips forward and sinking his entire length deep into her until her pussy was impaled on him. The feel of his pubic hair against her ass was sensual and arousing.

Each long, wonderful stroke sent a wave of delight through her.

Her toes curled. Her back arched. "Yes."

"Yes," he echoed, sliding his hands down to hold her hips.

Each time he thrust up, straightening his bent knees, he sent his hard, hot flesh powering into her. Lust and desire tightened her stomach muscles. A multitude of tiny, delicious flames ignited in her pussy, threatening to set it and her entire body aflame.

The sexy sensation of his leather-clad thighs rubbing against her bare skin as he drove his sweet shaft ever deeper into her wet body, driving her close to coming.

"Damn, Siddy. You're so tight, wet, and hot. I never thought any woman could be so beautiful...so sweet and delicious...so irresistible."

His voice was still deliberately low.

While she loved what she was feeling and was glad she'd come, each stroke of his cock increased her hunger to find herself wet, naked, and impaled on Nick's cock...regardless of its length or girth. She just wanted him. No matter what she had to do, she was going to get him in her bed. This interlude with Jake would be her last wild act. Once she and Nick became lovers, she'd do her best to ensure he never wanted anyone else.

Jake again banished thoughts of Nick when he rutted hard and deep in her, groaning and thrusting like a man who'd been celibate for years. Although she experienced a

wonderfully sweet erotic lust, she was aware of finer, deeper feelings that grew with each thrust of his thick, silken length inside her.

It seemed with every deep intrusion into her body, he claimed not only another inch of pussy for himself, but a growing piece of her emotions. This felt as much like making love as it did fucking. “Jake...”

He nipped at her ear. “Do you like this?”

She thrust her ass against his groin. “No. I don't like it.”

“No?” He withdrew his hips and then pushed them forward, forcing his cock back inside her drenched tunnel. “Then maybe I should stop now.”

She gasped. “No. I meant I love this!”

He reached around her body to thumb her clit.

She shuddered, on the edge of a powerful climax. “Ooh...”

“I love it too, but it's about to get a little better, honey.”

“Better? Hmmm. If it gets any better, I'm going to scream the place down.”

“I like how open you are about your feelings.” He kissed her nape. “Get ready to scream.”

Lengthening his strokes, he rained moist, heated kisses on her neck and shoulders.

Tingles of pleasure heightened her senses. She loved how his passion for her consumed both her body and her emotions. The flames in her belly raced down to her pussy, setting it on fire.

She tossed her head back against him. “Jake. Jake.”

He thrust in and out of her several times, in rapid succession, each time harder and faster. “Oh, honey girl.”

The endearment sent a strange tingle of delight through her. She stood with her cheek pressed against the cool glass. Her heart raced, her legs shook with the violence of the satisfaction rushing through her.

She moaned and thrust her ass roughly, eagerly against his groin, hungry to feel his cock shooting back into her pussy. It did and a thousand stars erupted behind her eyes as a hot, satisfying climax raced through her body with earthquake like force. "Nick!" Lost in a haze of pleasure, she sobbed out his name and exploded.

"That's it. Show me how much you enjoy making love. Come all over my cock."

"Nick..."

With one arm wrapped around her waist, he gently stroked the side of her right breast. As she spiraled out of control in the grip of her climax, he filled her ears with words groaned so low she couldn't understand them.

Nevertheless, the melodious, nonsensical words managed to instill a sense of wonder and belonging in her.

She sobbed her way through a climax that shattered her body and seemed to snatch at her heart. While totally satisfying her physical hunger, it left her at the mercy of feelings that disturbed her.

When she had recovered from her orgasm, he gently eased his cock out of her now flooded channel.

Feeling happy but still hungry for more pleasure, she opened her eyes. The lights in the room directly across the courtyard were on.

The opposing room's curtains were open. She found herself staring in shock at what she saw across the dark courtyard. A naked, full-figured woman with pale skin; heavy, sagging breasts; and big, dimpled thighs was pressed against the balcony doors. Behind the woman was a handsome black man with his face contorted in ecstasy. He was obviously fucking her ass, his fingers stroking her pussy and clit.

Kassidy was so caught up in the sex tableau playing out in front of her that it took her several minutes of staring to recognize that the handsome face belonged to her ex-lover, Steven. Steven had ended their relationship to rekindle his relationship with his ex-wife. Was the woman writhing in sensual bliss on his cock his ex-wife?

Face burning, Kassidy found she couldn't look away. She watched the woman shudder and her lips part each time Steven slammed his cock back into her ass. He really seemed to be enjoying the fuck, his handsome face contorted with lust each time he shot his cock back into the woman. Knowing the pleasure he could deliver with his long, thick shaft, Kassidy knew the woman was probably getting a ride she wouldn't soon forget.

Jake licked her neck. "They seem to be enjoying each other. Do you know them?"

"Not her."

"Him?"

"Yes, he's my ex."

Jake ground his cock against her ass. "Does seeing him with another woman bother you?"

She thought of the pendant. "No. Why should it hurt?"

"It doesn't bother you that he left you for her?"

"I wasn't thrilled at the time, but I wasn't in love with him. Seeing him with someone else is surprising, but that's all."

"Are you sure?" He caressed her breasts. "I'd hate to see you hurt."

The sincerity in his voice touched her. "That's sweet, but I'm over him."

"Since when?"

Since she'd started fantasizing about Nick. "For months."

"Good." He massaged her breasts and thrust in deep and fast. Highly aroused by the sexual tableau in front of her, she quickly reached her peak.

Kassidy moaned, and just as Steven increased his pace and he and his lover shuddered to their climax, Jake's pounding into her pushed her over the edge. Kassidy came within seconds of the woman in the opposite building.

Without warning, Steven's dark eyes opened and he and Kassidy stared at each other.

Sliding his fingers around her arms, Jake drew Kassidy down to the floor where the cement balcony blocked her from the other couple's view.

He placed her on her stomach. "Open wide." Gentle hands parted her thighs. "Oh, my, what a pretty, bald, brown pussy." He leaned over and kissed her neck while he eased his fingers between her legs.

She smiled. "Hmmm...that feels good."

"You're still wet. Watching them turned you on. Didn't it?"

There was no need to deny the obvious. "Yes, and you get the benefits. I'm wet and ready, baby. Just for you. Are you planning to do anything about it?"

"Hell, yeah."

"I'm waiting."

She heard a soft sound and turned her head. His mask lay on the floor in a circle of moonlight. She rolled onto her back and looked up. The shadows concealed his face. She frowned. "I want to see your face."

He shook his head. "No."

"Why not?"

"That's not part of either of our fantasies."

She stroked a hand down his chest. "Maybe not, but I've changed my mind. Besides, you see my face. Be fair."

"Fair?"

"Yes. You can see my face."

“Nice try, Sidddy, but it’s not my fault you didn’t wear your mask.” He squeezed her breasts. “Be honest. You like not knowing who I am.”

She slid her hand down his chest to cup his cock. “Maybe, but --”

He groaned at her caress, but shook his head. “But nothing. This is only going to work if we stick to our agreement.”

“Yes, I know, but --”

“You wanted a night of lust with a stranger and I wanted a night of love with a beautiful, uninhibited woman who would allow me to have my way with her without knowing who I am.”

She frowned. Why did he continue to speak in such an unnaturally low voice? She gave herself a mental shake. Why worry about his identity when she fully intended to pursue and seduce Nick at the earliest opportunity?

She stifled a sigh. As much as she liked the idea of having two lovers -- him and Nick -- she suspected Nick was a one-woman man. Her sudden desire to juggle him and Nick as lovers notwithstanding, she’d always considered herself a one-man woman. Giving Jake up after tonight wouldn’t be easy. But if she couldn’t have them both, Nick had a slight but definite edge.

“Hey! What or who are you thinking about?” he asked, stroking his fingers into her.

She moved her hips suggestively. “I’m ready and willing to please.”

“Oh, yeah?”

She smiled up at him, parting her legs. “Yes. Your fingers are nice, but I want you inside me again.” She gently massaged him. “I want more of this thick, hard bad boy,” she told him in a soft voice, devoid of shame.

“Sidddy?”

He was still erect. “I want more cock, Nick.”

He turned his head and kissed her palm. “You’re going to get more.”

Chapter Five

She wet her lips and wiggled her ass again. "I'm ready whenever you are."

"That would be right now."

She touched him. "Not quite."

"Give me a moment." He quickly replaced the used condom with a new one before he moved to lie between her thighs. "Now, let's fuck."

She pushed against his shoulders. "Take your pants off so I can feel all your pubic hair against my bare pussy lips as we fuck each other."

"Each other? I like the sound of that. So you're planning to fuck me?"

She nodded. "I'm going to fuck you until you come."

"Oh, honey, you're making me hot."

"And hard?"

"Oh, yeah."

"So let me watch you peel those pants off. I want you as naked as I am."

"Now you're talking." He rose and took several steps away from her.

She sat up, cupping her hands over her breasts. As she watched, he slowly pushed the leather pants off his lean hips and down his muscular thighs.

“Nice legs,” she told him.

She saw the gleam of his teeth.

With the pants just below his ass, he turned his back to her.

“Oh. Nice, tight buns.”

He thrust his hips slowly forward, making a series of fucking motions before he turned back to face her.

She removed one hand from her breasts to fan herself.

He laughed then continued to peel his pants off.

“Oh yeah, baby.”

He kicked the pants away.

She stared at his cock, which protruded in front of his beautiful, taut body.

“Well?”

“Nice,” she whispered.

He grinned. “Tell me how you like your men.”

“Hard and horny.”

“I can guarantee I’m horny.” He massaged his cock. “Does this look hard enough to arouse you?”

She shrugged. “It’s difficult to tell. I have an idea. Why don’t you come down here and thrust it into me a few times? Then I can tell if it’s hard enough.”

He laughed and knelt over her, keeping his face out of the circle of moonlight. “I like the way you think, but I want another taste of brown sugar first.”

Oh, yes. A man who didn’t just dive into her, but wanted to linger and make love to her. She stretched out on her back and bent her knees, lifting her hips. “Taste away, lover.”

He kissed her toes, trailing a path up the inside of one inner thigh, pausing with his lips a few inches from her slit. "Do it," she encouraged.

"I love the way your pussy smells."

"It's yours to do with as you like."

"Yes. This pussy *is* all mine, Kass."

Her smile wavered. He sounded a little too possessive. She thought inexplicably of Nick. She frowned. With the skillful Jake about to do sweet things to her, thinking was a waste of time. She'd concentrate all her energies on satisfying their mutual desires. "Take me."

"Oh, honey, I intend to take you -- all night." Gently parting her wet folds, he pressed a greedy, openmouthed kiss against her pussy.

She tweaked her nipples until they hardened. "Hmmm."

"Oh, yeah, honey." He kissed his way down her other inner thigh.

Liquid heat pooled between her legs. She inhaled. The air was fragrant with the wonderful smell of sex and her need for him. She pushed her hips off the carpet. "Take me again," she demanded. "Now!"

"Tell me what you want me to do first," he countered, nibbling at her toes.

She made a small, pleased sound as desire flooded her. A man who enjoyed kissing a woman's toes? She must have died and gone to heaven. She rubbed her clit. "Isn't it obvious what I want...what I need?"

"Yes, but I want to hear you say the words. Tell me what you want."

"Ni-Jake..."

He abruptly lifted his head. "Who did you call me?"

Her cheeks burned. "Jake," she said quickly. "I called you Jake." She tugged at his arms. "Jake. Please, Jake."

“Please what? What do you want me to do?”

“Slide that big, greedy bad boy back inside me and fuck me hard and fast.”

He smiled. “I love a beautiful, sexy woman begging for my cock.”

She slipped two fingers inside her pussy. “So give it to me.”

“Gladly, honey girl.”

She lay with her cheek pressed against the plush carpet, waiting. She moaned softly as he slid between her trembling thighs.

Impatient, she raised her hips off the carpet again. “Give it to me!”

“I’m about to do just that, you impatient little minx.” He thrust his length deep into her with one, quick movement.

“Ahhh!” The sweet, hard plunge sent the breath gasping from her lungs.

He lay with his groin pressed tight against her body. He wiggled his hips, deliberately rubbing his pubic hair against her bald pussy lips. A shiver danced down her spine. She arched her back, clinging to him.

“Damn.” He rotated his lower body, grinding his hips against hers. “Feels so damn good, doesn’t it, honey?”

She closed her hands over his tight buns. “Oh, yes!”

Supporting his weight on his extended arms, he slowly raised his hips from hers. “Oh, honey girl, you are so sweet.”

She stroked her palms over his ass. “Then come fuck me.”

“You are going to ruin me for any other woman.” He shot his hips rapidly downward, sending his cock plowing roughly into her.

“Oh, yes.”

He repeated the delicious offense -- again and again -- increasing the speed and depth of his penetration with each downward movement until he was balls deep in her.

Delicious tendrils radiated from her pussy, quickly spreading through her entire body. She moaned softly, raking her nails down his back. Although he was now undeniably fucking her, an undercurrent of tenderness interspersed with passion touched her heart -- just as his cock touched depths in her pussy that joyfully welcomed his hard cock.

Her lustful thoughts turned briefly to Nick. Making love with him would be even better than this undeniably sweet interlude and --

“Ooh! Oh, yes!” Jake's rampaging cock taking full possession of her wet slit sent a surge of desire coursing through her. She locked her legs over his upper thighs and bucked her hips up at him. He took her with the heat and power of an erupting volcano. “Oooh...yes...yes...damn it, yes!”

Overwhelmed by the depth of the passion he engendered in her, she moaned her way through a miniorgasm before shuddering through a second, more powerful climax, which left her feeling shattered into tiny, countless, satisfied pieces.

“Yes, honey!” He grabbed her hips, lowered his upper body onto hers, stabbing his cock into her pussy with hard, powerful strokes, until he shuddered and groaned her name as he came.

She held him close loving the soft, harsh sounds he made as he thrust his cock into her and came. He ejaculated for at least a minute before he collapsed on top of her. Enjoying his weight on her, she kissed his shoulders and stroked her hands down his damp back.

After the last shudders died away, he lay on top of her. He peppered her neck and shoulders with soft, warm kisses.

She smiled. Although he felt heavy, she welcomed his weight. She loved having sex with a man who didn't immediately roll off her and fall asleep after sex. In a few moments, she'd open her eyes quickly in the hope of catching a glimpse of his face.

He lazily ground his hips against her. “Damn, I love your pussy.”

“So you like my pussy?”

He nibbled at her neck. "Yes, but it's not just your sweet pussy that's blown me away...it's how great sex with you feels...and how I feel afterward."

"Tell me more," she invited.

"I've never felt this way before or after sex."

"Oh, Jake! I've never had a man make such seductive verbal love to me."

"I mean what I say," he whispered. "I could lie in your arms like this all night, but I don't want to crush you." He extended his arms and eased out of her.

She rolled onto her side, reaching out to him with trembling hands. "Come back."

He settled his body against hers, rubbing his chest against her breasts.

She lifted her chin. "Kiss me."

"Gladly." He lowered his head. He brushed his lips against hers in a series of brief caresses before he settled his mouth on hers. Cajoling her lips apart, he pressed a long, warm, sweet kiss against her lips.

"Jake," she gasped when he finally drew his lips from hers. "That was a kiss."

He grinned. "I aim to please."

"Then let me see your face."

"Why don't you admit you like not knowing who I am?"

She did like not knowing.

"Promise you'll keep our bargain or I'll put my mask back on now."

"Okay. I promise."

"Good."

She smiled. Cuddling with him after the incredible sex was probably as close to paradise as she was ever likely to come.

He rolled onto his back and lifted her body on top of his. He caressed her back and cupped her ass. "Damn, Sidy, I don't think I'm going to be satisfied with more than a one-night stand with you."

She didn't want their relationship to end with the night either, but if she had to choose between Jake and Nick, her sensual interest and affection for Nick outweighed the lust Jake inspired in her. "That's what we agreed on, Jake."

"It's what you suggested. I didn't argue, but it didn't mean I agreed."

She tensed. "Are you going to be difficult?"

He gently slapped her ass. "I'm getting more than tonight."

"Jake --"

"Sssh. Don't speak. I know the deal we had, but I'm telling you now that we need to rethink that part of your fantasy."

"Jake, you promised --"

"Some promises are impossible to keep, but we'll discuss this later." He kissed her lips. "You'd better take a nap."

"Maybe we should discuss this now so it won't --"

He brushed his lips against hers. "Trust me. Things will work out for us."

Us? She moistened her lips. "Jake --"

"Go to sleep, Sidy. We can talk about this later. All you need to know now is that I don't have any plans to pressure you into anything you don't really want. If you trusted me enough to come here tonight, can't you trust me just a little further?"

She nodded. "Yes."

"Good."

She smiled and drifted to sleep lured by his soft words and caressing hands.

* * * * *

"Hey? Are you awake?"

Kassidy stirred and slowly opened her eyes. She frowned, confused. She appeared to be lying on a strange floor -- with a strange man. "Hmmm?"

"Siddy?" A warm palm cupped then abruptly slapped her ass.

"Ouch!" She blinked then remembered where she was and who her lover was. Only her cyber lover Jake called her Siddy. Of course, now he was no longer just her cyber lover. "Jake?"

"Are you awake?"

She murmured sleepily into the darkness. "Barely."

He put his arms around her. "Wake up, Siddy, so we can go bed. Once there, I guarantee I'll wake you up properly."

She smiled. "I love a sexy, confident man."

"That's me, honey."

She linked her arms around his neck. "Hmmm."

He kissed her cheek. "I need you again."

She liked that he said need rather than want. "I need you too."

He released her and stood.

She stretched up a hand.

Taking her hand in his, he lifted her to her feet. Slipping an arm around her waist, he led her to the big bed under a lit, mirrored ceiling. He stretched her out on her back, but didn't join her.

She parted her legs and rubbed her slit. "Join me," she invited.

"Hold that thought and that pose." He moved across the room to get a condom from his pants. After applying it, he picked up his mask.

She smothered a sigh of disappointment.

He covered his face before returning to the bed.

He stood over her for several moments, looking down at her.

She frowned. "What's wrong?"

He shook his head. "Nothing."

"Then why are you staring?"

"You are so beautiful. I'm having a hard time believing you're finally here with me."

"Believe it." She turned onto her side and tugged at his hand. "Make love to me."

He tumbled onto the bed beside her. Then, rising above her, he kneeled between her thighs.

She closed her fingers around his cock.

"I love it when you touch my cock."

She smiled up at him. "I love it when it touches my pussy."

"Your sexual honesty is so refreshing and addictive." He leaned down and gently sucked at her breasts before burying his face between them. He murmured something soft.

"What?"

"I want and need you with a hunger I've never experienced before."

She closed her eyes and wrapped her arms around him. "I'm yours."

He trembled against her.

A warm feeling settled over her. This was more than sex for him too. What they were sharing had the potential to mean something special to them both. The certainty excited and frightened her. How could she possibly have both him and Nick? How could she see Jake again while pursuing a sexual relationship with Nick? Feeling torn between two very different men, both of whom she desperately wanted, she felt conflicted.

"Siddy?"

She gave herself a mental shake. She'd worry about how to resolve her dilemma later. Now she just wanted Jake inside her. "Love me now, Jake. Please."

He lifted his face from her breasts and looked down at her. "I want more than this from you," he told her as he slowly, relentlessly, pushed into her pussy.

"Sex now, talk later," she gasped. She pushed down on his ass, driving the rest of his length into her.

As his pubic hair pressed against her shaved pussy, he groaned and pressed his lips against her ear. "Oh honey girl, sex has never been this good with anyone else."

She stroked her hands down his back. "It does feel special," she admitted. "Making love with you is almost like good friends becoming lovers."

"That's exactly what we are."

She blinked up at him. "What? Oh." She laughed as his meaning became clear. "You mean because we've been chatting online for months."

He kept his movements in and out of her leisurely. "Is that what I mean?"

She licked his chest, teasing her teeth against his nipples.

He made a small, pleased sound.

She smiled. "What else could you mean?"

He licked the side of her neck. "Does it matter?"

She shook her head. "Not at the moment."

"My sentiments exactly. Hmmm. I love the taste of your skin against my lips and tongue."

"I love the way you talk to me."

"You are the sweetest woman I've ever met."

She wrapped her arms and legs around his body. "Prove it. Stop talking so much and fuck me!" She closed her eyes and rocked her hips against his.

Chapter Six

"I'll give you whatever you want and need," he promised, withdrawing his hips and then thrusting back into her with a force that made her ass move on the bed. "How's that?"

"Oh, yes! That's it...just like that...that's the spot, Jake. That's it. Hit it again!"

"I will, but open your eyes and watch me do it...watch us together...making love."

She opened her eyes.

Above them, she saw the outline of his naked body between her legs in the lighted, mirrored ceiling. It was a sexy sight. She kept her hands on his back so she had an unobstructed view of his tight buns clenching and unclenching as he fucked her pussy with a hunger and power that sent her spiraling into a luscious climax within minutes.

This time he fucked her through her orgasm, his mouth devouring hers and his cock slamming wildly into her pussy. Half dazed, she moaned softly as he gasped out her name, came quickly, and then collapsed on top of her. "Oh, shit, honey, that was incredible. Thank you."

The whispered thanks touched her. Lord, did he know how to wow a woman -- even after the sex. She stroked her hands over his taut ass. "Yes, it was, and thank you."

She lay quietly under him, loving the feeling of being crushed by his full weight until he eased out of her with a soft groan.

She rolled onto her side. He moved behind her and cupped her breasts. She scooted her ass back against his thighs. "I love how you seem to love my breasts," she murmured.

"I do love your breasts...I love everything about you -- your beauty...your passion...the wild streak in you that allowed you to accept my dare so we could share this wonderful night."

"It was wonderful."

"You mean is. It's not over yet."

"No, but I think you've almost worn me out. I'm feeling very drowsy and very satisfied."

He brushed his lips against her ear. "That's how I like my women...drowsy and satisfied after sex."

"Very drowsy...very satisfied," she whispered as she wiggled her ass against him and drifted to sleep.

* * * * *

After she fell asleep, he lay awake holding her. Although he was tired, he wanted to savor every moment of the rapidly fleeting night with her. He kissed the back of her neck and gently eased out of the bed.

In the bathroom, he removed his mask and stared at his reflection.

His green eyes sparkled with determination. Although their night together had far exceeded his physical needs, it had not met his emotional expectations. That was probably his fault for setting the bar too high. He'd gone out of his way to conceal his identity from her, so why should her failure to recognize him be a disappointment?

You can't have it both ways, guy. Either you want her to know who you are or you don't. If you do, tell her. If you don't, stop griping.

He washed his face and returned to the bedroom. Afraid that if he joined her in bed he would fall asleep, he stood by the balcony doors staring across the courtyard.

He was pleased that seeing Steven had not upset or unnerved her as he had feared. The passion with which she'd given herself to him afterward assured him she really was over Steven. That knowledge removed the last obstacle in his path.

He turned and glanced at the bedside clock. It was three-forty in the morning..

She was probably tired, but he needed her again before dawn, when the chances of her recognizing him would increase.

He crossed the room to the bed, bent to kiss her lips, and gently stroked her breasts. "Hey...you can sleep on your own time. Wake up and let me love you again."

* * * * *

Kassidy sighed and opened her eyes. She smiled up at Jake. "Hi."

"I want you." He stroked her thighs. "Do you have to go to the bathroom before we make love again?"

She stretched and smiled. "I like how you want me."

He licked her nipples. "Then let's fuck, honey girl."

She shook her head and sat up. "I have to go to the little girl's room first." She slid out of bed.

He slapped her ass. "Don't be long."

She grinned over her shoulder at him and deliberately swinging her hips, moved across the room to the bathroom.

After taking care of her needs, she stood staring at her reflection in the medicine cabinet mirror. Her dark eyes shone with pleasure and excitement. She tilted her head and noted the beginnings of a hickey on the side of her neck.

She frowned. Would the sight of it turn Nick off? The more intense her experience with Jake, the more her thoughts turned to Nick. What was wrong with her that she wanted them both? *How greedy can you get, girl? You can't have them both.*

"Siddy? Are you lost in there? Shall I mount a rescue mission?"

Jake's voice startled her.

"Coming," she called. She hurried back into the bedroom. Instead of joining him on the bed, she walked over to one of the chairs by the balcony doors.

He sat up in bed. "What's keeping you over there when I'm over here and still horny?"

She smiled, cupping her hands under her breasts and parting her legs. "You want me? Come and get me."

He rose and stalked across the room to her. He swept her off her feet and into his arms without a word. She linked her arms around his neck and rained kisses against his chest.

He tossed her onto the bed and stood staring down at her. "Have I told you that you are so beautiful?"

"I believe you have, but I like hearing it again. Now do you plan to stand there talking or are you going to fuck me?"

"I am definitely going to fuck you, honey girl." He picked up a foil package from the nightstand.

She sat up quickly. "Let me do that."

He silently handed her a condom. She opened the package and drew out the condom. Holding it in one hand, she fondled his cock and balls. "I love these bad boys of yours." She leaned forward and pressed a warm kiss against his balls.

He grinned. "They're pretty fond of you too, honey girl."

Still holding him in her hand, she slowly rolled the condom over him. "There. He has on his raincoat and is ready to play." She leaned down to lick his balls. "Mmmm...delicious." She lifted her head and grinned up at him. "They feel heavy and ready to be emptied."

He stroked her cheek. "I wish I could empty their contents directly in your pussy."

The muscles in her stomach tightened. That, like anal sex, was out of the question at this point in their relationship. Relationship? When had she decided they were going to have anything more than a one-night stand?

She slipped off the side of the bed and kneeled in front of him. He parted his legs and she leaned forward, gently sucking at his balls. "Not tonight."

He stroked his hands over her hair. "But you're not ruling it out at some point? I'd love to make love to you without a condom between us."

She was saving that experience for her wedding night. "Not tonight," she repeated. She closed her lips over his ball sac.

He thrust his hips forward. "Oh, damn, honey girl, you make me so hard. I need to be inside you now." He lifted her to her feet and urged her onto her back on the bed.

Smiling up at him, she parted her thighs. "Join me."

He slipped between her legs and pressed his hips forward, pausing with the head of his cock lodged just inside her body. "It would be very easy to fall in love with you."

Her heart thumped. She swallowed slowly and stared up at him. "Do you mean that?"

He frowned. "Do I mean what?"

So he didn't mean it. "Nothing."

"Then here I come." He moved his hips forward, pushing the rest of his cock inside her. He groaned and closed his eyes. "Oh, hell. I can't get enough of you. Let's fuck, honey."

"No. I don't want to be fucked. I want you to make love to me." She stroked her fingers through his hair. "Love me," she whispered. "Like you mean it."

"I do mean it, Siddy." Keeping most of his weight on his extended arms, he made slow, tender love to her. He kept his movements long and leisurely. He alternated between sucking her breasts and licking and kissing her neck and shoulders. At intermittent intervals, he took care to grind his hips against hers so that his pubic hair moved against her clit, sending chills through her.

He was a sweet, considerate lover. Kassidy held him with her arms and legs wrapped around his big, thrusting body, and she kept her gaze on the lighted ceiling mirror. She loved watching their contrasting skin colors intertwined as they moved together as one.

He shoved his hips downward and she welcomed him back into her body with small, satisfied cries of pleasure. As delight danced along her spine, she clenched her short nails in his ass.

"Oooh...yes! Yes! I'm almost there." She tossed her head back against the bed, arched her back, and thrust her hips up against his. She was close to coming. "Love me!"

"I do love you, honey girl!" He slid his hands down her body to hold her hips. "Feel how much I do as I come. I'm almost there. Come with me, darling."

"Yes. Yes!" Slamming their hips against each other, they struggled to climax. She shattered into the sweetest orgasm she'd ever experienced. He came moments later.

"Damn." He bit her shoulder.

She stroked her fingers down his back. "I don't think sex gets any better than that."

"I know it never has for me."

She smiled, lying with his semi-erect shaft gently pulsing deep in her body. Sex with Steven had been good...real good. She was almost certain sex with Nick would be good. But sex with Jake was too damned good for words.

He eased his cock out of her, discarded the condom, and returned to lie in her arms. "How do you feel?"

She loved the feel of his now limp cock against her body. "Completely satisfied."

“Me too,” he whispered.

He rolled onto his back and parted his legs.

Smiling, she climbed onto his body and pressed her cheek against his chest. He hugged her. “I love you.”

He sounded so sincere. Even though she knew he wasn't really in love with her, she smiled. “I'll bet you say that to all the women who let you fuck them on a first date.”

“I've said it before, but I've never meant it nearly as much as I do now.” He cupped his hands over her ass. “I'm not asking you to reciprocate...yet. I can wait until we get to know each other better.” He cupped his hands over her ass. “Go to sleep, darling.”

Feeling drowsy and confused, she allowed her thoughts to turn to Nick. “Oh, Nick, you almost make me believe you do love me,” she whispered.

He released a long, slow sigh. “Oh, damn, honey girl, I do love you.”

She nodded and drifted into a contented, but exhausted slumber.

* * * * *

Nick stumbled into his bedroom. He kicked off his shoes and fell facedown across his bed. He'd been awake all night and now he just wanted to spend the next ten hours or so sleeping.

He smiled, considering the reason for his weariness. If he'd thought he was in love before, all doubt had been removed by his night with the most beautiful, sexy woman he'd ever met. He couldn't wait to see her again. Once he had a talk with Kass, life would get a whole lot more interesting.

As he drifted into an exhausted sleep, he wondered if it were too early in their relationship to think of rings and marriage...and making love to her big, brown, beautiful ass.

Chapter Seven

When Kassidy woke, daylight was streaming into the room through the sheer curtains pulled shut over the balcony doors. She turned her head.

She was alone in bed. Her clothes were neatly folded on one of the chairs by the balcony doors. She saw no sign of Jake's clothes.

He was probably long gone. Why hadn't he awakened her before he left? Her nostrils twitched. She sat up and glanced around the room.

She saw a large tray with a covered dish, a cup, and a coffeepot sitting on the nightstand to her right.

She poured a cup of coffee and laid the tray across her lap, feeling strangely eager as she ate eggs and crisp bacon to leave and see Nick. After a second cup of coffee, she showered and dressed.

Before leaving the room, she carefully checked to make sure she had not overlooked any message Jake might have left her. She found none. That would teach her to believe a lover's sex lies. Of course, he might have e-mailed her.

Perhaps she was being hasty. After all, they'd always used the computer to communicate with each other. In the hallway, she pressed the UP button and stepped inside the elevator when the door opened. She found herself facing Steven and his lover.

She nodded briefly and averted her gaze.

"This is a surprise, Kassidy. Let me introduce my wife, Harriet."

She turned to look at him. "Your wife?"

"Yes." He put his arm around the woman's shoulders. "We remarried last night. We're on our second honeymoon."

Why had she assumed his ex-wife was black? Kassidy smiled. "Congratulations."

"Thank you."

She reached for Harriet's hand. "And congrats to you."

Harriet smiled. "Thank you." She glanced up at Steven. "This time it's going to work for us. Last time neither of us had the courage to share our deepest fantasies with each other. This time, we're doing it right by spending our second honeymoon doing what we want most."

They looked happy and in love and like a couple who belonged together. Kassidy's smile widened. "I hope you'll both be very happy."

Once outside, Kassidy walked to her car, still smiling. Now she knew without a doubt that Steven was a part of her past. Nick or Jake or, God willing, both were a part of her future.

She drove home quickly, thoughts of Nick and Jake chasing each other around in her mind. Talk about being torn between two lovers. Not that she and Nick were lovers -- yet.

She frowned, wondering if there was a way she could get Nick to agree to share her with Jake. She wouldn't expect to make love to them at the same time, but where was it written a woman could only have one lover at a time? As long as she was honest with them

both and didn't attempt to play them against each other, why couldn't she spend half of her time with Nick and the other half with Jake?

She was almost certain she could talk Jake into the arrangement. Nick would probably be a hard sell. Nevertheless, if she were persistent, she might be able to convince him to at least try the arrangement.

Excited at the prospect of sharing the two men who had dominated her thoughts for the last few weeks, she let herself into her apartment. She changed into a casual running suit and went to her computer.

Disappointment sliced through her when she found no message from Jake. She hesitated then e-mailed him.

Hi, Jake

I just arrived home. Last night was wonderful and I wanted to thank you for making my fantasies come true. If you meant what you said, I'd love to see you again. E-mail me when you get time and we can set up a time to meet again.

Let's make it sooner rather than later as I'm missing you already.

Yours, Sidy.

She stared at the message for several minutes, frowning. Did it sound too needy and possessive? Men did not like needy women -- period.

She shook her head, erased the message, and started again. She wrote several messages before she was satisfied.

Hey Jake,

I enjoyed last night and if you meant what you said, I'd love to see you again.

Sidy.

That should do it. It was short and to the point without sounding needy. Once he answered her, she might be more expansive. She glanced at her watch. He usually answered her e-mail within half an hour.

She sent the message and sat at her computer reading her other mail. Ninety minutes later, she rose and turned off her computer.

It was foolish to sit staring at her monitor waiting for a message from Jake that might or might not come. She went to the kitchen to make herself a cup of decaf. Padding into the living room with her half empty cup, she sank into her favorite chair and picked up her cordless phone and punched in Nick's number. The phone rang several times before he answered.

"What?" He growled into the phone after the seventh ring.

She frowned, remembering that he, like she, had planned to spend the night with a lover. "Hey, Nick. You sound tired."

"I'm beyond tired. I'm exhausted."

Great. Just what she wanted to hear. "Are you alone?"

"Why do you ask?"

"Oh, Nick! Come on! Is there...is she still with you?"

He answered her in a softer voice. "I'm alone."

She closed her eyes briefly. Thank God for small favors.

"What's wrong, Kass?"

"Nothing. I just wanted to talk to you."

"So talk."

"Can I come over?"

"Sure. When would you like to come over, Kass?"

"Now."

"Now? Okay. Come over now, if you like."

His lack of enthusiasm stung. "If you're alone --"

"I am alone, Kass, but I had a very long night."

"Doing what?"

"The same thing you were doing."

She swallowed several times. "Did you enjoy yourself?"

"Saying I enjoyed myself would be a gross understatement. She was...is...incredible."

"Aren't you going to ask how my night went?"

"I'm sure you'll tell me when you're ready. Now I really need some sleep. How about we have dinner tomorrow night?"

"The sex was so good you wore yourself out?" She bit her lip, annoyed at how jealous she sounded.

"As a matter of fact, it was beyond good. She shattered my world and set the bar so high I can't ever imagine any other women measuring up to her."

A sick feeling rushed through her. "That sounds semi-serious."

"It's very serious for me."

She'd realized too late that while she'd been sitting waiting for her Mr. Right to discover her, he'd been down the corporate corridor from her for the last seven years. If he had finally found a woman he cared for, she should be happy for him. She wasn't. "Well, hell, Nick, I'm happy as hell for you!" She didn't care that she surely must sound mean-spirited.

"That's not the impression you're giving, but I thought you would be!" he shot back, his voice terse. "Instead you sound as jealous as hell."

"Are you going to see her again?"

"I just told you she rocked my world. What do you think?"

She wet her lips. "Is this serious for her too?"

"God, I hope so, or I'm going to be one miserable, heartbroken bastard."

"You want her that much?"

“Yes.”

The single word seemed to hit her with the force of a knife cruelly driven into her heart. How could she have been too stupid to realize she wanted more than his friendship? She gave an angry shake of her head. She wasn't even sure when her feelings for him had begun to change. When had he stopped being a friend and confidant and become a man she wanted as a lover?

She blinked back tears, her lips moving silently.

“I can barely keep my eyes open. I'll see you tomorrow night for dinner? Okay?”

Dismayed at her inability to be happy for him, she held the receiver away from her ear and ended the call. She sat back against the cushion, closing her eyes. Why did her men keep leaving her?

First Steven. Now Nick. She'd probably seen the last of Jake as well. Or had she? She rose and returned to her bedroom to check her e-mail. There was still no message from Jake. So he was the fuck 'em and leave 'em type?

She spent the rest of the day cleaning her apartment. She stopped several times to check her e-mail. There was no message from the lying bastard. How could he have told her he loved her when he so clearly didn't? Why had he lied about loving her? He'd gotten what he wanted and now he'd dumped her like yesterday's garbage.

Her eyes welled with tears. She brushed them away, uncertain of their source. Were her tears for Jake's lack of interest in her or were they a result of realizing too late how much Nick meant to her? If she'd trusted the pendant, she'd have known Nick was the man for her.

She needed to talk. She made a long distance call to Trina, only to get her answering machine. Nothing was going right for her. Maybe a hot soak would help. She undressed and slipped into the bath. Lying in the warm, slick water, she briefly considered climbing out of the tub for some massaging oil and one of her sex toys. But after the night she and Jake had shared, there was no way even her favorite toy was going to do anything other than leave

her longing for the real thing. It would probably take care of her physical needs, but not the emotional ones.

She spent a restless night tossing in bed. On Sunday morning she woke depressed and longing to see Nick or receive a message from Jake. But it would be a cold day in August before she made a fool of herself for Jake or Nick again. Men! She'd had her fill of them for a while.

The next time she wanted satisfaction, she'd buy some sexy movies and use one of her toys as she watched them.

She showered and pulled on a jogging suit and left her apartment.

Inserting one ear bud, she turned on her MP3 player and lost herself in the music as she jogged along the trail behind her apartment complex.

Twenty minutes into her jog, she rounded a bend along the trail and came to an abrupt stop. A tall, well-built man with auburn hair had his arms wrapped around a woman.

She swallowed hard several times, blinking back tears. "Nick. How could you?"

Chapter Eight

The man lifted his head. Keeping his arm around the woman, he half turned to glance over his shoulder at her.

A wave of relief washed over her as she stared into the stranger's face. He was a stranger. "I...sorry...I thought you were someone else." Her cheeks burning, she jogged past the couple and continued her jog, smiling. Okay, so Jake had turned out to be only been interested in a one-night stand. She wouldn't give up Nick -- it would be a cold day before she gave up without a fight.

She took a different path back to her complex. After a quick check of her e-mail, she shrugged. It was time to write Jake off as a one-nighter.

She undressed and took a quick shower. Her apartment buzzer sounded as she emerged from the bathroom wrapped in her favorite terrycloth robe.

A deliveryman carrying a dozen red, yellow, and white roses stood outside her door. She tipped him and accepted the large bouquet.

She placed the vase on the table before her chair and reached for the accompanying card.

Thank you for the most incredible night of my life, honey girl.

The card was hand written. Studying it, she blinked and stared. She knew that writing. It was Nick's. Damn him. He'd sent her favorite arrangement of flowers to her by mistake instead of to the hussy he'd spent Friday night banging.

She snatched up the vase and tossed it across the room. The vase shattered. Water and glass stained her off-white carpet. She slammed her fist into her palm. She allowed the tears filling her eyes to spill down her cheeks.

When the phone rang some time later, she could barely see it through a veil of angry, hurt tears.

"Go away," she gulped rudely, not caring who was on the other end.

"Is that any way to talk to your favorite boy friend?"

"You're no friend of mine, Nick Hart."

"No? Then maybe you can explain why I've spent all morning slaving over the stove to prepare your favorite meal," he protested.

"Get lost, Nick."

"Get lost? You can say that to the man who took such pains to prepare roast pork with orange sauce so succulent it will melt in your mouth? And what about the grilled mixed vegetables, the wild rice, and a garden salad with dill the way you love it? And I went out and bought your favorite wine and what I'm told is an absolutely sumptuous cherry cheesecake."

Her stomach rumbled as she listened to the meal he'd prepared for her. Nick's father was a Cordon Bleu chef who had taught Nick that the way to a woman's heart and bedroom was through the kitchen. The last time he'd had her over to his apartment for dinner he'd prepared a stuffed seafood dish so delicious, she'd told him he'd make some lucky woman an excellent husband.

No matter what the menu, she was not in the mood to think about food. She bit her lip, waiting for him to ask why she was crying. To her dismay, he went on as if he hadn't even noticed.

He continued as if he hadn't noticed or cared that she was crying. "You can tell me about your Friday over dinner."

"There's nothing to tell."

"Of course there is."

"No, there isn't. He got the fuck he wanted. I haven't heard from him again."

"I wouldn't be so quick to jump to that conclusion if I were you, Kass."

"You're not me and you don't know anything about him or what he wanted."

"Maybe not, but I do know he's not the only man in town."

"Maybe he's the one I want."

"Really? Have you ever heard an oldie but goodie where the singer advises the listener to love the one he or she is with?"

"If you can't be with the one you love? I've heard it and it's a bunch of nonsense."

"Look, honey," He sighed. "We need to talk. Everything will be ready for you when you arrive. I'll see you in an hour or so. Okay?"

He wasn't even going to ask her why she was so close to tears.

Some friend he was turning out to be. It was time she kicked his butt to the curb and got herself a real friend to replace him.

She nodded. "I'll be there, but you're not going to like what I have to say when I arrive. In fact --"

"Cheer up. Wear something pretty and I'll see you when you arrive, Siddy."

She lifted her chin. "Maybe I won't come. Maybe --"

"You'll come," he said and hung up on her.

“Bastard.” She slammed her phone down and walked over to her closet. In an hour, she would walk into his condo, give him a piece of her mind, and walk out. Monday morning she would request an immediate transfer to one of Semi-Tech's other offices. She'd never have to see his sorry ass again or have to watch him fall in love with another woman.

A stab of pain shot through her. She shook it off. If he wanted another woman, so be it.

To hell with him and Jake. She undressed and stood naked in front of her closet deciding what to wear.

Two hours later, she stood outside Nick's condo door. She pressed her palm against the emerald pendant hanging around her neck and lifted it. Her breath caught in her throat. The jewel was now the dark, rich, jade green color that her grandmother had assured her signaled the presence of a faithful lover. Oh, Nick was a faithful lover all right. She pushed the pendant under her clothes and rapped on his door.

He opened the door immediately, a smile on his handsome face. “There you are, honey. I was about to come looking for you.”

His warmth contrasted so starkly with his coolness of the night before, she blinked. Then stared. “Nick?”

“Yes?”

“What are you...” Her gaze swept over him.

He wore a long, dark duster over a pair of dark pants. And what had he done to his hair? What looked like streaks of dark brown dye meshed with his thick auburn locks.

He gave her a slow, sexy smile that made the muscles of her stomach clench. “Hi, honey.”

She moistened her lips.

“Surprised?”

She nodded.

“I have an even bigger surprise planned for you I’m sure you’ll love.”

“You do?”

He nodded. “Want to see what I have planned for us?”

“Us? As in you and I?”

“Yes. That us.”

“Oh.”

Slipping an arm around her waist, he bent his head and pressed a quick kiss against the corner of her mouth.

A jolt of desire shot through her. She arched her back, leaning into him.

He pressed a quick, warm kiss against her lips before smiling down at her. “Happy to see me?”

She swallowed, resisting the urge to lick her lips. “Ahhh...did you attempt to dye your hair?”

He stroked a hand down her cheek. “What makes you ask that?”

“Your hair is streaked with dark patches.”

“Why would I dye my hair?”

“I don't know.”

He fingered her chin and titled her head. “That's a lovely hickey you're making no attempt to conceal, honey.”

She lifted her chin. “Why should I?”

“Why should you indeed? I love a woman unafraid to allow everyone to see how much her lover needs and desires her.”

“You're behaving strangely.”

“Am I? Never mind. Come in.” He cupped a hand under her elbow and led her into his living room.

She paused in the doorway. The table was set with lace placemats, crystal wine glasses, and silver utensils. The lights were low, the curtains drawn. A vase with a single red rose sat next to one of the place settings.

“What do you think, honey?”

“It's very romantic.”

His hands closed over her waist and she felt his lips close to her ear. “Yes, it is. Tell me, honey, does it put you in the mood?”

A tingle danced down her spine. “What do you mean?”

He nibbled at her ear and shocked her by slipping his big hands around her body to cup her breasts. “What do you think I mean, Sidddy?”

He massaged her breasts and ground his hips against her ass. She shuddered against his cock. “What are you doing, Nick?”

“Can't you tell?”

“Of course I...Sidddy? Did you just call me Sidddy?”

“Why yes, my lovely honey, I did.”

She leaned her head against his shoulder. “But no one calls me Sidddy.”

He reached inside her blouse and tweaked her bare nipple. “No bra. This is going to be an interesting dinner. And someone does call you Sidddy.”

“No. No one does except...” She turned to face him. “Except Jake.”

“Did you enjoy your night with him?”

She nodded, her breathing erratic.

“I'm glad to hear it.”

“Why?”

“Why do you think?” He opened the coat, revealing his chest, covered with a mass of fine, dark curls. His pants were black leather and crotchless -- just like the pair Jake had worn. Like Jake, he sported a thick, naked cock with a big, purple head, dripping precum.

She wet her lips, moisture filling her pussy.

“Nick...? What are you...doing?”

“What does it look like I want to do?”

“I don't...understand?”

“You're a beautiful, intelligent woman. Are you sure you can't put two and two together and come up with four, honey?”

“I...I...” She moistened her lips. She shook her head, her heart racing.

“Then let me help you. Friday night, my dream came true.”

“It...it did?”

“Yes.”

“Then why are you exposing your cock to me?”

“Probably for the same reason you left your bra at home.”

Heat rushed into her cheeks.

He smiled. “Friday night, I had my first taste of brown sugar. It was incredibly addictive.”

She swallowed a lump of pain. “It was?”

“Yes, and I fell even deeper in love than I already was.”

“You're in love?” Her voice came out as an anguished squeak. “You're in love with her?”

“Oh, yes, honey, I am.”

“Oh, Nick! No! How could you fall in love with a woman the first night you meet her?”

He removed the duster and cupped her face between his palms.

Smiling, he stared down into her eyes.

Feeling almost hypnotized, she gazed up into the green depths. Tiny fires of lust and something else burned deep in his eyes.

“For such an intelligent woman, you're taking an awful long time to catch on. She and I have known each other for a long time.”

“You never mentioned her.”

“I have a confession to make.”

“I don't think I want to hear it.”

“I'm going to tell you anyway. I've been in love with her for the last year.”

She balled a hand into a fist and hit his chest. “Why haven't you introduced us?”

“You already know her.”

“Tell me who she is so I can slap her bald for daring to sleep with you.”

Chapter Nine

He laughed. "Before you do that I'd better tell you about how she and I spent Friday night."

She jerked away from him. "I don't want to hear about you banging her. And while you're at it, put your cock away."

He reached out and closed his fingers over her arm. "I will -- after I've had some pussy."

"After you've had some pussy?" She glanced around. "She's here?"

"Yes."

She fought to keep tears from stinging her eyes. "Is she in your bedroom?"

"You're beautiful, but not too bright this afternoon." He stroked a finger down her cheek. "When you offered yourself to me Friday night, you captured my heart forever."

"She did? The hus --" She blinked. "Did you say I? Nick? Are you telling me you're Jake?"

He nodded. "Jacob Nicholas Hart at your service, Sidy."

"I was with you Friday night?"

He brushed his lips against her cheeks. "Of course it was me. You didn't really think I was going to allow my woman to go get laid by another man, did you?"

"Oh...Nick...this is so sudden," she squeaked.

He laughed, drawing her close so that she could feel his cock against her body. "Sudden? The day we met, I thought you were beautiful, but we were both seeing other people. About a year and a half later, I knew I wanted far more than friendship from you. I've been burning for you for the last year. But you were seeing Steven. When that was over, you said you needed your space. I wanted to give you the time you needed without running the risk of your falling in love with another man, so I invented Jake who was eager to come out and play."

"Oh, Nick! No wonder I kept thinking of you while I was with him." She stroked her fingers through his hair. "Why did you dye it?"

"I didn't know how you'd react if you walked in and saw me instead of the stranger you expected to see."

"I would have been thrilled."

He groaned. "Now she tells me." He tipped up her chin and kissed her lips. "I didn't know that."

She placed her palms against his chest. "And now that you do?"

He nibbled at her mouth, sending a coil of heat into her pussy. "I dare you to be my woman. I dare you to start now and give me another fuck like Friday night."

"Dare?" She drew away from his lips. "Did you just dare me?"

He nodded, his gaze locked with hers. "Yes. What are you going to do about it?"

"That is so unfair."

"Why?"

She gave him a slow smile. "You know I can't resist a dare."

He leered at her. "That's what I'm counting on."

"It's just like you to take advantage of my weakness."

He slapped her ass. "I plan to take advantage of you in an awful way tonight, honey."

"I'm glad to hear it." Burning with lust, love, and desire, she took his hand and led him over to the sofa. She pushed up her skirt. "What do you think of my shaved pussy and big, brown ass?"

He didn't waste time asking about her lack of panties. "Oh, Kass, you have the prettiest bald pussy I've ever seen. And I think I've told you what I'd like to do with this sweet, brown ass of yours."

"I'm glad you like my pussy like this in particular, since I shaved it especially for you." She smiled and wiggled her ass suggestively at him. "You want to do something with this pretty, shaved pussy of mine...or should I say, of yours?"

She reached in her blouse and pulled out a condom then dropped down to her knees and buried her lips against his pubic hair. Holding him by his hips, she licked the underside of his cock while hefting his balls in her hands.

"Damn, I love when you touch me like this."

She smiled and took the tip of him between her lips. She sucked and licked at the big head, running her tongue slowly around it.

"That feels so good, but I want some pussy first. Then you can suck me all you want." He placed a hand on her shoulder and eased his hips back.

She sighed when his cock popped from between her lips. "Pussy it is." She rolled the rubber over his cock. "Have I told you how much I love a man with a thick, pussy-stretching cock?"

"Not with words, no."

"Consider yourself told."

He lifted her to her feet and cupped his hands over her bare ass.

He rubbed his shaft against her hairless mound. "I need some pussy, honey girl."

"I'm here to give you everything you want and need, lover." She brushed her lips across his chest, holding his hips as she gently sucked at his nipples.

"Damn. That feels nice."

She smiled and lifted her face to his. "Stop talking so much and fuck me, Nick. Come on. I dare you."

It seemed he couldn't resist a dare either. He turned her and bent her over the back of the sofa. Instead of slipping inside her, he delivered a sharp slap against her ass. She gasped with pleasure. Correctly interpreting her gasp, his palm stung her other cheek. Then he slapped each cheek again.

The delicious warmth in her stinging cheeks spread all through her body. Feeling languid, she leaned against the back of the sofa, waiting to be impaled. He knelt behind her, easing her legs further apart. He then lifted her right foot and trailed moist kisses up from her ankle to her inner thigh.

She moaned. "Yes, Nick. Yes."

Holding her hips, he dragged his lips over her slit. At the top, he thrust his tongue against her clit.

"Oh..." The exquisite caress increased her hunger for his cock. She wiggled her ass in a shameless invitation.

He slipped a finger in her pussy. When it was wet, he eased it between her cheeks and up into her rear.

"Yes," she whispered.

He slipped his tongue inside her heated pussy, nipping and licking at her...gently at first and then with increasing vigor as a fresh rush of moisture filled her. With a finger in her ass and his lips and tongue tasting and savoring her pussy, her body tensed. He slipped another finger in her rear and pumped her ass hard and fast.

Coils of heat tightened her belly, sending heat all through her.

He ate her with a slow hunger and finger fucked her until she was a breath away from coming. When he kissed his way up her slit to push his tongue against her clit, she ground herself against his face and exploded into tiny pieces. Shuddering and moaning, she came all over his lips and tongue.

He eased his fingers out of her rear and stood.

She lay with her eyes closed, enjoying the last tremors of her climax. She moaned as he parted her cheeks. Something cool and wet slid into her ass. She trembled in anticipation she turned her head to look at him.

“Ready?”

She nodded.

“Open up for me.”

She reached back to pull her cheeks apart, then pressed her puckered hole against his cockhead.

He pushed his hips forward. The big, thick head forced itself into her tight, protesting rear.

She caught her breath, her stomach muscles clenching.

He pulsed and leaned over to kiss the back of her neck. “Okay? Do you need a moment?”

“No. Push it all the way in,” she moaned.

When he hesitated, she tightened her anal muscles over the head.

He groaned and thrust his hips forward.

She bit her lip as his thick length slid deep into her ass.

“Oh...oh...”

Fully seated inside her, he cupped his hands over her breasts and nibbled at her ear, allowing her to acclimate to having his length pulsing in her ass. "All right?"

"Yes..." She reached back to grip his hips. "My ass is yours. Enjoy it. Fuck it. Please."

Keeping one hand over her breasts, he slipped his other down to finger her slit. He slid two fingers inside her while rubbing the side of his thumb against her clit. Sucking at her neck, he fucked her ass with long, slow, deliciously deep strokes that sent jolt after jolt of electricity along her nerve endings.

She leaned back, grinding herself against him, eager to ensure he achieved maximum penetration with each wonderful thrust. As he slid back inside her, he rubbed her clit and pinched her nipple.

The multiple sensations created by having so many of her hot spots stimulated at the same time combined to quickly send her spiraling toward a second orgasm.

He cupped her breasts, bent his body over hers, and slowly fucked into her. "Oh, honey girl, you make me so hard and hot. I love everything about you."

"Nick. Nick, you know how to hit that certain spot that drives me wild."

"That's my goal, my sweet brown nymph, to drive you wild with lust." He reached around her body with one hand to rub his thumb against her clit.

"Oh, yeah, baby."

"You like this?"

"Like? Having you inside me is like paradise, pure and simple."

"That's because we were made for each other." He thrust in and out of her. Bending over her back, he gripped her ass and pounded her pussy.

She shuddered and squeezed her muscles around his cock. "Oh, Nick..."

Perhaps sensing she was close to coming, he shortened his thrusts until he powered back up into her ass with enough force to cause her entire body to erupt in a wild climax.

He slid both hands down to her hips and held her still as he drilled her, prolonging her orgasm. Sliding into her with deep, hard movements that made her ass cheeks shiver, he groaned; pushing her body down against the sofa back, he came.

She gasped, her lips parted, feeling him trembling against her body as he emptied his big balls in her.

After he'd stopped coming, he lay against her, taking slow breathes.

She heard a series of moans and smiled. Then she stiffened as she realized Nick wasn't moaning. Neither was she. Bent over the back of the sofa by the weight of his body, Kassidy opened her eyes and gasped.

Steven -- his big, dark body bare -- leaned against the dining room wall. Standing in front of him, also naked and impaled on his long cock, Harriet writhed in ecstasy as Steven fucked her ass. Both were moaning and clearly in the throes of a mutual climax.

Watching a trickle of bodily fluid seep from between Harriet's thighs, Kassidy's pussy convulsed. She moaned, aroused.

Nick eased his cock out of Kassidy's ass and straightened, pulled her back against him. Cupping his hands over her breasts, he stared at the fucking couple. "Like my surprise?" He asked in a soft voice.

"Yes," she admitted, unable to look away.

With a final, powerful thrust, Steven eased his cock out of Harriet's ass. His legs buckled and he slid down the wall. Harriet, her cheeks red, cast a quick look at Nick and Kassidy before she kneeled between Steven's long legs.

Harriet removed Steven's condom and tossed it into a wastebasket nearby before she bent over him to suck his big, long shaft into her mouth. A fresh wave of lust shook Kassidy.

Nick removed his condom and then took Kassidy's hand in his. He led her over to a chair where they had a clear view of Harriet greedily deep throating Steven's big pole. Nick sat on the chair with his legs parted, gripped Kassidy's hips, and pulled her down.

Her pussy was wet and slick as he impaled her on his bare cock. Hot and aroused from watching Harriet suck Steven, she wildly ground her ass on Nick's lap, enjoying feeling his hot shaft thrust up into her pussy.

She moaned. "Yes, Nick. Yes."

He cupped her breasts and slowly fucked her, matching his rhythm to Harriet's sucking motion. "Does watching them make you as hot as it does me?"

"Yes," she admitted, reaching down to rub her clit.

He hit her G-spot and she shuddered. She struggled to keep her eyes open so she could watch every second of Steven getting such a long, slow blowjob. "Oh, Nick, you know how to hit that certain spot that drives me wild."

"That's my goal, baby -- to drive you wild. Do you like fucking with an audience?"

"Oh, yes. Watching them and having you inside me feels so natural, Nick."

"That's because we were made for each other. And so are they."

Yes. She and Nick were made for each other. Smiling, she turned her attention back to Steven and Harriet. As Harriet increased her efforts, Nick quickened his pace, driving his cock deep up into Cassidy.

Fighting to hold back another powerful climax, Cassidy watched Steven's big body shake. He shouted Harriet's name, grabbed her head, and began fucking her face.

Seeing his long, dark shaft disappearing between Harriet's lips was too much. Cassidy sobbed and came over Nick's cock. He wrapped his arms around her waist and pounded into her. Seconds later, he jetted his seed directly into her pussy.

He lifted her off his lap, turned her to face him, and slipped his cock back inside her. He kissed her lips. "Have I told you yet that I love you?"

She grinned. "Jake did, but you haven't."

He slapped her ass. "Incorrect response."

She frowned, pretending to be lost in thought. After several more sharp slaps to her ass, she snapped her fingers. "I know. I love you too."

"That's it." As he kissed her, he held her waist with one hand and rained several stinging blows on her ass cheeks with the other hand.

"Hey!" She didn't pull away until her cheeks felt hot. "Why the abuse?"

"It's the penalty for taking too long to state the obvious."

She heard other slaps and glanced over her shoulder, saw Harriet sprawled across Steven's lap. Both cheeks were a bright red.

Meeting Steven's eyes, she smiled.

He grinned and waved his cock at her.

She licked her lips before turning back to gaze into Nick's eyes. "I like your surprise -- a lot."

"I thought you might." He kissed her again and lifted her chin. "Now it's time we get cleaned up and have dinner."

He lifted her off his lap. They both rose.

Kassidy turned. Harriet kneeled with Steven behind her, palming and kissing her ass cheeks.

As she reluctantly followed Nick from the dining room, she heard the sound of Steven's cock sliding into Harriet's body.

In the bathroom, she and Nick shared a quick, hard fuck before showering together. When they emerged from the shower, Steven and Harriet were in the bathroom. Harriet gave them both a shy smile and stepped into the shower. Steven followed her.

Grabbing two towels from the towel warmer, Kassidy and Nick stood in the doorway, watching Steven and Harriet kissing through the frosted glass. Within moments, Steven turned Harriet around and slid his cock into her ass.

Watching, Cassidy got so hot she cupped a hand over Nick's cock.

He turned her into his arms. They kissed for several moments before they dried off and walked into the living room -- naked.

Twenty minutes later, Harriet and Steven, who were nude, joined them. They ate dinner and had several glasses of wine.

After the candlelit meal, they slow danced. Nick slipped his cock into Cassidy's pussy after only ten minutes. Moments later, she glanced around his shoulder and saw Steven and Harriet grinding against each other.

She loved dancing -- or trying to with Nick's shaft resting inside her body. They shared several dances before Steven and Harriet dressed and left.

Nick closed the door and turned to look at her. "Did you enjoy their...visit?"

She hesitated. "Did you...do you...did you find Harriet attractive?"

He shrugged. "I enjoyed watching Steven fuck her, but I have no desire to fuck her myself if that's what you're really asking."

She sighed. "It was."

He caressed her cheek. "Even though I like watching other couples fuck, you're the only woman I want to fuck or make love to." He tilted his head. "What about you? And Steven?"

"I got really aroused watching him and Harriet together, but I want to spend the rest of my wild nights and weekends with you."

He grinned. "Correct answer." He opened his arms.

She walked into them, slipping her arms around his waist.

Much later as Nick sprawled naked on the only chair in his bedroom with Cassidy seated on his lap, he sucked at her breasts.

She linked her arms around his neck, loving the feeling of his flaccid cock barely touching one of her thighs. "When did you know you loved me? And don't say the moment we met because that was just lust."

His tongue circled her right nipple before he lifted his head to look at her. "Okay, maybe when we met it was just lust. But it wasn't your ordinary, garden-variety type lust. I knew the moment I saw you I wanted to be your man one day."

"What happened with the gorgeous supermodel type you were dating when we met?" she asked. "What happened between you?"

"She wanted to get serious. I didn't." He shrugged. "At least not with her."

"Why not?"

"I wasn't in love with her. After you and I met, I found myself thinking of you all the time. At first I thought we could just be friends. But that notion gradually vanished as I got to know you."

"But after you two broke up, you went on to date a succession of other women."

"What's your point?" He parted his lips and sucked her right nipple into his mouth.

A rush of moisture filled her pussy. "Oh!" She ground her ass against his thighs, but pushed against his shoulders. "Why didn't you ask me out?"

He reluctantly released her breast to look at her gaze. "You were always dating someone. When I discovered you couldn't pass up a dare, I decided to seduce you online and get you to agree to meet me for an evening of love."

"Why didn't you tell me who you were Friday night?"

"Because your fantasy was to spend an evening with a stranger...or at least that's what you said was your fantasy. Why didn't you tell me how you felt?"

"What do you mean how I felt? We were living my fantasy."

He shook his head, that slow, sensuous smile that she loved curving his lips. "Even now you're not going to admit it?"

“Admit what?”

“That I was the one you wanted all along?”

She arched a brow. “What makes you say that?”

“You called me Nick while we were making love. When I challenged you on it, you insisted you'd said Jake.”

She smiled. “You’re imaging things.”

He gently slapped her ass. “The hell I was. Just before you fell asleep for the last time, you clearly called me Nick...not Jake. That's when I suspected I was your fantasy man.”

“Then why didn't you tell me when I called you on Saturday afternoon? Why make me think you were in lust with some strange hussy I thought I'd have to slap bald to get you back?”

He laughed. “I didn't let you think that for long and I had a fantasy of my own.”

“And that was?”

“Your arriving without panties, prepared to do anything I wanted you to.

Feeling his cock hardening, she lifted her hips and closed her fingers around his length. “Did I disappoint?”

“Oh, no, honey girl. You know you didn't.”

“Then I have another fantasy.”

She watched his face as his beautiful green eyes danced with excitement. “How can I help?”

She rose, urged his legs apart, and kneeled in front of him. “All you need to do is sit here and enjoy,” she whispered. Bending her head, she licked his balls, savoring the smell and taste of them. Nice.

His hands settled over the back of her head. "Oh, honey girl, if you're about to do what I think you are, you're going to make me a very happy man." He frowned. "You've replaced the stone."

She lifted her head to smile up at him. "It's the same stone."

"The other one was much lighter."

"This pendant is special. When the wearer is in the presence of a true and faithful lover, it goes from the light color you were used to seeing to this dark, lovely one." She linked her arms around his neck. "It knew before I did that you and I were meant for each other."

He tilted his head. "Is that why you stopped wearing it?"

She nodded. "It started to turn this color about seven months ago. Back then I thought I was in love with Steven so I thought the whole changing thing was nonsense. But it wasn't. I do love you. It knew before I did."

He smiled. "It's as intelligent as its owner, but I think we've talked long enough. Do it."

She smiled. "Yes, Nick."

"Blow me."

She slowly sucked his warm length between her lips. Closing her eyes, she enjoyed the taste and aroma of his cock as it slid over her tongue. Mmmm. Utterly delicious.

"Damn, Siddy. I'm coming." He shook and exploded in her mouth.

She eagerly swallowed his seed. When he stopped coming, she allowed his cock to slip from between her lips and sat back on her heels.

He rose and lifted her to her feet. He seated her in the chair. "Stay there. I have a present that will go perfectly with your pendant. Well, it would have gone great with it -- if it was still a lighter green."

She smiled. He must have bought the expensive emerald and diamond earrings she'd told him about a year earlier.

He removed a jeweler's box from his tallboy and crossed the room to kneel at her feet. He opened the box.

Tears stung her eyes. Inside was a beautiful emerald and diamond engagement ring with an exquisite, ornate white gold band and setting. The oval emerald was a rich dark color similar to her cherished pendant. "The color is perfect."

He frowned. "How the hell did that happen?"

"Legend has it that when used as a love token, an emerald can measure the intensity of a lover's affection. If it's pale, your lover's affection is waning. A dark, full color signifies a strong love."

"Like mine for you?"

She nodded, smiling. "And mine for you."

"We'll worry about how intelligent emeralds are later." He removed the ring from the box and slipped it on her finger. "For now, will you marry me?"

She nodded, tears spilling down her cheeks. "Yes."

He rose, lifting her to her feet, and wrapped his arms around her. "How does Cassidy Hart sound to you?"

"It sounds ideal, lover." She pressed her breasts against his chest and kissed his warm, hungry lips.

"Aren't you glad you decided to accept one last dare?"

"Yes."

"And are you glad we discovered we like fucking with an audience?"

"Oh, yes." She kissed him. "I don't want or need them watching us all the time, but every now and then will keep things interesting."

"Great minds think alike." He handed her a condom. "Now I need some more ass."

She nodded. "Take as much as you like."

“I will,” he promised. He picked her up and carried her across the room to the bed.

Several delicious minutes later, with her kneeling, he eased his cock into her ass.

Oh, yes. Yes. She closed her eyes and thanked God he and her emerald pendant had urged her into accepting one last dare.

 THE END 

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Marilyn lives, works, and writes on the East Coast of the US. In addition to thoroughly enjoying writing erotic romances in various genres, she enjoys roller-skating, spending time with her large, extended family, and rooting for all her favorite 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), and mysteries (Charlie Chan movies in particular). Her all time favorite mystery movie is probably *Dead, Again*. She's seen nearly every vampire movie or television show ever made (*Forever Knight* and *Count Yorga, Vampires*) are favorites. She thoroughly enjoys interacting with readers either through email or via her Yahoo web group, marilynlee-subscribe@yahoogroups.com.