

ELLORA'S CAVE *Moderne*

Her **Hands-On** *Man*

TORY
RICHARDS

ELLORA'S CAVE **Quickies**®

Her Hands-On Man

Tory Richards

Ivy and Jake were lovers until Jake's scheming brother interfered. Three months after they part ways, a theft against Jake's logging company brings them back together. Ivy's brother is the culprit and she's desperate to keep him out of jail. She's prepared to offer Jake a payment plan—but he has other ideas on how she can pay the debt.

Jake's been missing Ivy, and he figures a weekend of sex, anywhere, anytime and any way, will cure his hunger. Ivy gives in to his demands and before the weekend is over, more than one truth is uncovered, giving them hope for the future.

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HER HANDS-ON MAN

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Chapter One

Ivy Taylor checked her appearance one last time before opening the restroom door. She walked briskly back to the reception area, trying to hold on to her composure. She made eye contact with the receptionist, then purposely glanced up at the clock and back at the woman, who only smiled. *How much longer is he going to keep me waiting?* Apparently Mr. Remington didn't believe in keeping his appointments on time. And Ivy was beginning to steam.

She took a deep breath, hoping it would calm her racing heart. The cool assurance she'd entered the office with over an hour ago was gradually being replaced by a mixture of anger and uncertainty. A lot of good it had done her, arriving early. All it accomplished was giving her the time to think about her brother and what he'd done to put her in this embarrassing situation. Her gaze darted up to the clock again. Another ten minutes had passed.

Five more minutes... I'll give him five more minutes and then I'm storming in there. She crossed her legs, tugging on her short skirt. Leaving wasn't an option, she knew that. She was there to plead her brother's case and hopefully keep him out of jail. Stealing from a man like John Remington was as bad as it got. He practically owned the whole damn logging town. And Ivy knew her history with his eldest son wouldn't help her.

She swallowed, growing more nervous by the moment. "Do you think Mr. Remington might see me today?" She could have bitten off her tongue but it was too late to take back the anger in her tone. The receptionist, the only other person in the office besides Ivy, looked up and smiled.

"I'm sorry, Miss Taylor, but I'm afraid his end-of-the-week meeting has run over. Mr. Remington will be with you shortly."

I thought I was his end-of-the-week meeting. Ivy forced a small smile. After all, it wasn't the receptionist's fault. She began to swing her crossed leg, reminding herself why she was there. She needed to keep her composure if she was going to work out a deal to keep her brother out of jail. Anger wouldn't appeal to Mr. Remington's forgiving side. She knew what she had to do, thanks to her brother Wally.

Finally, at six fifteen, the door opened and several people piled over the threshold. Ivy searched their expressions but it was hard to tell if their meeting with Remington had ended on a good note or not. After clearing the reception area, they separated and went their own ways. Almost immediately John Remington came through the doorway.

"Miss Jones, call my pilot and ask him to get the plane ready. I'll be leaving for Anchorage in one hour."

It was clear he was in a hurry. Ivy fought down panic and stood to get his attention. "Mr. Remington." *Did he forget about me?* He swung her way. She could tell by his expression that he had.

"Oh Ivy, honey, I'm afraid our meeting will have to wait until I get back from Anchorage."

"But, Mr. Remington, I've been waiting for over an hour and I have to talk to you." He started to walk past the receptionist's desk. It was as if he wasn't listening to her. "Please, it's about my brother Wally."

He turned back to Ivy. His gaze moving at something behind her was her first warning that someone was there. "Oh yes. Nice young man I thought. Turned out to be a big disappointment, though."

"Yes, I know. I'm sorry about that. But if you'll just give me a minute—"

He shook his head. "I'm sorry, my dear. I have an emergency in Anchorage and—"

"I'll take care of Miss Taylor for you."

Ivy swung around with a gasp, her gaze clashing with the steely blue gaze that went with the deep sexy voice. That gaze moved down her body and back up again

before she could take a steadying breath. That the owner was related to John Remington was apparent. A bigger, younger, handsomer version without the gray in his long black hair. His rugged expression was set in a way that Ivy remembered only too well. Jake Remington was still angry as hell at her.

"Thanks, son. Handle it however you see fit. I've got more important matters to attend to right now."

He turned and walked briskly away, leaving Ivy to face the devil alone. "This matter is between your father and my family."

"He filled me in on what happened. And as half owner of the company, I think I'm within my rights to make any decisions with regard to this matter. Besides, I'm interested to hear how you intend to bail your brother out of this one."

Ivy felt sick inside. That Jake hated her was apparent, no matter that his gaze moved over her with interest, lingering briefly on her breasts. It was obvious that he still found her attractive, but what was between them was in the past. Although facing him now was bringing it back at an alarming speed. She felt heat envelop her body and knew it probably colored her cheeks. She could barely meet Jake's quiet gaze.

Can I trust him not to take out his anger with me on my brother? As quick as the thought came to her, Ivy knew the answer. If he took it out on anyone, it would be her. "He's my only family. I'll do whatever it takes."

For the first time Ivy saw emotion flicker in his eyes. If she didn't know better, she'd swear it was humor.

"Really?" This time when Jake's gaze moved over Ivy, her nipples hardened into peaks of awareness. She resisted the urge to run her arm over her breasts to ease the tingle.

Damn him! He'd always had the power to make her body betray her in the most obvious way, letting him know she wanted him, no matter where they were. When they'd been together it had usually led to hot and heavy sex. Now it was the worst betrayal. She watched one brow lift arrogantly.

“Is that why you’re dressed the way you are? Were you prepared to pitch that same remark to my father?”

It didn’t take Ivy long to realize what Jake meant. There was nothing wrong with her silk blouse, short skirt and stilettos. This was how she usually dressed for a day of work at McCaffey’s Jewelry Store. But the way his gaze was running over her, he made her feel as if she were dressed like a hooker or something.

She reacted before she could think, raising her hand to respond to his obvious insult. Too late, she saw his sensuous mouth turn up in a smile.

He stopped her hand in midair. “Easy, sweetheart. There’s already one person in your family heading for jail.” His comment took the fire right out of Ivy. She relaxed her arm, although Jake didn’t release his hold. “That’s better. I think we should finish this inside.”

It was obvious he meant his father’s office. Ivy cast a glance at the receptionist, who quickly averted her gaze and pretended to be looking at something on her desktop. Ivy wanted to get the hell out of there. Being alone with Jake wasn’t a good idea. *So why am I letting him drag me inside?* She’d always been weak where he was concerned. She wasn’t fooled into thinking anything had changed in three months. The man was too damn sexy. And the worn jeans, boots and work shirt only emphasized his rugged appeal.

It was too late to dig in her heels. Before she knew it they were in the office and Jake was closing the door. Her heart skipped a beat when he reached behind him and locked it, never taking his gaze off her. Something in his eyes and the sudden tautness of his body brought back the memory of the last time they’d been together. Big mistake.

The memory of that night opened the floodgates of emotion. Ivy stepped back nervously, gasping when she came up against the desk. She felt her heart beating out of control. A quiver of intense awareness in her belly released damp heat between her legs. The last time Jake had looked at her like he was now, they’d been naked and fucking as if there was no tomorrow. He stepped forward and her eyes widened.

"Why are you so nervous, Ivy?"

She cleared her throat. "I'm not afraid of you, Jake." He couldn't hurt her anymore. Could he?

A humorless chuckle passed through his lips. "Have I ever hurt you?"

Not physically. But a few months ago he'd broken her heart. A pain so raw she never wanted to go through it again. Ivy was determined not to rehash the past and decided to get right to the point. She took a calming breath. "I'm here on Wally's behalf."

"So talk."

"He's young, Jake. We've all made mistakes when we were his age. He deserves a second chance. He came to me the moment he realized he'd made a big mistake and asked me to help him make it right."

"Why isn't he here pleading his case? He's a man now. When are you going to start letting him run his own life and grow up?"

"You don't understand."

"I understand, remember? The last time he got into trouble I heard it all. Has it changed?"

"He's sorry he borrowed that money!"

Jake snorted. "Borrowed?" Ivy watched him move around the desk and sit. "I don't want to hear any more. I'm not interested. All I want to hear now is how you're going to make it right." He paused before raising his brow and adding, "Twenty-thousand-dollars right."

Twenty thousand dollars! Oh god, it was worse than she thought. Wally had led her to believe it was significantly less. She took a deep breath, wishing she had the answer. She'd come here with the intention of offering a six-month payment plan but it would take years to pay back that kind of money.

"There must be something I can do."

She didn't like the way Jake leaned back and studied her. When he linked his hands behind his head, she couldn't take her gaze off his muscular biceps and the width of his chest. Then he brought his booted feet up and crossed them on top of the desk. Ivy's gaze followed the length of his legs and powerful thighs up to the front of his dusty jeans. There was no disguising the growing bulge behind his zipper.

Fire erupted through her. She'd never stopped loving him or wanting him. And she wanted him now. She'd been addicted to him since the moment they'd met four years ago. *I wonder what he'd do if I walked around the desk and unzipped his pants.* In the old days she would have had the nerve. "Well?"

His deep voice dragged Ivy back to the present and Wally. Her wayward brother was counting on her one last time. Because she'd made it clear this was it. The next time he screwed up he was on his own. Jake was right. He was a man now.

"Maybe we can work out some kind of a...ah, payment plan?" She chewed on the inside of her lip, realizing how weak and pitiful she sounded.

"I have a better idea, Ivy. Seeing you again has only reminded me of what I've been missing. With interest, a payment plan will take years. How about one weekend?"

One weekend? "I don't understand. You know I can't come up with that kind of money in one weekend."

Laughing, Jake slammed his feet to the floor and leaned forward. "Come on, honey, you're not stupid. But just in case you can't read between the lines, let me clarify. I want one weekend."

Her brows furrowed. "One weekend of what?"

There was a long pause. "Of you."

He can't be serious! "What?"

"One weekend of you, as many times as I want, wherever I want, in any position I want. One weekend of fucking you will erase the debt Wally owes our company."

Ivy swallowed with difficulty, even while a little thrill shot through her at the picture his words conjured. Jake was an exceptional lover. "You expect me to sell myself!"

"You should be flattered that I think you're worth twenty grand."

She shook her head. "You're crazy, Jake. I won't do it."

"Won't you?"

Ivy swung around in anger, going for the door. Blood was pumping hotly through her veins. Part of her was excited, the other half angry that she couldn't control that excitement. She reached for the doorknob with tears in her eyes, remembering too late that it was locked. She fumbled to open it.

"Damn you!" Jake pushed her against the door with his body, growling low against her ear. "I loved you!" His unexpected roughness and having his hard body against hers fueled her desire. "I've never stopped wanting you, Ivy. Even after I found you in bed with my brother."

She pushed back against him but he was like a pillar of stone behind her. Tears slipped down her cheeks. She closed her eyes, having no choice but to submit to his strength. Everything assailed her at once. The solidness of his body, the enticing scent of his favorite aftershave—something mild and earthly—the pulsing hardness of his cock against her ass.

"Nothing happened between us, Jake." Ivy trembled with growing arousal. Why didn't he believe her? She pushed back against him but to no avail.

"The hell it didn't. Rick knew too many things about you he couldn't have unless he'd known you intimately. He said you were the best fuck he'd ever had."

"I think it's funny that you'd take the word of your brother, who hates you, over the word of the woman you were supposed to love."

Jake leaned heavily into Ivy, his breath hot against her ear. "Enough talk." He ground the words out, then clamped his teeth down between her neck and collarbone.

It was something he did when he lost control. And Ivy knew at that moment that there was no escape. She shuddered wildly in response as the memories of being loved and consumed by him flooded her.

He swung her around, crushing her against the unyielding door. His hands circled her wrists and he dragged her arms up over her head, pinning them against the smooth surface of the wood. "The weekend begins now, Ivy."

He lowered his head and she knew he was going to kiss her. "I didn't say yes."

Jake jerked back from kissing her to meet her eyes, then grinned wickedly. "You will."

As soon as Jake closed his mouth over Ivy's, he knew there would be no turning back. Kissing her was like savoring the first mouthful of the best scotch money could buy. She had Angelina Jolie lips. Decadently full, velvety soft, sweetly wet. And even though he suspected she'd opened her mouth to protest, he used it to his advantage, slipping his tongue inside to taste and explore hers. Her resistance melted away like a drop of snow on a sunny sidewalk.

Having her so near after months of going without her turned his cock so damn hard that he groaned in pain. He thrust against her, seeking relief, knowing he wouldn't find it until he was buried inside her body. Releasing her wrists, he caressed down her soft arms to her full breasts. Ivy whimpered and arched against him hungrily, encouraging Jake in the way he remembered. As their mouths continued to work feverishly against each other, Jake took hold of the edges of her blouse and ripped the fragile silk open.

He wasn't playing games.

He pulled back enough to take in the bounty of her beautiful breasts. Ivy had never liked wearing a bra, but she had one on today. A scanty piece of lace that was sexy as hell. Enticing cleavage and soft flesh spilled over the lace shaping them and Jake could just make out her erect brown nipples. Losing control, he lowered his head and began to kiss, lick and suck the little crowns until she was squirming wildly against him.

Ivy cried out. He recognized her sound of pleasure, knew what she wanted. The next thing Jake knew, her hands were buried in his hair and she was holding him tightly to her. When he was done with her breasts, his hands fell to her writhing hips. He held her firmly, groaning weakly, letting her movements tease the throbbing hunger of his seeking cock. Damn, it had been too long! She felt too good against him and nothing else mattered at that moment but fucking her.

I don't give a damn where we are.

Lust was riding him hard. The need to bury his cock in her tight pussy was driving him past finesse and protocol. They didn't have time for foreplay and Jake knew he'd never make it anyhow. His hands went to the edge of her short skirt. He lifted the material up her thighs until it was around her waist.

"Oh god!" Ivy twisted with a mixture of panic and need in her voice. "Jake, not here."

He was aware of her hands trying to push her skirt back down. He laughed huskily, easily overpowering her. "Anywhere, anytime, any way." He groaned with pleasure at finding the sweet treasure between her legs.

Ivy gasped sharply. "I didn't agree to anything."

"You forget that I know you, baby. The sounds of your pleasure, the way your body comes to life when I touch you. You're as horny as I am right now." He flicked his finger across the silk covering her wet mound. He felt her legs tremble with reaction.

"No, Jake..."

Jake ignored her. If she really meant no, he'd know it. There was too much history between them. Her resistance was minimal at best and more for show than what she really felt. The proof was in her soaked panties and hard nipples. The intense expression on her flushed face. Looking deeply into her glazed eyes, he watched her pupils dilate when his finger wormed its way beneath the silk and into her hot, dripping pussy. Ivy's teeth clamped down on her bottom lip, her nostrils flared. Before her watchful gaze, Jake slowly withdrew his finger and brought it to his nose.

First he inhaled her excitement, which caused his to accelerate. Then he put his finger against his lips to taste her essence. That act alone was all it took for both of them to give in to a need so strong that nothing else mattered. Jake slammed his mouth down on hers, forcing Ivy even harder against the door. Her hands were no longer pushing him away but clutching him to her. She was returning his passion and hunger, opening her mouth so their tongues could mesh.

Jake's hand returned to her pussy. Beneath her panties he found her swollen clit. Ivy arched her hips as he glided over the hard, smooth nubbin several times. Her response turned wild and her hands dropped to his belt buckle. In record time she had his pants undone and was pulling out his rock-hard cock.

The feel of her small, warm hand on his shaft nearly caused him to explode. She knew how to bring him to his knees. He tore away from their passionate kiss, panting. "I want to take my time with you, Ivy, but it won't be this time. It's been too long."

Jake picked her up and, holding her braced against the office door, tugged her panties aside and guided his aching cock inside the welcoming warmth of her body. A deep groan rumbled up his chest at the exquisite feeling of her tight pussy sheathing him. Just as good as he remembered. He knew he was damn close to coming. He closed his eyes and grew taut, reaching for control, trying to prolong the pleasure as long as he could when all he really wanted to do was fuck her hard and fast.

But this was Ivy. The only woman he'd ever loved. When he opened his eyes again and fell headfirst into amber pools of desire, his control snapped. Her pretty little legs tightened around him as though to remind him where he was, and he began to thrust into her slowly. But it didn't take long for sheer desire to take over, and Jake found himself fucking her as if it was their first time, their last time, and there was no tomorrow.

Heavy breathing and delicate gasps filled the room. Ivy's sweet mouth was working its way over his face, her nails digging into his back through his shirt. When her teeth clamped down on his ear, followed by her tongue burrowing deep inside, he

pulled out of her with a growl. It was either that or come inside her without protection. He didn't carry condoms with him—there'd been no one since Ivy. His hips continued to move, his cock fucking air.

"Jake!"

As if sensing his dilemma, Ivy lowered her legs and dropped down in front of him. Before he had a chance to comprehend what she intended, she swallowed his pulsing flesh.

"Jesus, Ivy!" He braced his hands against the door before he collapsed from her sweet ministrations. His hips began to move of their own accord.

As her mouth moved up and down his cock, her tongue paid special attention to the sensitive head, dipping into the slit there. Ivy knew how to love a man with her mouth. She knew what gave him intense pleasure and she knew what would send him over the edge. Her tongue came out to lap at his balls, drawing them gently into the warmth of her mouth, sucking on them tenderly before returning her mouth to his blood-engorged cock. Licking, sucking, she scraped her teeth along the length with just enough pressure to send him over the edge.

Shuddering, Jake threw his head back and released a loud grunt, losing control. A river of cum spewed into Ivy's sucking mouth. As his hips continued to buck she kept her lips locked around his shaft, swallowing every drop. Even when he was drained, deflated and barely able to remain on his feet she kept her mouth on him. It was torture and pleasure rolled into one.

When Jake couldn't take it any longer, he reached for her, pulling her up by her shoulders. Their gazes met and held. "You always were able to drain me dry." Jake kissed her, uncaring that the essence lingering on her mouth was his release. How many times had they sucked and tongued each other off, only to kiss and taste their own cum later? Which reminded him, he hadn't seen to Ivy's needs.

"Your turn." He picked Ivy up and carried her to the leather sofa. His father had added it after spending too many sleepless nights in his chair, after working too late to go home.

"I'm okay –"

Jake glanced into her eyes. "Well, I'm not. I'm going to get my fill of you this weekend, Ivy. And right now there's nothing I want more than my mouth loving your pussy and the taste of your cum on my tongue." She lowered her gaze and he watched as color filled her cheeks.

He lowered her to the sofa, pulled her fanny to the edge and fell to his knees before her. Their gazes clinging, Jake watched her reaction as he put his hands on her knees. Then slowly he parted them, caressing her soft thighs as he moved along until he reached the apex of her legs. He leaned in close, catching the musky scent of her sharp arousal.

He couldn't resist bending and giving her a tender bite on the inside of each thigh. Her breath caught and she fell back against the sofa. Jake grinned as she parted her legs farther without any coaxing from him. That was all the invitation he needed. He buried his face against her mound, inhaling deeply. Hot, sweet, exotic. Jake wasted no time in removing her panties and dropping them on the floor. And for the first time in ninety days he got a look at the most beautiful, cock-satisfying pussy in the world.

"Beautiful," he murmured, moving in. Using his tongue, he parted her plump pussy lips, caressed her pebble-hard clit and burrowed into the sweet, nectar-filled cavern beyond.

Her hips almost left the sofa. "Jake!" she cried.

"Easy, baby." A hand on each thigh, he easily held her down. His tongue darted out a second time and a third, each time gliding over her engorged clit, going deeper into heaven. Her gasps echoed through the room, her hips rising and falling each time his tongue penetrated her. When her hands tangled in Jake's hair, he knew she was lost in the moment.

“Oh god...oh god...oh god...”

Tiny tremors warned Jake she was on the verge of letting go. Her breathing escalated. He let her hands guide him where she wanted his tongue. Even if she hadn't, he would have known where, discovering early on in their relationship exactly where her special spot was. He made sure to give extra stimulation to her clitoris as well as the soft area just below. When he felt her body tense and heard the change in her breathing, he knew she was climaxing. Clamping his hands on her thighs, he kept Ivy from closing her legs against him, instead jabbing his tongue in as deep and as hard as he could.

Her tiny scream, the wild twisting of her body – she was overcome by a powerful orgasm. As the sweet, salty taste of cum covered Jake's tongue, he tortured Ivy by continuing to tongue-fuck her pussy until she collapsed. Only when Jake sensed she was drained did he pull away.

Ivy's eyes were closed. Her breasts were still heaving. Her pretty lips parted. Jake knew she would be hungry now. She always was after they'd made love. He'd give her a few minutes and then take her to his home. After this there was no way he was letting her out of his life again.

Especially when he realized that he still loved her.

Chapter Two

Ivy prayed when she opened her eyes that it would be to find this had all been a dream. One incredible, erotic, mind-blowing dream, like the many others she'd had in the last few months. She'd never stopped wanting Jake. There had been no one after he shut her out of his life. But now, giving in to him so easily, under circumstances that dubbed her little better than a prostitute, she felt slightly ashamed and used. Even if she had enjoyed every second of it.

If he still loved her like she still loved him, it would be different. Ivy could admit that now. Seeing Jake again reinforced how much she felt for him. He was the only man who'd ever reached her on all levels of her existence. When they'd been together, Ivy had needed him like she needed to breathe to live. It had nearly destroyed her when he'd turned away from her, saying he never wanted to see her again.

I have his brother to thank for that.

All of a sudden Ivy became embarrassingly aware she was sitting there, totally exposed to Jake from her waist down, her pussy wet with her cum and his saliva trickling down between her butt cheeks, his breath warm against her thighs as he rested there. As her heart rate and breathing began slowly to return to normal, she was reminded of other things. Like that they'd just had hot sex in his father's office.

God...what if he comes back? Or his secretary comes in?

Ivy immediately calmed when she recalled Jake locking the door. He kissed her knee and removed his hands from her thighs. She opened her eyes to see him rising to his feet. Their gazes met. Smoky desire still simmered in his dark eyes, a reflection of her own, Ivy was certain. In spite of what they'd just done, she was unable to break her gaze from his. So many emotions were running through her, too many to decipher before she spoke.

"What just happened doesn't change anything, Jake. I mean it." She tried to straighten her skirt, seeing her discarded panties on the floor at his feet. Without realizing what she was doing, her gaze moved up the length of his long muscular legs, pausing to watch him zip up his jeans.

"Who are you trying to convince, honey?" His capable hands did up his belt buckle with a lot more finesse than Ivy had undoing the damn thing. "I'm willing to replace the money your brother stole and keep him out of jail, for a weekend of sex with you."

Ivy reached for her panties. "I'm not a prostitute."

His hand was there first. "You won't be needing these." Their gazes clashed. "And I look at it as payment for a loan." He had the nerve to tuck her panties into his pocket. "Unless you want him to go to jail."

Ivy felt panic settling in, afraid if she gave in to Jake's demands that he'd know exactly how she felt about him before the end of the weekend. She couldn't bear it if he found out her weakness for him and used it against her. "It's his first time, he'll probably get probation."

Jake's chuckle held little humor. "I have news for you, honey, this isn't the first time Wally has helped himself to what doesn't belong to him."

Her eyes rounded with disbelief. "I don't believe you. You'll say anything to—" Ivy halted abruptly when she realized what she'd been about to say.

"Get into your pants?"

Damn him, his smile is as is sexy and intoxicating as I remember!

"I don't believe you," she repeated. "Why would you and your father keep him on?"

A brow rose and Jake paused for significance. "The other two episodes happened while we were sleeping together. I had a reason for protecting you."

"What about now? Why don't you just press charges?"

Ivy wasn't expecting Jake to reach down and pull her to her feet. The next thing she knew, she was up against him and very much aware of his strength. "This time I just want you. I need to cleanse my soul of you. And there's only one way I can think of that will do it." Ivy caught her breath when he jerked her even closer. "I'm going to fuck you until I don't want you anymore."

Jake's hard and hurtful kiss quickly turned to passion. Tears gathered in Ivy's eyes as she kissed him back. His words tore into her heart but she refused to believe he could be that ruthless. She didn't know this Jake. He was a stranger to her. Bitter, hardened by what his heart believed to be the truth. That she'd betrayed him. Could someone change that much in three months?

A sob escaped Ivy when their kiss ended. For a moment Jake stared down into her face, his expression softening at the sight of her tears. "Now what's it going to be? I won't force you, Ivy. If you come with me, it will be your choice."

"That's hardly true, is it? You're blackmailing me."

"Spending a weekend with me is scarcely a fair exchange for what Wally owes the company. As I see it, accepting will only benefit you and your brother."

His hands roamed down her back until they were cupping her bottom. Ivy knew what Jake was doing. He was using her weakness against her. She closed her eyes, relishing the feel of his renewed arousal against her. A telltale moan escaped her when he squeezed her cheeks with growing urgency. In spite of everything, she couldn't deny that Jake made her feel alive when he touched her. *I've missed him.*

"Make your choice, Ivy. Jail time for Wally or a weekend of sex with me?"

Oh god! Why does it feel as if I'm making a deal with the devil? And why was making the decision so hard for her? A weekend of sex with Jake wouldn't exactly be a hardship. She took a deep breath, knowing once the words passed through her lips she wouldn't take them back.

She opened her eyes, falling right into Jake's powerful gaze. "Will I get something in writing?" Ivy didn't know what possessed her to ask him that. His expression turned dark and she could tell he didn't like her question either.

"You have my word, Ivy. That's always been good enough before."

He was right. She'd take Jake at his word. Because in spite of everything else between them, Ivy knew he was an honest man. She gave him a brief nod, accepting his condition.

"Good. Then let's go." His hand reached for the doorknob.

Ivy touched his arm. He paused and glanced down at her. "I'll need to stop at home first." She clutched her blouse closed over her breasts.

"For what?"

She was a little surprised he had to ask. "To pack some clothes."

Jake laughed gruffly, his gaze taking in her ruined blouse. "You won't need any clothes this weekend, honey."

Ivy's mouth fell open before she pulled herself together. "What? What am I supposed to wear?" *Does he expect me to go around naked?*

His toothy grin and the way his gaze ran down her body and back up again said it all.

Apparently he did.

* * * * *

"Make yourself to home." Jake closed and locked the door, moving around Ivy to walk farther into the room. He dropped his keys on the bar, flipping on lights as he went.

"I didn't know you had a place in the city." Ivy glanced around the huge room. Everything from the furniture to the artwork decorating the walls reeked of good taste and money, but it seemed cold and impersonal to her. Nothing like the warmth of Jake's house in the mountains.

"I don't. This is a company apartment for visiting clients."

That explained it. So far Ivy hadn't moved from her spot in front of the door. "Does your father know what you're using the apartment for this weekend?"

Jake burst out laughing. He'd stopped at the bar and was fixing a drink. Her comment caused him to pause and look in her direction. "Now that's the Ivy I remember." Ivy stood her ground when he abandoned his drink and came toward her.

"This won't be the first time this apartment is used for, ah, extracurricular activities."

His wolfish grin and the thought of Jake with another woman infuriated Ivy. "By you?" she snapped.

"Does that thought bother you, honey?"

Yes! But hell would freeze over before she admitted it.

"Do you really care if he knows what we're using this place for?"

He wrapped a hand around the back of Ivy's neck and gently pulled her to him. Lowering his head, he planted a soft sensual kiss on her mouth. His other arm encircled her waist and she found herself plastered to the front of him. Her stomach did a flip-flop. His cock was already hard. A low moan escaped her as she willingly succumbed to his masterful touch. His kiss turned hard, demanding. And Ivy was lost—his power over her too great.

Why fight him? This is what I've been yearning for, dreaming about almost every night. Being back in his arms, where he makes me feel safe and loved. Breathing heavily, he broke their kiss. "Why don't you get a shower while I find something to eat? I know you must be starving by now. The bathroom is through there." He indicated a closed door with a nod.

Ivy couldn't help wondering how many other women Jake had brought there, especially since he hadn't responded to her earlier comment. His sexual appetite was enormous. She doubted he'd gone without for very long.

The closed door led to a large bedroom with an oversized bed. Something, a glittering reflection, caused her gaze to shoot upward and her mouth opened with shock. There was a mirror on the ceiling directly above the bed. And this was an apartment for visiting clients? *Who is Jake trying to fool? We'll be able to watch everything we do to each other.* Ivy couldn't control the burst of desire that fluttered in her belly at the thought.

Ivy was about to take a step toward another door when she was caught from behind. Jake's arms came around her, his palms cupping her breasts as he held her against him.

"I've never brought another woman here, Ivy."

Thank god! She relaxed against him, relief flooding her. "I thought you were going to fix me something to eat while I showered."

His breath teased her ear before he murmured, "Forget about eating. I'm hungry for you again and my cock is aching to be inside you." His hands made short work of her already ruined blouse, this time tearing it off her completely. Next came her sheer bra as he expertly undid the front clasp. "I thought I could wait, Ivy, but I have no control where you're concerned."

Shivering wildly, Ivy leaned her head back against him and caught their reflection in the glass above. The sight of Jake's hands caressing her naked breasts and tweaking her nipples sent a surge of lust through her blood. She cried out with pleasure, arching farther into his rough caress, silently begging him for more, unable to take her eyes off their reflection.

"Jake..." she sighed.

She felt his smile against the back of her neck. Then he sank his teeth into her flesh as he moved his hands down to her skirt. That too ended up on the floor. Ivy could feel his cock throbbing against her ass and pushed into it hungrily, all the while keeping her gaze on the scene above them. *Does Jake know about the mirror?* She received her answer when he bent his head back to meet her gaze above.

He moved his hands over Ivy with purpose, caressing her breasts, rib cage and belly before reaching the soft tuft of hair between her thighs. Gliding between her legs, Jake made sure to run his fingers teasingly between Ivy's pussy lips before moving back up to her breasts. His breath was hot and rapid against her ear and his movements indicated he was getting hotter.

"Damn, I've missed you." He growled against her neck, kissing his way along her skin. Without warning he swung Ivy around. "Undress me, honey."

Ivy's hands went to his shirt and she began to unbutton it. Her gaze held his and the desire in his expression held her spellbound. As she exposed more of his skin she leaned forward and kissed him, replacing each button she slipped open with a sweep of her tongue. Jake's shudder caused her to pick up her pace. She ran her hands up his torso to his shoulders, smoothing her palms over them, taking his shirt with her.

It joined her clothes on the floor at their feet. Jake thrust against her as though to remind her he still had on his jeans. Ivy's hands fell to his belt, and for the second time that evening she undid it and unzipped his pants. She unrolled his jeans down as far as she could reach without falling to her knees, enough to expose his rigid, pulsing cock. The head was round, blood filled and dripping. Sinking to her knees, Ivy stuck out her tongue to catch the pearly drop.

"Fuck!" Jake hissed, reaching for her. He pulled her to her feet. He kicked off his jeans, grabbed Ivy around the waist and fell backward on the bed. "Ride me, baby."

Lifting her, he held Ivy over his protruding shaft. She took it into her hand and guided him into her as he slowly lowered her. Once he was fully encased inside her, they both moaned in pleasure. Ivy sat still for a moment. She wanted to enjoy the fullness of Jake's cock and having it inside her again. But a moment was all he allowed before taking her by the hips and forcing her to move.

Ivy knew Jake liked it hard and fast. And his hands on her breasts provided just the motivation to make her desire the same thing. Before long she had him groaning weakly beneath her. When he lost control and pulled her down for a rough kiss, Ivy

opened her mouth and sucked on his tongue, raking her nails over his chest and nipples. Then he was moving his hips and pumping his cock into her like a battering ram. Quivering in pleasure, she leaned back and braced her hands upon the bed. The move allowed her to glance up at the mirror.

Jake was watching their movements too. His hands came up to cover her breasts. The sight of Jake's cock ramming into her pussy nearly sent her over the edge. Her climax building fast, she reached between their bodies and rubbed her engorged clit, adding to the stimulation of his shaft gliding over her nub. Ivy reached the point of orgasm within seconds.

"Jake!" Muscles deep inside her began to clench around his shaft before a violent explosion caused her to convulse with release. She cried out as Jake continued to fuck her fast and hard. And all too soon he was swearing beneath his breath.

"Oh fuck!" He shuddered.

Ivy could tell by his uncontrolled movements that he'd reached his own shattering climax.

"Too late...too late..." he groaned, holding her hips tightly, buried to the hilt inside her.

Too late, what's too late? It was then Ivy realized they'd forgotten all about protection.

Jake surprised Ivy by pulling her down against his chest and holding her close. They labored to catch their breath, their bodies hot and wet against each other. She could hear his heartbeat beneath her ear and feel the light caress of his hand against her back. God...if only he still loved her.

"We got careless."

Ivy raised her head. Their eyes met. "I know. You don't have to worry about me, Jake. I haven't been with anyone since you and —"

"I wasn't worried about it. I'm clean too. But now that we have that cleared up, what about pregnancy?"

Ivy could feel his deflated cock sliding out of her body. She couldn't draw her gaze away from the seriousness in his. When they'd been together the subject of children had never come up. Did Jake even want children? She did some quick calculations in her head and her heart sank. In spite of the unknown, she felt obligated to tell him the truth.

"Ah, we might have a problem there."

"Well, it won't be a problem for me." With that, he kissed her roughly. Ivy didn't think of drawing back, opening her mouth to his probing tongue. Then Jake's hand was tangled in her hair and he shifted them until she was beneath him. "Do you understand that, Ivy?" he growled.

She could only nod, mesmerized by the fierce gleam in his eyes. Then in one easy movement, Jake rolled from her and got to his feet. Ivy squirmed beneath his penetrating gaze as he stood silently above her. *Is he visualizing what I would look like pregnant with his child?*

"Go get your shower, honey. By then I should have something fixed for dinner."

Jake turned and walked away, just like that. His nakedness didn't bother him, yet it had a powerful effect on Ivy—reminding her of their past relationship and how physical it had been. Back when love had ruled their intimacy, not the raw, animalistic hunger that seemed to drive Jake's actions now.

She placed her hand on her flat belly. *Did we make a child?* The thought wasn't abhorrent to Ivy. She wanted children—but under these circumstances? Releasing a sigh, she left the bed and headed to the bathroom.

* * * * *

Jake heard the bathroom door close. He fought the urge to join Ivy in her shower, instead focusing on the omelet he was making them. *Is it possible to fuck a woman to death?* He chuckled at the ridiculous thought. He'd always had an insatiable appetite for

Ivy, more than any other woman. Now he couldn't seem to get enough of her. But then, he was making up for lost time.

He thought back to that last day, when he found her in bed with his brother. They'd been naked, entwined. The sight had made him angry enough to kill, and he almost had when later he'd run into his brother. Rick's smug attitude had pushed him over the edge, giving Jake reason enough to pound his twin into the ground.

Jake barely remembered Ivy's tearful attempt to explain. He'd been more focused on the scene he'd walked in on. The woman he loved and the brother he hated, tangled up in the covers and making love. He'd glared right into Ivy's teary eyes and told her they were through and that he never wanted to see her again. He'd meant it at the time, but the longer they were apart, the more he craved her.

Thank god for her thieving little brother. Once his father had told him Wally had *borrowed* some expensive equipment and then sold it for the cash, his payback plan had come to mind almost instantly. He'd been trying to think of a way to get Ivy back into his life. And knowing her and how she protected her brother, it wouldn't leave her with much choice. What Jake hadn't counted on was his reaction to seeing her for the first time in months.

When he'd walked up quietly behind her as she exchanged a few words with his father, he'd eaten her up with his gaze. Beginning with her delicate ankles, supported by the stilettos she favored, then roaming up those long silky legs and remembering how tightly they could wrap around his waist while he was fucking her. And finally taking in her rounded ass, another playground that gave them both pleasure, clearly outlined by tight leather.

Jake couldn't help recalling the first time he'd taken her there. My god, he'd nearly had a heart attack staking claim to that virgin territory. She'd been so tight but receptive, her anal muscles squeezing his cock in a gentle vise, milking it dry.

Damn! The tingle in his lower region warned Jake he was getting aroused again. He turned off the stove and pulled the skillet aside so the omelets wouldn't burn. *Is Ivy still*

in the shower? By the time Jake made his way to the bathroom, he had a full-blown hard-on. He took his cock in his hand and rubbed it as he made his way to the glass-enclosed shower.

Steam rose above the framed enclosure and kept him from seeing her clearly. As she lathered and rinsed, Jake caught glimpses of her. He reached for the handle and didn't hesitate to open the door. Ivy didn't see him at first and Jake stood there watching her for a moment. As she rinsed the lather from her body she slowly turned until she was facing him.

She gasped, coming to a halt. But the fire in her eyes was a familiar sight. Warm, welcoming, inviting. In the old days she would have reached for him and dragged him under the water with her. They would have ravished each other, ending with mind-blowing orgasms.

The movement of his hand on his shaft felt good but he nearly hit his knees when Ivy reached out, nudged his hand away and replaced it with her own.

Jake stepped inside the shower and closed the door behind him. Their eyes remained locked as Ivy gently pulled him closer to her, until the bulbous head of his cock touched the wet curls between her legs. Swallowing hard, Jake let her control the moment. She slowly moved his shaft deeper into the curls, parting her pussy lips until she could move it back and forth over her clit. The feeling in his cock head intensified, causing him to shudder in pleasure.

He wasn't the only one experiencing pleasure. Ivy threw back her head, closed her eyes and moaned deeply. Her hand began working Jake's cock from the tip to the base while rubbing it vigorously over her clit. A low groan escaped him as his hips began to move. Lust dominated all his senses and a fast rush exploded through his body. He couldn't believe how rapidly he was nearing another orgasm, but Ivy seemed to sense it and stopped her movements at the crucial moment.

"Fuck!" he rasped, looking for an explanation in her smoky eyes. The curve of her lips revealed the Ivy he used to know. The temptress who could break and drain a man. Everything about Ivy was visual stimulation.

Jake pushed her against the shower wall, away from the spray of the water. He reached for the bar of soap. Only when he was lathering his cock did her gaze fall. When she looked back up again there was no denying the heated desire in her eyes. She licked her lips. Jake dropped the soap and flipped her around. With her hands against the wall, he was able to get to her breasts. Cupping them, he leaned in, nibbled on her neck and rubbed his erection against her ass.

"Oh!"

He grinned at her response and continued to kiss his way along her flesh in a sensual journey that started behind her ear and continued down her jawbone to her collarbone, all the while making a conscious effort to keep his shaft wedged between her buttocks. Ivy was trembling, squirming and gasping. Then he let his hands slide over her breasts, down her rib cage and waist, over her shapely hips and around to her tight ass.

Ivy was silky smooth. Especially between her legs, as Jake discovered when his caresses took him there, until he reached the soft hair covering her mound. He teased her clit and slid a finger inside her pussy, holding her squirming body against the wall. He finger-fucked her before sliding a finger out and up toward her anus. She didn't even tense when he slowly and gently worked his finger inside the enticing cavity.

"Oh god, Jake!" Ivy cried out with a wild shudder. "Yesssss!"

Jake recognized that cry of pleasure and Ivy arched her bottom toward him in a more explicit invitation. One he intended to accept. His cock was hard as steel and lathered with soap, which would make penetration easier. He searched for the sheath that would caress his flesh and give him pleasure until he was empty. He slipped another finger inside her to make sure she was ready.

"Oh god, Jake! Please!"

Jake pulled out his fingers and grabbed his cock. Ivy helped him by thrusting her ass out. She knew what she wanted. Taking advantage of the moment, he put his cock head at the puckered entrance to her anus and slowly pushed. His grunt mirrored her moan when his shaft was buried to the hilt.

"Son of a bitch, you're tight." Jake's excitement was beyond control and he sank his teeth into Ivy's shoulder. He started to rock his hips back and forth. Ivy shivered wildly. She turned her head sideways until Jake was able to reach her lips for a kiss.

That was all it took for him to let go. Their movements turned uncontrollable. Ivy was fucking him as much as he was fucking her. Each time he pulled back she followed him to meet his thrust. Her anus was squeezing his cock, quickly bringing him toward release. Jake reached between Ivy's thighs to play with her clit.

Her responsive sighs and whimpers indicated she was about to come too. Jake picked up speed. Ivy's hips moved in rhythm. The sounds of their pleasure echoed throughout the steamy bathroom. Her breath caught and her moans escalated.

"Now, Jake!"

Her climax triggered his. He held her hips and ground his cock inside her one last time.

Chapter Three

The lights were off and darkness had fallen by the time Ivy was done with her shower. She wrapped a towel around herself and headed through the bedroom toward the living room, guided by the light of the full moon shining through the windows. Jake was standing at the large window in the living room, staring out at the city lights below. She halted at the threshold. He was naked, not a bit shy about the thought of anyone seeing him.

The dimness of the room didn't disguise his magnificent form. He raised his arm and brought a drink to his lips. Ivy could sense his mind was a thousand miles away. *Is he thinking about us and how it used to be?* They'd had something special once, had even talked about a future together. Until Rick, in his intense hatred of Jake, had created a situation that had ruined it all.

She could understand Jake's reaction to walking in on them. She'd never forget the disbelief and hurt in his accusing eyes as his gaze met hers. It couldn't have been any more painful if he'd torn her heart out. But then, when his gaze turned to his brother and dawning of who he was sank in, the anger and hate spreading across his features was almost tangible. It had terrified her.

Thinking back now, Ivy realized the control Jake must have exerted. She couldn't recall how many seconds, minutes, had gone by as he'd stood there, damning her with his eyes. Before he and Rick exchanged words and her vows of innocence had gone unheard. Then Jake had walked out and Ivy hadn't seen him again until today.

Her gaze moved over his profile. He worked in the family logging business and many times found himself in one of their camps, troubleshooting, working alongside the crew. He wasn't afraid to get his hands dirty—one reason he was so rugged and

hard. He was a hands-on man. In work *and* play. And Ivy loved him to the depths of her being.

Acknowledging that hardened her resolve to talk to him before the weekend ran out. She had to make him understand what really happened between her and Rick that day. She had to at least try. And if he crushed her heart this time, she would make it clear she didn't want to see him again. Moving on would be the only way to survive the hurt.

She walked quietly to where he stood. Something alerted Jake she was there, because he turned to her. Their gazes met under the glow of the moon before he looked her up and down. Ivy watched the corner of his mouth curve up.

"A towel? The old Ivy would have walked out here proudly, stark naked."

Ivy was glad for the cover of semidarkness as heat traveled up to her cheeks. "That was before, Jake. Things are different between us now."

He released a deep breath and swung away. "That reminds me." He reached for something on top of the glass coffee table. Picking it up, he turned back to Ivy. "Here."

She stepped forward and took the paper from him, then turned on the lamp on the sofa table. It didn't take Ivy long to realize the document was a contract of some kind, stating that Wally was off the hook for any monies he owed Remington Lumber. She was thankful it didn't say *how* the money was paid back.

"I guess this makes me officially a prostitute now." Ivy's gaze met Jake's. "Does this mean I can go home now?" God, she hoped not. She all but held her breath, waiting for his answer.

"Hell no, honey." Jake turned and walked to the kitchen. "The weekend has just begun," he said over his shoulder. "Hungry?"

"You know I am."

A chuckle escaped him. "Yeah, I remember what having sex does to you."

Ivy smiled, following him to the kitchen. "Something smells good." She sat on a stool before one of the two place settings on the bar.

"Nothing fancy, but it will satisfy you." Jake turned with a frying pan in his hand. "Until the next time we fuck."

The gleam of arousal in his eyes told Ivy the next time wasn't far away. The thought of their next hot episode turned her warm inside. Trying not to be obvious, she let her gaze roam down his muscled chest, hard nipples, sculpted abs and defined biceps. Her body responded immediately. She should be totally satiated but making love with Jake had only made her hungrier for more. Perhaps knowing they only had the weekend heightened her desire for him.

I can't believe I want him again so soon.

"Lose the towel."

Ivy's eyes widened with surprise. "What?"

"You heard me. If I'm going to stand here feeding your eyes, then turnabout is fair play."

"Maybe you should put something on, then."

He shook his head slowly. The hungry look in his eyes captivated Ivy. "I have a serious itch for you, Ivy. This weekend is going to have to last me a long time and will be played by *my* rules."

She caught her breath. *What does he mean it would have to last a long time? Does he still have feelings for me?* Maybe she should tell Jake how she felt. Lay her cards out on the table and hope...*pray* for the best. She watched him scoop an omelet onto each plate before placing the pan into the sink. He didn't turn back to her as she expected, but instead walked around the island toward her.

She automatically swiveled his way. Before he had a chance to reach for her towel, if he was going to, Ivy's hands went to where it was tucked between her breasts. He paused, watching her. Slowly she stood, undid the folds and slower still she opened the

towel and let it slide from her body to the floor. Jake's eyes flared with a satisfied flicker. Then his gaze rose to meet hers.

Before she had time to guess his intentions he reached out and wrapped his arm around her waist, jerking her against him. Ivy caught her breath and then lost it in a kiss so sweet and tender that it brought tears to her eyes. As his firm lips moved coaxingly over hers, their tongues engaged in a slow and loving exploration of each other's mouths. Her pulse raced with emotion and her nipples tingled with arousal. His other hand came up and threaded through her damp hair, holding her with gentle ease.

Tears slipped from her eyes. This was how Jake had always kissed her when he was telling her without words that he loved her. When he knew he could trust that she would always be there. A man of little words when it came to love, he expressed his feelings with his actions. And Ivy knew, even if he didn't, what he was revealing at that exact moment. Her heart ached with the knowledge that his pride might be stronger than his love for her.

Finally he pulled away, only to stare into Ivy's eyes as if searching for something. He cupped her cheeks and wiped away the moisture. "Everything will be okay, honey. Shall we eat now?"

All Ivy could do was nod while watching Jake sit on the stool next to her. They ate in silence, each engrossed with their own thoughts. *What had he meant?*

Jake was a good cook. The omelet was perfect, soft the way she liked her eggs. While she was taking her first sip of coffee, a humorous thought struck her.

"This could be dangerous." Her smiling eyes went to Jake as she sipped at her coffee carefully.

He grinned in turn, his interested gaze dropping to her breasts. "It's not the first time you've enjoyed a meal in your birthday suit." When Ivy set her cup down he took the nearest breast in his palm. "But it would be a crime to mar this flawless skin with hot coffee." He caressed her as he spoke.

Ivy tried to remain in control, but whenever Jake put his hands on her she melted into a pool of want and desire. "Thank you for dinner, Jake." She took a shaky breath.

"Did it satisfy you?" He flicked his thumb across her erect nipple, sending a quiver of awareness down her spine.

She looked into his lazy gaze. *Is he still talking about dinner?* "Yes." *Why are we having this ridiculous conversation?* In spite of that Ivy found herself asking, "Did it satisfy you?"

Jake's smile became toothy, wolfish. He swiveled Ivy's stool and somehow pulled her closer until they were facing each other. Then both hands were on her breasts, caressing them with growing urgency, a sign that his arousal was rapidly escalating. Her breath caught.

"Nothing satisfies me completely but you, Ivy. Touching you, kissing you, being inside your body."

Ivy was trembling, her emotions running on high. He might have plans of keeping her in bed all weekend, but she had another agenda. "Can we talk?"

"Hell, no." He pulled her from her stool onto his, placing her legs over his thighs on either side of him. "I'm still hungry."

She moaned deeply, half in protest and half in pleasure. But it was important that he listen to her. Her hands came up to Jake's shoulders with the intention of pushing him away, only she found herself giving in to the persuasion of his mouth. Jake was a masterful lover. And he knew all the moves to drive Ivy wild. Denying him had never been an option. They could talk later.

She began to caress his shoulders and down his sculpted back, gently raking his flesh with her nails when she remembered how it turned him on. His responsive growl gave her immense satisfaction and made her lose control. She bit down on his bottom lip before tearing her mouth from his and moving to the side of his straining neck. Ivy kissed, nipped and then ran her tongue along his flesh up to the spot behind his ear. Then, recalling his earlier reaction, she thrust her tongue inside his ear.

"Fuck!"

That was exactly what Ivy was encouraging Jake to do. His body shuddered beneath her caresses. His cock was primed and ready for penetration. She could feel him moving between her legs, close to her creaming pussy. Squirming to reach him did no good. They were perched precariously on a stool intended for one, moving wildly and trying to consume each other. The air around them was heavy with harsh breathing and the scent of their combined arousal.

“Jake—” She closed her eyes, relishing his mouth loving her breasts and nipples. At the same time she arched her hips in an effort to impale herself on his meaty shaft. “Oh god, Jake. I need you!”

His mouth was sucking hard. Ivy’s hands fell to his lap and found his cock, fingers encircling the thick length. His hips shot forward as she began to move her hand up and down.

“Jesus!” He shuddered and pulled away, moving them off the stool. Ivy opened her mouth to protest and found herself lifted into Jake’s arms. Without words he placed her on the counter and pulled her bottom to the edge. “I told you I was still hungry.”

He placed his hands upon her thighs and lowered his head. Gently he kissed the inside of her leg, just above the knee. Gasping weakly, Ivy flattened her palms against the surface for support. Jake’s unhurried kisses took him up her thighs to the apex between her legs. She watched his nostrils flare with desire and then he was there, where she yearned for him.

Her hips almost left the counter when his mouth covered her mound and his tongue entered her weeping pussy. Ivy cried out softly, her heart racing. She didn’t know how long she could last before she exploded, but she intended to enjoy every lick and kiss. Jake’s hands went to her hips and he lifted her bottom off the counter, forcing Ivy to open her thighs more and thrusting her pelvis closer to his face.

With Jake’s face buried in her mound, she couldn’t see his expression. But she could feel what he was doing to her. He took turns between sucking her engorged clit and tongue-fucking her pussy. Ivy could feel him tunnel his tongue as far as it could go

until his mouth was grinding against her. Once or twice his tongue traveled to her puckered anus, but he only teased her. Her senses were swarming with exquisite feelings.

Soon a tidal wave of lava flowed throughout Ivy's aroused body. She didn't try to stem the explosion she knew was coming, because at the end she would experience the ultimate pleasure. A feeling so intense that it would take everything out of her, leaving her spent, exhausted and totally satisfied. She moved her hips in rhythm with Jake's tongue, hoping her moans conveyed her need to come.

Ivy released a cry when she peaked. Her body stiffened and then convulsed uncontrollably as wave after wave of pleasure engulfed her. Jake continued to fuck her with his tongue, even as she came down from the high that had gripped her. He seemed intent on lapping up every bit of cum, and didn't release her until she collapsed against him.

Thank god Jake was aware enough to catch her as she fell forward. But before she had time to catch her breath, he pulled her into his arms and turned toward the bedroom.

"I'm not taking any chances this time."

Too exhausted, Ivy didn't question him. He laid her gently on the bed before reaching toward the nightstand drawer. She was vaguely aware of Jake opening the drawer and taking something out, then the sound of ripping. Her gaze dropped from the smoky desire in his eyes to the condom he pulled out of its foil package. She watched him expertly guide the thin protection over his cock.

He fell between her parted thighs and thrust forward, entering her in one smooth plunge. As his shaft brushed over her sensitive clit she released a cry, seized by another orgasm. She held on for dear life as he took her fast and hard. Within seconds Jake grunted roughly, holding himself in Ivy's body as he let go of his control. His body shuddered with a powerful release. He groaned low, slammed his mouth down on hers and clutched her tightly until the intensity subsided and their heartbeats calmed.

"Are you still hungry?" she panted against him, barely able to work up the energy to smile.

He chuckled. "Not anymore. I think you need a break." Humor was heavy in his tone. "I think I'll get a shower. It's getting late. Why don't you turn in?"

"We need to talk, Jake." *Please*. His expression remained fixed. "I need to tell you what really happened that day."

In an instant the look on his face changed. His jaw tensed, his eyes darkened and his mouth pressed into a straight line. "I didn't bring you here for talking."

Before Ivy could react to his hurtful words he turned and walked away.

* * * * *

It was early. Ivy didn't know what woke her, but she was alone, and had been all night. *Where did Jake sleep?* She was surprised he'd left her alone. Taking his advice, she'd turned in the night before, falling asleep before he finished his shower. *Did he leave me?* She got to her feet, pulled the sheet off the bed and wrapped it around her. Then she went in search of the stubborn man.

She found him much the same way she had the evening before, standing in front of the window looking out at the city. Only he was dressed this time. And his drink was a cup of coffee. Behind him, Ivy could see the skyline streaked with vibrant color as the sun made a slow appearance over the horizon.

He turned her way. Their gazes met. "I thought you left me." Was that a quiver of emotion in her voice?

"I'm callous but I'm not *that* coldhearted." He took a sip of coffee, turning his attention back to something outside. "I apologize for my crude remarks last night." Ivy could see a muscle twitching in his lean jaw. "You can leave now, if you want." Her mouth dropped. "Consider Wally's debt paid in full."

Ivy could only stare at Jake. It was as if someone had just pulled the rug out from under her. "So does this mean you've had your fill of me?" She didn't know where she got the courage to ask him.

Jake looked at her long and hard, but his expression was impossible to read. "It's occurred to me that I'll never have my fill of you, honey. So why prolong the inevitable? I can't keep you naked and locked up here forever."

Now, Ivy, ask him now. She took a deep breath. "Can I ask you a question, Jake?" The slightest nod was his only response. "Why does Rick hate you so much?"

His expression clearly said it was the last thing he expected her to ask. He seemed to think about it for a time before releasing a heavy sigh. "You remember the movie, *The Parent Trap*?" Ivy nodded, speechless. "You could say something similar happened to us. Only Rick had a less than happy life with our mother. She squandered away the money dad sent for his support on drugs, booze and herself. Rick didn't discover he had a wealthy other family until a couple years ago. I didn't even know about him until he showed up on our doorstep one day."

Ivy wondered how something like that could happen. "That doesn't explain why he hates you so much."

Jake shrugged. "When he found out he had a twin who'd been living the good life while he was left to suffer neglect in the hands of our mother, bitterness got the better of him. Dad has tried to make it up to him. But the only thing that makes Rick happy is to have everything I have, only bigger and better." His gaze moved over Ivy, an emotion in his eyes she couldn't quite make out. "He wanted you too."

Now seemed like a good time to tell him the truth. "He didn't have me, Jake. I swear it." Ivy stepped closer to him, invading his space. When it didn't appear he was going to stop her she continued. "There's never been anyone but you. I was waiting for you that morning. When Rick found me I was sound asleep. I didn't even know what was going on until I heard your voice and woke up. It was all done to hurt you."

Jake remained quiet but his eyes spoke volumes.

"I tried to tell you but you were so angry, only believing what you saw. What Rick wanted you to see. And then you said you never wanted to see me again and walked out before I had a chance to stop you."

"You've had three months to tell me the truth."

"Do you think you're the only one with pride? And I was hurt, Jake. That you believed Rick over me. That you didn't trust me. I loved you too."

He glanced away, but not before Ivy saw the look of regret in his eyes. *What is he thinking?* Did he believe her? He set his cup down on the wide windowsill and snagged the sheet Ivy had tucked between her breasts, pulling her into his arms.

"God, Ivy, at the time I said I wanted you to stay away, I meant it. Then I calmed down and came to my senses, realizing what a mistake I'd made. Only then it was too late, and the damage was done. I nearly killed Rick when later he gloated about making love to you."

"If you believed nothing happened, then why didn't you contact me?" He had to hear the hurt in her voice.

Jake leaned back so their eyes could meet. "I convinced myself that I didn't deserve you. As more time went by, I figured you moved on."

"But what about Wally, and this weekend?"

He smiled. "The situation with Wally couldn't have happened at a better time, and played right into my hands. It wasn't planned. But the moment I saw you again I knew I had to have you, if only for a little while."

Ivy snorted. "You just want my body."

A brow rose. "Well, you *are* a good fuck."

A good fuck! Her scowl lasted only as long as it took her to recognize the amusement swimming in Jake's warm eyes. A laugh escaped her and she decided to throw caution to the wind. "You still love me, you know." *Will he deny it?*

"I know, honey."

Ivy's heart soared with happiness. "So what are we going to do about it?"

"What happens now is up to you."

"Then you have a problem, Jake. You have a huge debt to pay for mistrusting me. I only hope you can afford it."

A frown marred his rugged features. "With what, another weekend of sex?"

Ivy shook her head. "Oh no, you're not getting off the hook that easy. You have three months to make up for. One weekend will never be sufficient."

Amusement glimmered in Jake's eyes, and something else. Hope. "Then what would...be sufficient?"

Ivy pretended to think on it for a moment. "I'd say a lifetime might do the trick. Yeah, that's the least you owe me." She caught her breath at the look in his eyes. "I love you, Jake. I've always loved you." She lifted on her toes and pursed her lips for a kiss.

He didn't hesitate, covering her mouth with a hunger that equaled hers. Ivy opened her mouth eagerly beneath his with a renewed feeling of love and hope as he engulfed her in the strength of his crushing arms. He held her against him as if to never let her go. As far as she was concerned, their passionate kiss ended all too soon.

"I love you, Ivy. "

"Now that we have that settled, don't you think it's time you started paying off your debt?" She let the sheet slip to the floor, standing naked and proud before him.

"Are you up to it?"

She laughed huskily. "I had a full night's rest. Are *you* up to it?" Her hand went to the front of his pants. "Oh, I see that you're getting there."

"You witch!" He laughed, scooping her into his arms. Carrying her to the bedroom, he paused only long enough to seal Ivy's fate, and his, with a scorching kiss.

About the Author

Tory is a multi-published, best-selling author who lives in Florida with her soul mate and three crazy cats. She likes to travel, preferably by cruise ship, and doesn't like to fly but will if she has to. She collects antiques and art, loves chocolate (who doesn't?) and good coffee.

Tory has wanted to be a writer since she was a kid, but life got in the way of her dreams. A few years ago, with the support and encouragement of her family, she decided to get serious. Her romances are laced with humor and filled with suspense and sizzling sex.

Tory welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and email address on her [author bio page](#) at www.ellorascave.com.

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